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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The congress of American nations, called by the United States Government and now sitting in Washington, has suggested the question: Will there ever be an acknowledged centre of international authority in all matters of international interest and obligation? France has been for years the acknowledged international centre of fashion; Italy the centre of art; England the centre of literature; Germany the centre of philosophy. May we not claim for the United States the international centre of liberty? We have, in this day, our international peace societies, international copyright societies, international Women's congresses, and international Christian associations. An International Liberty Congress was held in the Senate Chamber, in Venice, on September 15th of last year. And now we have the Pan-American Congress in session at Washington. One of the principal matters which this congress is to be called to consider is: "An agreement upon, and recommendation for adoption to their respective governments of, a definite plan of arbitration of all questions, disputes, and differences that may now or hereafter exist between them, to the end that all difficulties between such nations may be peaceably settled and wars prevented." General Grant, immediately upon returning from his tour around the world, said that he was convinced that the time was not distant when

there would be an international court of final appeal for the settlement of all international questions. Take this present international congress and suppose that it represented all the nations of Europe as well as of America, and how much might be accomplished to promote universal peace and prosperity by the due consideration of those great principles and interests which make the world a common community. What an inspiration would thus be given to all the lovers of man, who work for the world's emancipation and labor to bring the nations of the earth within the charmed circle of civilization and the area of moral and intellectual power! From such a centre of enlightened judgment and acknowledged authority, influences would issue to leaven the rude and sodden mass of European and Eastern despotism, and bind the nations of the earth into a magnificent unity of duty and destiny. Such glorious results fairly accomplished, the rights of nations would no longer be settled and sealed with "the purple testament of bleeding war," but the same great moral laws which ought to govern individuals would govern nations. Bulgaria and Egypt would no longer tremble upon the uncertain basis of an Eastern policy of conquest and plunder, as between England and Russia, but the justice of their cause would be finally determined by a congress of nations in the exercise of an enlightened and righteous judgment. Under such conditions of international relations, the barbarous violence of conquest, the prostrating system of tribute enforced by war, and the kidnapping of small nations by larger ones would forever cease. Based upon the eternal truths equally binding upon all, exemplified and enforced by those infinite laws which are as comprehensive as the universe of matter and of mind, can the race only hope to attain the full expression of human development. A mysterious system of causes has crystallized society into cycles, in each of which some particular idea has become the centre of force. The central idea of this age is the unity of the human race and the identity of human interests. This climax-idea of the nineteenth century is represented in Europe and America by intelligent and excellent men and women, who will yield only their devotion to their countrymen to the duty which they owe mankind. New life is being infused into a paralytic humanity. Nation after nation sits bolt upright, staring, wide awake, under the new impulse of the age, and throwing off the feebleness of the past, they joyfully receive the civil forms and social conditions of the new civilization. Nations are hurrying forward for the adjustment of long-standing wrongs at the bar of the world's impartial judgment. Rights now find a tongue which heretofore have been unnoticed and unknown. A revolution is being wrought. The sword is not accomplishing it, but it is the silent work of awakened and intelligent public opinion, which no power, whether of army, throne, or cabinet, can withstand. The weary-hearted lovers of truth and man are once more recruiting their strength with the hope that the beautiful dream of universal liberty is about to find its happy realization. There are some six or seven small monarchical countries in Europe whose thrones and despotic dynasties are in constant and visible danger. The popular deposition of the Brazilian Emperor, and the establishment of republican institutions, indicates the trend of the popular tide of thought and feeling. And as the leaven of republicanism works among the people, the nations of the earth will be brought into closer alliance by homogeneous interests and aspirations. It is to be hoped that the present congress of American nations will inaugurate such salutary measures that other international congresses shall be deemed both desirable and necessary.

The strike and the boycott have come to be recognized as regular institutions of modern industrial life. But they are comparatively new-comers, and there is considerable uncertainty as to what changes they are working in the United States. That they are bringing about some change in the industrial condition is beyond doubt, but until they have been observed for some years, the necessary isolation of their effects can not be accomplished. The New York Bureau of Labor Statistics has recently issued a report of investigations on this

subject that throws considerable light upon the matter. The investigation covers the year ending November 1, 1888, and it appears that the number of strikes was not very great during the year. There were 24,054 persons engaged in strikes in 1888, against 51,731 in 1887. Of these, 8.64 per cent. were women and girls in 1888, and 9.7 per cent. in 1887, showing a falling off in percentage as well as in actual numbers. The total number of strikes reported was 1,020, and of these 486 were successful, 418 were unsuccessful, 83 were compromised, and 33 were still pending at the time of the report. Divided according to causes, the greatest number of strikes were for an increase of wages—272—and of these, 177 were successful, 78 unsuccessful, and 17 compromised. The next most frequent cause was the employment of non-union men, with a total of 126 strikes, 61 being successful, 43 unsuccessful, and 5 compromised. It will be noticed that the strikes for these two causes are more successful than the average, showing probably more conservatism in the matter of initiating strikes and less persistence on the part of employers than in other cases. The next cause—refusal to recognize labor organizations—shows a very different proportion. There were 92 strikes for this cause, and of these none were successful, 5 were compromised, and 87 were absolutely unsuccessful. The strikes on account of the refusal of employers to recognize union rules—73 in number—show a similar result. Only 24 of these were successful, while 42 were unsuccessful. In the mode of settlement, the influence of the labor organizations is more directly seen. The greatest number—468—were settled by conciliation with labor unions, while the next greatest number—390—were abandoned. Conciliation with employees is represented by only 52 strikes, while arbitration settled only 24. The figures for 1887 show a larger proportion of abandoned strikes, while in 1886 the modes of settlement stood in the same order and preserved nearly the same proportions as in 1888. The sympathetic strikes, those in which the laborers in one trade strike out of sympathy with those in another, are far less numerous than in earlier years. In 1886, there were 10,905 involved in such strikes, in 1887, there were 5,220, and in 1888, only 436. The percentage of successful strikes of this class has, however, been somewhat reversed. In 1886, 34 per cent. were successful; in 1888, 67 per cent. were successful. As to the financial effect of the strikes, the laborers lost in wages, during the time they were out on strike, \$1,083,653.99. Of this amount, the labor organizations refunded \$135,357.05; but as this came from former assessments on the laborers, it did not decrease their loss, but merely spread it over a greater extent of time. The wage-earners claimed, however, an increase of wages equal to \$359,551.68 for this year, and their net loss was, therefore, \$724,102.31. The loss to the employers from all causes was \$464,230, principally resulting from their inability to fill contracts already entered into and to take new ones. The total loss to the community from the strikes during the year was \$1,547,883.99; for the three years for which figures are given, the loss has been \$8,861,056.14. The boycott, as a form of agitation, seems to have increased slightly during 1888, 266 cases being reported, against 250 in 1887. Of these, 53 were successful, 79 were unsuccessful, and 134 were still pending. The tone of the comments in the report is rather extraordinary, coming from an officer presumably impartial, and whose only duty is to ascertain facts. He assumes throughout that the wage-earners are down-trodden, and that they are succeeding only slowly in wringing their rights from the employers. Such sentences as the following are out of place except in the mouth of a professed labor agitator. "As a consequence of strikes and the interruptions to business, it is reasonable to suppose that failures to carry out contracts taught sense to employers." "If the employer succumbs to a 'threatened' strike, there is no need of an actual strike. The victory is won and no blood spilt." Sympathy with the wage-earners is well enough, but the assumption that they are right in every case, or encouraging them to think so, is more than wrong. If labor commissioners are to be of any benefit to the communities by which they are employed, it will be through the disclosure

ment of useless strikes, not by encouraging wage-earners to strike on the least provocation

The supreme court has handed down a decision in the case of the Spring Valley Water-Works against the city and county of San Francisco which will meet the approval of all who consider that a corporation does not forfeit all rights when it undertakes to supply an article of general necessity. The constitution requires the board of supervisors to meet during the month of February of each year and fix the rates at which water shall be furnished to consumers during the ensuing fiscal year. In the exercise of the authority thus vested in them, the supervisors, on the twenty-first of last February, declared their intention of fixing the rates, and on the twenty-eighth of the same month passed an ordinance materially reducing water-rates for the year 1889-90. The Spring Valley Company received no notice of the passage of this ordinance save the reports in the daily papers; but at the meeting of the twenty-eighth, the attorneys of the company appeared and asked the right to be heard, in order that the rates fixed might be just to all parties. This privilege was denied, and subsequently suit was brought by the company in the superior court. The complaint alleged that the rates fixed were so low that not only would there be nothing for the stockholders to divide in the form of dividends, but that an assessment would be necessary to meet current expenses. The complaint declares the plant of the company to be worth \$25,000,000, certainly not an excessive valuation when the extent and character of the works are considered. The interest-bearing debt of the company amounts to \$9,000,000, upon which the annual interest charge is \$489,000. The operating expenses are \$390,000, and the taxes \$70,600 more, making a total annual expense of \$949,600. The rates fixed by the supervisors would allow \$750,000, according to the amount of water furnished this year, leaving an annual deficit of \$199,600 to be met by assessment on the stockholders. The board of supervisors admitted these facts, but held that it had power to fix any rate, and that the courts had no authority to interfere. It was upon this point that the case went to the supreme court. The first point raised by the city, that the jurisdiction of the superior court was fixed by the constitution and the laws of the State passed in pursuance thereof, and that the hearing of such a case as this was not enumerated, is briefly dismissed. The court hold, with perfect justice, that the facts of the complaint, if sustained by evidence, create a case for equitable relief, and the power to grant such relief is clearly within the competence of the superior court. The case then turned on whether the court has the power to review the action of the supervisors, or whether the power and authority of the board is exclusive and beyond the control of the court. The decision, written by Justice Works, reviews this point at length and with great force. It is conceded at the outset that when the board has fairly investigated and exercised its discretion in fixing rates, the courts have no right to interfere solely on the ground that, in the judgment of the court, the rates thus fixed and determined are not reasonable. But the complaint is to the effect that the supervisors have not fairly investigated and exercised their discretion, but have fixed the rates by guess-work, and that the rates so fixed are not reasonable. The court says:

"The whole gist of the case is that the board of supervisors have not exercised their judgment or discretion in the matter; that they have arbitrarily, without investigation and without any exercise of judgment or discretion, fixed these rates without any reference to what they should be, without reference either to the expense of the plaintiff necessary to furnish the water or to what is a fair and reasonable compensation therefor; that the rates are so fixed as to render it impossible to furnish the water without loss and so low as to amount to a practical confiscation of the plaintiff's property. If this is true, and the demurrer admits it, a party whose property is thus jeopardized should not be without a remedy. When the constitution provides for the fixing of rates or compensation, it means reasonable rates and just compensation. Regulation does not mean confiscation. If it does, the State Constitution is clearly in violation of the Constitution of the United States."

A number of decisions of the United States Supreme Court are then reviewed, overthrowing the contention that the board of supervisors, when clothed with authority to fix rates, was thereby constituted a part of the legislative department of the State government and as a coordinate branch of the government beyond the control of the judiciary. So far from this being true, it is shown that the fixing of rates is, in reality, a judicial act, and "they are bound in morals and in law to exercise an honest judgment as to all matters submitted to their official determination." The distinction is finally drawn between compensation and confiscation. The board, having power to fix rates, has the further power to determine what shall be a fair compensation, and to fix the rates accordingly. In such a case, the courts would have no power to interfere. But where rates are fixed so low as to leave no compensation, the act is one of confiscation, pure and simple, and such action may be reviewed by the courts and proper relief granted. It is upon this point—the confiscation being practically admitted by the supervisors—that Judge Hoge's decision in the trial court is sustained. This opinion of the supreme court will meet the approval of all fair-minded citizens; indeed, it is hard to see how any other decision could have been expected. The

board of supervisors, inspired by the irresponsible clamor of the daily press, went far beyond their powers in an attempt to "cinch" the water company. They acted in an arbitrary and unjust manner, and had they been permitted to carry out their plans, would have destroyed the property of a large number of citizens. The Spring Valley Water-Works is one corporation against which it has become the fashion to raise a hue and cry. But the individuals whose property is invested in this company number eleven hundred, and these people have rights that should be respected, even by the board of supervisors of this city and county.

Whether the accusations of O'Shea, Home-Rule Member of Parliament, against the chief of the Irish party—the friend of Mr. Gladstone, the "Grand Old Man" and leader of the English Liberals—will have any effect upon the political issues now pending in the English Parliament or not, may be a matter of honest difference of opinion. If it shall be proven true that Mr. Parnell has been living in "filthy concubinage" with the wife of his friend, partisan, and fellow-countryman, in disregard of all moral obligations and in defiance of all social rules; if he has deliberately placed himself in this position with the wife of his friend—or his enemy—and with or without the knowledge of the husband, and has for years been holding himself out as a political reformer and a partisan leader, while engaged in a secret, illicit, and disgraceful amour with a married woman, we should say that it wrought discredit to him, and so will think all honorable men who do not hold political questions in higher regard than they do moral principles. If there are members of Protestant evangelical churches in England, and honorable laymen in the Catholic Church in Ireland, and respectable citizens in all ranks of life and in all parties, who do not look with disfavor upon a party leader who commits the crimes charged upon Mr. Parnell, we shall think it very strange. What say the hierarchy of Rome and the priests and prelates of the Catholic Church who have preached that marriage is a solemn sacrament? What says Mr. Gladstone, who, in the current issue of the *North American Review*, has declared that the solidity and health of the social body depend upon the sacredness of the marriage system and that the upholding of it is essential to the well-being of the community? Will he not say—if there is any honor in his soul that political ambition has not destroyed—that the Parnell scandal has placed a worm in the gourd of his home-rule policy? Will not the followers of Gladstone and Parnell recall the time when O'Shea was the friend of both these statesmen, and acted as their agent in negotiating the treaty between them when Parnell was in prison by the order of Gladstone? Mr. Parnell had the duplicity to pretend he was ill, was recuperating from arduous political toils, when he was hiding in the house of a friend betrayed. If his bidding-place was known to his political friends and the English press, when engaged in the perpetration of his offense against public law and public morals, will the exposure of this condition of affairs aid the cause which Mr. Gladstone, his political friends, and his political press are aiding to advance? If Parnell shall be proved to have carried on this intrigue and consummated this cowardly crime, will he be free from suspicion of complicity in the crimes of which he has been accused by the *London Times*, and which a Parliamentary commission is now engaged in investigating? Will not the fact that he left his aged mother in poverty and distress to suffer be remembered against him if it shall be proved that he was indulging in the costly luxury of illicit concupiscence with another man's wife? Will not the honest men who contributed to pay a fifty thousand pound mortgage on the Parnell estate, and to maintain the Parnell members of Parliament in luxurious living, and to encourage the skirmishing fund, the dynamite fund, the tenants' defense fund, and all the other political devices which have grown out of the scheme of land leaguery, be influenced when they come to consider for what purposes they have been contributing their money? Will not the bloody drama of the murder of Lord Grosvenor and his secretary, Burke, on Dublin Green; the murder of Dr. Cronin, in Chicago, and the stolen funds which have been squandered in the defense of assassins and murderers, be revived in the recollection of honest and honorable men, who thought they were treading in a safe path when following Mr. Parnell and his most illustrious co-worker, the grand old Parliamentary hand; and if these recollections do arise, will not the cause of home-rule and an independent Parliament for Ireland suffer? Perhaps not. But if not, it is because the voting masses of the British Empire have forgotten principles and are no longer guided in the path of moral rectitude. There have been large bodies of respectable citizens in San Francisco who have contributed large sums in aid of Irish home-rule and the principles of Irish nationality. Their meetings have been presided over by Roman Catholic priests; have been sanctioned by the highest prelates; donations have been made by Catholic gentlemen of the highest respectability—perhaps they will do the same thing

over again if Mr. Parnell continues to be the leader of the Irish party, and perhaps they will not. This whole Irish-party business is a very unpleasant job. There have been crimes attending its every step; but if the Captain O'Shea shall sustain his charges against Mr. Parnell, it will have ended most nastily.

The tenth annual report of the Board of Railroad Commissioners of this State shows some little improvement on its predecessors. It is more complete in the facts presented and in the effective grouping of those facts in tables. The report is presented in six parts—the first, fourth, and fifth being of greatest interest to the general reader. The utility of the republication of the Interstate Commerce Law in the report of the State commissioners is not at once apparent, but the synopsis of the provisions of the laws of the different States is distinctly useful, despite its too great condensation. But, as we have said, the interest of the report is centered in the reports of the various companies, presented in the fourth and fifth parts, and in the comparative tables drawn from these reports and presented in the first part. The new features of this report are the tables of commodities carried, the cost per mile of the several systems, gross earnings and operating expenses, percentage of net income to cost, the wages paid, cost and amount of fuel, and number of stations, bridges, trestles, and tunnels. All this presents a considerable advance over the work of earlier years, but there is much that remains to be done. Comparing this report with the last report of the Massachusetts Board of Railroad Commissioners, we find many short-comings, principally in the line of incompleteness of reports, and a failure to separate items into their details. For instance, six of the twenty-four roads reporting fail to give the number of passengers carried, and the total number reported, 18,079,724, is considerably short of the actual number. The Massachusetts report separates the passengers carried into two classes—through and local—but no such distinction is attempted by the commissioners of this State. Two companies fail to report the amount of capital stock issued, one fails to report its debt, ten do not report the average rate of fare per mile, six do not report the total tons of freight hauled, nine the average rate of freight per ton per mile, seven the total miles run by passenger-trains, and eight the number of miles run by freight-trains. These deficiencies, which the commissioners ought certainly to have been able to avoid, destroy the value of the report on these points. As to details, the Massachusetts report presents the number of stock-holders, separated into residents and non-residents, and the number of shares held by each class. In the California report, the number of stock-holders is given in the individual reports of the companies, but not separated according to residence, and not arranged in a comparative table, and the number or value of shares held in California is nowhere given. In the same way, the passengers carried in California and those carried outside of the State are not separated. In reporting the operating expenses, they are given in a lump sum; the Massachusetts report separates them into items, as follows: repairs of roads, new rails, repairs of bridges, repairs of locomotives, fuel, oil, and waste, repairs of passenger-cars and freight-cars. The cost of construction, and the value of land, buildings, etc., are presented as one item in California, separated in Massachusetts. And so the comparison may be carried on. A further defect is one for which the legislature is to blame, not the commissioners. This is the omission of street railroads from their report. The constitution of this State in providing for the railroad commissioners—Article XII., Section 22—says: "Said commissioners shall have power and it shall be their duty to establish rates of charges for the transportation of passengers and freight by railroads and other transportation companies." Had the act of the legislature creating the commission followed this phraseology, the street railroads would clearly have come under the jurisdiction of the railroad commissioners. But in the Act of April 15, 1880, Section 14 expressly excludes street railroads from its operation. This was probably because the regulation of fares was looked upon as the principal work of the commissioners, and the rate of fare on street-railroads was looked upon as fixed. The work of the railroad commissioners has, however, proved to be much wider than this, and the necessity for just such information regarding street-railroads as is now given concerning the steam-roads is coming to be generally recognized. The next legislature should remedy this defect by striking out the exclusion. The street-railroads have received public assistance out of all proportion greater than the steam-railroads, and the propriety of governmental supervision is therefore stronger. The prevention of accidents, if nothing else, should justify this. At present a great number of accidents, probably a majority of those occurring on the street-railroads, are never known to the public. Were the actual number known, immediate and adequate safeguards would be demanded. Should the companies be compelled to report to the railroad commissioners each accident as soon as it occurred, a record would be established that would speedily

secure the safety of passengers and passers-by. The number of passengers carried by the street-railroads, the cost of carrying them, and the percentage of net income to cost, if included in the report of the railroad commissioners, would greatly surprise and deeply interest the citizens of this city and State.

Mr. Ingersoll, in the December number of the *North American Review*, answers the question, "Why am I an Agnostic?" The article is written in Mr. Ingersoll's usual racy and rhetorical style, but views the subject wholly from the author's standpoint. In reading the article one is sensible of a rather grotesque impression that the whole thing is a misnomer, and that instead of Mr. Ingersoll telling us why he does not know, he seems intent upon showing us how much he does know. This article, like all of Mr. Ingersoll's contributions, smacks more of the "won't believe" than the "don't believe" spirit. There is such a thing as color-blindness, and there is likewise truth-blindness, and the sadness and danger of it all is, that in both cases the victim is unconscious of his deprivation. Mr. Ingersoll finds only evil in the Christian religion, because he goes to the Bible with an eye only for the evil. Juvenal saw old Rome full of dissolute men and women. Virgil saw it full of learning and beauty. Tacitus found it full of heroes. When Juvenal found the husbands all debauchees, and the wives all hypocrites, the most moral and elegant historians found the excellent Agricola, and saw a wife of spotless fame in the daughter Domitia. There are many important, but often neglected, truths which Mr. Ingersoll utters in a strong and manly way. He justly ridicules cant and bigotry. These are always in the inverse ratio to true devoutness of spirit. He has the sympathy of all intelligent and right-minded people when he repudiates the tyrannous pretensions of ecclesiastical machines. But when we come to weigh and measure fully the religion of such a being as Jesus Christ, we need the spirit of earnest and honest inquiry and not that of hypercriticism. Mr. Ingersoll opens his article with the following:

The same rules or laws of probability must govern in religious questions as in others. There is no subject—and can be none—concerning which any human being is under any obligation to believe without evidence.

But men are "under obligation" carefully to collect and calmly to consider the evidence in the case. Tom Paine confessed that when he wrote his "Age of Reason" he had not read the New Testament through. Many random and careless readers and thinkers, who have never devoted an hour of patient thought to the study of revealed religion in their lives, inveigh against the Bible, and wage a crusade of malignant traduction against the Christian religion. We should study the system of revealed religion as we study logic, mathematics, and languages; study it with every capability with which we are endowed; study it till the mind arrives at its highest power at that point of mental polarity, when it forgets everything else, and is able to pour the full strength of its aggregated energies into it. To believe without evidence is credulity; to disbelieve, without considering the evidence, is either perversity or stupidity.

Mr. Ingersoll continues by saying:

He who can not harmonize the cruelties of the Bible with the goodness of Jehovah, can not harmonize the cruelties of nature with the goodness and wisdom of a supposed deity. He will find it impossible to account for pestilence and famine, for earthquake and storm, for slavery, for the triumph of the strong over the weak, for the countless victories of injustice.

The disturbances of the physical world are the expressions of the finiteness of matter. The horrors of sacred and profane history are the expressions of the finiteness of man. Mr. Ingersoll would reply: If the universe is under divinely enacted laws, then the operation of those laws is the manifestation of the thought and power of your God. If he is perfect, then they must be perfect, and their effects must be also perfect. We answer that it does not follow that, because a being is absolutely perfect, the products of his power are absolutely perfect. God's laws are perfect, but man and matter, their subjects, are imperfect. God could not create an absolutely perfect being or world! Limitation in any particular is an imperfection. Any created or dependent being or thing must, of necessity, be inferior to its creator. When, therefore, God created a man and a world different in magnitude of nature from himself, they were of necessity less than perfection, hence imperfect. Why then should he create such a man and world? Because it is entirely consistent with infinite wisdom and benevolence that God should create a man and world whose imperfect existence would lead to more desirable results than their non-existence.

Mr. Ingersoll continues:

It seems to me that the man who knows the limitations of the mind, who gives the proper value to human testimony, is necessarily an agnostic. He gives up the hope of ascertaining first or final causes, of comprehending the supernatural, or of conceiving of an infinite personality. From out of the words Creator, Preserver, and Providence, all meaning falls.

One man, finding himself in the midst of mysterious phenomena, comes to the conclusion that all is the result of design; that back of all things is an infinite personality—that is to say, an infinite man; and he accounts for all that is by simply saying that the universe was created and set in motion by this infinite personality, and that it is miraculously

and supernaturally governed and preserved. This man sees with perfect clearness that matter could not create itself, and therefore he imagines a creator of matter. He is perfectly satisfied that there is design in the world, and that consequently there must have been a designer. It does not occur to him that it is necessary to account for the existence of an infinite personality. He is perfectly certain that there can be no design without a designer, and he is equally certain that there can be a designer who was not designed. The absurdity becomes so great that it takes the place of a demonstration. He takes it for granted that matter was created and that its creator was not.

Is it possible for the human mind to conceive of an infinite personality? Can it imagine a beginningless being, infinitely powerful and intelligent?

Mr. Ingersoll thinks that there is here an absurdity which amounts to a demonstration as against the existence of God. But the *reductio ad absurdum* argument is a very dangerous one, for, like Queen Anne's muskets, it has frequently more force at the breech than at the muzzle. Does Mr. Ingersoll believe that there is design without a designer, and thought without a thinker? His answer is given in the article, as follows:

My mind is so that it is forced to the conclusion that substance is eternal; that the universe was without beginning and will be without end; that it is the one eternal existence; that relations are transient and evanescent; that organisms are produced and vanish; that forms change—but that the substance of things is from eternity to eternity. The questions of origin and destiny seem to be beyond the powers of the human mind.

The existence of an intelligent and eternal being, the creator of all things, is quite beyond the powers of the human mind (?), but the existence of eternal matter or substance, to which Mr. Ingersoll has transferred all the attributes of God, is entirely within the powers of human conception and comprehension (?). Does Mr. Ingersoll believe that the world is but a fortuitous concourse of atoms, and that human history is but a fortuitous concourse of events? Is intelligence an attribute of matter and thinking a function of molecular motion? We do not expect Mr. Ingersoll to comprehend God's nature—for that being which we can understand may be less, but can be nothing more, than our equal. Our minds are finite, therefore they can only originate and entertain finite ideas. The ability of the mind, then, both to originate and comprehend, is limited by its own powers—which are never more than finite. A moment's reflection will lead us to perceive the mystery involved in God's being is the *mode* of his existence and not the *fact* of his existence. The existence of an intelligent Being, who transcends our comprehension, is quite demonstrable. His nature, attributes, relations to universal nature, and designs, are so intimately related to the supernatural and infinite, that they are beyond our finite capacity; but the evidence of his existence is not destroyed by the mystery of his nature. Which shall we believe: that an eternal, self-existent Intelligence created the universe, or, that matter is eternal and self-existent? Notwithstanding the "Mistakes of Moses," the false doctrines of theologians as to inspiration, the corruption and cruelty of the church, and the imposition practiced upon the ignorant by villainous priests—God still lives!

The effects of the celebrated Sharon divorce case are beginning to be seen in a direction which is the inevitable outcome of the looseness of construction adopted in that *cause célèbre*. The trial court decided that the evidence established an assumption of the marital relation sufficient to constitute marriage, and the earlier decisions of the supreme court seemed to sustain this view of the law. The true danger in the decision was the support given to the idea that marriage is simply a civil contract. The California courts have inclined toward this view—held more strictly in some other States—because of a recognition of the injustice of the common-law rule received from England, which regarded the identity of the wife as merged in that of the husband. Her property rights in this view became practically naught, and California has always inclined to the more liberal theory that in its commercial aspect marriage is more in the nature of a partnership. But this commercial view of marriage has somewhat obscured the fact that the relation is more than a mere joining of fortunes. The daily papers inform us that a young woman in Fresno, impregnated by the loose ideas of marriage fostered by these decisions, has entered into a marriage based upon a contract by which she agrees to become the wife of a persistent suitor for a period of six months. The young woman has carried out the civil-contract idea to its logical and absurd extreme. If marriage is simply a contract, it may be entered into in virtue of a contract with any desired conditions and limitations. The duration of a contract is a matter to be settled in the agreement itself, and if no time is specified, its duration depends upon the will of either of the parties. If marriage is simply a contract, there is nothing to prevent the agreement of this young woman constituting a perfectly valid marriage, and her plan of matrimony is likely to become extremely popular, doing away, as it does, with all the expenses and annoyances of divorce proceedings. There is a well-established doctrine, however, that marriage is a matter in which the whole community is interested, as well as the high contracting parties, and such a loosening of the marriage-tie is not likely to be contemplated calmly by those who recognize how completely the social system is based upon the fam-

ily and the marriage relation. There is another point which this young woman and her happy suitor are likely to run against. Marriage, though it may be considered in our courts primarily as a contract, has in it something more permanent than a mere commercial agreement. A contract, entered into in due form, may be sufficient to establish the relation of marriage, but the relation once assumed has certain established, well-defined, and inseparable features, and one of the most prominent of these is its indissolubility save by death or the divorce court. The necessity of divorce proceedings is society's statement of its claim to an interest in the matter, and of the importance of the parties to limit the continuance of the contract into which they are entering. The significance of the Fresno young woman's performance is, therefore, not the danger which may result from the quasi-legal formalities which she throws around the assumption of an illegal and immoral relation, but it is the attitude of the public mind on this question which her act indicates.

Mr. Francis G. Newlands, who has taken up his permanent residence at Reno, Nevada, has accorded to the Washington correspondent of the San Francisco *Examiner* an interview, published in that journal on the seventeenth day of December, his attention having been directed to a prevailing rumor which attributes to him the intention of contesting with Senator Jones his seat in the United States Senate as the candidate of the Democratic party. We extract from the columns of the *Examiner* the following:

"I am not a Democrat, I took final leave of the Democratic party prior to the last national election, and declared myself for Harrison and Morton."

"What caused you to change your politics?"

"It is hard to answer that in a word. My alienation from the party has been a gradual one. It dates back to the Stockton Convention in California. Any one familiar with the history of that convention, as well as the Democratic party in California since and my relations to it, will readily understand the cause of my disaffection. From that time the extremists took and held control of the party, proscribed men of the highest character and influence and entered upon and adhered to policies and measures of which I could not approve. For years I had nothing in common with the local organization of the Democratic party, which was in marked contrast with that of the national administration of the party's affairs. The latter was dignified, deliberate, and conservative, and I had no difference with its organization or its policy until the last campaign."

"Upon my return from Europe and prior to the last election, I found that the Democratic party, through its Presidential candidate, was committed to the doctrine of monometallism as against bimetallism, declared by the Republican party, in its platform, to be one of its principles. I felt that nothing could be more destructive to the country than an adherence to Cleveland's financial policy. The country had passed through a severe contraction in the retirement of the vast volume of currency issued during the war and the resumption of specie payments. This contraction was increased by the clandestine legislation of 1873, which, without debate or calling the attention of the country to the subject, struck the silver dollar from the Coinage Act, and thereby practically demonetized silver, the acknowledged money of the republic from the time of the adoption of the constitution."

"We thus blindly adopted the financial policy of England, a nation of creditors, in enhancing the value of money and in increasing the obligation of all debtors."

"We being a nation of debtors, I felt that a continuance of the policy would be the cause of a great contraction, a financial panic, and universal distress."

"As to the tariff policy, I found that the Democratic party had joined hands with Southern statesmen, such as Mills, of Texas, and Carlisle, of Kentucky, in an attack upon the manufactures and industries of the nation, and though the legislation proposed had the appearance simply of a modification of the tariff, its real aim, if that could be determined from the opinion of its promoters, was substantially free trade."

"My conviction was that the prosperity of the nation had been built upon protected industries, and that the policy urged by statesmen from States mainly agricultural in their character, would, if adopted as the policy of the nation, be more destructive than conquering armies—so I saw no reason why an organization, of whose policy and measures, both local and national, I disapproved, should speak for me or control my actions."

"I cut loose from the Democratic party. I did not vote at the last election, for, though I had left California, I had not at that time acquired a residence in Nevada, but I communicated my views to friends in California and Nevada who thought as I did, and I have reason to believe that many votes that prior to that time had been Democratic, were cast for the Republican party."

"The fact is, I always felt somewhat out of place in the Democratic party. My family were Whigs. I cast my first vote at the close of the war, when the leading question was as to whether the conquered South should be treated with magnanimity, generosity, and kindness, or whether it should be humiliated by restrictive and oppressive legislation. I thought at that time that the Democratic party was identified with the former policy and the Republican party with the latter. So I determined to cast my first vote with the Democratic party and thus became identified with its organization. That issue is now dead. So far as the issues of to-day are concerned, I am heartily in sympathy with the Republican party."

"Are you a candidate for the senatorship of Nevada on the Republican ticket in opposition to Senator Jones?"

"I am not. The considerations which brought me to Nevada were the business interests of the estate of which I am trustee. I had given up my residence in California. I found that in order to transact the business of the estate it was necessary for me to reside on the Pacific Coast. So I located in Nevada, where the estate has large interests, mainly speculative in their character and requiring more attention than our interests in California. Being there, I have identified myself with public questions affecting the development and prosperity of the State. My aim is to perfect plans for enterprise and for the promotion of irrigation and immigration which will aid in the material development of Nevada, and to unite in the movement with the men who have made large fortunes in Nevada and have hitherto invested them elsewhere."

"From a purely business point of view, this is wise policy, for the estate has large interests there which will be benefited by the general development. And, besides, it owes some duty to the community from which so large a portion of its fortune is derived. So while I have taken an interest in public affairs, and propose to continue it, I have done nothing with a view to my supposed candidacy. I have formed no plans, perfected no organization, enlisted no friends or supporters for any political office."

"Do you expect that the population of Nevada will increase?"

"Yes. I see no reason why Nevada should not, within a few years, have a population as large as Utah, which has two hundred and twenty-five thousand people. Much attention is being paid to irrigation in Nevada. It has an abundance of rich lands, and the waters of the Truckee, Walker, Carson, Humboldt, and other rivers can be applied, without great expense, and develop great productivity. For a long time the people waited, expecting that the Federal Government would store the waters in their mountains by some comprehensive system of reservoirs, but they have concluded to rely on their own resources."

THE FOURTEENTH OF MAY.

How a Soldier Kept his Strange Promise.

"You do not believe it, that the dead return? Well, you shall see and hear," and the doctor drew from his pocket a bundle of written sheets and spread them before him; "the notes," he explained, "of my uncle, Ivanilitch Prastchoff, after many years finished by myself. Read."

It was the year 18—, during the campaign in Poland. I was young, a lieutenant of the Lancers of Novo-Arkhangelsk, and one morning in the first days of May was called in haste before the commandant of my battalion.

"Count Thole," said he, "desires to increase his staff, and has commissioned me to send him active and intelligent officers. I have selected you for one; you start immediately."

The news was not to my taste; my face lengthened.

"Well," said the colonel, "you seem little pleased; do you not like the change?"

"I prefer to remain with my regiment."

"But why?"

"For many reasons."

"For example?"

"First, perhaps, because I do not wish to separate from my comrades and am comfortable in my squadron. On the staff, I fall into the midst of those dandies from Petersburg; the uniform must be fresh and brilliant. I possess but the one on my back—worn, as you see."

"These are not reasons, nor is it tinsel Count Thole desires. His orders are for officers; one from each division of the regiment. You will not be alone among the dandies. Go—it is my wish, and your first step on the road to fortune."

An hour later, followed by my orderly, I was on the road to the main head-quarters.

The presentation passed off well; three officers of my division, dispatched at the same time as myself, were friends of mine, and as the colonel had said, when we, the subordinate officers of the regular army, found ourselves among these sprigs of diplomacy we did not feel ill at ease. Moreover, we arranged to live together in order to husband our limited resources, and also to enable one of us to "watch the pot," while the others executed orders.

Two days after our arrival in camp a movement was announced from head-quarters. No one would trouble himself to tell us our destination; the orders were simply to "take the road at such and such an hour," and we were half way there before we learned, my comrades and I, that we were going to the assistance of Skrzynetzki, then threatened by the Polish Army.

Our own division was to go by the river Nourr, the rest, if I remember aright, moving upon Sokoloff. It was then the eighth day of May, and I pass with a word the intervening points of the march, up to the moment when we were about to make the passage of the Nourr in sight of the enemy, massed on the heights which crowned the river. The burg of Grouna had been selected as this point of passage, and the advance-guard had been sent forward to throw up the bridges. The last steps of this march were accompanied for me by great discomfort and inconvenience, caused by the loss of my faithful orderly, carried off by cholera, at that time beginning to ravage our army.

It left me with no one to care for my horses or baggage, and dependent upon those of my comrades.

Grouna itself was but an insignificant village, though well situated on the right flank of the Boug and buried in the richest verdure; by nightfall, the greatest activity reigned upon the two bridges, thrown across side by side, and by ten in the evening the spectacle—if one could forget the purposes that lay behind it—was simply admirable. Far and near, on both sides of the heights, shone the countless fires of the bivouac. The moon, riding in space, deluged with silvery light the long files of marching men, like living rivers, flowing on without halt or hindrance; the batteries, the parks of artillery, the ammunition, and baggage-wagons traversing the one bridge; the infantry traversing the other; the cavalry fording between the two, the water splashing and rising about them in a spray of diamonds.

I chanced to be standing at the elbow of Count Thole when Marshal Diehitch suddenly called his attention to a group of new-comers at the foot of the hill; seemingly three lancers escorting a group of prisoners, and, for the moment, stopped by the tide of infantry moving across the bridges.

"Find out who they are," he said to me.

"Immediately, general," and I rapidly descended the hill, to find myself, to my astonishment and pleasure, in the presence of lancers from my old division and squadron, "in charge," they told me, "of mushrooms"—the soldier's title for country folk—"arrested by the advance posts."

"Gypsy mushrooms, too," they added, as I turned to inspect the group; a man, dirty, disheveled, with hang-dog face and eyes, and clothed in ragged canvas-breeches; a woman, of uncertain age, thin, miserable, cradling in her arms a peevish babe; beside her, again, a girl of twenty years, beautiful, barefooted, like the others, but with flowers in her hair, a scarlet handkerchief crossed on her bosom, the supple grace and bearing of a queen, and the black, almond-shaped eyes of her race.

"Conduct them to the commandant," said Count Thole, when I returned with my report; "then come back to me."

But it was more than an hour that I waited for audience in the court of the commandant, lying by the fire which flamed on the stones, and in sight of my prisoners consigned to the care of the picket-guard, but still surrounded by the squad of lancers. Among them, I noticed a Lower Russian, Naoume Sereda by name, a brave soldier, who had once been in my own service.

"A capital substitute," I said to myself, as I saw who it was, "for my poor Tchouproff. I will speak to the commandant—"

A shout of laughter broke at the moment from the group

of lancers, and I saw Sereda leap to his feet like a startled cat.

"Ah, child of hell!" he cried, "what is that you have told me? Never—never, had I guessed it—should you have had my hand—"

"Sereda!" I called; "come here!"

He hastened to me and planted himself before me like a sentinel.

"What are you doing there!" I demanded; "telling fortunes?"

"Yes, lieutenant, and she predicts for me—she raves, doubtless, the good-for-naught—nothing good; I am to be killed, she says, day after to-morrow—the fourteenth of May."

"You believe it?"

"Nay—I know nothing; only—it's what she said."

"Good! Then wait till it happens. Meanwhile, Sereda, how would you like to be my orderly?"

"Happy to serve you, lieutenant."

"Good again. I'll speak to the commandant; meanwhile, go and rest."

"Yes, lieutenant," and Sereda, with a quick salute and wheel to the left, rejoined his comrades beside the fire. I also approached them; the gypsy girl, crouching where Sereda had left her, eyed me with her beautiful bold eyes.

"Show me your hand," said she, extending her own palm upward, "cross it with silver; it is God's truth I'll tell you and nothing less!"

There was nothing to do, I was hored, time hung on my hands. I hesitated, yielded, and knelt beside her. The men silently drew back; the gypsies looked on with sullen brows; the older woman hushed the fretful child upon her breast.

She promised me honors, riches, love, calling upon the saints, the angels, the Holy Virgin, to attest her words—the old, threadbare formula. I lost all patience.

"It is nonsense!" I cried; "nonsense that you talk! Why not hold your tongue if you can only chatter like a magpie? But, stay, tell me, for my lancer here—you predicted his death, the date of it, he says. Is it true?"

"Yes," she responded, "it is true;" her eyes bent upon me in a gaze in which it seemed to me I saw sorrow and pity.

"You told him the truth, then?"

"Is it for laughter one predicts a day of death?"

"You could tell me mine?"

"Why not? The day of his death is written on the hand of every man, though it is not the first gypsy-comer who would be able to read the lines."

"In that case read mine," and I extended her my hand. She refused to take it. "Why do you wish it?" said she.

"To learn the day of my death."

"It would do you no good."

"Then why have you told Sereda his?"

"It is different and right. He dies soon; for you—there are many happy days."

"No matter; I wish to know it—speak!" and my hand in that of the young girl was once more turned to the light.

"Go on, go on!" I cried, as still she hesitated, still threw upon me that gaze of sadness, of regret; "you say nothing; go on, go on, when is it to be?"

"The fourteenth of May," she answered, slowly.

"The fourteenth of May!" I felt myself pale, my hand shook a little, but I persisted; "well—the rest of it; what do you see—tell me at once—am I to be killed—yes or no?"

"I see—blood!" she answered again; "blood only," her voice gentle, regretful, but firm. I threw a piece of silver into her lap and turned away; and just at that moment the prisoners were summoned to the interrogation, and proving to be, as claimed by the men who had arrested them, "simply beggars," as speedily discharged and sent on their way.

My duty ended, I returned to my place by the side of Count Thole; Sereda—the commandant having consented to my retaining him as orderly—accompanying me.

"A capital arrangement, too, Sereda," I said to him, in announcing the news; "for your gypsy good-for-naught made up my pack for the fourteenth of May as well as yours—we can go together!"

And for the rest of the evening this sinister prediction served as a text for the teasing of my comrades and a pretext for the emptying of numerous bottles of Xeres—purchased from the staff's vivandière. In case my hours were briefer than the secess supposed, I had none too much time for the pleasures of life—among them, the good wine of Spain.

From now on I jump quickly. It was the tenth day of May when Count Thole quitted Grouna to conduct personally the advance guard's attack on the Polish forces, already cornered by our army.

The eleventh of May passed in inactivity and waiting. The morning of the twelfth found us at the place appointed to divide into columns and march on Skonmowo; and the morning of the fourteenth—the fatal fourteenth of May—found us installed at the village of Pousky. Before us the black mass of the enemy inviting attack; around us the stir and bustle of galloping couriers and aides-de-camp, and the lights alone which had burned till daylight behind the marshal's windows, telling of a speedy and decisive movement. Through all the long hours of that last night, a strange, indefinable uneasiness made me its prey; the gypsy's prophecy persistently haunted my thoughts. In vain I joked with my comrades, counted my money, inspected my modest belongings, and calculated my chances of promotion; the words: "the fourteenth of May"—that is to say, the day of this long night—burned in letters of fire on the wall of my brain.

But suppose nothing did happen? What a miserable poltroon I should seem to myself!

Along toward two o'clock, still unable to sleep, I went to look at my horses. As I entered, Naoume Sereda rose from the straw beside them.

"Is it you?" I said to him, "and here, Sereda? But why are you not sleeping?"

"I have slept enough, lieutenant. I watch the horses.

Thanks to God, they are doing well. But you, why are you up so early?"

"I could not sleep."

"Not sleep! That is bad, very bad; you will be tired to-morrow. Rest here, lieutenant, on this pile of straw; it is soft, comfortable; it will refresh you. Come, lieutenant, come!" And Sereda persuasively pointed to a place beside him. This solicitude for my comfort seemed to me suspicious. Had Sereda penetrated the torment in my soul? Did the same thought harass both? The moon shone full on his face; I scanned it closely, seeking to read upon it a trouble similar to my own.

"Are you really not worried, Sereda?" I asked in Lower Russian; "are you not anxious or troubled?"

"I—troubled, lieutenant? No; the horses are well, everything in order; I have slept enough—why should I be troubled?"

"That gypsy good-for-naught—"

"Ah! the devil fly away with her, the sorceress! Not, however, that what she says can change a thing; it will be as God wills. That is what I think, and that alone!"

And truly his countenance did reflect a perfect calm. Why was I not like him? The same prophecy had been made for both of us. He was moved at first—now it was I. I was ashamed of myself, ashamed of the contrast between my superstitious weakness and the Christian submission of this simple soul. Sereda was right; I needed to sleep. I should be stronger to-morrow. I threw my cloak on the straw and lay down beside him.

The sun was crossing the horizon when I awakened the next morning, a cool breeze had come with the dawn; the anguish of the night had disappeared. I rejoiced at the approaching battle: "*It would be as God willed*"—Sereda's words—remained with me always.

The early hours of that day—but with them we have nothing to do. I pass to the moment when, sent by Count Thole on a mission of importance and danger, I galloped at the head of a band of hussars, through the thick of the battle, to the bank of the river where the troops were engaged in crossing, harassed by the enemy. Before us, in the road, a young lad walked with pails of water on his shoulders; the roar of cannon sounded in the distance. Suddenly a voice spoke at my elbow:

"The hussars are thirsty, lieutenant; will you allow them to drink?"

I wheeled about; it was Naoume Sereda who stood beside me.

"Sereda! You!"

"At your service, lieutenant."

"But who gave you leave?"

"Excuse me, my officer, but attached to your person, I believed that I should follow you."

"Follow me, no! back with you to the staff, and await my return!"

"To the staff? Lieutenant, have pity! What should I do at the staff, or where find it? Let me remain with you! Who will take care of you?"

His air was so unhappy, he was nearly crying—ah, well, one is never able to escape his fate. I yielded and left him tranquil, but astonished at myself that I had not seen him sooner.

"And we may drink, lieutenant, we may drink!" the hussars cried; "it is very warm, and God knows what awaits us!"

It was, indeed, very hot. I, too, was parched. A moment's delay could do no harm. I assented. Sereda leaped from his horse, lifted a pail from the lad's shoulder and held it toward me. At the same instant, a shrill whistling cut the air and a shell fell beside us, a tiny thread of smoke escaping from its opening.

"The fourteenth of May!" The thought had hardly shaped itself when the crash came—a shower of earth and gravel struck my face; there was a cry from the lad, a whinny from a horse, but Sereda had not stirred, and I—I, too, was safe and sound.

"You are not hurt, you are not wounded, Sereda?"

"No, lieutenant, it is the pail that is wounded—shattered as if crunched with teeth!"

"And no one was touched, no one at all—the hussars?"

"By the mercy of God, no one, lieutenant."

But again to pass the details of the battle, the final crossing of the river, the bloody carnage. In the mêlée my band of troopers was scattered to the winds. I alone of the dozen reached the other bank in the wake of the grenadiers of the second division. With this crossing the struggle for the moment was over. The night had come; the moon lighted with its white rays the muddy, crowded banks and the poor city, so ravaged with shot and fire. Turning to retrace my steps, all at once, as I passed by the place where the shell had exploded and which I had never doubted would be fatal to Sereda and me, it seemed to me that I heard a low groaning—a broken, supplicating cry for "water! water!"

A sinister presentiment oppressed my heart. I stopped and looked about me. The form of a man, stretched in a sea of blood, beside a dead horse, lay at my feet. I knew him—it was Sereda; his right arm shattered, mutilated, torn from his body. I leaped to the ground, brought water from the river, moistened his lips, and bathed his pallid cheeks; he opened his eyes, he smiled, he recognized me.

"Courage, Sereda, courage!" I cried, "I will go for the ambulance; courage—patience."

"No, no, lieutenant, do not go; it is too late, too late—I shall not be here!"

"Too late! No, Sereda, no; but tell me, how did it happen? What struck you?"

"Following you, lieutenant, there was another whistling—an—another shell—"

"My poor Sereda! But we will save you, with God's help we will save you!"

"No, lieutenant, it is too late—I am done for—and now a last favor—my money—draw it—give it to my mother—tell her how I died—"

"Yes, Sereda, yes; be at ease!"

"Thanks, lieutenant. And for you, for your kindness—is there nothing—I can do?"

"Nothing, Sereda—" I stopped abruptly; how did it come in my head, the mad, ridiculous idea, which at the instant seemed to me so serious? God knows!

"Yes, Sereda, there is something," said I, "something you can do for me; that prophecy—for both—death on the fourteenth of May—ah, well, you go before me; return then and tell me when it is to be my turn!"

"Yes, lieutenant; yes—happy to—serve—you—to serve—you—" A moment more, and the soul of Naoume Sereda was with its God. Would he keep his word? Would he return, as he had promised to tell me?

"That which follows," said the doctor, laying aside the leaves from which he had until now been reading, "I will give you myself in a few brief words—I, an eye-witness of the scene. There is a lapse, as you will see, of many years between."

"It was the year 18—" he continued, "and for nearly a fortnight past I had been staying in the house of my good uncle, Ivanilitch Prastchoff—that same Ivanilitch Prastchoff—ex-lieutenant of the Lancers of Novo-Arkhangelsk in the Polish campaign, whose diary I have here. I, too, was in the army then, and with leave of absence had come to spend it with this beloved relative, and also in order to be present at the marriage of my young and pretty cousin, Sachu. It was then the thirteenth day of May, and on the fifteenth of May the nuptial ceremony would be celebrated."

The day—this thirteenth of May—had gone in walking, dancing, singing, the playing of games, and tomping; briefly, in all the gaiety to be expected in the beautiful spring season of the year, in a large and happy family circle, patriarchal in size and manner of living, shut up in the country, thrown upon its own resources. We had stayed at table till late in the evening, and now, with the guests departed—all but the groom, that is, who was to remain in the house and share my chamber—we sat on the terrace above the château garden which spread beneath us, and whose blossoming flower-beds sent forth a perfume almost too penetrating. The night was clear, the moon resplendent, we were happy, we were excited—no one dreamed of sleeping, least of all, my uncle, Ivanilitch, seated beside us, smoking his pipe, with his hand resting on the head of Tamerlane, his favorite dog, crouched beside him. All at once, Tamerlane raised his head, bayed loud and long—a sort of drawn out, wailing cry—and was off like a shot down the terrace-steps, across the garden-beds, in the direction of the highway, and still continuing his cry, as if at a legion of invading devils, though not a soul or thing was to be seen.

"Maybe it is a marauder," said my uncle, rising and preparing to follow Tamerlane; "I will go and see."

And we, watching him, saw him pass as Tamerlane had passed down the terrace steps, across the flower-beds to the outer gate, and then abruptly stop as if to speak to some one. We looked again—no, we were wrong—no one was there, and my uncle had turned about and was now retracing his steps. He was back with us in a second, but was very pale and said not a word and we did not speak either, an instinctive feeling, untranslatable into words, that he did not wish us to speak, that something very serious had passed about us, seeming to hold us tongue-tied. For a long while he sat in his chair thus, silent, thoughtful, buried in profound reflection; then he spoke questioning: "It is the fourteenth of May, is it not?" said he.

"The fourteenth," said I, for it was I who answered him; "no, uncle, no; the thirteenth of May."

"You are wrong, my nephew; you forget the hour; it is two in the morning"—drawing out his watch to see the time, "it is the thirteenth of May no longer."

And again he began to ponder, tapping the arms of his chair with restless fingers and muttering between his teeth, "The fourteenth of May; yes, yes, the fourteenth of May."

"My children," said he, presently, "my children, do not think me mad, nor do I wish to alarm you, but—it is the fourteenth of May, and I am going to die—"

"To die! to die, uncle?" a cry of anguish interrupted him.

"To die, my children," he repeated, "and it is useless to say a word; it is settled, inevitable; prepare, then, for my death."

"Ivanilitch Affonassovitch!" cried my aunt, indignantly, "what do you mean by talking thus? Why torture us with your pleasantries?"

"It is not a pleasantry; I tell you again—I repeat it—I die to-day, but beseech you in the name of God not to embitter by useless sorrow the last hours that remain to me. Be calm, reasonable; later on you will have time to cry."

"Calm, reasonable, when you talk like this?"

"And you think, perhaps, that all is not as it should be here in this brain of mine?"

"You are tired, over excited; the gaiety—"

My uncle checked us: "You talk foolishly," he said; "my senses are still my own. Nothing ails me or ails them. Besides I have reasons for what I say—I have seen Sereda!"

Sereda! The name gave us a chill, for well did we know the story of Sereda's death, though we would not admit it.

"Seen him!" said I, "seen Sereda! But where, uncle, and when?"

"Yonder, on the terrace, a moment ago. I saw him and spoke to him."

"But no one was there, uncle; we saw you all the time, you and Tamerlane; not a soul was there."

"To you, no; you could not see him, but I saw him, I tell you, when Tamerlane began to bay. I saw a soldier approaching, and when I went to meet him it was Sereda. I questioned him, and he answered me in Lower Russian: 'It is to-day, lieutenant!' and then—he was gone."

"An illusion, uncle; believe me, an illusion. The thought of Sereda, the day, the circumstances—"

"Chut! my lad, he has come, I say; Sereda has come. He was an honest soldier, a Christian; he has kept his word."

I, too, am a Christian, and wish to die as one; send for a priest, to come at once and reconcile me with God."

My aunt threw herself in his arms, sobbing bitterly; the rest of us gathered about him.

"Do as I bid you," continued he, quietly; "resign yourselves and torment me not!"

We sought to move him with arguments and entreaties. He was adamant, we could only obey him. We sent for Father Elisha as he bade us do, and at four o'clock he arrived with the holy sacraments. My uncle met him at the foot of the stairs, and they passed together to his private chamber.

It was an hour before they reappeared, Father Elisha moved and sorrowful, but the face of my uncle reflecting an ineffable peace and joy, as of one who had already freed himself from the cares and sins of earth.

Sachu and my aunt clung to him in tearful silence as he took them in his arms and told them that his affairs were all in order, his will made, which Father Elisha would see properly attested and executed; no one forgotten, and a goodly provision made for the church.

"I am going to rest now," said he; "good-night; good-night, my children." And he shut himself again into his chamber.

I need not tell you that no one else closed an eye in the house that night. All of us—the priest included—had heard the story of my uncle's orderly, killed in the Polish war. We did not know what to think—we were simply overwhelmed. Poor uncle! We could not understand it! Toward daylight my aunt, unable to bear it longer, entered his chamber to see how he rested, to return, presently, with finger on lip and the announcement that he slept peacefully as an infant.

The night passed in sorrow and waiting—heavy with an indefinite sense of coming trouble and affliction. But my uncle awakened refreshed and cheerful, and with an excellent appetite for his breakfast and his beloved pipe. When spoken to regarding a delay or change in the morrow's marriage arrangement, he opposed it peremptorily.

"No," he responded, "Sachu must neither wed in unseemly haste nor wait—should anything happen—longer than six weeks' time. If I die to-day, remember, it is by my command to take place quietly and without show, exactly as I say."

And we talked no more of death or dying. The day passed as usual—my uncle attending to his affairs in the regular order, reading and assorting his papers and chatting with gay words and laughter. When ten in the evening arrived and still nothing had occurred, my aunt regained her courage.

"You see, Ivanilitch Affonassovitch," said she, "how you have made us suffer for naught. You are not going to die!"

"Ah, my dear," he answered, cheerfully, "wait—as they say—till the clock strikes twelve; if naught has happened by that time, I will yield the point and admit that you are right and that I was mad or foolish."

Supper over, we gathered as usual upon the terrace. The night was splendid, the moonlight magnificent, and it seemed to me that the passing moments brought to my uncle a conviction that he had yielded to a caprice of the nerves or imagination. Seated in his chair, with his pipe in his mouth, he discussed with us in detail the plans and arrangements for the morrow.

"Leave nothing to be done at the eleventh hour," he began, but stopped abruptly, as a piercing scream resounded in the house—the scream of a frightened or suffering woman.

"What is it?" said he, suddenly disquieted; "that scream—go, Ipsinoff," turning to the steward, waiting beside him to receive the last orders, "go and see."

"It is only the cook, my master," said Ipsinoff, smiling; "he is drunk again and doubtless beating his wife."

"What! Drunk again! Since when?"

"Since yesterday evening. The supper, the wine, was too much for him. Once started—well, you know the rest."

"Too bad, too bad!" said my uncle, angrily; "he shall go, and go at once for good and all. Meanwhile, seek him, Ipsinoff, and lock him in the empty granary; we'll take no chances on to-morrow's dinner."

Even as he spoke, however, and as we listened to hear the cause of the uproar, the shouting voices had come nearer and nearer, and suddenly the cook's wife—Anna—disheveled and wild with fright, leaped to the terrace and flung herself at my uncle's feet.

"Save me!" cried she; "save me, my master; he is going to kill me! Save me, save me!"

And before my uncle could say a word or do more than leap between them, there was a bellowing roar, and the cook was on us, the fires of hell and liquor blazing in his blood-shot eyes.

What happened next, happened too quickly for accurate detail. We saw my uncle spring forward, saw him thrust behind him the trembling Anna, saw the flash of a knife in an uplifted hand, heard a gurgling, gasping cry, and my uncle fell to the ground.

Ipsinoff and I flung ourselves forward—too late; the knife had gone home. We had in our hands but a struggling madman, partially sobered by the deed he had done, and a dying man, his eyes already dim and glazed by death; his hand convulsively pressed upon his breast, from which a red stream spurted with every breath.

It was then a quarter to twelve o'clock; at twelve my uncle was dead, and thus was accomplished, on the fourteenth of May, and after a lapse of thirty years, the gypsy's prophecy, and thus had Naoume Sereda kept his word—*Translated for the Argonaut from the Russian of Prastchoff by E. C. Wagener.*

The Princess of Wales is reported to have been very much astonished at seeing kilts worn by the Messalia shepherds at the ball given by the King of the Hellenes. Kilts are also worn by the Albanians.

The fashionable finger-nail is said to be longer and more pointed than ever.

SWINBURNE'S LATEST POEM.

A Swimmer's Dream.
Summo mollior unda.

I.

Dawn is dim on the dark soft water,
Soft and passionate, dark and sweet,
Love's own self was the deep sea's daughter,
Fair and flawless from face to feet,
Hailed of all when the world was golden,
Loved of lovers whose names beholden
Thrill men's eyes as with light of olden
Days more glad than their flight was fleet.

So they sang; but for men that love her,
Souls that hear not her word in vain,
Earth beside her and heaven above her
Seem but shadows that wax and wane.
Softer than sleep's are the sea's caresses,
Kinder than love's that betrays and blesses,
Blither than spring's when her flowerful tresses
Shake forth sunlight and shine with rain.

All the strength of the waves that perish
Swells beneath me and laughs and sighs,
Sighs for love of the life they cherish,
Laughs to know that it lives and dies,
Dies for joy of its life, and lives
Thrilled with joy that its brief death gives,
Death whose laugh or whose breath forgives
Change that bids it subside and rise.

II.

Hard and heavy, remote but nearing,
Sunless hangs the severe sky's weight,
Cloud on cloud, though the wind be veering,
Heaped on high to the sundown's gate.
Dawn and even and noon are one,
Veiled with vapor and void of sun;
Naught in sight or in fancied hearing
Now less mighty than time or fate.

The gray sky gleams and the gray seas glimmer,
Pale and sweet as a dream's delight,
As a dream's where darkness and light seem dimmer,
Touched by dawn or subdued by night.
The dark wind, stern and sublime and sad,
Swings the rollers to westward, clad
With lustrous shadow that lures the swimmer,
Lures and lulls him with dreams of light.

Light, and sleep, and delight, and wonder,
Change, and rest, and a charm of cloud,
Fill the world of the skies whereunder
Heaves and quivers and pants aloud
All the world of the waters, hoary
Now, but clothed with its own live glory,
That mates the lightning and mocks the thunder
With light more living and word more proud.

III.

Far off westward, whither sets the sounding strife,
Strife more sweet than peace, of shoreless waves whose glee
Scorns the shore and loves the wind that leaves them free,
Strange as sleep and pale as death and fair as life,
Shifts the moonlight-colored sunshine on the sea.

Toward the sunset's goal the sunless waters crowd,
Fast as autumn dyes toward winter; yet it seems
Here that autumn wanes not, here that woods and streams
Lose not heart and change not likeness, chilled and bowed,
Warped and wrinkled: here the days are fair as dreams.

IV.

O russet-robed November,
What ails thee so to smile?
Cbill August, pale September,
Endured a woeful while,
And fell as falls an ember
From forth a flameless pile;
But golden-girt November
Bids all she looks on smile.

The lustrous foliage, waning
As wanes the morning moon,
Here falling, here refraining,
Outbraves the pride of June
With statelier semblance, feigning
No fear lest death be soon:
As though the woods thus waning
Should wax to meet the moon.

As though, when fields lie stricken
By gray December's breath,
These lordlier growths that sicken
And die for fear of death
Should feel the sense quicken
That hears what springtide saith
And thrills for love, spring stricken
And pierced with April's breath.

The keen white-winged north-easter
That stings and spurs thy sea,
Doth yet but feed and feast her
With glowing sense of glee;
Calm chained her, storm released her,
And storm's glad voice was he;
South-wester or north-easter,
Thy winds rejoice the sea.

V.

A dream, a dream is it all: the season,
The sky, the water, the wind, the shore?
A day-born dream of divine unreason,
A marvel molded of sleep: no more?
For the cloud-like wave, that my limbs while cleaving
Feel as in slumber beneath them heaving,
Soothes the sense as to slumber, leaving
Sense of naught that was known of yore.

A purer passion, a lordlier leisure,
A peace more happy than lives on land,
Fulfills with pulse of diviner pleasure
The dreaming head and the steering hand.
I lean my cheek to the cold gray pillow,
The deep soft swell of the full broad billow,
And close mine eyes for delight past measure,
And wish the wheel of the world would stand.

The wild-winged hour that we fain would capture
Falls as from heaven that its light feet clomb,
So brief, so soft, and full the rapture
Was felt that soothed me with sense of home.
To sleep, to swim, and to dream, forever,
Such joy the vision of man saw never;
For here too soon will a dark day sever
The sea-bird's wing from the sea-wave's foam.

A dream, and more than a dream, and dimmer
At once and brighter than dreams that flee,
The moment's joy of the seaward swimmer
Abides, remembered as truth may be.
Not all the joy and not all the glory
Must fade as leaves when the woods wax hoary;
For there the downs and the woodlands glimmer,
And here to south of them swells the sea.

NOVEMBER 4, 1889.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

THE CHRISTMAS FAMILY DINNER.

"Van Grysse" pictures the Annual Gathering of the Clans.

Last week, I described the house-party. This week, let me describe the Christmas family-dinner, also an English custom—for Thanksgiving is the day of the American family gathering—also a custom adopted by the world of fashion, who, since it has been established, have hunted up forgotten relatives in the wastes of Harlem and the brown-stone deserts of Brooklyn.

Here is this great annual gathering of the clans, just as it occurs:

The dinner is always held at Uncle Tom's place in the country, Uncle Tom being the head of the family and having a handsome country-place, to which he and his belongings, being people of fashion, always retire for the holidays. The dinner is for seven, but by six, the house—a long, dark bulk set in acres of sodden lawn—is awink with lights which sparkle a pleasant welcome in the lonely darkness of the country landscape.

There are lights on the gate-posts and along the drive winding under naked, arching elms to the porch. There are myriad lights from shaded lamps and candles in the long, low-ceilinged parlors—the raftered parlors of an old country-house—where Aunt Tom, a sumptuous figure in trailing heliotrope velvet, is giving finishing touches. Aunt Tom, having a disbelief in servants, adjusts a vase here, straightens the drooping amber shade of a lamp there, and pauses to look at herself in the glass—a complacent look, for Aunt Tom was once a beauty and lives on the recollection. Beyond, in the pallid splendor of the white-and-gold room, Uncle Tom is revealed, a little, black, spare figure, thrown out in high relief against a fire of pine-cones.

Upstairs, the girls' rooms are also full of lights. Here the young ladies are completing their toilets with the aid of a maid and enough wax-candles for a wake. Each glass reflects a charming figure—young, slender, fragile, a crimped, fluffy, blonde head, slim little throat and arms emerging from clouds of pink crepe, with here and there the long shine of falling ribbons. The deepest note of color in these delicately tinted figures is the faint red of their lips. Uncle Tom's two girls, buds of the season, eighteen and nineteen, are of high fashion and impeccable style. Each day they are bathed and brushed and perfumed and massaged into a state of glowing perfection. They are beautifully fresh and clear and dainty-looking, with the air of high-breeding which the New York woman esteems before beauty. They have just had four years in Europe, been finished by travel, studied three languages without knowing one, and have never indulged in any literature except what Uncle Tom has chosen for them. They have received the highest amount of polish, the best possible training, and are destined to make fine marriages, but if they are aware of this fact, they conceal their knowledge with a completeness which speaks well for their social aptitude.

The roll of wheels and a ring at the bell announces the first relative—Aunt Anastasia, from Harlem. The family never see Aunt Anastasia except at the Christmas festivities. She is the widow of Uncle Horace, the black sheep, nothing in whose career "became him like the leaving of it." Uncle Horace was supposed to have "married beneath him." His wife, however, was not too far beneath him to support him by taking in boarders, an episode in her career which the aristocratic prejudices of the family caused them to ignore. She, in her turn, derived a melancholy pleasure from the thought that her husband had been of too fine a fibre to work for his living, and was not above bragging about it.

With her come her son and daughter, Jack and Annie, whom the pink cousins greet sweetly, and then escort Annie upstairs to take off her wraps. Annie—six or seven years their senior—is supposed to be quite a person in the family. She reads all kinds of dreadful books, and has "views," and affects to think life hollow. The pink cousins are rather afraid of her. She, on her side, is rather overpowered by their style; but both parties endeavor to hide their feelings under a gay sprightliness of manner. Annie, however, taking off her cloak, and standing revealed in a black lace dress, which shows her beautiful arms and neck, can not resist giving herself a few airs. She sweeps the room with a rapid *coup d'œil*, runs her keen glance over the books in the swinging bamboo shelf, and smiles a caustic smile when her eyes light on the Bible and little pile of prayer-books on the table beside the small brass bed. The cousins silently decide they "don't like Annie and her airs." Annie decides that the cousins are "fashionable fools"—she being one of those people to whom it is stuff o' the conscience to believe that every one who is fashionable is perforce a fool.

The drawing-rooms below are filling fast—aunts, uncles, and cousins arrive in detachments. Uncle Fred and Aunt Eliza have just come, and Uncle Fred stands before the fire discoursing on *la grippe*. Uncle Fred is mainly remarkable for having married Aunt Eliza, who was regarded in the family as a forlorn hope, by reason of her irascible temper. As Uncle Fred is the best-natured man in the world, the experiment has proved a success.

The two pink cousins, approaching this favorite uncle, present two pink cheeks for the avuncular salute. It is like kissing two smooth, placid babies. Annie offers her hand, but, upon her uncle urging his rights to a warmer greeting, she holds up her lips. And this time it is not like kissing a baby.

There are greetings going on on all sides, for there must be twenty-six or seven assembled, counting the children. The men stand in groups before the fires, the women loll back in deep chairs or among the cushions of the divans in the shady corners. Half-grown girls are crowded together on the sofas—girls in the hobbledohy stage when the skirt has taken a sudden drop to the tops of their boots, and their highest ambition is to turn up their back hair. To these the grown-up cousins are enviable beings, who float in a roseate atmosphere of bouquets and beaux. In four or five years it will be their

turn, and already the trained eye can gauge the measure of beauty concealed in these gawky, flat-chested embryos with No. 5 feet.

Two or three still younger girls, almost babies, flit through the rooms like sprites of the moonlight—light as thistle-down in their fine muslin frocks, feathered with lace edgings, their silvery hair crimped out in a cloud round their faces, and their tiny feet in patent-leather slippers twinkling over the parquet. The little boys to match, in white jerseys and yellow curls, are already drowsy, and lean against their mother's silken knees staring at the gay scene with big sleepy eyes and artlessly yawning with loud squeaks.

It is nearly seven when Aunt Susan arrives with her husband, her eldest daughter Grace, and all the children. Only the older members of the family know how many children Aunt Susan has. There are always three or four in the stage of infancy that one never sees unless they happen to have the freedom of the nursery, which is a privilege not generally yearned for. Three years ago, Cousin Jim said there were eight, but he confesses to having lost count since. "Still," as Cousin Jim says, "there is always the hope that there will be a duplicate of Grace."

Grace is also a débutante, and there is rivalry between her and the pink cousins. She is not half so well bred or well educated as they are, and ten per cent. handsomer. Grace is a genuine beauty, and she has some wit and more ambition. When she comes into a room, people stop talking and look at her; when she sweeps a crowd with her hawk-like glance, all the men, electrified by its tingling vitality, exclaim: "Who the deuce is that girl?" Though she is only seventeen, she looks twenty-three or four. Though she knows nothing, she has so much *savoir-faire* that she appears a mine of learning. Her hair is black, and her lips, as King Solomon says, are "a thread of scarlet."

Still, one can not but acknowledge that her manners are execrable. She rules every one near her—her father, her mother, the servants, and such admirers as have already begun to nibble at her hook. When she is thwarted, she gets into deadly rages and would swear if she knew the way to do it. When Aunt Susan gently attempts to curb her fiery spirit, she tells her to "shut up," and goes out of the room raging and banging doors all through the house. On those mornings when Grace's maid comes out from arranging her young mistress's hair, and spreads the news abroad that "Miss Grace's got up in a bad temper," the whole house is terrified, the servants fly, the children creep out of the way of the frowning, furious, beautiful young goddess.

The rivalry between her and her cousins is bitter. They feel her superior beauty, but know their superior tone and temper. She realizes that she will never be as fine and polished as they are, but trusts to her dash, her beauty, and her spirit to carry all before them. The man who will love the pink cousins, in their neat, well-ordered lives, their exquisite daintiness, their carefully acquired, low-voiced finish, will not be able to tolerate Grace on her Kentucky thoroughbred, taking five-barred fences after the anise-seed bag. There is balm in Gilead when you know how to find it!

The young men cousins have arrived, too, in full force, and their presence calls forth roars of laughter from the group of buds—Harry from Philadelphia, who has just come into some money, and is reserved, cold, and formal. He approves Uncle Tom's girls, finds Grace "a little loud," Annie, "a little hard," but would never let one of them suspect an opinion, either flattering or otherwise. He deferentially, gravely, salutes his relatives—all his aunts in the order of their ages, with a courtly bow and a hand pressure, all the uncles with a hand pressure, a trifle less warm. Uncle Fred claps him on the back, and this Harry does not like.

Behind him are Frank and John—the pet cousins of the house. There is a murmur of pleasure when they come, of regret when they go, for they have many attractions—they are both gentlemen, both good-looking, both bright, both kind and pleasant. John is so handsome that he has been a trifle spoiled by women. He is the ideal good-looking New York man of thirty—tall, slender, fair-haired, well-groomed, graceful, with rather a haughty manner, and a perfect realization of his own attractions. He is in reality a trifle *blasé*, and he affects to be entirely so. When on his best behavior, he has a polished manner, which, it is said, Jim can put on or off at will, and when it is off, some people like him much better than when it is on. Having had several desperate love-affairs, the idea, scorned in his earlier days, of making a marriage of convenience is gradually crystallizing in his mind. It is on Jim's conscience that he was not made handsome for nothing. Meantime, he takes the advice given to Tolstoi by his aunt and discreetly enjoys himself, while he keeps an eye on all the débutantes and their fathers' financial standing.

His greetings are as gracefully, tenderly friendly as only Jim knows how to make them. All the old aunts, whose youthful records are festive in the extreme, love him, for he makes them feel as if they were once again young and lovely. Then he drifts away to his young cousins, of whom he admires Grace, but "wouldn't marry her if she had a million a minute," and enjoys a little lively persiflaging with Annie, whose self-possession, in the face of his most daring sallies, wins his heart-felt admiration. Annie he thinks fit to be the wife of any man. "She might be mine," he reflects, "if she had two hundred thousand dollars in her own right."

Frank, who is Jim's elder brother, is his direct antithesis. He pours oil on the hearts which the reckless James has lacerated. His spare spirits find a vent in athletics, and he is now one of the best all-round athletes in the city. To the ignorant female eye, he looks merely a short, rather chunky young man, with an astounding depth of chest, but his brother athletes regard him as physically a rival of the Farnese Hercules. His main pride in life is his legs, and he only lives for the day to come when all men will wear knickerbockers, for, being the reverse of a dandy—in fact, rather glorying in his reputation of being the worst-dressed man in his set—he will not sport the black-satin knickerbockers of the ultra-dudes. His is one of the most genial of dispositions—at dances, he keeps his programme sacred to the wall-flowers, and to-night,

on kissing his aunts, he pays each of them an extravagantly elaborate compliment.

But, hark! seven strikes and *madame est servie*. The long cortege forms—the eldest first, then down to the littlest children, like the animals coming out of the ark. Two by two, they rustle out of the drawing-rooms, through the parquet hall, lit with bunches of candles in front of round, silver-framed mirrors, set into the walls at intervals. In the middle of the dining-room stands the long table, blazing with light, a smaller one in the alcove for the children. It is a full five minutes before they are all settled, and a reserved mumbling from Uncle Tom asks a blessing on the feast.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 26, 1889.

VAN GRYSSE.

A powerful blow has just been aimed at a great historical idol by the wise men on the continent, and perhaps it is smashed. In a work entitled *La Fin d'une Légende*, M. Lesigne exhibits documents to prove that Joan of Arc did not save France from the English invaders at all, and his work has attracted much attention in Paris on account of the wealth of historical documents with which he supports all his statements. The French people had already roused themselves to drive out the English, he says, and neither needed nor waited for Joan's heaven-sent message. The city of Orleans, according to all chronicles, had repulsed the English before Joan appeared upon the scene, and, even after she had been placed in command, she exercised no decisive influence upon the tide of battle. The king utilized her "hysterical enthusiasm for the purpose of inspiring the weaker troops." In a word, M. Lesigne paints the Maid of Orleans as an emotional, ill-balanced young woman, of little practical use for any purpose; and he is especially bitter against the idea of her becoming a saint.

The Congressional Directory of the present year shows that only twenty of the four hundred and twelve members of the two houses of Congress are of foreign birth. Yet only nine States have delegations whose members are all natives of the States which they now serve. However, two hundred and twenty-six senators and representatives were born in the States which send them to Congress, while one hundred and sixty-four were born in other States. Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Colorado, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Oregon, Texas, California, and Nevada have not a single representative or senator who was born within their borders.

It is said that the first thing that the new government of Brazil did was to send a telegram to the Rothschilds asking for their continued financial support, and the reply received was favorable and undoubtedly did much toward solidifying the new government.

The tenor Narconi, who sang some time ago in the Campanini toupe, upon hearing that he had lost his entire fortune through the failure of a bank, lost his voice also, and is now under treatment.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Peixotto Concert.

Mme. de Sadowska-Peixotto, the celebrated Russian contralto, gave her first concert in this city on Friday evening at Irving Hall, and attracted a large audience. The concert was under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman and those who assisted were: Mme. Thea Sanderini, soprano; Miss Tomlinson, pianist; Mr. Thomas Rickard, bass; Mr. H. J. Stewart, pianist; and the Henry Heyman String Quartet, comprising: Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Noah Brandt, Mr. Bernat Jaulus, and Mr. Rudolf Patek. The following excellent programme was presented:

Sextet, Op. 100.....	Mendelssohn
For piano, four hands, and string quartet.	
(First time in California.)	
Sostenutos Allegro—Adagio Serioso.	
Finale, Allegretto Granzioso.	
Miss Charlotte Tomlinson, Mr. H. J. Stewart, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Noah Brandt, Mr. Bernat Jaulus, Mr. Rudolf Patek.	
Air de Salomé.....	Massenet
(Herodiade.....)	Mme. de Sadowska-Peixotto.
Violin Solo, "Legende".....	H. J. Stewart
(Manuscript, first time.)	
Mr. Henry Heyman, accompanied by the composer.	
Scene and Air, "Der Freischütz".....	Von Weber
Wie nahte mir der Schlummer.....	Mme. Thea. Sanderini.
Song, "The Wanderer".....	Mr. Thomas Rickard.
Two Duets for Soprano and Contralto.	
(First time in this city.)	
(a) Wanderer's Night Song.....	Rubinstein
(b) Serenata, "Melfistofele".....	Boito
Mme. Sanderini, Mme. de Sadowska-Peixotto.	
String Quartet, Op. 11.....	Tschaikowsky
Andante. Cantabile.	
Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Noah Brandt, Mr. Bernat Jaulus, and Mr. Rudolf Patek.	
Terzetto, "La Gioconda".....	Ponchielli
(First time in California.)	
Figlia che reggi.	
Mme. Sanderini, Mme. de Sadowska-Peixotto, and Thomas Rickard.	
Violoncello Solo, "Reverie".....	Dunkler
Mr. Rudolf Patek.	
Russian Songs.....	
(First time in California.)	
Mme. de Sadowska-Peixotto.	
Quintet, First movement.....	Schumann
Mr. H. J. Stewart, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Noah Brandt, Mr. Bernat Jaulus, and Mr. Rudolf Patek.	

At her concert at Irving Hall on Wednesday evening, January 8th, she shall have our first opportunity to judge of the progress Miss Lena Devine (Miss Lena Doria) has made during her four years' absence in Europe. Miss Devine will sing the valse arietta from Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," Jensen's "Murmuring Zephyrs," and a duet with Mr. Alfred Wilkie. The other numbers will be by Mrs. H. J. Stewart, pianiste; Mr. Wilkie, tenor; the Henry Heyman String Quartet, Mr. Fred S. Gutterston, Mr. H. J. Stewart, and Mr. Henry Heyman, under whose direction the concert will be given.

Considerable interest is being taken in the forthcoming musicale which the Misses Carmelia and Adelle Ferrer and Mr. Richard Ferrer will give on Monday evening, January 20th. Their many friends are uniting with them in their efforts to make the affair a success, and it undoubtedly will prove very enjoyable.

Mme. Camilla Urso will give the third of her series of classical musicales on Friday afternoon, January 17th, at the residence of Mrs. W. J. Younger, 1424 California Street.

The first concert of the Hermann Brandt String Quartet will take place on Thursday evening, January 9th, at Spencer's Hall. Miss Maud Cohn, the pianist, will assist the Quartet.

Mme. Filioni will give a concert next Tuesday evening, and will present an attractive programme.

VANITY FAIR.

The new Woman's Club, in New York, seems to be fulfilling its mission in a manner to gratify the hopes of its most sanguine projectors. The afternoon tea, which took place on December 5th, was attended by more than six hundred women, many of whom are prominent in society. It was the means of introducing it to the many friends of the prime movers of the enterprise. Now that the club has settled down to its every-day life, it will doubtless interest the many curious ones, who are watching this new departure of the gentler sex, to know what is done there. Every day, except Sundays, a luncheon is provided, and in the evening a dinner. Both are well patronized. Then the sleeping-rooms for the accommodation of out-of-town members have proved to be, as it was originally supposed they would, a great convenience. Many members have also become sufficiently imbued with the "club spirit" of their husbands and brothers to enjoy dropping in to write their letters on the club paper, look over the newspapers and magazines, or look out for the bundles they have ordered sent to the club-house while out shopping. The best proof, however, that the club really means business is the fact that it has selected both entertainment and membership committees. Applications for membership have been received from all sorts of people, but the committee has done its work heroically, and no objectionable persons have been taken in. Those who apply are asked to send in their references, and that always disposes of them. It is a unique custom of the club to add the names of the new members to the rolls in groups of fifty. Just now the fourth installment of that number is nearly ready to be inscribed on the roster. The functions of these committees are obvious enough, but in other respects the government of the club is most striking and is peculiarly feminine. Thursday is set apart as "club day," and in the morning, about eleven o'clock, the members begin to flock in, bringing their knitting, sewing, or crochet work, and gather in the parlors. Then the affairs of the club are talked over informally, between the intervals of chat on other subjects, and just as informally decided. There are no *viva voce* votes in the strict sense of the term and no voting by ballot. Nevertheless, every member has her say. The entertainment committee has also been busily at work, having arranged for another afternoon reception and tea to take place about the middle of January, and an entertainment of another character not yet decided upon to take place later. But the most novel of all the club's experiments will be the whist class which is soon to be started. Any member is eligible without a preliminary civil-service examination as to her ability to sit silent throughout a hand or remember what is trumps. A masculine expert of pronounced ability in getting in a word edgewise will be engaged as an instructor.

The customs in force in society, in other words, the rules and observances, vary but slightly in the course of each year, and yet somehow it is important to note the variations. Women in society conform imperceptibly to every innovation, great or small; so much so that it would be difficult for them to point out any marked difference in the etiquette of to-day and that of five years ago; while those who study the subject are keen to observe any deviation from the rule. For instance, in Paris and in St. Petersburg, a gentleman leaves his card with his Christian and surname upon it, without a prefix; in London this would stamp him as not being in society. In France, a new-comer calls upon a resident; in Philadelphia the old resident would think the new-comer a very odd person, and quite presumptuous, were he or she to pay such a visit. In France, a gentleman hastens to bow to a lady; in America, he waits for recognition from her. In St. Petersburg, gentlemen kiss the hand of the hostess after a dinner-party, on taking leave; in America this pretty custom, if followed, would occasion some little surprise.

In his article on "The Beauty of Spanish Women," in the January *Scribner's*, Henry T. Finck says: "If I were asked to state in one sentence wherein lies the chief advantage of Spanish women over those of other countries, and to what they chiefly owe their fame for beauty, I should say that, if a Spanish girl has round cheeks, and has medium-sized, delicately cut nose and mouth, she is almost certain to be a complete beauty; whereas, if an American or English girl has a good nose, mouth, and cheeks, the chances are still against her having a beautiful complexion, and fine eyes, hair, and teeth, which Spanish girls are always endowed with as a matter of course. But over and above everything else, it is the unique grace and the exquisite femininity, unalloyed by any trace of masculine assumption or caricature, that constitute the eternal charm of Spanish women. The Andalusian girl is almost invariably a petite brunette, and although not all are plump and many are too stout, the majority have exquisitely symmetrical tapering limbs, well-developed busts (flat-chested women are almost unknown in Spain), and the most dainty and refined hands and feet. Regarding these feet, Gautier makes the most astounding assertion that 'without any poetic exaggeration, it would be easy here in Seville to find women whose feet an infant might hold in its hands. A French girl of seven or eight could not wear the shoes of an Andalusian of twenty.' I am glad to attest that, if the feet of the Sevillian women really were so monstrously small fifty years ago, they are so no longer. It is discouraging to see a man like Gautier fall into the vulgar error of fancying that, because a small foot is a thing of beauty, therefore the smaller the foot the more beautiful it must be. All Spanish women are graceful as compared with the women of other nations, but among them all the Andalusians are preëminent in the poetry of motion, and this is probably the reason that, although regular facial beauty is, perhaps, commoner in Madrid than in Seville, I found that you can not pay a greater compliment to a girl in Northern Spain than by asking her if she is an Andalusian. It would be useless to seek among land animals for a gait comparable to that of the women of Seville, Cadiz,

Malaga, and Granada; and when you compare it to the motion of a swan on the water, a fish in the water, a bird in the air, it is the birds and the fishes that must feel complimented."

The home woman who is not above the worship of her body is as painstaking and methodical about her exercise as a sportsman in training. In her room swings an air-bag, and she puts on the gloves to save her filbert-shaped finger-nails, and pounds away until every pore opens. Then comes the calisthenics, but not as taught by the Del Sarte people. She can turn her arms the other way and pat herself on the back, and in an alternate figure pat the right shoulder and left lung, and whistle a verse from the McGinty dirge at the same time. The great regard she has for her liver forces her to go round and round the room on her hands and feet as long as her head can be kept steady. This done, she takes a cold bath, rinses off with alcohol, and goes to bed. If you do not think she beams in the morning, you had better try the exercise yourself.

Paris has gone patchwork crazy. One of the weekly papers, after devoting much space to a patient exposition of the mysteries of the science of patchwork, says: "It has become a true rage. All the world has set itself at 'crazy.' After having emptied their drawers and their cabinets, despoiled the linings of their old dresses and their used-up hats, they have addressed themselves to the dress-maker and the modiste: 'As little as you please, the more it will be little the more you will send, and the more you will render me happy,' and, letters being sent to the different furnishers of the Rue de la Paix, they receive, some days afterward, little post packages filled with clippings of the latest creations. Would you believe that with these bits of ribbons they launch themselves into history—yes, into history? They make cushions and little foot-covers royal and imperial with morsels coming from the robes of sovereigns, that they demand from their dress-makers; scraps from the robes of the Empress of Russia, the Grand Duchess Vladimir, the Princess of Wales, the Queen of Naples, the Queen of Spain, the Princess Mathilde, the Queen of Portugal, the Queen of Italy, who is not yet made to dress herself at Berlin. An artistic cushion is composed of bits of the skirts of Nilsson, of Bartet, of Sarah, of Mrs. Langtry, and of the divine Patter (*sic*)—her costumes in 'Cleopatra'—and of Patti. A society cushion is made with fragments of the costumes of Mmes. de Mail, de Gref, de Morn, d'Avar, de Mouch, and de Pourtal, of some elegant baronesses of finance, and of beautiful foreigners *à la mode*. To guarantee the authenticity they embroider the names of these people on the fragments."

The Buffalo girls (according to the *Courier* of that burg) say they never know what to give the fellows, and the fellows are sure they do not know what to give the girls. Well, a man will take anything, slippers, or gloves, or handkerchiefs, or mistletoe-fruit, with delight. But, singular as it may seem, not one woman in ten can pick out for a man a necktie which he will dare to wear in a place where he is known. The neckties which a woman picks out are enough to make a man shudder, unless she confines herself to plain colors without pattern; and the man who has the bravery to pick out wearing apparel for his lady friends, may be sure that in nine cases out of ten it will never see the light of day after it is presented. Of course, if it is a camel's-hair shawl or a seal sacque, that is different. You can present any girl with one of those—and if it is not right, it can be changed.

Woman in office is somewhat of a failure—at least, in New York. She carries into her official life certain traits that are characteristic of her sex, but which are not in harmony with business affairs. In the first place, the woman official is severely offensive to woman, from whom she exacts more than the legal pound of flesh, and for whom she shows a contempt and lofty toleration which are outside the limits of law. A man appears before a woman in office, already crushed; it has absorbed all his courage to face official femininity, and if he does not receive all the snubs and the contempt that he is prepared for, he is more disappointed than surprised. The woman behind the desk is an awe-inspiring object to the bravest man; she is her sex, plus authority, Charlotte Corday, and Minerva combined. She is not the more imposing by reason of her office, but the office is imposing because she fills it, because the office is herself. Such a woman may insist on anything unhindered by man. He is even content, at her command, to concede that the earth is flat for the time being. He appears before so much majesty in a commanding attitude; he waits her pleasure, patiently, before receiving the postage stamp for which he applies, cash in hand; he stifles his haste to obtain his letters until she sees fit to give them to him. For these reasons the official woman does not go out of her way to annoy or to torture man; she accepts him as a worm, and, because he is weak, she refrains from treading on him, and goes no further than to turn a deaf ear to his application for letters or stamps, and to gorge him with her Tennysonian "stony stare." A woman approaches the official woman-guarded window in a different attitude; in fact, in a belligerent attitude, and the monarch of all she surveys receives her in an equally belligerent spirit. The passive indifference shown toward that humble creature, man, no longer exists; the adversaries both have their lances in rest, and each is looking for the weakest spot in the armor of the other. Naturally, the women who are not officials complain of the women who are officials, and the woman behind the window complains of the woman in front of it. This is the serious danger which confronts the woman who aspires to public office; the weight which drags her down when in office. The fault is hers individually, but it is the failing of the sex generally—the impossibility of a woman treating a woman in any other way than as a rival or an antagonist. The woman in office can not escape from herself; she refuses to see, or can not see, any difference between a free, if tax-paying, public and her own family circle.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A quiet slaying-party: "Jack the Ripper."—*Life*.

She—"Fred Douglass is colored, isn't he?" He—"Oh, no; he was born that way."—*Life*.

Let him have it: "What is the baby crying about?" "Oh, nothing much. He wants to eat the Christmas tree."—*Puck*.

Miss X—"That Italian count seems to lead a rather monotonous life." Mrs. Y—"Yes; I notice he never has any change."—*Life*.

Farmer's Wife—"I must go home now, ma'am; we're very busy to-day; we're going to kill an ox." Schoolmistress—"What a whole ox at once?"—*Le Temps*.

Mormon boy (whose father has many wives)—"You hit me in the nose again and I'll tell my ma." Gentile boy—"Which of your ma's are you goin' to tell?"—*Texas Siftings*.

British author—"But I should have my royalty on your reprint of my books." Literary pirate—"Sir, in the American Republic of letters we acknowledge no royalty."—*Life*.

"Anything fresh here?" asked the hore, as he sauntered into Cumso's office. "Yes," replied Cumso, "there's some fresh paint. You are leaning against it now."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

Marjorie—"Aren't you afraid that your flagrant coquetry may drive some of your admirers to desperation?" Ethel—"It is a matter of indifference to me so long as they don't die in the house."—*Life*.

Teacher (after reading aloud the story of Jonah and the whale)—"And now, my little men, can you tell me who fell into the sea?" The entire class to a man (interrupting)—"McGinty!"—*Life*.

Willie Cumso—"Papa, why do they call the lecturer the 'silver tongued orator'?" Cumso—"Because he gets two hundred and fifty dollars for working it an hour and a half."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

Alice de Ton—"I do think Miss Garnet is splendid company; she has such taking ways." Clara Tittleattle—"Yes, they are inherited. Her grandmother on her father's side was a kleptomaniac."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

Griggs—"Do you mean to tell me there is no money in literature? Look at Dawson; he's worth his millions." Penman—"Dawson? What did he ever write?" Griggs—"Nothing; he's a publisher."—*Boston Post*.

Mr. Lookahead—"Does my daughter give you any encouragement, sir?" Mr. Donothing—"Why, yes; she says that your business is increasing so that you can soon support us in the style we both like."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

Marberry (holding baby on train, a good deal flustered)—"Madam, I was perfectly willing to boid your baby for a moment, but now that he's swallowed my locket, I should like to know whether you want to buy or sell."—*Judge*.

Brophy—"Pifwhat ails yure face, Mishter Corkey?" Corkey (the contractor)—"I wor after goin' to a mattinay wid Missus Corkey, an' she med me wear wan o' them shpy-glasses in me eye th' size av a tree-inch washer!"—*Judge*.

In court: "Prisoner, have you anything to say in your defense?" "Your honor, I beg you to consider, before pronouncing the sentence, that the only reason I steal is so as not to be loafing about the streets all day."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

After the festival: "Well, I declare," said Johnny, in a disgusted tone, "here I've been goin' to Sunday-school all the fall an' keepin' as clean as a girl, an' all for what? A cornycopy full of caraway candy an' a norange. Bah!"—*Munsey's Weekly*.

Wickers—"If you don't let up on your drinking, Wickers, one of these days you will be having snakes." Wickers—"No, I won't. I drink nothing but imported Irish whisky, and there can't be any snakes in that, you know."—*Terre Haute Express*.

Sunday-school teacher—"Who was it that went down to Jericho and fell among thieves?" Smart pupil—"You can't play it, teacher. You want me to say I don't know and then ask you, and then you're going to spring McGinty on to me. You can't play no McGinty drives on me."—*Boston Transcript*.

Foreign power (sarcastically)—"Backing out, I see." Uncle Sam (sorrowfully)—"Yes, do as you please, I won't make any resistance." Foreign power (proudly)—"I knew you wouldn't dare defy me." Uncle Sam (hotly)—"It ain't you I'm afraid of, you old fool. I wouldn't mind a war. What I'm afraid of is the pensions."—*Life*.

Young Mr. Waldo (speaking of Miss Waash, who is at the piano)—"Your friend has a very strong voice, Miss Breezy, though sweet. Her lower notes show remarkable depth of tone." Miss Breezy (a rival belle)—"Yes; Clara has a fine voice for crying clams up a dark alley. Are you lawn tennisin' any this summer, Mr. Waldo?"—*Epoch*.

Anxious mother (of six daughters, to eldest)—"Ethel, you really must exert yourself more. Here it is the middle of your second season, and you haven't had a single good offer yet. You know I must bring Clara out next season, and Maud the next; and there are three to come after them." Ethel—"Yes, mamma, I have been considering the matter, and I think the only way is for you to persuade papa to buy us all a machine, and let us learn type-writing."—*Puck*.

The unkindest cut of all at the Hon. Jake Kilrain's reputation was the recent verdict of the Mississippi jury, who found him guilty of assault and battery, but not of prize-fighting. His pretensions to be the fistie champion of the world were rudely shattered by the hard knuckles of the Boston pet, and now twelve of his supposed peers have decided that he is not a pugilist at all, but only a common assaulter and batterer. Thus it is that the world turns its back upon its heroes when once they have suffered defeat.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

Judge Blueclay—"Sheriff, convene the co't. Where is the jury?" Sheriff—"Back in the jail-yard your honah. We happened to get three Frenches and a couple of Eversoles on it, an' they're fightin' it out, if it please the co't." Judge—"Where is the prisoner in this horse-stealing case?" Sheriff—"The Barnard boys got him out last evenin' while I was at supper and hanged him." Judge—"Strike off the case, Mr. Clerk. Are the parties to the Salt Lick Road case ready to proceed?" Sheriff—"It was settled early this morning; they're gettin' the defendant ready for burial now." Judge—"Well, then, if the district-attorney is ready, we will proceed with the State versus Hiram Garrard." Sheriff—"If it please the co't, the district-attorney is not ready. Garrard's counsel carved him with a bowie-knife right after breakfast." Judge (wearily)—"Adjourn the co't."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

An interesting case has been concluded before the Austrian court of appeal. At the funeral of the crown prince, the mayor of Horitz, in Bohemia, called together the town council to pass a vote of condolence with the imperial house. After having addressed the town councilors, the mayor asked them to rise as an expression of their grief. All rose except one councilor, who remained seated. This was regarded as an offense to a member of the imperial family, and it has been punished with two months' imprisonment.

The Count de V—, Prime Minister to the King of Sardinia, affected mystery so much in all his transactions, both public and private, that, happening to hurt both his legs very severely, he employed a surgeon for each limb, while each was kept ignorant that the other was employed.

SKATING IN ENGLAND.

"Cockaigne" relates the Woeful Experience of a Rash Californian.

England is a country of uninterrupted amusement. There are times and seasons for every sort and description of sport and pastime, which come round in an annual course of regularity like the hands of a clock every twelve hours. And the remarkable part of it is that these sports and pastimes are so arranged that there is never a lapse "on account of the weather." There is always something going on, or standing ready and waiting to go on, whether it rains or snows, freezes or thaws. I refer exclusively to out-of-door recreations, for it is doubtful if you could find an Englishman endowed with the average national bent who would be willing to admit that sport could be carried on anywhere else. In-door games they may put up with when they can not get anything else—at night, for instance—but they do not really care for them. Of course, there is a certain class of old fogies who play whist at their clubs in the afternoon, but they are not, strictly speaking, representative Englishmen of the leisure classes.

On paper, this is the hunting season. But in reality hunting is experiencing one of those interregnums which occur whenever there is a frost. Frost not only renders the ground "across country" too hard for the horses' feet, but it destroys the "scent." With frost on the ground, not only would one-half the horses be breaking fetlock-joints and straining tendons, while the other half would be coming down and spilling their riders every dozen yards, but the hounds would be running wild in every direction but that in which Reynard had betaken himself. Consequently, when there is a frost nobody hunts. There are no meets as a matter of course, and the horses continue to "eat their heads off" in their stalls and loose boxes, and their masters and mistresses have to seek other occupations than hunting while the frost lasts. Just at present there is a frost. It is virtually the first frost worthy the name since the hunting-season began, and the fox-hunting fraternity and sisterhood are compelled to do something else. No one but those who live in England and in the country knows the anxiety which fills the mind of the fox-hunter until he knows every night whether it is freezing or not. The last thing a man (a man who hunts) does is to go outside and consult the thermometer. I do not believe he would sleep if he did not. Hunting is all he thinks about. When he is not riding to a meet, he is hunting; when he is not hunting, he is riding home; and when he is not riding home—has got there, in fact—he is preparing to hunt to-morrow. Anything which interrupts this order of events must necessarily be a catastrophe, and in the mind of the fox-hunting man (and woman) a frost is a catastrophe almost akin in its magnitude to the return of Gladstone to power, for your average fox-hunter and huntress are staunch Conservatives.

But if the horses are to be seen for only an hour every morning in blanket and hood being exercised by their grooms along the hard country roads and rimy-hedged lanes, their owners are not to be shut up like that. They can skate. And they do skate. A frost which stops hunting for a week freezes all the standing water. There is some comfort in that. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. And so it is with the keen north-easters which sweep down from Scotland. I daresay the foxes may quote the same aphorism as aptly with a delighted whisk of their brushes at sight of the white-mantled armistice, and in the fox language exclaim, "Hurrah for Jack Frost!" No doubt they are thankful for the rest, poor fellows. And non-hunting people are thankful for it too, not so much for the sake of the foxes as for themselves. But while the welcome frost frees (not freezes) you from hunting lingo, and puts a temporary stop to biliously performed "view halloes," and exuberant chantings of "John Peel" and "Drink, puppy, drink," in the smoking-rooms, it initiates a season of skating talk which is full as bad. It extinguishes the hunting bores, but it lets loose the skating bores. It is hard to say which are the worse. Instead of "rattling runs," "croppers," "bullfinches," "throwing off," "drawing blank," "M. F. H's," "riding straight," "brushes," "masks," and "pads," you hear of nothing but "acmes," "eclipses," "figure 8's," "outside edges," and "the ice."

It is only another phase of idleness, pure and unadulterated. You have often asked yourself, "Do hunting people ever read?" and when you reflect a moment on the way in which hunting (when they are not shooting) monopolizes every hour, you answer by another question, "How can they have time?" When the frost comes, you think—that is, if you are a novice in English ways, you think so—"Now they will have a chance to open a book." You are pretty soon undeceived. Instead of in "pink" and habit on their way to a meet, you encounter them in the roads. You see the same men and women with skates dangling in their hands, wending their way to some adjacent pond or lake which the latest report has announced will "bear." For the hour, hunting seems to be forgotten. Where the nightly inspections of the thermometers were to find out if it was *not* freezing, they are now made for the purpose of being assured that it *is*. Then, the people who skate are as ten to one to the people who hunt. But few can afford a hunter, while a pair of skates is within the reach of all. At best, the skating is of a very ordinary character. If a man or woman is able to go along in an upright position for fifty yards without letting the ice "get up and hit him," they are said to skate. Most of the really good skaters you hear of you are told learned to skate in America. By America, is meant Canada, for in England, be it known, Canada is commonly called America, and Canadians, Americans. When a real American comes to England he will at first be surprised, not to say annoyed, to hear this. But he will get accustomed to it in time and will grow to understand that *his* country is "the States."

All Americans are expected to be expert skaters. This is rather hard on Californians. Some years back, I met a San Francisco gentleman staying at a country house during a prolonged frost. There was skating in the neighborhood, and a party was being made up to go.

"I'm so anxious to see Mr. Bassett skate!" exclaimed one of the young ladies, with unusual enthusiasm.

"Are you, indeed?" said Bassett; "I'm not."

"Why, Americans all skate so well. You must teach me," with a winning smile, for Bassett was reputed to be rich.

"I wish I could," Bassett began, "but—"

"Oh, nonsense. You are so awfully modest, you Americans."

"It's not modesty, I assure you. The plain fact of the matter is, I've never—"

"Come along, Bassett," interrupted the man of the house; "got your skates ready?"

"No, I haven't, I—"

"Get 'em then, at once. We're going to start."

"I haven't got any. I—"

"Oh, didn't fetch 'em, eh? Well, never mind. I'll just tell Hawkins to get you a pair of mine."

"But I don't—" began Bassett again.

"Don't like to use 'em? Rubbish. I shan't mind if you break 'em with some of your grand figures. You simply must have 'em."

Poor Bassett! He saw it was useless attempting to explain. After all, he thought he might have a try. He had had some experience at skating on rollers, though he had never been on ice in his life. He had heard people say it was altogether different, but he could not see why, for the principle of balancing must be the same. At all events, he would try. Several more winning glances from his young lady friend, for Bassett was a susceptible fellow, decided him. He put on his hat and ulster and took the skates under his arm.

I did not go myself, but from what Bassett told me himself and what I gathered from others, I could see that the American eagle had not much chance to scream.

"When we got to the ice," said Bassett, "there were about a hundred or two people sliding round—some crawling, others taking long steps, others pushing chairs before them, others held up between two friends, while a few seemed to skim about with their arms folded, as you see them in pictures of skating. Two men were attracting attention by some figures they were doing. I stopped to look at them, thinking to get a hint or two.

"Oh, they're American," said my young lady; "that's why they skate so well. We can't do anything like that."

"What part of America are they from?" I asked, for they didn't look exactly like my countrymen.

"Oh, let me see. One's from Ottawa, and the other's from Halifax. No, I'm wrong. Only one is an American, the other's Major Doolittle of the Rifle Brigade. He learned to skate in America."

"And what's the American's name?"

"She gave a little sniff."

"I don't know, I'm sure. He's an auctioneer, or something like that."

"I turned round on hearing Colonel Baring's voice."

"Hello, Bassett," said he, "I've been telling everybody about you—"

"What's the matter?" I asked, somewhat alarmed.

"Matter? Nothing. I've been telling 'em all you're an American, and they're all hoping you'll soon begin."

"I felt mad. I didn't want to make a circus of myself, and told the colonel as much."

"You mustn't be shy, like that," he laughed; "come, get on your skates."

"A man offered to put on my skates, and kindly gave me a chair. (A shilling.) I then noticed for the first time the great width, or rather height, of the blades. 'Might as well skate on stilts at once,' I thought; 'this will never do.' The man had a pair of low skates, with narrow blades fastened in wood, and these I hired from him."

"Hide those, and don't tell any one," said I.

"Well!" shouted Colonel Baring, coming along on the ice in little pushes, as though he were trying to wipe his feet on a mat, and looking as proud as a peacock; "going to be all day getting on your skates? Why, I told Hawkins to give you my Acmes. Acmes go on with a sp— Ah-h!" He was sitting down on the ice.

"All right," I called back, thankful for the interruption of his investigation and hurrying to get out of his way. I stood up.

"There he goes! There he goes! This way! Look! Come along!" sounded in shouts far and near, while the colonel, who had clambered on to his feet again, sang out: "Ah! now you'll see what skating is!"

It was very kindly meant, but I wished him—well, I hesitate to record the exact geographical position of the country I consigned him to; its climate was a warm one, at any rate. I had been sitting at the edge of the frozen pond and had but a few steps to go over the snow before I got on the ice. Crunch, crunch, went the snow under my feet. I was still upright and felt no trouble.

"Hurrah! I shall still do honor to the old flag," I thought and almost shouted, so great was my delight. Buoyed up by the exultant confidence and in the exuberance of a conviction that I was the focal point of a hundred pairs of eyes, I dashed forward on to the ice. Two fixed ideas forced themselves upon me at once. It wasn't a bit like rollers, and the earth seemed suddenly to be tilting up behind. The next thing I knew I was lying flat on my back, with my heels in the air and a bewildered sort of sensation in the back of my head as if a giant had hit me with his club. I retain yet a dim recollection of mingled exclamations, such as "I say!" "Ha-ha!" "That an American!" "What a duffer!" "Impostor!" and comments of a description the reverse of complimentary. I saw about me a crowd of laughing, quizzing people as I struggled up and stood swaying on my feet again.

"Come, come!" shouted the colonel, hobbling toward me; "the best men go down now and then. The ice is disgracefully rough. This isn't Canada, you know." I fervently wished it was the North Pole, while I mentally thanked him for his kind words. What a fool I had been to try! What was I to do? A happy thought came to me. I would take

my cue from the colonel. Putting on a wry face and slowly getting down on my knees, not without a final thump, I said:

"I believe I've sprained my ankle. The ice is too rough."

There was a murmur of disapprobation (Englishmen are not altogether fools), but the colonel again came to my rescue.

"By Jove, old fellow, I'm most awfully sorry. If I'd known the ice was like this, I wouldn't have let you come. I'm positively ashamed. What must you think of us!"

"What must you think of me?" I thought, as I said: "Oh, never mind. It can't be helped," and leaning on his kindly arm on one side and supported by a chair on the other, I managed to get back to *terra firma*.

"You must let me send my servant back for a trap to fetch you home," said the colonel, and I willingly assented. When at last it came, I was helped in and—well, here I am. But I shall never forget—

"The fall?" said I.

"No. The half-hour waiting for the trap. The way everybody roasted me while I sat there. I carried it out as well as I could, but the ruse didn't go worth a cent. Everybody tumbled."

"Then you needn't have minded."

"Pshaw! I mean they saw through it. I shall go back to London at once. I couldn't face the others—especially that girl—at dinner. And just think of the smoking-room afterwards!"

And so Mr. Bassett took his departure by the next train, before any of the others of the party got home.

"Great fool to go like that," said Colonel Baring, when he was told his guest had fled; "rather hard lines on me. I hope you saw that he had help in getting into the fly, Hawkins?"

"He didn't require hany, as I see, sir," said Hawkins, without moving a muscle; "he walked right enough, sir."

"More fool he!" exclaimed the colonel; "I back no more Americans after this."

"I don't in the least believe he is one," remarked Bassett's young lady; "the ice wasn't at all rough—for us."

"Ah, but then we are not skilled American skaters, you know," explained a tall youth, with a lip and an eye-glass.

"Very true," said Bassett's young lady.

LONDON, December 7, 1889.

COCKAIGNE.

FROM A NEW POEM BY TENNYSON.

Demeter and Persephone,

Demeter.—Faint as a climate-changing bird, that flies
All night across the darkness, and at dawn
Falls on the threshold of her native land
And can no more, thou comest, O my child,
Led upward by the god of ghosts and dreams,
Who laid thee at Eleusis, dazed and dumb
With passing through at once from state to state,
Until I brought thee hither; that the day
When herc thy hands let fall the gathered flowers
Might break through crowded memories once again
On thy lost self. A sudden nightingale
Saw thee and flushed into a frolic of song
And welcome. And a gleam, as of the moon
When first she peers along the tremulous deep,
Fled wavering o'er thy face, and chased away
That shadow of a likeness to the King
Of Shadows, thy dark mate, Persephone.
Queen of the dead no more, my child, thine eyes
Again were human, god-like; and the sun
Burst from a swimming fleece of winter-gray.
And robbed thee in his day from head to feet.

Persephone.—Mother, and I was folded in thine arms . . .

Demeter.—Child, when thou wert gone
I envied human wives and nested birds;
Yea, the cubbed liones; went in search of thee
Through many a palace, many a cot, and gave
My breast to ailing infants in the night,
And set the mother waking in amaze to find
Her sick one whole; and forth again I went
Among the wail of midnight winds; and cried:
"Where is my loved one? Wherefore do we wail?"
And out from all the night an answer shrilled:
"We know not, and we know not why we wail."
I climbed on all the cliffs of all the seas
And asked the waves that moan about the world:
"Where do ye make your moaning for my child?"
And round from all the world the voices came:
"We know not; and we know not why we moan." . . .

Trace of these
I saw not; and, far on, and following out
A league of labyrinthine darkness, came
On three gray heads beneath a gleaming rift,
Where and I heard one voice from all the three:
"We know not, for we spin the lives of men,
And not of gods, and know not why we spin.
There is a fate beyond us." . . .

Those gray heads,
What meant they by their fate beyond the fates,
But younger, kindlier gods to bear us down,
As we bore down the gods before us; gods
To quench nor hurl the thunderbolt; to stay,
Nor spread the plague, the famine; gods, indeed,
To send the noon into the night, and break
The sunless halls of Hades into Heaven,
Till thy dark lord accept and love the sun,
And all the shadow die into the light;
When thou shalt dwell the whole bright year with me
And souls of men who grew beyond their race
And made themselves as gods against the fear
Of Death and Hell. And thou, that hast from men,
As Queen of Death, that worship which is fear,
Henceforth as having risen from the dead,
Shalt ever send thy life along with mine.

—Cabled to the New York Independent of December 19th.

General Sherman, in his New York speech before the Pan-American delegates, took strong ground against the idea that the United States should spread itself all over the North American continent. "This country," he said, "needs no more territory. I think forty-two States is about all one nation can take care of." He spoke of Canada and Mexico as countries which must "work out their own salvation."

The King of Italy has sent to King Menelik a carved wooden throne twenty-four feet high.

ST. CATHERINE'S DAY.

"Parisina" tells of a Girl's Frolic in a Parisian Studio.

When a girl has reached the age of five-and-twenty without changing her condition, she is said to have *coiffée la Sainte Catherine*.

St. Catherine is the patron saint of maids, young and old. As soon as a little girl has emerged from the nursery—over which St. Nicholas presides—she comes under the jurisdiction of St. Catherine, while her brother on becoming a collegian exchanges St. Nicholas for St. Charlemagne. In the course of events, if he goes into the army, his patron, or rather, patroness, will be St. Barbe, and so on. Most professions have their own particular saint attached to them, and trades and crafts also. For instance, St. Crispin is the shoemakers' patron, St. Fiacre the gardeners', St. Hubert that of the huntsman.

No, I am not going to take you to church again. Saints' days are often celebrated in a very unecclesiastic fashion, and though in some schools and convents a religious ceremonial precedes the little festival in honor of the girl's patron, elsewhere there is no question of bell and book at all; indeed, it is quite the other way. In workrooms, the *ateliers* of dress-makers, milliners, florists, etc., and in shops where there are female assistants, the great amusement is to make up muslin caps for those who happen to have reached the fatal age, and stick them on their heads, amid the quibs and sallies of the younger members of the party. Henceforth the unfortunate young woman who is thus *coiffée* by her comrades must consider herself an old maid. In more polite circles, the occasion is made the excuse for a party or entertainment of some kind. Less freedom reigns. Young ladies do not like to be reminded that they have lived over a quarter of a century, and their friends are too courteous to allude to the fact—in their presence, whatever they may do behind their backs. Sometimes, however, the girl herself will frankly acknowledge that she has doubled the cape of twenty-five by declaring she has *coiffée la Sainte Catherine*. It is not quite such a dreadful thing to do nowadays, and the cap is often laid aside for a bridal wreath; girls are not expected to marry as soon as they leave school, as they used to be once.

As a rule, men are not invited to St. Catherine's feasts—or at any rate young men; paterfamilias will drop in, the masters, if it happens to be held in a school, and various elders. But at Julian's, as you know, the male is rigorously excluded. Of course I allude to the ladies' studio, where *la Sainte Catherine* was fêted right royally last Saturday—a week late, according to the calendar, but artists despise almanacs.

It is generally understood among men that women can never amuse themselves alone, and perhaps in a usual way they are right. Nevertheless, I assure you that on occasion a ladies' party may be a very gay and lively one, when it is principally composed of quite young people. It is far better to be women alone than to have a single man to divide among a number; because in the first case they can afford to be natural, and in the second, they can not; the one exception to the feminine rule becomes an element of discord in the feminine breast. Can anything be more lamentable than the way in which the sexes are frequently divided in French society? You muster all the women in one room—or in the centre of one room—where the seats are placed, and allow the men to congregate in another and to fill up the vacant spaces between the chairs and the walls. Those can chat who happen to be on the skirts of either division, but the bevy of ladies occupying the centre can not even talk freely among themselves—being conscious of the proximity of the men. This is what is killing pleasant social intercourse in Paris. The sexes only mix agreeably at dinner-parties. Musical and dramatic entertainments entail their absolute division; at balls the amalgamation lasts only during a dance. When the last strains of the valse have died away, the lady is brought back by her partner to her seat in those tiresome rows of chairs against the wall to await the coming of another.

Now, nothing could have been brighter or more animated than the aspect of the studio in question when I entered it the other afternoon. It was densely crowded with girls in simple afternoon costumes, and ladies, mostly in bonnets. The former with a bunch of flowers, a knot of ribbon, or a fichu, had sought to relieve the monotony of their ordinary attire; and in the adjustment thereof you noted the artistic training. A certain individuality of purpose too, was manifest in the arrangement of the hair. A golden friz formed a luminous nimbus around one fair head; elf locks floated over the shoulders of a flaxen-headed girl, while a dark one wore her ebon tresses neatly parted à la *Grécque*; another, hers plaited in a tail and tied with a ribbon. Each had done her best to suit the style of her coiffure to the style of her face. I was greeted by a handsome young woman in black, whose brown hair—burnished with a touch of auburn—was becomingly arranged so as to set off the regal poise of the head. This was Mlle. Beauray-Saurel—the *massière*, or chief girl of the studio—M. Julian's right hand, the cheery companion and comrade of the girls, though already a portrait-painter of repute. Had St. Catherine's caps been handed round, certainly one would have fallen to her share. Yet is not seven-and-twenty a charming age, when there is talent and wit to carry it off? She did the honors passing well and by duty of her office.

Addressing myself to another of the students—none other than the piquant daughter of the English novelist, Mrs. Alexander, whose guest I was—I inquired anent the origin of the gathering, and learned that though *la Sainte Catherine* was annually fêted, this was a specially brilliant specimen of the yearly festivity, to which each girl subscribed according to her means and inclination, and to which she could invite a friend or two. The decoration of the place had cost some trouble; did I see how cleverly they had managed to hide the littered shelves with pieces of plush and cloth—"the backgrounds" used to hang behind the model? And the unsightly gas-pipes were wreathed with holly and other evergreens. There was a piano at the end of the room, brought in, I was informed,

from Julian's own apartments—the artistically furnished studio next door, wherein Mme. Carnot sat last spring to Mlle. Beauray-Saurel for her portrait, which was exhibited at the salon.

"You will have some champagne," declared my little hostess, on hospitality intent; "we have lots of champagne," and her assertion was corroborated by the music of popping corks. "We have been dancing, but now there is to be some music, and"—this gleefully—"we shall dance again afterward." Magdelene Godard, the well-known violinist, is there with her violin tucked under her chin, and, for a while, we listen to the sweet music she makes. Then Mme. Marie Laurent recites some verses. Both are vociferously applauded.

Marie Laurent is a tragedian who enjoyed considerable reputation, though, for some reason or other, she never managed to force the portals of the Comédie-Française. Of late years she has acted but seldom, and a few months ago she took leave of the stage altogether, to give herself up entirely to the orphanage which she helped to found—a school for the education of the orphan children of artists and actors. In consideration of this, and also as a reward for her exertions in the ambulances during the siege of Paris, the government awarded to her the Cross of the Legion of Honor. She is an elderly, almost an old, woman now, with gray hair, but some latent fire still in her black eyes, and an exquisitely rich and well-modulated voice which time has not altered. As she recites, I am thinking that the theatrical profession may well be proud of such a woman, and it is pleasant to see the red ribbon on the bosom of her black dress. Why should men have all the orders and honors of this world, I wonder?

There are, perhaps, only a dozen women in France who have received a similar distinction, and more than half of these are Sisters of Charity, who have earned it on the field of battle or tending the soldiers in fever-poisoned colonial hospitals, and the studios in the Passage des Panoramas held two of them on Saturday afternoon—Marie Laurent and Coralie Cohen.

The latter is the later creation of the two. It is only a few months ago that Mme. Cohen got her cross for services rendered to the French prisoners in Germany during the Franco-German war, and years of devotion to various charitable institutions since that time. Next spring you may see her portrait in the Palais de l'Industrie, for she is sitting to Mlle. Beauray-Saurel, and her face is an interesting one.

A curious contrast to active, alert Mme. Cohen is the handsome woman, handsomely dressed, who sits by her side. It is not often that you see a painter's wife realize the particular type which her husband delights to paint. Yet it is so with Mme. Benjamin Constant. Pale, dark, her decidedly Oriental features, the nose curved downward, the almond-shaped eyes, and the olive tint of skin, have a striking resemblance to some of the beauties with which "Ben"—as he is called familiarly by his friends—peoples his harems. Benjamin Constant is the favorite professor at the studios in the Passage des Panoramas, and his absence is woefully regretted. The girls consider it a dreadful defection on his part, this trip to the States, while they are left lamenting.

In one corner of the room, perched on a high stool, behind several tiers of youthful heads, I note a young girl, hardly more than a child, wearing a large, black hat. The exquisite oval of her face and pathetic intensity of her eyes, attract me, and I ask her name. She is the daughter of Lefebvre. Seated among the guests, I recognize a piquant brunette as Ierka Bernhardt, Sarah's daughter-in-law, who used to study here along with Sarah's niece, Saryha Bernhardt. This exuberant blonde, about as striking a contrast to her aunt as may well be imagined, has thrown aside her crayons and taken up the stage as a profession. But she, too, is delighted to return to the old haunts for this St. Catherine's celebration.

While I have been looking around, Mme. Marie Laurent has recited another poem and is being prevailed upon to recite a third. I wonder why she chooses such doleful subjects—"The Crust," "The Shipwreck," and the like. Does her repertoire not include a piece better suited to the occasion? You see, French poets are seldom both lively and proper. If the proprieties are respected, then our sensibilities are wrought upon, and the proprieties, in the opinion of women who have the direction of youth, exclude love as something quite too dreadful. Yet you may be sure these young women know very well what it means, and many of them have had their little romance and are none the worse for it, let us hope.

The entertainment begins to drag somewhat, a whispered word or two catches my ears, and I shrewdly suspect the majority of the party is anxiously awaiting the promised dance. More champagne is handed round, there is a general move and a pushing back of chairs and stools. One of the students seats herself at the piano and trolls out the "Blue Danube" waltz. Then a door opens behind a bit of drapery—the door used by the models and opening into a little closet where they disrobe—and a huge basketful of bunches of violets, surmounted by the bust in card-board of Sarah Bernhardt, is handed in. In a trice a procession has been formed, and the head makes the tour of the studio, while the flowers are distributed right and left. A second basket appears, containing half-a-dozen bouquets, each tied with a different colored ribbon. These are for the *artistes*; Marie Laurent, talking here, says in her tragic contralto: "Vous me gatez, mes enfants."

This incident, and the extra bottles of champagne, have quite broken the thin coating of ice which had begun to form. The girls are to have their fun. A few minutes more, and a dozen couples are whirling round the room. We outsiders squeeze ourselves into the smallest possible space. How the eyes light up under the influence of the music, the wine, and the movement; the palest cheek there has a touch of color in it. And the waltzes follow each other in quick succession. Preparations for a cotillion are going on in the background. It is time we visitors made our escape and left the girls free to give themselves up to any mad pranks which may suggest themselves, so we go our way.

PARISINA.

PARIS, December 4, 1889.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Anna Teresa Berger, the leading woman cornetist of the world, is now performing in London. At her lodgings she has a small room fitted up with padded walls and ceiling and draped doors, and there she practices night and day on the gold and silver cornets that have been presented to her by her admirers.

H. C. Sappings Wright, the special artist of the London *Illustrated News*, has come to this country to make a feature of the portrayal of American life. Mr. Wright is a man of athletic build and in the prime of life. His face is decorated with a brown curling beard, and he has a pleasant manner and agreeable voice.

Meissonier, the French painter, is seventy-nine years old, and wears the head of a patriarch. He is well off, but not wealthy. His house in Paris was built by him, and is fitted up in artistic style and filled with beautiful things. M. Meissonier has written his memoirs, which will not be published until after his death.

Edward Strauss, the brother of Johann, the famous waltz writer, is coming to this country with his orchestra. He is said to be a magnetic leader, and not unlike a magnetic eel in the way he capers around the platform with his violin, using his bow for a baton, or to scratch a note here and there, just to show his men how it ought to be done.

Edward Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward" and founder of the Nationalist party, is described as a wiry-looking man still in his thirties. There are a few strands of silver in his dark hair, and his face is illumined by a pair of brown eyes. Mr. Bellamy was born in the little village of Chicopee Falls, Mass., where he still lives.

Thomas M. Stewart, of New York, has bought "Boscobel," the home of the late Henry Ward Beecher, at Peekskill, for seventy-five thousand dollars. Mr. Beecher is said to have spent two hundred thousand dollars on the grounds. This is the second time the place has been sold since his death—the first time for thirty-five thousand dollars.

Princess Christian, the second and most popular daughter of Queen Victoria, is on the eve of entirely losing her sight. She has been suffering for some time past from an affection of the eyes similar to that which afflicted her great-grandfather, King George the Third of England, and also her first cousin, the late King of Hanover, both of whom were totally blind during the last forty years of their lives.

Robert Browning did not think his last illness a serious one, and insisted almost to the end that he was getting better. It is stated that just before he died he turned to his son, and asked for news from his publisher. The son read a telegram, saying that the edition of his last volume of poems was almost exhausted. The poet, upon hearing this, smiled and murmured: "How gratifying!" These were his last words.

Mrs. S. S. Cox owns several houses in Washington. The one in Dupont Circle her late husband bought for thirty thousand dollars, sold for fifty thousand dollars, and bought back again for forty thousand dollars. Mrs. Cox looks after her property herself, and has the reputation of being a good business woman. She is believed to be engaged upon a memorial biography of her husband, whom she accompanied in all his travels and aided in his literary work.

The Czar has been nearly terrified out of his senses by the complete success of the military revolution in Brazil, as the spectacle of a whole army so suddenly turning round at the instigation of a popular general is indescribably shocking and startling to the ruler of such an empire as Russia, where the stability of the throne and dynasty entirely depends upon the fidelity of the army, and every one is aware that discontented generals are by no means unknown in Russia.

Young Roland Bonaparte, at the age of twenty-two, was enabled by reason of his princely title to marry young Miss Blanc, the daughter of the Monte Carlo banker, who died soon after her marriage, leaving to her young husband one of the largest fortunes in France. He devotes himself to scientific pursuits, writes books, and gives lectures on the various parts of the world which he has visited. He has just returned from Norway, and is at present lecturing on the beauties of that country.

Mrs. O. S. Warren, of Silver City, N. M., who has recently been sent East on an important mission for the municipality, is one of the busiest women in the world. She is agent in Silver City for twenty-eight fire-insurance companies, one life-insurance company, one accident, and one plate-glass insurance company. She is also a notary public and runs a real-estate and collecting agency. She is a small woman, about thirty-five years old, a widow, fair and spectacled, prim, and nervously active.

Subway Commissioner Gibbons, who used to be a clerk in the office of Roswell P. Flower and who was launched into public life by the millionaire congressman, has been suspended from the Manhattan Club for six months. Two fellow-members—so the story goes—complained that the subway commissioner was in the habit of using improper language in the club-house and behaving altogether in a very unseemly fashion. The board of managers took the matter into consideration and the resolution suspending him was the result.

Captain Haggard, the author of "Dodo and I," is a tall, manly-looking young fellow, with broad, square shoulders, close-cropped blonde hair, a long, fair mustache, and singularly honest, straightforward, blue eyes. He bears apparently a charmed life, as he has been under fire a hundred and fifty times, and has always escaped without a scratch. He is a younger brother of Rider Haggard, and of Mr. Haggard, of the English Diplomatic Service, who, while secretary of legation at Washington, in 1875, married a member of the Carroll family.

An American lady, who recently visited Count Tolstoi, the great Russian novelist, claims that he is not quite consistent in practicing what he preaches. He holds that there is something degrading in the mere handling of money and property, and accordingly delegates to the countess the control of the household and the entire management of his pecuniary affairs. She observed, however, that he has a luxuriously furnished study, and horses, carriages, and servants at his command—although they are his wife's. On the whole, the great man would appear to have been rather a disappointment.

M. Zola was fat; now he is lean, and he has just been proclaiming to the world how not to be corpulent. It must be confessed that the way is hard. You must never drink anything. Since Signor Raffaelli, the painter, told him the secret, he has drunk neither wine nor water, "notwithstanding the entreaties of his wife." In eight days he reduced his weight by ten pounds, and in three months he got rid of forty-five pounds of flesh—which must have been a sincere joy to his tailor. M. Zola says the treatment keeps him in excellent health; but of the two it would surely be more agreeable to die of obesity than of thirst.

Captain Baron Norbert von Haymerle, formerly an officer of the Eighty-Fourth Infantry Regiment, is a son of the late Baron von Haymerle, who succeeded Count Andrássy as chancellor and prime minister of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It appears that the young man has, since his father's death, lost both fortune and good name, and has been forced to resort to all kinds of questionable expedients in order to keep from starving. Last month, a villa in the aristocratic suburb of Hietzing was broken into at night and a quantity of silver-plate stolen. The police, having obtained a clew, finally traced the crime to the young baron, who but a few years ago stood beside his father's coffin in the chapel of the imperial palace, with the emperor, the archdukes, and all the highest dignitaries around him mourning for the dead statesman. Young Haymerle, beside being concerned in several burglaries, is also accused of having been associated with a Baron Aders in swindling several of the leading jewelers, who had until now refrained from taking any proceedings against him for the sake of his father's name. The general impression—one might almost venture to say the hope—is that he will find some means of committing suicide before the case comes up for trial. His brother officers are particularly outspoken in their sentiments with regard to this, as they regard the disgrace to their uniform as intolerable.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Oscar Wilde is to make his debut as a novel-writer in the coming year.

Tennyson's new book of poems is entitled "Dometet," and contains about twenty-eight poems, including one on the jubilee. We print an extract elsewhere.

M. Paul Masson announces that he proposes to publish, in the *Revue Bleue*, translations of all Hawthorne's short stories, the "Twice-Told Tales" and the "Mosses from an Old Manse," and in the number for November 16th, he begins the series with "La Fiancée du Shaker."

The *Critic* says that "Looking Backward" reached its largest single day's sale Friday of last week when four thousand three hundred copies were disposed of. Two hundred and fifteen thousand copies have been sold. This is exclusive of the German edition. Another curious circumstance connected with "Looking Backward" is that the book scarcely sold at all during the first year of its publication.

"An Experiment in Marriage," a story about to be published by the Albany Book Company for Charles J. Bellamy, editor of the Springfield (Mass.) *News*, is described as "a 'proper' but pointed study of the relations of the sexes, from a rather original standpoint." Mr. Bellamy is a brother of the author of "Looking Backward," and has written, beside other books, a successful novel called "The Breton Mills."

Mrs. Deland's "Florida Days," so finely illustrated by Louis K. Harlow, is having a notable success; its sympathetic interpretation of the scenes which every Northerner has seen, or longs to see, bringing their spirit closer to the reader than any amount of formal description, and enabling him to bask in the sunshine of its sentiment. The pleasing languor with which this book lulls the senses has a notable contrast in the new volume of the "Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes," just published by Little, Brown & Co. This deals with fencing, boxing, and wrestling, and has thirty-four plates.

Ward McAllister has just received a proposition from a leading publishing-house that he shall write the story of his life. The representative of the publishing company assured Mr. McAllister that he was so prominently now before the public and occupied so unique a position, that a book by him would command a ready sale all over the country, and would attract as much attention as any of the big subscription-books which were started with Grant's Memoirs. The firm offered either to pay a large sum down for the manuscript, or to make arrangements on the basis of a royalty. Mr. McAllister's reply was that Bismarck had always refused to write his autobiography, and that so far as this refusal was concerned, he would be like Bismarck. He did not think it wise to put any material in the hands of his enemies.

There never was a shrewder or more successful bookmaker than Henry M. Stanley. Every book which he publishes brings him a small fortune, and his forthcoming work on his African experiences will prove no exception to the rule. It may not be generally known that those who accompany Stanley on his explorations are always placed under contract by him to publish nothing of their experiences until the explorer's own account is issued. Thus, young Herbert Ward, who is writing African articles, is debarred from touching upon his actual Congo experiences. He can lead up to them, however, and this he is doing in his forthcoming articles, making public interest the keener thereby for Stanley's work. All this is excellent capital for Stanley, and in this piece of literary work, as in all his previous ones, he has played his cards most shrewdly.

Browning's marriage with Miss Elizabeth Barrett was a romantic affair, originating in poetical sympathy, and resulting, for both lovers, in a life of almost ideal serenity and happiness. Miss Barrett was thirty-seven years of age, an invalid, with little or no hope of recovery. The marriage was opposed by her father and was at last celebrated clandestinely. It was a runaway match. The Brownings spent fifteen bright years together in Italy, in the closest union, both domestic and intellectual. They were singularly alike in their cast of mind, and although they stimulated each other's literary activity, the question has been raised just how far the mutual influence was of benefit to the poetical faculty in either. The richest period of Mrs. Browning's life lies within the ten years after marriage, which produced "Casa Guidi Windows," the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and "Aurora Leigh," but she lived to copy a great deal of her husband's roughness and contempt for the art of expression. Her love poetry assumed a more contagious fervor, and that of Mr. Browning became, perhaps, more passionate, more spontaneous, and more exalted.

New Publications.

"Legend Laynone," by Mrs. M. B. M. Toland, previously noticed in these columns, is for sale by the Bancroft Company; price, \$2.50.

"Dosis," a novel by Henrie Gréville, translated by Mary Neal Sherwood, is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"Mrs. Annie Green," by Opie P. Read, and "For Love of Her," by the author of "Vere, the Leading Lady," have been issued in the Globe Library published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Questions for Debate" in politics and economics, with subjects for essays and terms for definition, an enlarged and revised reissue of Economic Tract No. III, has been published for the Society for Political Education, 330 Pearl Street, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"Allan's Wife," H. Rider Haggard's latest story, with three of his shorter tales—"Hunter Quartermain's Story," "A Tale of Three Lions," and "Long Odds"—has been issued in book-form, uniform with the library edition of Mr. Haggard's works by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 75 cents.

An interesting account of "The Cruise of the U. S. Steamer *Rush* in Behring Sea in the Summer of 1889," has been prepared by Isabel S. Shepard. The writer accompanied her husband on his annual cruise as commander of the *Rush*, and describes the many incidents of her four months' trip in a new and strange country, without the aid of a practical writer, but with the freshness of an intelligent observer. Pub-

lished and for sale by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco.

Under the title of "Progressive Essays on Popular Topics of Our Age," a book of essays by Professor H. M. Cottinger, has been issued, the subjects treated being the public schools, natural sciences, political and social questions, historical and biographical subjects, and religion. Published by the author at San José; for sale by the booksellers; price, 75 cents.

"California" is the title of an historical poem by Alfred Robinson, known as the author of "Life in California." The history of our State, especially of San Francisco, is related with numerous passages of an anecdotal character which will recommend the book to whoever took part in the opening scenes of California's history. Published and for sale by William Doxey, San Francisco.

Twenty-five different peoples of the Orient, some of whom few Americans have ever heard of, are the subject-matter of "Our Asiatic Cousins," by Mrs. A. H. Leonowens. The book is brief in its treatment of the strange races, but tells much that is new and valuable about their present customs and their traditions. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.50.

A new series of biographies has been begun which will tell of the great explorers of the world, the initial volume being "John Davis," from the pen of Clements R. Markham, C. B., F. R. S. It narrates the life of the navigator who discovered Davis Straits, from his birth, in 1550, to his death, in the fifth year of the seventeenth century. The illustrations include maps, ancient and modern, and a number of reproductions of old cuts. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Over the Range to the Golden Gate" is the title of a new guide-book prepared by Stanley Wood. Its territory comprehends Colorado, New Mexico, Utah, Nevada, California, Oregon, Puget Sound, and the Great North-West, all of which are described as God made them and as man modified them, giving statistics of physical characteristics, climate, productions, means of transportation, etc. The book is liberally provided with maps and illustrations, and has an index of towns and points of interest. Published by R. R. Donnelly & Sons, Chicago; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Meeting of Antony and Cleopatra" and "The Death of Cleopatra," two poems by J. C. J., have been issued in a booklet entitled "Cleopatra," and are repeating their success of several years ago, when they were widely copied. The first of these two poems was the result of a wager, and tells how Egypt's queen swore "to measure with the Consul my smile against his sword," how "as that Nile uprises and floods the thirsty field, So did I, Ethiop's sovereign, love to the Roman yield," till "Wrapped in his warm embraces, while Sirius lit the dome, What cared I then for Egypt, or what cared he for Rome?" He held—Rome's haughtiest Consul—this, every boon above," and so on. Published and for sale by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco.

A book which ought to have a large sale is "Said in Fun," by the late Philip H. Welch, author of "The Tailor-Made Girl." It has a preface by Robert Gordon Butler and many full-page illustrations. The jokes and humorous sketches in "Said in Fun" have been gathered from the different journals in which they first appeared, and some fresh matter has been added—an amusing beginning to a proposed comic "History of the United States." Some forty illustrations have been contributed by various artists to whom Mr. W. A. Rogers, the originator of the idea of this memorial volume, sent invitations to join in the testimonial. The list includes, besides Mr. Rogers, such well-known artists as F. G. Attwood, C. G. Busb, "Chip," A. B. Frost, C. D. Gibson, O. Herford, E. W. Kemble, J. A. Mitchell, F. Oppen, W. L. Sheppard, W. T. Smedley, W. P. Snyder, A. E. Sterner, C. Jay Taylor, S. W. Van Schaick, and M. Woolf. The artists' contributions are gratuitous, and the royalties on the sales will go to the fund for the benefit of Mr. Welch's widow and children. Published (small quarto) by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.25.

Obscurity has its compensations; the unknown man may enjoy privacy, but the eminent must pay the penalty of their greatness. Tennyson, a man who abhors publicity, fell ill some time ago, and was nursed by a member of a religious sisterhood; and the nurse is shortly to be out with a volume of "The Laureate's Liver," or something like that. But the religious, but irrelevant, sister has the weight of precedent on her side, in "THE LETTERS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON TO MISS J. Miss J. was a sentimental young woman of religious tendencies, who conceived the idea of saving the Iron Duke from "The World," from "laboring under the power of Satan." To this end she sent him several letters and a book, and presently asked him to call upon her. He finally met her, and she being a beautiful young woman of twenty and he an admirer of the fair sex, they corresponded and met for nearly twenty years. The letters have now been printed and the hiatuses supplied from Miss J.'s diary, the result being a book which may make the Duke of Wellington turn in his grave with vexation, not with shame, for the letters make him out to be a most highly bred, a most courteous, and a most long-suffering gentleman. The book has certainly been the literary sensation of London since its appearance. It is edited by Christine Terhune Herriek. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Public Service is the title of the last new craft launched upon the troubled seas of New York journalism. It is a well-printed sixteen-page quarto, de-

voted, as its title indicates, to the public service in city, State, and nation.

The *Quadri-Centennial* is a new paper started by the World's Fair Publishing Company in the interests of the proposed World's Fair in New York.

Mr. Alfred Balch has resigned the editorship of *Outing*, and that magazine is now under the sole and personal management of Dr. J. H. Worman.

In 1854, James G. Blaine and Melville W. Fuller were fellow-journalists in Augusta, Me. Mr. Blaine edited the *Kennebec Journal*, and Mr. Fuller looked after the *Augusta Age*. They were rivals, but good friends personally. Mr. Fuller left Augusta for the West soon after Mr. Blaine took charge of the *Journal*. It is said that the Secretary of State and chief-justice often met in Washington and talk over their early newspaper experiences.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says the recent statement that *Art and Letters* is to be discontinued is "not quite correct. The publication is not dead, it is only in a state of suspended animation. It will either be revived in its old form as a quarterly instead of a monthly, or continued as a monthly in a somewhat less lavish style. All lovers of choice things will join in hoping that the former alternative will be adopted. In any case, a great feature will be made in the revived issue of the exquisite colored plates which have recently adorned the magazine."

The new London illustrated daily, which will appear on the fourth of January, will be run by the *Graphic* people (its title being the *Daily Graphic*), whose success has been so great, and who have such a big capital behind them. And, as for its distinguished writers and artists, their name is legion. Such different people as Frederic Harrison and Oscar Wilde, Stepiak and Rider Haggard, Walter Crane and Joseph Pennell (who love not each other), Grant Allen and Robert Buchanan, are to write for and illustrate this new venture. The paper will be not only non-political, but altogether non-committal. If any writer expresses any very decided opinions on any subject, he will be alone responsible for them.

The silliest proposition which we have seen in a long time comes from a Mr. Charles H. Livermore, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in an article contributed to the *Andover Review* and entitled "A Plea for Endowed Newspapers." Endowed grandmothers! Mr. Livermore's idea is that journalism ought to be emancipated from the restraints put upon the free utterance of its opinions by advertisers on the one hand and by its constituency of readers on the other hand. He thinks that if some philanthropist would endow a newspaper with three or four million dollars, just as men endow colleges and hospitals, the result would be the establishment of a journal of ideal independence, ability, and influence. We beg leave to differ with this gentleman. The result would be something like a cross between the *New York Evening Post* and the *Congressional Record*, without the good points of either. It would have to be given away and readers would have to be hired. After the endowment fund had been used up there would be nothing to show for the money. The three or four million dollars might just as well have been spent in gundrops for impoverished Mugwump Tinkers. The endowment needed to establish a successful newspaper is an endowment of brains, energy, genius, and enlightened selfishness.—*New York Sun*.

Some Magazines.

The January *Atlantic* contains: "Sidney"—I., III., by Margaret Deland; "The United States Pension Office," by Gaillard Hunt; "English Love-Songs," by Agnes Repplier; "The Tragic Muse"—XXXVIII.-XLI., by Henry James; "John Dickinson," by Frank Gaylord Cook; "The Quest of Mr. Teaby," by Sarah Orne Jewett; "The Begum's Daughter"—XXVII.-XXIX., by Edwin Lassetter Byrner; "Over the Teacups"—II., by Oliver Wendell Holmes; verses by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, David W. Burns, Edith M. Thomas, and Oliver Wendell Holmes; and the usual book reviews.

The January *Harper's* contains: "Jamaica, New and Old"—I., by Howard Pyle; "The Russian Army," by a Russian general; "Two Phases of American Art," by Mrs. L. C. Lillie; "Youma"—I., by Lafcadio Hearn; "A Woman on Horseback," by Anna C. Brackett; "A Night at Ousley Manor," by Katharine S. Macquoid; "The Philosophy of Chinese," by John Heard, Jr.; "Polly Dossett's Ride," by Elizabeth Stoddard; "The Centre Figure," by M. E. M. Davis; "The Smyrna Fig Harvest," by "St. Andrews," by Andrew Lang; and verses by Henry Bernard Carpenter and May Riley Smith.

The January *Century* contains: "Bubastis: An Egyptian Historical Study," by Amelia B. Edwards; "Friend Olivia"—III., by Amelia E. Barr; "The Crucial Test," by Matt Crim; "The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson"—II.; "Present-Day Papers," problems of the family, by Samuel W. Dike; "Italian Old Masters," Andrea Mantegna, by W. J. Stillman; "Daumier, Caricaturist," by Henry James; "The Merry Chatter"—III., by Frank R. Stockton; a new installment of "Abraham Lincoln," by John G. Nicolay and John Hay; "Pursuit and Death of John Wilkes Booth," by Prentiss Ingraham, M. B. Ruggles, and Edward P. Doherty; "Sancho Mitrara," by John Heard, Jr.; "What is the Real Shape of the Spiral Nebula?" by Edward S. Holden; "The Nature and Method of Revelation"—II., the Gradualness of Revelation, by George P. Fisher; a portrait and sketch of Professor James Bryce, M. P.; and poems by Rev. T. T. Munger, Mrs. Louise Morgan Hall, Margaret J. Preston, Florence Earle Coates, Helen Thayer Hutcheson, Charles G. D. Roberts, and (in Brie-à-Brac) by James Whitcomb Riley, Edward A. Oldham, and others.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Recently an administrator's sale was held on the second floor of the Hôtel Drouot (says the *Paris Temps*). It was an unimportant sale, and included a few pictures, among which was a little panel, thirteen centimetres wide by ten high, representing a drunken soldier at a tavern-door. In the right-hand lower corner of this little picture was an *M* with a reversed *E* astride of its first leg. The picture was bought for about a hundred francs (*une centaine de francs*), the commissaire priseur having announced it simply as "a picture without a name." It became the property of a M. S—, who immediately ceded it to a M. F—, a few days later, M. F—, wishing to get rid of his acquisition, offered it to an expert in Rue Lafite, M. Bernheim jeune. "But it is a Meissonnier that you have there!" said the expert. Imagine the stupefaction of M. F— to find himself the owner of an authentic work by the painter of "1814," knocked down for a hundred francs by a Parisian commissaire priseur!

Legal technicality has never been exceeded by that in the case of Holt against Holmes, one of the oldest recorded cases. It seems that one Holmes had been telling to his neighbors tales on Sir Thomas Holt and making public one of the latter's little peccadillos. Sir Thomas commenced an action for slander, alleging in his written declaration that Holmes had publicly stated that he (Sir Thomas) had "taken a cleaver and stricken his cook upon the head so that one side of the head fell upon one shoulder and the other side upon the other shoulder." Now, it was a rule of law in cases of this character that it was no slander unless the words falsely spoken imputed to another the commission of a crime, and the learned judge, in applying this rule to the case before him, dismissed the action because, as he stated in his opinion, the words alleged to have been spoken by Holmes did not constitute a slander on Sir Thomas, as it was not stated in the pleading that the cook died from the stroke—thus leaving it to be inferred that a man had a legal right to split open his cook's head so that each half thereof rested upon a shoulder, provided that he did not kill the owner of the divided head!

Old Judge McCormick, of Arizona, when he left that land of legends, pueblos, "Gila monsters," and gold, took with him a large quantity of the latter. He sold a mine for something over two hundred thousand dollars. With this fortune, the "judge" repaired to "the Bay," as San Francisco is called throughout the coast, there to spend the rest of his days in comfort. Having a wholesome distrust of banks, acquired from his experience of them in Arizona, the judge placed his coin in the Safe Deposit vaults and has ever since lived on his principal, drawing on the original stock of twenty-dollar-pieces there whenever his purse runs low. When the judge first came to San Francisco, he was somewhat dazed by the rush and whirl of event that not too densely populated city. But with true provincial pride, he determined to conceal his feelings. It was this frontier hauteur which actuated his retort in the following dialogue. The judge entered the breakfast-room in one of the large hotels the morning after his arrival in San Francisco. The waiter presented to him that long and involved document from which Americans chart out the morning meal. The judge regarded it apprehensively and said: "Young man, gimme some frijoles." "Beg pardon, sir?" "You don't speak no Spanish, hay?" "Well, gimme some beans." "Very sorry, sir, but we do not serve beans at breakfast, sir." "You don't, hay?" remarked the judge, sarcastically; "you don't give no beans for breakfast? Young man," and the judge lowered his rich alcoholic bass to an impressive murner, "young man, I come from Arizona, the poorest kentry on this here earth; but even in Arizona *we git beans three times a day!*"

"A few days before the election, a little incident happened which mortified me deeply," said a business-man to a Boston *Globe* reporter. "It happened in this way," he continued; "you see, I had some business to transact with one of the candidates for the legislature, and, as it was something important, I was forced to go out to his house to see him. It was quite late when I got there, and I guess he had gone to bed. At any rate, the servant who opened the door showed me into the parlor to wait for his master. I was obliged to wait some time, and while doing this I amused myself looking at the pictures and other ornaments about the room. On the centre-table, among books and other bric-à-brac, stood a big fancy decanter filled with liquor which looked like whisky. It was a curious-looking decanter, and on one side was some fancy lettering, which I could not make out. Being rather curious to find out what it said, I lifted the decanter up from the table and tipped it up so that the light fell on the lettering. It said: 'If you touch me I'll tell.' Curious, wasn't it. But, sure enough, it did tell, for I had scarcely had time to read the lettering when my ears were greeted with the tones of 'Johnny Get Your Gun.' There was a music-box, hidden in the bottom of the decanter, and when it is tipped the machinery starts and the music begins. You can judge for yourself how surprised and chagrined I was, for I had never seen the master of the house before, and he would have a fine opinion of me for my meddling qualities. Right in the middle of the time he walked into the parlor, and gave me a curious smile when he heard that music-box. It seemed as if it would never stop. I tried to make some sort of apology, but made a bull of it I know, though now I can not think for the life of me what I said. He saw how confused I was, and laughed it off, saying that it was an oddity he had found in New York."

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SOCIETY.

The Willey Lunch-Party.

A particularly pretty and enjoyable lunch-party was given recently by Mrs. O. F. Willey at her residence, 2115 California Street, as a compliment to Mrs. William Hooker Atwood, who is out here on her wedding tour. She is a niece of Mr. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, and was married about a month ago in New York city, to Mr. Atwood, a prominent business man of New Haven, Conn.

It was what might be called a pink-and-green luncheon as the decorations were entirely in those colors. The table was covered with white satin, upon which pink roses and their verdant foliage were deftly embroidered, and loosely scattered over the surface were calla-lilies tied with ribbons of pale pink silk. Ribbons of pink silk also adorned the candelabra, which white wax tapers glowed, the light being subdued by green shades. The water ices and iced cream were in the tones of strawberry and pistache green, the former being served in handsome imported cases and the latter in calla-lilies. The effect produced was exceedingly artistic. The ladies passed four hours at the table, and were most delightfully entertained.

Among those present were: Mrs. O. F. Willey, Mrs. William Hooker Atwood, Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. William H. Smith, Mrs. H. Hart, Mrs. Poulney, Mrs. M. Schmitt, Mrs. J. J. Palmer, Mrs. Vail, and Miss Deane.

Bandmann New Year Party.

It has been the custom for several years of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Bandmann to welcome the arrival of the new year by gathering around them a few intimate friends, at their residence, 54 Lombard Street, so on New Year's eve the old year was merrily speeded on its way and the new one was received royally. The earlier hours were devoted to conversation and music, and at half-past eleven o'clock the guests sat down to a delicious supper. Prettily decorated trumpets were set before each guest, and when the clock struck twelve a united blast of discordant sounds was blown. Toasts were proposed to the host and hostess and their daughter, and a very jolly hour was passed at the table. Music and dancing completed the pleasures of the early hours of the new year.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Julius Bandmann, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Bandmann, Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Jackson, Mrs. Poulney, Miss Bandmann, Miss Carrie Platt, Miss Julia Mau, Mr. Frank D. Willey, Mr. J. F. Brown, Mr. Robert B. Woodward, Mr. Percy Rothwell, Mr. George Kroeplin, Mr. A. Mau, and others.

A Farewell Dinner.

Captain W. S. Schenck, U. S. M. C., departed for Philadelphia last Tuesday after official duty here for many years. The evening previous to his departure, a few of his friends gave an elaborate dinner-party in his honor at the Maison Dorée. The table was tastefully decorated with flowers and the menu-cards were quite unique. The dinner was admirable in every way and the affair proved highly enjoyable.

Those present were: Captain W. S. Schenck, U. S. M. C., Colonel Stuart M. Taylor, Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, Mr. Charles L. Weller, Mr. John Q. Adams, Mr. Henry E. Wise, and Mr. Clement Bennett.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. George S. Ladd is in New York city, where she will remain during the winter.

Miss Maude Berry is expected here soon on a visit from Fresno.

Mrs. Witter Jones and Miss Margaret Jones, of San José, are visiting relatives in Richmond, Va.

Captain and Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl are in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. E. E. Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre are expected back from the East in about two weeks.

Mrs. H. H. Bancroft and family have returned from San Diego, and will pass the remainder of the winter at 712 Sutter Street.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Miss May E. Pope have been at Monterey for a couple of weeks.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford recently left Washington, D. C., to visit relatives in Albany, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas will soon occupy the former residence of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Coleman, on Taylor Street, which they purchased some time ago. Mr. and Mrs. Percival W. Selly, who have been residing there, will remove in a few days.

Mr. C. F. Mullins will leave here for New York next Tuesday, and on January 18th will sail from there for Europe on the *Umbria*. He will be away about three months, combining business with pleasure.

Among the many visitors at Monterey during the holidays were: Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. George D. Boyd, Mr. W. A. Powning, Mr. James Brett Stokes, Mr. A. Casserly, and Mr. J. B. Casserly.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schroeder, of Redwood City, have been passing most of the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones passed New Year's Day at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Alexander arrived safely in New York last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Miss Nettie Tubbs, Mr. Austin Tubbs, and Mr. Alfred Tubbs, were at Monterey during the recent holidays.

Mr. Richard R. Wallace has returned to Fresno after a visit here to his parents, Judge and Mrs. W. T. Wallace.

Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor, and Miss Edith Taylor passed the holidays at Monterey.

Major Samuel Parker will soon return to Honolulu after a visit here of about six months.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Miss Virginia Hanchett, and Miss Hall were among the visitors at Monterey during the recent holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding are now occupying their new residence, 2439 Jackson Street, corner of Steiner Street. They will receive on the first and third Fridays of each month.

Mrs. N. G. Kittle, Miss Maggie Kittle, Miss Stockwell, and Mr. N. G. Kittle, Jr., have been passing a fortnight at Monterey.

Judge Ogden Hoffman and Judge Ward McAllister were among the recent visitors at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord have been passing the holidays at Monterey.

Miss Lottie Farnsworth, who has been attending the Normal School at San José, is here on a visit to her parents.

General and Mrs. James F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton have been at Monterey during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bowie and Miss Elabette Howard have come up from their San Mateo villa to pass the remainder of the winter here.

Mr. Duncan Hayne has returned from an enjoyable visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. George W. McNear, Jr., came down from Port Costa early in the week to visit his relatives in Oakland.

Mrs. James C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood have been passing the holidays at their villa in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry McLane Martin are at their cottage in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Jarboe and Miss Kate Jarboe have been passing several days at Santa Cruz.

Mr. Charles O. Alexander has returned from his Eastern trip.

Army and Navy News.

General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles and Miss Cecilia Miles have been passing the holidays at Monterey.

Captain Stockton, U. S. N., of the *Thetis*, was in the city recently on a visit from Mare Island.

Dr. Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., has been passing the holidays here.

Lieutenant Robert H. Noble, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Wise will give a german next Tuesday evening at their residence on Leavenworth Street.

Mrs. A. J. Pope will entertain the members of the dancing club next Thursday evening at her residence on Van Ness Avenue.

The wedding of Mr. Frederick S. Johnson and Miss Sophie

Gibbs will take place next Tuesday evening at Grace Church, and will be followed by a reception at the residence of the bride's parents, 833 Post Street.

The fourth german of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club will be given next Friday evening. Mr. George Vernon Gray will be the leader.

The guests at the Hotel Pleasanton enjoyed a dance there on New Year's Eve. They invited quite a number of friends to participate in the pleasures of the affair and all passed the evening most delightfully. Excellent music was provided, and a sumptuous supper was served by the hostess, Mrs. M. E. Pendleton.

Williams, Dimond & Co. announce that Messrs. Warren D. Clark, Oscar T. Sevall, and Edwin R. Dimond became general partners in the firm at the beginning of the year.

There is one thing that when it happens is bound to spoil the best shot ever aimed, irrespective of skill, judgment, experience, or training. It is the accidental killing of birds on the wing by the rifleman's bullet. One day, one of the Creedmore range-keepers brought three swallows, which he had picked up on the range. One had its head cut off clean. The others were a mass of bones and feathers. The long bolt-like bullets had struck them by chance as they flew across the range and had completely shattered them.

The eighth course of popular lectures at Cooper Medical College will be delivered during the coming winter upon every other Friday from the first Friday in January.

LADIES WHO PREFER A NATURAL COMPLEXION to one made artificially, can find, in the *Crème Ganiso*, a cure for the ravages of so-called beautifiers and the skin made soft, smooth, and white. Tan, freckles, blotches, and other imperfections removed by using this pleasant and natural remedy. Free from bismuth, arsenic, lead, or other mineral substances. Curative, refreshing, and pleasant. Price, \$1.00 per jar, sent by mail. Send for circular. C. J. Berlin & Co., 1209 Polk Street, near Sutter.

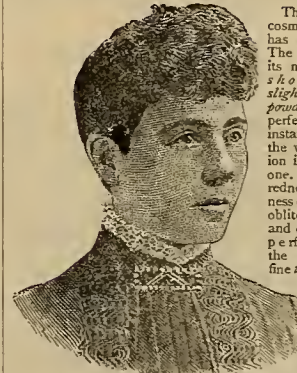
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The most perfect cosmetic the world has ever known. The great secret of its merit is that it shows not the slightest trace of powder, yet is a perfect enamel. It instantly transforms the worst complexion into a beautiful one. It conceals all redness and roughness of the skin, and obliterates freckles and every other imperfection, giving the face the soft, fine texture and exquisite tint of healthful, youthful beauty, while the closest scrutiny can not detect that anything has been used to make the complexion look so fine.

It is absolutely invisible, and yet remarkably effective. Perspiration, dust, and other impurities may be wiped from the face without injuring its delicate beauty. At the close of a hot summer's day, or until the last hours of a ball, the face that wears Eugenie Enamel will look fresh and beautiful. None but the purest and most harmless ingredients are used. White or flesh. For sale by all druggists or at 103 Post St. and 406 O'Farrell St., San Francisco. Send stamp for my book, "How to Be Beautiful."

For cleansing the face from cosmetics and for permanently creating a soft, white, smooth skin there is nothing equals Mrs. GRAHAM'S Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream, \$1.00 per bottle.

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A MILD ORIENTAL.

How he Surprised a Kind Christian Gentleman.

If you consider the circumstances of the case, it was the only thing that he could do. But Pambé Serang has been hanged by the neck till he is dead, and nobody cares whether he was right or wrong.

Three years ago, when the Elsass-Lothringen steamer *Saarbrück* was coaling at Aden, the big fat Zanzibar stoker, who fed the second right furnace thirty feet down in the hold, got leave to go ashore. He departed a "Seedee boy," as they call the stokers; he returned the full-blooded Sultan of Zanzibar—his Highness Sayyid Burgash—with a bottle in each hand. Then he sat on the fore-hatch grating eating salt fish and onions and singing the songs of a far country. The food belonged to Pambé, the Serang, or head man of the Lascar sailors. He had just cooked it for himself, turned to borrow some salt, and when he came back, Nurkeed's dirty black fingers were spading into the rice. A serang is a person of importance, far above a stoker, though the stoker draws better pay. He sets the chorus of "Hya! Hulla! Hee-ah! Heh!" when the captain's gig is pulled up to the davits; he heaves the lead, too; and sometimes, when all the ship is lazy, he puts on his whitest muslin and a big red sash and plays with the passengers' children on the quarter-deck. Then the passengers give him money, and he saves it all up for an orgie at Bombay, or Calcutta, or Pulu Penang.

"Ho! you fat black barrel, you're eating my food!" said Pambé, in the Other Lingua Franca, which begins where the Levant tongue stops, and runs from Port Said eastward till east is west and the sailing-brigs of the Kurile Islands gossip with the strayed Hakodate junks.

"Son of Eblis, monkey-face, dried shark's liver, pig-man. I am the Sultan Sayyid Burgash and the commander of all this ship. Take away your garbage," and Nurkeed thrust the empty pewter plate into Pambé's hand. Pambé beat it into a basin over Nurkeed's woolly head. Nurkeed drew his sheath-knife and stabbed Pambé in the leg. Pambé drew his sheath-knife; but Nurkeed dropped down into the darkness of the hold and spat through the grating at Pambé, who was staining the clean fore-deck with his blood.

Only the big white moon saw these things; for the officers were looking after the coaling and the passengers were tossing in their close cabins. "All right," said Pambé—and went forward to tie up his leg—"we will settle the account later on." He was a Malay, born in India, married once in Burmah, where his wife had a cigar-shop on the Shwe-Dagon road; once in Singapore to a Chinese girl, and once in Madras, to a Mohammedan woman, who sold fowls. The English sailor can not, owing to postal and telegraph facilities, marry so profusely as he used to do; but native sailors can, being uninfluenced by the barbarous inventions of the Western savage. Pambé was a good husband when he happened to remember the existence of a wife; but he was also a very good Malay, and it is not wise to offend a Malay, because he does not forget anything. Moreover, in Pambé's case, blood had been drawn and food spoiled. Next morning, Nurkeed rose with a blank mind. He was no longer Sultan of Zanzibar, but a very hot stoker. So he went on deck and opened his jacket to the morning breeze, till a sheath-knife came like a flying-fish and stuck into the wood-work of the cook's galley, half an inch from his right armpit. He ran down below before his time, trying to remember what he could have said to the owner of the weapon. At noon, when all the ship's Lascars were feeding, Nurkeed advanced into their midst, and, being a placid man, with a large regard for his own skin, he opened negotiations, saying: "Men of the ship, last night I was drunk, and this morning I know that I behaved unseemly to some one or another of you. Who was that man, that I may meet him face to face and say that I was drunk?"

Pambé measured the distance to Nurkeed's naked breast. If he sprang at him, he might be tripped up, and a blind blow at the chest sometimes only means a gash on the breast-bone. Ribs are difficult to thrust between, unless the subject is asleep. So he said nothing, nor did the other Lascars. Their faces immediately dropped all expression, as is the custom of the Oriental when there is killing on the carpet or any chance of trouble. Nurkeed looked long at the white eyeballs. He was only an African and could not read characters. A big sigh—almost a groan—broke from him and he went back to the furnaces. The Lascars took up the conversation where he had interrupted it. They talked of the best methods of cooking rice.

Nurkeed suffered considerably during the run to Bombay from lack of fresh air. He only came on deck to breathe when all the world was about; and even then a heavy block once dropped from a derick within a foot of his head, and an apparently lashed grating on which he set his foot began to turn over with the intention of dropping him on the cased cargo fifteen feet below; and one insupportable night the sheath-knife dropped from the fo'c's'le, and this time it drew blood. So Nurkeed made complaint; and, when the *Saarbrück* reached Bombay, fled and hurried himself among eight hundred thousand people, and did not sign articles till the ship had been a month gone from the port. Pambé waited too; but his Bombay wife grew clamorous, and he was forced to sign in the *Syichen* to Hong Kong, because he realized that all play and no work gives Jack a ragged shirt. In the foggy China Seas he thought a great deal of Nurkeed, and when Elsass-Lothringen steamers lay in port with the *Syichen*, inquired after him and found he had gone to England via the Cape, on the *Gravelotte*. Pambé went to England on the *Worth*. The *Syichen* met her by the North Light. Nurkeed was going out with her to the Calicut coast.

"Want to find a friend, my trap-mouthed coalscuttle?" said a gentleman in the mercantile service; "nothing easier. Wait at the Nyanza Docks till he comes. Every one comes to the Nyanza Docks. Wait, you poor heathen." The gentleman spoke truth. There are three great doors in the world whereat, if you stand long enough, you shall meet any one you wish. The head of the Suez Canal is one, but there Death comes also; Charing-Cross Station is the second—for inland work; and the Nyanza Docks is the third. At each of these places are men and women looking eternally for those who will surely come. So Pambé waited at the docks. Time was no object to him; and the wives could wait, as he did from day to day, week to week, and month to month, by the Blue Diamond funnels, the Red Dot smoke-stacks, the Yellow Streaks, and the nameless dingy gypsies of the sea that loaded and unloaded, jostled, whistled, and roared in the everlasting fog. When money failed, a kind gentleman told

Pambé to become a Christian; and Pambé became one with great speed, getting his religious teachings between ship and ship's arrival, and six or seven shillings a week for distributing tracts to mariners. What the faith was Pambé did not in the least care; but he knew if he said "Native Ki-li-ti-an, sar" to men with long black coats he might get a few coppers; and the tracts were vendible at a little public house that sold shag by the "dottle," which is even smaller weight than the "half-screw," which is less than the half-ounce, and a most profitable retail trade.

But after eight months, Pambé fell sick with pneumonia, contracted from long standing still in slush; and much against his will he was forced to lie down in his two-and-sixpenny room, raging against Fate.

The kind gentleman sat by his bedside, and grieved to find that Pambé talked in strange tongues, instead of listening to good books, and almost seemed to become a benighted heathen again—till one day he was roused from semi-stupor by a voice in the street by the dock head. "My friend—he," whispered Pambé. "Call now—call Nurkeed. Quick! God has sent him!" "He wanted one of his own race," said the kind gentleman; and, going out, he called, "Nurkeed!" at the top of his voice; and an excessively colored man in a rasping white shirt and brand-new slops, a shining hat, and a breast-pin, turned round. Many voyages had taught Nurkeed how to spend his money and make him a citizen of the world.

"Hi! Yes!" said he, when the situation was explained. "Command him—black nigger—when I was on the *Saarbrück*. Ole Pambé. Good old Pambé. Dam Lascar. Show him up, sar;" and he followed into the room. One glance told the stoker what the kind gentleman had overlooked. Pambé was desperately poor. Nurkeed drove his hands deep into his pockets, then advanced with clenched fists on the sick, shouting, "Hya, Pambé. Hya! Hee ah! Hulla! Heh! Takilo! Takilo! Make fast aft, Pambé. You know Pambé. You know me. Dek-ho, jee! Look! Dam big fat lazy Lascar!"

Pambé beckoned with his left hand. His right was under his pillow. Nurkeed removed his gorgeous hat and stooped over Pambé till he could catch a faint whisper. "How beautiful!" said the kind gentleman; "how these Orientals love like children!"

"Spit him out," said Nurkeed, leaning over Pambé yet more closely.

"Touching the matter of that fish and onions," said Pambé—and sent the knife home under the edge of the rib-bone upward and forward.

There was a thick, sick cough, and the body of the African slid slowly from the bed, his clutching hands letting fall a shower of silver pieces which ran across the room.

"Now I can die!" said Pambé.

But he did not die. He was nursed back to life with all the skill which money could buy, for the law wanted him; and in the end, he grew sufficiently convalescent to be hanged in due and proper form.

Pambé did not care particularly; but it was a sad blow to the kind gentleman.—*St. James's Gazette*.

A new French invention is a smoke bomb, intended to be fired into the ranks of the enemy who uses smokeless powder, and obscure his view.

It is said that one of the characters represented in Gérôme's picture of the "Duel After the Masquerade" was Gérôme himself.

Russian Peculiarities.

In Russia, a man who has irreparably wronged you, blasted your cherished hopes, blighted your life, ruined those nearest and dearest to you, will, after the lapse of a few months, seek you out and address you in the most winning way, sure that you are glad to let bygones be forgotten, and renew the friendship of the past. A few months ago a well-known capitalist of Moscow, on his return home from the exchange, became aware that a daring burglary had been committed during his absence, his desk having been broken open and the sum of five hundred rubles abstracted. Suspicion at first took no definite shape; but at last the butler suggested the name of the family physician—a man who was under heavy reconviction when a boy from abject poverty, sent to school and to the university at his expense until he obtained the medical degree, and being ever since in receipt of a large yearly salary from him for the discharge of the nominal duties of family physician. The suggestion was naturally treated as a foul-mouthed calumny at first; but the doctor was soon sent for and questioned. He began by denying the charge, but like most Russian criminals, ended by confessing it. He pleaded necessity in palliation of the deed, and tried to prove it by saying that the money was indispensable, as he was morally bound to make a present of a costly necklace to a gypsy woman whose favors he had been enjoying for some time past. He then asked for forgiveness, and without more ado received it. And his friendly relations with his benefactor continue as if nothing had occurred to ruffle them. He is respectable and as respected as ever.

There is an elevator-man in one of the towering down-town office buildings, in New York, who is a shining sample of his tribe. It is not likely that he would make his mark in any ordinary walk of life, but as the captain of an elevator he is a glowing success. He is about thirty years old, and has a gaunt frame and a dyspeptic cast of features. "Come now, get a move on; wot's de use of plantin' yerself dere? Yer can't grow on marble." In this way he hurries his passengers in and out of the elevator. "Is Mr. Smith in this building?" you ask. "Feefurumsteen," he answers, promptly. "What!" This remark stirs all the gall in his system, and he fixes you with his eye and says, with heaps of sarcasm: "Fifth—floor—room—sixteen. Did yer hear?"

The wrath of the Richmond (Va.) State is aroused against a business-house in New York, which it threatens with the loss of the patronage of every "patriotic Southerner." The offense of the firm consists in having placed in one of its windows as a Christmas attraction a representation of scenes in the once popular novel of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This our indignant Virginia contemporary regards as an attempt to "fire the Northern heart," and we are told that "such a spectacle may attract the Northern fanatic, but it repels the patriotic Southerner who has a just pride in his people and his State."

A social bomb threatens to explode in Berlin by the report that the emperor, who intends to make his capital very gay this season, will attend the ball of Herr Bleichroder, the banker.

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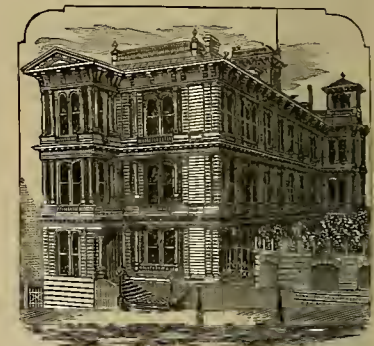
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SAUSALITO-SAN RAFAEL-SAN QUENTIN

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Comencing Sunday, October 13, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:20, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 4:50, 6:10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:05, 6:30, P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 7:45, 9:20, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 4:55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50 A. M.; 12:00 M.; 3:30, 5:00 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 7:05 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:30, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:45, 10:35 A. M.; 12:45, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7:05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11:00 A. M., Daily (Sundays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12:25 P. M.

1:30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 6:15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tamales, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.

Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Point Reyes, \$1.75.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Culey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

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PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Dec. 1, 1889.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	12:45 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax, (Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.)	5:45 P.
8:00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles.	11:15 A.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	5:45 P.
10:30 A.	Haywards and Niles.	2:15 P.
* 12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 3:45 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	** 6:00 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José.	9:45 A.
3:30 P.	ad class Ogden and East.	10:45 P.
4:00 P.	Stockton and Milpitas; Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis.	10:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
* 5:30 P.	Niles and San José.	* 4:15 P.
5:30 P.	Haywards and Niles.	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	7:45 A.
8:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

3:00 A.	Hunters' train to San José.	7:20 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	5:50 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	* 11:50 A.
4:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:25 A.	(San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.)	2:30 P.
8:30 A.	(San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.)	6:12 P.
10:30 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:02 P.
12:01 P.	(Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.)	3:38 P.
* 3:30 P.	(San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations.)	* 10:00 A.
* 4:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 7:58 A.
5:20 P.	San José and Way Stations.	9:03 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	(Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.)	† 7:08 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted.
** Mondays excepted.

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A WEDDING TRIP.

"The Happy Couple then Departed."

(Scene—A Pullman stateroom. Enter Porter, conducting Bride, in tailor-made traveling-dress and the last stage of exhaustion, also Groom. Outside the last "Good-bye, Kitty" and "So-long, old man!" drift away behind the starting train.)

The Porter—Dis is yo's, sah. On de sunny side, an' all nice an' quit. An' hyar's yo' b'gage. Shawl-strap, two numberellers, an' a bag, an' anudder bag, an' anudder bag, an' anudder bag—fo' hags. Tanks, sah! Right outside, ef you want anyting. (Exit the Porter.)

The Bride (dropping into her seat)—Ah-h-h! The Groom (dropping into his)—O-o-o-h! (Interval of silence, during which Groom, putting his hand to left upper waistcoat pocket, withdraws it guiltily on catching Bride's eye.)

The Groom (with apologetic haste)—No, no, Kitty, I wasn't thinking of it—at least, not for some time yet, I mean. I was merely looking to see if they were there.

The Bride (petulantly)—Oh, go and smoke, if you like. But I shouldn't suppose that you'd want to, so soon.

The Groom—And I don't. Only, as I haven't had a cigar since morning.

The Bride—You do want to! I thought so! Go and smoke!

The Groom—But honestly, Kitty—

The Bride (quite crisply)—And I should much prefer that you wouldn't. Still, since you seem to crave it—

The Groom—Why, if you wish me not to—

The Bride (with decision)—I certainly do. Go and smoke!

The Groom—No, indeed.

(Silence. Bride draws several long, irregular breaths.)

The Groom (glancing at her uneasily)—What is it?

The Bride (drawing another)—Nothing. (Pause.) Oh, nothing. (Pause.) Nothing whatever. (Pause.)

What hotel do you intend staying at?

The Groom—Colossus, I think, if that suits you.

The Bride—Oh, anything suits me—anything. But I fancied we were going to the Leviathan.

The Groom—Very well, then, we will.

The Bride (sighing)—I've always disliked the Leviathan ever since a waiter there brought me sugar with my order for lettuce.

The Groom—I said the Colossus, you remember.

The Bride—And I perfectly bate the Colossus. I've told you often how the hall-porter stopped me and asked if I were a guest of the bouse or not.

Why—

The Groom (patiently)—Well, then, there's only one other bouse—the Mastodon.

The Bride (throwing up her hands)—Oh, don't—please don't! That was where somebody committed suicide—suicide—when Aunt Martha was staying there! Suicide! Oh! Perhaps we might have that very room. Oh!

The Groom (stonily)—Then where are we to stay?

The Bride (much irritated)—How should I know? It's a man's business to decide these things. For my part, I'm willing to go anywhere, as you see, and I think it's extremely inconsiderate of you to trouble me with questions about hotels, I really do.

The Groom (bewildered)—Why, it was you who asked the questions. You said—

The Bride (shivering and violently rubbing the carpet with her foot)—I said! If that isn't like you, Frank! You're always and forever recalling what I've said! I'm continually saying something. Why, if I paid any attention to what I say, I wouldn't have said scores of things I have. I wouldn't have said—

The Groom (losing his temper, and no wonder)—Go on. I know what you mean. You wouldn't have said "Yes," when I asked you to marry me.

The Bride (desperately)—No; I wouldn't! (Precipitating herself upon Groom and holding him fast.) Oh, I would, Frank, I would, I would, I would! Oh, you poor dear old fellow, can't you see that

there isn't a single, solitary grain of common sense left in me? I haven't sat down an instant to-day, and I've been dressed and undressed and sermonized and congratulated and cried over and advised and hurried about, from the house to the church and from the church to the house, and from the house to the station and from the station into the car, and I am so tired and nervous and trembling and cross and headachy, and perfectly horrid, and I'm surprised you don't hate me, and I know you do, and I should think you would, and I love you ten thousand million times more than I ever did in my life—oh, boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo, u-u-u-h-h, boo-hoo!

The Groom (in agony)—Kitty! Don't, Kitty!

The Bride (continuing to weep)—I haven't been so bappy all day—boo-hoo! This doesn't mean anything—I'm crying because I can't help it—boo-hoo!

—and I'm feeling better already—boo-hoo! I knew it must come—that I'd got to have it out—only you would keep arguing with me—just like a man—and you haven't the least idea how handsome you look when you're vexed—and I was wishing all the time that you'd get savage quicker, so that we might have it over sooner—ha, ha, ha!

The Groom (recovering a little)—Then you actually don't mind going to the Colossus?

The Bride (laughing airily)—What an idea! Of course! It's a lovely bouse.

The Groom—Or the Leviathan?

The Bride (laughing again)—That, either. I like it immensely.

The Groom—Or the Mastodon?

The Bride (with a third laugh)—Why, yes! Aunt Martha says it's really splendid.

The Groom (puzzled)—But—

The Bride (seizing his chin and shaking it)—You foolish boy! Don't you understand that the sugar and the hall-porter and the man who committed suicide were—were—well, that they were part of the rest of it?

The Groom—And you actually won't mind if I smoke a cigar—some time?

The Bride (radiantly)—Mind? Why, I should have proposed it myself in another second, if you'd only let me alone, and then I'd have gotten entirely through with that—flurry—before you came back. Please go now, while I bathe my eyes, and fix my hair, and get presentable again—won't you please?

(Prolonged embrace and complete reconciliation.)

The Bride (as Groom is reluctantly leaving)—Frank, dear, you ought to have learned one thing since we've been in this car.

The Groom—Which is?

The Bride (with a mysterious, yet tender smile)—That we're married, dear! I wouldn't have dared to act so before!

—Manley H. Pike in Puck.

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WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	SUNDAYS.
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3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.
3:30 P. M.		6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.
3:30 P. M.		6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.
3:30 P. M.		6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.
3:30 P. M.		6:10 P. M.

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"Aida," which is drawing crowded houses, will be continued at the Tivoli, and there is nothing new in the other bills except the substitution of Vernona Jarbeau in a new comedy for "The Spider and the Fly." Whatever Miss Jarbeau's play may be, it can not but be a welcome change from "The Spider and the Fly," which is the most inane drivel ever sprung upon an unsuspecting public.

"THE GONDOLIERS."

A Sketch of Gilbert and Sullivan's New Opera.

"The Gondoliers: or, The King of Barataria," which was produced on December 7th, was received by the London critics with a chorus of praise, in which there was no discordant note. The music is said to be lighter and more catching than Sullivan's more recent compositions, and the libretto, while founded on the same mixing up of princely and plebeian babes that was the theme of "Pinafore," is in Gilbert's brightest vein. We give below the story of the opera, with the more notable lyrics.

The first act of the opera plays on the Piazzetta, at Venice, with the Ducal Palace on the right, while Gianetta, Giulia, Vittoria, and other *contadine* are discovered, tying each a bouquet of roses, and singing this chorus:

List and learn, ye dainty roses,
Roses white and roses red,
Why we bind you into posies
Ere your morning bloom has fled.
By a law of maiden's making,
Accents of a heart that's aching,
Even though that heart be breaking,
Should by maiden be unsaid;
Though they love with love exceeding,
They must seem to be unseeing—
Go ye then and do their pleading—
Roses white and roses red.

Gianetta—Two there are for whom, in duty,
Every maid in Venice sighs—
Two so peerless in their beauty
That they shame the summer skies.
We have hearts for them, in plenty,
We, alas, are four-and-twenty;
They have hearts, but all too few,
They, alas, are only two!

Chorus—Now ye know, ye dainty roses,
Why we bind you into posies
Ere your morning bloom has fled,
Roses white and roses red!

The gondoliers, Marco and Giuseppe, are introduced with Gianetta and Tessa, the maidens whom they love, and Tessa has a pretty song:

When a merry maiden marries
Sorrow goes and pleasure tarries;
Every sound becomes a song—
All is right and nothing's wrong!
From to-day and ever after
Let our tears be tears of laughter,
Every sigh that finds a vent
Be a sigh of sweet content!
When you marry, merry maiden,
Then the air with love is laden;
Every flower is a rose,
Every goose becomes a swan,
Every kind of trouble goes
Where the last year's snows have gone!
Sunlight takes the place of shade
When you marry, merry maid!

When a merry maiden marries
Sorrow goes and pleasure tarries;
Every sound becomes a song—
All is right, and nothing's wrong.
Gnawing Care and aching Sorrow
Get ye gone until to-morrow;
Jealousies in grim array,
Ye are things of yesterday!
When you marry, merry maiden,
Then the air with joy is laden
All the corners of the earth
Ring with music sweetly played,
Worry is melodious mirth,
Grief is joy in masquerade:
Sullen night is laughing day—
All the year is merry May!

Then follows the marriage of one of the Gondoliers with Gianetta, who is soon to be parted, in fact, after a marriage of only half an hour. Gilbert makes the chorus sing:

Now pray what is the cause of this remarkable hilarity?
This sudden ebullition of unmitigated jollity,
Has anybody blessed you with a sample of his charity,
Or have you been adopted by a gentleman of quality?

Flourish. A gondola arrives at the Piazzetta steps, from which enter the Duke of Plaza-Toro, the Duchess, their daughter, Casilda, and their attendant, Luiz, who carries a drum. All are dressed in pompous, but old and faded clothes. As he steps from the gondola, the Duke says:

"At last, we arrive at our destination. This is the Ducal Palace, and it is here that the Grand Inquisitor resides. As a Castilian Hidalgo of ninety-five quarters, I regret that I am unable to pay my state visit on a horse. As a Castilian Hidalgo of that description, I should have preferred to ride through the streets of Venice; but owing, I presume, to an unusually wet season, the streets are in such a condition that equestrian exercise is impracticable. No matter. Where is our suite?"

The Duke has a number of songs. In his first, he sings:

In enterprise of martial kind,
When there was any fighting,
He led his regiment from behind—
He found it less exciting.
But when away his regiment ran,
His place was at the fore, O—

That celebrated,
Cultivated,
Underrated,
Nobleman,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!
All—In the first and foremost fight, ha, ha!
You always find that knight, ha, ha!
That celebrated,
Cultivated,
Underrated,
Nobleman,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!
When to evade Destruction's hand
To hide they all proceeded,
No soldier in that gallant band
Hid half as well as he did.
He lay concealed throughout the war,
And so preserved his gore, O!
That unaffected,
Undetected,
Well-connected
Warrior,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

All—In every doughty deed, ha, ha!
He always took the lead, ha, ha!
That unaffected,
Undetected,
Well-connected
Warrior,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!
When told that they would all be shot
Unless they left the service,
That hero hesitated not,
So marvelous his nerve is.
He sent his resignation in,
The first of all his corps, O!
That very knowing,
Overflowing,
Easy-going,
Paladin,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

All—To men of grosser clay, ha, ha!
He always showed the way, ha, ha!
That very knowing,
Overflowing,
Easy-going,
Paladin,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

Then follows the usual Gilbertian puzzle about the children changed in the cradle, for Casilda has just learned, to her supreme indignation, that she was wedded in babyhood to the infant son of the King of Barataria. One of the gondoliers is a Prince of Barataria in disguise, which is explained by Don Alhambra de Bolero, the Grand Inquisitor, in this song:

I stole the Prince, and I brought him here
And left him, gayly prattling,
With a highly respectable gondolier,
Who promised the royal baby to rear,
And teach him the trade of a timoneer
With his own beloved bradling.

Both of the babes were strong and stout,
And, considering all things, clever,
Of that there is no manner of doubt—
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
No possible doubt whatever.

Time sped, and when at the end of a year
I sought that infant cherished,
That highly respectable gondolier
Was lying a corpse on his humble bier.
I dropped a Grand Inquisitor's tear—
That gondolier had perished!

A taste for drink, combined with gout,
Had doubled him up forever,
Of that there is no manner of doubt—
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
No possible doubt whatever.

But owing, I'm much disposed to fear,
To his terrible taste for tipping,
That highly respectable gondolier
Could never declare with a mind sincere
Which of the two was his offspring dear,
And which the royal stripling!

Which was which he could never make out,
Despite his best endeavor,
Of that there is no manner of doubt—
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
No possible doubt whatever.

The children followed his old career—
(This statement can't be parried)
Of a highly respectable gondolier;
Well, one of the two (who will soon be here)—
But which of the two is not quite clear—
Is the Royal Prince you married!

Here is one of the concerted pieces, sung by Marco and Giuseppe, the gondoliers, and Tessa and Gianetta, their sweethearts:

In a contemplative fashion,
And a tranquil frame of mind,
Free from every kind of passion,
Some solution let us find.
Let us grasp the situation,
Solve the complicated plot—
Quiet, calm deliberation
Disentangles every knot.

Tess.—I, no doubt, Giuseppe wedded—
That's, of course, a slice of luck.
He is rather under-headed,
Still distinctly he's a duck.

Gia.—I, a victim, too, of Cupid,
Marco married—that is clear.
He's particularly stupid,
Still distinctly he's a dear.

Mar.—To Gianetti I was mated;
I can prove it in a trice;
Though her charms are overrated
Still I own she's rather nice.

Giu.—I to Tessa, willy-nilly,
All at once a victim fell.
She is what is called a silly,
Still she answers pretty well.

Mar.—Now when we were pretty babies
Some one married us, that's clear—
And if I can catch her
I'll pinch her and scratch her,
And send her away with a flea in her ear.

Giu.—He, whom that young lady married,
To receive her can't refuse.

Tess.—If I overtake her
I'll warrant I'll make her
To shake in her aristocratical shoes!

Gia. (to Tess).—If she married your Giuseppe
You and he will have to part—

Tess. (to Gia).—If I have to do it
I'll warrant she'll rue it—
I'll teach her to marry the man of my heart!

Tess. (to Gia).—If she married Messer Marco
You're a spinster, that is plain—

Gia. (to Tess).—No matter, no matter—
If I can get at her
I doubt if her mother will know her again,

All—Quiet, calm deliberation
Disentangles every knot.
[Exeunt, pondering.]

After which, Marco and Giuseppe sing a gay duet:

For every one who feels inclined,
Some post we undertake to find
Congenial with his peace of mind—
And all shall equal be!

The Chancellor in his peruke—
The Earl, the Marquis, and the Duke,
The Groom, the Butler, and the Cook—
They all shall equal be.

The Aristocrat who banks with Coutts,
The Aristocrat who hunts and shoots,
The Aristocrat who cleans our boots—
They all shall equal be!

The Noble Lord who rules the State—
The Noble Lord who cleans the plate—
The Noble Lord who scrubs the grate—
They all shall equal be!

The Lord High Bishop orthodox—
The Lord High Gosman on the box—
The Lord High Vagabond in the stocks—
They all shall equal be!

Sing high, sing low,
Wherever they go,
They all shall equal be!

Chorus—Sing high, sing low,
Wherever they go,
They all shall equal be!

The Earl, the Marquis, and the Duke,
The Groom, the Butler, and the Cook,
The Aristocrat who banks with Coutts,
The Noble Lord who cleans the boots,
The Noble Lord who rules the State,
The Noble Lord who scrubs the grate,
The Lord High Bishop orthodox,
The Lord High Vagabond in the stocks—
Sing high, sing low,
Wherever they go,
They all shall equal be!

Then hail! O King,
Whoever you may be,
To you we sing,
But do not bend the knee.
It may be thou—
Likewise it may be thee—
So hail! O King,
Whoever you may be!

Marco and Giuseppe (together)—
Then let's away—our island crown awaits me—
Conflicting feelings rend my soul apart!
The thought of royal dignity elates me,
But leaving thee behind me breaks my heart!
(Addressing Tessa and Gianetta.)

Tessa and Gianetta (together)—
Farewell, my love, on board you must be getting;
But while upon the sea you gayly roam,
Remember that a heart for thee is fretting—
The tender little heart you've left at home!

In the second act, which takes place on the imaginary island of Barataria, librettist and musician are said to have given freer scope to their genius. In this, very much Spanish music and dances occur—cachuca, zapateado, castagnettes, a gavotte, and a tarantella. Marco and Giuseppe are discovered seated "on two thrones, occupied in cleaning the crown and sceptre. The gondoliers are discovered dressed, some as courtiers, officers of rank, etc., and others as private soldiers and servants of various degrees. All are enjoying themselves without reference to social distinctions—some playing cards, others throwing dice, some reading, others playing cup-and-ball, 'moro,' etc." Giuseppe is now King, and Mr. Gilbert lets him say, in following his daily duties, evidently with reference to the P— of W—:

Giuseppe—Oh, certainly. We quite understand that a man who holds the magnificent position of King should do something to justify it. We are called "Your Majesty," we are allowed to buy ourselves magnificent clothes, our subjects frequently nod to us in the streets, the sentries always return our salutes, and we enjoy the inestimable privilege of heading the subscriptions to all the principal charities. In return for these advantages the least we can do is to make ourselves useful about the palace.

He sings:

Rising early in the morning
We proceed to light our fire,
Then our Majesty adorning
In its work-a-day attire,
We embark without delay
On the duties of the day.

First, we polish off some batches
Of political dispatches,
And foreign politicians circumvent;
Then, if business isn't better,
We may hold a Royal levee.
Or ratify some Acts of Parliament.
Then we probably review the household troops—
With the usual "Shalloo humps!" and "Shalloo hoops!"
Or receive with ceremonial and state
An interesting Eastern potentate.

After that we generally
Go and dress our private valet—
(It's a rather nervous duty—he's a touchy little man)—
Write some letters literary
For our private secretary—
He is shaky in his spelling, so we help him if we can.
Then, in view of craving inner,
We go down and order dinner—
Then we polish the Regalia and the Coronation plate—
Spend an hour in titivating
All our Gentlemen-in-Waiting;
Or we run on little errands for the Ministers of State.

Oh, philosophers may sing
Of the troubles of a King;
Yet the duties are delightful, and the privileges great;
But the privilege and pleasure
That we treasure beyond measure
Is to run on little errands for the Ministers of State!
(After luncheon (making merry)
On a bun and glass of sherry),
If we've nothing in particular to do,
We may make a proclamation,
Or receive a Deputation—
Then we possibly create a peer or two.
Then we help a fellow-crown on his path
With the Garter, or the Thistle, or the Bath.
Or we dress and tiddle off in semi-state
To a festival, a function, or a fête.
Then we go and stand as sentry
At the Palace (private entry),
Marching thither, marching thither, up and down and to
and fro.

While the warrior on duty
Goes in search of beer and beauty
(And it generally happens that he hasn't far to go).
He relieves us if he's able,
Just in time to lay the table,
Then we dine and serve the coffee, and at half-past twelve
or one,
With a pleasure that's emphatic,
We retire to our attic.
With the gratifying feeling that our duty has been done!
Oh, philosophers may sing
Of the troubles of a King,

But of pleasures there are many and of troubles there are none;
And the culminating pleasure
That we treasure beyond measure
Is the gratifying feeling that our duty has been done!

This is Marco Palmieri's "one and only recipe for perfect happiness," which is worth quoting:

Take a pair of sparkling eyes,
Hidden, ever and anon,
In a merciful eclipse—
Do not heed their mild surprise—
Having passed the Rubicon—
Take a pair of rosy lips;
Take a figure trimly planned—
Such as admiration whets
(Be particular in choice)—
Take a tender little hand,
Fringed with dainty fingerettes,
Press it—in parenthesis;
Take all these, you lucky man—
Take and keep them, if you can!
Take a pretty little cot—
Quite a miniature affair—
Hung about with trellised vine,
Furnished upon the spot
With the treasures rich and rare
I've endeavored to define.
Live to love and love to live—
You will ripen at your ease—
Growing on the sunny side—
Fate has nothing more to give.
You're a dainty man to please
If you are not satisfied,
Take my counsel, happy man;
Act upon it, if you can!

Mr. Gilbert models his government on the Island of Barataria "on republican principles," all "departments rank equally and everybody is at the head of his department." And so Don Alhambra, the Grand Inquisitor, says:

There lived a King, as I've been told,
In the wonder-working days of old,
When hearts were twice as good as gold,
And twenty times as mellow.
Good-temper triumphed in his face,
And in his heart he found a place
For all the erring human race,
And every wretched fellow.
When he had Rhenish wine to drink
It made him very sad to think
That some, at junket or at jink,
Must be content with toddy.
He wished all men as rich as he
(And he was rich in rich could be),
So to the top of every tree
Promoted everybody.

Lord Chancellors were cheap as sprats,
And Bishops in their shovel hats
Were plentiful as tabby cats—
In point of fact, too many,
Ambassadors cropped up like hay,
Prime Ministers and such as they
Grew like asparagus in May.

And Dukes were three a penny.
On every side Field Marshals gleamed,
Small beer were Lords Lieutenant deemed,
With Admirals the ocean teemed.
All round his wide dominions,
And party leaders you might meet
In twos and threes in every street
Maintaining, with no little heat,
Their various opinions.

That King, although no one denies
His heart was of abnormal size,
Yet he'd have acted otherwise
If he had been acuter.
The end is easily foretold
When every blessed thing you hold
Is made of silver, or of gold,
You long for simple pewter.

Another Gilbertian touch is in the song of the Duchess of Plaza-Toro to her son, telling him how she managed his sire in her early marital days:

On the day when I was wedded
To your admirable sire,
I acknowledge that I dreaded
An explosion of his ire.
I was overcome with panic—
For his temper was volcanic,
And I didn't dare revolt,
For I feared a thunderbolt!
I was always very wary,
For his fury was ecstatic—
His refined vocabulary
Most unpleasantly emphatic.

To the thunder
Of this Tartar
I knocked under
Like a martyr;
When I gently
He was fuming,
I was gently
Unassuming—
When reviling
Me completely,
I was smiling,
Very sweetly!

Giving him the very best, and getting back the very worst—
That is how I tried to tame your great progenitor—at first!

But I found that a reliance
On my threatening appearance,
And a resolute defiance
Of marital interference,
And a gentle intimation
Of my firm determination
To see what I could do
To be wife and husband too,
Was all that was required
For to make his temper supple,
And you couldn't have desired
A more reciprocating couple.

Ever willing
To be wooing,
We were billing—
We were cooing;
When I merely
From him parted
We were nearly
Broken-hearted—
Wherein sequel
Reunited.
We were equal—
Ly delighted.

So, with double-shot words and cold words nailed unto the mast,
I tamed your insignificant progenitor at last.

The Duke gets in his revenge shortly after, when he addresses himself to "the gentleman whom my daughter married with the blessing, 'Take her, and may she make you happier than her mother made me.'" The end of the opera comes abruptly. The question which of the two gondoliers is the rightful King of Barataria is settled—as in "Pinafore" by the old Bumbost woman—by Inez, the King's foster-mother.

For Abuse of Alcohol

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
Dr. W. E. CRANE, Mitchell, Dak., says: "It has proven almost a specific for this disorder; it checks the vomiting, restores the appetite, and, at the same time, allays the fear of impending dissolution, that is so common to heavy drinkers."



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MAGAZINE VERSE.

Thoughts on the Late War.

I was for Union—you, again it—
'Pears like to me, each side was a winner,
Lookin' at Now and all 'at's in it.
Le's go to dinner.
Le's kind o' jes set down together
And do some pardnership forgittin'—
Talk, say, for instance, 'bout the weather.
Er somepin fittin'.
The War, you know, 's all done and ended,
And ain't changed no p'int o' the compass;
Both North and South the health 's jes splendid
As 'fore the rumpus.
The old farms and the old plantations
Still occupies the old positions—
Le's git back to old situations
And old ambitions.
Le's let up on this blame' infernal,
'Tongue-lashin', and lap-jacket vauntin',
And git back home to the eternal
Ca'm we're a-wantin'.
Peace kind o' sort o' suits my diet—
When women does my cookin' for me—
Ther's n't overly much pie eat
Durin' the Army.
James Whitcomb Riley in January Century.

Fantaisie—Le Panneau.

Under the rose-tree's dancing shade
There stands a little ivory girl,
Pulling the leaves of pink and pearl
With pale green nails of polished jade.
The red leaves fall upon the mold,
The white leaves flutter, one by one,
Down to a blue bowl where the sun,
Like a great dragon, writhes in gold.

The white leaves float upon the air,
The red leaves flutter idly down,
Some fall upon her yellow gown,
And some upon her raven hair.

She takes an amber lute and sings,
And as she sings a silver crane
Begins his scarlet neck to strain,
And flap his burnished metal wings.

She takes a lute of amber bright,
And from the thicket where he lies
Her lover, with his almond eyes,
Watches her movements in delight.

And now she gives a cry of fear,
And tiny tears begin to start;
A thorn has wounded with its dart
The pink-veined sea-shell of her ear.

And now she laughs a merry note;
There has fallen a petal of the rose
Just where the yellow satin shows
The blue-veined flower of her throat.

With pale green nads of polished jade,
Pulling the leaves of pink and pearl,
There stands a little ivory girl
Under the rose-tree's dancing shade.

Oscar Wilde.

To the Eleven Ladies

WHO PRESENTED ME WITH A SILVER LOVING-CUP ON THE TWENTY-NINTH OF AUGUST, MDCCCLXXXIX.

"Who gave this cup?" The secret thou wouldst steal
Its brimming floor forbids it to reveal;
No mortal's eye shall read it till he first
Cool the red throat of thirst.

If on the golden floor one draught remain,
Trust me, thy careful search will be in vain;
Not till the bowl is emptied shalt thou know
The names enrolled below.

Deeper than Truth lies buried in her well
Those modest names the graven letters spell
Hide from the sight; but wait, and thou shalt see
Who the good angels be.

Whose bounty glistens in the beauteous gift
That friendly hands to loving lips shall lift:
Turn the fair goblet when its floor is dry—
Their names shall meet thine eye.

Count thou their number on the beads of Heaven—
Alas! the clustered Pleiads are but seven;
Nay, the nine sister Muses are too few—
The Graces must add two.

"For whom this gift?" For one who all too long
Clings to his bough among the groves of song;
Autumn's last leaf, that spreads its faded wing
To greet a second spring.

Dear friends, kind friends, whate'er the cup may hold,
Bathing its burnished depths, will change to gold:
Its last bright drop let thirsty Mænads drain,
Its fragrance will remain.

Better love's perfume in the empty bowl
Than wine's nepenthe for the aching soul;
Sweeter that song than ever poet sung,
It makes an old heart young!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes in January Atlantic.

A CLERK'S LUCK.

He Suddenly Finds Himself Master of a Competence.

Samuel Baker, a clerk in one of the principal jewelry stores of the city, and who lives at 1934½ Bush Street, is in luck. At the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company he found himself suddenly possessed of the snug sum of \$15,000, he having purchased a coupon of ticket No. 93, which drew the capital prize. As soon as his good fortune became known, Mr. Baker's friends came about him to offer their congratulations. One of the number was a reporter of the *Call*, to whom Mr. Baker said: "For years past I have been in the habit of buying four or five coupons each month. This time I bought four, among which was No. 93. This coupon has quite a history. The agent took it first to a woman who keeps a variety-store on Larkin Street. She refused to take it, as she said so small a number never won much of a prize. He then sold it to a man down town, who kept it in his pocket for over two hours, when he returned it to the agent, asking for another and larger number. I guess he is kicking himself over it now. Then the agent came to me and sold me four tickets, among which was this one. I took them without paying much attention to the numbers, and I was much surprised when I saw that I had won a slice of the capital prize." "What do you intend to do with the money?" asked the reporter.

"I shall let it rest for the present," answered Mr. Baker, "until I see some good opportunity for investing it advantageously and securely. It can draw interest until I have a chance to dispose of the capital in some enterprise that will prove both safe and profitable."—*San Francisco (Cal.) Call*, Nov. 30th.

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Beefsteak. Curry Sauce.
Celery stewed with Cream. Young Beets.
Roast Turkey. Cranberry Sauce.
Cold Slaw.
Ice Cream. Wine Jelly. Fancy Cakes.
Fruits.

CURRY SAUCE.—Peel and slice six large onions, put them into a covered stewpan with two ounces of butter, over a slow fire to stew without acquiring any color, then add three apples sliced without peeling; put the whole on the fire again, and as soon as these are dissolved, add a good tablespoonful of curry powder, moistened with a pint of good gravy. Stir over the fire twenty minutes and strain through a hair sieve. May be eaten with any meat.

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D. S. DORN, Acting Cashier.

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN
Society, cor. Powell and Eddy Streets. For the half-year ending December 31, 1889, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and fifty-eight hundredths (5.58-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and sixty-five hundredths (4.65-100) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of tax, and payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1890.
VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532
California Street, cor. Webb. For the half-year ending with the thirty-first of December, 1889, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and four-tenths (5.4-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-half (4.5) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, the second of January, 1890.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SO-
ciety, 526 California Street. For the half-year ending December 31, 1889, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and forty hundredths (5.40-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-half (4.5) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. Payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1890.
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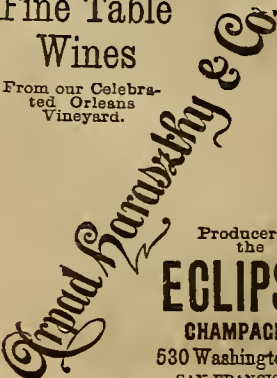


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VOL. XXVI. No. 4.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 27, 1890.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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In the present Italian ministry the Vatican has encountered one of the deadliest antagonists with which it has had to deal since the days of Martin Luther. The leader of the great ecclesiastical reform-movement—which emancipated the strongest and (regarded from a business point of view) the most valuable part of Europe from the domination of the Holy See—has found a fitting counterpart in the person of Signor Crispi, the present Prime Minister of Italy. Luther conducted his campaign on a high moral plane; he battled for a principle; his fight was fought in the domain of ethics. The ethical result was the loss by the Pope of spiritual control over the northern nations of Europe, a result which carried in its train the loss of material control over their pockets. What was done in an indirect way by the great mediæval iconoclast, is now being done in a way as direct as it is forcible by the great modern Italian statesman. The Bismarck of Italy—for the audacity and comprehensiveness of the policy of Signor Crispi, as regards the Vatican, entitle him to the *sobriquet*—has, ever since his accession to power, been directing his efforts toward the aggrandizement of the nation and the maintenance of the supremacy of the crown; he has seen that the former can not be promoted with an impoverished exchequer, nor the latter with a rival and co-existent monarchy in Rome; and that the Papal hierarchy is responsible for both of these intolerable conditions. He has accordingly been drawing his lines closer and closer around the Vatican, like some determined general before a beleaguered city, or like a boa-constrictor with a fat ox writhing under the constriction of its folds, and each of his measures has put a tighter

clutch upon his plethoric victim. The work begun by Garibaldi has been well supplemented and carried out by Crispi. The spoliation of the priestly spoiler, though gradual, has been none the less sure and thorough. First the Pope was shorn of his temporal sovereignty and fiscal control over that garden-spot of Italy, the states of the church. Then his authority in the Eternal City itself was circumscribed by the walls of the Vatican. Up to last week, however, no movement had been directed toward the appropriation of any of the multifarious fiscal prerogatives which have hitherto been vested in the Pope. To-day, the head of the Catholic Church finds himself dispossessed, by an Act of the Italian National Legislature, of the power to dispose of the funds arising from the management of some twenty-four thousand charitable foundations, known as the "Opere Pie," the income from which aggregates the enormous sum of thirty millions of dollars. The control and disposition of this vast sum has been turned over to the Department of Public Charities. As this is a function of the government, and as the government admitted a few weeks ago, through the Minister of Finance, that a deficit of forty million dollars would be inevitable in the next budget, it is not very difficult to detect a certain similarity between the amount of the deficit and the amount of the fund appropriated by the *coup* of Signor Crispi. An additional drop has been added to the cup of bitterness by a summary act of the government, dismissing a bishop of eminence on charges of fraud, malversation, and breach of trust. It is very evident that the civil and ecclesiastical forces in Italy are now engaged in a death struggle, and that the long-standing question as to which possesses legitimate jurisdiction in matters of public polity must speedily be settled. The Church of Rome sees her immemorial prerogatives, which have never yet been questioned, slipping one by one from her grasp, with the humiliating but unavoidable alternative of either accepting the situation or entering as a litigant into a court where her case has already been tried and settled. The Vatican may as well look on it as an accepted fact that it will never be permitted again to exercise civil authority in Italy in any shape or form, and that its bishops and other functionaries will no longer be permitted to exert irresponsible control over public moneys or revenues, the disposition of which is properly a function of the State. The revenues of the Church of Rome, though there are no means of arriving at exact statistics concerning them, are undoubtedly vast. They are drawn from the contributions of one hundred and fifty millions of persons in all quarters of the earth. They are swelled by princely donations and bequests. The right of this church to dispose of these revenues as to it seems fit is as inalienable as is its spiritual supremacy, among its adherents, on questions of faith and morals. But it becomes intolerable when this church arrogates to itself in a partial and sectarian way the right to assume control over, or to dictate methods for the expenditure of, revenues derived from the citizens of a state for charitable, educational, or any other purposes. This is what the Church of Rome has hitherto claimed the right to do in Italy, and what it is now claiming the right to do in America. Signor Crispi has just dealt a stunning blow to ecclesiastical power over civil matters in its very stronghold.

The Chinese problem has become greatly complicated by some new developments that are attracting the attention of all who are interested in the subject. A strong pro-Chinese propaganda has been steadily manipulated in this country for the last few years. In the Eastern States, societies have been organized in the interests of the Chinese, which are strenuously laboring to create a popular demand on the government for an abandonment of the exclusion policy. The religious periodicals of the country are reeking with this sickly sentimentalism. Missionary societies and their agents, meeting with a cold reception in Chinese territory, and attributing such resistance offered their work to our Exclusion Acts, most vehemently denounce and oppose any further anti-Chinese legislation. One of their favorite arguments is, that if the Chinese are permitted to come among us and enjoy the rights and privileges of American citizenship, the influences and agencies of Christian civiliza-

tion will entirely change their race-habits and vices. What data they may have to inspire such confidence is certainly their exclusive property. The facts commonly available demonstrate the utter hopelessness of all efforts to assimilate them to our political institutions and social customs. It is the successful resistance that they offer to all educating and elevating influences which adds the most perplexing feature to this "Chinese puzzle." It is a matter of history that "when the Manchus conquered China they swept all before them, and introduced Manchu habits and customs. But steadily these innovations gave way before Chinese influences." According to Abbé Huc: "You may traverse Manchuria to the river Amoor without being at all aware that you are not traveling in a province of China. The local coloring has been totally effaced. The Manchu Tartars have almost totally abdicated their own manners and adopted instead those of the Chinese." Mr. Gibson, an ardent advocate of "Chinese immigration for Christianizing purposes," tells—unfortunately for his cause—the following story of Chinese repugnance to Christian civilization: "What was lately the First Baptist Church of San Francisco is now a crowded Chinese tenement-house, full of all manner of filthiness, shame, and sin. Where but lately was the altar of the living God, now smokes the incense of idolatry. That sacred temple, where once the voice of prayer and praise to God was heard, now echoes with idolatrous chants and bacchanalian songs. Instead of standing firm against the incoming hosts of idolatry and sin, the Church of Christ has heaten an ignominious retreat, has surrendered one of the strongest fortifications, and retreated in disorder before the advancing hosts of idolatry." Again, Abbé Huc says: "In the five ports open to Europeans, religious liberty really does exist, but it is protected by the presence of consuls and ships of war. Yet the number of Christians does not increase more rapidly than in the interior of the empire. In Macao, Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore, Penang, Batavia—though they are under the dominion of Europeans—the great mass of the population consists of Chinese, who, for the most part, are permanently settled in these cities, and hold in their hands the great interests of agriculture, commerce, and industry. The Chinese are so completely absorbed in temporal interests, in the things which fall under their senses, that their whole life is only materialism put in action. Lucre is the sole object on which their eyes are constantly fixed. A burning thirst to realize some profit, great or small, absorbs their faculties, the whole energy of their being." Thus they have everywhere hid defiance to all laws for the suppression of their vices and for the improvement of their moral and social condition. Another favorite argument with these champions of the Chinese is that the inhabitants of China are now struggling for life under the awful pressure of overpopulation. That with an area of 1,297,999 square miles, China has a population of about 390,000,000, or about three hundred people to the square mile. In consequence, there is more abject poverty and starvation in China than can be found elsewhere in the world. Now, the question is pressed by these self-appointed champions of the Chinese cause: Where shall this overplus of Chinese population go? However perplexing the question may seem, we confidently assert that, as a nation, we are under no moral, political, or natural obligation to throw open our country to this yellow tide of impurity, indigence, and idolatry. Is a man under obligation to throw open his home to the family of his neighbor, simply because he may have a large house and a small family, and his neighbor a large family and a small house? We would be no more justified in freely admitting these degraded people into our country than in taking into the presence of our wives and children those morally or physically contaminated. Let these people work out this Malthusian problem on their own soil. Mr. Beecher once said, in advocacy of the interests of the immigrant class, "When a lion devours a lamb, the lion does not become a lamb, but the lamb becomes a lion," but the question occurs whether we are not overtaxing the digestive and assimilative organs of our body politic. Buckle, in his "History of the Civilization of Europe," contends that a particular form of national diet has been known to give one nation precedence over others. What will be the final product of this heterogeneous enter-

ing into our national pabulum, that is to furnish the form and force of American life in the future, is a question that deserves serious consideration. The frequent eruptions on the surface of our social life but indicate the amount of corruption that is silently working within. How long our American institutions will be able to exist, after the distinctive American spirit has been so adulterated by these foreign admixtures, the future only can determine. A drop of ink will impair the transparency and destroy the purity of a gallon of water; by the addition of more drops, it ceases for all practical purposes to be water, and becomes ink. It takes a small amount of poison to introduce death into a large amount of food. The misfortune is that the corrupt and degraded element in the immigrant class largely preponderates, and the time is not far distant when that part of our population which is of foreign extraction will more than overbalance the native, Anglo-American class. The imperative necessity of the times, in regard to immigration in general, is greatly increased and vigorously enforced restriction, and in regard to Chinese immigration in particular, is absolute exclusion. We must act at once, by the adoption of heroic means, if we expect successfully to resist this foreign flood of poverty and pollution that is setting in toward our shores from the inexhaustible fountains of European and Asiatic overpopulation. In reference to the Chinese, such immediate action is rendered more urgent by virtue of the fact that on and after May 6, 1892, our country will be open to their unrestricted immigration. The Exclusion Act hastily passed by the late Congress, being simply a supplement to the Act of May 6, 1882, will of necessity expire, by limitation with said act, on May 6, 1892, and leave the country as open and free to the Chinese as it was before the treaty of 1881. The exigencies of the case require a well-matured and permanent act of exclusion.

It is a fact, though not generally appreciated, that one-fourth of the Associated Press dispatches sent to this country from Europe of late, relate to events in Africa. The uncertainty as to the fate of Stanley, who plunged into the obscurity of equatorial Africa in an apparently hopeless search for Emin Pasha, the mystery which surrounded the movements of the latter, the revolutions and insurrections of which we heard the distant reverberation, but saw and knew nothing definite, all lent an element of romance and something almost supernatural to the happenings in the dark continent. Just as interest was roused to the highest pitch, Stanley emerged from the forests of Africa and reported that he had succeeded in his quest of Emin Pasha, and had persuaded him, though with difficulty, to surrender his government and return with him to the coast. The evident and expressed reluctance with which Emin Pasha has done this has been a puzzle to many, and, indeed, many have but a dim understanding of events in the heart of Africa during the last twenty years. Yet it is practically within that period that central Africa has been brought into touch with modern civilization, and it has barely yet begun to feel the influence of this contact. The events in this country and in Europe have been so absorbing that few of us have had more than a spare moment to glance at the explorations of Sir Samuel Baker and his successors. It was in 1869 that Baker was sent by Ismail Pasha to suppress the slave trade in the region that later became universally famous as the scene of the tragic death of General Gordon. Sir Samuel established a reasonably stable government as far south as Gondokoro, thus placing Khartoum about half-way down the Nile, between the southern limits of his territory and Cairo. But Sir Samuel was filled with the spirit of exploration, and pushed on south in search of the mouth of the Nile. The cost of exploration, however, added to the excessive expense of supporting a stable government over the restless tribes who inhabited the region, led Ismail to withdraw his support, with the result that Baker returned to Cairo in 1873, and was succeeded by General Gordon. Gordon had had a wide experience with Asiatic peoples, and he found the people of the Soudan similar in disposition. His rule was severe, but he won their confidence, and would probably have been successful in maintaining his government had not a religious war sprung up in opposition to the European influence in the Egyptian Government. The events of Gordon's tragic death were such as to compel the attention of all, and are still vividly familiar. It was during Gordon's administration at Khartoum that Emin Pasha was sent to the equatorial province as medical attaché. Emin, whose name was originally Schnitzler, was an Austrian by birth. He had lived in Asia Minor and Turkey, was acquainted with the Turkish and Arabic languages, married a Turkish woman, and embraced Islamism. His religion and his knowledge of the manners and customs of the Mohammedans gave him an advantage in dealing with the people among whom he was sent, and he soon became governor of the province. In his isolated position, communication with the civilized world was difficult, and for long periods nothing was heard of him. The meagre reports which did come represented him as placing his government on a firm

basis and extending his administration over the neighboring tribes. The influence of his administration seems to have been excellent. At the same time, he pursued his scientific investigations, and the collections which he made and sent to Europe added materially to the knowledge of the botany and natural history of equatorial Africa. Finally, he disappeared entirely from view, and the impression gained ground that he had fallen a victim to the savage tribes of the interior of Africa. The African tribes, outside of the cannibals, are generally friendly in disposition and trustworthy; but the cannibals are treacherous and not to be depended on, and they furnish the uncertain element in African travel. It was for the purpose of discovering Emin Pasha and rescuing him from his supposed perilous position that Stanley undertook his last journey through the centre of Africa. It was, therefore, a matter of surprise that Emin was so reluctant to leave his province, surrounded as he was by savages and practically isolated from all civilization. A pamphlet recently published at Constantinople furnishes one explanation of this in the assertion that Emin is simply a vulgar adventurer. His desertion of his wife, leaving her in destitute circumstances, and the fact that he carried her jewels away with him, would lend color to this accusation, but interest in his work of civilization, and in his study of the floral and animal peculiarities of the country seems a more natural explanation. Whatever may be his motives, it is certain that the labors of Emin Pasha have advanced the civilization of central Africa, and have hastened the day when this hitherto *terra clausam* will become a part of the civilized world open to all.

The problem of municipal government is almost the only political problem in which the people of this country have made little or no advance. The growth of cities in the United States has been phenomenal, and the increase of population has been so rapid that it has been impossible for city charters to keep pace with their expanding requirements. Professor Albert Bushnell Hart has written for the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* an interesting review of the rise of American cities which throws some light on the causes of political corruption. The drift of population is steadily toward the cities. Of the three sources of increased population—the immigration from foreign countries, immigration from the farms to the cities, and the natural increase of population—the first two are continually drifting to the municipal centres, and the third increases correspondingly. One hundred years ago the urban population was one-thirteenth of the total, to-day it is nearly one-fourth. And this increase has been largely the result of the tendency of foreigners arriving in this country to settle in the cities rather than on the farms. In 1880, the foreign element formed about thirteen per cent. of the whole population. But in the cities the proportion of foreigners was twenty-seven per cent. In other words, while the urban population forms one-quarter of the whole, it includes more than one-half of the foreigners. If we compare the cities in groups arranged according to size, we find that in cities of forty thousand to seventy-five thousand the foreign population forms twenty-four per cent.; in cities of seventy-five thousand to two hundred thousand, twenty-seven per cent.; in the larger cities of two hundred thousand or more, the proportion is thirty-two per cent., or very nearly one-third of the total population. Again, the percentages differ according to geographical position. Northern cities have a far larger proportion of foreigners than are found in the cities of the South. In 1880, this city had a proportion of forty-five per cent. of foreigners, and in 1886, the proportion of foreigners among the registered voters was forty-eight per cent. This large percentage is reached also in some of the manufacturing towns of New England, and in Holyoke and Falls River the percentage, according to the Massachusetts census of 1885, was fifty per cent. The population of Chicago is said to be one-half foreign-born, but the figures are not at hand to verify the statement. New York, in 1880, had a proportion of forty per cent. foreign born, Boston thirty per cent. in 1880, and thirty-four per cent. in 1885. Among Southern cities these percentages are nowhere approached. New Orleans, a seaport with considerable foreign trade, has but twenty per cent. of foreigners; Baltimore has but seventeen per cent. The explanation of this is apparent. The negro element in the South takes the place of the ignorant foreign contingent of the North. The current of foreign immigration set toward the northern cities during the continuance of slavery in the South, and, after the abolition of that institution, the presence of the negroes ready to supply the demand for unskilled labor prevented a turning of the current. This difference is seen in another way. Corruption in municipal politics is almost the universal rule in the North; it is almost unknown in the South. Crimes against the ballot are by no means uncommon in Southern cities, but they are comparatively free from corrupt administration of municipal affairs. This indicates as plainly as it is possible for any fact to be indicated that the root of municipal corruption is to be found in the foreign element which swarms into the Northern cities with no interest in the government, no appreciation of the

franchise, save as a merchantable commodity. Looking at the nativity of the foreign element somewhat more closely, we see that Scandinavians and natives of Great Britain show no particular preference for the cities, as many being found in the country as in the urban population. Germans and Irish, on the other hand, show a decided preference for city life. One-third of the Irish population of the country is found in the ten largest cities—Brooklyn, New York, San Francisco, and Philadelphia having the largest percentages. The Germans have their largest percentages in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati. The French show a similar partiality for the cities, one-third being in the ten largest cities.

Manufacturing interests in this State have always suffered from two causes. First, wages have been higher here than in the East, particularly for all classes of skilled labor. Unskilled labor we have had in abundance, owing both to the presence of the Chinese and to the peculiar conditions of life here, but skilled labor has been comparatively scarce. This condition is now passing away to a great extent, the increased facilities of communication having given a fluidity to the labor market, laborers have flowed to the places of greatest demand, and wages have approached somewhat nearer to a level throughout the country. But the other disadvantage which prevents the development of manufactures in our midst is not so easily overcome. Steam is the great motive power in all extensive manufacturing enterprises, and steam means a large consumption of coal. The coal deposits of this State are almost valueless. The Mount Diablo coal-field is limited in extent and produces an inferior quality of lignite, and the coal discovered in other parts of the State is of equally poor quality, and in most cases does not pay for mining and transportation to market. We are thus thrown upon the coal-fields of neighboring States for our supply, and our fuel has the added cost of freight for transportation from a long distance. Roughly stated, fifty-five per cent. of our coal supply comes from the north—Washington and British Columbia—a distance of a thousand miles, and twenty per cent. more comes from Australia. This leaves only one-fourth of our supply to come from England, Scotland, the Eastern coal-beds in Pennsylvania and Maryland, and the mines of this State. The distance from which the fuel is brought is a disadvantage, but it is somewhat decreased by the fact that ships coming here for wheat can bring coal instead of rock for ballast, and thus the coal pays the cheapest possible rate for carriage. Thus it happens that our coal supply shows a wonderful sympathy with the wheat crop—a large crop of wheat means a plentiful supply of cheap coal the next winter, a small crop means scarcity of coal and high prices. But this cheapness of freight merely decreases, it does not overcome, the disadvantage of depending on these distant supplies for our coal. In the Eastern States, on the other hand, manufacturers enjoy the advantage of a convenient and abundant supply of coal. Throughout the eastern Mississippi Valley, the Appalachian coal-field furnishes an almost limitless supply. Commencing in northern Pennsylvania, it covers about one-fourth of Ohio, passes through Virginia and West Virginia and into Kentucky, Alabama, and Georgia. Illinois and Indiana have separate and extensive deposits, and Michigan has a small but sufficient supply. West of the Mississippi there are well-developed supplies in Missouri, Nebraska, and Colorado, while Wyoming, Montana, and the Dakotas, in the north, have extensive but undeveloped deposits. On the Atlantic side, Pennsylvania and Maryland supply the greater part of the demand; but the coal-fields in Rhode Island and Massachusetts are sufficiently extensive to influence the price. Thus it is seen that throughout the States east of the Rocky Mountains, the manufacturer practically has a coal-mine at his door, and can obtain his fuel for very little more than the cost of mining. He is not obliged to pay freight for a haul of a thousand or more miles, and thus the price of coal in New York is about one-third of what it is here. To produce one horse-power, an average engine consumes three pounds of coal, and an engine of two hundred horse-power will cost nearly thirty dollars a day more for fuel in this State than it would cost in any of the eastern manufacturing centres. The calculation is not encouraging, and there seems to be no relief so long as the power used in manufactures depends in the first place on coal. The coal-fields of Washington are scarcely opened yet, and the supply from this source is capable of almost indefinite extension. The Northern Pacific Railway before long can bring the surplus of Montana and the Dakotas to our markets, and the Union Pacific is about to build to this coast a line running through the richest coal-beds of Wyoming. This increase of supply may reduce the price of coal, but only by extending the field from which the supply is drawn, and therefore the cost of carriage will remain a serious consideration. The only outlook, therefore, seems to be in finding some efficient substitute for coal that will satisfy the demands of power and economy. Recent developments in electrical science lead to a hope that relief may come in this di-

rection. Water-power in conjunction with electricity promises to be more economical than steam. A French engineer recently succeeded in transmitting electrical-power over copper wires, one-fifth of an inch in diameter, a distance of thirty-five miles. A force of over fifty-two horse-power was thus transmitted with a loss of only thirty per cent. If power can be thus transmitted by electrical wires, the enormous unused water-power of the State may be utilized to work manufactories of all kinds as effectively and economically as by steam. A company is now erecting works at Folsom to use the power of the American River in this way. The Pitt River in the north-eastern part of the State offers superior facilities for this kind of power, owing to its very rapid fall, and other rivers may be found equally efficient. Store-houses of electric-power may thus be erected in any part of the State and the power cheaply transmitted to the points where the manufactories can be most economically carried on. An ingenious illustration of the possibilities of this combination of electric and water-power is seen at the Chollar mine, in Nevada. Here an engine of two hundred horse-power is run by a stream of water with a fall of four hundred and sixty feet. The waste water, after turning the wheel, is carried in pipes down the shaft of the mine to the Sutro tunnel level, and there sets in motion six Brush dynamos, developing seven hundred and fifty horse-power. This power is then carried up the shaft again by electric wires, and is used to run a sixty-stamp mill, thereby saving eighty-eight per cent. of the water formerly required to perform the same work. The development of this source of power seems to promise a bright future for the manufacturing interests of this State, and its accomplishment is not so visionary as it might have appeared a few years ago.

The epidemic of influenza which is now afflicting the habitable globe, without distinction of race or climate, presents several characteristic features which distinguish it, in many important respects, from visitations of a similar class. It is not contagious like yellow fever or cholera, neither is it, like these scourges, very dangerous, or fatal, to human life. On the contrary, it is, as a rule, mild in its attacks, the fatalities resulting from it being limited to those whose constitutions were previously weak, or to such persons as exposed themselves unduly before full recovery and fell victims to pneumonia. Facts point to the conclusion that the causes of the epidemic must be sought for in the atmosphere. Several kinds of fever have already been shown to owe their origin to atmospheric germs or bacteria. These are inhaled into the lungs and hence become incorporated with the blood, or else the pulmonary apparatus itself becomes clogged with tubercular matter, as in consumption, or congested and choked, as in pneumonia. Such being the case, it is only carrying the matter a step further and reasoning on the legitimate lines of analogy, to suggest that the present epidemic may also be due to the presence of a subtle something, held in suspension in the atmosphere, and drawn into our nasal, bronchial, and other respiratory tubes with the air we breathe. But, then, upon what satisfactory scientific hypothesis are we to account for the presence of the subtle element alluded to, an element so imperceptible and tenuous that it can not be seen, weighed, smelled, or analyzed, and yet so real and tangible that it gives us bad colds in the head, makes us sneeze violently, and causes us many other pains and inconveniences of a kind not altogether unsuggestive of mild mineral poisoning. Let us see whether such an hypothesis can not be satisfactorily backed by existent circumstances. In "Ragnarok: The Age of Fire and Gravel," the writer advances a curious theory to account for "The Drift" which has so puzzled geologists. He suggests that the great gravel deposit which covers the entire continents of Europe and Africa, and all but the extreme western points of the American continent—an area covering an exact hemisphere of the globe on a meridian—while the other hemisphere, comprising the continent of Asia and the islands of the Pacific, show no trace of surface gravel, is due to the sudden impact of cosmic matter in such volume as to produce just such a result, the exposed hemisphere getting the full benefit of the meteoric shower, while the opposite hemisphere, being under the lee of the other, naturally escaped unscathed. This cosmic matter the scientist supposes to have originally formed a constituent part of the train of some cometary body which, in its course through our solar system, approached so near the earth as to include our sphere within the sweep of its train. One of the most approved theories regarding the composition of comets is that which presumes them to be disrupted worlds, the shock that disrupted them having shivered them into fragments of varying sizes, from the parent mass which forms the nucleus, through a regular gradation of fragments, the extreme end of the train farthest from the nucleus being composed of the most tenuous matter which had primarily entered into the composition of the disrupted world. A strong argument in favor of this theory is that it accords with the cosmic law of gravitation, and is in fact the most plausible of any yet advanced. If, then, our

world should happen to have been recently involved in the tenuous or extreme end of some passing comet—of the approach of which our astronomers have had no cognizance, a state of things which is by no means so impossible as it looks, considering that the trains of some comets are millions of miles in length and that their nuclei need not necessarily be incandescent—and if the star-dust of that portion of the unbidden visitor which enwrapped us in its passage should happen to have been composed of such metallic elements as would be likely to derange our systems if absorbed by them, we may have, in this theory, reached a correct solution of the cause of the epidemic. Aluminum, for example, is the lightest metal known to science; it would therefore, naturally, in the form of a fine, imperceptible, and impalpable clay-dust bring up the cometary train. Our earth, revolving at its periphery at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, would enwrap itself in a mantle of this impalpable cosmic dust. If there be microbo-manes among our readers, as there doubtless are, who reject this theory because it does not provide a footing for their beloved bacteria, we can only reply that they reverse cause and effect. The most expert bacteriologists will tell them that the bacterium can not come until his *nidus* is provided for him. The terrestrial atmosphere having been poisoned for humans by the cometary dust, was rendered fertile for bacteria. The environment being favorable to the bacterium of influenza, he came, he waxed fat, and flourished. We simply throw out the foregoing as an unscientific contribution to the common fund of knowledge concerning the epidemic of influenza.

We recently commented on the decision of Judge Wallace declaring that the charter of the American Sugar Refinery had been forfeited by their entering into the Sugar Trust, an unlawful combination. The New York Times has commented on the decision in the same tone, calling attention to the similarity between this suit and the one brought by the attorney-general of New York State. The position of trusts in this country is a peculiar one. Declared by every court which has passed upon the question to be illegal combinations, they yet continue to exist in contempt of the decisions of the courts and the attempts to bring them to justice. Evasions of the law have been attempted in every direction, the favorite plans being based upon the well-known theory of the law that a corporation exists separate and distinct from the holders of its stock. It is this fact that enables a corporation to continue to exist without change, even though the entire body of stockholders may have changed, while a partnership ceases immediately upon any change in its membership. It is also upon this fact that is based the claim of the stockholders to do what they please with their stock without affecting the legal status of the corporation. Thus the corporation clearly forfeits its franchise when it passes over the management of its business to another corporation or a combination, but the stockholders claim the right to pass their stock over to a board of trustees, who elect the directors of the corporation and direct their actions. This is now the favorite form of trust, and it is similar to the action that has been taken in this case. The property, soon after the commencement of legal proceedings, was transferred to certain refiners in New York city deeply interested in the trust, in order to evade an adverse decision. In the same way the Cotton-Seed Oil Trust evaded a decision in Louisiana by transferring the property to persons in Rhode Island. The same legal questions are involved in a suit now pending in Nebraska against the Nebraska Distilling Company. In this case the stock was transferred to the trustees by the corporation itself and the certificates of trust were issued to it instead of to the stockholders, thus bringing it clearly within the line of former decisions. The opposition to trusts is almost universal throughout the country; the decisions of the courts have been almost uniformly adverse. It is strange, therefore, that the State of Connecticut should set itself up as the champion of trusts, and should grant a charter designed to enable the Sugar Trust to carry on the business for which it has been condemned by the courts of this State and New York, and by the public sentiment of the whole country.

Hypnotism is attracting unusual attention for a subject so abstruse. Not only psychologists but physiologists are giving careful thought to the study of its phenomena. It is understood that Dr. William Hammond and other well-known physicians are using hypnotism in surgical practice as a substitute for chloroform and ether. In the January number of the *Forum*, Dr. J. M. Charcot contributes a most interesting article on this subject. To show the sincerity of this earnest student in this department of mental science, we have only to quote the following from his article: "The end I have ever held before my eyes, and which I hope I have never lost from view, is this: to study the hypnotic phenomena according to a strictly scientific method." Among the most remarkable results of his investigations and experiments, he gives us the following:

So far, I have dealt only with phenomena directly amenable to physical analysis; indeed, with phenomena that can be analyzed with comparative disregard of niceties of distinction. But, the preceding facts once established, this no longer suffices, and we must, for the sake of completeness, enter upon the study of phenomena of a quite different order—phenomena of the psychic order. Here we meet with greater difficulties, and, truth to tell, we have to feel our way. Researches of this nature must be made in the somnambulism, for in that state the

hypnotized person speaks freely and answers questions put to him. The psychic characteristic of the state of somnambulism is an absolute trust, a boundless credulity on the part of the subject toward the one who has hypnotized him. However improbable the story told in the hearing of a person so hypnotized, he believes it, takes it in, makes it his own; it becomes the centre of his entire cerebral activity; all his thoughts radiate out of it, until some new thought is furnished to him, though the same be diametrically opposite to the former. It is because of this state of mind that the phenomena of "suggestion" are so easily produced. Every one knows what is meant by this suggestion and to what lengths it may be carried. Take one example from among a thousand. I present to a woman patient in the hypnotic state a blank leaf of paper, and say to her: "Here is my portrait; what do you think of it? Is it a good likeness?" After a moment's hesitation, she answers: "Yes, indeed, your photograph; will you give it to me?" To impress deeply in the mind of the subject this imaginary portrait, I point with my finger toward one of the four sides of the square leaf of paper, and tell her that my profile looks in that direction; I describe my clothing. The image being now fixed in her mind, I take that leaf of paper and mix it with a score of other leaves precisely like it. I then hand the whole pack to the patient, bidding her go over them and let me know whether she finds among these anything she has seen before. She begins to look at the leaves, one after another, and as soon as her eyes fall upon the one first shown to her (I had made upon it a mark that she could not discern), forthwith she exclaims: "Look, your portrait!" What is more curious still, if I turn the leaf over, as soon as her eyes rest upon it, she turns it up, saying that my photograph is on the obverse. I then convey to her the order that she shall continue to see the portrait on the blank paper even after the hypnosis has passed. Then I awaken her and again hand to her the pack of papers, requesting her to look over them. She handles them just as before, when they were hypnotized, and utters the same exclamation: "Look, your portrait!" If now I tell her that she may retire, she returns to her dormitory, and her first care will be to show to her companions the photograph I have given her. Of course her companions, not having received the suggestion, will see only a blank leaf of paper without any trace whatever of a portrait, and will laugh at our subject and treat her as a visionary. Furthermore, this suggestion, this hallucination, will, if I wish, continue several days; I all have to do is to express the wish to the patient before awakening her.

The foregoing experiment has been made hundreds of times by me and by others, and the facts can easily be substantiated.

It is now a perfectly established fact that there are those who can overcome the corporeal and mental resistance of other organisms, and so affect the minds of others as to lead and influence them at will. Independent of the particular interest that belongs to these phenomena, there are a number of very important scientific deductions. Hypnotism raises with new force the old question as to whether what we denominate "mind" is a mere method of molecular motion, or an independent, immaterial substance. One of the strongest evidences of the independence of the mental faculties is derived from the recent well-established cases of *trance*. So entire has been the suspension of the action of the heart and lungs, and of all the visible signs of life, that the ablest physicians of the country have pronounced the patient dead. And yet after the unexpected reanimation of the body, the individual has furnished ample proof of the continued activity of the mind. In a number of well-known cases, persons of whose decease there remained no doubt have been conscious of all that transpired around them, even of the deliberations in regard to their own interment. In addition to this, there is positive proof, in a large number of cases, of the reanimation of bodies after burial. Another fact which establishes the independence of mind, both of matter and time, is the amazing rapidity of its action and succession, which are totally inconsistent with the notion of a precedent movement of the molecules. Many will remember having in their dreams passed through a multitude of events, and experienced a variety of changes, which, if real, would properly belong to a series of years. And yet it has all transpired in the mind in a few moments of time; and though the events themselves have not in fact occurred, the mental action and succession are as real as if they had. The mind has actually gone through a series of sufferings and enjoyments, although the sources of its ideas are imaginary. A sound will sometimes produce a dream and also awaken the sleeper, and in an instant a long mental succession will have occurred, wholly inconsistent with the idea of any corresponding organic action, and even with the notion of time. If molecular motion is the origin of thought, then it follows that such movement of molecules must of necessity act *pari passu* with the intellect, which it originates and develops. If the mind acts independent of time, then it also acts independent of matter, for all material movements are, by a known law, measured by time. All the divisions of duration, from seconds to centuries, are reckoned from planetary movements; but we can not conceive anything like this of that which is purely immaterial. We have, therefore, in the incomprehensible activity of the mind, an evidence of its immateriality and independence of vital connection with the material organization. It is also worthy of remark that mind, independent of time, is only partially limited by matter and space. We pass in thought beyond the precincts of our planet. We go from star to sun, and from sun to system. We travel over the universe in an instant. Space does not hold and confine our thought—we pass beyond even the works of God and survey the regions "where eldest time and chaos, ancestors of nature, hold eternal anarchy." This illimitable range, it is true, is but the survey of thought. The mind is, to a great extent, confined and bound in its clay casket. But one of the strongest proofs of the mind's immateriality is its consciousness of this restraint. To overcome the clogs with which matter restrains him, is the constant object and aim of man's inventions. To increase the rapidity of his motion, he is forever torturing the elements and attacking the barriers of nature which hem him in. Strange, indeed, if the mind is the product of matter, that it should maintain a perpetual war upon its parent, and so often prove the victor. Again, in the power of *mental abstraction* we see, not only the identity of the mind, but that the body is an embarrassment to all mental action that rises higher than the consideration of material things. We hear and read a great deal about the proper use of the eyes, ears, and voice, but there is little thought given to the proper use of the mind. We have become so tainted with the materialism of the day that we scarcely ever consider the mind as a separate and distinct entity from the body. The mind is only dependent on physical organs for communication with and recognition of physical beings and things. In reason, reflection, abstract analysis, and imagination the mind is independent of physical organs, and becomes clear and far-reaching in proportion to its freedom from gross physical conditions. The religious raptures and visions of the early saints, that many in ignorance and superstition supposed were supernatural experiences, were simply the result of the mortification and denial of gross appetites and passions, the repression of the body and the elevation of the mind. If this be so, then it is clear that we all can exercise, to an ever-increasing degree, the power of mental abstraction and elevation, and thus secure greater clearness of thought, precision of reason, and accuracy of judgment. In the power of the mind to release itself from physical and material conditions, we have another argument against materialism and another proof that the mind is independent of molecular motion, and, by consequence, immaterial.

Dr. Kuhneman, of the University of Berlin, has figured up that a railroad train of fifteen cars would be required to carry the food and nourishment a man of moderate appetite would consume from the time of his birth to the age of seventy years.

THE EIDOLSCOPE.

I will premise by saying that my narrative deals with the correlation of forces and the production of ghosts.

My narrative will have the effect of removing all doubt about the reality of that class of spectral manifestations which has ever been a subject for jest to professors of positive science, who, where they admit their existence at all, refer them to a diseased or abnormal condition of the brain. This question, however, will now happily be set at rest, as the distinguished scientists referred to will have an opportunity of producing these spectral manifestations almost at will, and have the pleasure of knowing that the spectres they produce are the result of an invariable and ordinary natural law and merely constitute another example of the universality and harmony of the great law of cause and effect which pervades nature, acting alike upon the atom and the nebula. Many ghost stories, which now appear to be the maunderings of superstitious or half-witted idiots, will henceforth be known to have originated not in a series of diseased imaginations, but in the workings of an obscure but unerring natural law. It must not be supposed, however, that the class of spectral manifestations which can thus be produced are of the same nature, or have the same origin, as the phantasmagoria of the mediæval necromancer or modern charlatan. The spectres which these invoke are independent of time and place, while those to which I allude are purely local in their character and depend for their very being upon surrounding conditions.

What old residence in any of the old countries of Europe, England, Scotland, Ireland, or Germany, or even in the older States of America itself, does not boast of some particular ghostly legend connected with its gray old walls, antiquated galleries, and dilapidated chambers? Not to possess some family spectre associated with such a residence, would be evidence against its claim to the honors of antiquity or romance. What would the old castles of Germany be without the spectres of their mail-clad harons, their clanking chains, and their pale ladies in white? What the old halls or abbeys of the British Isles without the nocturnal visitations of the ghostly Sir Marmaduke or the gliding figure of the stately Lady Clare? Have not the spectral apparitions of these renowned personages been attested to and vouched for from time immemorial by gray-bearded seneschals and grave waiting-men and women, whose very gravity and sincerity proclaim them as innocent as they would be incapable of deception on so serious a subject?

To what then are we to attribute the faith and veneration with which these visions and legends are received on the one side, and the skepticism and ridicule with which they are met upon the other? Is it possible that traditions so exact in their character regarding the appearance of particular spectres in particular places should be absolutely baseless, and if not absolutely baseless, whence came the substratum of truth which developed into the substantial entity in which most of them are found? These and similar speculations must frequently have arisen in thinking minds when discussing this curious psychological problem, and it is with the object of affording some assistance toward its rational solution that I now, for the first time, make public the following experience.

Last summer, while visiting the Paris Exposition, I chanced to meet, in that portion of the building devoted to the science and applied mechanics of electricity, a gentleman with whom I had become acquainted in the city of San Francisco a few months before. He had been then introduced to me as a man of science and an inventor of some note, though his inventions, I had been told, were of a tentative and theoretical rather than of a practical nature; in other words, though his ideas were valuable and often grand in their character, to the ordinary mind he would have seemed to be aiming at too much, and, while endeavoring to grasp the unattainable, he would miss the practical results which he might, with less imagination, have secured. For instance, in the domain of electrical science, to which he had lately been applying himself, he had sketched out the theory of several novel applications of that wonderful medium. One was telegraphy without wires, by means of an electric diaphragm or envelope, which he conceived encircled the globe at a certain height, and being tapped at any locality by a small captive balloon, up whose anchoring cord ran a conducting wire terminating in a recording instrument, would furnish a suitable medium of communication with any other instrument similarly connected with the diaphragm and keyed to the same electric pitch. Another was the transmutation of metals by means of the transmission of a powerful electric current through their masses, thus changing their densities and consequently their volumes and their colors, by merely altering the collocation of their atoms through this mysterious and all-potent agency.

These instances will serve to give some idea of the brilliant though visionary character of my friend, and it was accordingly without the least surprise that I found him ensconced in the electrical department of the exposition, still less that he had had only the modest space of some six feet square allotted to him, while his more practical, though not more ingenious, collaborators in the same sphere of discovery had ten or more times the area.

It was while I was sauntering leisurely down one of the aisles that my eye fell upon the familiar figure of Mr. Espy, of whose presence in Paris I had not previously been aware. He was seated at a little table, upon which were set some instruments, or models, connected with his art, and upon one of which his attention seemed to be particularly concentrated. This was a highly polished globe, or sphere, either of metal or silvered glass, I could not tell which, about six inches in diameter and raised upon a slender pedestal to about the same height above the table.

Presently Mr. Espy awoke from the fit of abstraction with which he had been regarding this sphere, and turned his eyes critically upon a curious piece of mechanism which stood on the table beside it. This bore no resemblance to anything I had ever seen before, and I can only describe what it looked like by a simile. Imagine for yourself two hollow hemi-

spheres, hinged together at a point upon their peripheries, and set flat upon the table so that they stood side by side. From the surfaces of these hemispheres radiated, in every direction, from a point which would have been their common centre had they been shut close together so as to form a perfect globe, a series of slender rods like the bristles on a porcupine, each terminating in a little bulb at a distance of some ten or twelve inches from the surface of the globe.

Preoccupied as he was Mr. Espy took no notice of my presence, but seemed to be revolving some problem in his mind, with one hand on the curious appliance I have just described, his long black hair hanging down so as almost to conceal his sallow face. After a moment or two, he raised the bristling hemispheres from the table till they were over the polished globe, round which he clasped them together like a cover, the outer hollow sphere, as I could see, fitting very closely to the inner one. This was evident for the reason that the outer sphere, or envelope, was, I could now see, composed of some extremely diaphanous substance, so transparent as only to intercept with a gauze-like film the reflection from the spherical mirror within. Neither did the slender rods that radiated from the centre materially affect the field of vision, as they were only about one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness, and closely serried as they seemed when viewed laterally, they formed scarcely any visual obstruction when pointing directly toward the eye.

When Mr. Espy had effected this arrangement, he looked up.

"Glad to see you," he said, rising and shaking me by the hand; "I did not know you were in Paris."

I told him that I was equally unconscious of his own presence, and made a remark regarding the queer instrument upon the table.

"Yes," he said, "that is the practical embodiment of an idea I have lately evolved, and though it is, in some respects, crude as yet, I see great possibilities in it for the future. My friend Edison over there," with a gesture in the direction of that distinguished inventor's department, "or if not Edison, Bell, or whoever else may lay claim to the original discovery, ascertained that sound vibrations could be conveyed along a wire by an electrical current and reproduced at the other end in precisely the same manner—pitch, tone, and expression—as they had been originally delivered. Edison has since gone a step further, and by a very simple mechanical means has caused these sound vibrations to transcribe their own equivalents upon a wax cylinder, which, by an inverse process, can be made to give forth the same identical vibrations when required. The phonograph is simply an adaptation of the principle of the telephone, storing up for future reference, just as in a book, the sounds—their words, harmonies, or discords, simple or composite—which have been committed to its keeping."

"I understand the principle perfectly," I assented, as Mr. Espy mused for an instant in abstraction.

"Now," he continued, "this little instrument here is also a receiver and transmitter of vibrations, not on the principle of the phonograph, for it has no means of storing what it receives, but reproduces the vibrations instantly after the manner of the telephone. It is, in one respect, less serviceable than the telephone, as it is not susceptible to ordinary sound-vibrations in the accepted sense of the term; in another respect, it is infinitely more delicate and more potent. What would you say?" he went on, earnestly, and looking me keenly in the eye, "if I were to tell you that that little, simple, and insignificant instrument is capable of recording and reproducing luminous pulsations, or light-vibrations, call them what you will, so delicate in their nature that it would fill you and the scientific world at large with incredulity and amazement were I at present to even hint at or suggest what they are competent to reveal?"

I replied that scarcely any new discovery in the mysterious domain of electric science would surprise me, after the results we had witnessed during the past few years.

"I do not know," went on Mr. Espy, "whether I can make myself intelligible, without ocular demonstration, on the scope of my discovery. Briefly and simply stated, this little instrument, which I have christened the eidoloscope, is capable of becoming susceptible to the action of the luminous waves emanating from objects exposed to the impact of similar waves at some period of the past."

"I confess I do not quite catch your meaning," I remarked, somewhat mystified by the generality of the description.

"I perfectly appreciate your position," returned Mr. Espy, smiling; "the results I obtained were astounding and inexplicable to myself the first time I realized their true purport, and it was only after much hard and careful thought that I succeeded at last in reducing them to the very simple and beautiful law under which they are produced. Let us see whether I can not explain the matter by a specific illustration. You see this polished globular mirror here. It is made of glass, backed with quicksilver, and does not differ in any respect from hundreds of others of the same fashion, save, perhaps, in a more accurate sphericity. The hollow diaphanous envelope which surrounds it is made of an elastic preparation, into the composition of which I will say that celluloid largely enters. This is blown into spherical shape, on the principle of an ordinary soap-bubble or glass-bulb, while in a fluid or viscous state, and subsequently hardens into the transparent sphere you see before you. This spherical envelope, or diaphragm, is of such extreme elasticity and tenuity that the most infinitesimal pulsations of sound or light, even those of the violet rays of the spectrum—the number of distinct pulsations of which have been estimated at many millions to the inch—exert the most marked effect upon it, as I have proved to my complete satisfaction. The vibrations of this elastic diaphragm are, of course, transmitted to the sphere within, which is distant only about one-sixteenth of an inch. Here you see you have at once the principle of the telephone, have you not?"

I assented, and Mr. Espy went on:

"Very good. Now, how do we excite this sensitive diaphragm? Any vibrations, whether of light, or sound, or heat, will, of course, do so. The sound of our voices do so vio-

lently at this moment, but the receiver will not transmit the faintest echo of a response in answer. Why? Because such vibrations are too coarse for the delicately sensitive instrument before us. It might, it is true, reproduce sounds, but they would be of such exquisite tone as to be imperceptible to our gross auricular organization. To what, then, is this instrument sensitive? Only to light-waves, to luminous pulsations conveyed to it under certain conditions, and, moreover, not in the ordinary manner by direct light-rays, but by their electric correlatives. It is to effect this end that these tiny rods radiate from and impinge upon the elastic diaphragm. Now do you comprehend the scope and purpose of the eidoloscope?" concluded Mr. Espy, in a triumphant manner.

"Partially so," I replied, hesitatingly; "but you have not yet explained whence these rays emanate."

"They emanate," returned Mr. Espy, "from surrounding objects within a certain distance, and this distance must not be great enough to preclude free electric transmission from the object to the receiver. An inclosed space of moderate size—a room, or apartment, of say twenty or thirty feet square—affords the best conditions for the successful operation of the process."

"And then what happens?" I queried.

"Scenes and occurrences of any and every nature that have ever transpired within a room in which the eidoloscope is placed, are vividly reproduced and acted over again upon the spherical mirror."

"You say 'any and every scene' is thus reproduced. Then why should any one particular scene enacted in the past be thus reproduced in preference to any other scene?" I asked.

"That also follows the subtle law which governs the manifestation," replied Mr. Espy; "heat is, as we know, a mechanical equivalent of light, light of electricity, electricity of both. Either force can be converted into any other, and this is the solution of the question you ask. It is temperature that governs the electrical emanations which cause the elastic sphere to vibrate, and thus reproduce the scenes enacted in a certain place in the past."

"But," I objected, "take the instance of a room which has been inhabited for centuries, as many rooms in old mansions have been, in what order or sequence would these scenes be reproduced?"

"They would appear upon the mirror," returned Mr. Espy, "in a reversed order of sequence—the last first, and so on to the earliest in point of time. Scenes would begin to appear upon the mirror as soon as the temperature of the room was sufficiently high to liberate the electrical energy stored away in the walls, ceiling, and furniture of the room, and cause that electrical energy to become charged with the light-rays which had once conveyed a message from every object within that room to every other object, and made each object the involuntary but silent repository of the history of every other object."

"But, my dear sir," said I, "this is a most startling theory which you suggest. How can you, as a reasonable man, account rationally for such an absurdity as that which you now advance?"

"Very simply," responded Mr. Espy, gravely, but without any sign of offense at my somewhat intemperate language; "you are enough of a man of science to admit these two propositions: First, that no force is ever lost in nature; and, second, that every form of force or energy is convertible into every other form. My eidoloscope simply reduces this formula to practice. The circles caused by the dropping of a pebble into a limpid pool, and which widen every moment as they recede, are not lost when they reach the shore; their splash may wash down a certain quantity of sand, or it may be thrown back as a reflux wave to meet a successor, but its initial force is not lost—it has merely changed its mode of action. The atmospheric vibrations caused by the sound of the words we now speak will continue to roll for limitless eons through the limitless ether—light-rays in the same manner. What then happens when light-rays are stayed from their onward course—intercepted by the walls and furniture of a room, for instance? Are they therefore lost? I say no. The energy expended upon the material obstacles they encountered has effected a change in the collocation of the atoms of these objects, a change, it is true, imperceptible to any of our ordinary organs of sense, or ideas of measurement; but yet a change as real as that which would have been produced by the impact of a ball from a hundred-ton gun, the difference being not one of kind, but of degree. Yes, sir; the walls, ceilings, and furniture of a room represent the wax cylinder of the phonograph, and under proper treatment may be made to yield the electrical correlative of the light-rays which were once intercepted by them. I have discovered that proper treatment—and have I deserved badly of the scientific world, and must I be held up to ridicule because I am the first who has succeeded in doing so?" Mr. Espy concluded, with a certain degree of asperity and heat.

"And you have really ascertained, in a manner to convince yourself, that this appliance here is capable of reproducing the past as you have stated?" I asked.

"Yes," returned Mr. Espy, "my eidoloscope has passed the experimental stage and may now be classed with the scientific novelties of the age. Time alone will demonstrate to what uses it may be put. It may take the form merely of a scientific toy and become a source of amusement in households, while demonstrating a new law of optics, or it may be of benefit to the police authorities in locating crime and securing evidence against criminals. There are many uses to which the eidoloscope can be advantageously put. I may, hereafter, make adaptations and improvements in its structure, as has been done in the case of the telegraph, phonograph, and most other scientific inventions. But the principle is there, my dear sir; the principle is there. What you see here is only a model. I am here to explain its mechanism, just as I have now done to you, and to take orders from parties who would like to be supplied with it. There is one great advantage about it, too, and that is its simplicity. It does not require an expert to handle it. There is a small but very powerful battery concealed in the pedestal, and by

simply pressing this button the circuit is completed and electrical connection established through these metallic rods, which, as you see, radiate in every direction, with all parts of a room. I am sorry it is so near the end of the season, or I am sure I should have received numerous orders for the eidoloscope. This is the first time, indeed, that I have been able to put even the model on exhibition, and you are the first person who has had the curiosity to put questions to me about it."

"You say you are prepared to supply orders for the instrument," I remarked; "is it expensive, may I ask?"

"Intrinsically, no," returned Mr. Espy; "the mechanism, as you see, is simplicity itself, and the first cost of the materials is not great. The adjustment of the elastic diaphragm to the spherical mirror at the proper distance is, however, a matter of much nicety. The packing of the instrument, too, for transport requires great care and entails considerable expense. Good results can not be secured with anything less than a three-foot globe, and when that is made of hollow glass, you can readily see the difficulty of packing it securely."

"I should very much like to see the instrument work," I said. Mr. Espy told me he would let me know when he had one completed, and after leaving my address I departed.

The foregoing incident occurred about a week before the exposition closed, and the next and only subsequent time I saw Mr. Espy there, he told me he had received several orders for his instrument from English people, and purposed going to the great glass-blowing works of Newcastle-on-Tyne to execute them.

After leaving Paris, I went to London, where I ran across an old college friend, who invited me to spend a week or two at his country-seat in one of the northern counties during the Christmas season. Branthwaite Castle, my friend's place, was one of those typical old English homes which have existed, been repaired, and added to for the past two or three hundred years. Romantically situated upon the banks of the upper Tyne, its old ivy-covered walls and rambling wings were suggestive of legend as well as comfort. There are few, indeed, of the ancient mansions of that "borderland of old romance" which have not some weird, mysterious story associated with their walls and halls. Branthwaite Castle was not behindhand in this particular, and could boast of a goodly assortment of stories, more or less ghostly and mythical, associated with the family name of Haldane, which had figured in the old border wars for centuries back.

The winter season at an English country-house, when there is snow upon the ground and out-door amusements are necessarily curtailed, can not fail to be somewhat dull. The billiard-room for the gentlemen and the drawing-room for the ladies do not afford so many resources as to cause almost any new mode of recreation to be despised. Even private theatricals and dancing will pall upon the appetite if unrelieved by anything else, and so it was with something of the feeling of the mediæval discoverer of unknown lands that I bethought me one morning of my friend, Mr. Espy, and the curious instrument he was exhibiting at the Paris Exposition.

Here were possibilities, indeed! Though I confess I did not repose much confidence in Mr. Espy's discovery, to the extent, at any rate, of the extravagant claims he made for it, I thought that, in any case, the mystery surrounding it and the occult problems with which it dealt, would serve to excite the imagination of the guests and provide a *divertissement* which might, for a time at least, banish ennui. Besides, could anything be handier? Mr. Espy was engaged in getting his glass globes manufactured at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Newcastle was not forty miles distant from Branthwaite. I immediately communicated my plan, together with my Paris experience, to my host, who was delighted with the suggestion. Accordingly, the very same afternoon, I was driven to Chorlton Station, on the North British line, and two hours afterward found me in close consultation with Mr. Espy at his work-shop in Newcastle.

After explaining the object of my visit, that gentleman gladly agreed to furnish me with an eidoloscope of even larger proportions than it had been his original intention to construct.

"For," he said, "I foresee the business benefit which will result from a successful introduction of the instrument at such a gathering as there is now at your friend's house. I will not only take especial pains upon its construction, but I will make a point of accompanying it to its destination, when completed, in person, and will personally superintend everything connected with its first exhibition, so as to leave no room for imperfect results. You can leave the matter in my hands, and meet me in a week at your station with the easiest wagon you can get."

During the week, it became noised about at the castle that some peculiar surprise had been planned by our host and myself for the gratification of his guests, and that its production had been reserved for Christmas eve. Meantime, I received a letter from Mr. Espy, in accordance with which I met him on the morning of the day before Christmas at Chorlton Station, where the north-bound train deposited him with a number of gigantic boxes, the largest of which was a cube of some six feet in diameter. These we conveyed with all possible care to the castle, where their appearance created quite a sensation among such of the visitors as had chanced to see them carried in at one of the back entrances, and proportionately increased the expectation of all.

Now came the important point of all to settle. In what particular apartment or chamber of the castle should the eidoloscope be set up and the test of its powers made? A committee of three ladies were let into the secret and selected by our host to decide this important question, in conjunction with Mr. Espy, Haldane, and myself. The ladies were all, more or less, connected with the family, and it was decided to give the matter the benefit of the quick, feminine intuition in the selection of a suitable place.

"Is there no room in the castle," asked Mr. Espy, when the committee had met, "which is associated above all others with some stirring incident, or series of incidents, which it would be interesting for your company to see reproduced as in actual life?"

"The difficulty is the other way," rejoined our host; "there are far too many such—quite an *embarras de richesses*, I assure you, in that respect."

"There is the state banquetting-chamber, where Queen Elizabeth dined," volunteered Miss Chantrey, a cousin of Haldane's, a lady apparently about sixty years of age, whose expression struck me as sinister and furtive in the extreme, despite the conventional smile and liberal application of cosmetics with which she strove to conceal it.

"Ob! yes," exclaimed another member of the committee, one of Haldane's sisters, gleefully; "how nice it would be to see Queen Bess sitting prim and stuck up, with all her starched ruffles, at the head of the mahogany table, and Leicester on one knee before her holding a cup of wine."

"The best place of all," said Mr. Espy, "would be a room in which the furniture has not been moved of late. The best results are, of course, secured where there are the most surrounding objects to gather the light-waves from."

"There is the blue room in the east wing where poor Aunt Margaret died," remarked Miss Jennie, another of Haldane's sisters; "I don't think a thing has been moved from its original place of forty years ago, except for an occasional dusting. Nobody seems to like to enter that room. There is a superstition connected with it, too. The old servants say—"

"Bravo, Jennie!" exclaimed Haldane; "I never thought of that. That is just the very kind of room Mr. Espy wants—isn't it, Mr. Espy?"

Here my eye happened to fall upon Miss Chantrey. Her face had become absolutely livid, her features drawn and pinched, and it was with a very forced attempt at calmness that she spoke:

"I am surprised at you, girls!" she said in a set voice; "the idea of selecting a place like that for such an exhibition! I am sure the banquetting-chamber would be infinitely more interesting."

"I am afraid," said Mr. Espy, "we should have to view hundreds of scenes before getting back to those of three hundred years ago. I am in favor of the blue room this lady spoke about. Forty years is not so long a time to be bridged over as three hundred. Besides the furniture, if I understand aright, has not been moved much during that time. That is a very favorable condition of things. By the way, did you not say there was some superstition connected with it?"

"The servants say they have seen a ghost—" began Miss Jennie.

"It all amounts to this," put in Haldane, laughingly; "my aunt Margaret, who I believe was a most beautiful girl—I was a child then and can not remember her—died there. There was some love affair—I don't know what it was—about it, and she got jilted or died of a broken heart or something. You ought to know all about it, Cousin Gertrude. You were about her age and staying here at that time, weren't you?"

"Yes," returned Miss Chantrey, with what I thought strained solemnity. "Poor Margaret! Hugh Wilmot is accused of playing with her affections and—"

"It is false!" cried Miss Jennie, her eyes blazing with indignation; "I have heard all about it, and I happen to know that Mr. Wilmot grew tired of life after poor Aunt Margaret's untimely death, and that was the reason of his going to California, where he died. It was *you* who were responsible for Aunt Margaret's death, if any one was, Cousin Gertrude. Old Jane Selby has told me how jealous you were of Aunt Margaret, and how you tried to catch Mr. Wilmot, and how he would have nothing to say to you," went on the girl, carried away by the heat of her emotions. "Old Jane was Aunt Margaret's nurse when she died, and she told me how careless you were whether she died or not, never even going near the sick room once during her illness."

If Miss Chantrey's face was livid and sardonic in expression before, it was now ashy pale, and there was a vindictive gleam in her little black eyes, as she listened to the impassioned tirade of her cousin, which boded no good to that young lady if it ever was in her power to do her an ill turn.

"Come, come, ladies!" said Haldane; "let by-gones be by-gones. I'm ashamed of you, Jennie! Mr. Espy, I think we had better select the blue room for your exhibition. It will be out of the way, and won't interfere so much with existing domestic arrangements. You'll help him, won't you, Robert?" he added, turning to me as he went out.

I accompanied Mr. Espy to the room in question, whither the boxes had preceded us, and stood open on the floor ready to be unpacked. The room was lofty and spacious, even for the Elizabethan period, to which that part of the castle belonged. It plainly showed the marks of disuse, the high-backed chairs, settees, tables, escritoires, and book-cases, all of antique pattern, having evidently made the acquaintance of the house-maid's duster only shortly before our arrival. Three mullioned windows opened on the lawn—it was on the second story—and there was a large antique four-poster bed in one corner on the side nearest the fire.

"Just the place!" murmured Mr. Espy approvingly, as he glanced at the surroundings. "Stop!" he added, addressing the servant, who was just about to set light to the fire. "That would spoil everything," he explained, turning to me. "Temperature, you will remember, is the one necessary factor in securing our results. Heat is the one and only element which causes the atoms of these walls and articles of furniture to change their collocation and to disgorge the electrical equivalent of the light-waves which impinged upon them in the past. That heat must not be applied till we are ready to begin."

We then began the work of preparation. A pedestal about four feet high, the top of which Mr. Espy said was insulated, and in the interior of which was a battery, was placed in the centre of the apartment. On this was set the polished globular mirror, five feet in diameter, and around this again was set the diaphanous elastic envelope, studded with the radiating rods. This took up a space some twelve feet in diameter, but as the area of the chamber was about double that, there was still room for thirty or forty persons to stand comfortably around—a number greater than that of the entire company at the castle.

About nine o'clock in the evening, when the gentlemen had joined the ladies in the drawing-room, our host made a brief

address, explaining the nature of the surprise in store for them, and ending by inviting them to accompany him upstairs to witness the mysterious exhibition. As the company filed into the room, Mr. Espy ranged them round the walls and proceeded to light the fire, which, independently of its scientific value, was also a physical necessity, as the night was bitterly cold. This done, he placed a metal screen, which he had prepared for the purpose, before the fire, excluding as much as possible the light from the blazing coals, remarking that artificial light was detrimental to the success of the exhibition. The few rays that struggled round the edges of the screen only made the darkness visible. None of the guests could distinguish the features of his nearest neighbor.

All was silent, even whispering having been, at Mr. Espy's request, forbidden. Gradually the chill began to disappear and something like warmth to pervade the air, and at the same time a faint, bluish, phosphorescent light seemed to emanate from the central globe. In a minute after, its outline became defined, and then, as the room became warmer, the light from the globe became clearer, but more tremulous, changing in rapid gradations from gray to violet, from violet to pink, from pink to orange, and finally from orange to clear white. It reminded me exactly of dawn breaking, on a clear morning, in the east. But all this time it was not a clear white surface which the polished globe presented to our gaze. Just in proportion as its surface became bright, did the scene depicted upon it become more clear and vivid. It was an exact representation of the room in which we stood, and, had it been reflected from the globe by outside light, it could not, in some respects, have been mirrored more faithfully.

But there was no outside light to produce such a reflection. The light evidently proceeded from the globe, and by it we could now easily distinguish the faces and figures of the assembled company. There was another circumstance in the picture which at once precluded the idea of its being a reflection from the outside; had it been so, our own figures would have formed a prominent feature of the foreground, but they did not appear. Neither was the position of the different articles of furniture precisely the same as that which they now occupied. They were, indeed, all there. The mullioned windows, the book-cases, the bed, all the fixtures were just as we saw them then. But there was no sign of life. No human figure lent interest to the silent surroundings.

But while we gazed, the door, as seen upon the globe, opened, and a woman, evidently a servant, entered with a broom, backward. Swiftly and noiselessly this figure went through the motions of dusting furniture. Never did house-maid work with one-hundredth part the celerity as did this phantom then. In a few seconds she was gone, again moving backward through the door.

Mr. Espy now explained, in a low voice, that the scenes were reproduced in backward sequence, and that consequently the figures must appear to do backward all that they had done in the past.

Again did that and other figures appear and retire at intervals, all acting similarly in the matter of retrogression. The spectators became spell-bound. It seemed as if time were forgotten in the absorption with which they viewed the passing spectacle. It seemed also as if every one there nursed an indefinite expectation of something about to happen, they knew not what.

At length, a bevy of servants entered and busied themselves about the bed. They were followed swiftly by two men who entered backward, bearing a coffin, which they set beside the bed. From it they lifted the corpse of a young lady, which they proceeded to set upon the bed. Then they left the room, backwards, and were succeeded by some men and women, who knelt beside the bed. Presently the corpse of the young lady opened its eyes. There was now a table beside the bed and on the table some medicine-phials and glasses. Next, a young lady entered backwards and backed up to the bed.

"Gertrude Chantrey, by God!" was the suppressed exclamation I heard issue from the lips of an old gentleman standing by my side. "Gertrude Chantrey, as I knew her forty years ago when her cousin Margaret died!"

This young lady swiftly and noiselessly changed some medicine-phials upon the table.

Just then I thought I heard a faint sound, as of a stifled groan, proceeding from an obscure quarter of the room, but so intent was every one upon what was transpiring, that it failed to attract any notice. Countless other scenes were depicted upon the spherical mirror, but so swiftly and in such incongruous order that the mind failed to grasp their relevancy, as there was no sequence, their sequence itself being inverted, and cause, so to speak, following effect.

The last scene that I remember was the figure of a beautiful young lady seated at one of the mullioned windows. A young gentleman entered and approached her backward, fell on his knees before her, rose up, and acted generally as lovers do.

"My God!" whispered heavily the same old gentleman; "Hugh Wilmot and Margaret Haldane to the life! Just as they were forty years ago."

How long this strange exhibition might have lasted I know not. Every one, as I have said, seemed spell-bound by the extraordinary scenes there witnessed. Suddenly the deep tones of the tower clock struck twelve. Was it possible, I asked myself, that we had been there three hours? We had entered the apartment at nine; but a few minutes seemed to have passed; now it was twelve!

The thought seemed to recall the company to itself. Another incident likewise helped to do so. From a settee, in the embrasure of a window, the figure of a female slipped noiselessly forward and fell prone upon the floor. I instantly recollected that this was the quarter from which had proceeded the low moan I had thought I heard some time before. A general rush was made to the spot, and tender arms raised the flaccid figure of the lady. I pressed forward among the number. It was the figure of Miss Gertrude Chantrey. The features were rigid and the body was fast assuming the chill of death.

ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1890.

PARISIAN SOCIETY.

The People who make up the Grande Monde of Lutetia.

One of the most charming women now adorning Parisian society is the Comtesse de Montgomery. Of this family the origin is but little known. Some forty-five or fifty years ago, one of the most attractive and fascinating actresses on the French stage was Doche, who created, at the old Vaudeville in the Place de la Bourse (long ago pulled down), the title-rôle in "La Dame aux Camélias," which, as "La Traviata," and with Verdi's magic music, has many times made the *tour du monde*, Fechter playing Armand Duval to the Marguerite Gautier of Doche. When this last-named lady went to London she at once created a furore, for she was then in the plenitude of her beauty, and all the smartest men in town forthwith fell in love with her, including Prince Louis Napoleon and the late Lord Pembroke. Lord Pembroke was at that time famous for his generosity and extravagance, and cared nothing what sum it might cost him to pay for a smile which he coveted, so he met with but few refusals when he went out sighing with his check-book in his hand. He was reckless and rich and, besides, a little bit cracked, but, as he was good-looking, agreeable, and generous, the fair sex found it not inconvenient to extend a charitable indulgence to the vagaries of the Lord of Wilton. Prince Louis Napoleon was a very different man in every way. With even a more pronounced liking for women's society, he was not only restrained from indulging in too many caprices by want of ready money—for his income of seventy thousand francs per annum went, for the most part, two-thirds to the gaming-table, and the rest to the keeping alive of divers needy adventurers and conspirators who were always hovering about him; moreover, he was so engaged in hatching plots that he found but little time to listen to the voice of love.

Doche, however, quite took him by assault, and her beauty, wit, and charms at once subjugated this Cæsar in embryo, who one day sent word to her that he could not marry her because his name was not his own but belonged to a dynasty and to a cause, and that his means were limited, at the same time assuring her that if she would but look kindly on him he would promise never to marry, share with her all he had at present, and, in the event of his ever becoming Emperor of the French, provide for her as the idol of such a potentate should be provided for. Now Doche, although she was an amusing and very beautiful woman, was a very silly and devil-may-care lady. At Homburg, in the old days, she has been known to lose every penny she possessed, go out and pawn her jewels, and come back and lose that money also, and then burst into tears and threaten suicide in such a charming way that all the tender-hearted males for miles around grouped together to subscribe to keep so lovely a morsel of humanity still in this vale of tears and *trente-et-quarante*. Doche, then, being a very silly woman, replied to the prince that, although she was highly flattered by his offer, he must give her time for reflection, inasmuch as she had just received a most splendid and generous proposition from Lord Pembroke, which, as she had her bread to earn (these were her very words!) and her future to provide for, she could hardly afford to reject without due consideration. Louis Napoleon was, of course, very angry at the woman's stupidity and endeavored that evening, but in vain, to pick a quarrel with Lord Pembroke, who simply laughed at him and then won seven hundred pounds from him at cards. In this way did the silly Doche (who used to tell the story with tears in her beautiful eyes) lose one of the most marvellous chances that ever offered itself to a disciple of Phryne.

But she lost Lord Pembroke, too, by her stupidity, and it was this last mistake of hers which created the Montgomery family. Knowing well the noble lord's reckless disposition, impatience of denial, and splendid but mad generosity, she thought it would be immensely clever for her to play fast and loose with him in hopes that, at length exasperated, he might perchance even surpass himself in Quixotic folly and lay at her feet half of El Dorado. But Pembroke was not used to being trifled with, though he was quite ready to pay handsomely for his caprices. So, one morning, he thus explained the situation to a friend: "I have invited Doche to have supper with me at Richmond to-night. I have invited her over and over again; she has always promised and never kept her word. I am tired of it. I have named eleven. If she is punctual, my servant will have ten thousand pounds to give her, but every five minutes after half-past eleven, he will deduct a thousand pounds."

She never came at all! The following morning, his lordship sent for the managing-clerk of one of the leading jewelers of Bond Street and instructed him to go at once to the residence (if he could find out where it was) of a certain ballet-dancer named Schaeffer, who, although ugly, stupid, and badly made, had caused some sensation a few weeks before in a ballet at the opera by reason of her grace and agility, and offer her in his, Pembroke's, name jewels to the amount of twenty-five thousand pounds. The poor tradesman had considerable difficulty in discovering the address of the *ballerina* in question, but he eventually found her in a fourth-floor bedroom in Leicester Square engaged in washing her silk stockings. The delight of Mlle. Schaeffer may as easily be imagined as the dismay of Mlle. Doche when she discovered all that she had lost by her silly and imprudent perverseness. It was too late to mend matters, however, and although Doche wrote letter after letter to the Lord of Wilton, they were all returned to her unanswered. This intrigue with Schaeffer, which Lord Pembroke began merely in a moment of pique and wounded pride, ripened into a lasting attachment, and his lordship not only gave her immense sums during his life-time, but provided for the children she presented him with and left her all he could in his will. The offspring assumed the name of Pembroke, second title Montgomery, and thus it is that we have the noble family of De Montgomery in France to-day.

A charming salon, which was formerly the rendezvous of all that was best in Paris, but which now is open only to a select few, is that of the Comtesse de Lévis Mirepoix. The

ducal house of Lévis is of great antiquity; many, indeed, asserting that it is descended from no less an individual than Levi, one of Jacob's twelve sons, and a picture now in the possession of the family represents the Virgin meeting a Duc de Lévis, and a scroll, proceeding from her mouth, makes her say: "Couvrez-vous, mon cousin!" But if the Lévis owe their blue blood to their Hebrew origin, they still more surely owe their wealth to the Jews, for it is due to the fact of a Duc de Lévis marrying one of the daughters (the other two married, the eldest the Marshal Duc de Broglie, and the second the Duc de Choiseul) of the famous Samuel Bernard that the financial splendor of this ducal house was assured. The Comtesse de Lévis Mirepoix is thoroughly worthy of representing the great traditions of this noble house. She was born a Crillon, and it is not difficult to recognize, even under her white hair, traces in her amiable countenance of the great beauty for which she was famous. Now her salon is only open to a select few, but formerly, before the death of her husband, she received once a week during Lent, and the oval salon in the Rue de Lille was, with that of the Duchesse d'Araray, one of the most brilliant social centres to be found in the Faubourg St. Germain. The late Comte de Lévis Mirepoix was the son of Mlle. de Montmorency, and thus cousin-german of all the most noble families of France—the La Rochefoucauld-Doudeauvilles, the Talleyrand-Périgords, the Gontaut-Birons, the Biencours, and the Brissacs—the result being that the receptions formerly given by Mme. de Lévis Mirepoix were, although numerously attended, as a matter of fact, for the most part, merely family gatherings, almost every one present being the cousin of somebody else; and it was this peculiarity (typical of the Faubourg St. Germain) which gave to that talented young novelist, Guy de Maupassant, the idea of his *chef-d'œuvre*, "Une Vie."

Baron de Talleyrand-Périgord, Prince de Sagan, one of the most prominent figures in the *grand monde* of Paris to-day, is the very type of the French dandy, and his famous ancestor, the great Talleyrand, must be pleased to recognize that the traditional wit and *savoir-vivre* of the family has found so worthy a representative as the gentleman who married Mlle. Jeanne Seillière. Sagan, although he is nearing sixty, is still one of the youngest men in Paris, and his handsome, refined, clever face and his snow-white curls are to be seen in most places where pleasure is the goddess worshipped—from the race-course at Auteuil and the rooms of the Petit Club to his own dinner-table and the boudoir of the reigning *femme galante*. The evergreen prince is the high priest of fashion, the Parisian Alcibiades, the inventor of the Auteuil steplechases, the oracle of the Rue Royale Club; but none the less does he remain a trusty and devoted friend (to men especially, for Sagan looks upon women merely as playthings, and does not quite take them *au sérieux*), and a man who, under a cover of artificiality, can give proof, from time to time, of a simple, spontaneous, frank good-heartedness, which surprises those who have looked upon him as being merely a sybarite and voluptuary. His artificiality is, indeed, to a great extent assumed, and nothing amuses the prince more than when he sees some simple-minded individual accept some of his witty aphorisms and cynical epigrams as gospel truths and ethical precepts of the highest value.

He and his wife are the best friends in the world, but nothing would induce them to live together again. He speaks of her as "une excellente personne—tant soit peu vulgaire"; and she describes him as being "l'égoïsme en personne"; but for all this the death of either would be the cause of much sincere regret to the survivor. When his father dies, Sagan will become the Duc de Valençay and inherit a splendid fortune and fine property, so that it is likely that once again, before the tomb closes over his silver curls, silk-ribboned eye-glass, and everlasting lilac kid-gloves, Baron de Talleyrand-Périgord will be enabled to indulge in his passion for lavish expenditure for which in his golden days he was so famous.

The Marquis de Gallifet, the hero of Puebla, is one of the most delightful personalities to be met with in Paris society. His indomitable *entrain*, "go," and dash are simply marvellous, and led the Prince of Wales once to make the remark that he suspected the gallant marquis to be made of finely tempered steel and not flesh and blood, a jest which has a certain leaven of truth in it, for De Gallifet's entire abdomen is made of silver, the fabrication of this extraordinary apparatus having been necessitated by a terrible wound which he received years ago in South America. Whether or not this silver stomach is the cause of the gallant general's marvellous faculty of resisting the wear and tear of years, the Marquis de Gallifet, Prince de Martignes, although he is a grandfather, is one of the youngest men in Paris and always to be found in the foremost rank of all parties formed for the pursuit of pleasure. His father, on one memorable occasion, boxed his ears for making love to a married woman when he was only fourteen years of age; but this chastisement had little effect in curing the marquis of his love for forbidden fruit, and his gallantries, which now extend over nearly half a century, would make a Richelieu or a De Lauzun pale with envy.

Prince Louis Murat is the youngest grandson of the great marshal of that name, the *beau sabreur*, the ill-fated king of Naples, and brother-in-law of the *Petit Caporal*. Louis Murat is a curious *mélange*, half American and half French (for his father was a farmer in New Jersey, whom his cousin, Napoleon the Third, delighted to honor when he assumed the imperial purple), and this peculiar combination of Yankee and Gaul has produced in Louis Murat and his brothers, Joachim and Achille, and his sister, Anna, Duchesse de Mouchy, most original individualities. Of great personal beauty and universally popular, Louis Murat is a man whose Yankee shrewdness, veiled by his French polish and refinement, displays itself at times in the most amusing fashion. The hypercritical might indeed allege that Louis Murat is perhaps wanting a little in refinement, and that his enjoyment of life expresses itself sometimes in rather too boisterous a fashion; but then, in this age of *ennui*, when many men are *blasé* and dream-deserted before they reach the age of thirty, it is delightful to find a gentleman who enjoys as hearty an appetite for the good things of this world at forty as he had when he began life.

PICCADILLY.

BROWNING'S LAST VERSES.

[The following poems are from the volume which appeared in London the day that Browning died. It is entitled "Asolando: Fancies and Facts,"]

Arcades Ambo.

- A. You blame me that I ran away?
Why, sir, the enemy advanced;
Balls flew about, and—who can say
But one, if I stood firm, had glanced
In my direction? Cowardice?
I only know we don't live twice,
Therefore—shun death, is my advice.
- B. Shun death at all risks? Well, at some!
True, I myself, sir, though I scold
The cowardly, by no means come
Under reproach as overbold—
I, who would have no end of brutes
Cut up alive to guess what suits
My case and saves my toe from shoots.

Summum Bonum.

All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of one bee:
All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the heart of one gem:
In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine of the sea:
Breath and bloom, shade and shine—wonder, wealth, and—how
far above them—
Truth, that's brighter than gem,
Trust, that's purer than pearl—
Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe—all were for me
In the kiss of one girl.

Muckle-Mouth Meg.

Frowned the Laird on the Lord: "So, red-handed I catch thee?
Death-doomed by our law of the border!
We've a gallows outside and a chiel to dispatch thee:
Who trespasses—hangs; all's in order."

He met frown with smile, did the young English gallant:
Then the Laird's dame: "Nay, Husband, I beg!
He's comely: be merciful! Grace for the callant—
If he marries our Muckle-mouth Meg!"

"No mile-wide mouthed monster of yours do I marry;
Grant rather the gallows!" laughed he.
"Foul fare kith and kin of you—why do you tarry?"
"To tame your fierce temper!" quoth she.

"Shove him quick in the Hole, shut him fast for a week;
Cold, darkness, and hunger work wonders;
Who lion-like roars now, mouse-fashion will squeak,
And 'it rains' soon succeed to 'it thunders.'"

A week did he bide in the cold and the dark—
Not hunger; for duly at morning
In flitted a lass, and a voice like a lark
Chirped, "Muckle-mouth Meg still ye're scorning?"

"Go hang, but here's parrich to hearten ye first!"
"Did Meg's muckle-mouth bide within some
Such music as yours, mine should match it or burst.
No frog-jaws! To sell folk, my Winsome!"

Soon week came to end, and, from Hole's door set wide,
Out he marched, and there waited the lassie:
"Yon gallows, or Muckle-mouth Meg for a bride!
Consider! Sky's blue and turf's grassy;

"Life's sweet; shall I say ye wed Muckle-mouth Meg!"
"Not I," quoth the stout heart: "too eerie
The mouth that can swallow a bubblyjock's egg;
Shall I let it maul mine? Never, Dearie!"

"Not Muckle-mouth Meg. Wow, the obstinate man!
Perhaps he would rather wed me!"
"Aye, would he—with just for a dowry you can!"
"I'm Muckle-mouth Meg," chirruped she.

"Then so—so—so—so—" as he kissed her apace—
"Will I widen thee out till thou turnest
From Margaret Minnikin-mou, by God's grace,
To Muckle-mouth Meg in good earnest!"

Heroes.

[The following poem does not appear in any of Mr. Browning's published works, but is to be found in a collection of "Ballad Songs" privately printed.]
Thronging through the cloud-rift, whose are they, the faces
Faint revealed, yet sure divined, the famous ones of old?
"What," they smile, "our names, our deeds, so soon erases
Thine upon his tablet where Life's glory lies enrolled."

"Was it for mere fool's play, make-believe, and mummery,
So we battled it like men, not, boy-like, sulked and whined?
Each of us heard clang God's 'Come!' and each was coming;
Soldiers all, to forward-face, not sneaks to lag behind!"

"How of the field's fortune? That concerned our Leader!
Led, we struck our stroke, nor cared for doings left and right;
Each as on his sole head, failer or succeder,
Lay the blame or lit the praise: no care for cowards: fight."

Then the cloud-rift broadens, spanning earth that's under,
Wide our world displays its worth, man's strife and strife's
success;
All the good and beauty, wonder crowning wonder,
Till my heart and soul applaud perfection, nothing less.

The Pope and the Net.

What, he on whom our voices unanimously ran,
Made Pope at our last Conclave? Full low his life began:
His father earned the daily bread as just a fisherman.

So much the more his boy mind's book, gives proof of mother-wit,
Becomes first Deacon, and then Priest, then Bishop: so him sit
No less than Cardinal crelong, while no one cries "Unfit!"

But some one smirks, some other smiles, jogs elbow and nods head:
Each winks at each: "I-faith, a rise! St. Peter's net, instead
Of sword and keys, is come in vogue!" You think he blushes red?

Not he, of humble holy heart! "Unworthy me!" he sighs:
"From fisher's drudge to Church's Prince—it is indeed a rise:
So, here's my way to keep the fact forever in my eyes!"

And straightway in his palace-hall, where commonly is set
Some coat-of-arms, some portraiture ancestral, lo, we met
His mean estate's reminder in his fisher-father's net!

Which step conciliates all and some, stops cavil in a trice:
"The humble holy heart that holds of new-born pride no spice!
He's just the saint to choose for Pope!" Each adds: "Tis my
advice."

So, Pope he was: and when we flocked—its sacred slipper on—
To kiss his foot, we lifted eyes, alack the thing was gone—
That guarantee of lowliness—eclipsed that star which shone!

Each eyed his fellow, one and all kept silence. I cried: "Pish!
I'll make me spokesman for the rest, express the common wish.
Why, Father, is the net removed?" "Son, it hath caught the fish."

VANITY FAIR.

How many women, and for that matter, how many men (asks Henry Loomis Nelson in *Harper's Weekly*), have longed to know what goes on behind the broad front doors of clubs? What is the use of clubs? Why do men organize them and go to them? When they get there what do they do? Why do the men in the windows wear their hats? These wonderings are various and infinite. Many womanly women and men are convinced that clubs have been the ruin of certain of their acquaintances, and they are no doubt right. There are some people who are born to be ruined, and some to whom nature has denied innocent comradeship. Clubs have not bred conviviality nor engendered gambling, although these grave charges are laid at their big front doors. The toper and the gamester take advantage of clubs, just as they always have and always will avail themselves of any assemblage of fellow-creatures who may be induced to receive them. Vice of all kinds is quite as opposed to club law and club sentiment as it is to police regulations and to the feeling and opinion of society. He who shuts the door of a club to a young man in order that he may not be beguiled by the glittering sins of intemperance and gambling, is as wise as Richard Feverill's father, who undertook to create a perfectly pure young man by guarding him from all acquaintance with attractive women. If a young club-man goes to the bad, it is not fair to infer that he would have been better but for the club.

The clubs of our own time do not meet in taverns; the best, and therefore the most obnoxious, of them dwell in palaces of their own. It can not be denied that, in theory at least, the club was an improvement on the coffee-house of Anne's reign. There was a commendable exhibition of self-respect in withdrawing from the common presence to the privacy of the tavern parlor. The example was contagious, and the precedent established has broadened, until the modern club, with its permanent abode, has taken the place of the stated meeting in the best room of the coffee-house. Johnson's definition of a club, "An assembly of good fellows meeting under certain conditions," is outgrown. The good fellows may be found in the modern institution, but good-fellowship is not the basis of membership. It would be difficult to define what is the fundamental requirement of the modern club. Any man may be elected to any club who, being otherwise eligible, occupies a respectable position in society, and is not personally offensive to a sufficient number of the electoral body to bring out the few blackballs that are necessary to his rejection. Very disagreeable people succeed in securing election to clubs in these days.

There are prigs, upstarts, vulgar pushers for social notoriety, bores, shady characters of all kinds, to be found in nearly every large club. They get in because they appear well on first sight, or because they belong to a family already represented in the list, or because they are diligently pushed by influential friends whose judgment is blinded by affection or interest. It is very seldom that a rich man can secure an election to a club of the first rank on account of his wealth, and a man with a social taint upon him is almost certain to be blackballed. The positively disagreeable persons who find their way into the circle, however, are easily prevented from becoming great nuisances, because it is a simple matter to send one of them to Coventry—to make the reading and the lounging-rooms, even when they are filled with talkative life, dreary deserts of cold shoulders; to turn the breakfast and dining-rooms into breeders of indigestion by carefully calculated glances and manners that will compel the detested person's heart to sink into his stomach, to the disarrangement of the healthful absorption of the food that sinks with it. The unsocial person is occasionally harder to deal with. This man gets an election because nothing is known against him. For his part, he joins because it is the thing. He wants the convenience of the restaurant or the privileges of the reading-room. Sometimes his vanity is tickled by writing letters on the club stationery. Generally he goes about the building in gloomy silence, and he becomes a bore only when, under the stimulus of the atmosphere of the place, he captures an isolated victim and offers to "ring the bell." It must be explained that "ringing the bell" is club vernacular for ordering that refreshment with which the male creature solaces the weary and often empty hours between meals, and which corresponds to the sweets with which the gentle enemies of clubs lighten the labors of shopping. If the isolated victim is weak enough to accept the seductive hospitality, he will suffer such acute and silent misery for a quarter of an hour as he has rarely known.

There is a theoretical something in common between the members of any club; it may be social position, community of pursuits or interests, identity of political belief, or any tie which gives to those who are held by it a desire to see much of one another. Clubs have started from beginnings as various and different as the attributes, ambitions, desires, and habits of human nature. There are clubs of society, of sport, of the military service, of the learned professions, of religious creeds, of college-bred men, of politics, of trade. In outward semblance and in inward form they are all very much alike. They have the same kind of apartments; they drink the same kind of wines, or wines which pretend to be the same, their soundness depending wholly upon the astuteness of the respective house committees; they eat dishes that at least bear the same names, although that may be their closest relationship. The same papers, barring special publications, are to be found on the reading-room tables. As to the libraries, the least said about the average club-library perhaps the better. With a few notable exceptions, the club-library is a meagre collection of gift books so incongruous and unlike, that they must be in a constant state of surprise at finding themselves in one another's society. The truth is that the essential difference between clubs lies in their conversation, in the topics which appeal most strongly to their habits, and in

the manner in which the talk is conducted. In some clubs you will hear the street discussed with that buoyant recklessness which indicates that, for the moment, the brisk opinion is not to be backed; in others, you will hear of the race-track, or the latest scandal of the town served wearily for the jaded palates of those who consume spice as ordinary humanity eats bread; in others, an occasional spark of real interest is added to the atmosphere, and this happens just about as often as in the larger society, of which the club is a small selected part.

The world over, a club is a place where men meet men for pleasure and not for business. In modern times, refinements have been introduced that were unknown in the early history of these social institutions—for institutions they are, as firmly fixed in the body-social as are other institutions in the body-politic. A club is now the home of each one of its members, where one may have all the privacy and retirement of his own apartment consistent with the privileges of his fellow-members. There are conditions, of course, and there must be some surrender of individual tastes and desires. The right to invite visitors is restricted, and generally residents of the city in which the club is situated are forbidden admission to the building unless they are guests at a dinner given in a private dining-room. To most resident members a club is a lounging-place; to a non-resident member it is fraught with comforts and convenience. He is sure of congenial company, of a good dinner, of meeting the men of the town whom he knows, and of a place to conduct his correspondence very much superior to that offered by his hotel.

There are evils as well as good in clubs. It is true that sometimes men drink too much in them. The same men often drink too much at home, and if they did not indulge in excesses at the club, have we not the bar-room always with us? It is true that some men gamble too much at their clubs. The same men gamble as much, even more, at their own apartments. It has been admitted that some ruins have been made at clubs. It is denied that there are many, or that they would not have been made if the victims had never seen the inside of a club-house. There are fools and weaklings everywhere, and there is many a man who is easily tempted to excesses when his vanity is aroused by an accidental social misplacement. If a good little Timothy Teetotal, by some strange freak of club government, should find himself in the fellowship of Lord Dipsophile, he would very soon come to consider drunkenness his crowning glory. All that is vicious in clubs goes on against this public opinion, which favors sobriety, decency, gentlemanhood; and, as a rule, a club-parlor, or drawing-room, or lounging-room, or whatever name it may take, is to a man the pleasantest place outside of his own home.

"But why does he not stop in his own home? Why does he desert his wife and his fireside for that wretched club?" This is the outcry which is raised by the fair enemies of the institutions of which we sing. In the first place, my dear mesdames, the wife who is confident of her husband and of her influence over him will not utter this outcry. It is useless to say to you who do, that no man wants to stop at home all the time, and that the woman who loves him sympathizes with his longings for an occasional change. You can not understand the deep and beautiful philosophy of this feeling, which appeals to every healthy human soul. When a woman makes this complaint, however, it is generally well to be silent. That is an excellent rule to observe in many relations of life—that of *de gustibus*. When a man makes his club his home, and his house his lodging-place, and rarely sees his family except when he bids them good-bye in the morning, occasionally at dinner, and when he yawns in their presence over the Sunday newspapers, there is something wrong in that domestic circle. It may be that the husband is a brute, or that the marriage was one of *convenience*, or that the wife resembles Mrs. R. Wilfer in being a "little wearing." Whatever may be the cause, it is discreditable to some or to all of the family, and a sensible man will refuse to discuss it with the feminine head of the household. Of one thing our cavillers may be sure, there is no considerable body of men at his club urging a husband and a father to abandon his fireside and to devote his time to them. There are so many of them that one good fellow more or less will not be missed. It is either the fault of the good fellow himself, or else it is the misfortune of some one at home who is not a good fellow.

Be sure also of this, that whatever reforms are needed by clubs, they are needed also by the society which makes and maintains them. Reform would doubtless be well for every human institution. Clubs are organized by the same men who advance the commerce of the world, and who build its churches, schools, and hospitals; and clubs are less and not so good as the others only because they do not exist for the satisfaction of the finer and nobler side of men, but for their pleasure. They are not to be counted in the consideration of the world's serious moods and achievements. They are simply places of rest; and, as we are constantly informed by the preachers, wherever men seek rest and recreation, the devil is busiest. Clubs are the expression of a human need. Not only will they exist after our own time shall glide into the crude and obscure past, but they were before modern civilization was thought of. It was a drunken spree at a club which resulted in the accusation of Alcibiades, his loss to Athens in the Syracusan War, and his flight to Sparta. And old as they are, they have never in themselves been worth the powder of the true reformer. The philosopher recognizes their charms and delights, and uses them for his own good, as he uses the gifts of Providence, wisely and temperately. If he is at war with their frailties, he wages it against a bigger, more comprehensive, and vastly more important foe than they. He does not mistake a form of expression, a breath, a laugh, for the mighty and varied life of the great world. To a truly great mind bent upon making the world better, a war upon social vices directed against clubs would seem very much like an undertaking to demolish false doctrine by attacking the rhetoric

of its statement. Clubs are bad enough, and so are men, but both are better than they might be or have been. As men grow in grace and civilization, their institutions improve, and the places wherein they take their ease, whether they be inns or clubs, form no exception to the rule.

The talk of Brussels, and also of Paris, has been the very remarkable dinner given by the Prince Joseph de Chimay, who is King Leopold's minister of foreign affairs, to the anti-slavery commission and the members of the diplomatic corps of the different nations stationed at the Belgian capital. The Prince de Chimay is a most devout Catholic, and is rigorous in his observances of the rules and regulations of the church. Unfortunately the only day on which the banquet could be given was Friday. The serving of meat to his Catholic guests on that day would have been an act of discourtesy and disregard of their prejudices of which the prince was incapable. At the same time, it was equally difficult to ask his non-Catholic guests to content themselves with a fast-dinner. The difficulty was at length solved in a singularly happy manner. Two tables were set in the great dining-room. Both were loaded with massive plate and decked with a profusion of flowers. At one a *dinner maigre* alone was served, the menu comprising eight courses, in which the finny tribe were the principal ingredients of many a delicate dish. At this table sat the host and his Catholic guests. The other table was reserved for the "heretics," to whom a magnificent repast was given, at which meats of all kinds were on the elaborate menu. At dessert the guests were asked to rise and adjourn to another room, where Catholics and Protestants united at one large table, on which were served the ices, entremets, and dessert. Prince Joseph has recently married a second time, a Mlle. Barandiaran, the daughter of the Mexican Envoy at Brussels, and a niece of the Count de Villeneuve. His brother, Prince Paul, espoused last July Mlle. Werle, the daughter of Count Werle, the champagne manufacturer, who owes his title to the happy faculty of having been able to tickle an imperial palate. It is a curious coincidence that the oldest and noblest houses of France, when they have sought a union with families in "trade," have invariably chosen the scions of champagne-growers in preference to the followers of any other industry. The sparkle and fizz of the volatile wine seems to add a certain *eclat* to these marriages, which even the best-known brands of claret and burgundy fail to accomplish. Fifty years ago the Count de Cheveigne, the grandfather of the Duchess of Uzès, whose daughter has just married the Duke de Luynes, married Mlle. Cluquet, the daughter of the world-famous widow. M. Chandon de Brialles took for a wife a Clermont-Tonnerre; Count d'Andigné married Mlle. Chandon; and the Prince de Polignac, Mlle. Pommery. The marriageable daughters of the champagne-growers seem to go off as easily as the pop of the wine to which they owe their large dowries.

A champagne marriage, however, is a mere incident in the history of the Chimays, where a misalliance crops out in almost every branch of the family tree. The most remarkable of these was the union of Prince Alphonse de Chimay to the granddaughter and heiress of a man well known in Paris, in the days of Eugene Sue, as "Michael the Assassin." A number of years ago a very wealthy miser was murdered in Paris under the most mysterious circumstances, and his valet and cook were arrested on suspicion. There was no proof whatever of their guilt, except the fact that the cook had listened to words of love from her master, and had become, under a will, his sole heir. In the minds of the people, however, there was a suspicion that the valet had committed the murder in order to marry the cook, who he knew would have a great fortune. The couple were discharged after a trial, and immediately confirmed the popular suspicion of foul play by getting married. To this worthy pair was born a son, who was reared and educated with the greatest care. In time, he fell heir to the enormous fortune of his parents. He built a magnificent residence in the Rue du Bac, near the Bon Marché, and had a large retinue of servants. In the midst of all this splendor, the son of "Michael the Assassin" lived solitary and miserable. He had not a single friend but his washerwoman. Branded by the suspicions fastened on his father, the young millionaire was shunned by every one. To him even the doors of the most *bourgeois* society were closed, and his great wealth never proved an open sesame to the home of the humblest Parisian. He consoled himself by devoting his attention to his stables and to his stud of blooded horses. He had the grandest turnouts in Paris. Each time he drove out, the "young assassin," as he was known on the boulevards, astonished the frequenters of the Bois by some new and unique equipage. Now it would be an English drag, quite a novelty in those days of the empire; now a victoria, lined in rose satin and drawn by six white horses; a private hansom, resplendent with armorial bearings; or a massive Louis the Fourteenth coach, varnished and gilded, with the servants gorgeous in gold lace, plush, and powder. He reached the very climax of his glory when he startled Paris by bringing out a carriage made exactly like that in which Napoleon the Third and Eugénie took their airing. He had the same number of postillions, his horses were of the same color, and his coachman and footman wore a similar livery to that of the imperial household. A story is told in connection with this venture of the "young assassin." Under the Arc de Triomphe, the gateway from which radiate the grand avenues of Paris, the emperor alone was entitled to drive. On a bright spring evening, however, when the avenues were crowded with vehicles and everybody was driving to the Bois, the "assassin" drove under the arch unchecked, his carriage being taken for that of the emperor. At last, one day he was missing from the Bois, and Paris read that he had died in his splendid palace, his last moments soothed by the humble and sole companion of his wretched life. On her he bestowed, on that death-bed, by a tardy act of justice, the right to bear his name. Their only child, a daughter, was thus legitimized and made his heir. This lady became in time the wife of Prince Alphonse de Chimay, and helped by her own fortune to restore the ancient glories of a house fast fallen into decay.

THE CASTE OF VERE DE VERE.

"Cockaigne" on the English Gentleman in Fiction.

Among people who lack the experience to enable them to judge properly, there exists a general sort of undefined idea that all English noblemen are alike. They are thought to be cast in one common mold, to possess the same characteristics, to exhibit the same outward appearance, and to conduct themselves in accordance with, and in strict obedience to, one established formula. In short, that they are endowed with neither individuality, personality, nor originality. If you see one, you see all; if you hear of the doings of one, you know the actions of all. I can hardly imagine why such erroneous opinions should ever have been entertained, or how they ever came to be held. It is like every other common error, I suppose, into which a mass of people fall as though by a sort of common consent, horn of ignorance in the first place and fostered by indifference in the second.

Much of the ignorance of which I speak exists among Americans at large. I constantly see it "sticking out" in novels by American authors, which display among their characters English lords and ladies; in newspaper reports and editorials, and in reviews of books. In the novels, the lords are either prigs or cads, the ladies domineering tryants, loud and vulgar (to English eyes) damsels, or polite shop-women. Take Henry James, for example. He is supposed and believed to paint the English aristocrat with a master hand. That is to say, people who do not know anything about the English aristocracy themselves suppose and believe that his people are to the manner born. But are they? The average American book-reviewer thinks so. As for myself, I often wonder where he got his model of Sir Robert Chasmore, and from what part of England his prototype came. The plain fact of the matter is, that Mr. James, and others whose names are household words in the world of fiction, take their models from the English middle classes, of whose ways, manners, and customs they doubtless have an intimate knowledge, and, usurping for the nonce one of the prerogatives of the British crown, proceed to elevate them to the peerage or haronnetage, not by a patent under the great seal, but by generously conferring upon them the title of duke, marquis, earl, viscount, lord, or sir, if they be men; or duchess, marchioness, countess, or lady, if they be women. People who do not know, think these pen-created nobles and haronets are genuine articles. People who do know, quietly smile.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner is another American author who creates noblemen out of raw material, by a stroke of his pen. Take the characters of Sir Robert Chasmore in Mr. Henry James's "Two Countries" (as it originally appeared in *Harper's Magazine*), or "The Modern Warning" (as it has since been published); and Mr. John Lyon in Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's "A Little Journey in the World," and you have two of the people I refer to. It is true that Sir Robert Chasmore is only a knight, but Mr. James makes him a tremendous swell, which a knight seldom if ever is. If knights are very great swells, or have achieved anything to warrant their being thought so, they get a peerage or a haronnetage at least. The dreary, commonplace puisné judges are made knights (and their wives, poor things, "ladies"), but the brilliant lawyers who become the chief-justices and lord chancellors are made peers. But I daresay I am talking Greek to the American-domiciled British exile. To return, therefore, to these two characters of Mr. Henry James and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner. I humbly ask where, out of the middle classes, could you find two such pedantic, priggish, moralizing hores as either Sir Robert Chasmore or Mr. John Lyon, eldest son of an earl?

But it is not only American authors who err in their portraits of the English nobility. Few, very few indeed, of the English novelists themselves are (or were) able to portray a nobleman as he is. It was a common saying that Dickens could not describe a gentleman, which was the reason why he never put one in his novels. Dickens was not a flunky and never affected to know what he did not. His association with the English nobility was of too limited a character to let him try to depict any of them. It has also been said that he found the English nobility and gentry too dull and commonplace for even his brilliant genius to clothe them with a sufficient interest to give them a place in his books. He preferred to write of men and women, not gentlemen and ladies. Thackeray's noblemen and gentlemen are not to be found in real life. He tried to describe them, for, unlike Dickens, Thackeray (master satirist though he was) was at heart a snob. People who know, will tell you how pleased he was to have the acquaintance of a person of title. Miss Braddon's noblemen are all middle-class gentlemen with "duke, marquis, or earl of" prefixed to their names. They pass current with the reading public, so it does not matter. But ask real "lords" or "ladies" what they think of Miss Braddon, and see what they will say. Even Charlotte M. Yonge flounders out to sea far beyond her depth when she gets among the titles. As for "Ouida"—well, there is such a ring of confidence about all she says, and her characters are often so "knowing," that one is apt to forget when reading her books that one never encountered her people where she tells you they exist. Her aristocrats, while profusely professing to be otherwise (the truest sign), are the most arrant snobs. Her dukes are millionaire bankers, and her earls retired brewers, while her titled guardsmen are the moneyed cads of the second-rate cavalry regiments. William Black's knowledge of Scotch scenery and Scotch character of the middle class is his whole stock in trade. It is his strong point because it is genuine. Take him away from it, and what is he? His noblemen are but sorry affairs. Then comes "The Duchess." Her very pseudonym is snobbish. How under the sun can a woman like that write correctly about the nobility? Does she mingle with them, associate with them, know them? If not, her characters which she kindly endows with titles must be purely imaginary in every sense. Disraeli was a good illustration of what I contend. His early books, such as "Henri-

etta Temple" and "The Young Duke," are vulgar in the extreme. Why? Because in his early life he did not know the people to whose society, as the Earl of Beaconsfield, he in his later years had access. He knew what he was writing about in "Endymion." Bulwer-Lytton's nobility, though at times somewhat strained, and consequently thought to be overdone, hears at least the stamp of authenticity. George Lawrence, the author of "Guy Livingstone," by which name he is better known to the readers of his books, had the advantage of good society and had not to depend solely upon his imagination for his titled characters. At the same time, "Guy Livingstone" sails very close to the wind and barely escapes the shoals of vulgarity upon which "Ouida" so helplessly strands "Granville de Vigne," "Erceadoun," "Strathmore," and "Bertie Cecil," in (as always appeared to me) a weak imitation of Lawrence's style.

Quite as much as a lecturer, in a lecture on a scientific subject, must a novelist know what he is talking about. What he says is otherwise misleading and valueless. Unfortunately, the English aristocracy are numerically too weak to make their approval of a novelist or his books of much consequence. The sales which gladden his heart, if they do not make his fortune, are not due to them. Therefore their opinions, having no commercial value, are unheeded. No one writes to please them, or cares a straw for their approval. A hook may team with errors and bristle with mistakes as to the titled characters with which its pages are filled, and yet run into half-a-dozen editions. Look at "Mr. Barnes of New York." Putting quite out of consideration its execrable style and its every literary fault which a hook could well possess, its ignorance of the usages of English society is painful. An average lady's-maid could hardly conduct herself in a more unusual manner than does Enid Anstruther; while only a loud and vulgar cad would chaff his sister about her lover, as does Enid's brother, Gerald. Yet, see the sale the book has had in England and the success the play has been in London as well as in the provinces. It is safe to say, however, that the bulk of the readers and play-goers were as ignorant of English society, and as deficient in literary taste, as the author himself. Otherwise, both hook and play would have been failures in England.

When one comes to think of it, one is not altogether surprised that the world at large, both in and out of England, should hold such false opinions about English high life, when their sole ideas of it come from novelists who know no more about it from actual experience than they do. The pity is that a few members of the aristocracy do not take to novel-writing and give to the reading public a correct view of themselves and their order. People would then see a correct picture of high life. Beside Lord Beaconsfield, Bulwer, and Lawrence, there is but one English novelist whom I can recall whose characters are gentlemen and ladies—the gentlemen and ladies who flourish in actual high life. This is Colonel George J. Whyte-Melville. He moved, lived, and had his being in the best society, and knew what he was writing about. There is a genuine ring about his gentlemen and ladies which tells they are true metal. There is no sham, no pretense about them. They are real. Even the two monosyllabic cavalry officers, Nokes and Stokes, in "Uncle John," who are, apparently, little short of twin dolts, are gentlemen to the backbone. I venture to say that no author but Whyte-Melville could have shown this. I do not think that his novels are very well known or widely read in America. They ought to be. Americans would gain by a perusal of them a knowledge of the English nobility and gentry which they will never find in the pages of Thackeray, Dickens, Trollope, Miss Yonge, Miss Braddon, "Ouida," James Payn, William Black, or the dozens of others, both male and female, who annually flood the London literary world with their "two or three a year" novels.

Small wonder is there, I say, that Americans, who have not the opportunity of judging from their own personal experience, should form a false estimate of the English upper classes. It is true that many English noblemen visit America every year. But the specimens who go are not always good samples of the bulk, and even when they are, their manners and customs abroad are, generally speaking, not what they are at home. To know what they really are, they must be seen in their own dominions, surrounded by their own people, following their own usages, and kept under the iron restraint of their own social laws. Again, Americans are apt to regard many of the Englishmen who take up their residence among them as gentlemen and exponents of the manners of the English gentry, when, as a matter of fact, such men belong only to the middle classes. Because they give themselves the supposed airs and graces of "swells," and affect a tone of superiority to which in their own country they have not the faintest claim, they are yielded a position which is not theirs. They swagger and pose, and stride and stick out their elbows, and draw attention to themselves in a hundred different ways which a true English gentleman would not dream of. An English gentleman is not pushing. Neither is he self-asserting. You never hear his voice above that of others, nor do you find him talking of who he is. The minute an Englishman begins to tell you who he is—who he is related to and who his family connections are—look out for him. In nine cases out of ten, he is a fraud. In every case he is not a gentleman.

English actors in America also have much to do with giving Americans wrong ideas about English society. Few—very few—English actors are gentlemen. They mostly come from the middle, if not the lower, classes. They know little or nothing of the ways of English gentlemen, and consequently can not exhibit a reliable portrait of a gentleman when called upon to act the part of one. Charles Matthews, the great comedian, was a gentleman, and so was Sothorn. Then there is an actor called Sugden, who, being related to Lord St. Leonards, must be classed as a gentleman. There is also another, named Benson, who has just leased the Globe Theatre. Beyond these four, I can not put my finger on one who would be classed as a gentleman in England. They know this themselves quite as well as I do.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, December 29, 1889.

THE MILLIONAIRE.

He is to America what Barbarossa was to Germany, the Cid to Spain.

Not long ago, the New York *Times* gave an account of the fortune of Mr. John D. Rockefeller. It amounted in all (says the *Times*) to one hundred and twenty-nine millions of dollars, as reported by "a gentleman who knows as much of inside Standard Oil affairs as any outsider can possibly know, and who has a closer personal acquaintance with John D. Rockefeller than is usual even among those counted his friends." Commenting on this, the New York *Evening Post* says: This goes far to confirm the rumors, which have been for some time afloat, that John D. Rockefeller was the richest man in America. The amount is probably exaggerated, because the tendency of popular rumor to-day is to magnify all fortunes above two millions of dollars. Great fortunes are, perhaps, the thing about which the American imagination most loves to play; and in order to make the play as exciting as possible, it always makes the fortunes as large as popular credulity will possibly bear.

The millionaire is, in fact, the Paladin of our day. He is to American youth what Roland and Amadis de Gaul were to the youth of the middle ages, and what the wicked Marquis used to be in England in the last century—a powerful, mysterious person, *capable de tout*, whose ways and thoughts, and even manners and customs, are different from those of the rest of the community, and have a fascination of their own, sometimes terrible, but always overpowering. Not long ago, a very rich man was killed in a railroad accident. He was caught in the débris of a broken car, and hurned to death before he could be rescued. The reporter who recorded it could not get over the mystery of such a death. He was bewildered by the inability of the victim to extricate himself by drawing a check. So he headed the accident: "A Millionaire Roasted Alive—All His Millions Could Not Save Him." More recently, three millionaires were together in a carriage in Minnesota, when the horses took fright and ran away. Had there been only one millionaire in the vehicle, the spectacle would have been almost more than the nerves of an ordinary newspaper man could stand. To have three millionaires involved in such a catastrophe was to fill the cup of horror to the brim. So the editor headed the accident: "Three Millionaires in Danger"; a sight so appalling that probably no one who witnessed it would like to gaze on it again.

Some time ago, an editor was describing the wedding of some rich people. After expending all his powers of rhetoric on the bride and groom, and the decorations of the church, and the social distinction of the guests, he reached a carefully prepared climax by exclaiming: "That little group in front of the altar represented at least \$20,000,000!" The practice of mentioning the sum of money people "represent," no matter in what character they are spoken of, is in fact becoming almost a regular feature of popular parlance.

It is quite within the bounds of probability that we should see an astronomer or a chemist commended to popular confidence by the mention of the amount of his fortune—so deep a hold on the public mind has the idea secured that the moneyed man must necessarily be a being of infinitely varied capacity. The very servant-girls seeking places now occasionally mention the fact of having lived with "Mr. Smith the millionaire" as a certificate of every sort of competence.

The habits of millionaires to-day probably excite as much interest and curiosity as those of European royalty. The public is touched by learning the precise way in which a certain thing is done by a man who could, if he pleased, do it in so many other ways without exciting criticism. The American rich man differs greatly from his European brother in avoiding eccentricities, and leading, on the whole, an unostentatious life; but he need not do this out of any respect for public opinion, for the public really does not care to have him quiet and commonplace. It likes him to do queer things with his money, if only it can hear all about it. It does not like to think that a creature so interesting is not peculiar in some way. For there is nothing which men look for with so much eagerness as outward signs of the money-making capacity, although such signs hardly ever exist. But few observers can bring themselves to believe that they do not exist, that the millionaire does not carry somewhere in sight the traits which enabled him to make his fortune. They therefore watch him with never-dying interest, with a sort of sub-conscious hope of getting at his secret. The truth is, however, that there is no capacity so frequently concealed or invisible as the capacity for making money—the "sense of values," as some one has called it. The great financiers of all countries look and act like all sorts of people—old-clothes-dealers, peddlers, colonels of cavalry, dukes, professors, dancing-masters, and deacons.

One secret of this fame is that so many people are trying for the success which millionaires have achieved. Most other sorts of eminence excite the envy or interest of a comparatively small number. Very few people think, as a possibility, of their becoming great soldiers, or statesmen, or poets, or orators, or scientific men themselves. But everybody thinks of the ownership of millions as among the chances of his own life, and now and then occupies his mind with the consideration of the things he would do with a great fortune if he had it. In other words, the life of a millionaire has a human interest for great multitudes, because they often dream of leading it themselves. It is the one form of greatness to which they consciously and hopefully aspire. The results of this state of the public mind are such that a millionaire who has no sense of humor doubtless misses a great deal of innocent fun. Probably no class of men in the community, not even doctors, find their way into such unfrequented nooks of human nature as a conspicuously rich man. There is no favor so extravagant or grotesque that somebody does not ask it at his hands. His acquaintance with the base and mean side of humanity must be nearly as great as his acquaintance with its weak and silly side. His experience, too, is nearly the same in every country. If he dies with undiminished respect for his kind, it must be because his own nature is one of extraordinary simplicity.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain boasts that she is more in debt than any woman in Europe.

The Empress Eugénie has just presented to the fathers who have the keeping of the mortuary chapel at Farnborough, where the remains of Napoleon the Third and the Prince Imperial are interred, a magnificent altar-cloth, made from her wedding gown. The cloth has been made by the empress herself. It is trimmed with the lace and embroidery which ornamented the dress.

It is very seldom that an actress celebrates her seventy-fifth year of consecutive service on the stage of the same theatre. This event, perhaps unique in dramatic annals, has just occurred at Stuttgart, where Frau Louise Schmidt, of the Royal Court Theatre, has now completed her three-quarters of a century of uninterrupted engagements with that house. She made her debut in 1814, being then nine years old.

The Prince of Naples, heir-apparent to the throne of Italy, was recently startled, while driving in Rome, by a new terror now agitating nervous people in Europe. A carriage containing a number of Americans was blocked near that of the prince on the Corso. Looking up, the prince saw that one of the Americans had pointed something at him. He turned pale for a moment, then smiled, and courteously raised his hat. He had seen that nothing more deadly than a Kodak had been directed toward him. The American had made a clever snap shot.

A curious incident occurred at the well-known Parisian Café de la Paix a day or two ago. A Republican deputy, M. Jules Roche, while breakfasting, was on the point of being choked by a mouthful of bread, and would probably have succumbed had not his critical condition been noticed by M. de Susini, the fiery Boulangist, and one of M. Roche's most pronounced political enemies, who was having his *déjeuner* at a neighboring table. M. de Susini, who happens to be a doctor, forgetting all about political differences, hastened to assist the choking deputy, and, having saved him from certain suffocation, escorted him to the Chamber.

Philippe Ricord, the great French surgeon and specialist, was a sad rake, and one of the most inveterate and terrible gamblers to be found even in Paris. He made in the course of his professional career four or five large fortunes, but every penny of his money, or very nearly every penny of it, went to the green baize. He would receive at night, and after the last visitor had left him the old man, instead of going to bed, would rake together his earnings, jump into his carriage, and drive off to the game to play till the sunlight streamed through the windows, and then go home, have a nap, and go to the hospital, attend his patients, or lecture. He must have had a constitution of iron to have stood such a life.

An old man named Peter Lechner lives, year in and year out, in a round tower on the top of the Sonnblick Mountain in the Austrian Alps—the highest meteorological station in Europe, and perhaps in the world. Throughout the long Alpine winter he sees no living soul, save for an hour or two on Christmas Day, when a party cuts its way to him from the valley below laden with presents subscribed for in Vienna. His business in his eyrie between earth and heaven is to take, three times a day, the readings of various instruments, and to telegraph or telephone them to the clerk of the weather in Vienna. For months his only chance of hearing a human voice is through the telephone. And all this Peter Lechner is willing to do for two hundred dollars a year.

No woman in New York is better known at home and abroad than Mrs. Frank Leslie. Nine years ago, her husband died and left her "with nothing but debts and opportunity." In six years, she liquidated the debts and established herself on a solid financial basis. In a handsomely furnished office on the second floor of the new Judge building on Fifth Avenue, the most widely known woman publisher in the world transacts her affairs. When she sold out her illustrated paper to Mr. Arkell last spring, many people entertained the impression that she had gone out of business altogether. But she still publishes the *Popular Monthly* and two other publications; also the *Almanacs* and the annual Christmas book. After four o'clock P. M., she is no longer "Mrs. Leslie, the publisher," but springs into her carriage and drives up the avenue behind a fine pair of bays. When she traveled in Spain, the Spaniards were delighted with the gifted American, who could speak their language as well as her own. Mrs. Leslie acquired her knowledge of the Latin tongues through her father, who was an accomplished linguist. Her maiden name was Miriam Florence Folline, and she was born in New Orleans.

The Senate is by no means such a millionaire's club as has commonly been represented by sensational newspaper writers. It has eighty-eight members now, and only ten of them are possessed of wealth that mounts into the millions. Stanford, of California, comes first, with \$50,000,000, made in railways chiefly. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, is another railway millionaire, with \$15,000,000. Sawyer, of Wisconsin, is next in point of wealth, with \$10,000,000, earned in railways and lumber; and his colleague, Spooner, has got together, out of lumber mainly, about \$2,000,000. Farwell, of Illinois, has made \$5,000,000 in dry goods; and railways have brought Joe Brown, of Georgia, about as much. Hearst, of California, has \$4,000,000, mainly from mines; while Sherman, of Ohio, and Stockbridge, of Michigan, are each \$2,000,000 ahead of the world. But three-fourths of the entire number of senators are poor men, with little or nothing to live upon outside of their salaries. Ingalls, of Kansas, Allison, of Iowa, Berry and Jones, of Arkansas, Kenna, of West Virginia, Davis, of Minnesota, Hawley and Platt, of Connecticut, Morrill, of Vermont, and Reagan, of Texas, are among the many who barely manage to scratch along on their pay.

LATE VERSE.

In the Evening.

In the evening of our days,
When the first far stars above
Glimmer dimmer, through the haze,
Than the dewy eyes of love,
Shall we mournfully revert
To the vanished morns and Mays
Of our youth, with hearts that hurt—
In the evening of our days?
Shall the hand that holds your own,
Till the twain are thrilled as now,
Be withheld, or colder grown?
Shall my kiss upon your brow
Falter from its high estate?
And, in all forgetful ways,
Shall we sit apart and wait—
In the evening of our days?
Nay, my wife—my life!—the gloom
Shall enfold us velvetwise,
And my smile shall be the groom
Of the gladness of your eyes:
Gently, gently as the dew
Mingles with the darkening maze,
I shall fall asleep with you—
In the evening of our days.
—James Whitcomb Riley, in *January Lippincott's*.

The Holocaust.

Heart-free, with the least little touch of spleen.—*Maud*.
Above my mantelshelf there stands
A little bronze sarcophagus,
Carved by the unknown artist's hands
With this one word—*Amoribus*!
Along the lid a Love lies dead:
Across his breast his broken bow;
Elsewhere they dig his tiny bed,
And round it women wailing go:
A trick, a toy—mere "Paris ware,"
Some Quartier-Latin sculptor's whim,
Wrought in a fit of mock despair,
With sight, it may be, something dim,
Because the love of yesterday,
Had left the *gremier*, light Musette,
And she who made the morrow gay,
Lutine or Mimi, was not yet,
A toy. But ah! what hopes deferred,
(O friend, with sympathetic eye!)
What vows (now decently interred)
Within that "narrow compass" lie!
For there, last night, not sadly, too,
With one live ember I cremated
A nest of cooing *billets-doux*,
That just two decades back were dated.
—Austin Dobson.

Separation.

If it were land, then weary feet could travel;
If it were sea, a ship might cleave the wave;
If it were death, sad love could look to heaven
And see, through tears, the sunlight of the grave.
Not land, or sea, or death keeps us apart,
But only thou, O unforgiving Heart!
If it were land, through piercing thorns I'd travel;
If it were sea, I'd cross to thee, or die;
If it were death, I'd tear life's veil asunder
That I might see thee with a clearer eye.
Ah, none of these could keep our souls apart,
Forget, forgive, O unforgiving Heart!
—Anna R. Aldrich.

The Poets on Browning.

IN MEMORIAM.

Slowly we disarray,
Our leaves grow few,
Few on the bough, and many on the sod:
Round him no ruining Autumn tempest blew,
Gathered on genial day,
He fills, fresh as Apollo's bay,
The Hand of God.
—Michael Field.

ON HEARING THE NEWS FROM VENICE.

Now dumb is he who waked the world to speak,
And voiceless hangs the world beside his hier,
Our words are sobs, our cry of praise a tear;
We are the smitten mortal, we the weak.
We see a spirit on earth's loftiest peak
Shine, and wing hence the way he makes more clear;
See a great tree of Life that never sear
Dropped leaf for aught that age or storms might wreak.
Such ending is not death; such living shows
What wide illumination brightness sheds
From one big heart to conquer man's old foes;
The coward, and the tyrant, and the force
Of all those weedy monsters raising heads
When song is murk from springs of turbid source.
—George Meredith.

ON THE TIDINGS FROM VENICE.

The voice of sorrow soundeth everywhere:
With bitter mourning all men's hearts are thrilled;
For where the City of the Sea is filled
With the slow briny wave and the salt air,
He lieth, our Poet, so still in death, so fair.
Yet why such monuments of grief upbuild?
For he hath joined the high Immaculate Guild
Who sit enthroned above Art's Golden Stair.
Why should we mourn? He died within his prime.
Never for him the ebb, the slow decay;
Defiant of the avarice of Time,
Unwitting of a twilight cold and gray,
His, all at once, the unfading stellar Day;
And ours—the immortality of his Ryme.
—William Sharp.

POET AND LOVER.

Nay—let the soul go its own way upon
Its last desire; mine to the uttermost
Do ye fulfill. Thus shall it be. Ohey.
Within the crypt where England calls her great
Greatest, and names her dearest yet more dear
Unto the prayers than to the pride of men.
Let Shakespeare, loving lightly, rest content.
Leave Milton, desolate in home and tomb.
Leave placid Wordsworth to his sylvan dream.
For me, I do aspire more highly than
The grandest lonely ghost in Westminster.
"Where the heart is, let the grave be, also."
"Soul of my soul!" I "show thee," and "die last."
Behold, I am awaried, and would sleep.
No place for me, where was no place for Her.
Poets and sages chosen of all time!
Ye to your glory go—I to my wife.
—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Latin professor—"Decline 'food' in Latin." *Hearty pupil*—"Excuse me, sir, but I would rather not, if it's the same to you."—*Time*.

"Now, Richard, why did the Israelites make a golden calf?" "Why, 'cause they didn't have enough gold to make a cow, I s'pose."—*Time*.

Burrough (handing Mrs. Flapjack a check at the breakfast table)—"Hasn't Robinson come down yet?" *Mrs. Flapjack*—"No, sir; not for four weeks."—*Time*.

"What is your favorite Shakespearean play, Mrs. Lakeside?" "Well, I dunno as I know. I think 'Dromio and Joliet' has some very fine passengers in it."—*Life*.

Clerk—"I want an increase of salary." *Employer* (wearily)—"All right. Anything else?" *Clerk*—"And I want to get off an hour earlier every day, so I can spend it."—*Puck*.

Mr. E. Leischer (at the box-office of the Light Fantastic Theatre)—"Please give me a good orchestra seat, as near as possible to the stage; I am a little hard of hearing!"—*Puck*.

"I see your engagement with Miss Borrowit, of Chicago, is off." "Yes. All the fault of my Kodak. I took Miss B.'s portrait and—well her foot was unpleasantly near the camera."—*Time*.

Suitor—"I love your youngest daughter, sir." *Pater*—"Umph! I suppose you've heard that I have settled a dowry on my eldest daughter?" *Suitor*—"In that case, sir, I love her."—*Epoch*.

"And your husband fell from the Eiffel Tower?" "Yes. How I wish it had been taller!" "Monster! You rejoice at his death?" "Sir! You insult me! I wanted him to live longer."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

"I was never so frightened in my life," panted Miss Laker, as she entered her palatial home on Wabash Avenue, Chicago. "What is the matter?" asked her mamma, anxiously. "I was chased by two footpads."—*Time*.

Papa (after the séance in the woodshed)—"Do you know that it pains me more than it does you to have to whip you?" *The Terror*—"No, papa, I didn't know it; but now that you've told me I feel better."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Young Fledgley has been presented to Miss Débutante, and for the last ten minutes has been unable to think of anything to say to her: *Miss Débutante* (pleasantly)—"And now let us talk of something else, Mr. Fledgley."—*St. Paul Eye*.

Dejected youth—"I would like to return this engagement-ring I purchased here a few days ago." *Jeweler*—"Didn't it suit the young lady?" *Dejected youth*—"Yes; but another young man had already given her one just like it and I would like to exchange it for a wedding present."—*Life*.

Little Willy—"Is that the papa swan, or the mamma swan?" *Father*—"Which do you mean?" "Why, the poor thing that's had the feathers pecked off the top of its head, and that isn't allowed to have none of the biscuit, nor nothing." (Sadly)—"That's the papa swan, Willy."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Head of firm—"Mr. Travers, while you were at lunch your tailor called to collect a bill. I am surprised and pained, sir, to learn that you are in arrears. Isn't it possible for you to live on your salary?" *Travers*—"Certainly it is, sir; but you don't expect me to support my creditors, too?"—*Clothier and Furnisher*.

Madeleine (fondly)—"George, dearest, I could not make out your last love-letter at all. It was full of the queerest marks." *George* (a very young M. D.)—"Good heavens! I have sent you a prescription and have given your letter to the prescription-clerk! And the patient died." Falls in convulsions.—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

Voice from above—"Who is it?" *Servant*—"Tis a gentleman wid a subscription list, an' he says he do be a mumber av the 'Society av Charitable Firinds av Humanity,' sor!" *Voice from above*—"Bring my overcoat and umbrella up here, and then unchain the door and admit him, and say I'll be down directly!"—*Puck*.

Schlaumeyer calls at an inquiry-office and says: "Can you tell me if Lippmann, senior, of Hamburg, is solvent? I have a bill on him." "The man is good for any amount; the only pity is that he is blind." Schlaumeyer drops into a chair as if shot. "Blind!" he exclaims; "then I'm done—the bill is made payable at sight."—*Volks Zeitung*.

"Ha! come in, old man. I'm glad to see you. Come down into the kitchen and have a smoke. Wife's gone over to her mother's and I'm all alone." "But I hear the piano." "Oh! the servant-girl has company to-night and we had to give up the parlor. That's the reason my wife went out. Come right down to the kitchen. I'm mighty glad you called."—*Boston Courier*.

Traveler—"See here, my friend; I noticed the way you threw that trunk around and smashed in four sides of it." *Baggage-smasher*—"Well, wot of it? A feller ain't got no time to handle de trunks wid gloves." *Traveler*—"Oh, that's all right; only I would like to make some arrangement with you. I am a trunk manufacturer, and business is a little slack just now."—*America*.

John—"Clara, I've got an important question to ask you." *Clara*—"I know what it is. You want me to be your wife. I dreamed it. Well, take me." *John* (rather nonplussed)—"You dreamed it?" *Clara*—"Yes, I dreamed last night that you asked me what I am asking you, and that you took me in your arms and kissed me after I said you—" What could John do?—*Boston Courier*.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. E. F. Beadle, senior member of the firm which began the publication of Beadle's Dime Novels thirty years ago, has retired, after fifty years of active life.

"Take ten writers of novels whose books have a fine sale," says the *Detroit Free Press*, "and ten mechanics who have steady work at two dollars and a half per day, and at the end of two years the mechanics will have earned more money."

That pleasant gentleman who signs himself "Bill Nye" says in "Belford's": "At the risk of offending Mr. Howells, who is one of the most level-headed men in this country, I must here state, over my brief and untutored signature, that I get more juice out of the works of Mr. Charles Dickens than anybody else. Instead of reading new books, as I suppose I ought, I go back over 'David Copperfield' and the journey of Little Nell when, I presume, I should read 'Robert Elsmere.' But it doesn't hurt me to rince off my soul, now and then, with a few tears such as Mr. Dickens calls forth."

Yda Addis is writing a novel, founded on the early days in Los Angeles and San Gabriel, with a side glance at Mexico. The plot of it was given in abstract from his notes and reminiscences to Helen Hunt Jackson by Don Antonio Coronel, of Los Angeles, who had given her the material for "Ramona." Mrs. Jackson was very enthusiastic over this second Californian work, and when she found that she must lay down her pen, she was very solicitous that the material for this book should be given only to one who would write fairly and without prejudice of race or religion in treating of its characters, who, *en passant*, are historic. Many people have applied to Don Antonio for the matter, but he refused it to all until Miss Addis's return from Mexico. As yet, no name has been chosen for the novel.

There will be a very hard fight for Emile Augier's seat in the Academy. The principal candidates who are now in the field are Messrs. Emile Zola, Pierre Loti, Theuriot, and Henry Bique. M. Francisque Sarcey was strongly encouraged by his friends to enter the lists. He was much inclined to do so, but resisted the temptation for the strangest of reasons. Having made his reputation, chiefly, as he says, by dramatic criticism, he did not wish to run the risk of losing his perfect freedom of speech by entanglements of friendship or camaraderie at the Academy, several members of that august body of immortals being dramatists of the day. No man ever stuck to his literary hobby with more tenacity than Francisque Sarcey. He is now getting old—it is not impolite to say this of a man—but he never misses a first representation, either in winter or summer, except when there are two on the same night.

"Since Berry Wall surprised the world by printing what purported to be his views on Brummellism, and John Chamberlin, who can scarcely sign his name on account of the gout, took to writing 'memoirs,' said a publisher, the other day, 'it has become an acknowledged fact in the trade that public taste is setting in the direction of reading what people of prominence have to say about themselves and their exploits and opinions. Joe Jefferson actually receives one thousand dollars a number for the twelve numbers of his memoirs in the *Century*. W. J. Florence has set to work on his life and experiences, and projected autobiographies are heard of on all hands. But while Jefferson did and Florence will write what appears over their names, how many of these screeds do you suppose are actually written or even dictated by the persons over whose names they appear? Not one in a half-dozen, and I speak by the card. There are always hack-writers who will write anything to be written for money. And there are always men vain enough to be willing to sign what somebody else writes for them, if they think a little glory will accrue from it."

A year ago the publishers of the *Youths' Companion* offered nine prizes, amounting in all to \$5,250, for short stories. The competition ended on May 31, 1889, at which time 5,312 stories had been submitted which conformed to the conditions expressed in the offer, together with many others which did not conform to those conditions, and could therefore not be admitted to the competition. After careful and thorough examination of the manuscripts, the following awards have been made: Boys' stories—first prize, \$1,000, to "A Lost Hero," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert D. Ward; second prize, \$500, to "Little Jarvis," by Miss Mollie Elliot Sewell; and third prize, \$250, to "The Spring Hill Telegraph Company," by Elbert C. Little; girls' stories—first prize, \$1,000, to "Way Out," by the Prary Kistner; by Fred L. Eaton; second prize, \$500, to "The Slossons of Bangville," by James T. McKay; and third prize, \$250, to "Clay Ann," by Miss Maria L. Pool; and adventure stories—first prize, \$1,000, to "On the Brink," by Warren L. Wattis; second prize, \$500, to "A Brave Middy," by Mrs. Maria McIntosh Cox; and third prize, \$250, to "Purser Watkins," by Harry C. Stickney.

A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* says that Mr. Foord, who was formerly the editor of the *New York Times*, and who is now the wheel-horse of *Harper's Weekly*, has determined to open the columns of the *Weekly* to young and unknown writers of fiction, provided the stories which they submit seem to him to have merit. He does not seek, however, voluntary contributions. If it were known that he was hunting among the haystack of authors for the diamond of imaginative genius, he would be overwhelmed with manuscripts, and it takes both time and money to read these through. But he will, after inquiry, suggest to persons that they will submit to him manuscripts of American stories, and promises that they will be carefully read, and, if available, will be published in the *Weekly*. This is an entirely new line in the magazine and weekly journalism of New York. Notwithstanding denials, the magazines now seek only what is surely marketable, although in doing so the managers know very well that they are throwing away the prerogative the magazines once claimed of developing and maintaining the literature of the country. Aldrich is the only one of the magazine-editors who would rather discover a new author than see a large balance on the right side of the books.

"The National Library" will cease to appear henceforth; its last volume being, appropriately enough, "All's Well that Ends Well." It is just four years since the publishers first embraced the enterprise of issuing a weekly volume of literature at a price within the reach of everybody; and it seems as if the project would be a great success. The French and German "libraries" of a similar

nature have flourished year after year, and continue to do so; so that it was not unnatural to conclude that the English one, far better printed and got up and equally cheap, would prove at least equally successful. Several publishers seem to have thought so too, but their series had but a very brief life. "The National Library" itself, we may conclude, has not been brilliantly successful, or it would not now have ceased to exist. Perhaps one reason for this may be the way in which the volumes have been selected. Obviously a series which requires to be sold by the million to realize any financial success, ought to appeal to the million and not to the comparatively limited circle of lovers of the by-paths of literature. Huge numbers might be expected to give their threepennies (practically twopence-halfpennies) for the handy little volumes of Shakespeare, Milton, Dickens, etc.; but surely it was over-sanguine of Professor Morley to expect the masses to buy Jewel's "Apology," Moritz's "Travels in England," Aristotle's "Poetics," Barrow's "Sermons," Petty's "Essays," Lobo's "Abyssinia," etc.

New Publications.

"Visible Speech and Vocal Physiology," by Professor A. Melville Bell, is a brief treatise on the action of the vocal organs and the resulting elements of speech. Published by Edgar S. Werner, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"How to Cook Wives" is an amusing brochure which begins with the old advice, "First catch your wife," and gives figurative directions for the proper preservation of domestic joy. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Louis Greigore & Co.; price, 25 cents.

"A Midsummer Drive through the Pyrenees," by Edwin Asa Dix, M. A., records a trip through the Basque country, from Biarritz, the Biscayan fisher-village which Eugénie made a watering-place, to Bigorre, on the Mediterranean. Mr. Dix is a trifle pedantic and throws upon the scenes he views a dim religious light; but the country is out of the beaten path, the people are, in some respects, unlike all others, and Mr. Dix has made much of the romance of history in these old mountain cities. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, \$1.75.

"O O; or, Adventures in Orbello Land," by Charles Lotin Hildreth, is a tale of adventure such as boys like to read. Orbello Land is the unexplored centre of Western Australia, and to this unknown country come an old sailor and a boy, in search of the latter's father, who has mysteriously disappeared, but whose whereabouts is indicated on a rude chart. They experience great hardships and finally reach a nation who enjoy a high state of civilization and are governed by a mysterious ruler, whom no one is allowed to see. How the lad discovers this ruler to be his father and how they wage a war with the villain of the story may best be learned from the book itself. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers.

Willis J. Abbot, who has won popularity among young readers with his "Blue Jackets of '76" and two later books on the naval heroes of 1812 and the Civil War, has just issued the first of a series of three books on the military achievements of the Civil War. It is called "Battle-Fields of '61," and describes the military operations in the South, from the bombardment of Fort Sumter to the defeat of General McClellan's peninsular campaign. The great engagements are described with vivid power, and the perspective of the great contest is already maintained. The book is printed in large type and with many illustrations, being uniform in size with Mr. Abbot's earlier works. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The initials "C. C. R." are almost meaningless to American eyes, but to those who read the English society journals they are associated with some very clever verses. The verses are bright and neatly turned, but their subjects are the phases of life in society in England—the season in London, of balls, weddings, flirtations, and the rest; the shooting and festivities of country-house parties; the Henley regattas and scenes on the river—and so they have not been widely copied in America. A collection called "Minora Carmina" introduced them on this side the pond two years ago, and now a second and enlarged edition appears under the title "Up for the Season and Other Songs of Society." Published by Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London; to be ordered through the local booksellers.

The twenty-sixth volume of the Knickerbocker Nuggets is "Songs of Fairy Land," compiled by Edward T. Mason and illustrated after designs by Maud Humphrey. The book opens with Michael Drayton's "Nymphidia" and concludes with Hood's "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," the arrangement being by topic and method of treatment instead of chronological. James Hogg's "Kilmeny" and Keats's "La Belle Dame sans Merci" are included in the collection, which is composed exclusively of complete poems, even Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" being unquoted, for the reason that the compiler objects to the "vandalism of chipping fragments from an entire and perfect chrysolite. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, \$1.25.

A new historical work of great interest and value is "A History of Charles the Great," by J. I. Mombert, D. D. Dr. Mombert considers the use of the name Charlemagne out of place in an English book, and so translates the Latin Carolus Magnus, as he does other words from the old form retained by many historians to that now current, as *Danau* to *Danube*, *Maas* to *Meuse*, *Hindoucus* to *Lois*, etc. The field of the book comprises the history of Charles's empire, from the accession of Charles Martel until the death of Charles the Great, and this he divides into the Ancestral Period (680 to 768), the Royal Period (768 to 800), and the Imperial Period (800 to 814). The material of the book is drawn almost entirely from contemporaneous sources—the annals, chronicles, laws, letters, biographies, poems, etc., of the time—and contains much that is absolutely new. The method of treatment has not been to follow the order of time absolutely, but to group the portions under appropriate heads; but the confusion that might ensue from this is corrected by a detailed chronological table in the beginning of the book. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, \$5.00.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Augier and Sarah Bernhardt were deadly enemies, and the great author could not stand her of the golden voice at any price. "Je ne suis qu'un paquet de nerfs," she said to him once. "Don't you think *un paquet de ficelles* would be nearer the mark?" he ungallantly replied, thereby forever making an enemy of La Tosca.

A story is told of a certain mayor of Cork, who headed a deputation to the late Emperor of the French, and commenced an oration to his majesty in what he conceived to be the French tongue. "Pardon me," said the emperor, after he had listened to the speech with much patience; "English I know fairly well; but, I regret to say, I have never had an opportunity of studying the Irish language!"

A colonel in the French Army who had a great eye for neatness, but not much of an ear for music, took occasion one day to compliment his band-master on the appearance of his men. "Their uniforms are neat," said the colonel, "and their instruments are nicely polished and kept in order, but there is one improvement that I must insist upon." "What is it, colonel?" "You must train your men, when they perform, to lift their fingers all at exactly the same time and at regular intervals on their instruments, so—one, two! one, two!"

There was once a Scotch farmer famed for his strength, who was often challenged by people from a distance who had heard of his reputation. One day there arrived from London Lord D., a well-known amateur pugilist. He found the Scot working in a field. "Friend," said his lordship, after first tying his horse to a tree, "I have come a long way to see which of us is the best wrestler." Without saying a word the farmer seized him round the middle, pitched him over the hedge, and resumed his work. His lordship slowly gathered himself together, whereupon the farmer said, "Well, have you anything more to say to me?" "No," replied Lord D., "but perhaps you'll be so good as to throw me my horse."

Mr. Browning used often to speak to friends of the only occasion on which he ever spoke to the queen. Some years ago, the late Dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta Stanley invited him among others to tea at the Deanery to meet the queen, and Carlyle was one of the party. The queen began to talk to Carlyle and expressed her opinions on some matter with which he differed, and he, as usual, contradicted her and silenced her. As the queen left the room, she stopped at the door to speak to Mr. Browning and say good-bye, remarking: "What a very extraordinary man Mr. Carlyle is! Does he always talk like that? I never met him before." Mr. Browning was only able to assure her that it was his invariable custom.

An interesting anecdote of Daniel Webster is given by Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman, in his article on "By-gone Days in Boston," in the *North American Review*. Webster was delivering an address in Faneuil Hall on the necessity for individual exertion and unflinching patriotism to avert the dangers which threatened the political party whose principles he espoused, when he perceived a terrible sway of the packed assembly, consequent on the rush of those endeavoring to enter, and noted the danger which might ensue. The orator stopped short in the middle of a sentence, advanced to the edge of the platform, extended his arms in an authoritative attitude, and, in a stentorian voice of command, cried out: "Let each man stand firm!" The effect was instantaneous. Each man stood firm; the great heaving mass of humanity regained its equilibrium, and, save the long breath of relief which filled the air, perfect stillness ensued. "That," exclaimed the great orator, "is what we call self-government!"—so apt an illustration of the principle he was expounding that the vast audience responded with deafening cheers.

An English bishop was homeward bound from the United States, traveling luxuriously in a double cabin with Mrs. Bishop. It was a very hot night, thunder in the air, and the Atlantic liner slipped through the water, the cabin being lit up with the lightning-flashes. Mrs. Bishop could not sleep for the heat. Bishop, appealed to, lumbered out of his berth and opened the port-hole. Suddenly there loomed in through the port-hole a wooden ball attached to a string. Bishop was perplexed, but he tied it up, coiling the string by a nail in the wall, and then retired to rest. The ball was an apple of discord in that peaceful cabin, for it hit against the side of the vessel as she lurched, and Mrs. Bishop grew querulous and disturbed. Up started the poor bishop again, and to end matters he uncoiled the cord and put the ball under his pillow. There was a heavy thunder-storm, but the bishop slept soundly that night. Next morning at breakfast, the captain presiding, he told the tale with a good deal of episcopal solemnity and detail. The captain laughed immoderately. Bishop laughed, too, thinking his story a good one. Then the captain told him that the ball was the end of the lightning-conductor.

The wife of General Henry Knox was a brilliant woman in society, much admired and deferred to by General and Mrs. Washington, but a person of a very haughty and worldly temper. When her husband resigned his office as Secretary of War under Washington, he removed to Thomaston, Me., where he had acquired an extensive property, and where he now proceeded to build a mansion at a cost of fifty thousand dollars. The general himself was of a social disposition, and not above mingling with the poorest of his worthy neighbors; but his wife made no visits and exchanged no civilities. As the historian says, she used to ride out in her coach, the only one in the neighborhood, but always returned home without alighting, "like Noah's dove." The ill-sorted couple had one son, whom the mother petted and spoiled. At one time she was visiting at a house in Massachusetts, and the little boy amused himself by disarranging everything in the room, especially the books. His mother, in answer to a look of remonstrance from the mistress of the house, simply remarked: "Oh, Henry mustn't be restrained; we never think of crossing him in anything." "But I can not have my books spoiled," said the lady, "as my husband is not a book-binder." This reference to the early occupation of General Knox was so distasteful to Mrs. Knox that she took an immediate and unceremonious leave.

Pierson & Robertson's Book List.

GOOD FORM.

The following works are of value to every one, and should be in all households. We include in our list not only standard books on etiquette, but also the best of manuals on health, bodily exercise, etc., as without strength or grace "good form" is hard to obtain.

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MANNERS AND SOCIAL USAGES, by Mrs. Sherwood. The accepted authority on New York etiquette.	1 25
MANNERS. A hand-book of social customs.	50
THE CORRECT THING IN GOD SOCIETY. cloth, 75 cents; morocco.	1 25
DON'T. A manual of rules for good society.	30
MANNERS AND RULES OF GOD SOCIETY. (English).	1 25
THE ART OF CONVERSATION, by Professor J. P. Mahaffy.	75
THE CORRESPONDENT. Rules for writing. By J. W. Davidson.	60
THE ORTHOEPIST. A pronouncing manual. By Alfred Ayers.	1 00
THE VERBALIST. The right and wrong use of words. By Alfred Ayers.	1 00
THE ART OF BEAUTY, by Mrs. H. R. Haws.	1 75
HEALTH, BEAUTY, AND THE TOILET, by Anna Kingsford, M. D.	1 00
HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL, by Teresa H. Dean	50
THE UGLY GIRL PAPERS, from <i>Harper's Bazar</i> .	1 00
AN HOUR WITH DELSARTE, by Anna Morgan.	3 00
HOME GYMNASTICS FOR THE WELL AND SICK, by Angerstein and Eckler. Illustrated.	1 50
HOW TO GET STRONG, by Wm. Blackie.	1 00
VISITING CARDS. Their significance and proper use.	75
HOW TO WRITE THE HISTORY OF A FAMILY. A guide for the genealogist. By W. P. W. Phillimore, M. A.	2 00
MAN AND HIS MALADIES, OR THE WAY TO HEALTH, by A. E. Bridges, M. D.	2 00
NERVE WASTE. Being practical information concerning nervous impairment in modern life. By H. C. Sawyer, M. D.	1 00
STRENGTH. How to get strong. By Richard A. Proctor.	75
VOICE, SONG, AND SPEECH. A practical guide for singers and speakers. By Browne and Behnke.	2 00
HORSEMANSHIP FOR WOMEN, by Theo. H. Mead.	1 25
PRACTICAL CHIROPY, by Ed. Heron-Allen.	1 00
THE ART OF DRAWING, by Judson Sause.	50

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SOCIETY.

The Dancing Club.

One of the most pleasant meetings that the dancing club has had this season was held last Thursday evening at the residence of Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, corner of California and Laguna streets. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather and the general illness throughout the city, the attendance was quite large, as fully eighty-five of the members were present. A canvas-covered canopy, lighted by Japanese lanterns, extended from the kerf to the entrance, and the sudden transition from the gloom and rain without to the bright, cheerful interior was pleasant in the extreme. Mrs. Hopkins had caused her residence to be very prettily decorated, and the entrance to the hall was a masterpiece of dancing. In the Eastlake hall were seen mountain-ferns and eucalyptus-foliage, which decked the bannister-rail and newel-post, and mingled among them were drapings of white and yellow surah. The mantel over the wide fire-place was set with handsome jardinières, in which was a display of chrysanthemums, ferns, and field grasses. The entrance to the front parlor was decorated with swathes of pale pink and spring green surah from which hung a green wicker basket full of roses and odd looking grasses. Trailing blackberry vines clambered over the walls and picture frames and traced their way over the mantel mirror, where at the side fragrant tube roses were prettily clustered. In the bay-window was a lever or beam of bamboo from which hung a balance of woven bamboo not quite in equipoise, the scales being laden with Bon Silence and Perle du Jardin roses. Diminutive vases full of pink and yellow roses graced the eagere, while the oil painting in the corner on its easel of beaten brass was draped with pink silk and vines and had a cluster of roses and ferns at the top. At the entrance to the back parlor near where the band was stationed was a pretty drape of blue silk holding a basket of yellow and white chrysanthemums, while on the mantel-piece chrysanthemums of these same shades were thickly clustered beneath a projecting fringe of fern sprays. The front of the book-case was traversed by streamers of smilax and a large basket full of chrysanthemums reposed on the top. The doorway leading to the dining-room was embellished by ribbons of Nile-green silk, from which hung a basket full of ferns and eucalyptus foliage. One of the prettiest features of the entire decoration was noticeable in the bay-window of the dining-room, the embrasure of which was girt by a wide scarf of pale green silk, which sustained a large wreath formed of leaves of the curly cabbage, among which eucalyptus sprays were mingled. On the mantel was a garniture of roses, smilax, and ferns, and at the sideboard was an attractive arrangement of roses and eucalyptus branches studded with fairy flowers. The centre of the room was occupied by the buffet, which was tastefully set with *flutes montees*, sparkling ware, and a basket of roses and ferns.

Nine o'clock witnessed the arrival of many of the members, and it was not long before the parlors were filled. Hallenberg's hand gave its best musical selections, and everybody danced merrily until midnight. Then the supper was served, and the time devoted to it was made very pleasant, as were the two hours succeeding, which were passed in dancing. Mrs. Hopkins was ably assisted in receiving her guests and entertaining them by Mrs. William Hopkins and Miss Hopkins.

The Hastings Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Robert P. Hastings gave a delightful lunch-party last Thursday at her residence, 204 Jackson Street, and charmingly entertained ten of her lady friends. The dining-room was very attractively arranged and the table was a picture of beauty. Extending almost its entire length was a long bed of maiden's hair ferns from which arose at intervals numerous long-stemmed La France roses of the pinkish white variety well displayed by the light afforded by several pink candles which burned among the lovely blossoms. A delicious menu was served.

Those present were: Mrs. Robert P. Hastings, Mrs. Lily Colt, Mrs. Louis E. Parrott, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Baroness Von Schröder, Mrs. Samuel Hott, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. W. Frank Goad, and Mrs. J. D. Fry.

The Mardi Gras Bal Masqué.

Preparations are now well under way for the third annual Mardi Gras Bal Masqué which the San Francisco Art Association will give at Odd Fellows' Hall on Tuesday evening, February 13th. Only those whose names may be approved before a competent committee will receive tickets and all maskers will be vised before entering the ball-room. All ladies must appear in mask and costume, but this is optional with gentlemen. However, it is earnestly desired that all gentlemen will wear costumes and thus contribute to the artistic character of the entertainment. Officers of the army, navy, and National Guard are requested to wear their uniforms. The grand march will commence at nine o'clock and general unmasking will take place at midnight when an elaborate supper will be served. The proceeds from the affair will be devoted to the building fund. Ten dollars is the price of a ticket admitting a lady and gentleman and five dollars will be charged for each additional ladies' ticket.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. John P. Jones has left Santa Monica for Washington, D. C., where she will remain during the rest of the season.

Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, Miss Birdie Fair, and Miss Belle Smith have left New York for Washington, D. C.

Miss Nellie Hiltner is in Washington, D. C., with Mrs. George Hearst.

Mr. Fred W. Tallant returned to the city from the East last Tuesday. He was blockaded by snow in the Sierra, but avoided detention by making a trip of thirty miles on snow-shoes.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, who are now in New York city, will return home as soon as Mr. Towne's health improves.

Mrs. George Loomis, Miss Mamie Kohl, and Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Colonel J. D. Fry has returned from his Eastern trip. Mr. John W. Mackay arrived in New York a week ago from London.

Mr. Francis G. Newlands has gone to Washington, D. C., and will pass the remainder of the winter there.

Mrs. E. E. Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre have returned from their Eastern trip. Miss Alice Simpkins accompanied them here.

Hon. James G. Fair was called to Santa Cruz early in the week, owing to the illness of Mr. James G. Fair, Jr.

Miss Mae Helene Bacon, who has been seriously ill at Fairview Cottage, Shasta county, is convalescent.

Mrs. Clinton Cushing will make her usual European tour in February, and will be away several months.

Dr. E. E. Perrin has been paying a visit to his ranch near Fresno.

Mr. John D. Spreckels has been at Coronado Beach for the past week.

Mrs. William H. Wallace, her daughter, Miss Cora A. Wallace, and her son, Mr. Harry Wallace, will pass the remainder of the winter in Southern California and will probably go to Europe next summer.

Mr. Walter L. Dean has been confined to his apartments for the past two weeks owing to a severe attack of influenza.

Mrs. A. A. Porter returned from Arizona a week ago and is at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart are stopping at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Will, 306 Van Ness Avenue, until the completion of their new house.

The household of Mr. Henry J. Crocker was brightened on the seventeenth instant by the arrival of an infant daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Sherwood will soon occupy the residence of Mrs. William Ashburner on Pine Street.

Miss Etta Tracy is visiting friends in Portland, Or.

Mr. George Chessman has come up from his Arizona ranch for a visit of a few weeks.

Captain and Mrs. R. S. Floyd are entertaining Miss Inez Shorb, of San Gabriel.

Miss Kate Hinkle has returned to Petaluma after a pleasant visit to her sister, Mrs. Frank K. Zook.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall, who was ill for a couple of weeks with pneumonia, has recovered.

Lieutenant J. A. Dapray, U. S. A., aide-de-camp to General Miles, who has been in New Mexico and Arizona for the

past few weeks on official business, was hurried home by the illness of his brother, Mr. T. B. Dapray, who is now in this city.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. David Bisler have issued invitations for a reception which they will give on Tuesday evening, February 4th, at their residence, corner of Pierce and Union Streets. The affair will be given that their friends may meet Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hare Delafeld.

The final meeting of the dancing club will be at the residence of Mrs. Henry T. Scott on Thursday evening, February 6th.

Mrs. Henry McLean Martin will receive on Tuesday afternoon in February at her home on California Street.

The next german of the Bachelors' Cotillon Club will take place next Friday evening.

A reception will be given by Dr. and Mrs. C. R. Brigham next Wednesday evening at their residence, 2202 Broadway.

Mrs. D. D. Colton will give a high tea this (Saturday) afternoon at her residence on California Street.

Miss Gertrude Govey will give a dancing party next Tuesday evening at her residence on the north-west corner of Page and Laguna Streets. Miss Ida Carleton will assist her in receiving.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Cheney Musicales.

Mrs. John Vance Cheney entertained a large number of her friends at her residence, 908 Sutter Street, on Wednesday evening, January 15th, the occasion being the commencement of a new series of "evenings with the old masters." Haydn and Mozart formed the subject of the address and the musical illustrations which followed it. A brief sketch of their lives and a comparative analysis of their works was skillfully drawn by Mr. John Vance Cheney, whose lecture was listened to with marked attention. Illustrations of the subtle points of difference between the surpassing talent of Haydn and the exalted genius of Mozart were drawn from specimens of their compositions for the piano by some of Mrs. Cheney's advanced pupils, notably Miss Lillie Mounson, Miss Ada Clement, Miss Curtis, Miss Early, and Miss Cosgrove.

The intelligence with which the young ladies interpreted the selections assigned to them gave full evidence of the breadth of their instruction and the faithfulness of their studies in technique. The evening was made one of much interest and pleasure to all in attendance.

The severe illness of Miss Carmelita Ferrer and Miss Carrie Millner necessitated the postponement of the concert which the Misses Ferrer and Mr. Richard Ferrer were to have given last Monday evening. It is now announced to take place on Monday evening, January 27th.

At Mme. Thea Sanderini's benefit concert, which will be given next Friday evening at Pioneer Hall, she will have the assistance of several well-known artists, including Mr. Ernst Hartmann, the concert piano virtuoso, who has not played in public for many years.

Mme. Carolina Zeiss will give a musicale next Wednesday evening at Irving Hall. She will have the assistance of Ugo Talbo, Robert Lloyd, and Señor Arrillaga, and an excellent programme has been prepared.

There were altogether about three hundred distinct epidemics of influenza in Europe between 1550—when the disease was first noted at Malta—and 1850. In 1729 the whole of Europe suffered severely. According to statistics published by the *Année Vénémie*, the disease caused nine hundred and eighty deaths in London in one week, and in Vienna sixty thousand persons were affected. In 1737 and 1743 there were further outbreaks, and the deaths in one week in London amounted to one thousand. In 1775 domestic animals were first attacked by it. In 1782 forty thousand persons fell ill of it in St. Petersburg in twenty-four hours. In St. Petersburg quinine is now served out daily to the troops, mixed with vodka.

Champagne.

The year 1889 has been remarkable, as far as the champagne trade is concerned. The importations were larger than they have ever been before. The increased demand for champagne is due in a great measure to the fact that sparkling wines have been adopted by the American people as their fashionable drink, but it is also owing, in no small degree, to the superior quality of the wine that is now being shipped to this country.

The sparkling wines used at Mr. Ward McAllister's New Year's Ball were three—Möet & Chandon's Brut Imperial, Louis Roederer's Vin Brut, and Perrier-Jouët's Special.—*Bonfort's Wine Circular*, January 10th, 1890.

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CATARRH.

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A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness, and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free, on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

SWORN STATEMENTS OF CIRCULATION.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, }
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO. }

E. W. TOWNSEND, being duly sworn, says that he is the Business Manager of "The Examiner," and is personally familiar with the facts set forth in the affidavits following, and knows that the circulation referred to therein is in every case the *bona-fide*, paid-in-advance, yearly subscription to the Weekly "Examiner," the same numbering sixty-four thousand or more.

Subscribed and sworn to before me,
this 6th day of December, A. D. 1889.

HENRY M. MCGILL, Notary Public.

THOMAS J. FLYNN, being duly sworn, says that he has charge of the books in which subscriptions to the Weekly "Examiner" are recorded, and that such books show a record of sixty-four thousand or more subscribers to the Weekly "Examiner."

Subscribed and sworn to before me,
this 30th day of November, A. D. 1889.

HENRY M. MCGILL, Notary Public.

W. F. BOGART, being duly sworn, says that he has charge of the cash accounts of the Weekly "Examiner," and that such accounts show that sixty-four thousand or more yearly subscriptions to the Weekly "Examiner" have been paid in advance within one year.

Subscribed and sworn to before me,
this 30th day of November, A. D. 1889.

HENRY M. MCGILL, Notary Public.

E. W. TOWNSEND.

THOS. J. FLYNN.

W. F. BOGART.

TIMOTHY NUNAN, being duly sworn, says that he has charge of the galleys of mail addresses of Weekly "Examiner" subscribers, and that sixty-four thousand or more of such separate addresses are now used for each weekly edition.

Subscribed and sworn to before me,
this 3d day of December, A. D. 1889.

LEWIS B. HARRIS, Notary Public.

WALTER H. EAGER, being duly sworn, says that he has charge of "The Examiner" presses, and that he each week prints sixty-four thousand or more Weekly "Examiners" to fill the order of the distributing department.

Subscribed and sworn to before me,
this 3d day of December, A. D. 1889.

LEWIS B. HARRIS, Notary Public.

JOSEPH WELLSFORD, being duly sworn, says that he has charge of the distribution of the Weekly "Examiner," and that his department each week wraps up in separately addressed single wrappers sixty-four thousand or more Weekly "Examiners," and distributes the same by United States mail and Wells-Fargo Express.

Subscribed and sworn to before me,
this 3d day of December, A. D. 1889.

LEWIS B. HARRIS, Notary Public.

TIMOTHY NUNAN.

WALTER H. EAGER.

JOSEPH WELLSFORD.

GENTLEMEN'S TIPPLES.

A Midnight Adventure with a Burglar.

You do not often see a room like Verbruggen's. I spent the afternoon there the other day, and you could not perceive a single inch of the walls. There were book-shelves on every side; book-shelves jutted out into the room itself; and upon many of the shelves the books were ranged two deep—and such books! Never in my life did I feel so feloniously inclined as upon the occasion of my visit to Verbruggen.

"If I were you, V., I said, 'I should search my visitors when I had them good-bye.'

He only laughed good-naturedly; and then he calmly offered to lend me any book I might take a fancy to. Of course I refused, because if I borrowed one of Verbruggen's books I should certainly never return it to him. There are circumstances, you know, in which one can not trust one's self; and to read one of Verbruggen's books without injuring the volume, one would have to wear a surplice and a new pair of white kid-gloves.

Japanese paper, type which does not make one's eyes water but does make one's mouth do so, margin, rough edges, tooled bindings, etc. I gazed over all these things, I feasted my eyes upon original etchings and inserted engravings on China paper, till light failed us; and then we sat on either side of the comfortable fire-place and talked about the books till the clock struck six. I dine at half-past seven, and I rose to go; but Verbruggen would not permit my departure without something to keep the cold out, and he gave me a glass of virgin sherry, which was particularly delicious.

But he helped himself from another decanter. I did not say anything; but somehow or other I resented it, and, having finished my sherry, I stretched out my hand toward that special decanter of his. He is a very old friend, so I could do it without offense; but, to my astonishment, he calmly pushed it out of my reach.

"A visitor I had, Pumper," remarked Verbruggen, "once tried that special tittle of mine—he had reason to repent it."

I was puzzled; curiosity is my master-passion. I looked at my watch; I had got ten minutes to spare. "Give me the story, V.," I said.

He helped himself to another glass, drank it off, and smirked his lips.

"The fact is," said Verbruggen, "the stuff you see in the kitchen is laudanum, made from the very best Turkish opium."

Shade of Thomas De Quincey! I stared at Verbruggen in horror.

"You needn't worry yourself, Pumper," he said, very calmly; "poor Wilkie Collins had to do it, and he attained a good old age. I'm quite capable of taking care of myself. And now I'll tell you the story, and I'll cut it as short as possible. Laudanum, my friend, as you're probably aware, has a peculiarly nasty taste. This stuff of mine is strongly flavored with Seville orange-peel, and it's sweetened; to the palate it much resembles curacao. It was a year and a half ago. I was sitting smoking here, about an hour after midnight; this decanter was on the table in front of me. I had just received an early copy of the suppressed works of certain Elizabethan poets. I read every book, sir, before I place it on my shelves," said Verbruggen; "and at that moment I was deeply interested in what I was about. Suddenly I heard the door of the room open. I looked up, and I saw a powerful ruffian—a burglar evidently; a short crowbar was in one hand, and with the raised forefinger of the other he imposed silence upon me.

"'Guv'nor,' said the man to me in a hoarse whisper, 'if you kick up a row, I'll brain ye.'

"I am sixty-five; I had no intention whatever of kicking up a row. I knew perfectly well that I should have no chance in a struggle with an armed burglar. I determined to grin and bear it.

"'Won't you be seated?' I said to my nocturnal visitor, motioning him to the easy-chair which you now adorn.

"The man grinned. 'Guv'nor,' he said, 'I want yer watch, and yer money, and yer plate and valubles. But first, my pippin, I'll have a drink with ye, just to show there's no ill-feeling.' And then he seized the decanter, poured himself out a glass, and swallowed it at a draught. He smirked his lips, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and then he made a wry face. 'If that's yer favorite poison, guv'nor, I don't think much of it,' he said. 'And now we'll get to business. I'll trouble ye for yer watch.'

"My friend," I answered, as I placed the watch upon the table, 'I'm very fond of that old watch of mine. If you'll leave me an address I shall be glad to redeem it at more than its value.'

"'It don't seem up to much,' replied the man, as he stowed it away in his pocket; 'but I'm always handsome to them as treats me handsome; and if you was to leave a five-pun note with Boggins, as keeps the Goat and Compasses in — Street, why you can bev it back. I can't say no fairer nor that, can I, matey?'

"I'll make a note of the address," I replied, 'and I'm much obliged to you.'

"I took down the address and I made the process last as long as I could.

"And now for yer money and yer jewelry," said the man, in the same hoarse whisper.

"I apologized to my visitor. 'I don't wear jewelry,' I said; 'but you are welcome to my money.' I banded him a sovereign and a penny. It was all I had about me; for I had been to the Convivial Cannibals that afternoon and some ingenious literary friends had eased me of all my loose silver at whist.

"The man in the fur cap didn't believe me. 'I'll hev to search ye, guv'nor,' he said, and he proceeded to do so. 'I thort you was a gentleman,' he said, contemptuously, when the process was over.

"Guv'nor," he went on, suddenly, 'I'm feeling powerful bad. I'll take another glass, if so be as you have no objection.'

"What was I to do? He had got three-quarters of an ounce of the very best laudanum in him already; that was probably almost enough to kill him, a second dose would render death a certainty. I did not want to be the man's murderer, so, pretending to be about to pour the liquor out, I dropped the decanter upon the floor.

"If you try that on again, old man," said the robber, with an oath, 'I'll make short work of you,' and he glared at me like a wild beast. Then he staggered to the door and listened intently. He regained his chair with difficulty. 'I'm powerful had, guv'nor,' he said, suddenly; 'I've got a noise like bees a-swarming in my ears, my sight's gone queer, and my inners is as cold as any stone.'

"I could see by his contracted pupils that the opium had already begun to act.

"'Guv'nor,' said the man; and then his head rolled on his shoulder and he began to snore heavily. 'I rushed from the room. I knocked up Dr. Sholto MacScorch, who lived three doors off. I told him of my visitor's 'accident.' He hurried into his consulting-room and returned with a mahogany box. 'Get some warm water as quickly as possible, Mr. Verbruggen,' he cried. I did as he directed. He thrust a wooden gag, with a hole in it, into the burglar's mouth; then he pushed an elastic tube, a yard long, down his throat. By this time the man's face was nearly blue. He attached a stomach-pump to the tube, and he pumped quarts of warm water into the man, and then he pumped it out. This process he repeated several times.

"Pinch him all over," cried Dr. MacScorch; 'pinch as hard as ever you can.'

"By that time, Mary, my housemaid, had appeared, and we pinched the unfortunate patient with all our might and main, until we could pinch no longer. Then MacScorch poured a jug of cold water on his head; then he began shouting in his ears; then he flapped him in the face with a wet towel as hard as he could; then he ordered Mary to make a lot of hot coffee, and he pumped that into the unhappy man's stomach; then he ran pins into him at frequent intervals. Finally, we took the man under the arms, and so we dragged him along the empty streets to St. George's Hospital. At noon, I called to ascertain the fate of that nocturnal caller on me. They told me that he was out of danger, and I saw him, looking more dead than alive, in one of the hospital-beds.

"They tell me you saved my life, guv'nor," said the invalid; 'I say, guv'nor,' he added, with a sickly smile, 'you ain't a-going to split on a pore hloke?'

"I reassured him.

"Thank ye kindly, guv'nor," he said; 'but if ever I tastes gentlemen's tipples again, blarm me blue!'

"That's his crow-bar," said Verbruggen; "I haven't seen him since."—*St. James's Gazette.*

Judge (to prisoner)—"You were seen by the officer, sir, dodging about the back streets and evidently trying to avoid meeting any one. You were, therefore, arrested by said officer on the charge of being a suspicious character. But, be that as it may, as you appear to be a respectable person, I will discharge you from the custody of the court if you can give a satisfactory reason for your suspicious actions when arrested." Prisoner (brokenly)—"I—I—was wearing, your honor, for the first time, a necktie, a Christmas—present—from—my—wife, and I was afraid to meet any—Judge (promptly and decisively, but visibly affected)—"The prisoner has the sincere sympathy of the court and is honorably discharged."—*Life.*

"You ought to be glad that you will be electrified instead of hanged," said a prison visitor to a convicted murderer. "Why?" asked the felon, in surprise. "You suffer greatly from rheumatism, don't you?" "Yes," "Well, electricity is the best-known remedy for that."—*Epoch.*

The Rev. Mrs. Poorly-paid—"If you want me to fix your trousers, darling, you'll have to go downtown and buy some buttons." The Rev. Mr. Poorly-paid—"Ob, that's a needless expense, my dear. I am going to take up a collection for foreign missions to-morrow."—*New York Sun.*

First Man (excitedly)—"Our boarding-house is afire!" Second Man (calmly)—"Come, then, hurry up, and perhaps we may be able to get something hot."—*Jury.*

Honesty is doubtless the best policy, but it seems to have expired long ago.—*Lawrence American.*

Is the woman who goes to church to exhibit her sealskin sacque-religious?—*Rome Sentinel.*

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SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN via NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, October 13, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:20, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 4:50, 6:10 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 5:05, 6:30, P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 7:45, 9:20, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 4:55 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50 A. M.; 12:00 M.; 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 6:25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:30, 4:05, 5:30 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:35 A. M.; 12:45, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7:05 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11.00 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12:25 P. M.

1.30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.

8.00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 6:15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tamales, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.

Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Point Reyes, \$1.75.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM. Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Jan. 1, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 12:45 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax.	5:45 P.
8:00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Colistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles.	11:15 A.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	5:45 P.
10:30 A.	Haywards and Niles.	2:15 P.
* 12:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	3:45 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	** 6:00 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
3:30 P.	2d class Ogden and East.	10:45 P.
4:00 P.	Stockton and Millerton, Vallejo, Colistoga, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis.	10:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and San José.	4:15 P.
5:30 P.	Haywards and Niles.	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	Summit Route, Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans and East.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	7:45 A.
8:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

3:00 A.	Hunters' train to San José.	7:20 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	5:50 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	* 11:50 A.
4:15 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:25 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:30 P.
8:30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:12 P.
10:30 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:02 P.
12:01 P.	(Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.)	3:38 P.
* 3:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations.	* 10:00 A.
* 4:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 7:58 A.
5:20 P.	San José and Way Stations.	9:03 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	† 7:28 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Mondays only. § Saturdays excepted. ** Mondays excepted.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000

WILLIAM ALVORD, President.
THOMAS BROWN, Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR., Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boathmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

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SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, March 17, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

Leave San Francisco.	DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. 3:30 P. M. 5:00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M. 8:50 A. M. 6:10 P. M. 10:30 A. M. 6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. 3:30 P. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	10:30 A. M. 6:10 P. M. 6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. 3:30 P. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	6:10 P. M. 6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. 3:30 P. M.	Guerneville.	6:10 P. M. 6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. 3:30 P. M.	Sonoma.	10:40 A. M. 8:50 A. M. 6:10 P. M. 6:05 P. M.
	Glen Ellen.	

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, Sebastopol, and Mark West Springs; at Geyersville for Skaggs Springs, and at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs, and at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Willits, Cahto, Calpella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Litton Springs, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Guerneville, \$7.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Litton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.50.

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 3:30, 5:15 P. M.; Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 5:20 P. M.

To San Francisco from San Rafael: Week Days—6:20, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40 A. M.; 12:15, 3:40, 5:10 P. M.

To San Francisco from Point Tiburon: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.; Sundays—8:40, 10:05 A. M.; 12:40, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.

On Saturdays an extra trip will be made from San Francisco to San Rafael, leaving at 1:40 P. M.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager, PETER J. MCGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt. Ticket Offices at Ferry, 222 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

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Oceanic..... Tuesday, February 4

Gaelic..... Thursday, February 27

Belgic..... Saturday, March 22

Oceanic..... Tuesday, April 15

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For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No. 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.

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For Hong Kong, via Yokohama: City of Rio de Janeiro.....Feb. 15, at 3 P. M. China..... Tuesday, March 11, at 3 P. M.

Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates. For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & Co., Gen. Agents, GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Feb. 4, 19.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket office, 214 Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, San Francisco.

25th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1889

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Capital and Surplus.....\$4,694,805.04 LLOYD TEVIS, President; JRO. J. VALENTINE, Vice-Pres't. Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Charles Fargo, Geo. E. Gray, C. F. Crocker, H. WADSWORTH, Cashier. Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and all general banking business.



The fashion changes in operas as it does in architecture and interior decoration. The operas which enthralled our grandfathers—where are they? Where is Picini, where is Spontini, whom the great Napoleon delighted to honor? Two years ago an attempt was made to produce his "Ferdinand Cortez" with all the pomp and circumstance of a fine setting and a noble east. But it seemed purposeless and ineffectual—a charming air here, an imposing chorus there, could not compensate for an inchoate and clumsy musical mélange, in which the composer himself seemed to have lost all interest. To come down to a later period, who listens to Bellini or Donizetti? "Sonnambula" is cherished by a few divas whose voices have more flexibility than strength, and whose dramatic power is sufficiently feeble to cope with the exigencies of Aminta's part. "Lucia" lives by virtue of the flute solo, which has its value to bird-like soprano voices.

The German operatic composers of the same period seem to have been more conscientious. There was something slipshod and careless in the way those early Italians built their operas. It must have come as naturally to them to compose sweetly charming melodies as it does to Frenchmen to be waiters. They achieved success too easily, and their operas seemed to have bloomed into being with as little effort as the sun rises and sets. Beautiful harmonies hung on the fingers of the composer, and shaking these off over acts of inconceivably idiotic libretto, he had composed an opera. To the German, it was a sterner work, laboriously adhered to, studied, perfected, and slowly wrought upward through various stages of toilsome evolution to a triumphant fusion of its dramatic and musical meaning. The Italian is musical by instinct, the German by education. It is the story of the hare and the tortoise over again.

In "The Freischütz," Weber illustrated a stage in the evolution of German opera, when a relation had begun to exist between words and music, to result eventually in the glorious achievement of Wagner's genius. At the same time, to a listener to whom—fed on the works of the modern German school—the dramatic side of an opera is of as much importance as the musical, "The Freischütz" must appear strangely old-fashioned and quaintly unpretentious and simple. It was arranged with a prim neatness, each jewel of melody set charily and at equal distances, as though the master grudging a too lavish output of his genius. About its construction there is a severe and almost classic simplicity, a tempered reticence, a stiffness, as when the hand has not yet grown accustomed to describe flowing lines, and a sense of novelty still embarrasses the creative instinct. To such operas as "The Queen of Sheba" and "Merlin," with their dazzling splendor of color and torrent of sound, "Freischütz" is as a trim, old-fashioned garden with rows of tall, sweet-smelling flowers growing stiffly along straight walks, to the rich luxuriance of flowering thickets where the highest art is used to simulate the careless profusion of nature.

The Juch Company cast "Freischütz" well and set it badly. It is one of those operas which cry aloud for a fine setting; the third act is tolerable only when managed with all the aid to be had from lime-lights, fire-works, and the mechanical contrivances which make the Christmas pantomime such a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Scenes like this should be done with careful elaboration, or else not done at all. Strange things happened in the Witches' Glen on Saturday evening, very similar in style to those which take place in the second act of "The Black Crook," when Hertzo calls up Zamiel from the bottom of the torrent. It was just the same sort of place, and a precisely similar set of weird, creepy creatures kept taking flight, in the manner of flying-squirrels, from wing to wing, awakening a lively curiosity on the part of the audience as to their places in the books of natural history. First there came a string of bats, or ducks, or ravens, or, perhaps, even those little monkeys which South American explorers describe as bridging great distances by swinging across them in festoons. Then there came a drove of animals, cantering across at a brisk, lively gait, and generally believed to be small Brittany pigs. Of these, the first consignment showed no ambition to be in any way remarkable, and seemed indeed only anxious to gain the exclusion of the opposite wing as quickly as possible; but the second lot were as weird as they knew how, and dashed across, spouting fountains of fire from their mouths. Ghostly visitants followed, up to the number of six; a witch on a broomstick flew through the upper ether at express speed; large green as lettuce, peeped out of the crannies

of the rocks, and on one lofty pinnacle appeared Mazulm, the Night Owl, with his two round red eyes, which he winks at intervals. Finally, Caspar having made a brew of awful potency and incanted a grewsome incantation, up comes Zamiel in his customary manner from the bottom of the waterfall.

Mr. Vetta ought to be careful of his pronunciation of this dread name. There were people on Saturday evening who thought he had conjured up "Samuel," and that the little hero of their childhood's dreams, the holy son of Hannah, had fallen from grace to the extent of being a minion of the black art, to be drawn to earth by spells and grisly concoctions in an iron caldron. The smoke which this caldron emits at every fresh infusion must be bad for the voices of both Mr. Vetta and Mr. Hedmont, who solicitously hung over it and inhaled the fumes. Finally, the séance comes to an end in a dripping rain of fire from the flies and the disappearance of Zamiel down a trap-door.

It must be confessed that such a scene as this—even produced with all the mechanical perfections of lights and fires and traps and electric effects—deteriorates from the effect of any opera. It can not help being ridiculous. The painted devils of childhood—the broom-riding witch, the galumphing pigs—are as absurd and silly as a clown or a pantaloone. No matter how perfect its representation, a bogey of this kind is an incongruous element in an opera where there is dignity and distinction in the music. Who has not prayed for the elimination of the dragon in "Siegfried"? In the midst of the vernal harmonies of that glorious second act, the dragon, lumbering out of his cave with his great tail lashing the air and his huge jaws gaping, comes in as incongruously as a bull in a china-shop. As dragons go, he is a very imposing article, but it is perfectly evident that there are two men inside him working his feet and one sitting in his head, singing down a tin horn inserted in the back of his throat. All the ghost business of the third act of "Freischütz" is an injustice to the beauties of the score. It degrades the simple dignity of the prayer and the gay freshness of the soubrette's music.

Miss Juch is a charming Agnes. Her personality suits to perfection just such parts. She seems to comprehend the simple, unpretending nature of the ideal German girl and portrays it carefully and intelligently. Her appearance, too—that delightful, fresh blondeness—fits her for such characters and unfits her for the part of Carmen, in which she seems ill at ease and out of her element. A blonde woman can no more act Carmen than a dark woman Marguerite. The complicity, the *diablerie* of Carmen are as far beyond Miss Juch as the exquisite sensibility of Marguerite is beyond Patti. Miss Juch undoubtedly has a German heredity. Her appearance, her name, and her manner demonstrate this, and the perfect accord and sympathy which she seems to establish with each character of a German type. Her Marguerite is undoubtedly a very delicate, thoughtful portrayal, and shows a close appreciation of the fine points of the character, a character which, filtered through two French minds, still remains essentially German; a character, moreover, which only a German prima donna seems thoroughly to understand and appreciate.

Agnes is less of a personality than Marguerite. Truth to tell, she is rather colorless in her amiable docility and picturesque pinings. And in its translation the dialogue has been so successfully darkened that it is quite impossible half the time to tell what Agnes is either rejoicing or weeping about. Miss Juch makes her as attractive as the libretto will permit, and succeeds in making graceful tableaux with Miss Leonhardt, the soubrette, who was very pretty and piquant. She looked particularly charming while singing the prayer, and sang with a good deal of tenderness and feeling, but with an occasional desire, on the descending scale, to draw out single syllables. Mr. Vetta and Mr. Hedmont did their best with parts where the music was delicious and the dialogue rapid.

If Weber's music could be attached to some other story—if these pearls of song could be held together by some less wretched string—how one would rejoice! But at long intervals, through deserts of weary dialogue, bloom vases of harmonious beauty that compensate for the toilsome road by which one reached them. The story is of the baldest, scarcely elaborated, roughly blocked out, only half told, and not, at that, worth the telling. The spoken sentences, by which the characters attempt to reveal their thoughts and aims, are so clumsily translated and were so clumsy in the beginning that they defeat their own ends and leave the listener in a state of more mystified obscurity than if they had never spoken at all. Why could not some one remove the clothing Weber puts upon this skeleton and transfer it to a well-made, graceful body capable of showing it off to the best advantage? G. B.

All sorts of fabulous sums have been stated as Bronson Howard's income from "Shenandoah," but it is generally understood to be about two thousand five hundred dollars a month at present. This, with from three to five hundred more from "The Henrietta," and odd trifles from his half-dozen other popular plays, ought to put heart in the aspiring American dramatist. But Mr. Howard has served a long and arduous apprenticeship.

— EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

The opening night of the Historical Carnival, announced to begin at the Mechanics' Pavilion last Saturday evening, was postponed on account of the illness of many participants to Friday evening, January 24th. The affair is given under the auspices of the congregation of the Church of the Advent, and is to continue for a week.

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THE SALE OF SEATS.

Beginning Wednesday, January 29th, at 12 noon, Proscenium and Mezzanine boxes will be sold for the season at auction at the Grand Opera House, under the direction of Messrs. Easton, Eldridge & Co.

Thursday, January 30th, at 9 A. M., the sale of seats for the season only, of fourteen performances, twelve nights and two matinees, will begin at the music store of Sherman, Clay & Co., corner Sutter and Kearny Streets, and continue till Saturday, February 1st, 5 P. M.

The sale for single nights will commence at Sherman & Clay's Music Store, on Monday, February 3d, at 9 A. M.

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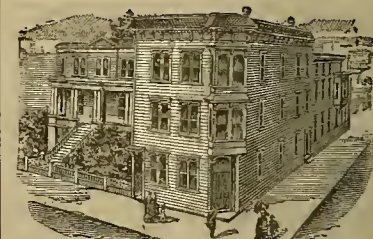
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STAGE GOSSIP.

The coming opera season divides interest with the snow blockade as a topic of conversation, and every one is impatient to see Patti's red hair, to hear Tamagno's tremendous tenor, and to be dazzled by the glare of Ardit's gleaming scalp.

The Tivoli will be closed on Monday night, for the purpose of altering and renovating the interior of the auditorium. During the last ten years the Tivoli has been closed only two or three nights—once on the day of President Garfield's funeral, and once when one of its proprietors died.

Peter Robertson, who has efficiently filled the office of dramatic critic of the *Chronicle* for a number of years, resigned his post a few days ago in order to devote all his time to the growing business of his literary-theatrical bureau. Mr. Robertson's successor on the *Chronicle* is Arthur Barendt.

Gounod's "Romeo e Julietta," Verdi's "Otello," "Lakmé" in Italian, and "Lohengrin," with Tamagno in the titular rôle, are among the notable features of the Patti company's repertoire.

"Shenandoah" will be the principal attraction of the theatres next week. The play is still running in New York, having passed its one hundred and fiftieth night long ago, there are three "Shenandoah" companies "on the road," and Bronson Howard is in London seeing to its production there.

Sidney Rosenfeld's comedy, "A Possible Case," has had a very fair share of the theatre-goers' patronage this week, and will doubtless retain its popularity through the fortnight. The cast is a good one, including M. A. Kennedy, the Archers, E. S. Belknap, and several others who are well liked in this city.

The price of tickets for the opera, given by the greatest aggregation of singers ever heard in this country, with all the accessories of a large orchestra, chorus people, scenery, etc., is to be just what it was for simple concerts when Mme. Patti was last in New York, that is, five dollars for season seats and seven dollars for single tickets.

Harry Courtaine, whom many old theatre-goers remember with kindly feelings and whom the moderns saw as the schoolmaster in "Little Puck," is to appear next week at one of the minor theatres in a comedy written for him by Fred. G. Maeder and entitled "Just My Luck."

"The Woman Hater," in which comedy Roland Reed returns to us next week, is by D. D. Lloyd, who has had a sudden but deserved success as a playwright. Reed played it here two years ago to excellent houses, and it has been eminently successful in the East.

A real "off night" will be an impossibility in the coming opera season at the Grand. Besides Patti and Tamagno, Messrs. Abbey and Grau have in their company Mme. Albani, Lillian Nordica, Giulia Valda, Ravelli, Perugini, Novara, Castlemarey, and a number of lesser lights, almost any of whom could head an opera company.

It is said that "Shenandoah" is to be seen in Paris soon, and no less a dramatist than Henry Meilhac is making the French version.

Blakely Hall, the well-known correspondent, is the latest recruit in the ranks of American dramatists. He has written for Kate Forsyth a play which is said to be strong and well written, with a fine emotional rôle for Miss Forsyth.

The Mexicans have quite recovered from their rage and chagrin over the smooth scoundrel who sold fraudulent tickets to the Patti opera two years ago, as is evidenced by the fact that they entrusted Marcus Mayer with one hundred and eighty-two thousand dollars for tickets this time before the company arrived.

The cast of "Shenandoah" includes Joseph Holland, Frank Carlyle, Lewis Baker, Charles Mackey, Charles Stanley, C. B. Hawkins, Vincent Sternroyd, Charles Canfield, W. L. Denison, W. Harry Thorn, Charles Mitchell, F. Pierce Batin, William Barnes, George Maxwell, Eleanor Tyndale, Esther Lyon, Maud Monroe, Percy Haswell, Belle Buckland, Lizzie DuRoy, and Grace Chase.

In the cast of "The Woman Hater" are Roland Reed, Harry A. Smith, H. Rees Davies, Ernest Bartman, Wm. C. Andrews, Julian Reed, Max Fehrmann, James Douglass, S. A. Gordon, Miss Isadore Rush, Miss Ruth Carpenter, and Mrs. Mary Myers.

There is walling and gnashing of teeth in the land at the prospect of standing in line, for the seats at the opera are not to be auctioned off. The boxes will be knocked down to the highest bidders by Easton, Eldridge & Co., next Wednesday noon at the Grand Opera House, but in the matter of seats it is first come first served. The sale of season tickets will open at nine o'clock next Thursday at Sherman & Clay's, and will be continued through the week, the sale of single seats beginning on Monday, February 3d. And on the tenth the opera.

"The Golden Giant" is to be revived next week, with William Morris, E. N. Thayer, Lorimer Johnstone, George Osborne, Isabel Morris, Eleanor Barry, and other well-known people in the cast.

Edwin S. Belknap, of the "Possible Case" company, is the son of a well-known lawyer in this city,

and was prominent among the amateurs before he went East and deserted the law for the stage.

The revival of Boucicault's military drama, "Jessie Brown," has not been greeted with rapture, and it will accordingly be withdrawn next week and "The Lights of London" put on in its place.

A dispatch a few days ago stated that Thomas Crehan, aged seventy, had been arrested in Brooklyn, at the instance of his son-in-law, Oliver Byron, the actor, on a charge of habitual drunkenness, and that he died in the court-room. Crehan was Ada Rehan's father, her stage name being obtained by dropping the initial letter of the patronymic. Thursday's papers contained the following dispatch: "NEW YORK, January 22d.—Returning from her father's funeral, Ada Rehan appeared in Daly's Theatre in 'Dollars and Sense.' Miss Rehan, notwithstanding her recent affliction, played Phronie, she having decided not to disappoint the many hundreds who had counted upon seeing her in her favorite rôle. The manager acknowledged in the play-bill her sacrifice. There was no apparent falling off in her gayety or spontaneity. In her famous scene with Baron Katzenallnberken, in which she sings and dances 'Jenny O' Jones,' won for her, as always before, round after round of applause." It is not apparent why Miss Rehan—or any actor or actress—should be lauded throughout the continent for appearing on the stage so soon after a family bereavement. It is a mere question of dollars and cents.

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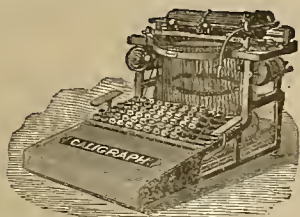
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The wisest must govern. This truth has been the basis of all the governments in the world, from the patriarchs to the presidents. It has inspired the ravings of all the red republicans of the world, as well as furnished the arguments of the most extreme monarchists. In the rude times, when men were gathered into tribes, the old men, as wisest, ruled the band; not very stringently, but with all the authority of the tribe. This primitive mode of governing has descended down to the wise men's meeting of the Saxons and to our American Indian contemporaries. Monarchs, whether aristocratic or constitutional, usurping or hereditary, have asserted the same principle. Great rulers, such as Julius Cæsar, Oliver Cromwell, and Napoleon Bonaparte—who grasped supreme power because they knew they could use it, and petty tyrants who abused it because the people were indifferent and ignorant—have asserted the same thing. The feudal governments of Europe were established on a light foundation. The wealthy and so-called noble aristocracies, whose powers are alike and almost equally represented by Alexander, the autocrat, and Victoria, the constitutional queen, make appeal to this general principle. An aristocracy is literally a best government—a government by the wisest. Not that these rulers have always deliberately claimed that they, individually, were wisest among men, but they have claimed it for themselves as officers in their formal documents. They say, "In our wisdom," and "Of our free grace and mere motion," and such things. These forms at

least defer to the common consent of mankind that the wisest ought to govern, by taking the name of wisdom, just as vice acknowledges the supremacy of virtue by pretending to be virtue. Republics—Greek, Italian, Swiss, French, American—have alike proclaimed the same universal maxim with so loud a voice we need not stop to repeat their words. The only difference among all these different rulers has been in their answers to the question, Who are the wisest? The king, the emperor, the Czar, say the monarchists. The king and his nobles, say the feudalists. The nobles, said the oligarchic Venetians. The people said, and still say, The People. So say we. Precisely at this point, however, is a common and enormous omission. "The people ought to govern" is the loud cry of all our politicians. But there can be no reason why they should govern, unless they can prove themselves wise enough to govern well. It is with a nation as it is with the individual. When a man is old enough and knows enough to take care of himself, then he may take care of himself. Until that time, he is placed under more or less control and constraint for his own good. And a nation not wise enough to govern itself will as surely work out its own destruction as an inexperienced boy in the sole charge of a great estate would unwisely waste and lose it. Our politicians happen, in fact, to be right. But that is only because our people have been wise enough to govern. The presumption has always been that each American voter has been intelligent and upright enough to be intrusted with the prerogatives of sovereignty. The exceptions have been so few as to serve only to prove the rule. Of late years, however, so rapidly have the exceptions increased, by virtue of the enormous immigration of ignorant and immoral foreigners, that this presumption of intelligence and integrity can scarcely any longer be said to exist. The politicians continue to cry: "Let the people govern!" The trouble is not now lest the people will govern—they will always do that in this country; they will never suffer the sceptre to pass out of their hands. But the difficulty now is to keep them wise and pure enough to govern well. The American republican theory is not merely that the people should govern; it is, first, that *the people are the wisest*; and, second, and only by virtue of this wisdom, comes the other truth—the *people must govern*. For abundant proof of our position, let us look to the practice and precepts of those founders of the Union and fathers of American liberty—the first settlers of the thirteen colonies. In the early times of the various colonial commonwealths, only decent and reputable members of society were admitted to the exercise of the electoral franchise. The written constitutions and the whole spirit of the frame of government of all the colonies are conclusively in point. The strong, clear-minded men who established them saw plainly the absolute necessity of admitting none to the free man's privilege of governing the State, except such as were duly qualified in intellect and morals for that high responsibility. They set their standard of qualification much higher than would now be endured. They required both the ownership of property, that the voter might the more sensibly feel the effects of his own governing, and church-membership, that he might be approved a man of pure heart and life. Their application of the principle was certainly most extreme, but the demonstration is not less conclusive of the strength and clearness of their conviction that only safe men—well-qualified men—should be intrusted with the management of the affairs of State. Since this is our theory and has been our practice, it becomes at once the profoundest and most absolute necessity of the State to foresee and guarantee its future, and to secure to itself the means of a prosperous and progressive life by raising up well-trained citizens for the next generation—just as a provident man of business in one season is making arrangements for his investments and enterprises during the next; or as a farmer, while cultivating one crop, makes that crop help prepare for the next, and thus preserves and improves the value and productive power of his land. Bismarck has said: "What you would have appear in the nation, put in the schools of that nation." Our common-school education, however, differs from other common-school educations, precisely as our people differ from other people and our institutions from other institutions. A comparison

between our system of education and the systems of European education, and of the results upon the population subjected to them, will serve to exhibit contrasts seldom considered, but extremely important. The greatest difference between them arises from the difference in their objects. The American idea of common education recognizes the fundamental importance of raising its citizens to that standard of moral and intellectual ability and acquirement which shall prepare them for all purposes of government and self-government. That such is the true relation of our common-school training to the State, seems proved by the mere statement of the case. That such was, in fact, its scope and purpose, and that they have ever been so regarded by the wisest men, needs little proof. The histories of the early settlements and the documentary evidence of their records are alike conclusive of the question. The fact is notorious that the education of the young engaged a very large share of the solicitude of the first Americans. The Virginians established the first free school in America in 1621. The first in Boston was established in 1635. It is repeatedly declared in the records of the colonies that "it is the legal duty of all parents and guardians to give instruction to the children under their care, and to train them up in such employment as will prove profitable to themselves and the commonwealth." In 1642, it was declared by solemn enactment, that "all children must be educated," and that it was "barbarism not to have a knowledge of the principal laws of the State." But, on the other hand, it is an equally direct object of the European educational systems to prevent the people from examining the government and its measures. The Prussian school system—the most liberal on the continent—is merely an adjunct of despotic power; a great machine, from which are turned out ready-made subjects, not ready-made men. The school-books of the Austrian dominions are arranged to teach submission to tyranny. In them the children read, in so many words, that subjects must behave toward their sovereign like faithful slaves toward their master, because their sovereign *is* their master, and has power over their property as well as over their lives. Intelligent consideration of political questions would shake the seats of the kings; and for self-preservation's sake, therefore, they carefully keep such matters as much as possible out of the people's hands. These peculiar systems of European education afford a satisfactory explanation of the intellectual, moral, and social debasement of European populations. The mutual confidence and helpfulness, the reliance which our citizens place in the kindness and honesty of others, the social friendship and fellowship which make up the warp and woof of our daily life, are things unknown in Europe, and seem strange and incomprehensible to Europeans traveling here. In Europe, everybody distrusts everybody. It was a principal reason for the transitory insecurity of the many constitutional governments established in Germany and elsewhere, that of the numerous little cliques of politicians and theorists who were at work, none trusted any other. Nowhere in Europe can be found that hearty patriotic feeling which causes our minorities to submit peacefully to the measures of the majority, and even to assist in good faith their support and full accomplishment. Thus far, we have shown:

1. How our peculiar American education is the basis of our peculiar American nationality and freedom.
2. How the aims of American education and European education are diametrically opposite.
3. How dangerous the influence of foreign population is upon our American institutions.

It remains for us to consider what remedial measures are required.

1. We should demand that our common schools—which are the only requisite medium of that education which is the very life-blood of the nation, the nucleus and source of all our liberty—shall be kept American in spirit, American in practice, American everywhere and always.

2. We should require that every foreigner shall be naturalized before he is naturalized.

Perhaps one of the most useful measures which could be generally adopted, in order to the accomplishment of this end, would be an educational qualification to voting—the

requirement, for instance, that every voter should read intelligibly in English our State and national constitutions. This single requirement of reading is probably the best, although imperfect, as all such tests must be. Any such test must be capable of quick and easy application. Reading is a ready mode of estimating a man's mental acquirements. A more elaborate inquiry would be so tedious in the application as to be practically useless. Ability to read can be proved in a moment. And one who can read is able to use the most extensive and important sources of general information. The enforcement of such a rule would be attended with many advantages. It would shut out from the polls the most degraded and dangerous class of voters, native and foreign. The men who are most easily bought or fooled would not then be worth buying. Immigrants would be under a strong temptation to learn English and to learn to read; of which two attainments, the first would be of great value in assimilating them to our own people, and the second as a step forward in their progress toward intelligent freedom. A most important benefit, also, to be derived from the operation of this educational test would be its effect upon our schools. The children of foreigners, now the most ignorant and inaccessible of our youthful population, would at least learn to read. Education would thus be definitely recognized and honored by the State. Its adoption would make a renewed, public assertion of our hereditary State policy, that the possession and exercise of political power is conditioned upon the possession of the ability to properly use such power. By the universal education and cultivation of our people, in all the elements of honest and virtuous citizenship, we shall become peerless in strength and stability—the freest, noblest, and purest among the nations, the crown and culmination of human progress. In the fulfillment of that grand destiny, we wield the lever that shall move the world.

The hundredth anniversary of the organization of the Supreme Court of the United States will occur this week, and will be observed with appropriate ceremonies in New York. Among all the governmental innovations of the framers of the constitution, none was more unique, none has been more far-reaching in its consequences. Yet it is strange that no department of the government was less understood at the time of its institution. The true significance of their work in establishing a supreme Federal tribunal was never suspected by those who built the framework of the government, and the peculiar functions of the court were not understood, not even developed, until it had been in operation a number of years. During the first ten years of its existence, the court considered only six cases involving constitutional questions, and only one of these was important in its results. This was the historical case of *Chisholm versus Georgia*, in which the court decided that it had power to entertain a suit brought by a private individual against a State. The decision created the greatest excitement, and resulted in the adoption of the Eleventh Amendment. This amendment set that particular question at rest, but the decision had opened the eyes of the people to the possibilities of the supreme court in the way of interpreting and defending the constitution against the radical legislation of Congress. With the appointment of Marshall to the chief-justiceship in 1801, the history-making era of the supreme court commenced, and during the thirty-four years of his incumbency the constitutional questions decided by the court averaged almost two each year. Before 1801, less than one hundred cases came before the court. During this second period the decided cases numbered 1,215, and many of these cases involved the most important constitutional questions. It was during Marshall's time that the relations and powers of the three departments of the Federal Government became settled, and the lines were laid upon which the relations of the Federal and State governments have since been drawn. At that time the States overshadowed the central government, and the drift of the decisions was in the direction of centralization. Marshall's successor, Taney, was appointed by Jackson, and reflected the constitutional views of the most wrong-headed and one of the most well-intentioned incumbents of the Presidential chair. Under his influence the drift toward centralization was stemmed, but the court's era of history-making was over for a time, and only the *Dred Scott* case assumed the constitutional importance of the decisions of Marshall's incumbency. It is a curious fact, and one pregnant with the most important results, that the opinion of the court was strongly influenced during this period of sixty years by two such justices as Marshall and Taney. Marshall's centralization did not approach the centralization of to-day, but had the tendency not been stemmed as it was by Taney, the identity of the States might have been entirely lost. The opposing opinion of these two chief-justices prevented too great a drift in either direction, and sustained the supreme court in its position as the conservative element of the government. A review of the decisions of the court during these sixty years will make clear its very important service in shaping and conserving the frame-

work of the government. The number of associate-justices has been changed several times during the hundred years of the court's existence. At the time of its organization, the United States included the thirteen original States only, and the chief-justice and five associates composed the court. By 1807 the admission of the first three Western States—Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio—and the increasing business of the court, led to the addition of another associate. Thirty years later the number of associates was increased to eight, the States then including all those east of the Mississippi River. During the war another associate was added; but on the death of two justices during the struggle between Congress and President Johnson, the number was reduced to seven, in order to prevent the latter exercising an influence over the court by the appointment of two associates. The number was increased to eight again during Grant's administration, and here it has since remained. Among those now on the bench, the senior in point of service is Justice Miller, appointed in 1862 by Lincoln. Justice Field is one year his junior, having also been appointed by Lincoln, and these two are also the oldest members of the court, both being seventy-three years of age. Justice Harlan dates from the administration of Hayes; Gray and Blatchford from that of Arthur; and Lamar and Chief-Justice Fuller were appointed by Cleveland. Harlan and Fuller are the youngest members of the court, and the average age of all is sixty-six years. In 1869, an act was passed providing that all justices who had served ten years, and were at least seventy years of age, might retire on full pay. Miller and Field are the only ones now on the bench who might avail themselves of this law. Of the ex-justices, but two are living. Justice Strong, whose term of service was thirty-four years, he being the only one to serve as long as Marshall, retired in 1880, and is now living in Washington. Justice Campbell was appointed in 1853 by President Pierce, and resigned his position on the bench when his State—Alabama—seceded. He is now practicing law in New Orleans. Prior to 1870, the cases brought before the supreme court were comparatively not numerous, but they have been increasing rapidly since then. There are now on the docket 1,484 cases—269 more than were decided during the thirty-four years of Marshall's incumbency. At the present time, the court is able to dispose of 425 cases a year, and thus the number of cases undisposed of is constantly increasing, and this is what might be expected. In 1837, the volume of business demanded an increase from seven to eight associate-justices, which is the number we have at the present time. Yet, in 1837, the area of the United States was scarcely one-half what it is now, and the population was seventeen millions against sixty-five millions to-day. The necessity for some measure of relief is apparent and pressing, yet it is pushed aside for less important but more popular measures, and the machinery of justice becomes clogged.

Among the problems of modern industrial warfare there is none that presents greater difficulties in the way of solution, or that involves more serious consequences for non-solution, than the management and restriction of trusts. Trusts are by no means a new feature of industrial organization; they are merely an old and long-recognized danger acting under new conditions, and therefore presenting new difficulties. The trade guilds of the middle ages were aspects of the same tendency operating under the then controlling conditions; the monopolies of the early days of modern industrial development were merely trusts, using all the forces of absolute governments for extending their influence and perfecting their oppression. An interesting example of the mediæval trust was the Spice Trust, that aimed at controlling the pepper trade of Europe during the latter part of the sixteenth century. The movement originated with a merchant of Augsburg, Conrad Roth by name, who interested the Elector of Saxony in the scheme. A company was formed, entitled the Thuringian Company. Europe was divided into three sections: Portugal, Spain, and the West, Italy and the South, and Germany and the North. Contracts were made by which the company controlled the entire supply of pepper coming into Europe through legitimate channels, and it was hoped that by raising the price of pepper one groschen a pound, an annual profit of thirty-eight thousand florins would be secured. Pepper was accumulated at Leipzig, but the price did not rise as was expected. Pepper flowed into Europe from all directions, and it was found to be impossible to prevent it. Creditors began to assail the company on all sides, Roth committed suicide, and the Elector of Saxony got out of the company at a heavy loss. This scheme involved all the features of the modern trust, it included all the legitimate sources of supply, and adopted the methods of the trust of to-day. But it labored under disadvantages that do not now exist. Postal facilities practically did not then exist, and communication was extremely difficult; smuggling was carried on extensively, and the King of Portugal, upon whom the company depended, was unable to prevent pepper coming in through the most unexpected channels. Comparing this trust with a typical modern trust, we may see

how much greater the facilities now are. The increased means of communication and the extension of the supply really create favorable opportunities for such combinations. The copper syndicate which collapsed in Paris last year was a similar attempt to corner the market of the world, and so far as the control of the supply was concerned it was vastly more successful. Its failure was not from inability to control the supply, but from the comparatively small demand for copper. The managers were unfortunate in the subject of their trust, not in the facilities for carrying it on. The Standard Oil Company is another illustration showing the modern facilities of these gigantic combinations. The company began in a partnership, during the early days of the Civil War, between Samuel Andrews and John Rockefeller. Andrews had invented a new process by which a greater percentage of kerosene was extracted from petroleum than had been possible under the old method, and by virtue of this advantage the company soon became prosperous. In time, as it gained strength, it absorbed some rival companies, crushed others, and finally stood at the head of the business. Then it extended its operations still further. It ran its own acid-works and glue-factories, made its own barrels, and controlled the disposition of kerosene through the country. Not satisfied with this, it began to exercise a control over the railroads, which finally enabled it to crush out all effective opposition. Vanderbilt once said that there was but one man in the country who could dictate to him, and that was Rockefeller. The Pennsylvania Railroad entered into a written contract with the Standard Oil Company, by which it agreed to charge double rates for all oil hauled for other shippers. When this contract was exposed in the courts, a new agreement was made by which the Standard Company was allowed a rebate not only on the oil shipped by it, but on all oil carried over the railroads. During 1878, rebates to the amount of \$6,960,840 were paid to the company, and for the seventeen months ending March 31, 1879, the rebates amounted to \$10,151,218. Similar secret agreements were entered into with the New York Central, the Erie, and the Atlantic and Great Western roads. A barrel of oil weighing 390 pounds was carried 400 miles, and the empty cars returned for eighty cents, while a ninety-pound can of milk was carried sixty miles for forty-five cents. On one occasion an opposition oil-company had 10,000 barrels of oil carried by pipe-line to the side of the Erie track, the company having agreed to ship the oil, but an agent of the Standard Company appeared on the scene, stopped the shipment, and the oil was still waiting to be shipped when the matter was investigated in the New York courts some months later. This was but an illustration of another method by which the Standard Oil Company used its influence over the railroads to crush out its rivals. It compelled the railroad companies to refuse to ship oil for other producers, and when complaint was made to President Scott, of the Pennsylvania railroad, he said that all he could do was to ask the Standard Company to allow him to carry the oil over his own road. The passage of the Interstate Commerce Act has put an end to this despotism over the railroad companies, but the facts indicate the unlimited power of this trust. By the exercise of this absolute despotism the Standard Oil Company was enabled to crush out all effective opposition. Now its power is not less—it is merely turned into other directions. The Standard Oil Company was the first of the modern trusts in this country, but its example has been followed by others, until there is hardly a branch of industry in the country not dominated by a trust. The Sugar Trust is one of the largest, and is probably most generally known, owing to the frequency with which it has been brought into the courts. Last week we mentioned a suit brought in Nebraska to forfeit the charter of a distillery which had joined the "Distillers' and Cattle Feeders' Trust," or the "Whisky Trust" as it is more generally known. The title of the trust is apt to be startling to one who does not know that the refuse matter of the distilleries is fed to cattle, and it is not uncommon for distillers to combine cattle-raising with their other business. This trust was organized in the spring of 1887, though most of the members did not come in until the beginning of the next year. From January to July, 1888, a dividend of one-half of one per cent. per month was declared; for August, one-quarter of one per cent.; and for the rest of the year, one-third of one per cent. This percentage was on the par value of the trust certificates; on their actual value the dividends amounted to over twelve per cent. per annum. The extent to which the organization of trusts has been carried is barely realized by those who have not kept account of the organization of these modern monopolies. To give a complete list of trusts, or their tortuous workings, is impossible. They have the ban of the law placed upon them, and are naturally reticent as to their business and whereabouts. Let us glance, however, at a few of the articles known to be controlled by trusts. If a man desires to build a house he must obtain lumber from a Lumber Trust, nails from a Nail Trust, earthenware from an Earthenware Trust; the painter whom he employs gets lin-

seed-oil from a Linseed-Oil Trust and white lead from a White-Lead Trust; if he puts a fence around his place he has his choice between patronizing the Lumber Trust or the Barbed-Wire Trust. The oil-cloth for his floors is controlled by a trust; the stove for his kitchen comes from a trust. The slates and slate-pencils, the rubber-shoes and castor-oil for his children are under the control of trusts. Trusts control the sugar and salt for his table, the paper envelopes for his correspondence, the paper bags for his business if he be a retailer. If he be a farmer he is affected by the Plow-Steel Trust, the railroad that carries his produce is oppressed by the Steel-Rail Trust, the Bessemer-Steel Trust, the Iron Nut and Washer Trust. He may perhaps avoid other trusts, but he is in danger of coming under the influence of the Jute-Bag Trust, the Cordage Trust, the Borax Trust, the Cotton-Seed-Oil Trust, or the Copper, Lead, Zinc, Nickel, or Tin Trust. And after having passed through life surrounded and hedged in by trusts, he dies—only to fall into the hands of the National Burial-Case Association, or Undertakers' Trust. It was with this last-named association that an Oakland undertaker recently had a difficulty. He had remained out of the combination and they refused to give him any assistance or to transact any business with him. The refusal to furnish him with a hearse compelled him to pass the control of a funeral over to a rival establishment, and he has gone out of the business. Another undertaker was refused a coffin from a manufacturing firm in this city, although he offered the regular price—fifteen dollars for a hundred and twenty-five dollar casket. He urged that the other undertakers paid only fifteen dollars for such a casket, and, though this was admitted, he was told that he was not a member of the trust. He then increased his offer to the amount that customers pay for such a casket to the undertaker, and was told that he could not have it at any price. This trust excludes all but the larger undertaking establishments, and even to them admission is denied until they have been accepted by the national, State, and local organizations, by no means a simple process. Local representatives are appointed in each place, and all goods must be purchased from them under penalty of expulsion. These numerous trusts have all been created within the last few years. The Standard Oil Company was organized as a trust in 1882, but nearly all the others date from 1887 and later. They are as practically and as effectually monopolies as were the most odious monopolies of the middle ages. It is idle to say that competition is open to all, and, therefore, the trusts can not keep prices above the point at which there is only a reasonable profit. A trust by its magnitude is able to crush out all opposition. As in the case of the Standard Oil Company, smaller dealers have no chance to compete with a trust in the open market. The tactics then adopted, by which the smaller producers of petroleum were prevented from getting their oil to the market, and were thereby compelled to let it run to waste, or sell it at a sacrifice to the Standard, may be impossible now; but the tactics employed by the Whisky Trust may still be used, and are used every day by trusts. A trust is able to raise prices sufficiently, while it has control of the market, to accumulate a surplus to carry it through any contest with a single firm or corporation. And during such contest it has only to lower the price below the cost of production to crowd out such competitors. During the fall of 1888, the Whisky Trust put the price of its product up from \$1.05 to \$1.09, and then to \$1.14 a gallon. The result of this was to cause smaller distilleries to start up again and to cause a large distillery to be built at St. Paul. The price was then reduced, until these opponents were crushed out, and then the price was again raised. The net result of this to the community was to render useless a certain amount of capital sunk in new distilleries, without producing any appreciable reduction in the price of the product. And so it is with the other trusts. They raise prices instead of lowering them, and any benefits from economies in production result to the trusts instead of the community receiving a share of them. Competition is impossible where trusts once become fairly established, and where competition is impossible, government control is the only remedy. Thus the trusts are having an indirect but potent influence in increasing the socialistic tendency so strong and so menacing at the present time. The socialistic legislation that has been enacted during the last few years would have been impossible as the result of a direct agitation. It is when the community is pushed from behind, so to speak, that it rushes into legislation, the outcome and tendency of which it does not perceive. Socialism is a menace to individual liberty none the less serious because the despot is many-headed instead of an individual king or emperor. The accumulation of gigantic fortunes and the debauching of legislative bodies are natural growths from trust organization, only less serious than the socialistic tendency that it fosters. The two influences together form a danger that threatens the permanence of the whole social organization. A socialistic despotism, guided by corrupt officers, under the control of irresponsible trusts, is an outlook calculated to make the

most thoughtless pause and seek to stem the current which sets toward destruction.

The problem of rapid transit in New York city has troubled the people of that metropolis for a number of years, and seems to be growing in perplexity rather than nearing a solution. The growth of the business portion of the city has crowded the residences farther and farther away from the centre of trade, until the time consumed by the merchant in passing to and from his business has become a serious item. The elevated roads seemed for a time to have overcome the difficulty, but these roads had serious drawbacks and are now wholly inadequate to the demands which are made on them. The present running time from South Ferry to One-Hundred-and-Twenty-Seventh Street, a distance of eight and four-tenths miles, is forty-seven minutes. There are twenty-six stops, averaging twenty seconds each, so the actual running time is thirteen and one-third miles an hour. When running at full speed the trains acquire a speed of twenty-three miles, and therefore about ten miles an hour is lost in getting up speed and stopping at the stations. In making the run between two stations one-third of a mile apart, the time and space are now reported to be divided as follows: Acquiring full speed, thirty seconds, three hundred feet; full speed, forty seconds, twelve hundred and sixty feet; slowing down, twenty seconds, two hundred feet. It is now proposed to substitute the cable-system for steam as a motive-power. By the system to be employed, the wear and tear of the cable in starting and stopping is reduced to a minimum by means of a rolling grip, consisting of an endless chain of clamps. The structure for such a system is light, without ties, and with cross-pieces only where the rails join. In this manner the objection to elevated roads—that they obstruct light in the street—is overcome. The speed of the cable is to be twenty miles an hour, and the time and distance between two stations a third of a mile apart, would be divided as follows: Getting up speed, five seconds, fifty feet; full speed, fifty-two seconds, fifteen hundred and ten feet; slowing down, twenty seconds, two hundred feet. Thus with a speed three miles an hour less than that of the steam-motor, a gain of thirteen seconds in one-third of a mile would be made. On the whole distance from South Ferry to One-Hundred-and-Twenty-Seventh Street the running time would be reduced five minutes, thirty-eight seconds, or twelve per cent. Even this reduction will be found to be insufficient, and the problem of the carriage of the number of passengers desiring transportation remains unsolved. In this connection it is interesting to note the evidence given by Richard T. Ely, of Johns Hopkins University, as to the way they do these things in Europe. He says: "From the time I landed in Liverpool until I left Queenstown for America, I paid particular attention to street-cars, or tramways, as the Europeans call them. In every city, without an exception, I noticed grooved rails, laid flush with the pavement, so that other vehicles could pass freely back and forth. Everywhere I noticed also that the payment of a street-car fare entitled the payer to a seat. There is not a single city in the United States strong enough to compel street-car corporations to recognize these rights."

Recently the Chamber of Commerce at Los Angeles advocated the annexation of Lower California, and the governor of this State added Sonora and Sinaloa to the slice to be taken from Mexico, for a money consideration. These utterances having reached the ears of Señor Mariscal, the Mexican secretary of state, he took the matter seriously, and wrote a protest against such utterances to be presented to the government in Washington. It was perhaps natural that he should be offended, not knowing that the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles is not a very important body, or that the governor's political position adds no weight to his personal opinion on international questions. The Mexicans are peculiarly sensitive concerning their boundaries, and it has become an article of faith with them that territory shall not be relinquished, particularly to the United States. So strong is this feeling that there is published in the City of Mexico a paper—*La Integridad del Territorio*—devoted solely to instilling into the minds of young Mexicans the duty of maintaining the integrity of the soil. Some idea of the feelings of the Mexicans when they hear of high political officers in this country holding an *ante-mortem* inquest over the territory of Mexico, may be gained if we imagine the state of feeling here should Great Britain propose to purchase California from the United States.

Owing to the long-continued snow blockade on the Central Pacific, we have not received our usual letters from New York, Paris, and London. Since the mails began arriving over the Atlantic & Pacific, however, letters have come to hand from New York and Washington, which appear this week. As we go to press, letters from Paris and London are to hand, too late for this issue. They will appear next week.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 22, 1890.—A mild attack of "La Grippe" has afforded me an excuse for remaining indoors, and given me an apology for inflicting upon the *Argonaut* a letter. It is fortunate that the *Argonaut* holds such a monopoly of the Roman Church question that it is never in danger that any of its colleagues will be very likely to invade its field. Whenever in Washington any incident occurs which the independent press may fearlessly commend, the daily journals will cheerfully embrace the opportunity to make complimentary notice of it; but whenever any Jesuitical intrigue may be conspiring against a public measure, or endeavoring to tear down and denounce the honest public official in the performance of his duty, the public may rest in confidence that it will never be annoyed by any reference to it. The following notice is all that I have been able to see concerning a matter which, upon inquiry, I find to be a well-organized plan to defeat the confirmation before the Senate of a most worthy and excellent official, simply because he is endeavoring to prevent a ring of Romanists from exercising undue influence in the education of our Indians:

COLUMBUS, Ohio, January 19th.—At the residence of Right Rev. Bishop Watterson last night the grand council of the Catholic societies of Columbus, representing fifteen hundred society members, held a meeting. Resolutions were adopted protesting, in the strongest language possible, against the confirmation of General F. A. Morgan as Indian Commissioner, on account of the policy pursued, which is said to be hostile to the Catholic Indians and detrimental to the Catholic Church. It is claimed that Morgan has removed men from positions for no other reason than that they were Catholics, and that he has also interfered with their schools.

General F. A. Morgan's name has been sent to the Senate of the United States as Commissioner of Indian Affairs and David Dorchester as Superintendent of Indian Schools, and it is against the confirmation of these names that the Roman Catholic press and the Roman Catholic Church are now attempting to exert influence for their defeat. These gentlemen I have interviewed, and find that the charges against them are based upon misrepresentation of facts and suggestions of falsehoods quite in harmony with the general policy which the Society of the Order of Jesus has adopted as its policy in the management of all political affairs. General Morgan and Mr. Dorchester think the government should be permitted to educate its Indian wards in general harmony with the non-sectarian views which prevail in reference to the educational affairs of our free public schools, and that this Indian system should be, so far as is practicable, made to conform to the common-school system now universally adopted in all the States; that it should be non-partisan and non-sectarian; that the teaching should be confined to those best qualified for the work; that Roman Catholic priests and monks should not be chosen because they are priests and monks, nor females employed because they are nuns and work for nothing, giving all their earnings to the Church for the promotion of its influence in political directions. The policy of the present administration of Indian affairs is not to enrich Indian rings at the expense of the national treasury. This policy has enraged a band of clerical spies who invade Washington, and these have called upon the hounds of the church to raise a howl around them. The hounds are in full cry, and this week will demonstrate how many Senators of the United States will be found in sympathy with the yelp. Of course I can form no estimate of the result of the campaign; but as the Church of Rome is not united upon this question, and its best men do not favor parochial schools nor sectarian educational efforts, it may be presumed that the scheme will fail and that General Morgan and Mr. Dorchester will be promptly confirmed.

After so serious a discussion as I have indulged in concerning the policy of the Order of Jesus, in reference to educational affairs, I most naturally recall my visit to the establishment of the Roman Catholic Theological Seminary recently established at Washington. I have visited it. It is not a great school, nor is it in any respect a very remarkable structure. The building is not of huge dimensions nor of any particular elegance of architectural design. It is built of stone, in small basalt blocks, like the stone-fence which surrounds the Hopkins residence on Nob Hill, and is in no sense more elegant. It is a compromise between a Yankee cotton-mill and a modern church. The grounds are not ornamental, nor extensive, nor in a picturesque location. I saw, without entering the building, a few grave, commonplace, unintellectual schoolmasters of serious deportment, walking about in groups, clad in monkish costumes of black, wearing queer caps, and as I could not recall the name of any very distinguished scholar, or scientist, or man of distinguished attainments, who has emerged from the dead level of Jesuit obscurity, I questioned whether this theological seminary would evolve from its members any student whose name would take rank among those of eminent scholars or become renowned for anything more than respectable piety. I wondered whether from this institution, around which so many hopes have centred and so many political aspirations have been grouped, that any considerable number of men would emerge to leave their impressions upon

the great nation at whose centre they have been gathered. I wondered whether these dull-visaged Belgians and foreigners, who think in another language, would be molded into harmony with the institutions of the American Republic, or sulk in stolid antagonism to the spirit of our government; and I finally concluded that if the genius of free government and the unfettered liberty of thought could not give successful resistance to this invasion of dogmatic and priestly nonsense in the rough grounds of Stony Creek, that the foundations of our national fabric had been insecurely and carelessly planted. So I drove away in my hansom and left the monks to muse among the stones and dreary forest scenes where Miss Gwendoline Caldwell had caused them to be exiled and anchored, thinking I might safely leave them to the earnest, active, political influences which surround them in the capital city of the American Republic. I came to the conclusion that if a Protestant President could be content to encourage the establishment of a Jesuit university at the seat of a nation's capital, I could afford to leave the event to the consideration of the intelligent people who observed his attitude, banqueting at the left of a foreign cardinal, outranked by Cardinal Taschereau, who took precedence over the President of the United States, in whose presence the Pope of Rome was toasted before the President and constitution of the government in whose capital this gathering of alien ecclesiastics had been convened. President Harrison will never again, as *President*, play so infamous a rôle.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss are in Washington, at the Armo House. The Alaska Fur Company's Bill is under consideration in political circles, and, as I hear, the friends of the bill are very much encouraged that the lease will be extended, to the present lessees, for another term of years. The impression seems to prevail that the affairs of the company have been honestly, profitably, and humanely conducted. The question is with me a purely social one.

Mrs. Theresa Fair appeared with her family, daughters, friend—Miss Smith—at the Arlington on Saturday, remaining but two days and returning to New York City. Mrs. Fair bears herself with dignity, dresses plainly, makes no display of jewelry, and demeans herself with *materfamilias* dignity of deportment as the head of her interesting family among strangers. Miss Tessie, the elder daughter, is one of the most presentable and attractive of our charming circle of attractive girls—of marked personal beauty, she dresses with great simplicity, making no display of jewels and no effort to attract attention. A more modest group of strangers was not seen in the dining-saloon of the Arlington during our stay. I do not think I should have noticed the family group had I met them in any California hotel, but seeing them among strangers I was impressed, as I hope it impressed others. There is something uncomfortable in noticing the vulgar airs of the newly rich when displayed among strangers.

Speaking of rich Californians, our State is strongly represented in political and social life at present in Washington. Governor and Mrs. Stanford are living very modestly in a comfortable mansion, indulging in no extravagant receptions or large entertainments, but keeping open-house hospitality and a generous welcome for all friends. Mrs. Stanford recently gave to Mrs. General Grant a very handsome banquet, and the Senator entertained his senatorial friends at a dinner-party.

Senator and Mrs. Hearst are temporarily located at Welcker's, while a new residence is being completed for their accommodation.

Mrs. Senator Miller and her daughter, Mrs. Lieutenant Clover, of the navy, reside in an elegant residence on Connecticut Avenue, opposite the residence of the English Ambassador, Lord Pauncefort. They entertain with great elegance and great liberality.

Senators Stewart and Jones, of Nevada, are at the Shoreham, a new and very elegant house recently constructed by Vice-President Morton.

Mr. Francis G. Newlands has taken to himself a residence in Washington, where he proposes to spend the winter, and where he has large interests as executive manager of the Sharon estate.

Mr. Estee finds himself very industriously and laboriously employed in the deliberations of the Pan-American Congress. He has just completed a very exhaustive report upon a system of international coinage, something not dissimilar to the Latin Union. This works in harmony with our scheme of free silver coinage, and will be of immense international importance if it can be carried successfully through.

I have seen no Member of Congress from California except Mr. Morrow, as I have not yet had sufficient curiosity to visit the Capitol or the White House.

If I should be called upon to prophesy in reference to the location of the World's Fair, I should think the chances are very largely with New York city. This city asks no aid and no guarantees from the government, and is willing and able to stand the expense of the entire undertaking.

To me it seems as though Grover Cleveland would be the Democratic nominee for President; but a group of New York politicians are quite confident that Governor Hill will carry off the nomination.

Perhaps my wishes are father to the hope that Mr. Harrison may not again be the Republican nominee for the Presidency. I am entirely satisfied with one experiment in that direction.

I am quite convinced that the session will give us a liberal enactment in the direction of silver coinage. The sentiment seems almost one way. I should think the Windom Bill would form the outline of the probable measure.

F. M. P.

THE WARNING OF THE SWORD.

By Gilbert Campbell.

When I was at Heidelberg, I spent my time much as the other students did. I studied as little as possible, drank a great deal more beer than was good for me, and did an occasional turn with the *schlager* in the Angels' Meadow. These, however, are details into which there is no necessity for me to enter. The whole point of my story turns upon the fact that I had an intimate friend, a young Suabian gentleman named Otto von Gildensheim. He was a dreamy sort of fellow, and delighted in books which dealt largely with the supernatural—not mere ghost stories, in which the impossible is largely mingled with the ridiculous, but those weird tales of second sight, of mystic warnings, and the power of the soul to leave the body and travel beyond the limits of the earth. He had quite a collection of these quaint old stories, and would sit poring over them for hours, while I amused myself with, I confess, literature of an entirely different description, which he seldom condescended to open. Once, however, when, having nothing to read, I took up a volume of "Guy Mannering," I found something in it which interested Otto at once. This was the description of the unhappy revenue officer, Kennedy, being extremely high spirited, and the prediction that when a man was *fey*—as this is termed by the Scotch—something serious was very likely to befall him. I pointed this out to Otto, and he became so interested in the matter that he took the volume from me and remained absorbed in its perusal for a full hour, until at length I became impatient, and said: "Come, put down that musty old book for the present. You know we have promised to be at old Hans Sachs's fencing-school to-night, and you would not, I am sure, like to disappoint him."

"No, no," returned Otto, reluctantly placing the book upon the table, and rising from the seat in which he had been lounging; "I must not fail in keeping my promise to old Sachs; besides, I promised to have a bout with him with blunted sabres. But, first of all, I must go back to my own rooms. My father sent me an order on old Isaac Wenkheim, the banker, and I drew the money coming here. You know my weakness for gold. I took all the change in that metal, and, as my dear old father was extra generous this time, I had nearly a thousand marks."

"Why did you not go straight home with it to your own rooms instead of bringing it here to tempt me? Why, the sum is quite sufficient to make one student murder and rob his chum!" laughed I.

"You may be nearer the mark than you imagine," answered Otto, "for as I left Wenkheim's I saw two most unmitigated scoundrels hanging about the door, and I fancied that they looked at me rather curiously. I had the little bag of gold in my hand, and, not by any means liking their manner, I tried to drop it into my pocket. Of course the irony of fate impelled it to slip through my fingers, and it fell with a pretty auriferous jingle upon the pavement. I noticed the men prick up their ears at the sound, and, thinking discretion the better part of valor, I came straight to your rooms instead of going to my own, as I had originally intended doing. So, if you have a burglarious entry made upon your premises to-night, you will know to what cause to ascribe it."

"Most innocent of Suabians," retorted I, "do you think that if these fellows know their business you will throw them off the scent by so simple a device as the one you have just practiced? Directly they saw you enter this house, be sure that they will have made every inquiry and discovered that you are Herr Otto von Gildensheim, a student of the University of Heidelberg, residing at 49 Fredericstrasse."

"Our German rogues are not so clever as all that," laughed Otto, "and I fancy that I shall not be troubled with M.M. les Voleurs again. However, come along, and we shall be in plenty of time after all."

We accordingly left my rooms and walked rapidly to the Fredericstrasse, casting suspicious glances at all the shabbily dressed persons we met en route. Otto, however, declared that he did not recognize his friends, and congratulated himself in having baffled them so easily. I myself, however, was not so confident, but deemed it wise to say nothing. Otto seemed in wonderfully high spirits, and laughed and talked in a style quite different from his usual quiet and rather reserved manner.

Producing a key from his pocket, my friend opened the door of his rooms, which were entered from the court-yard, and the windows of which faced the street. They were much more luxuriously furnished than the generality of students' dens, and were filled with carved-oak cabinets, quaint old tables, and comfortable arm-chairs. A book-shelf occupied almost one side of the room, filled with those quaint volumes of supernatural lore in which my friend's soul delighted. There were several charmingly executed water-color drawings upon the walls, the work of my friend's twin sister, Ottilia, who was no mean proficient with the brush; and over the chimney-piece—for there was an open fire-place instead of the customary German stove—was a trophy of arms, chiefly of Eastern manufacture. There were the *timar* of the Indian Empire, the Turkish scimitar, and the long straight sword of Abyssinia, Malay kreeses, Japanese swords, and a few clumsy-looking instruments of murder from China. My friend was extremely proud of this collection, which he kept in the most perfect order. All the various weapons were arranged in quaint fantastic patterns, and in all cases the scabbards had been removed and formed another trophy at the opposite end of the room.

Otto secured his bag of coin in a huge oaken bureau, and then, turning to me, remarked, as he pointed to a black French clock which ticked noisily from its position between the windows: "You chopped me off from that interesting book, *lieber bruder*, with most unnecessary haste. Sit down and smoke a pipe, while I just rehearse a few acts with which I intend to make old Hans Sachs's leathern jacket smoke. You know that we are to play with the blunted sabres, and if you will sit away in yonder corner I will show you a feint by which I will

lay you a dozen of Rudesheimer that I will hit the old fox three times out of five."

He laughed merrily as he spoke, and I again wondered at his unusual spirits, and once more the remembrance of the ill-fated Kennedy flashed across my mind.

Otto meanwhile was standing upon tiptoe, endeavoring to reach down one of the sabres with which he intended to utterly break through the guard of the old fencing-master. He had taken off his coat and waistcoat so as to give his arms free play, while I had repaired to the remote corner he had pointed out as an asylum of refuge from the keen edge of the blade.

I should have mentioned that Otto von Gildensheim was a most consummate swordsman. He told me that, as soon as he was of an age to grasp a light substitute for a sword, his father, an old cavalry officer, had daily given him lessons, and consequently at the age of twenty-one he possessed a wrist of iron and an eye which could in a moment catch the weakness of an adversary's guard.

"Take care, Otto," remarked I, as he strove to reach one of the topmost weapons; "you will bring the whole lot about your ears. Take a chair, man, and do the thing properly."

"Not I," replied Otto; "see, I have got it in my hand." And he was about to turn away, when a straight Abyssinian sword, which had somehow become detached from its fastenings, fell, striking him lightly upon the breast and ringing upon the floor with a loud clang. I started from my place of refuge in alarm.

"I told you how it would be, Otto," cried I, "but you are as obstinate as a mule. But, great heavens! you are hurt." I added, as I caught sight of a spot of blood upon his shirt-front.

Otto made no reply to my question. His face was ghastly pale and his lips livid. I approached him, laid my hand upon his shoulder, and then I heard him mutter, in almost inaudible accents: "The Warning of the Sword; the fatal Warning of the Sword."

"What on earth do you mean, Otto?" exclaimed I. My friend pulled himself together by a great effort, and then replied:

"Have you never heard the old superstition of the Warning of the Sword? It has been mentioned by various writers, in different languages. Mahmoud Ibn Sulciman, who wrote at the time of the Byzantine Empire, refers to it. Katasoff Petroski, the Russian archæologist, mentions several incidents of the fatal warning having been carried out. Dietrich Schubacker alludes to it in his chronicles of Juteland, and a mention of the belief of the Saxons in it is to be found among the chronicles of the Abbey of Croyland."

"Yes, yes, you always have all these strange out-of-the-way authors at your fingers' ends," replied I, a little impatiently; "but tell me what is the superstition. What does a piece of steel give warning of?"

"The Warning of the Sword is simply this," answered Otto, speaking calmly and slowly: "If by any chance an offensive weapon, by some utterly unforeseen accident, inflicts a wound upon any person, that same person is certain at some time to meet his death from that identical weapon."

I burst into a fit of laughter, which caused an angry flush to rise to my friend's cheek.

"You do not believe in these things," said he, at last; "if you had read as much upon such subjects as I have, you would put more faith in them."

"I laugh," answered I, "because it is so easy a matter to prevent the dread warning being carried out. I will take this prophetic weapon home with me, and that will prevent your getting up in the night and falling *suo gladio*, like some old Roman Nero of days gone by."

"Heaven forefend!" cried Otto, with such intensity of feeling that I started back. "Dear friend as you are, I would not trust that weapon in your hands. You would certainly slay me with it in some unaccountable manner, and then the rest of your life would be embittered by a feeling of remorse."

"Well, if you think that I should become an involuntary homicide, pray do not hand over the instrument to me," replied I, with a successful effort to repress a smile; "but let me suggest another way, as the cookery-books say. Call in a smith, let him break it up into minute fragments, and then we will drop them into the deepest part of the Neckar."

"Now you are laughing at me again," returned Otto, peevishly, and with an impatient movement of his foot he kicked away the weapon, which flew across the room and rebounded from the opposite wall, rested under one of the windows.

It took me some time to soothe his irritated feelings, but I at last succeeded in doing so, and we left arm-in-arm for the fencing-room after a piece of sticking-plaster had been applied to the wound in Otto's breast, which was of the most trifling description. Ten minutes' brisk walking took us to the establishment of Hans Sachs, which was much frequented by the Heidelberg *burschen*. The fencing-master himself had been a corporal in the Red Dragoons of the Prussian Army, and had seen some rough service during the Franco-Prussian war. At its close he had obtained his discharge, and, returning to his native town of Heidelberg, had set up a fencing-school, which he dignified by the title of Academy of Arms, and managed to do fairly well. He was a moderately good swordsman, and could hold his own pretty well with most of those who frequented his *salle d'armes*; but Otto was too much for him, and it was to settle which was really the better man of the two that the contest with blunted sabres had been arranged.

During the whole walk Otto was silent and apparently downcast, and it was not until he had almost reached the door of the fencing-room that he appeared to brighten up at all.

"I think," he remarked, "that I shall settle old Hans's pretensions forever and a day, although I did not practice as I had intended. But, *mein lieber freund*, don't get into any quarrel to-night; remember there is a good deal of strong feeling regarding this little friendly contest, and that, taking all into consideration, more money has been staked on the issue of it than ought to have been risked."

"I sha'n't quarrel, don't fret yourself," returned I; "the only man I dislike and who dislikes me is that big bullying Westphalian, Rudolph Schwanziger, and I haven't spoken to him for the last two months; besides, I have not got a coin on the event and so can't get into any dispute with any one."

"I hope not, sincerely," answered Otto; "and before we go in, promise me not to say a word about what has just happened at home. The others might laugh at me, and though I can take a little ridicule from you, yet I fear I should be less patient with less dear friends."

My sole reply was to press his hand warmly, as we passed down the long whitewashed corridor which led to the fencing academy.

In a few seconds we found ourselves in a long and lofty room, lighted by means of paraffin-lamps suspended against the walls. Long rows of seats, raised up in a similar manner to those to be seen in billiard-rooms, ran round the sides of it, and these were crowded with students, all wearing the different colored caps which denoted the various corps to which they belonged. Nearly all had the long cherry-stemmed pipes with china bowls, with coats-of-arms and other devices painted on them, in their mouths; and many had the great boar-hounds, which German students so much affect, crouched at their feet. The audience were engaged in watching the evolutions of a couple of inexperienced swordsmen, and were lavish in their praise when a cut was sent fairly home, and in the storm of abuse that they passed upon the unlucky combatant who came up to his guard too late. The further end of the room was occupied by a vaulting-horse and other gymnastic appliances, and with his back toward these stood the redoubtable Hans Sachs himself, watching, with folded arms and a glance of contempt upon his face, the clumsy evolutions of the amateur gladiators, with the air of a master of the arena. He was a fair man, of middle height, but since his return from the service he had, I thought, put on too much flesh to contend upon equal terms with the lithe and muscular form of my good friend, Otto von Gildensheim. As soon as he perceived us he came forward and greeted us warmly, and made some jesting allusion to the encounter that was to take place between them.

"But," remarked he, "the well-born Herr seems a little out of spirits. Cheer up, I will deal leniently with you," and he emphasized this promise by a slap upon Otto's shoulder.

This evening, however, my poor friend was in no humor for the coarse joking of the ex-corporal, and with an impatient oath he turned away and took a seat at the other end of the room, to which I at once followed him. Hans Sachs seemed at first a little upset at this rebuff, but, soon recovering himself, he whispered a few words to the students who were seated nearest to him. This was evidently some witticism at Otto's expense, for they all burst into a loud peal of merriment, above which I could distinctly recognize the harsh jarring laugh of Rudolph the Westphalian, my especial *bête noire*. As soon as the arena was vacant, another pair of combatants entered it, but after the conclusion of a bout, in which but little science was exhibited, no fresh players came forward.

"Hullo, Herr Engländer!" shouted the coarse voice of Rudolph Schwanziger, "is your Suabian friend going to slink out of his engagement? Perhaps it is the wisest course for him to take. Old Hans Sachs is a rough customer, and I fear that the noble gentleman who writes Von before his name would meet but scant consideration at his hands."

This taunt acted upon the fiery temper of Otto as a spark would upon a powder-magazine, and with a bound he sprang from his seat into the centre of the room.

"Come, Hans," cried he, "as no other *herren* seem disposed to favor us with an exhibition of their skill, suppose we settle our little matter of dispute. As for you, Rudolph Schwanziger," he added, turning with a threatening look toward the Westphalian, "what you have said to-night shall be paid for, but not here. I shall have the pleasure to invite you to the Angels' Meadow. You are a little too free with your tongue, my friend, and deserve a lesson, which it shall be my duty to give you."

Rudolph looked rather blank, for though a fairly good swordsman, he was no match for Otto von Gildensheim, and he had small hopes of avoiding the correction to which the latter had alluded.

The two combatants now donned the leather jackets and padded guards, together with the huge helmets, the faces of which were protected by wire, which are used in the exercise of the blunted sabre.

Hans Sachs, who evidently held his adversary in great respect, acted at the commencement purely on the defensive, and contented himself with warding off the storm of cuts which Otto hailed upon him, hoping that his youthful antagonist would lose his breath, or else in his rash attack give him the opportunity of putting in a sly blow. In this, however, he was disappointed, for after his first brilliant opening, Otto, too, seemed inclined to remain upon the defensive, and the play became so cautious that the assembled students became loud in their expressions of dissatisfaction.

"Now then, old *ritter*," cried one, addressing Hans; "is that the way you behaved at Gravelotte? If so, the Frenchmen must have got off pretty easily!"

"Get over his guard, Suabian," roared another; "I know you can hit him when you like, and I have wagered my quarter's allowance that yours is the first cut delivered."

Many other exhortations in a similar strain were addressed to the combatants, and Otto gradually began to play faster and to press his antagonist harder. The old corporal defended himself obstinately, but was compelled to give way, and retired step by step amid the jeers of the students, which culminated into a perfect howl as Otto, by a series of skillful feints, broke through his opponent's guard and delivered three cuts in rapid succession, two on the sword-arm and one upon the top of the helmet, making it ring again.

Furious at his defeat, the old soldier made a last effort, and steadily fought his way up to half-sword distance, and then, though almost blown by his exertions, delivered a sweeping

cut at Otto's right cheek. The opposing blade, however, met his own with such vigor that it shivered it to pieces, and the fragments flew all about the room. One of these pieces of steel whizzed so perilously near to me, that I endeavored to ward it off with a short cane which I held in my hand. I had much better have left it alone. I certainly changed the direction of the wandering fragment, but it was to send it straight into the Westphalian's face, where it shattered his pipe between his lips and filled him for the moment with terror and surprise. This state of mind, however, lasted but for a brief moment, and starting to his feet, he hurled his tankard of beer full at my head; fortunately the missile flew too high, but striking the wall above me, it deluged my face and hair with the remainder of its contents. I sprang from my seat, and with a good, honest blow stretched the Westphalian upon the floor. The whole fencing-school at once became a scene of the wildest confusion, and each of us was surrounded by a ring of those who approved of our respective conducts. Some of the more cautious barred the entrance doors to prevent an intrusion by the police; and glancing over my shoulder, I saw the face of my friend Otto von Gildensheim with a smile of calm approval upon it.

"You did perfectly right," observed he; "the Westphalian is an insolent beast, and I am only sorry that you have taken the punishment of his insolence out of my hands."

Rudolph had in the meantime risen to his feet, and with frantic gesticulations was addressing the little crowd of students who had gathered around him.

"He struck me!" cried he; "struck me, do you hear? and I will have his blood. There is no time like the present. This is no case for a mockery of a duel with caps and guards and schlagers, with only a few inches of edge. Let us settle this quarrel now, and on the spot, either with a pair of rapiers or the sabre. I am indifferent which."

"Rudolph Schwanziger speaks rightly," observed an old student whose scared face showed that he had been the hero of many an encounter. "The matter should be settled at once. But we Germans do not use the rapier; we leave that to the French. Let the Engländer and the Westphalian have a couple of sabres given to them, and fight out the quarrel upon the spot."

There was no opposition to this proposal. The preliminaries were speedily adjusted, and within ten minutes from the giving of the blow I found myself, sword in hand, opposite to Rudolph Schwanziger; while our seconds, Otto von Gildensheim for me, and the veteran duelist for my adversary, stood at right angles to us, ready with their sabres to intercept any blow that they might not deem a fair one.

It is not my purpose to describe the encounter, which only lasted for a few seconds. Our dislike to each other had been of long standing, and the present quarrel had roused our passions almost to madness. We were both fair average swordsmen, but upon this occasion we took little heed of fence, and dashed at each other with a savageness which caused our respective seconds to utter a loud exclamation of warning. In an instant, I had received a cut across my sword-arm, while by an upward stroke I laid open Rudolph Schwanziger's face from chin to eyebrow. My adversary staggered back and would have fallen, had his second not caught him in his arms; while I stood my ground, hardly knowing that I had been touched, until the fact was thrust upon my notice by the sluggish crimson stream which was oozing from my wounded arm.

A medical student, who was among the audience, patched us up somehow. And then the old student, calling for silence, remarked:

"Burschen, we must keep this affair quiet, or we shall have the college authorities mixing themselves up in the matter, not to mention the police intruding where they are not wanted. Mind, not a word, but get away by two and three as fast as you can. Our friend Hans will give the Westphalian a bed for the night, and I think the Engländer can manage to get to his rooms with the aid of Otto von Gildensheim."

"Can you contrive to get to my rooms, *lieber freund*?" asked Otto, in tones of extreme anxiety; "you will be better there than all alone by yourself."

I signified my perfect ability to do so, and, supported by my friend's arm, we shortly afterward cautiously left the fencing-school, and in a comparatively brief space of time found ourselves at my friend's lodgings in the Fredericstrasse.

I was quite faint and sick by the time that I arrived there, and Otto lavished upon me the tenderest care. He undressed me and insisted upon my taking possession of his bed, declaring that he should sit up reading for some time, and, if he felt tired, could indulge in a nap on the sofa. I was too weak and ill to make any opposition, and accordingly lay down upon the bed in the inner room, the open door of which commanded a full view of the chamber into which Otto, after making every arrangement for my comfort, retired, and encoined himself in an arm-chair with a book. For a long time I kept awake, listening to the monotonous sound caused by the turning over of the leaves; but, at last, I fell into a light slumber.

Some sudden movement which I made, and in which I pressed somewhat upon my wounded arm, caused me such pain as to arouse me with a sudden start. The lamp, which burned brightly upon the table in the sitting-room, showed me that Otto had fallen asleep in his chair, with one arm hanging over the side of it, while the volume he had been perusing lay upon the floor by his side. I could see every object as distinctly as possible; the water-color drawings upon the wall, the curios upon brackets in different portions of the room, and even the Abyssinian sword underneath the window, in the self-same spot where the impatient foot of its master had thrust it before starting for the fencing-academy of Hans Sachs. All was perfectly still; not a sound was to be heard from the street. My lips were parched with fever, and I would have given much to have called to my friend to give me a cooling drink; but some feeling which I could not account for restrained me, and I remained gazing listlessly into the adjoining room.

I do not know how much longer I should have remained in

this state of semi-coma and whether the torture which I was beginning to endure for want of something to cool my parched mouth would not have compelled me to cry out. All at once, however, my attention was attracted by a low grating sound, which appeared to come from one of the windows. It was a bright moonlight night, and I could distinctly see the dark shadowy forms of two figures pressed closely against the outside of the window-panes. But the grating sound, which continued without cessation, soon attracted all my attention, and in a comparatively short space of time I saw some dark substance placed against the glass, and in another moment the whole pane was lifted away and a thin, bony hand thrust through the aperture. The catch which secured the window was soon unfastened by the intruding fingers; and, as the frame-work swung gently back, the figure of a man crept stealthily into the room.

The robber, for such the intruder evidently was, moved noiselessly across the room, as if well accustomed to such nocturnal visits, and made his way toward the bureau in which Otto had locked up his money in the early part of the evening. Producing a small steel instrument from his pocket, he unfastened the clumsy lock with a rapid dexterity which showed the practiced hand, and, grasping his booty, was making his way back to the window where his comrade was awaiting him, when Otto von Gildensheim suddenly awoke.

For a few seconds he remained motionless in his arm-chair, with his eyes wide open, but with a listless expression in them, as if he scarcely understood the scene before him. He did not, however, remain in this state of uncertainty for very long. Like a flash of lightning, the meaning of the scene broke upon him, and with a bound he sprang to his feet, and, darting across the room, he laid his hand upon the intruder's collar, calling upon him to surrender his booty and to give in quietly. The robber, though stouter than Otto, was sturdily built, and taken unawares, grappled fiercely with his antagonist. The two men swayed violently backwards and forwards, and at last came to the ground with a heavy crash, overturning a large table in their fall. Otto, who was the uppermost, disengaged himself from the robber's clutch by a powerful effort, and, planting one knee upon his chest, called upon him again to surrender quietly, or he would strangle him.

The man made no reply, but continued to struggle violently, while an angry flush spread over Otto's face, and he increased the tightness of his grip as though disposed to put his threat into immediate execution. The robber's comrade had now entered the room, and stood hesitating as to what course he should pursue. I, too, in spite of a deadly feeling of faintness which crept over me as I moved, had sprung from my bed, and was hastening to my friend's assistance, when my wounded arm came in contact with the side of the door-way, causing me a pang of such acute agony as to compel me to lean against the wall to prevent myself from falling, and utterly incapacitated me from taking any part in the contest that was going on a few feet only from me.

"You cowardly dog," cried the prostrate robber, who was slowly choking beneath Otto's powerful grasp; "strike in and help me, Max, you sneaking cur; slip your knife into him, or he will kill me."

The second robber, thus adjured, shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and felt vainly in all his pockets for a weapon with which to execute the murderous order of his companion. More than once he approached the combatants as though he was about to drag Otto from his prostrate comrade, but a fierce oath and a savage kick from the student caused him to spring back with uncommon alacrity. Lower and boarser grew the entreaties of the robber and more feeble his entreaties for help. I had recovered a little from the feeling of anguish caused by the shock I had received, and advanced through the doorway, determined at all risks to give what slight assistance I could to my friend. My sudden appearance seemed to nerve the other robber to action. Again he felt in his pockets, and uttered a low cry of despair at being once more unsuccessful. All at once his eyes fell upon the Abyssinian sword that still lay beneath the window. He darted forward and clutched it, then turned with a triumphant air toward the combatants.

"Have a care, Otto," said I; "have a care; he is going to stab you."

Von Gildensheim turned round quickly, but he was too late; the robber made a rapid thrust at his back. I saw the keen blade half disappear in my friend's body, then came a quick burst of blood, and Otto von Gildensheim fell senseless upon the body of his adversary, who had by this time been strangled into a state of quiescence. The sounds of the conflict had by this time aroused the other tenants of the house, and they burst into the room as the murderer, casting down his gory weapon, leaped through the window and dashed madly up the moonlit street.

The fatal weapon, with its bright sheen dulled by a cruel red stain, lay in the centre of the room. It was the one from which my poor friend had drawn the warning of the sword.

Otto was raised up and placed upon the bed I had just quitted, while the almost insensible robber was secured.

In the excitement of the terrible event I had almost entirely forgotten my wound, and sat by the side of my friend holding his hand in mine, while the big tears came down my cheeks as I heard the solemn statement of the medical man that there was no hope.

No, there was no hope for Otto von Gildensheim. Young, handsome, and wealthy, with talents which might have led him to attain the highest honors in public life, he was about to pass away to the Kingdom of Shadows, sent there by the ignoble hand of a midnight assassin. All that night and until twelve o'clock the next day he lay, perfectly conscious, but unable to speak. At that hour he rallied a little, and pressing my hand, motioned me to bend down toward him.

"You see," whispered he, faintly, "that the warning of the sword never deceives."

He let go my hand, half leaned his head upon his pillow, while a gush of blood poured from between his parted lips, then there was one deep sigh, and Otto von Gildensheim had gone to his fathers.

WINES AND WINE-DRINKING.

The Connoisseur Considers the Year as Well as the Brand.

How often is a good dinner spoiled by carelessness and want of skill either in the selection, or the sequence, or the mode of serving the wines? The wine gives wings to the more solid attractions of the dishes supplied by the chef. The butler—if he be the presiding genius of the cellar—is, for all the higher qualities of a finished entertainment, not less important than the *cordon bleu*. You can not, however, trust much to the ordinary butler, either for furnishing the cellar, for keeping the wines in good condition, or for putting them on the table in their right order and with their perfect perfume.

The best wine is drunk, speaking generally, at the London clubs. There, one or two experts, who know something of vintages and growths, preside over the purchase of wines with judgment and foresight, and large parcels of promising wines of good growth are secured at an early date, before they have become scarce; the cellars are kept at a proper temperature, so that the wine ripens duly, instead of becoming chilled and so checked in development—or overheated, and thus wasted, thinned, and stopped in its final alcoholic and ethereal changes. A cellar ought to be kept at a temperature of about sixty degrees. There are several London clubs at which clarets of 1875 or of 1869 are to be had cheaper than they can be bought on the Place at Bordeaux; and so with old champagnes, as to which, however, the secrets are better known, and the prices rule higher. In more than one London club, not even annual interest is added to the first price of the wine.

The American clubs, generally speaking, are very weak in this matter of wines. The majority of the members—the committee as well—are too apt to judge wine as they do wool—by the brand.

Most people know something of brands, few of vintages. The wines of the world, especially suited for refined palates and for hospitable entertainments of the higher class, are still and always the wines of France. Their gamut of flavor is greater; their bouquet more exquisite; their alcoholic strength lighter, and more apportioned to the faculties of those who feast with reason; their ethers more various, and their very variety more interesting. This is said without disparagement to the choicer bocks of great growths and grand vintages. Hocks, seductive to the connoisseur and fit to rank with the great wines of France, are among the rarest and costliest products of the vine. They are rarely to be found out of their own country. So also of the great Tokays. But the types which may best be studied are the wines of France, and of these, of course, the wines of the Médoc—clarets as we call them—and of the Champagne and Burgundy district.

It is a common thing enough to have "Château Lafite" and "Château Margaux" offered at table, which are served with pride and with the best intentions, but which are absolutely worthless and wholly disappointing; so that a glass or two will spoil the effect and overshadow the merits of the best dinner ever put on table. This is because the host or hostess is not alive to the fact that in the production of good wine, while the first requisite is that the soil and the vine shall be of high quality and capable of producing a generous grape, the conditions of growth and ripening, whether of wood, leaf, or berry, must be alike concurrent. Frost, rain, and sunshine are alike capable of frustrating all the capacities of the earth and all the hope and efforts of the wine-grower. So that the wines of one year differ from another, as do the seasons. It might seem a truism, if it were not obviously so often forgotten, that the year of the vintage, as well as the name of the estate, is essential. Put no faith in any menu and wine list which does not give both; it shows that the cellarer has not mastered the alphabet of his business, or that the host has either little knowledge or less pride in his choice of wines, and that he has either neglected to guide himself by the almanac and compass, without which the most experienced voyager through vintages may guide his vessel on to the rocks; or that he prefers to puzzle his guests rather than to give them easy gratification. Few even among experienced wine-tasters like to have to read riddles at dinner, and every one finds it pleasant to be fully informed by the menu of the feast—whether modest or magnificent—that lies before him. Now, the great wines of the Médoc are (of the first-class) Château Lafite, Château Latour, Château Margaux. (The last is sometimes placed in the second group.) Among those of the next class best known are from the châteaux of Mouton, Rauzan, Leoville, Larose, Brane-Cantenac, and Cos d'Estournel. Among the best known of the third growth are Lagrange, Langoa, Palmer, Giscour, etc. Complete lists can be found in many books.

Although the label and brand of the bottling serve to prove the authenticity of the wine, it says little as to its quality and worth, unless the year of growth is also certified. Château Lafite of a bad year is, in intrinsic value, worth sometimes little more and sometimes less than a peasant wine of a good year. It may positively, on an extreme occasion, not be worth more than twenty-five dollars a hogshead, and has been known to sell as low as that price in the wholesale market. The best years since 1864 for claret (and 1864 was a great year) were 1865 (especially for the second and third growths), 1869, and 1875. The wines of 1875 are now in a fine state, so that a Château Langoa or Château Palmer, for instance, of 1875, are superior to a Château Lafite, Château Margaux, or Château Latour of 1870 or 1866, while the Leovilles, Larose, or Château Rauzan of that year take rank with the connoisseur above the highest growth of 1879 or 1883. The clarets of 1885 and 1886 in the Médoc were much affected with mildew, so that it is improbable that they will ripen well. The wines of 1887 are very fine and are likely to ripen well.

It is, however, not always a safe thing to buy new wines of a good year, counting on their ripening into a high quality. "Great expectations" were entertained of the clarets of 1865, but they were largely disappointed; as a rule, they deterior-

ated, just as the wines of 1871 and 1877 unexpectedly improved. The risk is one which it is not always well to add to the cares of housekeeping, and it is generally better to buy a wine of known degree and vintage, after it has passed successfully its first year of trial.

A correspondent who spent a fortnight, in October last, at the time of the vintage in the Médoc, visiting some of the great châteaux, says that it was instructive to notice the care with which the butler announced the vintages in your ear, with gentle and unctuous solemnity, as he filled the glass. This was the wine-list at a *déjeuner* at M. Lalande's, the eminent deputy, and a great proprietor. No doubt it is a good guide in its way.

A word as to the glasses and as to the serving of the wine. The wines of the Médoc should always be served in large, shallow, broad glasses. They should not be warmed before the fire, toasted as they sometimes are, till the aroma has evaporated, but they should be served at a temperature of between seventy and eighty. All wines should be brought up from the cellar in the morning before the dinner, and stood upright all day, and decanted with that side upmost which was in that position in the cellar. Wine-glasses can not be too delicate and thin in texture. The best claret will lose much of its delicacy of flavor if served in thick, deep glasses. The "dock-glass" of the wine-taster is the true model for the dinner-table.

As to champagne, there is a tradition in England which requires it to be very old and dry. The taste for very dry champagne is a British fancy which admits of no argument and calls for little discussion. Champagne is an artificial product which differs essentially from claret. The claret or Médoc wines are the pure and natural product of the grape, and the grapes are simply stripped off their stalks and thrown into the vats; their own weight expresses the generous juice; nothing is added to it; it undergoes no artificial treatment, but is at once drawn into the cask, and after three years it is bottled. Here, therefore, we accept the natural product, and nature herself prescribes the laws for our palate.

It is not so with champagne; here various grapes are blended and wines are mixed; candy-sugar and liqueur artificially flavored are added at a later stage; fermentation is checked, and the wine is doctored according to various recipes to suit special markets and arbitrary tastes. The percentage of syrup and liqueur is varied even in the same brands to suit the classification of *sec*, *extra sec*, and *brut*. The consumer, therefore, can order his wine to suit his taste, just as he can drink his tea with a slice of lemon or with or without sugar and milk.

There are many who think that the demand for very dry champagne is an attempt to pervert and alter the character of sparkling wine, which by its very nature is naturally sweet, the effervescence being due to a secondary fermentation of the excess of sugar. Clearly, however, the champagne-drinker may choose the degree of sweetness, like the tea-drinker, and just as he would determine the flavor of a sauce. Frenchmen like moderately sweet champagne. With the best brands of champagne also the year of vintage is a dominant consideration, and should always be stated on the dinner-card. The champagnes of 1884 are just coming into use, and are good; those of 1880 are much better, and very choice champagne is that of 1874.

LATE VERSE.

The Sun Cup.

The earth is the cup of the sun,
That he filleth at morning with wine,
With the strong warm wine of his might,
From the vintage of gold and of light—
Fills it, and makes it divine.

And at night, when his journey is done,
At the gate of his radiant hall
He setteth his lips to the brim,
With a long last look of his eye,
And tills it, and draineth it dry—
Drains till he leaveth it all
Hollow and empty and dim.

And then, as he passes to sleep,
Still full of the feast that he did
Long ago in Olympian wars,
He closes it down with the sweep
Of its slow-turning luminous lid,
Its cover of darkness and stars,
Wrought once by Hephaestus of old
With violet and vastness and gold.
—A. Lamplian in February Harper's.

Anticlimax.

I walked a city street, and suddenly
I saw a tiny lad. The winter wind
Howled fitfully, and all the air above
The clear-cut outline of the buildings tall
Seemed full of knives that cut against the face:
An awful night among the unhousehold poor!
The boy was tattered; both his hands were thrust
For show of warmth within his pocket-holes,
Where pockets had not been for many a day.
One trouser-leg was long enough to hide
The naked flesh, but one, in mockery
A world too short, tho' he was monstrous small,
Left bare and red his knee—a cruel thing!
Then swelled my selfish heart with tenderness
And pity for the wail: to think of one
So young, so seeming helpless, homeless too,
Breasting the night, ashiver with the cold!
Gaining a little, soon I passed him by,
My fingers reaching for a silver coin
To make him happier, if only for
An hour, when—I marvelled as I heard—
His mouth was puckered up in cheery wise,
And in the very teeth of fortune's frown
He whistled loud a scrap of some gay tune!
And I must know that all my ready tears
Fell on a mood more merry than mine own.
—Richard E. Burton in February Harper's.

A Haunted Room.

In the dim chamber whence but yesterday
Passed my beloved, filled with awe I stand;
And haunting Loves flutter on every hand
Whisper her praises who is far away.
A thousand delicate fancies glance and play
On every object which her robes have fanned,
And tenderest thoughts and hopes bloom and expand
In the sweet memory of her beauty's ray.
Ah! I could that glass but hold the faintest trace
Of all the loveliness once mirrored there,
The clustering glory of the shadowy hair
That framed so well the dear young angel face!
But no, it shows my own face, full of care,
And my heart is her beauty's dwelling place.
John Hay in February Scribner's.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Marquis de Leuille cultivates a lock of white hair in the middle of his head *à la Whistler*. A great many people were puzzled to know how he got this tuft of gray hair, but gossip settled the matter by saying that he simply washed the coloring matter out of that particular spot.

The *Every Saturday* of Baltimore prints a story about Robert Garrett that has set the "City of Monuments" agog. It says that the ex-president of the Baltimore and Ohio is held under unnecessary restraint and is practically a prisoner in his own house, and then continues: "He has with him two muscular male nurses accustomed to dealing with demented persons, or with those who, for interested motives, are considered such, and under the eyes of one of these Mr. Garrett passes his days and nights."

At present, English is practically an unknown tongue at the Vatican. The Pope can neither speak it nor read it. Cardinal Rampolla, the secretary of state, is in the same plight. So is Monsignor Mocenni, the under-secretary. Cardinal Simeoni, chief of the Propaganda, who has charge of all the English-speaking countries, cannot speak a word of our language. Monsignor Jacolimi is learning it. Of the Italian cardinals only one, Cardinal Mazzella, can talk English, and he, it is worth noting, is a Jesuit. The general of the Jesuits, Father Anderledy, also speaks English.

"John W. Mackay, whose wealth has not made him so famous as his wife's extravagance in spending it, is fifty-five years old. He has a hard face, whose features have not a single redeeming virtue. Mr. Mackay lives three-fourths of the year in California, where he enjoys a freedom from restraint and etiquette which makes his elegant residence in London a bore."—*New York World*. It is generally believed in San Francisco that Mr. Mackay lives three-fourths of the year in New York, where he enjoys a freedom from the restraint which makes his residence in San Francisco a bore.

When he was in Belgium, Mr. Huntington and his wife dined often with the royal family, and were invited to become guests at the royal palace. The millionaire had subscribed fifty thousand pounds sterling to the Congo Railroad, in which the King of Belgium is interested as chief promoter, and thus opened the heart of that monarch. With the Four Hundred, a single dinner in a royal palace counts for a sign-manual of eligibility to their ranks, and as Mr. Huntington has a prince for a son-in-law and fifty million dollars besides, with the finest house in New York, his society ambition will probably be satisfied.

A well-known mad doctor has just died at Vienna. Professor Leedesdorf was the great king-dethroner. No other medical man has had so large an experience. When, in 1876, Sultan Mourad the Fifth was to be deposed and Abdul Aziz set up on the throne, the professor was sent for to Constantinople, examined his royal patient, and promptly declared him mad. There was no appeal from that decision. Later on, when Louis the Second of Bavaria was getting unusually eccentric, his ministers sent to Vienna for the professor. Sometimes he would be sent for to Petersburg. The Romanoff family had failings, and the professor had to give his verdict.

"Nellie Bly's" real name is Pink Elizabeth Cochrane. Her father was a judge in Pittsburg, where Nellie was brought up and made her first venture in newspaper work. She was engaged by the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, after writing an intelligent communication to the paper on the condition of working-women, to write up that subject, and later wrote letters from Mexico to the same paper. Two years ago, she went to New York, armed with a letter to Joe Howard, Jr., and, after placing an interview with Andrew Carnegie's then newly made bride in the *Mail and Express*, she could get nothing to do. However, she engaged herself to the *World* to "expose" the treatment of the insane at Blackwell's Island, had herself committed to the asylum as a demented person, and in a few days devoted a page of the *Sunday World* to a sensational and exaggerated account of the hardships she had been subjected to. Then she exposed Phelps, the Albany lobbyist; the "mashers" in Central Park; the doctors—who naturally could not all give the same prescription for a disease not only imaginary but varying in its symptoms—and a few other features of metropolitan life. Now, she has just returned from a flying tour of the world, which is of no advantage to any one except as a sensational advertisement of the paper which sent her.

Although most hospitable and kind toward their guests staying at Sandringham, the Prince and Princess of Wales are at least as capricious as other mortals, and it is often difficult even for the best bred people to estimate to a nicety the exact point at which intimacy may become distasteful. Conduct which in the evening may be deemed very charming and amusing, may be resented as presumptuous next morning, and between the fear of being too familiar, and the dread of being regarded as dull, a visitor at Sandringham—and especially a new one who is on trial, as it were—is between the devil and the deep sea. It must be added, however, that though insolence would be sharply checked at once, and the offender dismissed as abruptly as Beau Brummell was by George the Fourth, the ordinary person who becomes distasteful through want of adaptability, dullness, or his host's caprice, is never allowed to see that he has become a bore by any change in the demeanor of his host or hostess toward him. His stay is brought to a speedy conclusion, and he is never asked down to Sandringham again; but until he has gone, he is treated with the most perfect courtesy, and many of the worst offenders in this respect have come away thinking that they had made a most satisfactory impression, and are lost in wonder at not being invited again.

Mrs. Hetty Green has enjoyed the reputation for a long time of being the most shabbily dressed millionaire who wanders within the precincts of Wall Street. Russell Sage wears inexpensive clothes, but they are not only neat but usually have the appearance of being recently purchased. The only millionaire rival Mrs. Green has in point of shabbiness is old Joe Robinson, who was one of the contractors engaged in the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad, and is said to be worth four million dollars. He does not wear any overcoat, because it represents an expenditure of money he is not willing to make. His whole outfit, including hat and boots, would not command two dollars and a half at any well-regulated pawnshop. He is one of the few stingy millionaires who are perfectly good-natured in their stinginess. He is not cross or crabbed, but greets everybody he knows with the utmost geniality. He and Sidney Dillon are very good friends, but neither the arguments of Mr. Dillon nor of any one else can spur him on to invest money in a wardrobe. The story is told of his seeing a friend on the street not long ago, in conversation with a gentleman whom he did not know. He went up to the two men and was about to speak, when the man who was a stranger to him turned and said he was very sorry but he had no small change. The friend explained the situation, although he was somewhat embarrassed, and the stranger extended profuse apologies to the millionaire.

William Grove says of the daily labors of Mr. Browning, whose body-servant he used to be: "My work was largely in his study, where he kept his books. Of these he had several thousands, and for economy of space the shelves were made to hold the books too deep. On the day of publication of his books I used to have to wrap up five or six dozen copies with his autograph, for presentation to friends. He used to get up at seven o'clock every morning and stayed in his bedroom till eight. He read during that time generally French and Italian works, and he invariably ate a plate of fruit which had been left in his room over night—strawberries or grapes, by preference, oranges and other fruits in their season. From eight till half-past he had a bath, and at nine came down to breakfast. This took about twenty minutes, and he would then turn his chair to the fire and read the morning papers till ten o'clock. From ten to one he spent the time in his study writing. His breakfast and lunch were very light meals, the latter generally consisting of some pudding only; but he always ate a good dinner. His favorite wine was Carlowitz or claret, but he drank very little of either. Sometimes, when he dined out, he would drink a little port, but never more than one wine. After lunch—to which he sat down at one o'clock—he would go out to pay afternoon calls or to the private views, frequently walking across Kensington Garden. He came back at half-past five or six to dress for dinner, which was at seven o'clock, and he went to bed at half-past ten or eleven. During the season he dined out a great deal. I have seen him out every evening for three weeks."

VANITY FAIR.

The typical San Francisco girl has been sketched by an English story-writer under the name of "The Yellow Grenadier." Here is his first picture of her: "She was young, her hair was very yellow, and her tall, slender figure was well displayed by a tailor-made ulster of a plaid so big that it suggested a railway junction. 'Is the color of that hair natural?' I asked my wife. 'Most unnatural,' was her quiet answer. 'But she is as pretty as a picture,' I added. 'I don't care for chromos,' rejoined Miriam, coldly. We next saw her upon the tender which carried us to the mouth of the bay. She was alone, and as I glanced toward her she brushed away a big tear with the back of her glove. Most women so thickly powdered would have been more prudent." This painted tiger-lily is a Miss Jane Benson, whose father is "in railroads in San Francisco" and spends his money as fast as he makes it on his wife and daughter. Jane is "as sturdy as an oak of her Yosemite Valley" and "both she and her father seem to have spoiled the mother"—a daring innovation, this, an American girl who spoils her parent! She is returning home, by way of Liverpool and New York, from "a visit to an aunt in Brazil"—quite unchaperoned; San Francisco girls often go off alone on a jaunt of ten thousand miles or so, and Brazil is a favorite resort—and her freedom of manner and license in dress naturally impress her English critic. Here is his first encounter with her: "The young girl, apparently unconscious of the glances bent upon her, took the seat next mine, and, picking up my menu, gazed attentively at it. 'Oh bother, it's in Dutch!' I heard her say with an unadulterated twang. 'May I assist you?' I said. 'I read German a little.' Her eyes swept over my face. 'Thank you,' she responded, cordially, placing the menu between us. 'Now, what, for example, is that?' and she pointed to the word *kartoffeln*. 'That means potatoes.' 'What a queer word for potatoes!' and she gave a little laugh so spontaneous and girlish that I glanced at her more closely. She was not only younger than I had supposed, but more beautiful. Her head was splendidly set upon her shoulders, her features were well chiseled, her brown eyes, screened by dark lashes, had caught the soft mystery of a Neapolitan girl's, and, in spite of the firmness of her chin, a quick smile suggested amiability. Her skin was exquisite, and why she should powder I could not guess; but what quite fascinated my eye was the mass of yellow hair wound in coils upon her shapely head. Its color was not faded, but rather what one might call stale; it had lost its lustre and looked dry."

Her costume and bearing, the next morning, revive the Englishman's interest, which has diminished overnight: "When we went upon deck there was that young woman stalking back and forth, arrayed in a fashion truly amazing. The covering of her yellow head was right enough—a Tam o' Shanter—but her lithe figure was incased in a tight-fitting dress of a yellowish-brown color that had not shown in its true glory at night; in this bright sunlight, however, the objectionable ulster seemed by comparison a demure garment. Upon her pretty feet she wore high-heeled slippers of red morocco, and her stockings were black with gold clocks. Naturally she was the centre of all eyes—the men regarding her speculatively, the women with disapproval." The parents of this young woman are of interest as picturing the parents of the typical San Francisco girl: "Mr. Benson was tall and slender, his hair was nearly white, and he stooped slightly. He wore a suit of broadcloth of an old-fashion cut, and an upright collar that quite hid the bottom of his face. He might well have been mistaken for a genial old professor of botany. Mrs. Benson's appearance did more to sustain the expectation I had formed of her. She was a tall, striking woman, with a fine figure well displayed in a light traveling-dress, and in her ears were large diamonds that sparkled at every motion of her head. And what a head! A haze of gold seemed to encircle her face, so soft was the texture of her hair, so exquisite its color. Time had left its beauty undimmed and now I could understand Jane's admiration for it, if not her attempt to imitate it. The face, although powdered, was by no means uncomely, nor yet unkind. Take her all in all, she seemed like a middle-aged country beauty, evidently not devoid of feeling; yet, according to the knowledge we had of her nature, possessed of an extreme love of luxury. 'Well, Jennie,' she said in a full, rich voice, 'I can't tell you how good it is to see you again,' then her mobile face changed. 'But what on earth, child, have you been doing to your hair?' 'Oh, don't you like it?' and Jane's eyes were wistful. Mrs. Benson surveyed the dyed locks critically, but with no trace of repulsion. 'No, dear,' and her tone was merely judicial; 'it's more becoming natural.' Jane's face fell and her disappointment was touching to see." This extraordinary narrative appeared in *Remington's Annual*, and is from the pen of a Mr. Isaac Henderson.

The greatest beautifier in a woman's trousseau is a fur-trimmed opera-wrap. She may have a shock of hair which bristles like a shoe-brush, a complexion like a ham, features which grow at right angles with one another, and five-cent cheese-cloth for a dress, but muffled in a white or printed cloth robe, lined or quilted with pale satin, and bordered the whole way round with ermine, fox, or lamb, she will look well. These warm, elegant mantles which envelop the defects of a woman and her wardrobe, are planned to touch the ground in length, to fit close about the figure, and to hold together at the neck and waist by means of a cord and a ribbon.

A man who thoroughly understands how stingy people of large wealth usually are, was saying the other day that this should be taken into account when a man starts out to marry for money. If a man marries a woman who has a very large fortune she is commonly very saving, and once having made an establishment will not do anything tending towards its destruction, because a radical change of this kind is costly and

entails large expenditures. In other words, if a man marries a woman with a million, no matter how poor he may be and no matter how unsatisfactorily he may turn out as a husband, he is pretty sure of his wife for their life-time. On the other hand, if he marries a woman who simply has an income which enables her to keep herself and dress well, she is very apt to use the independence that this gives her to defy his authority and finally to separate from him. It is the women of moderate means who are lured into entangling alliances with lady-killers and adventurers, particularly as it seems to be the fashion now for married women to admit the attentions of bachelor friends. Women of large wealth very seldom exhibit weaknesses of this kind.

The cold, gray shades of a winter evening were falling—like patent window-blinds. The last rosy rays of the sun fell gently on the bent shoulders and tossed hair of a woman who sat at the casement, looking out on the chill emptiness of a city street. Her face, still young and pretty, proclaimed education, even gentility—as did her slender white fingers, too frail to be roughened by toil. She wrung them despairingly, moaning: "It will not come—I am sure it will not come!" The fire was dying in the little grate. "If those people only knew," she said, "what suffering they cause with their delays! While they go on cheerfully, and have so much money, they will hardly look at you! Yet she promised to let me have it to-day." There was a ring at the bell! She sprang to her feet and pressed her face eagerly against the pane. But it was only the postman, with a tailor's circular. She sank back in her chair and covered her face with her hands, while scalding tears oozed one by one between her fingers, as she burst into a passion of sobs. It was the poor sewing-girl, waiting, deprived of her just dues and of her humble dinner by the capricious delay of her wealthy patroness? No, sympathetic reader, no! It was, on the contrary, the rich girl herself, whose prevaricating dress-maker had promised to let her have the new evening-gown she *must* wear that night "before three o'clock in the afternoon at latest, without fail."—*Puck*.

One of the organs of society in New York prints this wail: "Hostesses are beginning to be embarrassed by the lack of men at their entertainments. For dinners they can get any number of the sterner sex, but for dances, they find it a good deal harder than would be imagined. The fact that grown men are thus so scarce and *blase* has resulted in the resort to beardless boys. A man may not marry his grandmother, but he may dance with her, and the sight of an adoring youth in his teens pouring soft nothings, begotten of an over-indulgence in lemonade or claret-punch, into the ear of a fair damsel well on to if not over the thirties, is not, by any means, an uncommon sight. There are plenty of so-called girls in New York who have brought out several generations of boys, who, as soon as they get their wing-feathers, fly to other and younger atmospheres, while the maiden has to begin it all over again."

The women whom men admire is thus described in the February *Scribner's*: "To begin with, she is old enough to know her world thoroughly; yet, though she need never have been beautiful, she must have kept her youth. She is in no sense a light woman, neither is she over-intellectual; she would not speak Greek, even if she could. She is a creature of infinite tact, whom every being with the outward semblance of a man interests profoundly. With him she is always at her best, and she contrives to get out of him the best there is. She listens well, and grows sympathetic as she listens. Has he a special weakness? she half tempts him to believe it is a virtue. An adept in the subtlest forms of flattery, she would force the meanness of us to shine, even when he is ill at ease. And yet, above all, she remains sincere. Her interest in him is real, and survives the fleeting moment. He is a man; that is to say, for her, the brightest page in nature's book."

While in Constantinople (writes Olive Harper in the *Pittsburg Bulletin*), I had an invitation to assist at an Armenian wedding, the young bride being the daughter of a wealthy powder manufacturer, and the bridegroom a simple clerk in the office of the *Levant Times*. This young bridegroom was tall, well built, and good looking, with brown, curly beard and hair, and yet he was but a poor clerk. But the Greeks and Armenians, as well as the majority of European nations, are not proud in that respect. A young man without a piastre is not too sensitive to accept a fortune with his bride, and, indeed, no young girl in those nations can get a husband at all without having a substantial dowry—the larger the dowry, the younger, handsomer, and more aristocratic a husband she gets; and the amount of dowry is stated when he is asked to consider the maiden's claims to his admiration. Among the Armenians, as the Greeks and Turks, the young people never meet alone, nor do they do their preliminary courting. Old women go-betweeners are employed usually to go to the young man and descant upon her beauties of person and character and the amount of her dowry, and then, if the latter is large enough, the woman returns and tells the family that the young man demands the hand of the young lady. Sometimes, brothers undertake to find suitable husbands for their sisters, but usually professional match-makers are employed. In the case of the couple to whose wedding I went, the old woman had gone down to the office and made her proposal there, which he accepted, on condition that the dowry was actually what it represented, which was twenty thousand Turkish liras, or nearly one hundred thousand dollars, and this was considered a good dowry, and therefore the young girl was very attractive. The young man, Haskar by name, received the money all together the day before the ceremony, according to custom, and out of that he bought his wedding-suit and a handsome necklace of turquoise and brilliants for his wedding-present to her. In the evening, after having received the dowry-money, he called on Mr. Hanly and proposed to buy a partnership in the *Levant Times*, and so in one day, from a clerk he aspired to become part-owner of the paper. He talked of the dowry in the most open

manner, and said that he thought that so wealthy a man should have given his daughter a larger portion, but that in time he hoped his wife would inherit a fortune, as her father lived near a very unhealthy place called Yerimborgas, and already had malaria.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

To save himself trouble, a Philadelphia bank president deposited a monthly allowance to his daughter's credit in his bank, and gave her a check-book. The second week of the new arrangement she went to the bank to get some money, and the teller gravely informed her, when she presented her check, that her account was overdrawn. "Overdrawn!" exclaimed the pretty maiden; "well," with great severity, "will you please tell the president, with my compliments, that I hope he will not allow such a thing to occur again." And the clerks had immediate engagements under their desks.

A recent order for Tolstoi's "Sevastopol" was written "Sir Basterbold." It is perhaps not surprising that Russian names should be distorted in this queer fashion (says the *Critic*), and the fact that orders for the journal of Marie Bashkirtseff should give the surname of the author as "Basketshift" illustrates the difficulty that prevails among our people of mastering the difficulties of Muscovite spelling. It recalls the story of a Russian general in the wars of the first Napoleon, who was reported by an English newspaper as found dead on the battle-field with a long word sticking in his throat. The inference was that he was choked to death in attempting to pronounce his own name, the misprint of "word" for "sword" not occurring to the lynx-eyed proof-reader.

When F. H. Heald settled on the Machado Ranch, near San Diego, and began to build Elsinore, then unnamed, he was puzzled about the christening. What should he call the coming city by the lake and springs? Finally he chose Lake something or other—a long compound—but the post-office authorities would not have it. They wrote Mr. Heald that one word was enough and sent him a list to choose from. He took Elsinore, and a few days afterward announced the fact to old Señor Machado. The aged don was for a moment nonplussed. "El Señor," he said; "which señor do you mean, yourself or myself?" "Yourself, of course," replied the diplomatic Heald. And to this day the Machados believe that the name Elsinore is but a gringo corruption of "El Señor," the señor who owned the original property.

Bishop Hannington, who crowned a career of good works in Africa by winning the crown of martyrdom, once had a remarkable escape, which puts the saint and martyr in a very comical light. One day, when taking his walk abroad in the jungles, he saw a pretty little creature, which came fawning up to him like a puppy. He picked it up and began to fondle it. Whereupon some natives who were with him howled and bolted. Knowing what was likely to follow, the panic-stricken darkeys were hardly to be blamed. The good missionary had taken a lion's whelp to his bosom, and the infuriated parents made their appearance on the scene. The bishop showed equal pluck and presence of mind. Dropping the cub, he put up his umbrella and gallantly charged the lion and the lioness, dancing and yelling as if he had been one of the unconverted pagans celebrating some diabolical rite. Terror at the hideous sight and sounds got the better of paternal and maternal affection, and "the great cats turned tail and rushed back to their lair in the forest."

Men have attempted to shun a petit jury on pretexts ranging from sickness in the family to a consuming desire to visit the circus, and including a wish to attend a wife's great uncle's funeral, an eel-pot which needed constant attention, and a cold in the head. But all these were dwarfed by the excuse of an original genius in this city (says the *New York Tribune*). To his plea that he could not serve, the judge asked for his reason, and he replied that he was not a man of good moral character. The judge inquired if he was willing to swear to this, and the man said that he was. The oath was accordingly administered, and the man swore that he was not of good moral character, and was excused from jury duty. As he swore he was not of good moral character, we cannot doubt him. On the other hand, are we bound to believe a man not of good moral character under any circumstances? Still again, a man of good moral character would not swear that he was not of good moral character. It seems to be a hopeless tangle. Unfortunately, so far as getting excused is concerned, was the Dakota man who faced the justice of the peace with the plea that he had a sick horse. "Is it your sorrel mare?" asked the justice. "Yes, your honor," returned the man. "We will adjourn one hour," replied the justice; "I know something that will cure that sorrel mare inside of twenty minutes," and the court linked arms with the jurymen and they sought the indisposed sorrel, together with the sheriff, prosecuting-attorney, and prisoner. A Missouri man who pleaded that he had not seen a circus for five years, and that if he served on the jury he would miss the one that was coming Saturday, fared but little better. "This court always adjourns circus day!" thundered the judge; "take your place with the others." Indeed, there seems to be nothing that the average judge hates to do so much as to excuse a man from jury duty. A few years ago, a big, raw-boned man at Julesburg, Colorado, declined to go on a jury because, as he expressed it, "he couldn't bear to serve under no man he could lick," meaning, thereby, the judge himself. Whereupon the court laid aside its judicial ermine, requested the spectators to form a ring, and, with the clerk as time-keeper and the prisoner as umpire, got down and fought the large man for fifteen minutes, thoroughly removing his objections to serving on that particular jury, after which he returned to the bench and went on with the securing of a jury.

DEAD-BEAT PEERESSES.

"Van Grysse" oo American Tuft-Hunters and their Thrifty Idols.

Notwithstanding the shadow cast over the city by the grippe, the bad weather—for it rains all the time and colds are as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa—the mud on Broadway, which is of the consistency of pea-soup, the inundation of Shakespearean plays, and the ugliness of the season's debutantes, there is rejoicing in the inner circles of sweldom and the soul of society is singing, for a duke is coming to our hospitable, anglo-maniac shores.

Sing, O Muse, the joy of the Gothamite when he hears these bappy tidings, and celebrate with the choicest outpourings of your classic spirit the numerous entertainments which will greet the stranger! The stranger—the Duke of New-castle—has been here before, then a young boy with a tutor. By some unhappy and unforeseen chance he slipped through New York's fingers, and passed in maiden meditation toward Chicago. Here they caught him after a tough struggle, in which the poor young man tried vainly to escape. They drew him in with a landing-net and dragged him in triumph through a series of entertainments, undoubtedly the most ornate and elegant in the history of the western metropolis. One is indeed safe in saying that never before had the Old Masters, the portraits of George Washington, and the brilliant chromos which adorn the walls of the Chicago palaces, looked down upon more sumptuous splendor. And ever since this victory Chicago has been waving the bloody shirt in the eyes of her vanquished rivals.

It is to be confessed with regret that New Yorkers are unblushing tuft-hunters. The ideas on equality which animated the founders of the great republic have passed into desuetude, and a large contingent has arisen who cherish aristocratic prejudices and who try to make them the fashion. Of course they have a large following. There is no city in this country which has such a fine, flourishing crop of snobs as New York—men and women who sit with their eyes glued on those in high places and drink in their sacred sayings as though the oracle had spoken. These are the tuft-hunters of society. They like a snub from a great man more than a kindness from a nobody. They hang on the skirts of fashionable people and think the kicks they get are notice to be proud of. Better be seen and disdained than not seen at all. And they talk about these very people—who, recognizing the meanness of their spirits, can not but despise them—in a sort of easy, jovial, familiar strain as of men and brothers who can not support existence without their vivifying presence. There are quantities of men in the city to-day who are exact reproductions of Archer in "Pendennis."

Some of the tuft-hunters are rich, immensely rich, and these are the ones who lie in wait for the unsuspecting lord. When he comes they sally forth to capture him, and, as the English spirit is notoriously economical, the lord is not averse to being captured, which means a series of good dinners, gay company, theatres, and spree by the score, pretty women to pay lazy court to, and all without a penny of expense. One can hardly say that the attitude of either party is remarkable for its dignity. In his heart of hearts each despises the other. The foreigner sees the spirit which has prompted his entertainer to give; the entertainer the spirit which has prompted the foreigner to accept. Of true hospitality or fellowship there is not a grain in the whole performance. Each goes his own way and spreads his story—the Englishman returns to his white cliffs and speaks with justifiable scorn of the snobbishness of his host; the host goes out among his world and speaks with even more justifiable bitterness of the brazen ingratitude of his guest.

While Americans will allow themselves to be imposed upon, foreigners will take advantage of it. Their wholesale belief in our gullibility was never more aptly illustrated than in the case of the Countesses of Shrewsbury and Selkirk, who returned to England a few weeks ago after the most triumphantly economical tour through this country. These two old ladies were the smartest pair of dead beats who ever came across the big water. Their cheek was as splendid as their rank—they were really the most distinguished pair of foreign females, as far as rank goes, who have ever been here—and the amiable, unblushing, determined way those two old aristocrats beat their way through the United States is something that has no parallel in history. Heretofore, we have generally considered that as a nation of this earth we are not deficient in cheek or brass, but when Shrewsbury and Selkirk take the field, no one dare stand up against them. They would have begged a free pass to Paradise from Saint Peter.

In appearance they were an unassuming pair—they were in San Francisco, so you probably had an opportunity of judging of this—without any air of distinction, and, like the Marquis of Dorincourt, never wore their coronets in public. The unpretending air of the Englishwoman on her travels is matter of history. They take a sort of pride in looking the greatest dowdies outside the colonies. A friend of mine once met the Countess of Clarendon in Rome. This representative of a great family—herself, in spirit at least, a *grande dame*—was an ugly little woman who did Rome in a shiny black silk, cut in the folds and weak in the matter of buttons. When she went out, she used to put in the charge of my friend a small black leather-bag, such as old ladies carry when they go shopping, which contained the Clarendon diamonds, which they say can outshine Mrs. Astor's, and would make a good showing in any court in Europe. Selkirk and Shrewsbury were cut on just this pattern, but what they lacked in majesty of appearance, they made up for in the majesty of their cheek.

Their first raid was on Newport, where they stayed with various people, upon whom they conferred an honor and at the same time saved a hotel bill. Then they approached the Vanderbilts on the subject of a private car across the continent. The Vanderbilts were greatly fluttered in their gray-stone dovetails, bid the marauding pair to various feasts, but on the subject of the private car maintained an embarrassing reticence, not responding with true American promptitude to the meaning remarks of the members of the peerage.

At this the countesses were deeply enraged—that an American and a Vanderbilt could refuse to confer an honor on their railways by not giving two live countesses a private car across the continent, was an insult to the British lion and a degradation to the American eagle.

Waving the Union Jack, the countesses now bore down on New York, where railway presidents are numerous and a title is worth more than rubies. The countesses, casting a penetrating glance over the ranks of great men who hold railways, not to speak of private cars, in the hollows of their hands, selected Mr. Depew as the most amenable to reason—Mr. Depew's chivalrous attitude to unprotected females traveling alone through an unknown and savage country being universally known. The countesses told their piteous tale, which would have melted the heart of any man who possessed such an organ in his bosom. Alas, that it should be known!—the gallant, the brilliant, the fascinating president of the New York Central seemed to lack the cardiac appurtenances with which he has usually been credited. He was deaf to the hints of the countesses, and, if rumor speaks true, their hints were of the same nature as old Mr. Osborne's, who called kicking a footman from the top to the bottom of the stairs "a hint for him to leave." When the countesses spoke of private cars, Mr. Depew spoke of the weather; but when the countesses nailed him down on the subject of passes, it is said that he succumbed, and weakly allowed them to work their wicked will of the whole New York Central system.

The journey of the countesses across the country was as triumphal as the passage of Juggernaut over its victims. They had armed themselves with letters of introduction before they left their native heaths, and, as they sped from ocean to ocean, they sent these before them, each letter bearing a postscript in the aristocratic hand of the House of Shrewsbury or Selkirk, "we shall be in Chicago, or St. Louis, or San Francisco—as the case may be—on such a date, unless some kind friends will take us in." The kind friends were, of course, equal to the occasion. They did what any kind friend of a member of the British peerage would—welcomed the noble strangers with open arms and set before them their best. Moreover, as the countesses passed across the face of America, it was noticeable that they scattered telegrams in their wake with a prodigal hand. Save the letters of introduction, their communications were all made by wire. But these were dead-head messages. True to their canny creed, the countesses, before leaving New York, had corraled Norvin Green, of the Western Union, and had received from him a sheaf of telegraph-blanks, which they used with telling effect to their own purses. It is said that when they sailed for England they made the boast that they had hardly seen the inside of any hotel in this country, with trifling exceptions in Western cities.

People are not yet done talking of the New Year's ball. The first burst of wondering admiration is calming down, and occasional complaints and criticisms are heard. The question of the lights will agitate the town for weeks to come, causing tears of rage in the seclusion of boudoirs and unfeeling laughter in the windows of clubs. Ward McAllister, by that one oversight, has made some life-long enemies. "The fellows" will never be done laughing over it, and one of them has gone so far as to christen the festive gathering "The Give-Away Ball." It has been said that New York women rarely paint. This is quite true of young women; but older charmers, who see that the dawn of their beauty is past, are not above resorting to art. But they do it wonderfully. Only a clever French maid knows the secrets of how their delicate complexions are achieved, their appearance of perennial freshness preserved. Among the fast set, the women take "a nip" of brandy before they go out, and this is supposed to have a bewilderingly becoming effect.

The fiat going forth that the electric-lights at the ball would be covered with red-silk shades, all the frescoed beauties put on an extra thick coating, for a red-silk shade covers a multitude of paint, and it is only a sharp eye which knows rouge from blushes. But, alas! When they got there, the red-silk shades had never come, and the electric-lights, which were hung low, glared down into their faces with a malicious intensity as fierce "as the great white light which beats upon a throne." The secrets which were betrayed were something fearful. Several of the women wished that they were the Man in the Iron Mask; some of the men, who suffered shocks of disillusionment, hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry. For the average New York man hates a woman who paints as his Satanic majesty is said to hate holy water. Even the looks of the younger women, who were fresh and pretty, suffered by the glaring force of the light. It made them appear green and sickly, as though in the advanced stages of seasickness. This is the one great blot on the ball, but it is a serious one. Hell has no fury like a woman who has been successfully making up without any one guessing it, and then has the whole thing given away by a mistake at a ball. Never more can she wear those becoming pink cheeks with a mind at ease; never again can she put on her ruby lips with a peaceful sense of security—oh, now forever, farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell, content! Farewell, the plumed powder-puff, and the useful chamois-skin that make ambition virtue! Oh, farewell! Farewell, the agile hares-foot, and the black pencil, the spirit-stirring rouge-pot, th' unfluctuating blush, the rubious lip, and all quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of a glorious make-up. Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Since her appearance at the ball, a great many people are going round saying Mme. de Barrios is the handsomest woman in New York. She is very beautiful and quite young, despite a "very large and very helpless family" of twelve children. She created a stir at the ball, and no wonder. In general effect, all women in ball-dress look the same, with a tight waist, a low neck, and a train. Mme. de Barrios added to the regulation costume a pair of thin, white-gauze sleeves, which hung from her shoulders to the floor and swelled out when she walked. They were full at the shoulder; split up to let her arms come out, bare, and ringed with jeweled bracelets. She is a brown, almost swarthy, picturesque woman,

and in this strange costume, hung over with her famous emeralds, she looked as splendid as the Zenobia in the Metropolitan Museum. Another lady—more of a stranger to the city than the dictator's widow—who was voted very stunning, was Mrs. Sharon, of San Francisco. Like one-fourth of the women present, she was in green—a lovely dress with gold shimmering about it in long bands. There was what dress-makers call a *berthe* of little pink feathers round her shoulders, and the whole effect was as freshly and delicately green as the sunlight through young leaves, or the sea under the shade of rocks.

A good many people now say the display of jewels was too resplendent; that some of the women looked as if Tiffany's show-counter had been emptied on them. And when the woman becomes of inferior importance to the jewels she wears, it is time to think of altering the fashion. It takes a very stunning woman to carry off a hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, and when we hear that the jewels worn by Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Astor aggregated in value one million and a half of dollars, it does seem a trifle shoddy.

NEW YORK, January 11, 1890.

VAN GRYSSE.

VERSES BY AMY LEVY.

The following verses are selected from "A London Plane-Tree," the third and last volume of verses by Amy Levy, the talented young poet and fiction-writer who put an end to her life on Sunday, September 8th, at her home in London. Already, at the early age of twenty-seven, she had published two novels of unusual merit, "The Romance of a Shop" and "Reuben Sachs," two volumes of verse—this third is posthumous, though she had corrected the proofs a week before her death—and a large number of short stories of brilliant promise. This productiveness implies an energy, an industry and perseverance which seem irreconcilable with the morbid impulses that must have overcome her strong spirit at the last. A photograph lately published shows a very dark, well-modeled, clearly Semitic face, full of sensibility and power.

The Two Terrors.

Two terrors fright my soul by night and day;
The first is Life, and with her come the years;
A weary, winding train of maidens they,
With forward-fringing eyes, too sad for tears;
Upon whose kindred faces, blank and gray,
The shadow of a kindred woe appears.
Death is the second terror; who shall say
What form beneath the shrouding mantle nears?

Which way she turn, my soul finds no relief,
My smitten soul may not be comforted;
Alternately she swings from grief to grief,
And, poised between them, sways from dread to dread.
For there she dreads because she knows; and here,
Because she knows not, only faints with fear.

The Old House.

In through the porch and up the silent stair;
Little is changed, I know so well the ways;
Here, the dead came to meet me; it was there
The dream was dreamed in unforgotten days.

But who is this that hurries on before,
A flitting shade the brooding shades among?—
She turned—I saw her face—O God, it wore
The face I used to wear when I was young!

I thought my spirit and my heart were tamed
To deadness; dead the pangs that agonize.
The old grief springs to choke me—I am shamed
Before that little ghost with eager eyes.

O turn away, let her not see, not know!
How should she bear it, how should understand?
O hasten down the stairway, haste and go,
And leave her dreaming in the silent land.

In the Now.

Deep in the grass outstretched I lie,
Motionless on the hill;
Above me is a cloudless sky,
Around me all is still.

There is no breath, no sound, no stir,
The drowsy peace to break;
I close my tired eyes—it were
So simple not to wake.

The Promise of Sleep.

All day I could not work for woe,
I could not work nor rest;
The trouble drove me to and fro,
Like a leaf on the storm's breast.

Night came and saw my sorrow cease;
Sleep in the chamber stole;
Peace crept about my limbs, and peace
Fell on my stormy soul.

And now I think of only this—
How I again may woo
The gentle sleep—who promises
That death is gentle, too.

Straw in the Street.

Straw in the street where I pass to-day
Dulls the sound of the wheels and feet.
'Tis for a falling life they lay
Straw in the street.

Here, where the pulses of London beat,
Some one strives with the Presence gray;
Ah, is it victory or defeat?

The hurrying people go their way,
Pause and jostle and pass and greet;
For life, for death, are they treading, say,
Straw in the street?

Twilight.

So Mary died last night! To-day
The news has reached her here,
And Robert died at Michaelmas,
And Walter died last year.

I went at sunset up the lane,
I lingered by the stile;
I saw the dusky fields that stretched
Before me many a mile.

I leaned against the stile, and thought
Of her whose soul had fled—
I knew, that years of years must pass
Or ere I should be dead.

Felo de Se.

WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. SWINBURNE.

For repose I have sighed and have struggled; have sigh'd and have struggled
in vain;

I am held in the Circle of Being and caught in the Circle of Pain.
I was wan and weary with life; my sick soul yearned for death;
I was weary of women and war and the sea and the wind's wild breath;
I could sweet poppies and crush'd them, the blood ran rich and red;
And I cast it in crystal chalice and drank of it till I was dead.
And the mold of the man was mute, pulseless in every part.
The long limbs lay on the sand with an eagle eating the heart.
Repose for the rotting head and peace for the putrid breast,
But for that which is "I" indeed the gods have decreed no rest;
No rest but an endless aching, a sorrow which grows again—
I am caught in the Circle of Being and held in the Circle of Pain.
Bitter indeed is Life, and bitter of Life the breath,
But give me life and its ways and its men, if this be Death.
Wearied I once of the Sun and the voices which clamor'd around;
Give them me back—in the sightless depths there is neither light nor sound.
Sick is my soul, and sad and feeble and faint as it felt.
When (far, dim day) in the fair flesh-fane of the body it dwelt.
I have neither a voice nor hands, nor any friend nor a foe;
See the waves' blue sheen and feel the breath of the breeze on my cheek;
Could I walk with the walling wind; strike sharply the hands in despair;
Could I shriek with the shrieking blast, grow frenzied and tear the hair;
Could I fight fierce fights with the foe or clutch at a human hand;
And weary could lie at length on the soft, sweet, saffron sand. . . .
I have neither a voice nor hands, nor any friend nor a foe;
I am I—just a Pulse of Pain—I am I, that is all I know.
For Life, and the sickness of Life, and Death and desire to die—
They have passed away like the smoke, here is nothing but Pain and I.

A PEARL OF PRICE.

By "Gyp."

AT THE BALL.

Jack, waltzing with Blanche de Nanterre—tall, slender, majestic; regular profile, brown hair braided à la vierge, high corsage, dignified bearing.

Jack (pausing)—You are very fond of waltzing?

Blanche—No, sir.

Jack (surprised)—Ah! that is singular. In the first place, you waltz to perfection, and one always enjoys doing that in which one excels; and then, all young girls are fond of waltzing.

Blanche—I have been brought up so seriously—I go out so little.

Jack—You regret it?

Blanche—Oh, no! Not at all. I do not care to go out. Society wearies me.

Jack—Is it possible?

Blanche—To spend my time at home among my books and my brushes is what pleases me most.

Jack (aside)—A little pretentious, the "brushes," but, all the same, a woman like that must be very agreeable. (Aloud.) Are you fond of exercise? You must skate, swim, ride as well as you waltz? (Aside.) I am a fool, but it is necessary to "sound" her, as grandmamma says.

Blanche—I do not skate; I have learned to swim and ride, but I do not care for boisterous amusements. A quiet life, somewhat retired, is what I prefer; it is, moreover, very near the sort of life I lead—not more so than I desire, however.

Jack—Yet, you are not melancholy?

Blanche—Oh, no! (smiling sweetly) I am very gay. Can not one be gay outside of society?

Jack—Yes, certainly! I think one could. (Aside.) Ah, this young girl is a treasure! And to think that there are perhaps quantities of just such angels of whom one never even suspects the existence. (Following his idea.) Then you never ride?

Blanche—Yes, I ride in summer, when we are in the country.

Jack—Like myself. I never ride, except in the country. I detest riding in town. (Radiantly.) And you pass the summer in the country?

Blanche—Yes, always.

Jack—And you do not tire of it?

Blanche—Certainly not; quite the contrary. I paint, read, and have much more leisure to work than when in town.

Jack—Ab, so much the better! (Aside.) I no longer know what I am saying! She is superb! The profile of an Ary-Scheffer and the coloring of a Rubens! And fond of the country! And does not care for society! She was surely created expressly for me! What eyes! She may well lower them, they affect me indescribably, with their long lashes sweeping her rose-leaf cheeks. (Aloud.) You must have many friends?

Blanche—Very few. I do not make friends easily. I have a cousin whom I see often.

Jack—You have, probably, some young gentlemen among your cousins, also?

Blanche—I have, but I seldom see them—they are closely occupied. But I have some little nephews whom I see every day. I adore children!

Jack—You are quite right.

Blanche—Am I not? They are so sweet, so cunning, so interesting! My greatest pleasure is to occupy myself with my sister's children.

Jack—Your sister has several children?

Blanche—She has six! Such lovely children!

Jack—Devotion to children is always beautiful. Shall we waltz?

Blanche—If you like. (And they float off in the throng.)

Jack (aside, with emotion)—What candor! A passion for children! A sister who has six—enormous! No parents, no friends, and no cousins! Decidedly, grandmamma is right, she is a pearl!

* * * * *

One hour later.

Jack (leaning against a door, devouring with his eyes Blanche, who is waltzing with her cousin, Robert Sangéne)—It is strange. She seems entirely different to what she did when with me. She appears to be much livelier. I have just inquired who that gentleman is; the hostess informed me that it was her cousin. Her cousin? Why did she tell me all her cousins were occupied? Ah, after all, it is true that at this late hour—(Taking out his watch.) Three o'clock! I ought to be going. Ah, they enter the conservatory. What if I should listen to their conversation a few moments? It is not, perhaps, very delicate; but, my faith, under the circumstances! (He glides softly round behind them, and conceals himself among the foliage.)

Robert (to Blanche)—Do you know you are superb this evening?

Blanche—Certainly, I know it. I have been told so often enough.

Robert—It is funny. It seems to me that your countenance is not the same as usual to-night. One would say something had happened to you which had altered your physiognomy—what is it?

Blanche—Don't you see? (Laughing.) It is my hair.

Robert—Ah, yes; what the deuce have you arranged it in that fashion for?

Blanche—Does it not become me?

Robert—Everything becomes you—but I like it better in the usual way, fluffed over your eyes.

Blanche—So do I, but this was on the duke's account. It seems that he admires braids à la vierge.

Robert—Ah! Is it serious, that nonsense?

Blanche—Nothing in the world more so.

Robert—Who put such a ridiculous idea into your head?

Blanche—It was Father Montjoy, who came and told aunt

how the old duchess had absolutely determined to marry her grandson to a beautiful young girl, who would bear him an heir worthy of his title and fortune. He had thought of me at once.

Robert—Ah! those Jesuits!

Blanche—And I liked the idea very well indeed. He is not ugly. He is immensely rich.

Robert—Oh, not so rich as people think.

Blanche—I know he has thrown away a lot of money on the race-track and elsewhere. But his old grandmother is determined he shall marry. Father Montjoy thinks she will give him a hundred thousand francs income, which, joined to the eighty thousand which remains, and the title of duke, represents a suitable match for me.

Robert—Well, I should say so. You will have fifty thousand francs dowry. It's handsome in the old lady to give that. There's a grandmother for you!

Blanche—Well, I suppose she had rather do that than to see her grandson wishing for her death. Say, don't be late to-morrow for the trip to Poteaux, and bring your friend Paul—he is very amusing. I fairly adore him. You can tell him so from me.

Robert—It is not necessary. He has perceived it.

Blanche—Ah! and what effect did it have on him?

Robert—Not disagreeable, you may be sure. Tell me, is he amusing—the duke, I mean?

Blanche—Oh, not at all! He questioned me adroitly on my tastes, my habits. I acted the carefully brought-up young girl, who does not skate, nor swim—does not flirt.

Robert—You who swim like a fish!

Blanche—Who never rides, except in the country.

Robert—What if he should happen to come across us some fine morning?

Blanche—No danger! He never rides in town. He listened to me with an enchanted air. But where he melted completely was when I told him that I adored children.

Robert—You told him that, you who have a horror of them?

Blanche—What difference does that make? If I should become this stupid fellow's wife, my greatest desire will be, afterwards, that you should come to see me often—see? I shall have need of distractions.

Robert—Why do you want to marry him, if you feel like that about it?

Blanche—Because it is too nice a plan to spoil. Just think—a duchess! My uncle says he had an ancestor at Roncesvalles—it is very chic to have had an ancestor at Roncesvalles! Don't you think so, eh?

Robert—Yes—for those who know what it is; but, after all, that would not decide it.

Blanche—No, but you see, my uncle and aunt are getting anxious to disembarass themselves of me—I annoy my aunt, because when we have been two hours with the Jesuits I begin to yawn, which prevents her from staying there all day. As to my uncle, I annoy him also, since the day I discovered that his trips "with the princes" are passed in the Rue Leonie.

Robert—Ah, indeed!

Blanche—Exactly; and as for "their highnesses," she is a pretty little blonde! (Laughing.) I never said anything about it to him, but he knows that I saw him coming out of the house, and now he doesn't dare to ask me to pack his trunk for him, nor recount to us at table the remarks the princes have deigned to make to him. It has come to such a point that my aunt begins to fear the princes are displeased with him. Shall we go on with our dance?

They whirl away, and Jack comes out from his hiding place. His ideas in regard to the maidenly Blanche have undergone a change.

—Translated for the Argonaut from the French by H. C. R.

THE OLD BAND.

It's mighty good to git back to the old town, shore. Considerin' I've been away twenty year and more. Sence I moved then to Kansas, of course I see a change, A-comin' back, and notice things that's new to me and strange; Especially at evenin' when yer new band fellers meet, In fancy uniforms and all, and play out on the street— . . . What's come of old Bill Lindsey and the Sax-born fellers—say? I want to hear the old band play.

What's come of Eastman, and Nat Snow? And where's War Barnett at? And Nate and Bony Mack; Bill Hart; Sam Rich's son and that Air brother of him played the drum as twicet as big as Jim; And old Hi Kerns, the carpenter—say, what's become o' him? I make no doubt yer new band now's a competenter band, And plays their music more by note than what they play by band, And stylisher and grander tunes; but somehow—anyway I want to hear the old band play.

Sich tunes as "John Brown's Body," and "Sweet Alice," don't you know; And "The Camels is A-comin'," and "John Anderson, my Jo"; And a dozen others of 'em—"Number Nine" and "Number Leven" Was favo-rites that fairly made a feller dream o' beaven. And when the boys 'ud saranade, I've laid so still in bed I've even heard the locus' blossoms droppin' on the shed When "Lily Dale," er "Hazel Dell," had sobbed and died away— . . . I want to hear the old band play.

The new band maybe beats it, but the old band's what I said— It allus 'peared to kind o' chord with somepin' in my head; And, whilse I'm no musicianer, when my blame eyes is jes' Night drownded out, and Mem'ry squares her jaws and sort o' says She won't ner never will ferget, I want to jes' turn in And take and light right out o' here and git back West ag'in— And stay there, when I git there, where I never haf to say I want to hear the old band play.

—James Whitcomb Riley in February Century.

The electric-light is to supersede gas in Rome. The motive-power will be derived from the waterfalls at Tivoli. Rome does not in this case lose in picturesqueness what it gains in modernization, for the few electric-lights already established—as, for instance, on the Quirinal Hill and in the Piazza Colonna—lend a singularly new and beautiful aspect to the Eternal City, as seen in the evening from the neighboring hills of Frascati and the other "Castelli."

Ætiology is said to deal not merely with functions in a balanced state in the individual and perfected adaptation between races, but also with the origin of both of these in the temperament of the unit organism and of the sum of organism.—New York Times. This is important, if true.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Most men are open to conviction until they get into the defendant's dock.—Prison Mirror.

Go to the champagne-cork, thou tardy lover; consider its ways and do likewise.—Binghamton Leader.

Blossom—"Do you believe in minding the baby?" Hen-peck—"I believe in minding my wife."—Epoch.

Superintendent—"Johnny, do you love your teacher?" Johnny—"Yes, sir; but she ain't stuck on me much."—Puck.

Apollo was not any better than he should have been, perhaps, but he loved the truth. He struck the lyre.—Merchant Traveler.

The best cure for insomnia that we know of is to have somebody keep telling you breakfast is ready.—Binghamton Republican.

The nervous timidity of brides and grooms can be easily explained, since it is natural for contracting parties to have a shrinking manner.—Baltimore American.

An Illinois woman broke her wrist trying to raise a car-window. There is pluck for you. Most women would have crippled every man in the car first.—Burlington Free Press.

You can always tell the traveling bridegroom who has been married the second time. He always knows just when to let go when coming out of the railroad-tunnel.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Fangle—"Why, I declare, the dining-room is colder since it was repapered than it was before." Fangle—"Of course. The new frieze is deeper than the old one."—Munsey's Weekly.

Gentleman (entering street-car magnate's office, Chicago)—"Is Colonel Cabelline in?" Office-boy—"Nope. He's gone out to buy some aldermen. Back in five minutes."—New York Weekly.

Bagley—"Too bad about Turner failing." Bailey—"Yes; too bad." Bagley—"What are the liabilities?" Bailey—"The liabilities are that Turner will make a clean twenty thousand out of it."—Judge.

"I can tell you one thing," said Mr. Fizzgig, with emphasis; "when I marry, it won't be any 'higher education' girl. My wife won't know Latin!" "No," said Edgely, looking at him attentively; "nor beans."—Puck.

Jack—"So you are going abroad?" Dolly (the beirress)—"Yes." "I suppose that settles it. I'll never get a chance; you'll be married before you get back." "You don't think I would marry a foreign nobleman for his money, do you?"—Jury.

"Yes, gentlemen of the jury," urged the prisoner's counsel, "not only ought my client to be acquitted, but he should be paid the five hundred dollars offered by the safe-maker to any one able to force open one of his strong boxes."—Judge.

Effie's brother—"Do you love my sister Effie?" Effie's steady company—"Why, Willie, that is a queer question. Why do you want to know?" Effie's brother—"She said last night she would give a dollar to know; and I'd like to scoop it in."—Puck.

Miss Poorbody-Lefthy—"It's a wonder Miss McGilder can be so light-hearted after playing such a mean trick on Mr. Snowdin last night, when he asked for her hand." Mr. Olman—"Did she refuse him?" Miss Poorbody-Lefthy—"No; she accepted him."—Puck.

Conductor (crowded car)—"Plenty o' room inside." Passenger (one of forty banging to straps)—"Plenty of room, eh? Where is it?" Conductor (wrathfully)—"Alongside o' you, you selfish hunk o' humanity. Want ter keep that strap all to yerself, don't yer?"—New York Weekly.

"No," said she, with the complacency born of knowing that she had the prettiest and most striking costume in the ball-room; "I don't care much for dress. I like to feel that I, for one, am above such vanity, you know." "You are, indeed," said her admiring companion, "head and shoulders above it, as everybody here will say."—Somerville Journal.

At a meeting of a literary society in Houston, Texas, the president of the society, Major Dan McGary, editor of the Houston Age, said, in a speech, that printing had only been invented a thousand years ago. "It's a darned falsehood," retorted a prominent city official; "I have got at home a 'Life of Christ,' and every word of it is printed, and he lived more than three thousand years ago." McGary owned up that he was mistaken, and the matter was settled without prejudice to either party.—Texas Siftings.

Gilhooley says he does not think it right to bestow promiscuous charity. Not long since a hard-looking tramp stopped him and asked for a temporary loan. Although Gilhooley was disposed to regard the transaction more in the light of a permanent investment, he nevertheless advanced an entire dime. "Thank you, colonel; thank you. I can tell by your looks that you know how a fellow feels who has had no education and has to beat his way," replied the tramp in a wild outburst of mingled gratitude and candor.—Texas Siftings.

Managing editor—"Mr. Faber, I thought you were sent out to see about that alarm of fire; but I don't see any report of the fire in the paper. Reporter—"But there wasn't any fire." Managing editor—"Well, sir, and what difference does that make? An enterprising newspaper man would have written a column or two, giving a full and complete account of what would have happened if there had been a fire. It is evident you were not cut out for a journalistic career. We shall be obliged to get along without your services after to-day."—Ex.

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SOCIETY.

Bachelors' Cotillion Club.

The members of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club gave another german on Friday evening. Although the attendance was not quite as large as usual, the affair was made one of considerable pleasure. The decoration of the hall was neat and tasteful, comprising pendant streamers from the centre of the ceiling to the gallery, hanging balls of gold and silver colors, Japanese lanterns and balloons, draperies of colored bunting around the gallery-rail, and an array of tropical plants on the stage. Noah Brandt's band was stationed in the gallery, and soon after nine o'clock played the first music for the cotillion.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway led alone, and the participants in the first set were: Miss Jessie Coleman, Mr. A. H. Small, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mr. H. M. Bissell, Miss Emeline Hager, Mr. George H. Mendell, Miss Mary Eyre, Mr. C. C. Thom, Miss May E. Pope, Mr. S. G. Buckbee, Miss Grimes, of Oakland, Mr. H. B. Houghton, Miss Haff, Mr. Frank J. Carroll, Miss Kate Jarboe, Lieutenant Charles G. Lyman, U. S. A., Miss Lella Carroll, Mr. Frank D. Madison, Miss Edith Taylor, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Miss Gertrude Hyde, Mr. A. B. Moulder, Miss Lucia Kittle, and Mr. Samuel H. Boardman.

It was deemed advisable this time to give the members figures that they were thoroughly familiar with, and as a natural consequence were practically unknown. The figures danced were: "Grand Right and Left," "Gliding Lines," "Royal Arches," "The Basket," and "Reverse Circles." The german ended at half-past eleven o'clock, when an elaborate supper was served in the dining-hall, after which regular dances were enjoyed until one o'clock.

Special tickets, which are not transferable, will be issued for the next cotillion, which will take place on Friday evening, February 14th. No extra invitations will be issued, and the tickets must be presented at the door. This order has been made by the management in order to prevent overcrowding and possibly unpleasant complications.

The Mardi Gras Bal Masqué.

There is now no doubt but that the Mardi Gras Bal Masqué, which will be given at Odd Fellows' Hall on Tuesday evening, February 13th, will be a grand success, as numerous applications for tickets have already been made. The following committee of management has been appointed: Hon. and Mrs. William Alvord, Colonel and Mrs. A. G. Hawes, Mrs. Theresa Fair, Hon. and Mrs. F. M. Pixley, Colonel and Mrs. George W. Grannis, Senator and Mrs. George Hearst, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. C. Steele, Captain and Mrs. W. B. Collier, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Redington, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hallidie, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Speckels, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Roe, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Hopps, Mr. and Mrs. David Bixler, Mr. Samuel M. Brooks, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. James D. Pheasant, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Goad, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Gibbons, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Judge and Mrs. W. T. Wallace, Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mr. and Mrs. A. Joulain, Consul and Mrs. Edmund Carrey, Judge and Mrs. J. H. Boalt, Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Marshall, Dr. Benjamin R. Swan, Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Bellnap, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Bush, Colonel and Mrs. W. K. Smoot, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Joseph, Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Steward, Mr. and Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Christian Reis, Mrs. James Otis, Mayor and Mrs. E. B. Pond, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bowie, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Coll Deane, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer, Mr. and Mrs. James Pheasant, Mr. and Mrs. William Keith, General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Colonel and Mrs. J. D. Fry, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Townie, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Weaver, Baron and Baroness J. H. von Schröder, Professor Edward S. Holden, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Tatum, Mr. and Mrs. William Ireland, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone, Mr. W. E. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. S. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry MacLean, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Mr. and Mrs. George Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Crittenden Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Holloway, Mr. George T. Mayne, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, Colonel and Mrs. M. H. Hecht, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Day, Captain and Mrs. E. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Zeile, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Gerberding, Mrs. C. L. Ashe, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Cornwall, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. and Mrs. John I. Sabin, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Finigan, Governor and Mrs. R. W. Waterman, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hinchley Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Moses Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Eells, Commodore and Mrs. A. E. K. Benham, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Grayson, Consul and Mrs. Denis Donahoe, Judge and Mrs. John S. Hager, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. Annie Donahoe, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. Philip N. Lienthal, Mrs. N. G. Kittle, Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Bingham, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. B. Baum, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Alexander, Captain and Mrs. Edwin Goodall, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wheaton, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Prescott.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Sir Sidney and Lady Waterford and her sister, Miss Alice Hamilton, are expected here in a few weeks from England. Mr. A. H. Small has returned after a six weeks' absence in the East, including a visit to his former home, Toronto, Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Kittle, and Miss Lucia Kittle, who have been East about three months, have returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Jerome Smith, of Stockton, have been in the city for a few days during the week.

Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg departed for the northern part of Mexico on Friday last. He will visit New York city before returning here in the summer.

Mr. Charles E. Chenery, of Portland, Or., has been visiting here for a few weeks.

Mr. Charles F. Mallins has arrived in London after a rough passage across the Atlantic.

Mrs. Richard Ivers and Miss Aileen Ivers have been in Philadelphia during the past month.

Major and Mrs. Samuel Parker returned to Honolulu on Friday after a visit here of about six months.

Mr. Alfred Ivers, who has been located at the Hawaiian Islands for the past three years, is in the city on a visit, and will remain here about a month longer.

Hon. Paul Neumann is expected here from the East during this month.

Mr. William S. Elair left the city on Friday to enjoy a hunting trip in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Goodman, of Napa, have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett E. Wise came down from St. Helena on Tuesday and are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Etta Tracy and a party of friends returned to the city last Wednesday after passing six days in the snow-drifts near Redding. They departed on Wednesday for Portland, Or., by steamer, where Miss Tracy will remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills, the Misses Carmelita and Adelle Ferrer, and Mr. Richard Ferrer will leave in a few days for Washington, D. C. The Misses Ferrer will remain there until July under the chaperonage of Mrs. George Hearst.

Mrs. Phillip Caduc and Miss Cora Caduc will receive on Mondays during February and March at 908 Jones Street.

Mrs. Seth Evans Smith, of Cincinnati, O., is in the city on a visit to friends and is stopping at 2001 Pine Street.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. David Bixler will give a reception next Tuesday evening, complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hare Delafield, at their residence, corner of Pierce and Union Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hyde will give a german next Tuesday evening at their residence, 719 Geary Street.

At the residence of Mr. George D. Bliss, 1597 Pacific

Avenue, his daughter, Miss Annie Bliss, will be married next Wednesday evening to Mr. James Rucker, a member of the firm of Rucker Bros., of San José. Only relatives and a few intimate friends will be present.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott will entertain the members of the dancing club next Thursday evening at her residence, south-west corner Clay and Laguna Streets. This will be the last meeting of the club this winter.

Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Brigham have postponed their reception until Tuesday evening, February 11th, owing to the indisposition of Mrs. Brigham.

Mrs. Henry McLean Martin will be "at home" next Tuesday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. D. D. Colton, on California street.

A dancing-party was given last Tuesday evening by the officers at the Presidio. The hop-room was neatly decorated, the music by the regimental band was excellent, and the affair was highly enjoyed by all present. These hops will be continued throughout the season on every alternate Tuesday evening.

Hereafter the reception-days at Alcatraz Island will be the second and fourth Tuesdays of the month, alternating with Angel Island, where the reception-days are the first and third Thursdays.

The members of the York Club will give a party on Wednesday evening, February 12th.

The Nos Ostrus Club gave its first party at Assembly Hall on Thursday evening, January 23d. Almost all of the members were present, and the party was very enjoyable. Dancing was indulged in until midnight, with a short interval for the service of refreshments. The party proved very enjoyable, and the next one on February 13th, is pleasantly looked forward to.

The wedding of Miss Florence V. Millard, daughter of Mr. Harrison Millard, the composer, and Mr. George E. Goodman, Jr., of the James H. Goodman Bank, of Napa, will take place on Thursday, February 6th. Only relatives will be present.

Army and Navy News.

Dr. Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., of the *Menomahela*, was in the city a few days during the week on a visit to friends.

Captain John A. Darling, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for forty days owing to illness.

Lieutenant Edward E. Dravo, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence.

The combination of the useful with the beautiful goes on. Everybody is now familiar with the women's gloves which have pockets in the palm, canes which have concealed match-boxes in their handles and watches in the upper end, and key-chains which contain a variety of useful implements. About the latest thing, nowadays, is a scent-bottle concealed in the bracelet. It is in the form of a protest against the extraordinary size to which the bottle in which women carried their smelling-salts grew. These little toilet implements, which were originally only a shade larger than half a lead-pencil, grew to the size of a policeman's club before the fashion ran its full limit, and then there was a direct drop to smelling-salt bottles of the most infinitesimal size. The band of the bracelet is made hollow and filled with salts and cologne, and the diamond ornament is in the shape of a little cap that falls upon a spring, so that the wearer may revive herself without carrying around a huge amount of glass.

New Jersey has a school-fund of four million dollars and does not know what to do with it. It can not be used for anything but the public schools, and not very much of it is allowed to go there, only a part of the annual income being available, so jealously has the State constitution guarded its sacredness. Meantime, it is piling up every year, and the commissioners are at their wits' end to find an investment for it. The original idea was to have a fund large enough to entirely support the public schools throughout the State, but that, it is said, would take seventy million dollars; and, besides, it is generally believed that it is better for the school system to have the local schools directly provided for by local taxes. People take more interest in something they have to pay for.

A miner in Rhonoda named David Davis is just now an interesting subject for medical doctors and doctors of divinity. He was a victim of the terrible explosion of Pen-y-Craig in 1880. He was bed-ridden for four years, recovered sufficiently to be able to go about, but was completely deaf and dumb. His doctor hit upon a novel plan to restore his hearing. He was placed by the side of a big gun during target practice. After the sixth shot his hearing came suddenly back to him, but he remained dumb. The other day one of his companions said something to him that put him in a towering passion, and his speech returned in a flood of profanity.

The freedom and livery of the Clothworkers' Company will be presented to Sir Edward Guinness, "in token of the great appreciation held by the citizens of London of his recent munificent benefaction for the better housing of the working classes in the metropolis." A like compliment was paid some years ago to the late Mr. George Peabody in connection with a similar work of civilization and philanthropy.

The women of the Russian telegraph service are raising a great outcry in the press against the hardship of the law in force in Russia that they may only marry telegraphists, and that, too, only those who are engaged at the same station, the official idea being that they thereby, in case of need, would be able to take the place of their husbands.

Every new century, and in a less degree the beginning of every decade, starts a question which causes much discussion—whether the century or decade begins with the year whose number ends with zero, or with one. The first year of the decade is that which begins January, 1891, and this is the last year of the decade.

One of the most famous of the fashionable ladies of the last empire has just died—Mme. la Générale Fleury. She was the widow of General Count Fleury, Master of the Horse to Napoleon the Third, whom she married in 1854. She succumbed to an attack of the influenza epidemic.

The keel of what will be the largest sailing vessel in the world has just been laid in one of the shipyards of the Clyde. She will be nine thousand six hundred tons, over three hundred and fifty feet long, and will carry on her five masts a spread of canvas that would capsize Noah's ark.

Herr Johann Strauss, of Vienna, with his whole band, has passed through Berlin on his way to New York, on a three months' contract with a Brooklyn impresario.

—GO TO SWAIN'S NEW DINING-ROOM, SUTTER STREET, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

GOLD PENS

ALL SIZES, STYLES, AND WIDTHS OF POINTS

IVORY, EBONY, and PEARL
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WHY DID HE FLEE?

I.—From Miss GREYBROOKE, Brighton, to Miss HARLEY, Hampstead.

DARLING AMY: How could you have guessed it? But 'tis true, oh! 'tis true, and I am so happy. He is to propose to-night. Amy, I am not worthy of him. I shall write you all particulars to-morrow. Oh, Amy, may you soon realize that there is nothing so precious on earth as a strong man's love. Your own, VIOLET. P. S.—His beard is simply superb; but he thinks I admire a clean-shaven face, like papa's, most. How easily deceived men are, dearest. I mean the nice ones. P. P. S.—His name is Jack—Jack Somerville. Don't you think Violet Somerville a charming combination?

II.—From the SAME to the SAME.

DARLING AMY: Never, never breathe a word of what I mentioned to you yesterday. How shall I tell you? Amy, he has gone, without saying a word! I mean Mr. John Somerville. When he left the house last evening we were all but engaged; and to-day mamma has a strange letter from him, saying that he has been suddenly called away into the country and fears he will not be able to see us again for months. He gives no address, and I must show a smiling face to the world while my heart bleeds to death. Oh, Amy, with this awful experience of man's depravity before me, let me warn you, ere it be too late, not to put your trust in a sailor, however handsome. To be engaged "all but," darling, is nothing at all. I should die of shame if I thought any other eye than that of my Amy were to see the letter I wrote you yesterday.—Your heart-broken, VIOLET.

III.—From Miss HARLEY to Miss GREYBROOKE.

MY POOR DARLING VIOLET: Hope, my dearest, hope. All is not lost. I have a presentiment that, strange as Mr. John Somerville's disappearance may seem, he loves you fondly still. My firm conviction is that his flight is owing to unhappy circumstances which delicacy prevents his mentioning. There is a case so like yours in "The Love that Thrills" that surely Providence must have made me read the novel last night. The heroine is Lady Emily Vincent, and the hero a sailor, Lieutenant Travers (such a sweet creature). They, too, are practically engaged; but even when he kisses her in the shrubbery she notices a far-away look of pent-up agony in his face, and suddenly he puts her down and strides away with a groan. Violet, she does not meet him again for a whole year, and she nearly dies. But though her parents call him the most severe names, she still believes in his love for her; and listen—it all comes right in the end! It appears that when he was little more than a boy a designing woman entrapped him into marrying her, and just when he was about to pour out his passion for Emily (thinking his wife dead) he saw the creature's red-hot eyes glaring at him from behind a bush. Afterwards this woman drinks herself to death in the most providential way, and the lieutenant returns to claim his love. I have little doubt, dear, that your case is like Lady Emily's, and I implore you not to fade like a leaf that has fallen from the tree, but to believe that a designing woman married Mr. John Somerville against his wish, and that he is too noble to disregard her now. Besides, dear, I think it would be against the law. But wear your trials bravely, my darling, and your joy will be all the greater when it comes. So read "The Love that Thrills"; it is so ennobling—Your own faithful AMY.

IV.—From the HON. MRS. TREFUSIS, Brighton, to Miss GREEN, Weybridge.

... but the only news in our set is that Mr. Somerville has jilted Violet Greybrooke. The way that girl laid herself out to attract him was too painfully obvious, and so defeated its purpose. He has had to run away, and I hear that he is practically engaged to the seventh daughter of Sir George Knox. They say that Mr. Somerville saw through Violet from the first. Poor girl, I pity her; for she has still a great deal to learn in the art of captivation, and not much time to learn it in.

V.—From Mr. TOM REDWAY, Brighton, to CAPTAIN WILLIAMSON, Army and Navy Club, S. W.

DEAR H.: I shall come myself, but I can't bring Somerville, for the sufficient reason that I don't know where he is. Jack has fled the haunts of men—all on account of a woman, I need hardly tell you. You remember meeting a Miss Violet Greybrooke down here (awfully pretty girl; I lost my peace of mind every time I went near her myself). Well, with one glance of her black eyes, she shot Jack through the heart. The other evening he proposed, and the cruel girl said "No." She was willing to add him to her list of brothers; but Jack rushed away and has not been heard of since. Poor old boy! As for the girl, she is quite heartless, flirting more than ever.

VI.—From the Police Office, Moor-on-Sea, to Scotland Yard.

Wire description of Reynolds, absconding clerk. Believe we have him here.

VII.—From Scotland Yard to Police Office, Moor-on-Sea.

Reynolds, six feet, dark, good-looking, aquiline, morose, probably clean-shaven, used to wear beard. Reply.

VIII.—From the Police Office, Moor-on-Sea, to Scotland Yard.

Description confirms suspicions. What shall we do?

IX.—From Scotland Yard to Police Office, Moor-on-Sea.

Watch him closely; but leave him alone. Officer follows first train.

X.—From WILLIAM GRAY, detective officer, to Scotland Yard.

I arrived here at Moor-on-Sea at 5:50, and at once proceeded to the police-office. There is only one policeman in the place, and he gave me the following particulars: The suspected person came to Moor-on-Sea a fortnight ago, and since then has been residing at the Jubilee Hotel. He calls himself John Smith. I learned, to my surprise, that the policeman has not seen him. This is not entirely his fault, as Smith, though in good health, has seldom left the hotel since he entered it. Policeman's suspicions were aroused by gossip picked up at hotel. I lost no time in going to hotel, where landlady made following statement: Smith engaged private

sitting-room when he arrived, and has a bedroom opening off it. He brought with him a Gladstone bag very carefully or very hastily packed. Initials "J. S." on bag, which of course may stand for John Smith. Landlady does not think this is his real name, as he sometimes forgets to answer to it. He has received no letters since he arrived, and posted none. On the other hand, he has frequently rung for writing-paper and has written letters, which he subsequently destroyed. Most of them he burned, but some scraps of torn letters were shown to me. They were not intelligible—containing, however, the words "Violet," "explain all," "trust in me," and a few others, which seem to point to a love affair. There was a woman at Peckham to whom Reynolds is said to have been attached, and it would be valuable to know whether her name was Violet. Smith is not a favorite in the hotel. He is morose-tempered (as Reynolds is said to be) and spends most of his days walking up and down his room. When he arrived he was clean-shaven; but he is letting his beard grow again, and, according to the only servant in the hotel, he examines it frequently in a mirror. I shall devise some means of seeing him, after which I shall act as circumstances warrant. The probability is that Smith is the man we are after, and it is at least certain that he is some criminal. All his behavior proves this.

XI.—From JOHN SOMERVILLE, Moor-on-Sea, to CAPTAIN WILLIAMSON, Army and Navy Club, S. W.

For heaven's sake, take the first train down to this hole and bring some other man with you who can identify me. I am in an awful scrape.

XII.—From JOHN SOMERVILLE, Army and Navy Club, S. W., to Mr. GREYBROOKE, Brighton.

DEAR MR. GREYBROOKE: When I met you today in St. James's Street you passed me somewhat stiffly. It would be affectation on my part to pretend that I do not understand your coldness. Doubtless you have heard, in some distorted form, the story of my so-called arrest at Moor-on-Sea, six weeks ago. As my own happiness is dependent on your thinking well of me, I have screwed myself up to making a confession at which you will probably smile, though I regard it very seriously myself. As you are aware, I left Brighton hurriedly, even mysteriously, two months ago. I am not so sure whether you know that I was then, and am now, deeply attached to your daughter Violet. She, I thought, loved me a little, and I had, indeed, all but declared myself to her, when something very tragic in its results happened. I hope I am not a vain man—if I had been, I would not have done what I did. But I must not beat about the bush. I had heard Miss Violet say that she disliked men with beards, and in a moment of madness I cut mine off. When I saw myself in a glass I was horrified. I could not show that hideous spectacle to her—and, in short, I rushed away to Moor-on-Sea, determined to avoid the world until it could look at me without shuddering. There some ridiculous idiots mistook me for a felon; but, of course, I soon got rid of them. To make this confession has been very painful to me, and I beseech you not to mention it to your family. A telegram from you saying that I could come down to Brighton would make me very happy—and I am again presentable.

XIII.—From Miss GREYBROOKE, Brighton, to Miss HARLEY, Hampstead.

DEAREST, WONDERFUL AMY: You were right!

And he is back again; and we were engaged last night. He has explained all satisfactorily to papa—and, oh, he is such a darling! I mean Jack; but papa is, too. They won't tell me what it is, and papa says it was too sad an affair for women's ears. But, whatever it was, I know Jack acted in the noblest manner, and papa has admitted as much. Darling, I am so happy to write.—Your own, VIOLET. P. S.—I never doubted him for a moment. P. P. S.—I shall make him tell me all about it yet.—St. James's Gazette.

A Mean Man.

His wife had just made a remark, in the wit of which she experienced a feeling of pride. The husband was the butt of the wit and he became angry. The husband smiled—with pain. The wife saw the pain in the smile, and hailed a writhing victim. She therefore turned to Mr. R. W. Smith, who was a guest at the time, and made another reflection on her husband.

She believed that having made two of these remarks, it was a close call if she were not crossed in epigram. A thought of Mme. de Maintenon gilded her mind and made her giddy.

"You are very funny," said the writhing husband. The wife tossed her head and pleaded guilty, with a pleased look at the uncomfortable guest who was hugely enjoying the whole affair, but who, in after-telling of the scene, said that such things make a person feel very ill at ease.

"Yes, you are very witty," said the husband; "if I could write down all you say it would be worth two million dollars—to write it down."

Here the guest, who has the height of good breeding, tactfully interrupted by stating that he would take "some more soup."—Puck.

—IN THE WORLD OF FASHION, "REDFERN" is the acknowledged ruler, and his sway is not confined to any country, but extends to each continent. Wherever exquisite taste and neatness combined is appreciated, there his word is law. He is known as the English ladies' tailor, not because he is known and appreciated in England alone, but rather to distinguish his school of art from the French.

While the Parisians may excel in design and construction of ball and evening-dress, they can not compare with this gentleman in riding-habits, jackets, or other tailor-made garments; in this line he is supreme.

The exquisite fit, the neatness, the perfection in detail of all his work has gained for him a world-wide reputation, and while his work is essentially English, and in the very best English taste, it appeals to the cultivated tastes of all people, and we find him recognized by the leaders of fashion everywhere as the greatest and best ladies' tailor in the world. The garments made by Redfern are from special designs of their own, and the purchaser can be certain no duplicates will be made. The mail-order department receives special attention; upon application, sketches of the latest garments, with a number of appropriate samples, and an order-blank are sent; this blank gives directions for measuring, and when filled and returned with the samples of cloth and design selected, the garment is made and sent to Denver, Mexico, San Francisco, Canada, or wherever the wearer may live, and her entire satisfaction is guaranteed. The New York establishment is situated on Fifth Avenue, near Delmonico's, and extends through to Broadway.

RUS IN URBE.

A Fancy Sketch.

John Roberts was a farmer who lived in the central part of New York State. In the early part of the winter, as there was nothing to do on the farm and he had a little money to spare, he proposed to his wife that they should make a little visit to the city. They came to New York, put up at a second-class hotel, and remained in town a week, in the course of which Mary (for, strangely enough, that and neither Mchitabel nor Samanthay was Mrs. Roberts's name) did a good deal of small shopping, and both she and John took in the picture galleries and several of the theatres.

On the last evening of their stay in town they attended a performance of "Die Meistersinger" at the Metropolitan Opera House, and John remarked that the opera was the best of Wagner's he had heard, with the possible exception of "Lohengrin." Mary admitted the truth of this proposition, but said that for her part she preferred "Faust" and "Lucia" to anything Wagner ever wrote.

Neither of this precious pair of rustics expressed any surprise at the vastness of the house or the apparent poverty of the box-holders, as evinced by the insufficiency of their raiment, because, you see, John and Mary had both been there before.

Indeed, this little visit to New York, and its attendant small dissipation, were annual events in their lives. This habit, and the further facts that both were persons of fair education and a good deal of intelligence, wearing clothes which were not remarkable in any way, enable them successfully to run the gauntlet of the confidence-operators, and caused them to give up their baggage-checks to the transfer agent with no more than a reasonable amount of reluctance, in defiance of all tradition.

When they had started to return to the farm, John bought copies of two or three of the popular humorous weeklies, and after glancing through them handed them to his wife, with the remark: "It is strange that the comic papers are the only things that are not up to the times."—Puck.

Educational.

A "Unique" method of acquiring, in the shortest time, complete fluency of speech in the French language, by Prof. De Filippie, containing simplified tables for the easy mastery of all the verbs; a synopsis of the grammar, etymology, conversations for every-day use, vocabulary models of letters and cards, causeries, etc., etc. Price, \$1.75. The Bancroft Company.

Mr. ALFRED KELLEHER, Teacher of Vocal Music.

Desires to announce that he has resumed teaching. Class lessons of one hour of four of the same voice will be formed. Ladies' class for vocal and musical instruction and part songs Saturday, from 11 A. M. to 12 M.

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Mme. B. ZISKA, M. A.,

Having returned from Europe, is prepared to receive a very limited number of young ladies for advanced course of private instruction in French, German, and English. Foreign languages and literature a specialty.

A class in drawing and penmanship, under direction of Mr. Carl Eischenchimmel.

1606 California Street.

HOME FOR BOYS.

A gentleman admits not more than four boys into his family to fit for college. Best of care in all respects. Highest references. Address.

"Dr. S. T.," Argonaut Office.

School for Young Ladies and Children

2237 JACKSON STREET,

Reopens January 6th.

Conducted by Miss Emily Edmunds, late owner and principal of a high-class Educational Home for Gentlemen, Addison Road, London.

Miss Emily Edmunds is bringing the best talent of the city and her own strong personal interest to bear on the various grades of educational work.

Vacancies in Primary Department only.

The Fifty-third semi-annual term of the URBAN SCHOOL

At 1017 Hyde Street,

Will begin on Monday, January 6, 1890.

NATHAN W. MOORE, Principal.

A graduate of this school gained nine honors in the last Harvard examination held in this city. A candidate, prepared by the mathematical teacher of this school, won the highest standing in the recent California competitive examination for West Point.

MISS LAKE'S

Boarding and Day School for Girls

WILL OPEN IN THE NEW BUILDING,

1534 SUTTER STREET, cor. of Octavia,

On Wednesday, January 8th, 1890.

MISS M. LAKE, Principal.

ST. MATTHEW'S HALL

SAN MATEO, CAL.

A SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR.

REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER, M. A., PRINCIPAL.

VAN NESS SEMINARY.

A Day and Boarding School for Young Ladies

1222 PINE STREET, S. F.

Under the ownership and direction of Dr. S. H. WILLEY, aided by an able corps of teachers. The next term opens January 6, 1890.

WANTS.

RICHES If you desire them no use fooling away time with "on things that don't pay," but send \$5.00 at once for magnificent outfit of our Great New Stanley Book. If book and terms not satisfactory we will refund your money. No risk. No capital needed. Both ladies and gentlemen employed. Don't lose time in writing. "Step in while the waters are troubled." Days are worth dollars. Address E. F. JOHNSON & Co., 1009 Meir St., Richmond, Va.

LADIES 100,000 DEMOREST CORSETS FREE
YOUR CHOICE. 100,000 SHOULDER BRACES FREE
100,000 STOCKING SUPPORTERS

A MARVELOUS OFFER FREE!
 By A Reliable House!

Every lady has heard of MME. DEMOREST. Her name is a by-word in every house in the land. Her celebrated patterns have been in use over 40 years. We are the publishers of the well-known publication, *Mme. Demorest's Illustrated Monthly Fashion Journal* and we wish to increase its circulation 200,000 copies during the next 90 days, and to that end we will give away to new subscribers:

100,000 Demorest Celeb'd Corsets FREE
 "Shoulder Braces FREE"
 "Stocking Supporters FREE"

The MME. DEMOREST ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FASHION JOURNAL is a 36 page paper, beautifully illustrated, covering every possible field of Fashionable Fancy Work, Home Decorations, Cooking, etc., each department being under the special supervision of the best known contributors. It is besides replete with matters of interest to mothers, and is furthermore filled with illustrations, stories, sketches, humor and matters of general interest.

SHOULDER BRACES FREE.
 Every lady should suspend the clothes from her shoulders.

How to Obtain Two Articles: A PAIR OF SHOULDER BRACES AND ONE PAIR OF STOCKING SUPPORTERS FREE!
 Send us 50 Cents for one year's subscription to our JOURNAL, and 25 Cents additional to pay postage and packing, 75 CENTS in all, and we will mail you one of these handsome CORSETS FREE.

REMEMBER THERE IS NO HUMBUG ABOUT THESE OFFERS.
 We do exactly as we guarantee. Our house has been established for over 40 years, and we can refer you to any Commercial Agency, Bank, Express Office or Business Firm in the land. Make all remittances either by Draft, Postal Note, Money Order, or Registered Letter. When postal note is not procurable, send stamps. Address all communications to:

THE DEMOREST FASHION & SEWING MACHINE CO.,
 17 EAST 14TH STREET, NEW YORK.

This offer should be taken advantage of at once as we will give away no more than 100,000 of each article. SHOW THIS TO YOUR FRIENDS. IT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

Know the Demorest Fashion and Sewing Machine Co. to be a thoroughly reliable firm and advise our readers to accept their offer.

SAUSALITO-SAN RAFAEL-SAN QUENTIN

via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, October 13, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 4:50, 6:10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:50, 5:30, 7:30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 9:30, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 4:55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50 A. M.; 12:00 M.; 3:30, 5:00 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6:25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:30, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:45, 10:35 A. M.; 12:45, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7:05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11:00 A. M., Daily (Sundays and Mondays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12:25 P. M.
1:30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.
8:00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 6:15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday:
Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tamales, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.
Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Point Reyes, \$1.75.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, F. B. LATHAM,
General Manager, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Jan. 1, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	12:45 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax.	5:45 P.
8:00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Kernfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles.	11:15 A.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	5:45 P.
10:30 A.	Haywards and Niles.	2:15 P.
* 12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	3:45 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	6:00 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José.	9:45 P.
3:30 P.	2d class Ogden and East.	10:45 P.
4:00 P.	Stockton and Milpitas; Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing.	10:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	8:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and San José.	4:15 P.
5:30 P.	Haywards and Niles.	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans and East.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Shasta Route Express—Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	7:45 A.
8:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

3:00 A.	Hunters' train to San José.	7:20 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	5:50 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	11:50 A.
4:15 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:25 A.	(San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.)	2:30 P.
8:30 A.	(San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas; San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.)	6:12 P.
10:30 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:02 P.
12:01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3:38 P.
* 3:30 P.	(San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.)	10:00 A.
* 4:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	7:58 A.
5:20 P.	San José and Way Stations.	9:03 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	7:28 P.

† For morning. * For afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. * Sundays only. * Saturdays excepted.
** Mondays excepted.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000

WILLIAM A. BROWN.....President.
THOMAS ALVORD.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Göteborg, Christiania, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

ELECTRIC INVENTION.

Its Failure as applied to Courtship.

The new and novel uses to which electricity is being daily put would be a constant source of astonishment were it not for the fact that so many marvels have been accomplished with this subtle fluid in the past that we have almost ceased to be surprised at anything. The use of electricity in the household is increasing rapidly. We are in receipt of a long communication which well illustrates this latter statement.

Our correspondent, who desires that his name be withheld, though not a professional electrician, has given much time to the study of electricity, especially in its domestic application, and the result has been a number of curious inventions. Passing over the apparatus with which he locks all his doors and windows simultaneously, regulates his furnace, frightens superfluous cats from the rear fence, and awakens at an early hour a naturally torpid domestic, we will take a passing glance at a series of appliances on which he evidently greatly prides himself.

It appears from our valued correspondent's letter that he has a daughter who is the recipient of the attentions of a young man. This young man, though estimable in many ways, is much inclined to keep late hours when calling on the object of his affections. Catching the hint, perhaps, from his highly successful experiments with the cats, our correspondent determined to resort to his pet hobby—electricity—to make the young man go away earlier. He accordingly spent a week in surreptitiously arranging electric apparatus in the parlor, which he connected by wires with his own room on the second floor.

Last Sunday night the young man in question was calling as usual on our correspondent's daughter. It was growing late, and the young people were discussing some extremely important question with great earnestness (the gas-jet was turned low), when there was a sudden flash from the other end of the room, and they turned and saw on the wall in glowing letters a foot high, made with incandescent wires, these words: "Young man, it is bed-time!" The young gentleman thus admonished moved about uneasily in his chair a moment, and then settled back calmly, while the lady blushed and said she supposed it was one of papa's jokes. They resumed their conversation where they had dropped it on the appearance of the hand-writing on the wall, and paid no further attention to it except casually to read the new ones, such as "Good-night!" or "Go home, young man; go home!" and similar little pleasantries which occasionally flashed out on various parts of the wall. After half an hour the conversation had lagged, and the last pyrotechnical display had disappeared, when suddenly a phonograph on the mantel, which had not been noticed before, coughed deprecatively a couple of times and said:

"The morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

The young man started at the unexpected voice, but soon leaned back and listened to the machine make various poetical remarks, such as "The early village cock hath twice done salutation to the morn"; or "Night's candles are burned out, and jocular stands tip-toe on the misty mountain-tops"; or "Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings," etc. After some little time the phonograph began to grow hoarse and stopped, and the young people resumed their conversation. Another half-hour wore away, when suddenly the young man shot halfway to the ceiling and came down in the middle of the floor in a heap, while his chair emitted a stream of sparks. Our valued correspondent had turned the full force of the current on him. A moment later our correspondent heard the front-door open and shut and then all was still, and he congratulated himself that his last plan had worked, and turned over and composed himself for sleep. He had just dropped into a doze when he heard the door again, and a little later the same low hum of voices from the parlor which had disturbed him all night. He touched a lever which turned on the full force of the current to all the flash-lights, the phonograph, and the chair. The low conversation continued undisturbed. Our correspondent arose, stepped cautiously into the hall and peered over the railing of the stairs. The young man had been out to the police-station, borrowed a pair of rubber-gloves, climbed the hat-rack, cut the

connecting wires, and then settled down to finish his visit. Our correspondent returned to bed.

Electricity was, of course, a failure in this case, but our correspondent adds that he is working on a plan to conceal the wires, and hopes to make a success of it yet. This is indeed an age of wonderful invention.—*New York Tribune.*

He (about to ask for a kiss)—"I have an important question to ask you." She (playfully)—"I know what it is, George. You want me to be your wife. Well, take me." He (rather taken aback)—"This is somewhat sudden, isn't it?" She (tenderly)—"I don't know, George, whether it is sudden for you or not, but I have waited for it three years."—*Boston Courier.*

Mr. Case (who has married his type-writer)—"Well, my dear, I suppose I must be looking around for somebody to take your place in the office." Mrs. Case—"Yes; I have been thinking of that. My cousin is just out of school." Mr. Case—"What's her name?" Mrs. Case (sweetly)—"John Henry Briggs."—*Puck.*

Mistress (kindly)—"Jane, I hear you have been seen in the park with my husband." Jane (defiantly)—"Yes, ma'am; I have." Mistress (still more kindly)—"Well, Jane, you are a good girl, and I dislike to lose you, but I can not have any one about the house who keeps bad company."—*New Haven Nutmegs.*

May Kissam—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" Jack Bussey—"I am; what can I do to atone for my rudeness?" May Kissam—"You might at least draw the curtains."—*Puck.*

The model husbands are the men who never marry.—*Fond du Lac Reporter.*

Who would inform the public must do it mainly by appeal to the eye and put forth through the columns of a newspaper. It will be well to pass on to a consideration of the way that announcement should be made.

It is to appeal to the eye.
It is to attract the understanding.
It is to bring about such a condition of affairs that the eye and the understanding to the brain behind it the impression which the advertiser wishes to fix there.

The advertisement in the paper which a reader of that paper has failed to see has procured from that reader no advantage for the advertiser; but, then, the next reader may see the advertisement! It may be taken as certain that no advertisement will reach the eye of every one who reads the paper; the effort therefore should be to make it catch the eye of as many as is possible. It should be conspicuous!

It is quite possible for an advertisement to catch the eye and at the same time fail to convey any well-defined impression or to arouse sufficient curiosity to cause the reader to look more closely and thus satisfy his mind.

It is also possible to have an advertisement convey a wrong or damaging impression; this must be avoided! No one wants to be at the cost of sending out paid messengers to traduce him.

The advertisement must be made conspicuous either by its make-up, composition, or its position, or both. At least there must be an effort to secure for it a prominence, and of two equally well-prepared advertisements it is evident that the one which is rendered most conspicuous will meet most eyes, inform most mind, and exert the greater influence.

That the advertisement when seen shall never convey any impression to the reader which is not likely to prove of advantage to the advertiser, is very important.—*Printer's Ink.*

THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1890

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the Argonaut for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail.....	\$7.00
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	5.90
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and the Magazine of Art for One Year, by Mail.....	6.20
The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	6.50
The Argonaut and Harper's Weekly for One Year, by Mail.....	6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Bazar for One Year, by Mail.....	6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Young People for One Year, by Mail.....	5.00
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail.....	4.50
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York World (Democratic) for One Year, by Mail.....	4.50
The Argonaut, the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World for One Year, by Mail.....	5.50
The Argonaut and Wide-Awake for One Year, by Mail.....	5.50
The Argonaut and the English Illustrated Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	4.85
The Argonaut and the Atlantic Monthly for One Year, by Mail.....	6.70
The Argonaut and Orling for One Year, by Mail.....	5.75
The Argonaut and Forest and Stream for One Year, by Mail.....	6.50
The Argonaut and Judge for One Year, by Mail.....	7.25
The Argonaut and the New York Spirit of the Times for One Year, by Mail.....	8.00
The Argonaut and the Nineteenth Century (monthly) for One Year, by Mail.....	7.25
The Argonaut and the Contemporary Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail.....	7.25
The Argonaut and the Fortnightly Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail.....	7.25
The Argonaut and the Westminster Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail.....	7.00
The Argonaut and the Edinburgh Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail.....	6.20
The Argonaut and the Quarterly Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail.....	6.20
The Argonaut and the Scottish Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail.....	0.20
The Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine (monthly) for One Year, by Mail.....	0.20
The Argonaut and the Critic for One Year, by Mail.....	5.90
The Argonaut and Life for One Year, by Mail.....	7.25
The Argonaut and Puck for One Year, by Mail.....	7.25
The Argonaut and Demorest's Family Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	5.00
The Argonaut and Current Literature for One Year, by Mail.....	5.50
The Argonaut and America for One Year, by Mail.....	5.50
The Argonaut and the Cosmopolitan for One Year, by Mail.....	4.70

This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco and Oakland. In those cities the Argonaut is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom we do wish to interfere.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, March 17, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

Leave San Francisco.		DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.	
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:10 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:00 P. M.				6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Linton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.			6:10 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	6:10 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	6:10 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	6:10 P. M.	8:05 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	8:00 A. M.			6:50 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, Sebastopol, and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Stages Springs, and at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; and at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Sargatoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Willits, Cahto, Calpella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.00; to Linton Springs, \$3.50; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Guerneville, \$7.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.50.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Linton Springs, \$2.50; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Guerneville, \$3.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 3:30, 5:15, 6:15 P. M.; Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 5:20 P. M.

To San Francisco from San Rafael: Week Days—6:20, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40 A. M.; 12:15, 3:40, 5 P. M.

To San Francisco from Point Tiburon. Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.; Sundays—8:40, 10:05 A. M.; 12:40, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.

On Saturdays an extra trip will be made from San Francisco to San Rafael, leaving at 1:40 P. M.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager,
PETER J. MCGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
Ticket Offices at Ferry, 222 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 3 o'clock P. M., for:

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
Steamer, From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1890.
Oceanic.....Tuesday, February 4.
Gaelic.....Thursday, February 27.
Belgic.....Saturday, March 22.
Oceanic.....Tuesday, April 15.

Round Trip Tickets from San Francisco to Yokohama and Hongkong, and return, at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No. 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA.

Acapulco.....Monday, Feb. 3, at 12 M.
Taking freight and Passengers direct for Mazatlan, Acapulco, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, Corinto, Punta Arenas, and Panama.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:

City of Rio de Janeiro.....Feb. 15, at 3 P. M.
China.....Tuesday, March 11, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....Thursday, April 3, at 3 P. M.

Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & Co., Gen. Agents.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 o'clock, Feb. 19.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound, ports 9 A. M. every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesday, 9 A. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., 5 Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket office, 214 Montgomery Street.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO.,
General Agents, San Francisco.

26th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1890

Home Mutual Insurance Co.

No. 216 Sanson Street.

Capital (Paid up in Gold).....\$300,000 00

Net Surplus (over everything).....244,884.41

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON

VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. L. N. SHEPARD

SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STAGY

GENERAL AGENT.....ROBERT H. MAGILL

London Assurance Corporation

Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720.

Northern Assurance Company

Of London. Established 1836.

Queen Insurance Company

Of Liverpool. Established 1837.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.

Of Hartford, Conn.

ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

South-east corner California and Montgomery Streets. Safe Deposit Building, San Francisco.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Capital and Surplus.....\$4,600,000.00

Directors:

LLOYD TEVIS, President; JNO. J. VALENTINE, Vice-Prest.

Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, J. C. Fiske, Oliver

Elbridge, Charles Fargo, Geo. E. Gray, C. P. C.

H. Wadsworth, Cashier.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and general banking business.



With the recollections of "Starlight" fresh in one's mind, one approaches the portals of the Bush Street Theatre with some dread. A second deep draught at the fountain-head of wit and humor whence "Starlight" came bubbling in all its buoyant grace, would be enough to quell the high spirits of a two-year-old—would cast a gloom over the revels of Bacchus.

But "A Possible Case" is of quite a different order—by contrast it appears to be one of the most dazlingly humorous comedies of the later Victorian era. If it had not come after "Starlight," one might find things to cavil at in its agreeable *ensemble*—one might object to the two sailors and the two maids, who come darting in from left and right, spring to the middle of the stage, then appear to execute a weird dance, while in reality they are only spying after some one, and spring out again. One might suggest to Mr. Kennedy that he refrain in future from "walking too rapidly upstairs" just before his appearance in the first act, as his articulation is not all that one's fancy could wish; one might find fault with Mr. Dickson for talking too fast, and with Miss Russell's alluringly gurgling giggles, which of course are very fascinating, but which to the sober and serious mind of a rather sleepy spectator appear somewhat unnecessary. What does Miss Russell find to giggle at in that first act? Where is the joke? Is it Mr. Brinkerhoff—a large, blue-flannel joke, in a sailor-hat and a fob? Or is it something deeply humorous and secret, which she cherishes for her own private consumption? This is unkind of Miss Russell—she ought to make public that giggle-provoking jest. But these are merely spots on the sun. In that charmed circle, where the sprightly Miss Jarbeau danced the bolero with her arms and a tambourine, the beautiful Violet Mendoza recognizes her three husbands in three dress-suits and three several stages of misery, and charming Miss Archer reads the laws on divorces for desertion, as obtaining in the State of New York. What the much-married Mendoza and the studious Gladys gain by this contrast is left to the imagination of those who have passed through the experience of both plays.

"A Possible Case" is one of those comedies which are salted with tragedy. There are times when Comedy rises and majestically threatens to sweep all before it, when up comes Tragedy, bars its triumphal progress, and for some moments remains victor of the field. When Otto Brinkerhoff's two wives come to claim him, Comedy has the floor, and the situation is undoubtedly funny. Ten minutes later, Mrs. Mendoza Gould-Brinkerhoff, three times a bride, encounters her various husbands, all come to life in the most inconvenient manner on her third wedding-day. The position immediately becomes tragic, as well it may. The fair Mendoza, confronted by her three partners, is thrown into a paroxysm of horror. The husbands seem also uncomfortable, and do a good deal of clutching, either at their own hearts or foreheads or at Mendoza herself, who distractedly presses her hand to her brow in the anguish of this embarrassment of riches. The rapidity with which the emotions transmute from grave to gay and back again, is puzzling to the on-looker, who is stopped short in mid-smile to gaze awe-stricken upon Lawrence Gould, in a long cloak and a mysterious glide, stealing in to search for his perfidious Mendoza, whom he cruelly upbraids and then presses to his heart, after the manner of that strange biped—the stage-lover.

At the end of every act there is a grand tableau, a sort of pulling together and knotting of the loose ends. You know that it is coming some time before it comes. It casts a long shadow before it—people begin to gather, the secondary characters all come dropping in R. and L. and C., the servants appear with letters on salvers, the old people range themselves along the background, and then, *pliz!* bang! the crisis! A wild yell, a dead faint, a pistol-shot, a telling remark, and the curtain falling upon the entire company in picturesque attitudes. The second act of "A Possible Case" has a gorgeous tableau, made to be reproduced in posters and pasted on dead walls. All the company gather—Mendoza, in a superb costume, is just recovering from the shock of her second husband's appearance, though still embarrassed, when her first enters and presents himself to her startled gaze. Evidently terrified by the idea that she is pursued by a Nemesis in the shape of husbands, Mendoza shrieks and staggers. The company look on amazed, and turn to the signor for explanations. The signor, nothing loth, gives the explanation concisely and in a form singularly popular in modern plays: "Gentlemen, this lady is my wife." How many times have we heard that sentence in the modern melo-

drama! Every one is petrified, glares at Mendoza, who does the only thing possible under the circumstances—falls to the floor in a graceful stage faint. This bolstering up every act into a thrilling climax is falling into the desuetude which it deserved years ago. There are playwrights who will tear their play to pieces, stretch it out of all artistic form, in order to achieve these drop-curtain sensations. Two-thirds through the act every one begins to be hustled about to make way for the climax; dialogue, form, elegance are sacrificed to gain this cheap and momentary effect. A great dramatist may dare to play these pranks, an inferior one succeeds only in dragging his work down to the level of the Alcazar performances, with the red-handed villain and the holy heroine, who is Eva St. Clair grown up in a suffocating odor of sanctity. "A Possible Case," which is built on a good idea and shows some very clever bits of dialogue, is to a certain extent spoiled by this straining after cheap effects and meretricious sensations.

Of the character of Violet Mendoza, who seems to be the pivot of the piece, the author appears to have been a little uncertain. She is a wobbling, unsteady sort of personality. Sometimes she is quite intelligible, and one seizes a definite idea of what she is going to develop into. Again, like a will-o'-the-wisp, this disappears and she comes out in quite a different light. In the first act—all in black, with a plumed hat and a long train, a beautiful young Mexican widow, whom every one loves to distraction the first time they look at her—she seems a rather unconventional, interesting sort of person, one of those dear old tigresses we have all seen so often that we know just the exact moment when they will drag a stiletto from their belt or their hair and plunge it into the unresponsive, manly shirt-bosom of the false, fleeting, perjured adorer. But in the second act, we have quite a different being, a dove-like creature all in the widow's wedding-dress of gray, a clinging, fond, confiding female, who twines about people and loves them, and says, "he is so good, so noble, so brave"—this is like "Gentlemen, this lady is my wife!" Heavens! the number of men on the stage who are so good, so noble, so brave—who is as artless and gay as an ingénue? Of course, this is before the ill-inspired intrusion of the noble army of husbands. When they begin to arrive, a cloud settles over the fair Mendoza's captivating face.

Miss Helen Russell ought to be a good actress. She has had a good training. She worked for some years with the Wallack Company in New York and outlived several dynasties of handsome English leading men—short dynasties, however. She was with the old company in the days of Rose Coghlan and Osmond Tearle—the old company which has dispersed and scattered to the four winds, some gone for all time—"Death came silently and took them where they never see the sun"—some only gone on the road. Miss Coghlan is a star, with a play written expressly for herself, and diamonds, and a husband, and a Western reputation to sustain. Miss Robe—the charming Miss Robe, with the large English feet which she would persist in showing, and the thick, smooth, blonde hair—she is married and disappeared. Osmond Tearle, he is married, too, but he was always being married, which did not prevent the dear girls from adoring him and offering incense before his cold, lofty smile and his prominent eyes. The fickle creatures offer incense elsewhere now—Osmond and his eyes are forgotten. There are a good many who are in favor of Henry Miller—and no one will deny that his capacity to weep gracefully is unrivaled—and when it comes to a question of eyes, it would be certainly hard to equal those midnight orbs of Herbert Kealey. Then came the dynasty of Kyrle Bellew, the limp, the classic, the god-like.

Miss Russell has acted with all of these, has been the soubrette to Miss Coghlan's pinchbeck great lady in white furs and diamonds, and the female villain to Miss Robe's noble, afflicted heroine in white satin and blonde curls. Mr. Bellew, striking his most imposing attitude, has defied her in the stronghold of her villainy, and Osmond Tearle, in a dress-suit, with his most plaintive expression, has laid his heart at her feet. As a villain, histrionically speaking, Miss Russell is best. She made a capital Governess in "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," when Kyrle Bellew was Manuel, with his face sicklied o'er with the pale east of camelline, which was supposed to depict the pallor induced by insufficient food, and Miss Robe was the wealthy and embittered young heroine, who treats Manuel with such unmerited contumely. Miss Russell, her frauds discovered, is politely requested to resign her post as Governess and retire. Her exit was really clever, her elation and anger covered with a scornful and mocking laugh.

As Violet Mendoza, she seems rather harassed by the fact that she, too, is undecided what sort of a person she really is meant to be. All that giggling in the first act is brilliant and audacious, but conspicuously lacking in the second. Perhaps the death of Number Two, who was spirited away in an uncanny and mysterious manner, may have cast a damper over her spirits. She gives no distinct idea of a separate and individual personality, but rather presents a series of slightly connected types. The company, in which there is some good material, all seem to slight their work. Mr. Dickson has an almost similar part to that which he took so well in

"The Wife," but the spirit of his portrayal of Jack is entirely lacking. He speaks so fast it is next to impossible to understand him. He and Mr. Kennedy would be improved if they studied the articulation and elocution of Mr. Frederic Robinson, of the Palmer Company, who speaks with such a clearness, precision, and sweetness of tone that it is a pleasure to listen to him. G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

D. V. and the snow permitting, we shall see "Shenandoah" next week.

The first day of the sale of season seats for the opera troupe more than thirty-three thousand dollars was taken in. This would seem to indicate about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for seats alone.

Frederick Warde will be here, week after next, with "Virginius."

The announcement for the first three nights of the opera season is as follows: Monday, Tamagno in "William Tell"; Tuesday, Patti in "Sonnambula"; Wednesday, Tamagno in "Otello."

Roland Reed seems to have caught the popular fancy with "The Woman-Hater." It will be continued for another week, concluding Mr. Reed's engagement in this city.

There is a rumor emanating from Chicago that Robson and Crane are to join forces again next year, though they are making money with "The Henrietta" and "The Senator."

The auction sale of boxes for the opera season took place on Wednesday, the privileges bringing premiums ranging from one hundred and five to ten dollars. The remaining boxes will be sold with the seats during the coming week.

The project for a monument to the late Karl Formes seems likely of happy accomplishment. The persons having the matter in hand are considering a benefit concert, for which most of the musical people in the city have volunteered.

Tamagno had several nights off in Chicago, but he was in prime condition in the City of Mexico and scored a great triumph with the Mexicans. We need fear few disappointments here, as the salubrity of our climate will be supplemented in keeping him in good voice by a clause in his contract which limits his indispositions to ten nights.

The Tivoli is to remain closed for a fortnight yet, but the result will justify the temporary disappointment to the regular patrons and those who have been in the habit of dropping in there for an act or two.

It is said that a number of clubs have been formed for the purchase of season seats for the opera. The members then divide them up by lot, thus making the difference in price between season and single seats.

"The Great Blythe Case" is to be seen at one of the local theatres next week. It is a drama founded on the *cause célèbre* now on at the City Hall, the playwright being Fred S. Maeder.

Jeanne Granier is a rival of Adelina Patti in one respect. She has had it announced that she gets two hundred dollars a night now at the Variétés for singing exactly twenty minutes—ten dollars a minute. Now let some persistent person hear Patti with a stop-watch and crush the audacious Granier with the result of his calculations.

"The Golden Giant" will be withdrawn at the end of this week, and the Grand Opera House will remain closed for a week while the house is being sprinkled with lavender-water and prepared for the patrons of Abbey and Grau's Grand Italian Opera Company.

The Patti company was thirty-three hours late in arriving at the City of Mexico, but there was an enthusiastic crowd at the station to meet them and cry "Viva la Patti!" The National Theatre, which has a seating capacity of twenty-six hundred, was packed on the first night, and the first seven nights put the sum of ninety-four thousand dollars in Messrs. Abbey and Grau's pockets—nearly thirteen thousand five hundred dollars a night.

Nelson Decker, the dapper *jeune première* of the old California stock company, was in town last week on his way to New York. He has been in Australia for two years, whither he took "Held by the Enemy," and is now going to London with several American plays which he will produce there.

The dramatization of "Mark Twain's" pretty tale, "The Prince and the Pauper," was produced at the Lyceum in New York a fortnight ago and seems to have been eminently successful, for those called before the curtain after the last act were "Mark Twain," who made a neat little speech; Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, the adaptor of the story; Dave Belasco, the polisher of the adaptation; Daniel Frohman, the manager; and little Elsie Leslie, who had enacted the dual rôle.

The failure of Los Angeles to subscribe enough to enable Mr. Abbey to play his opera troupe one night there has excited some surprise. The *Tribune* of that city taunts the rich people there with being parsimonious, but they have a right to be so, under

the constitution. Since the subscription-sheet for the opera has been withdrawn, Marcus Mayer has received an offer of six thousand dollars from a Los Angeles manager for one night in concert. This offer was declined. When Mr. Abbey was last here, the Patti troupe played one night in Los Angeles to eight thousand three hundred dollars. It is evident that since the bursting of the boom the Angeleses are flat broke.

The California Opera Company is the resplendent title under which will return to us next week the company sent out by the Tivoli management to present "Said Pasha" in the East as a new product of our marvelous climate. The company, however, is wonderfully changed, Stanley Felch alone remaining of the original cast, and the opera has also been revised. A straw which indicates that the wind of popular favor set in its sails in the East was the appropriation of one of the best duets by a farce-comedy company, which appeared here a few months ago.

Leading the children of Israel out of the land of bondage was child's play to taking a modern opera company around the world. Abbey and Grau's present company comprises something like two hundred and fifty persons, whereof the expense, exclusive of traveling fares, is about thirty-seven thousand dollars a week; and these have to be taken at great jumps from Europe to Chicago, from Chicago to the City of Mexico, from the City of Mexico to San Francisco—overlooking Los Angeles—and from here back to Europe by a series of lesser leaps. The managers get eighty per cent. of the gross receipts, but that will not leave them a very handsome margin after the season, even if they do get a quarter of a million dollars in Chicago in four weeks, one hundred and eighty-nine thousand dollars in Mexico, and two hundred thousand dollars from us.

"Mrs. Potter's eclipse," said a man who has a position of importance in society, "is absolute. Her silly recriminations against society in New York pass unheeded, for even the least important type in society knows that Mrs. Potter's friends cling to her as long as they could with any show of decency, and that then she threw them over. It was never a question of desertion on the part of Mrs. Potter's friends. It is often said in England and France that when a lady chooses to descend from her station she goes further and faster than a woman who never had any title to good birth or position. There are many instances abroad to prove this, all the way from the women of title who have set the whole of England aghast by their indiscretions to the Russian and French princesses who have sunk from absolute purity and eminence to be music-hall singers and public dancers. Women are essentially reckless in methods, and for some unaccountable reason they always seem to consider that they are revenging themselves on society when they throw themselves away."

German has proved a great stumbling-block to the Gallic translator. A certain Bouchette, the biographer of Jacob Boehm, gave, in an appendix, a list of his works. One of these was Boehm's "Réflexions on Isaiah Stiefel." Now, Stiefel was a contemporary theological writer; but the word *stiefel* also means a "boot," and poor Mr. Bouchette, knowing that the subject of the treatise was scriptural, fell into the delicious error of translating the title as "Réflexions sur les Bottes d'Isaïe."

The bill prepared by the special committee to reimburse those members of Congress who lost money by the Silcott embezzlement was defeated in the House of Representatives.

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Monday, February 10, 1890,

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UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

HENRY E. ABBEY AND MAURICE GRAU.

Mme. Adelina Patti

Soprani e Contralti—Mme. EMMA ALBANI, and Mlle. LILLIAN NORDICA, Mme. GELIA VALDA and Mlle. PETTIGIANI, Mlle. GUERRINA FABRI and Mlle. HORTENSE SYNNERBERG, Mlle. MATILDE BAUERMEISTER and Mlle. ATTALIA CLAIRE.

Tenori—Signor COMMENDATORE FRANCESCO TAMAGNO, Signor LUIGI RAVELLI, Signor EUGENIO VICINI and Signor GIOVANNI PERUGINI, Signor ROBERTO VANNI and Signor RILETTO.

Baritoni—Signor GIUSEPPE DEL PUENTE and Signor

ARTURO MARZALCHI, Signor NAPOLIONI ZARDO and

Signor AGOSTINO CARBONE.

Bassi—Signor ETTORRE MARCASSA and Signor FRANCO

NOVARO, Signor ARMANDO CASTELMARX and Signor

FIRMINO MIGLIARA, Signor A. DE VASCHETTI and Signor

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First Monday ("William Tell").....**TAMAGNO**

Tuesday ("Sonnambula").....**PATTI**

Wednesday ("Otello").....**TAMAGNO**

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Sanderini Concert.

A concert was given at Pioneer Hall on Friday evening by Mme. Thea Sanderini, the soprano, under the direction of Mr. H. J. Stewart. There was a large and appreciative audience present, who enjoyed the following programme:

Trio, "Attila".....Verdi
"Te sol quest Anima".....
Mme. Sanderini, Herr Zimmerman, Mr. Rickard.
Piano Solo, "Rigoletto Fantasia".....Liszt
Herr Ernst Hartman.
Song, "Forest Song".....Kreutzer
Mr. Thomas Rickard.
Scena and Aria, "Der Freischütz".....Von Weber
"Wie nahte mir der Schlummer".....
Mme. Thea Sanderini.
Violin Solo, "Legende".....H. J. Stewart,
Mr. Henry Heyman.
Canzonetta, "Dinorah".....Meyerbeer
"Fanciulle, ch! core".....
Miss Mary Barnard.
Trio, in C minor (first movement).....Mendelssohn
Mrs. H. J. Stewart, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. F. Guttererson.
Songs, "Troekne Blumen".....Schubert
(a) "Ungeduld".....
(b) "Hat der wilde Sturm".....Kühle
(c) "Ich hab Dich Lieb".....C. Bohm
Mme. Thea Sanderini.
Duo for Piano, four hands, Tarantella, op. 82, No. 12.....Raff
Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Stewart.
Quartet, "Martha".....Flotow
Mme. Sanderini, Miss Barnard, Messrs. Zimmerman and Rickard.

The Ferrer Musicales.

The farewell subscription concert, which was tendered last Monday evening to the Misses Carmelita and Adele Ferrer and Mr. Richard Ferrer was a musical and social success. The hall was crowded with a very fashionable audience, and each selection was encored. The only regret was the non-appearance of Señor M. Y. Ferrer, the guitarist, who was too ill to appear. The programme was as follows:

Trio—"La Gitana".....Arditi
Miss Carmelita Ferrer (mandolin), Miss Adele Ferrer (guitar), Mr. Richard Ferrer (violin)
Song—"Parish Sexton".....Stearns
Guitar Solo—"L'Elisire d'Amour" (arranged by M. Y. Ferrer).....Donizetti
Miss Adele Ferrer.
Song—"Adios à Laura".....Marzials
Miss Carrie Millner.
String Trio—"Un Ballo in Maschera".....Verdi
Piano Solo—Polonaise.....Liszt
Señor S. Arrillaga.
String Trio—"Alla Turka".....Mozart
Schubert's "Serenade."
Vocal Duets—"I Feel Thy Blissful Presence."
Miss Carrie Millner and Mr. Winfield Blake.

The Zeiss Musicales.

Mme. Carolina Zeiss gave a soirée musicale last Wednesday evening, at Irving Hall assisted by Mr. Ugo Talbo, tenor, Mr. Robert Lloyd, baritone, and Señor S. Arrillaga, pianist. The following excellent programme was presented:

Trio, "I Naviganti".....Prandegger
Mme. C. Zeiss, Messrs. Talbo and Lloyd.
Aria, "Prophète".....Meyerbeer
Mme. C. Zeiss.
"The Gallants of England".....A. S. Gatty
Mr. Robert Lloyd.
(a) Nocturne, Op. 48, No. 1.....Chopin
(b) Valse, Op. 42.....
Señor S. Arrillaga.
Ode, "Sapho".....Gounod
Mme. C. Zeiss.
"The Light of the Land".....C. Pinsuti
Mr. Ugo Talbo.
Duet, "Edenland".....H. Dana
Mme. C. Zeiss and Mr. Robert Lloyd.
(a) Margaretta.....Meyer-Helmund
(b) Serenade.....A. Holmes
(c) Brindisi.....Donizetti
Mme. C. Zeiss.
Duet, "Favorita".....Donizetti
Mme. C. Zeiss and Mr. Ugo Talbo.

The Loring Club will give its third concert of the thirteenth season next Wednesday evening.

The Interstate Commerce Commissioners place the mortality during the past year, occasioned by railway casualties in this country, at 5,693, while during the same period 27,898 persons were injured from the same cause. The commissioners, in the light of these figures, suggest the necessity of further legislation by Congress to lessen, so far as possible, the number of these casualties. Many of them are unquestionably the fruit of sheer carelessness.

In a recent illustrated catalogue of the Paris Salon, which gives rough sketches of the pictures, with their titles in English and in French, there is one sketch representing a number of nude ladies disporting themselves in the clouds, to which the English inscription is "Milk Street." Your astonishment is changed to delight when you find that is a translation of "La Voie Lactée."

There has been a long discussion going on in the *Western Watchman*, a Catholic paper in St. Louis, on the question, what is the doctrine of transubstantiation, and whether, in the blessed sacrament, the bread and wine are converted into the body alone or also into the body and soul of Christ? One would think that the church ought to have settled that by its authority.

Seven miles an hour is the camel's limit; nor can it maintain this rate over two hours. Its usual speed is five miles an hour. When a camel is pressed beyond this speed, and is spent, it kneels down, and not all the wolves in Asia will make it budge again. The camel remains where it kneels, and where it kneels it dies. A fire under its nose is useless.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

To a Fair Pharisee.

Alice affirms she must enjoy
Her teaching in the sacred portals,
While I declare her class of boys
Are highly favored among mortals.
I even find myself heseeching
The vast advantage of her teaching.
Now, who would think to hear her speak
Of love, sincerity, and mercy,
That nearly ev'ry night last week
She waltzed and flirted like a Circe?
She seems sincere in all she teaches
But does she practice what she preaches?
I know that once she used to teach
What looks, the pressure of a hand meant.
She'd rather lie with eyes than speech
And break a heart than a commandment.
Now, to the rising generation
She teaches morals and flirtation.
Fair pharisee, despite your looks,
You're less a seraph than a siren.
Aljure your dainty service-books;
Return to Tennyson and Byron,
And pray you preach your only sermon
Between the figures of a german.
—H. B. Smith in America.

After the Ball.

After the ball, Torn bits of lace,
Crushed bows and flowers show the trace
Where dancers clashed, caught in the height
Of Pan's mad music, rhythmic, light,
Lost in the dance's vortex pace.
'Twas here I sat near sloe-eyed Grace
And watched the glory of her face.
Ah me! that she were now in sight—
After the ball.
She's not! I've had a pretty chase!
She lost her brooch, dropped in the race
For supper. She and Tom to-night
Went home. I had to be polite—
A bore, for I must search the place
After the ball.
—William Frederick Dix in Life.

My Lady's Boudoir.

The brightest paper on the walls I see,
The richest carpet is upon the floor;
A quaint carved easel stands near the door;
Overhanging it, rich folds of tapestry;
The wealth of china quite o'erpowers me,
For there are dainty plates and plaques galore;
There, too, the trifles that maids hunger for
Are spread about the room most tastefully.
I note a programme with pink ribbon bound,
A jewel-case beside a *bouquettière*,
An ivory fan that's resting on a shelf.
Admiring all, I hear a grateful sound,
The tread of fairy feet upon the stair—
The prettiest thing of all appears—herself!
—Minsey's Weekly.

A Tragedy of the Conservatory.

"Ce qu'on peut avoir, on ne veut pas."
It was cool in there, when the waltz was done—
All green, with the moonshine through it.
Somehow, I was tempted to steal—just one,
Don't know how I came to do it.
She took it nicely—indeed, her glance
Had a certain expectancy to it;
Could it possibly mean, "Make the most of your chance,
Now, now is the time to do it!"
Her cheek had the tinnest tinge of rose;
She'd have answered "Yes"—and I knew it,
But she seemed so ready to hear me propose,
That, somehow—
I didn't do it. —Time.

A Fancy in Fancy-Dress.

I'm a little French folly in powder and paint,
A trifle, to suit men's taste;
In manner flirtatious, in attitude quaint,
The faintest sinner that e'er tempted saint
A few brief moments to waste,
More tender than true, and more witty than wise,
As sweet as the flowers in May;
Skilled in the language of lips and eyes,
Sighing at laughter and laughing at sighs,
I change like an April day.
Most flighty and fickle of frivolous things,
A moth or a butterfly, all but the wings,
Oh, a little French toy am I,
A sort of a *bouquettière*.
In powder and patches I ought to hold matches
On top of an *étagère*!
—Texas Siftings.

In the Hall.

I stand one moment 'neath the candles mellow
(While Nell and Bob are waiting in the hall),
Saying good-bye to Harry—foolish fellow—
After the county hall!
He folds the lace about my drooping tresses,
And clasps with tender slowness all my glove,
Humming the while, to time his mild caresses,
Our waltz—"A Dream of Love."
"Good-bye," he whispers softly—growing bolder—
"A rose—just one—to keep it till I die!"
A swift kiss in the lace—upon my shoulder,
"Good-night—again—good-bye!"
And Bob, no doubt, will wonder at this waiting
And think I have been flirting with the boy—
He is so jealous—gives me such a rating
If I a waltz enjoy.
Down in the hall, where I have left them standing,
The butler staid has dimmed the tapers' glare;
I hear Bob laugh, and see, upon the landing—
His face—brush—Nellie's hair!
Nell is the dearest girl—almost a sister—
And Bob and I—engaged—yet, do you know,
I can't help thinking—could the wretch have kissed her,
There, in the hall below!
—Kate Masterson.

"I have been occasionally troubled with Coughs, and in each case have used Brown's Bronchial Troches, which have never failed, and I must say they are second to none in the world."—Felix A. May, Cashier, St. Paul, Minn.

THE SCIENCE OF RAILROADING.

"Look," said the railroad official, as he directed the visitor's gaze about the vast depot, "look at these trains arriving and departing, at this mighty confusion, this constant bustle; look at the thousands of passengers hurrying to and fro, in haste and excitement; look at these mighty locomotives, darting in and out in a way that seems to you wholly aimless; look at these hundreds of cars, changed every minute from one track to another—would you think that under all this seeming chaos lies a definite system, a clear and firmly established scheme of order, a guiding power based on science and experience?"
"No," replied the visitor.
"No," said the railroad official, "you wouldn't, and nobody wouldn't, and there ain't neither. There's a hand-car on the wrong track up at Shohola, and the whole line is balled up. Wait till I go and tell that Chicago express conductor that he's taking out the Englewood train."—Puck.

Joaquin Miller, who has been visiting Salt Lake City, says: "If you put polygamy away the average Mormon is a mighty good Christian—a better Christian in almost every way than the average Christian, so called. Now this is the truth. I know of no Christian, rich or poor, who is willing to fast every thirty days in order to give all his food of that day to the poor. Yet every Mormon does this voluntarily and continually. I know of no Christian, although I do know of some Jews, who give one-tenth of his income to his church. Yet every Mormon does this continually."

The latest novelty in the "pocket goods" line is a pocket-knife case. It is made of soft leather or chamois skin and is furnished with a metal snap-clasp at one end. It is designed to keep a knife from rusting, and also to keep dust from getting into it. Like the popular English key-chain, it is a foreign invention, and is said to have first been used in Vienna, where it is not considered good form to carry a penknife loose.

The continued trials of the British torpedo-boats of the *Rattlesnake* class point to failure—too much power for the hulls to stand. They are of 735 tons displacement, and their engines are contracted to indicate 4,500 horse-power. The last to be tested, the *Seagull*, nearly shook herself to pieces with a development of 3,033 horse-power, and had to be sent to the dock for repairs.

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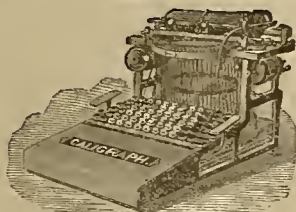
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The fallacious and dangerous doctrines of Henry George and his followers have obtained an extensive circulation in this country and in England. The public mind is interested as never before in the great social problems which are knocking at the door of state for recognition and satisfactory solution. The serious consideration given to the glittering speculations of Mr. Bellamy, and other crude theorists, but indicates the popular feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction. The land question is, at present, of the most absorbing interest to the public mind. This is the result of the rapid absorption of our public land into a comparatively few hands. The people have begun to realize that they are face to face with this important and intricate question. It can not be denounced or demurred away. It is charged that the government agents have used their delegated authority in enriching themselves at the expense of the people. The frequent disgraceful exposures of dishonesty at Washington in connection with the disposition of our public domain, serve to give color and confirmation to this serious accusation. It is this new danger—of the absorption of our public land into the hands of a few great land-owners—which has given an adventitious importance to the various land theories advocated by impractical politicians and socialistic dreamers. The danger, however, is none the less real and imminent. The land of a country is the common

property of the people of that country, from the fact that the occupation of some portion of it, however small, is the absolute necessity of each life. It is in consideration and recognition of this fact that the people, in their aggregate or state capacity, have reserved the absolute right to all land within their territory. Thomas Carlyle once said to an American: "The reason why your laboring folks are so happy is that you have a vast deal of land for a very few people." It can not be said of us any longer that we have either "a very few people" or "a vast deal of land." Lord Macaulay, in 1857, in a letter to the Hon. H. S. Randall, said: "Your fate I believe to be certain, though it is deferred by a physical cause. As long as you have a boundless extent of fertile and unoccupied land, your laboring population will be far more at ease than the laboring population of the old world. But the time will come when New England will be as thickly peopled as Old England. Wages will be as low and will fluctuate as much with you as with us. Hundreds of thousands of artisans will assuredly be some time out of work. Then your institutions will be fairly brought to the test. I wish you a good deliverance. But my reason and my wishes are at war, and I can not help foreboding the worst." With the facts before us, we do not consider the rather alarming apprehension of Lord Macaulay entirely without foundation. In the first place, we have at this time one million of our workmen in enforced idleness. These are not vagrants, socialists, or strikers, but worthy, willing workmen who can not find employment. In the second place, the whole number of persons engaged in agriculture in the United States is 7,670,493. Into this total number thus engaged, there have been absorbed 812,829 foreign-born—that is to say, the foreign-born constitute ten and a half per cent. of the whole number employed in agriculture. The total number employed in the country in manufactures is 3,837,112. Into this number there have been absorbed 1,225,787 of the foreign-born, or more than thirty-one per cent. of the whole number. It will be seen at once that the tendency of immigrants is to assimilate with our mechanical industries. This increases the supply of labor in comparison to the demand, lowers wages, contributes to overproduction, and cripples the consuming power of the whole. Now, it is very evident that this condition of things can not last long. The manufacturing centres of our country are already overcrowded. Nearly one-fourth of our entire population is crowded into our cities and large towns. Then the constant invention and application of labor-saving machinery is rapidly reducing the number of the employed. The State of Massachusetts alone has in her factories and mills improved machinery representing the labor of 100,000,000 persons—that is to say, nearly twice the number of our present population. Here, then, is the secret of the growing discontent. Either we must immediately stop the present enormous rate of immigration, or sacredly preserve the public domain for those crowded out of our cities and manufacturing centres. As long as we can say to our people, "Here are a hundred and sixty acres, go build your home and plant your own vine and fig-tree," we are safe. But whenever our land is absorbed by the few, instead of divided among the many, then we may expect the greatest popular uprising in the history of the world. Let us see what the country has done with its public domain. Fifty years ago, we possessed 900,000,000 arable acres of land; to-day, we have remaining less than 200,000,000. Our public land has been criminally squandered by the very men we elected to care for it sacredly. In 1856, Congress granted to several Southern States, for the construction of eight railroads, eight million acres of land. Not one of the roads has been built. Only one of them has ever had even a spade stuck in the ground. Yet these eight million acres of land have been "reserved" ever since 1856 by the Interior Department and Congress, and denied to the people, the rightful owners, for homesteads. In peace and in war alike these eight million acres have been hung up, and so sacred are the rights of even imaginary and speculative corporations against the people that Congress has been vainly importuned to return this land to the public domain—for thirty years. The forfeiture

bills that were finally passed by Congress were so crippled by exceptions and special provisions that they failed to accomplish the results expected. Congress has granted to railroads, in the last twenty-five years, 172,000,000 acres of our people's land. This makes a territory equal to France and England combined. But this is not all. Congress has granted to twenty-nine alien absentee landlords 20,647,000 acres. Here we have in the possession of twenty-nine foreigners a territory equal to Ireland. Not only this. The native land-holders make an equally formidable array. Colonel Murphy left an estate of more than 4,000,000 acres; the Standard Oil Company owns more than 1,000,000 acres; ex-Senator Dorsey nominally holds 500,000 acres; Mr. Diston has 2,000,000 acres; and Colonel Church, of New York, collects rents from 180 farms, averaging 500 acres each. Not only this. The total number engaged in agriculture in the United States is 7,670,493; of these only 2,984,306 are nominal owners of their holdings. The rest are tenants and laborers under great landlords. These figures give us the lead of all nations in possessing the largest tenant-farming class in the world. Let us not forget, amid our proud boasts of universal freedom, that deeply rooted and rankly growing in our free soil is the deadly upas-tree of landlordism. The outrageous fraud embodied in the Maxwell grant, of which much has been said and written, was the crowning triumph of stealing from a whole nation. The foreign holders of this great tract of public land have stopped at nothing to perfect their title through the agency of the law. There are a large number of the original Spanish-Mexican grants still pending. If Congress were to mete out the full measure of justice in these cases at once, it would accomplish one of the greatest practical reforms witnessed in many a session of barren political dickerings and clap-trap buncombe. What should be done?

1. Let Congress confiscate every acre of land improperly and dishonestly obtained.
2. Enact a law positively prohibiting alien absentee landlordism, and providing for the repurchase of all land so held at this time.
3. Enact a prospective limitation law, restraining individuals and corporations from owning more than a reasonable amount of land. A nation can not limit individual accumulations of wealth without assuming an offensive form of paternalism and sumptuary legislation; but it can, and should, legislate against the monopoly of the people's land by either individuals or corporations.

Land is as much a necessity of life as are bread, water, and air, and the nation that does not protect its citizens in their right to these necessities is criminally recreant to the first and highest obligations of good government. In the large majority of instances the land-stealing has swept like a cyclone over all of the more desirable locations, so that but comparatively little remains of the really good agricultural soil. It is also unfortunately true that the grip of the present fraudulent holders is so firmly fixed as to preclude in many cases the reasonable expectation of enforced disgorgement. In the face of the overwhelming and incontrovertible demonstration of the extent of the past plundering, the boast of the American citizen that his country affords a home for all its people is fast becoming a by-word and a jest. If we want to rob the arguments of such agitators as George and Bellamy of their point and force, let us deal honestly with the people's land. The sacred right of private property is one of the essentials of an enduring civilization; but it was the *Latifundia* that destroyed Rome; it was the absorption of the land by the rich that hastened the French Revolution; and it is the monopoly of the soil by both individuals and corporations that constitutes the menacing danger of our nation.

Modern Italy suffers from two great evils, the one, the result of inheritance, the other, of modern conditions in Europe. Situated as she is—with excellent harbors, in the natural line of trade and commerce—she is one of the poorest of the great powers, and is daily becoming poorer; the descendant of the world's centre of learning, she suffers from ignorance more dense and more wide spread than exists in any other European

country where civilization has ever reached a high level. According to the last census, the percentage of the population above the age of six years unable to read or write was 61.94 per cent., and the percentage of those above fifteen years was very nearly the same. It is difficult for us in this country, where the illiterates form so small an element in the population, to appreciate what it means to say that three in every five men, women, and children in the population are unable to sign their own names, or to read them when written. Behind it can be read the story of individual poverty and suffering that is the rule throughout the country. And from it may be gathered some idea of the magnitude of the problems which the government has been called upon to solve during its brief existence of scarcely thirty years. The work of education has been undertaken by the government with courage, and with a determination that deserves success; but the education of a people is the work not of one or even two generations. In 1877, a law was passed providing that all children who have completed their sixth year shall be sent to the elementary school of their district or community, unless equivalent teaching is provided by parents or guardians. During the next eight years, the number of primary schools was increased to 40,553. In 1885-6, there were, for secondary education, 329 *licei*, 728 *gymnasi*, 76 technical institutions, 413 technical schools, and 25 naval mercantile schools. Of these, 607 were private institutions; the rest were supported by the government. The number of children between five and fifteen years of age was, according to the census, 5,718,854, and of these 2,502,036 were attending either private or governmental private schools. This percentage, scarcely one-half of the number of children of school age, indicates the difficulty under which the government labors in attempting to make education universal. The ignorance of the parents precludes the presumption that any considerable number of those who do not go to school receive any instruction at home, and also explains why so small a number attend the schools. The governmental schools are supported partly by the central government and partly by the provinces and communes. The communes are compelled by law to pay salaries for the teachers in primary schools, for rent of school buildings, repairs, apparatus, and furniture. This burden is assumed in part by the provincial and central governments, however, and the expenses of secondary and higher education fall almost entirely upon the central government. But while the government is making such extreme efforts to extend knowledge among the people, it finds itself continually hampered by the financial condition of the country. Not only must the work of education be carried on and extended, but the ordinary expenses of the government must be met, the railroads must be operated and new lines built, and beyond these expenditures there is the necessity for maintaining the army and naval forces. During the early days of united Italy, when enthusiasm was at the highest pitch and expenditures at the lowest, the government found no difficulty in meeting its liabilities. But as year after year has passed, and the work of internal improvements has been advanced, the enthusiasm has cooled. Taxes are heavier and are less willingly paid. Under these circumstances, the Italian Government has done an act of justice. The misfortunes of Italy are an inheritance from the days of Papal dominance. She has paid dearly for the distinction of being the home of the church. After the Holy Roman Empire had become, as has been wittily remarked, neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire, it still served as an excuse for Austrian oppression in Northern Italy and Austrian interference in favor of despotism in the south. While other European countries were advancing, Italy remained divided and oppressed; while learning was becoming general throughout the rest of Europe, Italy, held down by Papal despotism, remained ignorant; while nationalities were asserting themselves on all sides, and the middle classes were emerging from poverty and oppression, Italy remained inert in the snake-like embrace of the Roman Church. It was but justice then, that the wealth which had been appropriated by the church should be diverted into its proper channels, and should be expended by the government in undoing the wrong which the church had wrought. The diversion of the "opera pie" to the pious work of de-throning ignorance was an act of even justice which will meet the approval of all honest-minded men. The attitude of the Italian ministry may well encourage the Pope to begin to think of a change of abode.

Congress has now been in session a little more than two months, and the only business transacted has been a lively struggle between the speaker and the Democrats. Judging by the fulminations on both sides, one would suppose that the permanence of the government and the safety of the constitution were hanging on the struggle. Reduced to its elements, the fight simply means that there are seventeen contested seats, and the party in power determined, according to the custom of parties in power from time immemorial, to decide the contests on partisan grounds. The Democrats, knowing

full well that they could not prevent such action, decided to adopt filibustering tactics, determined that if they could not seat their partisans, they could make the country suffer by prolonging the session of Congress. The chief instrument employed by them was the parliamentary fiction that a member not voting, though occupying his seat in the House, is constructively not present, and, therefore, may not be counted to make a quorum. The Republicans had one hundred and eighty-eight members, three more than a quorum, but in such a body of men it will always happen that some are prevented from attending, and in the present instance three members were confined to their rooms by illness, and two more were necessarily absent because of illness in their families. Thus the Republicans were left with two less than a quorum, and the tactics of the Democrats promised successfully to obstruct all business. In this emergency Speaker Reed rose to the situation, and, brushing aside the parliamentary fiction, counted a sufficient number of Democrats present to constitute a quorum. He went further, and refused to entertain motions made by Democratic members for the evident purpose of delaying the business before the House. The Democrats have issued a manifesto condemning this action of the speaker as revolutionary, overturning the uniform practice of the House for one hundred years, and violating the provisions of the constitution referring to a quorum. They demanded that as the Republicans have a majority, the whole of that majority should appear and accept the responsibility of any action that may be taken. This position is unreasonable and untenable. If a sufficient number of the majority attend to outvote the minority, and actually do outvote them, the responsibility attaches to them as strongly as though every member was present and voted in favor of the measure. A member of the minority is not relieved from the duty of participating in the proceedings because the majority is sufficiently numerous to transact business without him. The contention may be admitted that the reverse has been the universal practice, and that the regular method of changing the practice would be by the adoption of a report to that effect by the committee on rules. Admitting this, however, it does not change the fact that an emergency existed in this case which could only be met by the arbitrary action of the speaker. President Lincoln is reported to have said once that he had sworn to support the constitution, but if it was necessary to violate the constitution to preserve the country, he would do it. The good of the country was a consideration higher for the moment than any provision of any written instrument. So in this case, though the emergency was by no means so great, the necessity for strong action was imperative. An attempt to amend the rules would have been met by the same filibustering, and would have stood no better chance of adoption than the report of the committee on elections. The practice of filibustering is a comparatively recent growth in public assemblies, but it is dear to the hearts of the politicians, and an abomination in the eyes of the people. It accomplishes no good purpose to prolong a hopeless parliamentary struggle. On the contrary, it does harm in delaying public business, and increases largely the expense of carrying on the government—no inconsiderable item under the most favorable of circumstances. The minority has done its duty when it points out the defects of any proposed legislation, and the responsibility for its enactment thereafter rests with the majority. Should the legislation be unwise, the punishment will come from the people none the less certainly should the minority not resort to filibustering. The danger of an arbitrary action by the speaker lies in its use as a precedent. But should the ruling of Speaker Reed form a precedent by which filibustering may be prevented in the future, the country may well be thankful that he has established such a precedent.

The Roman Catholics are most vehemently opposing the confirmation by the United States Senate of General F. A. Morgan as Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and of David Dorchester as Superintendent of Indian Schools. The sole ground of this bitter opposition is that these gentlemen are not in favor of any division among sectarian schools of the public appropriation for education. The latest reports indicate that the Catholics are likely to succeed in defeating the confirmation of these gentlemen. The issue between Romanism and our free institutions is being drawn sharp and clear by the action of the Catholics themselves. It would seem that our people are well prepared for the contest. The experience of ages, and the teaching of all history, serve to establish beyond dispute the fatal effect that Romanism exerts upon any nation under its domination. It is the essential tendency of its nature to antagonize all that is calculated to enlighten the masses. Darkness and degradation are inherently popish. If it has any light, it must be candle-light, especially Roman candle-light. Its enmity to reason is indisputable and recorded by every country. In order to exist, it fosters the darkest and most degrading superstitions, and

with all the weapons of passion and prejudice, combats self-government and intellectual independence, those primordial principles of social and political liberty. If at times Romanism has seemed to support free institutions, it has been in the hope of thus retaining the people under its authority. On such conditions, and for such purposes, Romanism once walked hand in hand with the Italian republics. Romanism can not hide the blood-stains upon its garments. It has consecrated all the murders and crimes which have been perpetrated against the brave-hearted patriots who have in the past boldly denounced and resisted religious and political oppression. Never, in any land, has Romanism recognized or respected the rights of the individual or the rights of society, but has always made them wholly subservient to the church, even in temporal affairs. When it could do so safely, Romanism has never hesitated to violate all other rights, however sacred, for the sake of its own supremacy. The Romish surplice is stained with this blood of freedom. Not in a single instance has Romanism condemned the atrocities of the civil power against liberty. Hence, for the sake of civil and religious domination, it bestowed its blessing on the exterminators of the Albigenses; it kindled the fires of the Inquisition; it consecrated the murders of St. Bartholomew's night, and every horror committed in the Netherlands, in Germany, in England, and in every nation of Europe against religious toleration and civil liberty. Romanism is only submissive when it is wholly unable to persecute. As it has acted in the past, so it will and must act forever; not the will but only the power is wanted now. Wherever Romanism secures a foothold, its tendencies and workings have been and are always identical. Its aim is to envelop society in its anaconda-like folds; to subdue, to govern, surreptitiously, if it dare not openly. Toward this end, it directs all its efforts and exerts all its influences. Romanism in America remains true to its essential nature. Of all European importations on the American continent, it alone refuses to be ennobled and ameliorated by its transplantation. If its priesthood presents a seeming devotion to freedom, it is but to delude public opinion and thus to seize and secure domination over the credulous. How is it possible to believe Romanism sincere in the love of freedom and independent judgment, when these principles are naturally antagonistic to its claims and are everywhere seen working the destruction of its power and authority? It yields now to the force of circumstances, but is ever watchful, and turns every favorable change to account with unrelenting consistency. Romanism flirted with the French Republic in 1848, but it subsequently secured the election of Louis Napoleon, applauded and blessed the deed of the second of December, and saluted in *pontificalibus* the new empire. When it can not rule alone, it always sides with despotism. Self-government and reason must give way before the advent of the Romish theocracy. In Europe, it was checked by the equally ambitious and grasping royalty; but here it avails itself of the non-interference of government in religious matters, of the latitude thus offered to its dark and tortuous under-dealings. It hopes and expects a final victory. It is opposed here by the forces of freedom and intelligence. But powerful as these divine agencies are, no less powerful is the unresisted genius of evil, acting on deeply rooted prejudices. The most amiable and pious purpose of Romanism—as openly avowed by its leaders—is to Romanize the population of America; or, in other words, to subvert the corner-stones of the institutions, poison the life, and destroy the destiny of our republican form of government. It cherishes the hope, by externally identifying itself with our institutions, of recovering on American soil what it has successively lost in Europe. All these aims and efforts constitute the highest act of treason, and should so be recognized and resented. They are repugnant to the genuine American mind, to the heart and reason of our people, nursed and bred by freedom. Romanism, therefore, takes care to maintain its compactness, to surround itself with the opaque wall of prejudice, and to keep well in hand a bigoted and devoted following in the midst of the American population. Romanism steps between its dupes and tools and the regenerating influences of our social institutions. The priest spares no pains to raise and maintain between the newly arrived Catholic immigrant and the American heretic a line of hateful demarkation. For this purpose, Romanism insists on the separation of public schools and a division of the school fund. Socially and politically, Romanism forms a state within the State, which is entirely impermeable to all higher and civilizing influences. It acts blindly under the orders of the clergy, and is fast becoming a tool in the hands of political leaders and intriguers. Dr. McGlynn, in answering Daniel Dougherty's complaint that "the highest honors of the republic are denied Catholics by a prejudice that has all the force of a constitutional enactment," says that "the people of this country are entirely justified by experience in entertaining such a prejudice. They fear to put in the hands of Catholics such power, because of their allegiance to the Pope, in the first place, and of the constant intrusion of the political side of the Catholic Church, as represented by the

ecclesiastical machine." No sincere Roman Catholic can be a loyal subject of any other power than that of the Pope. This has been manifest wherever the Catholics have been in power, even in this country. For, in direct contradiction of the claim of Daniel Dougherty, the Catholics have been in supreme control in Boston, New York, Chicago, and other cities for years. In New York alone, they have received out of the public funds some \$15,000,000 in the last seven years. Since 1886, Congress has appropriated for the education of the Indians \$1,790,601, out of which the Catholics have received \$1,238,310, or seven-tenths of the whole sum appropriated. This fact fully explains the animus of their present war upon the new commissioners. If Americans continue to give encouragement to these efforts to erect this politico-ecclesiastical institution in our country, that it may repeat under our flag of freedom the scenes which form the darkest pages of European history, then we shall have only ourselves to blame for the unblest results.

The week before last the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs decided upon a policy with regard to the navy, which, if not satisfactory in other respects, has at least the merit of comprehensiveness and boldness. If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, and if it is imperative that we should have a navy, then by all manner of means let there be no half measures about it, but let the vessels and their equipments be of a character to command respect. Since the Naval Policy Board, appointed by Secretary Tracy, has instructed Senator Hale to report favorably on his bill embodying the recommendations of the Secretary of the Navy, the question as to the construction or non-construction of a navy is practically settled. Nothing now remains to be done but to decide in what order the new ships are to be built. The recommendations made to the board provide for the building of ten first-class battle-ships, of ten thousand tons each; eight first-class, of eight thousand tons each; twelve second-class, of seven thousand tons each; three third-class, of six thousand three hundred tons each; five third-class, of six thousand tons each; six harbor monitors, of four thousand to six thousand tons each—making a total of forty-four line-of-battle ships, at a cost of upwards of two hundred and two millions of dollars. Besides these, the bill provides for the construction of eleven rams, of two thousand to three thousand five hundred tons each; nine thin-armored cruisers, of six thousand two hundred and fifty tons each; four first-class protected cruisers, of seven thousand five hundred tons each; ten first-class protected cruisers, of five thousand four hundred tons each; twelve second-class protected cruisers, of three thousand to four thousand five hundred tons each; six third-class protected cruisers, of seventeen hundred to three thousand tons each, besides gun-vessels, dispatch-boats, and torpedo-cruisers, with a legion of torpedo-boats, at a cost of one hundred and forty-seven millions of dollars, making a total of two hundred and thirty-seven ships, with an aggregate of about five hundred and eighty thousand tons, and costing in all upwards of three hundred and forty-nine millions of dollars. The world has never before witnessed the voting of a sum of such magnitude for one specific object and at one time. It is true that ten times this amount was appropriated by Congress during the Civil War, and by England during the Napoleonic wars, but this expenditure was, in both instances, distributed over a period of years. The ability to make such a colossal appropriation as this without affecting, in the slightest degree, the economical conditions of the nation, speaks far more eloquently than words of the almost boundless resources of a country which can amass such wealth as to be able to make such a sight-draft upon its treasury surplus. When these vessels are completed, if they are built on proper principles, our navy ought to be able to cope with any of the great maritime powers of the world, not even excepting England herself. Such a navy, however, can not be built in one year or in two. The construction of a first-class iron-clad is a matter of about two years, even in the old and perfectly equipped navy-yards of England, such as Sir William Armstrong's, at Elswick, Newcastle-on-Tyne, where a force of thirty thousand experienced mechanics and engineers is constantly employed, half by day and half by night. England, with her many and extensive ship-building yards, both government and private, has not been turning out more than an average of three first-class armored ships per year, for the last five years, and these five years have been marked by the construction of heavier vessels, and more of them, than were the twenty years preceding. It is only during the past seven years that the tonnage and horse-power of line-of-battle ships have leaped at a bound, so to speak, from six thousand to ten thousand tons, and from ten to fourteen thousand horse-power, with a corresponding increase in the thickness of their armor and the weight of their armament. The British Government has now in course of construction, at the dockyards of Chatham and Portsmouth, three first-class iron-clads, as far superior in weight and speed to the class just referred to, of which such monsters as the *Victoria*, the *Benbow*, the *Camperdown*,

and the *Anson* are the leading representatives, as these vessels were superior to the iron-clads of ten years ago. The *Hood*, the *Renown*, and the *Royal Sovereign*, now being built, are of fourteen thousand tons burden and thirteen thousand horse-power—a power capable of developing, under forced draught, twenty knots an hour. Rightly or wrongly, the genius of the age, in the matter of naval architecture, runs on the one hand to impregnable floating batteries, armed with 110-ton guns, and running up to twenty-three miles an hour, and on the other, to swift cruisers running at equally high or much higher rates of speed. Of this latter type England now has, in course of construction, upwards of forty vessels, of from two thousand five hundred to three thousand tons burden, and seven thousand to ten thousand horse-power. Two of these, however, are rated at twenty thousand horse-power, sufficient, under pressure, to attain a speed of about twenty-eight miles an hour. It must not be supposed, however, that the three hundred and fifty million dollars just voted will cover the expense of the equipment of the two hundred and thirty-seven vessels of which our future navy is to be composed. The hull of an iron-clad in a navy-yard is one thing, and the same iron-clad, fully equipped with armament and ammunition, ready for sea, is another. As a matter of fact, the latter constitutes by far the heavier part of the cost. An instance in point is that of the *Victoria*, one of the heaviest and largest vessels afloat, which was built four years ago at Elswick. The armored hull of this vessel cost only about five million dollars, but when fully equipped and ready for sea, four times that amount would not cover the expenditure. The armament of this vessel includes four 110-ton guns, costing seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars apiece, and six 80-ton guns, costing five hundred thousand dollars apiece—a total of six million dollars for ordnance alone. Each of these guns is provided with ninety rounds of ammunition—that number of rounds measuring the life of the gun and ending its existence as a weapon—at an average cost of four thousand dollars per shot, which is equivalent to an aggregate cost of three million six hundred thousand dollars for this simple item of expenditure. The weight of the charge for a 110-ton gun is six hundred and sixty pounds, and for an 80-ton gun, five hundred and sixty pounds, making an aggregate weight of two thousand seven hundred and fifty tons for ammunition alone. The charges are fed to the guns in the *Victoria* by hydraulic power, the mechanism of which cost three million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. These are only the major expenses of the equipment of such a vessel; the minor expenses may be put down as a million or two more. But without taking these into consideration, a slight computation will show that, while the cost of the eighteen-inch armor-plated hull of this vessel, with engines, boilers, etc., is rated at under five million dollars in the navy estimates, the cost of the same vessel thoroughly armed and equipped for service is considerably over eighteen millions, although even this figure, monstrous as it seems, is really far below the actual cost. Now, if the same rule is applied to our contemplated navy, we shall find that instead of the three hundred and fifty millions some of us fondly imagine will be the limit of the drain upon the treasury, we shall be lucky if we get off with the payment of one thousand five hundred millions before our two hundred and thirty-seven vessels are placed in commission upon our seas; and if the said vessels are constructed on the happy-go-lucky system which has characterized most of our latest efforts in naval architecture, we will be fortunate if a decent percentage of these vessels comes up to the speed and general efficiency laid out upon their plans.

The struggle for the World's Fair of 1892 has been transferred from the columns of the daily press to the halls of Congress, with all the wire-pulling and political maneuvering incident to congressional affairs. Washington gains in prominence by this change of the field of action, because Washington newspapers are without influence, while the people of that city are thoroughly conversant with political methods. Washington labors under such disadvantages, however, that it may be accepted as a foregone conclusion that the fair will not go there. The absence of a guarantee fund, the absolute inertia of the citizens in this direction, and the lack of commercial and hotel facilities are sufficient of themselves to settle the question. St. Louis is somewhat similarly situated, and the recognition of the hopelessness of its aspirations is clear in the announcement of the St. Louis advocates that they will support New York rather than allow the fair to go to Chicago. It is doubtful, however, whether this announcement will not defeat its own purpose. The animus of the whole agitation in favor of St. Louis becomes evident in the light of such an announcement, and the petty jealousy that it indicates will repel those who were formerly indifferent. The agitation and the rivalry of the cities has had the result of bringing out many curious ideas, and among the most curious of these is one contained in a communication received by the *Argonaut* recently. This writer urges that the character

of the event must be adhered to in developing the plan of the celebration.

The event was a voyage. The result of the event was the opening of a new world to civilization. In consequence of this, large numbers of the populations of Europe migrated to this country. The celebration, therefore, is determined to be: First—A presentation of the voyage, accompanied with vessels representative of the development of navigation and the improvement in vessels since that time; second, our nationality being the result of that voyage, its exhibit should be the leading idea of the celebration. That exhibit should consist . . . of the material results of this work of four centuries. For the details of the celebration, I would propose that the Government of Spain should send a duplicate of the three vessels which Columbus commanded. These to be accompanied by war and merchant vessels containing government representatives and scientific men from that country. That England should send, with representative men of that nation, vessels of the war and peace marine of that country, and in the same way France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Turkey, and other nations. As England furnished the earliest and the bulk of the population of the Eastern States, the English fleet should arrive at Boston. As the Dutch were the founders of that city, and are still a leading portion of their city population, the Dutch fleet should arrive at New York. As the Germans formed the bulk of the population of Pennsylvania, the German fleet should come to Philadelphia. As the French were the founders of Louisiana, the French fleet to New Orleans, where the representatives of the east South American Republics might also conveniently come. The vessels from Japan, China, Australia, with the west South American Republics, to San Francisco. These would arrive at about the same time. The fleet from Spain should land at a port nearest to Washington, so as to form the initial feature of the celebration. These representatives should be received at these ports with suitable demonstrations, and after such demonstration, should proceed to the capital, where the celebration should be held on the anniversary day of the discovery. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, the representatives of foreign governments, accompanied by a committee of Congress, and citizens who have served on foreign embassies, should make a tour to exhibitions, which should be organized for the occasion, displaying the products of the four leading sections of the country; the President and his Cabinet, and the most distinguished representatives of the government should make the same tour to these exhibitions, which might be four: At Atlanta, an exhibit of agricultural, horticultural, and mining products of the south-eastern section of this country. At San Francisco, an exhibit of agricultural, horticultural, and mining products of the south-western section. At Chicago, or St. Louis, an exhibit of the productions of the great north-west. At New York, an exhibit of the Middle and Eastern States' productions in manufactures, mines, and agriculture.

This plan exhibits some curious ideas as to geographical locations. For instance, San Francisco being on the western coast of North America, it is made the port of entry for representatives of the western South American countries. But San Francisco is farther away, both commercially and geographically, than New Orleans or even New York. Communication between this port and South American countries is possible only because of the fact that a line of steamers plying between here and New York stops at a port where an English line, plying between England and South American ports, also stops. The commerce of Chili, Peru, and Colombia passes across the isthmus and enters New York rather than San Francisco. Furthermore, Valparaiso, the principal city of the western coast of South America, lies farther eastward than New York city. Again, San Francisco is made the centre of the south-western section of this country. But neither commercially nor geographically can it be so classed. The Pacific Slope includes the States west of the Rocky Mountains, both those to the north as well as those to the south. According to this plan, Washington, Idaho, and Oregon would not know whether to send their exhibits to Chicago or to San Francisco. But with all these geographical errors, the result of learning the topography of the country from a map, this communication has the prime requisite of originality. Sectional jealousies are done away with by spreading the exhibition out thin over the whole world, and the question of expense is minimized by calling on all the other governments to bear their share of the work and expense. The expense of four separate sets of exhibition buildings would be a minor difficulty, compared with the work of getting the other governments to do this.

The street-railway system of Kansas City includes one hundred and twenty-five miles of track, sixty-nine miles being operated by cable. Before 1885, the system was composed of two companies, operating sixteen miles of road by mule-power. At that time the average number of passengers carried daily was fifteen thousand, and the daily receipts averaged seven hundred and fifty dollars. The steep grades of the city rendered the extension of horse-lines unprofitable, but the introduction of cables changed this and has given quite a boom to the street-railways. Horse-power is used to-day on only eighteen miles of track, an increase of only two miles in the four years, while the immense extension of the system has been in the construction of cable and electric lines. The average daily travel on the roads is 124,900, or 35,588,500 passengers for the year. The revenue of the roads is \$2,754,200 per annum. The population of Kansas City is, roughly, one-fourth of that of this city, and with the same ratio of travel, the street-cars of this city would carry annually 142,354,000 passengers and would receive therefor \$11,016,800.

In Germany, a railway flagman, at the crossing at a small station, thought he had the grip when all the other employees of the road were getting leave of absence for the same cause, and applied to the company's doctor to be examined. The doctor could not spare the time to stop at such a small place, so he telegraphed to the flagman to be standing beside the track when the train went past, with his tongue out, and he would examine him on the fly. The flagman dutifully stood with his tongue out all the time the train was slowly passing his station, and the next day the company received from passengers a dozen complaints of the impertinent conduct of one of its employees at that station.

THE WRITING IN THE GEODE.

Last summer, the schooner *William Haley*, of Galveston, trading among the West Indies, was becalmed near the Gulf Stream. The second day the captain's curiosity was aroused by a strange floating mass, and he ordered the mate to take a boat and examine it. The mate returned towing a log, from which the men had cut away the marine growth which had made it seem at a distance like a sea-monster. The captain ordered it to be hoisted to the deck, declaring that in forty years spent at sea he had never found anything like it.

When laid on the deck, it was seen to be about twenty feet long and two feet in diameter. It was of some very hard, dark-colored wood, like palm, charred in places, and worn and broken, cut and torn, as if it had been whirled through torrents and maelstroms for hundreds of years. The ends were pointed, and five hands of dark metal, like bronze, were sunk in the wood, and the whole bore evidence of having passed through intense heat. On closer examination, the log was seen to consist of two parts, and these bands were to bind it together. The captain had the hands cut, and in the exact centre, fitted into a cavity, was a round stone, eighteen inches in diameter. The rest of the wood was solid.

The captain, more disappointed at this result than he cared to confess, picked up the stone and was greatly astonished at its lightness. Examining it more closely, he remembered that when a boy on the old New Hampshire farm he used to find hollow stones with crystals in them—geodes, as he afterwards heard them called. This was probably a geode, placed in this strange receptacle for some unknown purpose. He carried it into his cabin and put it into his chest.

Two months later, the old captain returned to his cottage on Galveston Bay, and placed among his curiosities the geode he had so strangely found in the Gulf Stream. One day he studied it again, and the sunlight chanced to fall upon a narrow, irregular line.

"I declare," said the old man; "it looks like as if this stone had been patched together!"

He struck it with a hammer and it fell apart, and proved to be filled with small pieces of yellowish-brown wood. The shell of the stone was about an inch thick, studded over inside with thousands of garnet crystals. It had been broken into three parts and fastened together again with some sort of cement which showed plainly on the inside.

The old captain poured the pieces of wood on the table. They were perfectly dry and hard. They seemed almost like strips of bamboo, and were numbered and covered with writing, made by pricking marks with some sharp instrument like an awl. He found the first piece of wood and began to read, for it was in English. The work of deciphering the tiny dents on the bits of wood soon became the captain's chief occupation. He copied each sentence off in his old log-book as fast as it was made out. Five or six sentences were about all his eyes would stand without a rest, so that it was a long time before the narrative was at all complete. This narrative runs as follows:

HEART OF THE ROCKIES, about Sept. 17, 1886.

I am an American, Timothy Parsons, of Machias, Maine. I have no living relatives. I write this in a vast vaulted chamber, hewn from the solid granite by some prehistoric race. I have been for months a wanderer in these subterranean spaces, and now I have contrived a way to send my message out to the world that I shall probably never see again. If some miner, tunneling in the Rockies, comes upon a vaulted chamber, with heaps of ancient weapons of bronze, bars of gold, and precious stones that no man may number, let him give Christian burial to the poor human bones that lie in this horrible treasure-house. He will find all that is left of my mortal frame near the great ever-burning lamp, under the dome of the central hall. That lamp is fed from some reservoir of natural gas. It was lighted when I came, months ago. For all I know otherwise, it has burned there for thousands of years.

The entrance to this sub-montane river is in the Assinaboine Mountains, north of the United States line. I was a prospector there for several years, and I heard stories among the older Indians that a river greater than the Columbia had once flowed where the Rocky Mountains now are; that the Great Spirit had piled the mountains over it and buried it deep underground. At last a medicine man, whose life I had once saved, told me that he knew how to get to the river, and he took me into a cave in a deep gorge. Here we lived for a week, exploring by means of pine torches, and at last found a passage which ran steadily downward. This, the Indian told me, was the path by which his ancestors, who once lived in the middle of the earth, had found their way to the light of day.

I think we were about three thousand feet below the entrance of the cave, when we began to hear the sound of roaring waters. The sound increased, until we stood by an underground river, of whose width and depth we could form no idea. The light of our torches did not even reveal the height of the roof overhead. My guide told me that this was the mother of all the rivers of the world. No other person except himself knew of its existence. It flowed from the end of the north to the extreme south. It grew ever warmer and warmer. There was a time when people lived along its channel, and there were houses and cities of the dead there, and many strange things. It was full of fish without eyes, and they were good to eat. If I would help him build a raft, he would float with me down this river. The old stories said that one could go upon it for many miles. It ran down a hollow under the mountains.

We built and equipped our raft and launched it on the most foolhardy adventure, I do believe, that ever occupied the attention of men. We lit torches, and set them in sockets on the raft, and we were well armed. For two weeks we moved down the high arched way, at a steady rate of only about three miles an hour. The average width of the stream was about five hundred feet, but at times it widened out to almost twice that. It swarmed with many kinds of fish, and they were

very easy to secure. The rock walls and roof seemed to be of solid granite. We were below the later formations.

As nearly as I can calculate, we were about a thousand miles from where our voyage began, and nothing had yet happened to disturb its monotony, when we began to find traces of ancient work and workers. An angle in the wall was hewn into a titanic figure; at another point there seemed to be regular windows, and a dwelling was perched far up in the granite dome.

The Indian told me more of the traditions of his race as we drifted past these things. "They were very great men who lived here. They had many things; they knew more than the white men. They are all dead now." And I gathered from his chance remarks that he thought they had left secrets in their cave-dwellings which would make him the biggest Indian on the continent if he could discover them.

Suddenly we found that the river was flowing much faster, and we failed to check our raft. We went over a water-fall, perhaps seventy feet high, and were thrown on a shelf of rock at the side of the river below. I was unhurt, but my companion was so badly injured that he died in a few hours. I repaired the raft after a fashion, and continued the voyage, finding it impossible to contrive any way to scale the sides of the water-fall and attempt a return. All our torches were lost, and the attempt to proceed further seemed but the last act of despair. A few hours later, I saw a light gleam over the river in a very remarkable way, shining clear across, as if from the head-light of a locomotive high up on the wall. This aroused me somewhat from my stupor and misery. I sat up on the raft and steered it close to the edge of the river to see what wonderful thing had happened.

As I came nearer, I saw that an irregular hole was in the wall a thousand feet above the water, and the light shone out through it. It was a cheerful thing to look at, and I hung to the granite and shouted, but to no effect. Then I saw a broken place in the wall a little further down, and let the raft drift along to the base of a broad though much worn and broken flight of steps winding up the cliff. That brought me at last to the place of the light, a domed hall overlooking the river, hewn out of the rock, and having in its centre a metal basin with a jet of natural gas. I have had to cut off a part of this metal basin since, but I have not harmed the inscriptions. There are many gas-jets, but in the other chambers I have had to light them.

I have lived here for months, and I have explored all the chambers of the place. There is no escape, so far as I can see. The river, twenty miles below, plunges down vaster descents, and the water gets so hot that I should be boiled alive if I tried the voyage. I have discovered a log of tropic wood like palm, and a geode in which I can send a message to the world of sunlight. Perhaps this will get through the fires and float to the surface somewhere. I am convinced that the river which brought me here flows on into the Gulf of Mexico, and that, sooner or later, my log will be picked up. Perhaps this river is really the source of the Gulf Stream.

I will now write down my discoveries, not in their order, but as a whole. My story must be brief, or this scant means of record will fail me.

This place seems to have been approached only by the river. It consists of six large, domed halls, connected with a seventh, in which the light burns. There are swords of bronze, spear-heads, and other weapons stored in one chamber. There have been costly fabrics also, but they have perished, and only a few fragments are left. In another hall are many treasures accumulated. I do not attempt to estimate the riches here. Montezuma's lost treasure is said to have been eighty million dollars, but I believe the hidden treasure-house of this forgotten race would dwarf to insignificance the riches of Aztecs and Peruvians put together. The gold is in great bars which I can not lift, or I would have tried to make a golden vessel to carry my story. The silver is in yet more huge blocks, perhaps five feet square. Everything here is cyclopean. A granite chest, higher than my head, is full to the brim with rings and precious stones. What surprises me most is that there are diamonds, pearls, and amber among them. What a widely extended commerce this people must have had before they descended to this subterranean river and hid their treasures here!

One hall is especially the hall of pictures and of writing. I spend many hours there. I see the history of this race, their wars, their heroes, their mythology. They are like the Egyptians in many things, but they are not Egyptians, nevertheless; they have some of the Greek art spirit, too. Perhaps they lived in the time before Atlantis was overwhelmed; perhaps they were antediluvians. One thing is certain: they had poets, historians, philosophers, in those days. I wish I could write down here a tithe of the wit and wisdom that I find on the gayly painted walls of these ancients of so many ages.

The most wonderful chamber of all is the hall to the north. That is the chamber of death and silence. When first I entered this hall, I lighted all the gas-jets. Around the walls were high cases of drawers, and on the front of each was a portrait. I examined them for hours before I felt any desire to do more. Among them I observed a very beautiful face—that of a young girl just entering womanhood. This wonderful race possessed the highest artistic skill and delicacy of expression. The face of this girl, except that the colors had faded, might have been the admired masterpiece of the Paris Salon. I felt a sudden interest in the face, and caught the drawer-handles and pulled it out. In the wide, deep space into which I looked, lay, robed in white, her hands folded, the form of the girl whose picture was outside. How beautiful she was! She lay as if only asleep. Then, slowly, as I looked, the whole figure melted down and faded away to a pile of dust. I closed the shrine and touched no more of them, but I often go and look at the faded painting and think how lovely the girl was.

The paintings on the walls of this mural chamber show that the people had two systems of disposing of their dead. The great mass were consigned to the river, but the bodies of all who were famous for beauty, wisdom, or any good qual-

ity were preserved by a process of embalming, which they evidently thought would make them endure for ages. There are probably twelve thousand separate bodies here, and they represent more than twenty successive generations, if I rightly understand the system of family grouping. If people lived as long as they do now, there was an average of about fifteen additions each year to this great Westminster Abbey of the past. From a sort of a map, painted on one of the walls, I obtain the idea of many and thickly populated communities which used this place as the sepulchre of their chosen few.

Evidently that was before volcanic outbursts made the channel of the river like a caldron boiling over endless fires. All along the course are towns marked, groups of rock-hewn rooms on the cliffs, populated islands on the river, promontories from whose sides fountains of light seem to spring. Did thousands of people once live and find happiness in these vast vaults of death? Things must have been very different then from now. They must have had many reservoirs of natural gas. The animal life in the river must have been much more varied. Indeed, there are pictures in the Hall of War, as I have named it, that show two things plainly—that there were thousands of caverns, extending over hundreds of miles, and peopled by animals with which the heroes fought; and that the river was swarming with existence.

Moreover I find everywhere, chief of the symbols of life, in the most sacred places, a food-root like a water-nut, from which grew white leaves and seeds. There must have been some electric principle evolved here, by the vast warm lakes of the river, lit with soft light everywhere at certain seasons. For now I come to the strangest fact of all that I gather from the records of the race: these people had two kinds of light; one they found and lit—that they knew as the lesser God of Life; the other, coming from north to south, twice each year filled for many weeks the whole channel of the river, from depth to dome, making the very water translucent. The water-root and its grain ripened and were harvested in the last days of the light. Two crops a year they gathered, and held their Days of the Feasts of the Greater God of Life.

I have tried to put together all I can of their picture-writings and their paintings, so as to understand what sort of men and women they were. I confess that I have learned to admire them greatly. They were a strong, brave, loving, and beautiful people. I am sorry they are all gone. I never cared half so much about the dead Etruscans or Carthaginians. The earliest chapter in their history, so far as I discover, is a picture of a line of men and women descending into a cave, and a dragon pursuing them. This seems to point to a former residence on the face of the earth, and to some disaster—war, flood, pestilence, or some fierce monster—which drove the survivors into the depths of the earth for shelter.

But all these thoughts are vain and foolish. I have explored the cliffs of the river and the walls of the mighty halls which shelter me. I have attempted to cut a tunnel upward past the water-fall, using the ancient weapons which lie in such numbers on the floor. The bronze wears out fast, but if I live long enough, something may be done. I will close my record and launch it down the river. Then I will try to cut my way out to the sunlight.

Here the story closed. Some day, perhaps, an old man, white-haired and pale as one from the lowest dungeon of a Bastille, will climb slowly out of some cañon of the Rockies to tell the world more about his discovery of a lost race.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1890.

A new French repeating air-rifle, called the "miracle-gun," is light—much lighter than any of the army rifles now in use. It resembles the magazine-gun in that a steel cartridge, about a span and a half long and as thick as a man's thumb, is attached to the one barrel by means of a screw. This cartridge contains three hundred shots, which can be discharged as rapidly or slowly as a man desires. Since neither powder nor any other explosive, but only compressed and liquefied air, supplies the expelling force, no smoke and no flash accompany the discharge. Only a short, sharp, low report is heard as the ball leaves the cartridge. At the recent trial, the ball traveled with wonderful accuracy and penetrated deep into the wall of the shooting-room. As soon as one cartridge is emptied of its three hundred shots, another cartridge can be screwed on the gun in the twinkling of an eye. The three hundred shots in a cartridge can be produced at a cost of about two and a half cents. The gun itself can be manufactured for about five dollars.

The Italian Government is making a persistent effort to improve the quality of horseflesh in Italy. It has just bought Melton, the winner of the Derby in 1885, for sixty thousand dollars, and is negotiating for the purchase of several other thorough-breds in Germany and England.

The Peral submarine boat was tried again in Cadiz Bay on December 26th with great success. She cruised for four hours with nothing but the turret visible, then dived to a depth of twenty feet and reappeared three and a half miles away. Her speed all the time was six knots.

A new contrivance has been applied to watches called an "appointment reminder." A small dial is set into the watch's face, upon which one can set the hands at any hour required.

The prices of camphor and gum promise to rise. The German Government is making gigantic purchases of these articles for the manufacture of smokeless powder.

An agitation has sprung up in Belgium for the reenactment of capital punishment in consequence of the alarming increase of murders within the last few years.

THE SHELLEY BARONETCY.

"Cockaigne" writes of the eccentric Sir Percy and his Successor.

By the demise of Sir Percy Shelley, Bart., only son of Percy Bysshe Shelley, the male line of descent from the famous poet becomes extinct, and the baronetcy devolves upon Sir Percy's nephew, Edward Shelley, of Avington, in the County of Hampshire. The world at large, who know Shelley's poems as among the finest poetry of the century and the author as one of the great poets of England, were perhaps not aware that the poet left a son who, up to a month or six weeks ago, was living in England the life of a quiet country gentleman, unnoted and uneventful as the lives of nine-tenths of the English squirarchy usually are in these days. You scarcely ever heard of him; he took no part in public life, and socially he was by no means a shining light. He had a great affection for the neighborhood of Bournemouth, and some years ago took up his residence near that youthful watering-place, upon a small estate called Boscombe, whose whole landed area did not exceed a hundred acres.

But though Sir Percy was, as the world goes, a quiet, retiring man, he was decidedly an eccentric one. About ten or twelve years ago, he disposed of the family estates in Sussex (much to the dissatisfaction of the family connection of "sisters, cousins, and aunts") and set about the building of a curiously planned town-residence upon the Thames embankment, near Chelsea. It was a sort of hobby of his, and took I do not know how many years to complete. I am not quite sure but that he was his own architect. Anyhow, he took an immense interest in the construction of the building and did a good deal of "bossing" in regard to it. He was passionately fond of amateur theatricals, and among the other eccentricities of his new abode was a private theatre attached to the house. This was known as the "Shelley Theatre," and plays and operas, in which he took a prominent part, were frequently acted and sung there by leading amateur actors, actresses, and singers. I believe that admission was usually charged, the proceeds being given to charity. The theatre was perhaps the best and most completely appointed private concern in England. Large crowds used to attend the performances, and so like a regular public place of amusement did it soon become that the residents of the immediate neighborhood, who had rented houses there on the supposition that they had fixed their abode in a purely residential quarter free from the objectionable outward features of a play-house region, got riled at the noises occasioned by the exit of the audience when the performance was over (say about midnight, for the best amateur acting *will* drag), and the rumble of carriage-wheels and clatter of hoofs.

"One might as well live in the Strand or the Haymarket at once as here," groaned the early to bed fathers of families, as they turned over and drew up the blankets over one ear while they buried the other in the pillow; "it's a confounded nuisance, so it is, and it shouldn't be allowed."

"Simply disgraceful!" cried the dear old spinsters of anti-theatrical opinion, based upon a belief that "play-acting" was a sinful occupation and all actors were emissaries of the devil—charming old creatures who did not mind the disturbance of their slumbers half so much as the contaminating atmosphere generated under their very windows. "If the police do not put a stop to it, we must really write to our solicitor to dispose of our lease at once, and take steps to secure us a house in a proper neighborhood. Wilkins, is that you? Yes, I rang my bell. Pray stay here with me while these disgraceful sounds continue. No, no, no; do not dare to draw the window-curtains and look out. What o'clock, did you say? A quarter-past twelve? Oh, dear, that I should ever have lived to see radicalism bring my country to such humiliation!"

But neither the secret groans of the old fellows nor the subdued cries of the ancient maidens had any effect. Night after night the "Shelley Theatre" was in full swing, a blaze of light and a din of sound. The thing became unbearable. Something must be done. A conference was held, resembling in its main points Æsop's Council of Mice. Proceedings must be taken. But by whom? It was a ticklish business to take the initiative against a man of Sir Percy's standing. What mouse was willing to bell the cat?

"I will," said the Hon. Slingsby Bethell, one of the clerks of the House of Commons and a son of Lord Chancellor Westbury, who retired under unsatisfactory circumstances from the woosack; "I'll bring him to book."

And he kept his word. He had a summons issued from a police magistrate's court, to Sir Percy Shelley, commanding him to show cause why he should not be punished for maintaining a nuisance. Sir Percy promptly appeared, and the question was tried. I believe a technical nuisance was established, Sir Percy not having taken out a theatrical license. The magistrate, however, showed his contempt for the whole proceeding, and the narrow-mindedness of Mr. Bethell, by inflicting on Sir Percy a formal fine of one farthing. Mr. Slingsby Bethell, therefore, retired from the scene with a black eye, and after that the weak-nerved neighbors had to grin and bear it, or remove to other quarters. Mr. Bethell, I think, paid the United States a visit a few years ago, and made himself ridiculous by demanding baths during his overland journey from San Francisco—just the sort of man to dislike "the play."

Sir Percy was thus encouraged to go on with his theatricals, and did so. Latterly he has ceased to take interest even in them, and has fallen out of the slight notoriety they gave him. He was not what in England is termed an old man, having been just seventy years of age. The Shelley baronetcy is not a very ancient one, its creation being as late as in the year 1806. The poet never held the title. He was drowned in 1822, during the life-time of his father, and his son (the late Sir Percy) succeeded his grandfather in 1844. That the late baronet was not a clever man, affords another proof of the uncertainty of the heredity of genius or talent, for not only was his father one of England's most celebrated poets, but his mother was Mary Wollstonecraft, the author of "Frankenstein." That the

offspring of such a father and mother should be but a commonplace sample of ordinary mediocrity, is a little surprising. He gave marked tokens, however, of one of the supposedly strongest signs of genius. He was very eccentric, one of his little playful peculiarities of conduct (so I have been told) having been to change his coat, waistcoat, or trowers (I just now do not remember which) a dozen or twenty times a day.

This failure of the male line of descent from the poet Shelley adds another instance to the already long list of extinct descendants of illustrious Englishmen. Few people, I daresay, know that there is not now living a single descendant in the male line of Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Cowley, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Goldsmith, Scott, Byron, Moore, or (I imagine that this is more known) Shakespeare; not one of Sir Philip Sydney, or (so believes Sir Bernard Burke, who ought to be an authority) Sir Walter Raleigh; not one of Drake, Cromwell, Hampden, the great Duke of Marlborough, or Nelson; not one of Addison, Swift, or Dr. Johnson; not one of "Hotspur," Bolingbroke, Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Grattan, or Canning; not one of Bacon, Newton, or Davy; not one of Hume, Gibbon, or Macaulay; not one of Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, or Sir Thomas Lawrence; not one of David Garrick, John Kemble, or Edmund Kean.

But though the direct line of male descent from Shelley now fails, the baronetcy does not become extinct; and though it does not go to a descendant of the poet, it passes into the possession of his nephew, who—if Sir Percy can be taken as an example—is a far better man than might have been found among his uncle's posterity. The present baronet is a man of much native ability, and a worthy head of the Shelleys of Castle Goring. He is a widower, on the shady side of sixty, and lives on one of the most beautiful estates in the south of England. The house—a fine old structure of red brick—was built and lived in by Charles the Second as a sort of dove-cote for his amours with Nell Gwynne, who also resided there. To this day Nell Gwynne's room is shown to visitors. Sir Edward Shelley, for that is the name of the new baronet, has led a life of strange adventure. He began his career as an officer of the Sixteenth Lancers, becoming a captain at the age of twenty. He was of a roving, daring spirit, and the routine barrack life (so dear to the average British cavalry officer) he found too tame and slow. So he resigned his commission, and, at the breaking out of the Crimean War, joined the Turkish Bashi-Bazouks. For his services with them he was created a pasha by the Sultan. After that he went out to South Africa, and spent a couple of years there in the wilds, hunting and exploring. He is mentioned in one of Gordon Cummings's books. Tiring of Africa, he went out to America and made straight for the Western prairies and mountains in search of rough sport. While there, he was captured by the Indians and kept a prisoner among them in the most curious fashion. He so quickly adapted himself to their mode of life, and became so thoroughly and heartily one of them, that they took a great liking to him. Instead of moping and groaning like other white men, he was happy and contented. Their rough, free ways suited his adventurous tastes. They elected him their chief. This mark of regard was almost more than he desired and he would fain have declined the novel honor. But they would not let him. He was compelled to accept the position, and for two years remained the chief of the tribe. But though their head he was yet their prisoner, for he was watched and guarded day and night lest he should escape. In time he grew weary of his wigwam and his squaw wives (he had three), and longed for liberty and association with civilization once more. At length one night he managed to elude his guards, and under cover of the darkness made good his escape. He was pursued, but succeeded in reaching a frontier settlement in safety, and thence traveled on to Chicago as best he could, those being the days before the railroads were thought of. After that he visited China and Japan, taking San Francisco en route, going and coming, and had many adventures in both of those countries. Indeed, his exploits and adventures all over the world, chiefly in the uncivilized parts, would fill a good-sized volume.

To see him now you would think he had never lived any other life than that of an English country gentleman. In '63, or thereabouts, he succeeded his father (the poet's brother) in the possession of the family's Hampshire estates, and immediately settled down and became a respectable member of society, going in for the milder sport of fox-hunting with as keen a zest as he had displayed when hunting buffalo with his Indian tribe, and shooting pheasants and partridges with as keen an interest as if they were tigers in the jungles of India or hart-beests in the forests of South Africa. He is, indeed, a remarkable man, clear headed, clever, shrewd, well read, well informed, a thorough sportsman of the genuine type, and a thorough gentleman whom rough associations could not roughen or wild companions spoil. He possesses two characteristics to a marked degree—individuality and adaptability, and his eventful life furnishes a pointed illustration of both. Born a gentleman, he has mixed with and "won golden opinions from all sorts of people," and remains a gentleman still. Few men could do the same.

Up to a few years ago the two maiden sisters of the poet lived at Brighton. Charming old ladies they were, of eighty and eighty-two. Though of a great age they were as bright and cheery as girls of twenty, and physically as strong as women half their age. Their house, in which they lived together in all the refined luxury that ample means could provide, was one of the favorite resorts for afternoon tea of a large circle of admiring friends. They seldom, if ever, mentioned their famous brother.

LONDON, January 4, 1890.

Edison says that "many extremely useful improvements on the telephone are in the possession of those controlling the invention, and are safely locked up from the world because of the great extra expense which attend their application to existing instruments."

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—"Beautiful day for a walk!" She—"Yes, but what a day for a ride!"—*Time*.

Kate—"And is it true that you married for money?" Laura—"Yes, but papa has succeeded in borrowing only two thousand from Charley so far."—*Time*.

Tramp—"Please, sir, give me a nickel." Gentleman—"Will a copper do?" "Yep." "Here, officer; here's a man wants a copper." (Tramp doesn't wait).—*Texas Slings*.

He—"Why should you be so angry at me for stealing just one little kiss?" She—"Any self-respecting woman would be angry at a man who kissed her just once."—*The Dramatic Critic*.

Lady (in furniture store, to new clerk)—"Where are those handsome sideboards that you had last week?" Clerk (embarrassed)—"Oh, I—I shaved them off day after day yesterday, ma'am."—*Life*.

Publisher—"I wish you would write us a good sea-story." Great author—"But I have never been to sea." Publisher—"I know it. I want a sea-story that people can understand."—*New York Weekly*.

Stranger (to small boy)—"Is your father home?" Small boy—"No, sir. He went to the cemetery this morning." Stranger—"When will he return?" Small boy—"He's gone to stay."—*Life*.

Old maid (who wants a portrait of her dog)—"Do you take instantaneous photographs here?" Photographer's boy—"Yes, ma'am; run right in, and he'll take you afore you're a minute older."—*New York Weekly*.

Mr. Grubbs (ten p. m.)—"I hate to go to sleep knowing that a strange young man is down in the parlor with our daughter." Mrs. Grubbs—"Don't you worry. We had onions to-night, you know."—*New York Weekly*.

She—"What do the papers mean by the Underground Electric-System?" He—"The Underground Electric-System is just the reverse of the one now in use. It is a system in which it is proposed to bury the wires instead of the citizens."—*Life*.

Mr. Russet Spatts—"That's a queer-looking dog of yours, Miss Hubbelle. Isn't it what the English call a 'turnspit'?" Miss Auburn Hubbelle (severely)—"I don't know what the English may call it, Mr. Spatts, but I call it a rotatory extemporator."—*Puck*.

"Oh, George is just lovely!" exclaimed a Boston girl; "he anticipates every wish of my heart and lings me just the most exquisite presents." "It is nice to have an attentive friend." "Yes, indeed; I'd rather give up Faneuil Hall than George."—*Judge*.

Mrs. Hickes—"What a pretty blonde Miss King-Chester is! But she's an anomaly to me. I know the family well. All the Kings were brunettes, and the Chesters were all dark, too. Where can she get her light hair from?" Miss Wickes—"From Paris."—*Life*.

"I wonder why it is," remarked old Snoodle, "that I should be continually visited by commercial agencies in reference to my financial responsibility. I am not asking credit anywhere." "True," said his friend, "but your only daughter is now eighteen."—*Society*.

Mr. Williams—"What 'yo' doin' dat fo', Mr. Jo'son—puttin' mosquito-nets up dis time in de year?" Mr. Johnson—"Waal, yo' see de doctor tole me de air war full of dis yer grip micro bees; so I's takin' precotions agin gittin' 'em into de house."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Self-arrested prisoner—"For heaven's sake, your honor, send me somewhere where I can do some work! I'm dying from inactivity." The judge—"Who are you?" Prisoner—"I'm Chauncey Depew's cook, sir. He hasn't been home to dinner for four years."—*Judge*.

Newsboy—"Please, mister, will you give me two cents to get a night's lodging?" Minister—"But two cents won't pay for that, my little friend." Newsboy—"No, sir. But if I had two cents I could pitch with the other boys, and perhaps win a pile."—*New York Sun*.

"I beg your pardon," said a reporter to a man who stood at the foot of one of the electric-light poles intently watching a lineman who was at work at the top; "but are you an electric-light director?" "No, sir," replied the man addressed, "I am not. I am an undertaker."—*Life*.

Paterfamilias—"No, John, I have no objection to having you for a son-in-law, but I think a young man should not marry before he is twenty-one." John—"Yes, I am only eighteen, but remember, sir, Miss Julia is twenty-seven, and I could never think of marrying a woman of thirty."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

Bertie Brilliant (driving home from the club, after having taken rather more champagne than he ought)—"I say, how much pleasanter it is to ride in a cab and think how much pleasanter it is to ride in a cab than it is to walk, than it is to walk and think how much pleasanter it is to ride in a cab than it is to walk!"—*Life*.

Judge—"What's the charge, officer?" Officer—"Petty larceny, your honor." Prisoner (interrupting)—"I beg your pardon, judge—the charge is impersonating an officer." Judge—"How do you make that out?" Prisoner—"I took a handful of peanuts and an orange from a poor woman's stand without paying for them."—*Puck*.

Tommy—"Pa, old Miss Yellowby has just been here and brought you a Christmas present—another pair of slippers. That's the fourth pair you've gotten. Why do people always give preachers slippers and nothing else, pa?" The rector—"Because preachers' sons are said to be worse than those of anybody else, Tommy."—*Life*.

Diplomacy on the Bobtail. She was struggling to get her fare into the box when the car gave a lurch and her money went down the neck of a gentleman in front. The driver, after watching for a moment the struggles of the victim, remarked: "If de gent don't want ter change his clothes afore de public, he can jist drop anudder nickel in de box."—*Life*.

She—"Oh, Henry, it's very easy to see why you didn't enjoy the exposition. You wouldn't enter into what was going on. You wouldn't leave your native prejudices and ideas of life behind you. While you were in Paris you should have done as the Parisians did." Henry—"Good heavens, how could I? A man can't swindle and rob himself, can he?"—*Life*.

"What do you mean by 'la grippe,' count, in France? It seems such a strange name for a cold in the head." "Vais, Mees Hartington, eet ees singulare. I sink ze grippe in America is a sort of—of—what you call a hand-shake—n'est ce pas? And pairhaps zat has somesing to do vith what you call ze malin—ze shakes? C'est la nième chose, pairhaps."—*Harper's Weekly*.

Sweet girl (in a row-boat)—"What is this placed in the back of the boat for?" Nice young man—"That is to put an oar in when you want to scull the boat. Rowing requires both oars—one on each side; but in sculling one oar only is used. That is placed at the back, and worked with one hand." (After meditation)—"I wish you would try sculling awhile."—*New York Weekly*.

He was waiting for her to come down stairs, when the Terror sauntered in. "Hello, my little man! You're Miss Letitia's little brother, aren't you? Here's something to buy candy with." "You'll excuse me, but I can not accept a nickel. I am a member of the Children's Amalgamated Association for the Preservation of a High Tariff in Donations from Visitors. The lowest card-scale in which there is no particular favor desired is ten cents."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Monsieur wanted the picture hung to the right; madame wanted it on the left. But monsieur insisted that the servant should hang the picture according to his orders. Consequently, Joseph stuck a nail in the wall on the right, but this done, he also went and stuck another on the left. "What is that second nail for?" his master inquired, in astonishment. "It's to save me the trouble of fetching the ladder tomorrow when monsieur will have come round to the views."—*London Punch*.

MISS FAIR'S ENGAGEMENT.

"Van Gryse" writes of her Intended and other Gotham Bachelors.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Fair, of San Francisco, to Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, has created some stir here in spite of the fact that rumors of it have been afloat for some time past. Miss Fair and her mother have been spending the winter at the Hoffman—a good hotel with a capital restaurant, and generally recognized as the stamping-ground of the rich Californians, who prefer the stir of Broadway to the holy calm which reigns in Fifth Avenue in the sacred neighborhood of the Victoria and the Cambridge. The party have commanded much attention—not only because of the young lady's charming prettiness and rumored wealth, but because of the romantic and sensational atmosphere which always surrounds the Californian in the New Yorker's eyes. I believe, for my own part, that this is an affectation—a pet affectation of the New Yorker. He wants to be like a foreigner where the West is concerned. When he hears a girl is from California, he affects to believe that she is a person of phenomenal wealth, astounding beauty, terrifying unconventionality, and that her mother was a washer-woman. According to what he hears he is led to believe that all the mothers of California were originally washer-women. The supply of them must have exceeded the demand, or else the forty-niner must have worn three billed shirts a day.

The surprise apropos of Miss Fair's engagement is evoked not by the fact that Mr. Oelrichs should marry an outsider, but that he should marry at all. He has been regarded as one of the show bachelors of New York for the last twenty years. He has known all the prettiest women who have budded and bloomed and been gathered in that time, and that he has had numerous *bonnes fortunes* no one will deny. With an income of twenty thousand a year he has been able to enjoy life to the full, has known most of the people in New York worth knowing, and has earned the reputation of a *bon garçon*, a giver of good dinners, and a man of good manners and good taste, if not a brilliant genius.

He was generally looked upon as belonging to that galaxy of bachelor stars which has twinkled in the social firmament since—well, since such a long time ago that it would hardly be kind to allude to dates. Mr. Oelrichs himself is so near fifty that there is no fun about it. Arthur Leary is over sixty, and Peter Marié is said to be seventy-five. Yet they are as much in the swim as those young men whom the girls scornfully allude to as "The Kids." Of the trio, Mr. Oelrichs is a jovial man-about-town. Arthur Leary, not particularly jovial, not particularly anything, in fact, but rich—enormously rich through the manufacture of hats in remote ages; and Peter Marié is still one of the most interesting and attractive figures in social New York.

He is really clever—neither of the others have that honor. He used to be a stock-broker, made a lot of money, retired, and gave dinners, to which the cream of New York beauty were invited—and always came. Indeed, it was an honor to be asked to one of Peter Marié's dinners; after that, it went without saying that a woman was pretty and *chic* and charming. He was not in the least good-looking, but it was generally supposed that he was irresistible. There were always rumors in circulation that he had tender relations with the most lofty ladies—duchesses, princesses were said to adore him. And being a man of admirable discretion, no one ever knew what was true and what was not. The duchesses and princesses could continue to squander their young affections upon him with a sense of perfect security. Secretive as the Sphinx, he passed through season after season, enveloped in an enticing haze of mystery, always charming, clever, polished, with the claw of steel hidden in the glove of velvet. He was so clever that he even managed to keep his origin and his progenitors quietly in the background, calling himself merely "a French gentleman," and leaving people torn with curiosity over the varying rumors that he was the son of a French Henri or a lineal descendant of the *haute noblesse*.

Another one of this bachelor coterie was Wright Sanford. He, with Hermann Oelrichs, used to be a good fellow and a giver of fine entertainments, though Oelrichs has retired into the quietude which generally tips off a brilliant social career. Wright Sanford died not many months ago. They used to hunt in couples, give sumptuous breakfasts in their apartments in some large apartment-house—the name forgotten. With chaperons came all the handsomest belles of the Four Hundred on Monday, and on Monday week, without chaperons, came all the handsomest actresses then delighting the town. To locate how long ago this was: Fanny Davenport was then in her prime, a splendid, queenly, blonde woman, not too fat. Clara Morris, too, had just burst into the dramatic firmament, "trailing clouds of glory." She rarely honored any entertainment with her presence, and when she did come was apt to be morose and gloomy, a woman already sickly, slovenly in dress, not handsome, risen from impenetrable obscurity, and yet, to the eyes of the dullest, touched by the Divine Fire. Fred May was another of the guests—said to be the handsomest man in New York—a sort of "Ouida" hero, immensely tall, broad, muscular, with a brown mustache, and a head as beautifully set and shaped as a Greek statue's. He was one of the Mays of Baltimore, a family which was and is famous for the pretty women it has produced. Fred was the proudest achievement in the way of masculine looks that the family had ever brought forth. When he walked up Broadway, striding along at express speed, he created as great a sensation as Adelaide Neilson used to do. But he came to fall into evil ways and finally was snuffed out, sunk away into obscurity. His days "with the mad prince and Poin" are over.

By her marriage with Mr. Oelrichs, Miss Fair will gain an *entrée* into the realms of the Four Hundred which it would otherwise be very difficult to obtain. Mr. Oelrichs's family are "well-fixed" and in good positions. His sister, who, Miss Hildegard Oelrichs, rose to sudden fame by killing a stag with "a long-haired gillie," while staying somewhere in

Scotland, is married and in New York, and will make a good matron under whose wing the fair stranger can be introduced. Doors will be opened to Mrs. Oelrichs that would have been closed on Miss Fair, not, of course, from any prejudice against Miss Fair, but merely because the New Yorker cherishes an attitude of reserved indifference to all strangers. He is sufficient unto himself, but if you look deeply into this cold unfriendliness to outsiders, you will discover that a good deal of it arises from a sort of uneasy jealousy, a fear that the outsiders may eventually push him to the wall, may monopolize his pleasure-grounds, may ride gorgeously in his park, may take the best boxes at his opera-house and the best pews at his favorite church, may get invited to the matinees, and take the corner-window tables at Delmonico's, and dance with the prettiest girls at the Ward McAllister balls. Once the stranger is firmly in, he bows to the inevitable and gradually comes to like it. It is this continual infusion of new blood from the West, the South, and Europe, tempering the thin and aristocratic fluid that wends its cerulean course through Gotham veins, modifying growing prejudices, softening down aggressive peculiarities, breaking monotony, and continually changing and coloring the surface of society, which make the social life of New York the most attractive in this country.

A peculiar complaint was lodged with the librarian of the Mercantile Library some weeks ago—that the young ladies who come down every Thursday to read *Town Topics* would be requested not to make such a noise, as they disturbed all the students in the reading-room. These vivacious young ladies, it appears, are the daughters of worthy parents who do not believe *Town Topics* to be the proper pabulum upon which to feed the mind of youth, and have forbid their offspring to bring that brisk publication into the house. The young ladies, in whom curiosity was stronger than a sense of the power of parental authority, obeyed in so far as not to buy the paper, but disobeyed in so far as to haste to the Mercantile Library and there peruse it on the file. Being afraid to go alone, they brought a daring chum with them, met other daring chums, and read out choice items amid groans and giggles of horror. Naturally, to the studious mind, to whom those artless revelations to which *Town Topics* does seriously incline, are neither amusing nor distracting, this was somewhat irksome. The young ladies were requested either to restrain their mirth or to postpone their perusal of the sprightly journal to another place and time.

The paper, though universally execrated, has a large sale. Almost all the young girls are forbidden to read it. Some rare and radiant spirits obey. Most of them—especially the society girls—read it mainly for the purpose of seeing if they or their friends are roughly handled. At a dinner of buds and youths—all of high fashion—I once heard some story, printed in its columns, being discussed. In answer to the inquiry if they read it, they all looked much surprised at the question, and said that they enjoyed nothing so much. "It's such fun," said one of the girls, "to see if it's got anything about you in it."

"It's had lots of things about the governor," answered one of the boys, in a tone of pride; "he's always getting in there."

Meanwhile, serious-minded people are scandalized and will not allow the sheet inside their doors. The average Gothamite is exceedingly particular about the reading-matter of his womenkind. Every book put into the hands of the debutantes is overlooked by mamma, papa, or the governess. There would be a terrible row in the house if she were found to have read Edgar Saltus, Swinburne, or E. C. Phillips. One of these spotless beings once confided to me that she had a passionate love for Scott, and had read all the Waverley Novels except "The Heart of Midlothian," "which papa won't let me read yet, though I'm twenty-three." In their efforts to keep up the young woman's French, and to keep her unspotted from the world, her preceptors nearly go distracted. From the fifty-two volumes of "The Comédie Humaine," "Eugenie Grandet" is the only one which she is permitted to peep into. And then they give her "L'Abbé Constantin" and "Graziella" over and over again.

NEW YORK, January 31, 1890.

VAN GRYSSE.

It is a curious fact that more than sixty years ago the principle upon which the automatic machines are manipulated was applied to open tobacco-boxes. In some parts of England, these square boxes survive in many an old-fashioned inn. By dropping a half-penny into the slot, the box, by means of a spring similar to those now employed for other purposes, flew open, and for the half-penny the operator was entitled to take a pipe of tobacco. In those good old-fashioned times people were supposed to be honest enough to take no more than a single pipe, and to close the box before passing it on to the next customer. The late King of Siam was a purchaser of a dozen of them, which are reported to have greatly diverted his majesty, who presented them to some of his courtiers.

A young Englishman who went to clerk it in the Argentine Republic was so unfortunate as to indulge in public intoxication soon after his arrival in the country, and was astonished when, after being arrested and arraigned in court, he was sentenced to eight days' labor on the streets instead of a fine. He could not face his acquaintances after his term had expired, and left the country.

An organization, called "The Medical Defense Union," has been formed in London, which, upon the annual payment of ten shillings by a doctor, guarantees to defend him against any charge made with a blackmailing or other improper purpose during the year. Branches of the organization are to be established throughout Great Britain.

The latest device of girlhood is a fancy for stuffing pillows with their old love letters. There is one thing about the contents of these pillows that can be depended upon with a marked degree of certainty—they are sure to be soiled.

LATE VERSE.

The Moon-Path.

The full, clear moon uprose and spread
Her cold, pale splendor o'er the sea;
A light-strewn path that seemed to lead
Outward into eternity.
Between the darkness and the gleam
An old-world spell encompassed me:
Methought that in a godlike dream
I trod upon the sea.

And lo! upon that glimmering road,
In shining companies unfurled,
The trains of many a primal god,
The monsters of the elder world;
Strange creatures that, with silver wings,
Scarce touched the ocean's thronging floor,
The phantoms of old tales, and things
Whose shapes are known no more.

Giants and demi-gods who once
Were dwellers of the earth and sea,
And they who from Deucalion's stones,
Rose men without an infancy;
Beings on whose majestic lids
Time's solemn secrets seemed to dwell,
Tritons and pale-limbed Nereids,
And forms of heaven and hell.

Some who were heroes long of yore,
When the great world was hale and young;
And some whose marble lips yet pour
The murmur of an antique tongue:
Sad queens, whose names are like soft moans,
Whose griefs were written up in gold;
And some who on their silver thrones
Were goddesses of old.

As if I had been dead indeed,
And come into some after-land,
I saw them pass me, and take heed,
And touch me with each mighty hand;
And evermore a murmurous stream,
So beautiful they seemed to me,
Not less than in a godlike dream
I trod the shining sea.

—Archibald Lampman in February Scribner's.

The Tryst.

Out of the darks and deeps of space,
Where worlds in awful shadow swim,
I came to meet the ancient sun,
Obeying all my bond with him.

Wrapped in the glimmer of my scarf,
My wefts of silver brede and lace,
Woven of stars and winds, I pressed,
And felt his glory on my face.

When, lo, along my hurrying way
A shining jewel he had lost,
Or, sooth, another sphere, a star
That into being he had lost.

A ball of swirling fire, fierce waves
Of molten jewels leaping fast
And shattering crests of flame and jets
Of kindling spume, I saw and passed.

Eons of ages, and again
On my parabolas I swept
Where, lapped in opalescent films,
The fire-ball rolled and, dreaming, slept.

And yet new ages, and I saw
In green of vasty forest shade
That sphere enfolding, and in seas
Where nameless monsters plunged and played.

Once more from darks and deeps of space
To meet my mighty love I sprung:
Lo, the blue sky, the fleecy cloud;
Mooned with soft light the planet swung.

And there were temples on the heights,
And homes beneath the fruited trees,
And never had I seen before
Beings so beautiful as these.

They blushed, they smiled, they laughed, they loved—
Fain would I pause before I pass.
What songs they sang! But then what tears
They wept! And there were graves, alas!

Born of that whorl of fire-mist, now
A little less than gods, they sought
In vain the secret of the stars,
The mystery of their own thought.

Away, away! Tremendous whiles
Shall lapse; but one day, seamed and charred,
I find this soft and gleaming world
A shrunken hall, a lifeless shard.

And when at last, perchance, I come,
The elemental force withdrawn
Of light, of heat, of motion, life,
In that place Nothingness shall yawn.

Away! My master and my lord,
Still drawn by thy almighty will,
Though worlds be born in purple depths,
Though worlds shall fail, I seek thee still.

What shudder sways me? ah, what chill
Shakes all my splendor as I flee?
Can loss like that be ours? Oh, love,
Can that fate fall on such as we?

—Harriet Prescott Spofford in February Harper's.

The Life Mask of Lincoln.

Ah, countless wonders, brought from every zone,
Not all your wealth could turn the heart away
From that one semblance of our common clay,
The brow whereon the precious life long flown,
Leaving a homely glory all its own,
Seems still to linger, with a mournful play
Of light and shadow.—His, who held a sway
And power of magic to himself unknown.
Through what is granted but God's chosen few,
Earth's crownless, yet anointed kings—a soul
Divinely simple and sublimely true
In that unconscious greatness that shall bless
This petty world while stars their courses roll,
Whose finest flower is self-forgetfulness.

—Stuart Sterne in February Century.

Bellamy's "Looking Backward" has just appeared in German on the continent under the title "Alles Verstaatlicht" (Everything Nationalized.)

VANITY FAIR.

There are half-a-dozen lucky men in New York who live at Delmonico's all the time, and have thus happily solved a problem which has bothered a good many people. It is not a hotel. It is not a private-house. It is not a boarding-house. It is not a bachelor apartment-house. It is not a club. Yet it combines the advantages of all these modes of living. The occupants can look out from elegant suites of apartments upon the busiest, the most fashionable, and liveliest part of New York. These half-dozen lucky men are John Hoey, Jo Mora, broker M. Keene, a brother of Jim Keene; M. J. Paulding, Mr. Davis, and Mr. William Petit. Several of these have fitted up their dens with cozy, comfortable, and curious furniture, and ornamented them with rare pictures and bric-à-brac. Here they can be alone and secluded if they choose. They have the famed Emile for a valet, and a housemaid keeps the rooms tidy, or leaves them untouched if the occupants happen to have the desire to have things let alone. The peculiarity about these odd rooms is that when a man once gets settled down there he likes to stay there. Jo Mora has had his room about eleven years, and when he gets there with his slippers on it takes high art for anybody to get there to talk business to him. When John Hoey gets settled there he is resigned to comfort. They have but to touch a bell and they can eat, drink, and smoke the best in the market. They can lie in bed in the mornings, and Emile will bring them coffee and the morning papers. They can have their meals served in their rooms; or, if they have a few friends, they can get some of the private dining-rooms down-stairs. Their homes are therefore elastic enough to entertain any number from one to six hundred. Another curious part of the plan is that those gentlemen do not lock things up. They go off and leave their doors open year in and year out, and they never lose anything. Costly ornaments and bric-à-brac lie around in profusion, and the occupants go off and leave everything in security. The curious part of it is that the occupants have no particular homogeneity. They are independent. They may meet in the elevator and may never see each other in months. They have no gossip, never interfere, and each is as much at home, and at the same time, if he desires it, as isolated as if he had a den in the Adirondacks. Yet they can recline cosily at home almost until the bell rings for the rising of the curtain at the theatres and be in time to see the play. These lucky men know when they have a good thing. They keep their rooms year after year. They go off to the watering-places in the summer, or take trips to the winter resorts, or run away to Europe, but they do not let go their elegant rooms. They simply pay the rent and have their rooms ready to drop into when they get back. They may be gone for months, but when they send word they are coming Emile gets everything ready, and they can step in and find everything in order as if they had been absent only a few hours.

Among the irresistibles of the navy is Dr. L. M. Ruth, whom Mrs. Cleveland (according to the *Philadelphia Press*) called "the handsomest man in Washington." He is an authority on women's dresses, and it is said that he once expressed surprise that a woman as *brune* as Mrs. Cleveland should wear violet. One day, after Mrs. Cleveland had heard this remark, he met her at a reception, and, as he shook her hand, he murmured: "The violet gown!" "Yes," said Mrs. Cleveland, "but it shall never be worn again." And it was not. Dr. Ruth had charge of the Harrison inaugural ball. He has been best man at fifty weddings, and presides at numbers of gay affairs.

The waltz is doomed (says the *New York Tribune*). The news comes from Vienna, the home par excellence of the waltz; and the hand which deals the mortal blow is none other than that of Strauss, who may almost be regarded as the creator of the dance. The genuine waltz is too fast for our self-indulgent babies. We can not keep up with the rapid whirl, the constant succession of quick-measured steps and turns. We dine late now, and—as regards many of us—too well. The spectacle of persons fresh from a dinner of half-a-dozen courses and unlimited champagne attempting to keep pace to the dashing strains of the Hungarian band is not edifying. Consequently, many attempts have been made to modify the severity of the dance. Various "slow" waltzes have been introduced, and the original measure has been reduced in some cases to four ungainly hops, in others to a couple of shuffling slides. It is these that Herr Strauss describes as "conversation dances." He now proposes to give us something between the latter and the true waltz, and to wed it to his own characteristic strains. "I intend to call it the minuet-waltz," says the famous composer; "it will be composed in three-four time, and consist of three sets, which all begin *andantino gracioso*, in the style of the minuet or polonaise. It will then gradually develop into the real waltz, with the old-fashioned rapid time and whirl. Ladies will be able to accept lazy partners accustomed to good living and sedentary occupations for the first part, while for the faster movements they can take more agile and less placid partners who are still dancers." The minuet-waltz is to be introduced at the approaching carnival to the élite of the Austrian aristocracy, and Herr Strauss is confident that it will serve to revive the taste for dancing in circles where it is fast passing into abeyance and disrepute. For it can not be denied that at the present moment the waltz is on the decline, and that "dancing" men are becoming so rare that hostesses in despair are beginning to give up dancing altogether and to substitute for it private theatricals and other forms of entertainment.

A London woman writes: The grace, the charm, the peculiar flavor of femininity which made women irresistible and gave them an almost terribly potent influence as queens of society, to be worshiped and admired, is fast disappearing, and another class of women is rising up. Learned dames, shabbily dressed and untidily "coifféd," who wear spectacles

and home-made clothes, who kilt up their petticoats in the street, and show worsted stockings and clumsy boots, stalk about unblushingly, talk a good deal, write to the papers, and while they earn a considerable amount of respect, bore men immeasurably. On the other hand, all the frivolous women, the girls whom the "chappies" like, who touse their golden or auburn hair with much crimping of hot irons, who spend a life's ransom on tight-fitting bodies, abnormally small waists, and big feather fans, who flirt abominably, sit out half the evening in the conservatory with a man, whispering and listening to inane trivialities beside the shelter of a palm or the large flabby leaves of a begonia plant, who enjoy the Gaiety Theatre, and think the "Pink Dominoes" quite a nice play, and vote their parents dreadfully slow and behind the times, poor things! The third, and most modern class, and to a certain kind of man very "fetching," are the athletic girls, who ride hard, shoot, smoke, walk as far and as fast as their brothers, are never tired until they collapse and go to pieces, generally in middle age, and are always voted "a real good sort." People marry not from love, for we cannot dignify the calf-love, the purely sensual and material instinct as love, but from all sorts of motives, inexplicable to those who are not in "our world." An amusing instance of this happened in Ireland the other day, when a young lady, proud of her connections, discoursing of people's motives in marriage, said to an old farmer's wife, "Ah, well, you see, I married for family." "Faix, then, madam," she said, "the blessed Virgin have mercy on ye, for ye've been married five years and only one child, and that a girl."

A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*, writing from Paris on the subject of the concealment of personal defects, says that the reason why the bodices Mme. Modjeska appears in are always decorated with a cluster of flowers or knot of ribbon, just at the left of their fastenings, is that an ugly scar on the breast, which looks as if it might be the result of a wound from a poniard—a souvenir of some past romance—must be concealed in some way. When this device becomes monotonous, a little scarf of silk will be trailed carelessly across the open corsage in diagonal lines, a tiny fan of lace will spring out from the corner, or a little knot of feathers will wave softly against the disfiguring mark. Pretty Mlle. Anthelme, who made such a successful début at the Nouveautés two years ago, is afflicted with a most undesirable and repulsive birth-mark. She is a pretty woman, with a tall, commanding figure, dark hair and eyes; but she is a sort of female Esau, like Lucille Western, and has a thick growth of silky dark hair from her waist up. Of course her skin is carefully shaven above her bodice, but it has a coarseness of texture and a blue tint which necessitate the fair Anthelme's incrusting with blazing jewels that part of her throat which evening dress exposes. Sophie Croizette, of the Théâtre Français, had a deep vaccination scar far down her plump arm, which she used to conceal with a knot of ribbons or a trail of flowers and with a gold bracelet before she became so stout that the bracelet had to be as large as a waist band. Speaking of the disfigurement one night to some friends, one of the ladies quietly picked up a wax taper off the toilet table, and, holding it above the arm, allowed a single drop of melted wax to fall over the place. When it hardened, she dusted a little pink powder over it, and Croizette's scar was lost to sight. Croizette's make-up box contained ever after a bit of wax taper.

In spite of the Duke of Fife's determination that his wife's royalty must be in a certain measure overlooked, it will not be possible for the English people to forget it. He has stipulated that the duchess shall have no "household," a term not always understood, but which is decidedly significant to the English tax-payer. Every married or important member of the royal family has his or her appointed retinue—in the case of the junior princesses, this "household," as it is called, consists of a lady-in-waiting, an equerry or gentleman attendant (these generally attend for two or three months only at a time, when they are replaced by others), special servants, such as a wardrobe-woman, a dresser, who fills the place of a lady's-maid, and a footman or page. This list is increased or decreased according to the importance or rank of the royal personage concerned, and in all cases is not only an expensive part of court income, but is maintained as a matter of etiquette and state prestige.

"To wear silk stockings and be able to afford a lavish use of rose-water in my bath—that is my idea of luxury!" said a little woman, the other day, pausing before a Broadway window where silk stockings were strung in dazzling, rainbow-colored lines. Look, sigh, and pass on, little woman, if it is necessary for you to value the hundred cents in the dollar. Silk stockings are as far beyond your reach as the fruit which nodded above Tantalus. It is easy enough, if you have a moderately well-filled purse, to take rose-flavored baths, for the cost is but trifling; but silk stockings are the most extravagant things in a woman's outfit. The softer the silk and the finer the web, the sooner the holes and shapelessness; and when once the foot is worn, the remaining lengthy and perfectly good leg of the silken hose is useless—except, perhaps, as a powder-rag. Black holds its own still, either of the solid color or with pink or yellow toes. Those in drawn work of exquisitely delicate patterns are very expensive. All the shades of bronze, heliotrope, and rose in finished, lustrous silk are limp and sleek as snakes, and fall into bright folds with the crunch peculiar to pure silk. They cost amazingly. A pair of delicate salmon pink, with a black-pointed pattern to show above the shoe-top, were seven dollars and fifty cents; a yellow pair, the instep covered with tiny black-and-white stars, were six dollars. And one in silvery gray, the threads drawn in alternate broad and narrow stripes, for the same price. All of these were of extraordinary length.

Sympathetic and complements of each other as the sexes are, there are certain points in regard to which each will ever fail to understand the other (says *Harper's Bazar*).

One of these is the love of shopping possessed by women. No man can see what a woman finds to afford her so much delight in what he considers a most wearisome business. It is generally a most tiresome experience to him to go into a store and buy anything; and when he finds that a woman can spend days and hours in such places without even buying anything whatsoever, his amazement simply knows no bounds. The endurance of the unhappy husband who "sat like Patience on an ottoman, waiting for his wife to put her bonnet on," is generally supposed to be trifling compared to that of the man who accompanies his wife upon a shopping expedition. If he suffers himself to be beguiled into doing anything of the kind, he usually looks upon himself as one entitled to the crown of martyrdom, and his description of his sufferings to sympathizing friends is eloquent in the extreme. The simple fact is that men do not care for novelty and beauty unless it be in some great work of nature or art, while women love these qualities in the simplest and most ordinary things. Beautiful fabrics, rich laces, fresh designs in embroidery, everything that is new, or fresh combinations of things that are old, whether it be a suit of furniture, a baby's cap, or a kitchen utensil, attract and fascinate the feminine mind. It is not necessary to buy anything. The lady can examine and admire the rich display, indulge her fancy as to what she would like, approve or condemn the latest freak of fashion, and so constituted is her mind that in doing this she derives from her shopping tour an enjoyment similar to that of a lover of art when he visits some famous collection of great paintings. Then there is the delight of a bargain, the getting something for less than it is worth; this, too, appeals to the woman rather than to her masculine companion. We all remember Mrs. Toodles and her keen delight in purchasing the door-plate with Thompson with a "p" on it, because it was "cheap."

Home life among leading members of the English aristocracy is difficult for an American to understand, and, indeed, only by a slow process of absorption can it be believed in as part of the necessary English social régime. Feudal times are at an end, but in their wake we find remnants of what they established—for example, the right of parents to decide their daughters' choice of husbands, the right of husbands to conduct themselves as they choose, while the wife or daughter must bear all in silence or run the risk of social ostracism. This has created much of what is known as scandal in the "upper ten." An English woman wronged and insulted by her husband has, unless she can prove three distinct charges against him, but one redress—that of leaving him apparently with some man who has wooed her. As a rule, the elopement is conducted in the most careful manner. The lady goes to France, or some part of the continent, accompanied by her maid, and it may be a chaperon, but, according to a curious system of English social ethics, the husband must at once divorce her—a proceeding she could not have instituted for herself, but which his "honor" now demands, and by one of the many inconsistencies in the English law both parties are at once free to marry.

The following reflections on the New Year's Ball are from *Harper's Weekly*: "The presumption now is that the New Year's Ball will become a regular institution, and annually place New York 'society' symmetrically and satisfactorily before the world, which, it appears, no other social event adequately does. The tact and judgment exercised in the recent instance in placing the tickets in the manner desired, caused no heart-burnings or complaints. Mr. McAllister selected one hundred and forty-four gentlemen of unquestionable standing as subscribers, and each of these selected, in turn, his own quota of guests. The result, with respect to the company assembled, was entirely fortunate. Those interested placed themselves cordially and unreservedly under the control of their able director, and none questioned his supremacy. Have we here a foreshadowing of what is to become an established order of things, and that some shape and definiteness are to be given to that elastic and unorganized thing known as New York 'society'? There is no question that a properly managed ball is the most highly evolved form of human festivity. There, if anywhere, beauty, adornment, and pleasure-giving agencies are made to count for all that there is in them. Fame, as well as gratitude, is due to the man who can marshal and control all the forces involved, and whose rare abilities enable him to add in this way to the sum of earthly delights. If Mr. McAllister should die in the midst of the career he evidently has marked out for himself, it might be said of him, as Johnson said of Garrick, 'his death eclipsed the gayety of nations and impoverished the stock of harmless pleasures.' The individuals who have gained historic renown in the particular path of glory trod by Mr. Allister are few. Richard Nash, of Bath, who flourished some two hundred years ago, is his most illustrious predecessor. This celebrity had a no less distinguished biographer than Oliver Goldsmith. He managed with such effectiveness a ball given to William the Third that the monarch thought him worthy of a knighthood, and offered him one. 'Beau' Nash is credited with doing much to add refinement to the social manners of the British aristocracy, in the way of removing, according to Goldsmith, the 'awkward timidity' and 'censurable reservedness of behavior' which then characterized it. He brought the full influence of all the available civilization that existed to bear on balls and matters of etiquette, and issued a schedule of rules and regulations whereby fashionable society should deport itself. 'The pains he took in pursuing pleasure and the solemnity he assumed in adjusting trifles,' testified that he made a serious business of his calling. His authority was supreme, and when the Princess Amelia once asked him for an extra dance at an entertainment, he gave her to understand that the prescribed order of things was not to be trifled with, and she accepted the situation submissively. Mr. McAllister is a social director by profession, and steps right into his sphere at once. Thus it was that he opened the New Year's Ball with the wife of the head of the house of Vanderbilt on his arm, led the *quadrille d'honneur* with the Countess, and took an Astor in to supper."

"JEANNE D'ARC."

"Parisina" describes Bernhardt's New Play for the Young Person.

Strange to say, there always seems to come a time in the course of every Frenchman's career when he feels it incumbent upon him to take a turn in the paths of virtue, which he has hitherto carefully eschewed as much too monotonous and stupid. Authors are not exempt from this. Having made a reputation with novels from which the prudish turn away in horror, they suddenly repent themselves—as we say here—of the crudity of their works, and hanker after the laurels of the moralist. Better late than never, you will say. Yes, truly; but the change is often too rapid to be thorough and honest. *Quand le diable se fait vieux il devient hermite.* The devil, however, may disguise himself in a hermit's cowl. It only covers the horns; it does not do away with them altogether. In the case of play-writers and novelists, the reason for this sudden right-about-face often is to be found in a desire to obtain a seat in one of those forty arm-chairs, beneath the dome of the Institute. It was so with Zola, who it is pretty clear wrote "Le Rêve," that he might aspire to the title of Academician, for talent is not the only title to distinction that a man needs to get him a place among the immortals in the green-embroidered coats. He must not only have written books that have brought him reputation (in some cases the reputation may have been made another way, and the books be merely an accident, as it were), he must be a gentleman, fit to consort with gentlemen, cleanly in his life—or, at least, to outward seeming—and his literary baggage must contain something beside highly spiced novels, however cleverly written, something that all the world may read and the learned brethren discourse upon in their sessions without shame.

But I am not going to write about Academy or Academicians, Zola or any other favorite author. Who, dating a letter from Paris this week, could possibly discourse on any other subject than Sarah Bernhardt? Why, then, this preamble about freshly trod paths of virtue? You shall see. Sarah, who had, one would think, exhausted every sort of success, lately grew desirous of other applause than those of "Tout Paris." She hankered after the appreciation of youth and innocence. She longed to play to an audience of budding maidenhood and half-licked hobbledehoy. In a word, the path of virtue attracted her footsteps. You never know what such a woman as Sarah Bernhardt may be after. Versatility is one of her great charms—and she has so many.

It is reported, and I believe with reason, that it was a letter she received from a lady—the mother of girls and boys—which caused her to cast about for something *honnête*, and led to her choice of "Jeanne d'Arc" for her next creation. It goes without saying that the letter was full of well-penned compliments. But the compliments alone would not have fetched Sarah, who is bombarded with them from year's end to year's end. No; the really flattering part of the missive was not the compliments, but the desire, prettily expressed by the writer, that the actress should—if only exceptionally—play a piece altogether proper, and to which this lady, in common with other mamas, could conduct her young brood without fear of contaminating their morals.

As I have before now explained to you, a French parent's ideas of a play suitable to young people—more especially girls—is very restricted. English-speaking nations are squeamish about their literature—books or drama—and the French are not, this goes without saying; but the former do not consider that love, romance, marriage, are subjects which ought not to be broached before school-girls or growing lads, whereas the latter do. I never heard of an American *pater-familias* who would take his wife and not his daughter to see "Romeo and Juliet" or the "Lady of Lyons," though a strict disciplinarian here would think he was sowing the seeds of filial disobedience if he allowed his girl to listen to the pleading of Romeo or to sorrow with Pauline over the loss of her "low-born peasant" husband.

The only plays considered thoroughly fit for family use are those which, like "Athalie" and "Esther," never mention such a thing as love. Under these circumstances, Joan of Arc is a heroine who recommends herself to parents and guardians by reason of her virtue and detachment from all the ordinary joys of life, as much as for her inspired success as the defender of her country against the enemy.

After personating the courtesan of the modern and ancient world—the Lady of Camélias and Théodora, women of thread-bare virtue, such as La Tosca, Féodora, and Frou-Frou—it must certainly be a change and relief for Sarah to come out as the Maid of Orleans. Quite a new sensation, indeed. And we all know that new sensations are what "la Bernhardt" hankers after most. Why, she glories in being a grandmamma even—a thing which most pretty women rather fear—and not a day passes but the infant Maurice is brought round to the mansion of the Boulevard Pereire by his nurse (a superb Burgundian peasant-woman, got up theatrically in cream-white silk cloak and cap, with streamers to match floating down to her heels), and dangled before the eyes of "granny," who looks almost as young as her daughter-in-law, and—to my mind—ininitely more attractive, though Yerka is pretty enough, too, in her way.

Before these lines appear in print—thanks to electricity—you will have heard that Sarah has scored one of her greatest successes in "Jeanne d'Arc." I can not tell, of course, how far the eulogiums of the "Paris correspondents" have gone; but if they are one-tenth part as flattering as those of the French critics in this morning's papers, they would satisfy the actress, be she the most greedy after fame who ever walked the stage. I do not mean to quarrel with these gentlemen, and am quite ready to admit that I was as pleased and delighted as any of them. From the moment that Jeanne appeared before me in the paternal homestead, in her simple mediæval peasant-costume, till the last act of the drama, when she expired in the flames of the burning pile, I was under a charm.

Yes, there is no doubt she is a great tragedian—a consummate actress. It was Joan you saw before you. The young

maiden (even so, incredulous reader) who, since she was thirteen, has seen visions and heard voices; who will not listen to her cousin's protestations of love, stops him with a gesture—and this is the only word of love in the whole piece—who, having come into contact with the enemy—an English soldier is disarmed by one touch of her scythe, wielded by the arm of the inspired maid—feels that the hour has come and that she must go forth and obey the voices; who comes to Chinon, where Charles the Seventh is dallying with Iscalt de Loré, convinces the king of her divine mission, and is placed by him at the head of his army; who conducts the siege of Orleans and enters the city in triumph; who appears at the coronation, surrounded by all the pomp of a victorious general, and is dubbed knight by the king whose kingdom she has saved from the invader; who falls from the height of power to the lowest depths of human misery; whom we see in her prison, and then at the bar nobly defending herself against the most unjust of judges; and who is finally burned as a witch in the market-place of Rouen, abandoned by the ignoble monarch whom she has served only too well, outraged and martyred by her enemies, and forgotten by her friends.

Jules Barbier is not a great poet. He has rhymed librettos by the score, and his verses fall very far short of the sublime. But he has great scenic power. And after all, the legend itself is so touching that it appeals directly to us and we forget to be difficult about the quality of the poetry. Then there is Gounod's beautiful music to help it along. We must not forget this. The orchestra plays an important part, as in many melodramas the principal speeches are accompanied by appropriate music, and in some cases by the chorus also. Two of the scenes—that of the coronation at Rheims and the *auto-da-fé* at Rouen—are purely operatic. I do not think enough has been said about the music, which at some moments almost reaches the regions of the sublime.

Nor must we pass over in silence the effect produced by the spectacle. The scenery is superb. Even at the Grand Opera House I have never seen anything equal to the grandeur of some of the tableaux—that of the cathedral, for instance, with its lofty nave and shadowy aisles, the huge altar in copper *repoussé* work, and the crowd of *figurants* in various costumes—historically correct; the clergy, the king and queen, the courtiers and soldiers, the ladies-in-waiting and *dames de la cour* in their high-peaked head-dresses, and the inspired maid among them all, with her banner in her hand, clad in coat of mail partly concealed by a white-leather doublet, richly emblazoned.

Truly, the scene-painter and the costumer have done much for Barbier's "Jeanne d'Arc," and for Sarah, too, and when we applaud the heroine, we also applaud all those who have lent their aid in getting up this "drama-legend" (so it is called), about which all Paris is talking, and after which it will be running for the next hundred nights or so. Happy M. Duquesnel! Here is a real success and one that will fill his pockets. It must be admitted he has spent money like water and spared nothing. Nor the velvets and embroidery, nor the gilding and jewels, nor the number of the *figurants*; he has employed artists of repute to design the dresses and the first scene-painters; his orchestra is excellent and his choruses admirably trained. He owes that lady correspondent of Sarah Bernhardt's a good turn, and it is to be hoped he will send her a box, for her and those girls and boys of hers so eager to make acquaintance with the great *artiste*. When the proposal was first made to him to revive Jules Barbier's piece, he hesitated on the score of expense, because if he did it at all, he meant to do it well. It was he who suggested the cathedral scene, which did not exist in the original piece. Well, he will certainly have his reward, and for some months to come the Porte St. Martin is sure to make a full house every night.

There will not be a maiden between twelve and twenty who does not expect to be taken to see "Jeanne d'Arc." Sarah is henceforth the cynosure of boarding-schools. Papa and mamma will have no peace until they promise to take their daughters to the play, and since she partly chose the piece for their benefit—as the stories run—they will doubtless get what they want. But if Sarah was eager for the plaudits of the young generation—those of the elder having been showered upon her with no miserly hand—she was also glad to do Jules Barbier a good turn. For he it was who first intrusted Sarah—then obscure and unknown—with a new part to create, a poor little part, it is true, in a piece which I never heard of before, "La Loterie du Mariage"; and Sarah is not ungrateful or unmindful of kindness. This is no small thing to say of a woman who has climbed to the highest pinnacle of notoriety and has been flattered to the top of her bent; into whose ears praises have been sung till there is no compliment left unsaid to say to her; and who, this week, has been actually smothered beneath honeyed phrases, laudatory criticisms, and ecstatic prose of every description. PARISINA.

PARIS, January 4, 1890.

Browning's grave was made about four feet deep, like the others in Westminster Abbey. The soil is a dry, red sand, the coffins are placed in the earth and a quantity of charcoal is added as a sanitary precaution. One of the traditions of the Abbey is that nothing but a handful of bones remain after seventy or a hundred years. The actual decomposition is accomplished in fifty years.

The strange case of Mr. McGinty is only the case of M. Lambert in Paris twenty odd years ago. It is only the case of Tom Collins, to whom a liquid immortality has been assured, some thirteen or fourteen years ago.

The entire French cavalry is to be armed with a new helmet. It is of nicked copper, with a cockade, worn for the first time by the French soldier, upon the top.

Edward Atkinson declares that the annual production of eggs in this country equals in money value the country's annual total production of iron.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Ronconi, a once famous baritone, whom Mapleson brought to this country after his voice was a wreck, died recently in Madrid, poor and obscure. Ronconi was a friend and contemporary of the great tenor, Mario.

The Shab is some sixty years old; but he has always led a temperate and healthy life, delighting in outdoor exercise, a great hunter and a good shot, and he consequently to-day enjoys excellent health, and is active alike in mind and body.

Enin Pasha's accident recalls the fact that Karl Mauch, another German-African explorer, passed successfully through great dangers in the interior of Africa for several years, but fell out of a window upon his return and sustained fatal injuries.

A full-blooded Moor, Mme. Margaret Vayo, died in Boston recently at the age of one hundred years. She was brought to this country by Jesse Hallister, of Burlington, Vt., a captain in the Revolutionary War, and thoroughly educated. Having married Louis Vayo, a Frenchman, she had eleven children, several of whom became quite celebrated as musicians.

M. Gounod, the eminent musical composer, is a man of intense religious feeling. Year by year he has grown more ascetic and secluded in his habits, till to-day he lives almost the life of a hermit. He deeply dislikes the frivolous habits of Parisian society, and confines his visiting solely to the old, eminently Catholic, and aristocratic families of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Jonathan Lenz, the junior trustee of the Economite Society, and one of its oldest members, died at Economy, Pa., January 22d. The deceased was about ninety years of age. This makes the fourth death in the society within a very short time, reducing the membership to less than thirty. The last survivor will have at his disposal all the property of the society, which is valued at ten million dollars.

M. Eiffel's second daughter is going to exchange her now world-famous name for that of Piccini. Mlle. Valentine has had exceptional chances of seeing the world, for whenever a lady of distinction, royal or otherwise, signified her intention of visiting the tower, this young lady, or her married sister, was always in attendance. Both sisters possess a fine collection of autograph letters written to their father by famous visitors of all nationalities.

The Patten estate has been generally overrated. When Mrs. Anastasia Patten, formerly of San Francisco, died in Washington two years ago, she was said to have left an estate of \$3,500,000; but it was only half that much, and now it is barely \$1,100,000, as the daughters have been in constant litigation over it ever since their mother's death. There are four of them: Augusta, who has married ex-Congressman Glover, of St. Louis; Mary and Josephine, who are now in the matrimonial market, and a younger sister, who is still at school.

Seven of the twenty-seven widows made by the massacre of the Little Big Horn were officers' wives, and four of these were strongly bound together by the ties of relationship and friendship. Their husbands were General Custer, Captain Yates, and Lieutenants Calhoun and Smith. The quartet of women were all thrown on their own resources, and have bravely met the demands made of them. Mrs. Custer has won an enviable literary reputation. Mrs. Calhoun, a sister of General Custer, studied elocution, and is a successful reciter. Mrs. Yates had three children to support and educate, and is doing it by giving dancing lessons; while Mrs. Smith is a skilled worker in embroidery.

The emperor, princes, generals, cabinet ministers, and ambassadors attended the funeral of the late Cardinal Prince Archbishop of Vienna, the son of Farmer Gangelbauer, of Upper Austria, and humble peasants stood side by side with court dignitaries during the splendid ceremony. Celestin Gangelbauer became a monk while a young man, and rose step by step till he was the Primate of the Austrian Empire, with an annual stipend of thirty thousand dollars. He gave largely to the poor, and left but a small fortune. His successor will probably be Cardinal Count Schoenborn, Archbishop of Prague, formerly an officer of cavalry, and who greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Sadowa.

Adam Forepaugh, it is said, never smoked nor chewed tobacco nor drank intoxicating liquors. His success was due to thorough application to his business and to shrewd business methods. He was kind at heart—especially so to animals—rough in exterior, fond of a joke, haughty and brusque to his employees, except heads of departments, and he attended to the smallest details himself. When all went well, he used to go to his bed in his private car every night at ten o'clock; at home this was his invariable hour of retiring. He always sat at the main entrance of the show, and his face was more familiar to the great mass of people—rich and poor, and in every State—than probably any living American.

Preparations are being made among the clerical opposition to celebrate, in a suitable manner, the seventy-eighth birthday of Herr Windthorst, the only member of the Reichstag in whom Prince Bismarck recognizes a foe man worthy of his steel—a little old dwarf, almost hunchbacked, with a singularly ugly yet clever face, watery eyes that are hidden behind a huge pair of blue spectacles, a monstrous and almost toothless mouth, from which issues a thin piping wooden kind of voice, and clean-shaven cheeks, in every fold and wrinkle of which there seems to lurk a sarcasm or an irony in store for the chancellor. This ugly little dwarf is the temporal representative of the Pope in the German Empire, the despotic leader of the Catholic party in German politics. He was formerly Prime Minister to King George of Hanover. The chancellor treats with him as from power to power, and at the parliamentary receptions at which Herr Windthorst is his guest makes a point of giving him invariably the place of honor at his right.

William Gilbert, father of W. S. Gilbert, the distinguished dramatist, died at a very advanced age on the first of January, at Salisbury. He made for himself a considerable literary reputation before his son had begun to write. It must now be thirty years since "Dives and Lazarus" appeared, and twenty-five since the publication of Mr. Gilbert's most successful works, "Shirley Hall Asylum" and "Dr. Austin's Guests." Mr. Gilbert's studies of lunacy and of lunatics were so striking that a report was at one time set going to the effect that he himself had been confined in an asylum. Mr. Gilbert had studied surgery and medicine—was, in fact, a qualified surgeon; but he had never been in regular practice. In his youth Mr. Gilbert had lived much in Italy, and he possessed a good knowledge of the Italian language and of Italian literature. He did not begin writing and publishing books until he was already nearer the age of sixty than fifty. He retained his vigor to the last, though at the time of his death he was within a very few years of ninety.

A man named Bruno Reinsdorff, who, until three months ago, was engaged at New York in assisting the socialistic Most to edit the *Freiheit*, has just been arrested at Pegan, a small village in Saxony, and is in danger of losing his head on the scaffold. Bruno is the brother of Augustus Reinsdorff, who was implicated in the conspiracy to assassinate the late Emperor William at the inauguration of the great statue of Germania in the Niederwald, and who was subsequently executed for his share in the plot. The credit for unearthing the latter belonged to an exceedingly clever commissary of police named Rumpf, who was stationed at Frankfurt-on-the-Main. Bruno had sworn to be revenged on the commissary for his brother's death, and, accordingly, when in July, 1886, the body of Captain Rumpf was found lying in the outskirts of Frankfurt, suspicion was immediately directed toward him. The autopsy and inquest revealed the facts that Rumpf's skull had been crushed by means of a bludgeon, and his face and body terribly mutilated with a sharp knife. Bruno's arrest was at once ordered, but it was found that he had managed to escape to America. Two months ago, one of the small force of detectives which Prince Bismarck maintains at New York notified the Berlin authorities that Bruno Reinsdorff had disappeared from Most's printing establishment, and that it was believed that he had sailed for Germany with his wife. This proved to be the case, and, having been traced to Pegan, he was arrested there, together with his wife. No mercy will be shown to him, for Police Commissary Rumpf was not only one of the favorite officers of the chancellor, but was highly esteemed and much liked by the imperial family.

HOW IS THIS?

A MOST LIBERAL OFFER TO THE READERS OF THE ARGONAUT.

Office "Texas Siftings,"
New York, 28th January, 1890.

Publishers "Argonaut":

GENTLEMEN: Recognizing the fact that, from the high character of the *Argonaut*, its readers must necessarily be of the class that appreciate good literature, we are desirous of baying the following offer made to them, and would be pleased if you would publish it in your issue of the 10th instant.

Texas Siftings is a national paper, published weekly in New York, contains 16 pages of high-class humorous and literary matter, illustrated weekly with 25 to 30 engravings by some of the best artists and cartoonists in the United States. It is too well known to require further description. The price of *Texas Siftings* is \$4 a year. To every reader of the *Argonaut* who will subscribe for *Siftings* for one year, and forward us the subscription price, \$4, we will present and send by express or mail, a full set of the complete works of Charles Dickens, in 15 volumes, and also a full set of the *Waverly Novels*, by Sir Walter Scott, in 12 volumes. These books are complete and unabridged, and are absolutely a free gift offered by us solely to induce the readers of the *Argonaut* to become readers of *Texas Siftings*. The yearly price of *Siftings* is \$4, without any premiums, and the books will only be sent to new subscribers who cut this letter out and send it to us with the money, so that we may know in that way that they are readers of the *Argonaut*.

Those who will subscribe for *Siftings* for half a year, and send the subscription price of \$2 for the half year, and this letter cut out, will receive as a gift one of the sets of books, whichever they select, either Dickens or Scott. Each single one of the 27 books occupies a shelf space of over 18 cubic inches. We mention this to show that these are not common books. We want it understood that they are not pamphlets of the cheap ten-cent library kind, but that they are handsome, thick books, each volume bound in thick paper-covers, and the size of each one of the 27 is the same as that of an ordinary novel. In the 15 volumes of Dickens there are 4,900 pages, and there are 4,700 pages in the 12 volumes of Scott. They would cost \$7 a set, even if sold at the low price of 50 cents each.

Now, how is that for an offer? Fifty-two weekly numbers of *Siftings* and 9,600 bound pages (in 27 books) of the works of the two great masters of English fiction, and all for \$4, which is the price of *Siftings* alone; or, for \$2, twenty-six weekly numbers of *Siftings* and either the 15 vols. of Dickens or the 12 vols. of Scott.

The following are samples of letters we receive daily from subscribers:

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It is hardly necessary to tell *Argonaut* readers that the character and standing of *Texas Siftings* is a guarantee that we shall do exactly what we promise above. Hoping soon to have many responses to this letter, we are,

Yours truly,
TEXAS SIFTINGS PUB. CO., NEW YORK.

P. S.—Those who already have Dickens's and Scott's works in their libraries, and who, therefore, do not want these books, can have *Siftings* weekly, either one year for \$4, six months \$2, or three months for \$1, and we shall make them a present and mail free "The Mammoth Cyclopaedia," in four volumes, a very valuable work of reference and instruction, containing 2172 pages and over 600 illustrations. Address as above.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"The Shadow of a Dream" is the title of a short serial story which Mr. Howells has just written.

Copies of the first English edition of "Robert Elsmere" are selling at eight dollars and sixty-two cents each.

The January number of the *North American Review*, containing the Gladstone-Blaine discussion, has gone through twenty-eight editions.

Eugene Schuyler, the American diplomatist, tells, in one of the February magazines, the romantic story of "A Minnesota Heir to a Serbian King."

Funk & Wagnalls have in press a cyclopedia of temperance and prohibition, which will make an octavo volume of about six hundred double-column pages.

The final installment of the Lincoln "History" appears in the February *Century*. Some of the supplementary papers in the same number deal with the capture of Jefferson Davis.

B. H. Hill, Jr., the son of the Southern Senator familiarly called "Ben" Hill, will publish, some time this year, a volume of eight hundred or a thousand pages containing his father's speeches.

Mr. Henry C. Lea, author of "A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages," has in one of the reviews an article showing the hostility of the Catholic Church to the American Government and institutions.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward has written a novel of the time of Christ entitled "Come Forth," which will be published by a syndicate. It is said to have religious interest and to contain a love story, the culmination occurring with the incident of the raising of Lazarus.

An English monthly magazine called the *Esquiline* has been started in Rome. The first number contains a paper by Professor Lanciani on the Esquiline Hill, an installment of a life of Giordano Bruno, and an account of the Volscian City of Cori, by Miss Edwards.

Mark Twain's book, "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court," is getting rather a warm reception in England. They dislike his slashing remarks about royalty, and one paper wails that he has no reverence for history, and has shattered all the romance in the Arthurian legends by his rude humor.

One of the "Talks with Edison," which George Parsons Lathrop reports in one of the February magazines, refers to the inventor's belief in an intelligent Creator—a personal God. Mr. Edison is quoted as saying: "The existence of such a God can, to my mind, almost be proved from chemistry."

Andrew Lang said, in an amusing address the other day, that a young author wrote generally for money or from vanity, or to astonish his family—which he never succeeded in doing—or from mere weariness of unemployed bours. A young author turned eagerly to verse, and his favorite writers sang of disappointment and gloom.

The Appletons have been incorporated under the style of the Appleton Manufacturing Company. The object is to do a general composition, electrotyping, printing, engraving, lithographing, and binding business in New York and Brooklyn. The corporation is to continue fifty years. William H. Appleton, Daniel S. Appleton, William W. Appleton, Daniel Appleton, Edward D. Appleton, Charles A. Appleton, William Matthews, and William M. Matthews are trustees.

M. Andral, to whom M. de Bacourt left the unpublished Talleyrand memoirs, died the other day, and it is not yet learned what disposition he has made of these precious manuscripts. They would not, be once declared, have made up less than from twelve to fifteen volumes. Some years ago, a Leipzig publishing firm proposed to issue an edition secretly of the half of the manuscripts, without disclosing the person who had given them up, and not to remonstrate if they were declared to be forgeries. M. Andral naturally refused this, to say the least of it, peculiar offer.

Jules Verne can travel no more, prevented by the accident which befell him four years ago when a favorite nephew went mad suddenly and shot at the novelist. One of the bullets hit him in the leg, and the wound has never healed. He is consequently unable to walk much. His forthcoming book is called "The Journey Backwards," and describes a trip through the north of America and Alaska and over the Behring Straits. Verne is now at his seventy-fourth novel. He writes two every year. He gets through a certain amount of work every morning, never missing a day.

The New York *Tribune* says: "Divers pathetic paragraphs, concerning the painfully small earnings of the current young poet, have been circulating through the papers. If we may believe these mourners, magazine poetry decidedly does not pay the writer. After all, is not the pay as good as the poetry? Is not the magazine poetry of the day a little flabby—as it were? Would it plunge the world into agonizing gloom if the current young poet did not write at all? Would not a poem so good that the editor could not afford to let it go to some other magazine really command its price? Would not it be well if only poems of this kind were written and published? In short, could not we continue these queries all day?"

The *Critic* says: "If Mr. Stead wanted a descriptive title for his new periodical, he could have got none that answered that purpose better than the one he has given it—*The Review of Reviews*. At the same time, it is a little misleading, for if the accent were to fall upon the *The*, the apparent meaning of the title would be materially changed. As I understand it, the plan is not particularly original. It is about the same as that of *Public Opinion* or *Current Literature*. In England, where they are more particular about violations of the copyright law than we are here, Mr. Stead may find difficulties in his path; but he rather seeks than avoids difficulties, I imagine. The financial backer of *The Review of Reviews* is Mr. George Newnes, who has made a fortune out of *Tid-Bits*, a penny weekly, made up of odds and ends, which has a subscription-list numbering close upon half-a-million names."

New Publications.

The fourth volume of the third series of "Tales from Blackwood," containing six of the stories that

have made that magazine famous, has been issued by White & Allen, New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, 40 cents.

"The Earth Trembled," the novel by E. P. Roe dealing with the Charleston earthquakes of three years ago, has been reprinted in paper covers by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by the San Francisco News Company; price, 50 cents.

Doubtless the recent impetus given to interest in the Dark Continent has led to the republication of "Tropical Africa," by Henry Drummond. It is brightly written and its facts will be new to many readers, though not up to recent discoveries. Published by John B. Alden, New York; sent for 35 cents.

"Dear Old Story-Tellers," by Oscar Fay Adams, is a series of twelve brief biographies of the men whose tales of the wonderful have amused many generations of children from Homer and Æsop to Daniel—not "David," as the contents hath it—Defoe and Bernardin de St. Pierre. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the book-sellers.

"Seven Days after the Honeymoon," by S. U. B., is a pretty brochure containing seven menus for breakfast and dinner, together with recipes for the dishes named thereon. It is prettily got up and is to be commended to brides as worthy of perusal before the honeymoon has waned. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Story of Tonty," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, is an historical romance taken from the field of early Canadian life, which Mrs. Catherwood has found so fruitful in romantic incident and picturesque detail. Henri de Tonty was La Salle's friend and admirer, and of his adventures with the Norman explorer an absorbing tale has been made. Published—handsomely and with good illustrations—by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, \$1.25.

"Warren Hastings," a biography by Sir Alfred Lyall, K. C. B., is the latest issue of the English Men of Action Series. The book deals chiefly with his conduct of affairs in India, his resignation and return to England, and his impeachment and trial; but it concludes with a picture of his later life that will be new to many. A portrait and a map of India in 1784 are included in the volume. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, 60 cents.

It is somewhat pathetic now to read in John Ruskin's preface to a new edition of "Sesame and Lilies," published in 1871, that the book was written "while my energies were still unbroken and my temper unfretted." He was a great lover of fine books, a great railer at the American reprinters of his books who would not clothe them in fittingly fine raiment; but his temper would be unfretted by the latest American reprint, which is in clear type, printed on good paper, and tastefully bound. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

An innovation in the methods of the Harpers par-

takes of the nature of an epoch-marking post on the road of literary progress in America—not that they do not watch the popular taste and sometimes lead it, but their adoption of a new idea is like the immortalization of a new word in the dictionaries. They have made an innovation in their Franklin Square Library—which has hitherto collected its material from the modern English writers, with an occasional bit of something American or from the foreign classics—by issuing a translation of a novel by one of the leading French novelists of the day, Anatole France. It is entitled "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard (Member of the Institute)," and the translation, as well as the bright and appreciative little introduction, is the work of Lafcadio Hearn, who not only understands French as one understands his mother-tongue, but is a consummate master in the use of English. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

New Publications.

Midwinter (February) CENTURY

A number of unusual interest, containing 160 pages of entertaining reading and nearly 50 illustrations.

The contents include papers on African Exploration, Civil Service Reform, The Pursuit and Capture of Jefferson Davis, Recollections of Edwin Forrest in Joseph Jefferson's Autobiography, the end of the Lincoln History, "Emerson's Talks with a College Boy," "A Corner of Old Paris," serials, short stories, poems, etc.

"Letters from Japan," written and illustrated by John La Farge, the noted American artist, begins in this number.

Sold everywhere, price 35 cents. A year's subscription \$4.00. Published by THE CENTURY CO. N. Y.

New Publications.

Should the United States adopt
the Policy of Free Trade?

A HISTORIC DISCUSSION.

The Controversy in the January number of the

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,

BETWEEN

RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE

AND

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE,

will take rank among the great literary events of history.

The discussion will be continued in the REVIEW by

HON. ROGER Q. MILLS,

Framer of the Mills Bill, and

SENATOR JUSTIN MORRILL,

Framer of the Morrill Bill, and

Other Distinguished Statesmen.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

The January number also contains:

WOMAN'S VIEWS ON DIVORCE,

by Mary A. Livermore, Amelia E. Barr, Rose Terry Cooke, Jennie June, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; also, THE LIFE OF ROBERT E. LEE, by the late Jefferson Davis; BY-GONE DAYS IN BOSTON, by C. K. Tuckerman; A ROMANCE OF OLD ROME, by Rodolfo Lanciani; A PLEA FOR COPYRIGHT, by Count Emile de Keratry; THE BORDER LAND OF SCIENCE, by Prof. R. H. Thurston; HOW I BECAME AN ASTRONOMER, by Camille Flammarion, etc.

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FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

50 cents a number; \$5.00 a year.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, NEW YORK

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Upon the conclusion of a marriage in an English church, the bridegroom signed his register with his X mark. The pretty young bride did the same; and then, turning to a young lady who had known her as the best scholar in the school, whispered to her, while love and admiration shone in her eyes: "He is a dear fellow, miss, but he can not write. He is going to learn from me, and I would not shame him for the world."

Once upon a time, an indulgent ship captain, to quiet the grumbling of his crew over their grub, offered to serve cabin stores instead of forecastle rations. At the end of a week the crew, with a sea-lawyer at their head, were at the mast again, mess kids in hand. "Whatever is the matter now? Isn't this grub sweet?" asked the captain. "Aye, it's sweet enough," said Jack, "but my eyes, there's no chaw into it."

Benjamin Franklin was once traveling in cold weather and saw no vacant place at the tavern-fire where he could warm himself. He cried out to the order: "Half a peck of oysters in the shell for my horse." Upon this, all the fire-place crowd rushed out to see a horse eat oysters. Very soon the hostler returned and said: "Why, sir, your horse won't eat the oysters." "Won't he?" said Franklin, now comfortably seated by the fireside; "well, then, bring them in and cook them and I'll eat them myself."

A householder discovered that a spark from a neighboring conflagration had fallen upon his own slightly slanting roof and had set fire to the shingles. All the buckets and tubs had gone to the big fire, and there was no one to send after them, even had there been time for such a measure; but the man was equal to the emergency. He rushed to a pond near by, and deliberately sat down in the water. To run upstairs and out upon the roof was the work of a moment, and then he "sat on" the fire in more senses than one, and saved the house.

Recently at the close of the trial of a lawsuit, the referee said he was ready to hear arguments. "I have nothing to say," was the answer of one lawyer. "Why, how's that?" asked his opponent; "I heard you say not more than two hours ago that you were prepared to make an elaborate statement of your side of the case." "Well, I did intend to, but the fact is that on my way over here I dropped in a bank, and the cashier told me that a check my client gave me for one hundred dollars had gone to protest. I will submit the case without argument."

It is characteristic of some good-natured men always to agree with those with whom they converse. It is with them a point of politeness never to differ, which sort of politeness is certainly a very amiable kind of tact. We have a capital instance of the value of this policy in the sensible speech of the man who, during one of the Belfast riots, was asked by a mob what his religion was. He did not know whether his interrogators were Catholics or Protestants, but he looked at their weapons, their bludgeons, and their firearms, surveyed all carefully and answered: "Gentlemen, I am of the same opinion as that gentleman there with the big axe."

Forty years ago the leader of the New York bar was George Wood, whose grave deportment and habit of closing his eyes when in thought gave him an owl appearance. One day a gentleman called on Daniel Webster, who had temporarily forsaken politics and resumed the practice of law, to retain his services in a case involving a large sum of money. Mr. Webster, in accepting the retainer, asked what counsel was to oppose him. "Oh," answered the client, "he is some New York lawyer, with a commonplace, every-day name which I forget." "What sort of a looking person is he?" "Rather a sleepy-looking man." "Is his name George Wood?" "Yes, that's his name." "Then," rejoined Mr. Webster, with emphasis, "don't wake him up!"

Colonel Ingersoll's legal protégé was Judge Putebaugh, then a judge of the circuit court at Peoria, Ill. Upon one occasion, while the judge was engaged in fining a spectator for contempt of court, Ingersoll offered some gratuitous advice, which was resented with some show of indignation. Ingersoll retorted by hinting that when the court was fishing in a political way after the ermine he had not been so chary about accepting advice. This warmed the old man up in earnest, and he at once imposed upon the presumptuous advocate a fine of ten dollars and costs. Ingersoll fumbled in his pockets for a moment, then walked up to the bar with outstretched hand and said: "Putebaugh, lend me ten dollars!" The stern expression of the court never relaxed for an instant. Turning to the clerk he said: "Mr. Clerk, let the record show that Mr. Ingersoll's fine is remitted. Peoria County can better afford to lose ten dollars than I can."

Senator Voorhees is an eloquent lawyer, and is justly noted for his influence over a jury. Sometimes, however, he moves their sympathies and that of the court to no purpose, as one or two stories told in the New York Tribune show. He was once engaged in a suit before a justice of the peace, to defend a young lady, in an action against a bank. The case was a weak one, but Mr. Voorhees endeavored to work on the feelings of the court. He depicted the sufferings of his client until the sympathy of the "Squire" was so aroused that tears trickled down the old gentleman's cheeks. But the decision was a disappointment. "The plaintiff," said the squire, "is a woman, and her counsel has, for the last hour, touched the sympathy of the court in her behalf. I am glad of it, but I think, under the law, that justice is on the side of the bank. I therefore will find in favor of the bank, and let the record show that Mrs. — has the full sympathy of the court." Mr. Voorhees tells another story of emotional eloquence which came to an ignominious end. He had succeeded in delivering an appeal which had brought tears to the eyes of several jurymen. Then arose the prosecuting attorney, a gruff old man, with a piping voice and nasal twang. "Gentlemen," said he, deliberately helping himself to a pinch of snuff, "you might as well understand from the beginning that I am not boring for water." This proved an effectual wet blanket to the emotions of Mr. Voorhees.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Bonelli Recital.

At his studio, 1368 Market Street, some of the pupils of E. S. Bonelli, assisted by the professors of the different departments, gave a recital on Friday afternoon. A large audience enjoyed the subjoined programme:

Mi Querida, "Danza".....	Bonelli
Orchestra.	
Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 14.....	Mendelssohn
Miss Emma Stiefvater.	
Quintet.....	Eilenberg
Messrs. Carlmüller, Toepke, Mueller, Mehden,	
and Master Adolph K. Harshall.	
Sonate, C Minor, Pathétique.....	Beethoven-Henselt
(Two pianos.)	
Misses Eta Fayly and Julia Heffernan.	
Cornet Solo, "Fantasie".....	Weber
(With Orchestra.)	
Professor C. von der Mehden.	
Valse, "Faust".....	Listz
Miss Minnie Weeks.	
Song, "Good Night, Farewell".....	Kucken
Miss Sophie Chambers.	
(Pupil Professor J. W. Wilkins.)	
Les Courriers.....	Ritter
Miss Lulu Ayers.	
Clarinet Solo, Scene and Aria from "Luisa di	
Montfort".....	Bergson
(With Orchestra.)	
Professor C. Caspari.	
Concerto.....	Hummel
(With Orchestra.)	
Miss Carrie Bowes.	
Mandolin Solo, "El Jajaro".....	Schmitz
(With String Accompaniment.)	
Professor E. Schmitz.	
Marche Triomphale.....	Gloria
(Two pianos, with Orchestra.)	
Misses Lettie Barry and Jennie McMillan.	

The Sherwood Concert.

Under the direction of the Misses Theresa and Lillie Sherwood a concert was given last Wednesday evening at Byron Maury's piano warehouses. Those who appeared were the Neapolitan Mandolin and Guitar Club comprising the following: mandolins: Mrs. Louis Marshall, Miss Mabel Stump, Miss Suse G. Le Count, Miss Lillie Everson, Miss Helen Cashman, Mr. Horace Watson, Mr. Harry W. Knoll; guitars: Miss Ella Le Count, Miss Madeline Cashman, Miss Cora Harvey, Miss Alice Stump, Miss May Bates, Miss Lillie Mastic; and the following soloists: Miss May E. Thorne, contralto, Mr. William G. Wood, tenor, Professor H. Clay Wysham, bohemian-flautist, Mr. Milton Vanderslice, bohemian-flautist, Professor R. Fletcher Tilton, pianist, and Professor R. Uricoschea, accompanist. Quite a large audience was entertained by the following programme:

Piano Solo, "Valse".....	Moszkowski
R. Fletcher Tilton.	
Contralto Solo, "Per sua Madre".....	Donizetti
Miss May E. Thorne.	
Selection, "Serenade".....	Gounod
Neapolitan Mandolin and Guitar Club.	
Grand Duo (two Boehm flutes), "Mein Engel".....	Esser
Professor H. Clay Wysham, Mr. Milton Vanderslice.	
Contralto Solo, "Ob, Vision Entrancing".....	Thomas
Miss May E. Thorne.	
Selection, "Las Flores" (waltz).....	Sutorius
Neapolitan Mandolin and Guitar Club.	
Tenor Song, "Spirito Gentil" (La Favorita).....	Donizetti
Will G. Wood.	

The Loring Club Concert.

The Loring Club gave its third concert of the thirteenth season last Wednesday evening, under the direction of Mr. David W. Loring. The club was assisted by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, pianist, and the Hermann Brandt String Quartet. The usual large audience was in attendance, and the following excellent programme was presented:

Were the Atlantic Main.....	Zollner
The Water-Lily.....	Abt
Menuetto and Fugue (from Quartet No. 9).....	Beethoven
Hermann Brandt Quartet.	
Italian Salad.....	Gendé
Hymn to Music.....	Lachner
Edipus Tyrannus (No. 2).....	Paine
Fridtjof's Return.....	Bruch
(a) Scene 1. Fridtjof's Return.	
(b) Scene 4. Fridtjof goes into Exile.	
I am so Nervous.....	Kücken
Emperor Variations.....	Haydn
Hermann Brandt Quartet.	
A Wood Morning.....	Becken
Heini von Steier.....	Engelsberg

The second concert of the Hermann Brandt String Quartet will take place on Thursday evening, February 13th, at Spencer's Hall, Bancroft Building. Miss Ella Partridge, the pianist, will assist.

Frau Schulze-Jerosch, an eminent soprano late of Berlin, will give a concert at Pioneer Hall next Friday evening, assisted by Mr. H. J. Stewart and Mr. Henry Heyman.

In the Holy Trinity Church, in the Minories, is preserved in a glass-case beneath the pulpit a human head. The vicar, the Rev. Samuel Kinns, has recently issued a book containing details about this *caput mortuum*. It is supposed to be that of the Duke of Suffolk, father of Lady Jane Grey, who was beheaded in 1554, shortly after the execution of his daughter. There is a tradition that the executioner did not, as was usual in such cases, hold up the head of the duke to the people, but let it simply drop into the basket, the supposition being that he was bribed to bring it secretly to the church and place it in the vault, where it was found by the Earl of Dartmouth. This story is doubted by a former vicar, who writes to say that it is more probable that "the head belongs to some unknown person of later times."

The losses by the burning of the palace of the King of Belgium include all of his great collection of maps and his geographical library, said to be the finest in the world. The library contained seven thousand volumes, among which were a manuscript work of Walter Raleigh, an original edition of the letters of Captain Cook, and the first edition of the Spanish reports of Christopher Columbus. Beside the maps there were eleven thousand photographs, taken in all parts of the world.

There is an agitation in Paris in favor of giving to women engaged in business the right that men similarly engaged have—to vote in the choice of judges before whom come for settlement matters of commercial litigation. The scheme is advocated by many of the leading French politicians.

The expenditures of the London Times in the Parnell case are said already to exceed a million dollars.

—THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CITY OF SYDNEY is to sail for Acapulco, Panama, and way ports on Thursday, February 13, at 4 P. M., carrying freight and passengers for New York via Panama and for Mexico and the Central American ports via Acapulco.

—EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Alexander have returned from their visit to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Sherwood are now domiciled at 1014 Pine Street, the former residence of Mrs. William Ashburner.

Mrs. Volney Spaulding is entertaining her niece, Miss Brush, of New York, who was blockaded for a week by the snow in the Sierra.

Mr. Edmund Carrey left for Paris last Tuesday, via the Isthmus of Panama, and will be away about three months.

Mrs. Morton Cheesman, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Mr. Morgan McMullin has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. Charles Miller, of New York city, is here on a visit. Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne returned from the East last Tuesday after an absence of a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Smith are passing the winter in Tunis and Algiers, and will return here in May.

Mrs. George Cheesman, Mrs. Peter Decker, and Miss Alice Decker are now residing at 2207 Sacramento Street.

Mrs. Wither Jones and Miss Margaret Jones, of San José, were in Philadelphia last week, but are now in Richmond, Va.

Mr. H. K. Spaulding has gone East on a visit of several weeks duration.

Captain J. W. Howell has returned home from the Eastern States, after one year's absence.

Mr. Thomas Greene Wilson, architect and civil engineer, son of Mr. L. P. Wilson, of Waynning's Hall, Northumberland, England, consulting engineer of Sir William Armstrong's great naval iron-works at Elswick, Newcastle-on-Tyne, is in the city at present, after an extended tour through the State.

Mrs. Raoul Martinez left for New York last Thursday to join her husband. They will reside permanently in New York, where Mr. Martinez has gone into business.

Mr. Fred Moody will leave for New Orleans on Monday, and after viewing the Mardi Gras celebration he will proceed to Boston to meet his sister, Miss Eda Moody. They will both return to the city about April 1st.

Miss Annie Wolf, of Philadelphia, is a guest of Miss Margaret Foulkes, of this city.

Mrs. George D. Roberts and Miss Lulu Roberts, who have been in the East and Europe for the past two years, have returned to the city, and are stopping at 1819 Lyon Street.

Miss Kate Hinkle, of Petaluma, has been visiting her sister, Frank K. Zook, during the past week.

Mrs. W. P. Dutton, the Misses Mollie and Gertrude Dutton, and Mr. Frank Dutton have gone to Honolulu for a brief visit. While there they expect to meet Mr. Robert Dutton, who is stationed there on the United States man-of-war *Mohican*.

In France, there are upward of twenty thousand applicants for three hundred vacancies in the public service in the Department of the Seine. Four thousand persons applied for the places of three office-boys at the Hotel de Ville.

—SUCCESSFUL TEACHER OF GERMAN, FRENCH, Latin, and Spanish would change for better salary. Present salary \$1,250. Eight years' experience—the last three, instructor in Eastern university. Studied abroad and graduated. References and testimonials. Address, D. Sc., care of the *Argonaut*.

NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Mrs. R. S. Floyd will give a high tea this (Saturday) afternoon at her residence, 415 First Street, in honor of Miss Inez Shorb, of the Mission San Gabriel, who is visiting her.

Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Brigham will give a reception next Tuesday evening at their residence, 2502 Broadway. The German will be danced and it will be led by Mr. Gardner Hammond, of Boston, who led the cotillion at the fancy-dress ball given by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard.

The wedding of Miss Sallie Stetson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, and Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow will take place on Monday, February 17th, at the residence of the bride's parents, 1307 Van Ness Avenue. It will be very quietly celebrated.

The York Club will give a party next Wednesday evening. The members of the *Bachelors' Cotillion Club* will give their final German of this season next Friday evening. Mr. Edward M. Greenway will lead, and the arrangements will be very elaborate. Members will please bear in mind that they must present their special tickets at the door, and also that no extra invitations will be issued.

The wedding of Miss Stella Sears, daughter of Hon. W. H. Sears, and Mr. Egbert E. Stone will take place Wednesday, February 14th, at the home of the bride's parents in San Leandro.

The California Lawn Tennis Club will hold an open handicap tournament, doubles only, on Saturday, February 22d, commencing at 10 A. M. The first prize will be the Coggins trophy and a prize given by the club, and a second prize will also be competed for by those defeated by the winning team. Those interested are cordially invited to be present. Luncheon will be served. Entries close February 16th.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank, *né* Pope, will give a reception next Wednesday evening at their residence, 2001 Van Ness Avenue.

Cards have been issued by Mrs. Restome Perry for the wedding of her daughter, Louise, to Dr. W. August Bryant, which will take place on Tuesday evening, February 8th, at St. Luke's Church.

Army and Navy News.

Paymaster J. Q. Lovell, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Roger Wells, U. S. N., have been detached from the *Thetis* and ordered to Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant James Ashley Turner, U. S. N., has been passing the week at Mare Island.

Dr. Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., and Lieutenant C. M. Perkins, U. S. N., came down from Mare Island early in the week for a short visit.

Major John A. Darling, U. S. A., has been recuperating at Spring Springs.

General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., and Major John I. Rodgers, U. S. A., departed for Washington, D. C., last Wednesday. Miss Cecilia Miles accompanied them.

One of the best of the new crop of calendars is that published by N. W. Ayer & Son, Newspaper Advertising Agents, Philadelphia, and which they send post-paid to any address on receipt of twenty-five cents. This calendar is fourteen by twenty-two inches, the upper portion being beautifully printed in colors, while the monthly sheets are printed with figures so plain that they can be easily seen at a distance.



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The following-named books comprise a few of the most popular works on astronomical science. If, however, there should be any work not mentioned in the list that any one interested in the subject of astronomy desires, we will gladly furnish information regarding price, style of binding, size, etc., and procure the book or books desired.

- THE NEW ASTRONOMY. With nearly one hundred full page and other illustrations. By Samuel Pierpont Langley. Royal 8vo. \$5 00
- FAMILIAR TALKS ON ASTRONOMY, GEOGRAPHY, AND NAVIGATION, by William Harwar Parker. 1 00
- ASTRONOMY WITH AN OPERA-GLASS. A popular introduction to the study of the starry heavens with the simplest of optical instruments. By Garrett P. Serviss. 1 50
- HALF HOURS WITH THE STARS. A plain and easy guide to the knowledge of the constellations. By Richard A. Proctor. 2 00
- EASY STAR LESSONS. With forty-eight star maps and thirty-five other illustrations. By Richard A. Proctor. 2 50
- POPULAR ASTRONOMY. With one hundred and twelve engravings and five star maps. By Simon Newcomb, LL.D., Superintendent American Nautical Almanac. 2 50
- RECREATIONS IN ASTRONOMY. With directions for practical experiments and telescopic work. Eighty-three illustrations and colored plates. By H. W. Warren, D. D. 1 25
- OUTLINES OF ASTRONOMY. With plates and diagrams. By Sir J. F. W. Herschel. 4 00
- A TREATISE ON ASTRONOMY, by Sir J. F. W. Herschel. 1 25
- A MANUAL OF ASTRONOMY, by C. A. Young, Ph.D., LL.D. 2 50
- SOLAR LIGHT AND HEAT. With illustrations. By Zach. Allen, LL.D. 1 50
- THE SUN, by C. A. Young, Ph.D., LL.D. 2 00
- ASTRONOMY AND GEOLOGY COMPARED, by Lord Ormawate. 1 00
- OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS, by Richard A. Proctor. 1 75
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The Hyde Cotillion.

An exceptionally pleasant affair was the reception and cotillion given last Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. George Hyde at their residence, 710 Geary Street. They spared no efforts to make the affair a success, and in so doing afforded their guests an evening of rare enjoyment. There were sixty-four guests present, all young friends of the daughters of the host and hostess, Miss Mamie and Gertrude Hyde, who most ably assisted their parents in receiving and entertaining. Upon entering the residence that evening a beautiful scene was presented to the sight as every apartment was prettily decorated: the few warm days of late having brought out many flowers that the cold weather had retarded in growth. The wide hallway was canvased and the doorways at either side were framed with tall ferns and other foliage. The newel-post at the foot of the staircase was adorned with verdant foliage, which was kept in place by a scarf of pistache green sash. Diagonally draped across the mirror of the hall-rack was a band of pale green silk and the woodwork was deftly concealed by foliage. The reception-room and library at the right of the hall had also received Miss Hyde's attention. Pretty effects in pink were produced by sash draperies of silk across the front of the room, at both of which were clusters of white and yellow roses, mingled among which were fern sprays and long branches of pussy-willow. The folding-doors were gracefully decorated with wide pink silk ribbons so arranged as to hold at one side a cluster of white chrysanthemums and at the other side, near the top, a large wreath of the same blossoms around ferns. The rear room was devoted to white and yellow chrysanthemums and fragrant lilies, among which baby ribbons of blue and white were entwined.

The commodious salon was the brightest place of all, for here the most artistic fancies of the decorator were congregated, as this was the room in which the cotillion was to be danced. The gilt-framed pier-mirror, between the front windows, was wreathed at the top with yellow Japanese chrysanthemums and sprays of fern, while falling from it were narrow ribbons of golden-colored silk, which terminated in a cluster of pussy-willow at one side. The *plafond de résistance* was seen beneath the arch which spans the ceiling, where there hung a large chandelier of golden-colored net, with autumnal-tinted wild blackberry vines clambering over it in profusion. One end of the hammock was suspended from a hanging wicker-basket full of yellow chrysanthemums and ferns, and the other end was held in place by a large cluster of chrysanthemums placed against the arch, where the ends of the mass of netting fell loosely into a tall cluster of autumnal ferns. The two tables, with their laminae of seal-brown velvet, were set with candelabra and vases of blue and gold, and around them were masses of bright yellow daffodils and fern sprays, with ribbons of white and yellow silk falling from the centre to the grate below. The elegant *étagère* was embellished by yellow daffodils placed in vases, and around the walls were fern sprays in quiet relief. The effect produced was attractive. All around this room chairs were set, marked with the names of the participants in the cotillion, and at each was a silk badge of white and pink, decorated with little bells, and bearing the inscription, "Miss Hyde, February 4th," in odd lettering.

The guests were late in arriving, and it was after ten o'clock before the cotillion was started. The first was led by Miss Gertrude Hyde and Mr. Edward M. Greenway. The others in the first set were: Miss Mary Graham, Mr. Frank D. Madison, Miss Millie Ashe, Mr. H. M. Bissell, Miss Inez Shorb, Lieutenant West, U. S. N., Miss Maggie Kittle, Mr. Fred Coon, Miss Marie Voorhies, and Lieutenant Fremont P. Peck, U. S. A. Seven figures in all were danced, in several of which favors were distributed. All around this room favors were very pretty. The first was the "Serpentine" figure, which closely resembled the finish of a Virginia Reel. Next came a chance figure, with six young ladies in it and eight gentlemen, the latter forming a revolving circle and then obtaining their partners, the result being that two gentlemen were without partners. The third was the "Star and Circle" figure, which was followed by another called "Continuous Circles," in which the combinations were very interesting. It was then after twelve o'clock, and supper was in order. The refreshments were served at small tables, which were quickly brought into four of the rooms. An elaborate menu was provided, wine was abundantly served, and an hour was very merrily passed in dining.

After supper the German was resumed. The next figure was called "Over the Garden Wall." In this the gentlemen were masked and a sheet represented the wall. The gentlemen put their hands over the wall and the young ladies selected their partners. Then the sheet was dropped and all walked. The succeeding two figures were devoted to the exchange of favors. The favors comprised corsage bouquets of snow drops, boutonnières of violets, ivory playing card cases, porcelain slippers, hand-painted blotters, silk sachet bags, and other articles that were handsome and ornamental. Noah Brandt's band provided the music, which was delightful. It was about three o'clock when the party ended.

The Rucker-Bliss Wedding.

A charming wedding took place last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. George D. Bliss, 1597 Pacific Avenue, when his daughter, Miss Annie Bliss, was united in marriage to Mr. James Rucker. Only the relatives and a few intimate friends were invited. The entire first floor of the residence was given up for the wedding, and in each apartment were artistic evidences of the decorator's attention. All of the mantels were banked with glowing blossoms shaded by maiden's-hair ferns, asparagus tenuissimus, and other delicate foliage. Hyacinths of varied hues, roses of different varieties, pansies, daffodils, and many other flowers brightened the rooms in their pretty combinations. Flowering plants in tall bloom were tastefully disposed here and there, while cordons of smilax and masses of mountain ferns also added to the picturesque effect. The bay-window in the main drawing-room was arranged to represent a nuptial arbor, the curtains of lace being fringed with ferns and dotted with clusters of roses and other flowers, while from the centre of the embrasure depended a beautiful wedding-bell of fair blossoms.

At nine o'clock the guests were all assembled in that room, and as the wedding march was played the bridal party entered. The groom and his best man, Mr. William McCuttry, entered through a side door and awaited the others. At the folding doors appeared the two ushers—Mr. Samuel Rucker and Mr. John P. Jackson, Jr.—who carried two long ribbons of white silk, which formed an avenue from one end of the room to the other, through which the remainder of the party marched. Following them were the maid of honor, Miss Sheehy, and the bridesmaids, Miss Maud Smith and Miss Lizzie Blacker. Then came the bride, leaning upon the arm of her father. The ceremony, which was short but impressive, was performed by Rev. W. D. McKinnon. At its conclusion the happy couple received the congratulations of their friends. Dancing, on the canvased floors, was commenced soon after, being introduced by the bridal lancers. Refreshing punches were served between the dances, and at seven o'clock a bounteous supper was served. With the wine came several toasts, which were happily responded to. Soon after this the young couple departed, but the guests remained and enjoyed dancing to Ballenberg's music until early morning. The presents were numerous and of unusual elegance. Mr. and Mrs. Rucker left the city on Thursday, to make a tour of the southern counties, and will be away several weeks. They will make their future home in San Jose.

The toilets worn by the ladies at the wedding were all exceedingly handsome. Those of the bridal party and near relatives of the bride were as follows:

The fair bride looked very pretty in her elegant wedding-dress, a modish gown of cream-colored faille Française, made with a court train several yards in length. The front of the skirt was flounced with point d'Alençon lace, and the sides were laid in plaits. The décolleté corsage was trimmed with rare point lace, and the sleeves extended to the elbows, meeting the long gloves of white undressed kid. Her coiffure was becomingly arranged, and from it fell a long, heavy veil of white silk moulée completely enveloping the dress and train. She carried a bouquet of Bride roses, encompassed by bands of white tulle, and her ornaments were diamonds.

Miss Sheehy appeared in a dancing-length costume of gas-light green faille Française draped with dotted tulle to match. The corsage was décolleté without sleeves, and her gloves were of pale green kid. Her hand-bouquet was of La France roses.

Miss Maud Smith wore a rich toilet of golden-hued faille Française, décolleté and sleeveless and embroidered elaborately with gold threads and hüllion and draped with tulle to

match. Her gloves were of a shade to correspond, and her hand-bouquet was of Papa Gontier roses.

Miss Lizzie Blacker wore a becoming toilet of white faille Française draped with white tulle, which was woven with fine silver threads. The corsage was décolleté and sleeveless, her gloves were of white undressed kid, and her hand-bouquet was of Langry chrysanthemums.

Mrs. George Herrmann wore a toilet of black tulle embroidered with bullion, and cut décolleté. Her bouquet was of La France roses.

Mrs. J. H. Sullivan was attired in pale pink silk, trimmed with Duchesse lace and cut décolleté. She carried a bouquet of Perle du Jardin roses.

Mrs. George D. Bliss appeared in an elegant costume of sapphire-blue velvet, trimmed with point lace, and carried a bouquet of Jacqueminot roses.

The Bixler Reception.

The spacious grounds around the residence of Mr. and Mrs. David Bixler, corner of Union and Pierce Streets, were made unusually picturesque last Tuesday evening, when hundreds of fancifully colored Japanese lanterns illuminated the grassy lawn and gleamed through the foliage of the many trees that shade it. The scene from a distance was beautiful, and the effect, as the residence was approached, was increased. It was a pleasing forerunner of the brilliancy within, for the residence was bright with countless lights, and was most artistically decorated. The occasion was a reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Bixler in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hare Delafield, *né* Lloyd, of Calistoga, whose wedding was celebrated here last August during the absence of the hostess in the East. There were over a hundred guests present, and they were charmingly entertained. Mrs. Bixler, who was attired in an elegant robe of black velours de Lyon trimmed with antique Venetian point lace, gave her guests a cordial greeting, and then introduced them to Mrs. Delafield, who appeared in a rich toilet of white faille Française and brocade, trimmed with embroidered erise and made with a court train. They occupied a position in the bay-window of the library between the marble busts of the host and hostess and beneath a canopy of verdant foliage fringed with masses of lace which was arranged to represent drifted snow. Throughout this room great clusters of marguerites were disposed in cases and tables, and the music salon, which was the material, glistening under the gas-light, was also draped over the book-cases at intervals and above the entrance, where it was caught up by large clusters of spike-palm leaves. A cosy retreat, for a quiet tête-à-tête, was arranged at the corner window by the disposition of handsome screens, and it was dimly lighted by jeweled lanterns overboard.

The ball was a symphony in yellow. Silken draperies of this color embellished the walls, doorways, moldings, and banisters in artistic curves and folds, with a pretty garniture of fern sprays and the glossy foliage of the magnolia tree. Here, also, beneath the chandelier, was seen a large, square card, upon which was appropriately voiced the sentiment of the entertainers in the following quotation: "A hundred thousand times we call a hearty welcome to you all." The features of the half decoration were to a certain extent reproduced in the music-room, where yellow predominated. Against the crimson-colored portière over the wide doorway branches of the magnolia tree were placed, some of the leaves being gilded. Adjoining was the main salon, which was beautified by the harmonious distribution of hundreds of rosebuds of all varieties and colors, the large *étagère*, in particular, being literally massed with them. Draperies of pale-pink silk graced the pier-mirror with exquisite effect, and completed what was regarded by all as a particularly unique and pretty decoration, all of which was done under the supervision of Mrs. Bixler and Miss Helen Hyde.

It was essentially a dancing party, so that pleasure was indulged in all of the evening on the canvased floors of the salon and music-room to excellent music. An interruption was made once, however, to allow the guests to hear some singing. Mr. Robert Lloyd was called upon first, and sang "The Gallants of England" in sprightly ditty, and also responded to an encore. Then Mrs. Perry gave a French song and an English ballad in response to the applause from the delighted listeners. Just before midnight a bounteous supper was served, and afterward the festivities were prolonged until a late hour.

The Baker Dinner-Party.

Mr. L. L. Baker, president of the San Francisco Art Association, gave an elaborate dinner-party at the Pacific Union Club last Tuesday evening, at which several of the principal committee men of the Mardi Gras Bal Masqué and a few other special guests were present. Covers were laid for twenty at a handsomely decorated table and several bours were pleasantly passed in the enjoyment of the elegant repast and in discussing the arrangements necessary for the complete success of the ball.

Those present were: Mr. L. L. Baker, General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., Judge J. H. Foat, Colonel A. G. Hawes, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. C. T. Hamilton, Mr. William R. Sherwood, Mr. Henry L. Dodge, Mr. A. F. Manheims, Mr. Henry Heyman, Colonel W. R. Smedberg, Mr. J. B. Crockett, Mr. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. A. J. Jollin, Mr. A. Gerberding, Lieutenant A. D. Drapay, U. S. A., and Mr. James A. Robinson.

The Dancing Club.

The members of the dancing club gave their final party of this season last Thursday evening at the residence of Mrs. Henry T. Scott, corner of Clay and Laguna Streets. The apartments were decorated in quiet taste and were canvased for dancing. Mrs. Scott was assisted in receiving by Miss Carroll, of Sacramento, and her niece Miss Scott, all of whom were very attractive toilets. Ballenberg's band provided the music for dancing, which was enjoyed until the early hours of morning with an intermission at midnight when a sumptuous supper was served.

The Mardi Gras Bal Masqué.

The committee on decoration for the Mardi Gras Bal Masqué is actively engaged on the designs which are to make Odd Fellows' Hall a scene of beauty on Tuesday evening, February 18th. The committee of arrangements has its work well in hand, and reports great progress. The committee announces that no invitations have been sent to young ladies, only to heads of families, but all of the names must be sent in by subscribers. As the invitations are limited in number, it is advisable to subscribe as soon as possible. Seats will be provided for chaperons and spectators. On the stage five, and in the galleries four, beautifully decorated boxes, containing six and seven seats each respectively, have been constructed, and in order to give all an equal opportunity to secure these preferred places, they will be sold at auction on the day before the ball (Monday, the seventeenth), at twelve o'clock noon, at Odd Fellows' Hall.

Bignon's and the Café Anglais—the swellest restaurants of Paris—are now represented here in the person of M. Alexandre du Bois, the famous chef, whom manager Thorne has secured for the Palace Hotel. M. du Bois has been the chef of both of those famous hostleries, as well as for the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo, but was drawn to America by Vanderbilt's offer of eight thousand dollars a year. This famous *maitre de cuisine* assumed control of the Palace Hotel kitchens early this week, with a corps of assistants recently brought from New York by J. W. Young, the steward of the hotel, among whom are the chef of the Brunswick, three expert cooks from Delmonico's, one from the Café Savarin, and a crew of trained waiters from Delmonico's.

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E. W. TOWNSEND, being duly sworn, says that he is the Business Manager of "The Examiner," and is personally familiar with the facts set forth in the affidavits following, and knows that the circulation referred to therein is in every case the *bona-fide*, paid-in-advance, yearly subscription to the Weekly "Examiner," the same numbering sixty-four thousand or more.

Subscribed and sworn to before me,
this 6th day of December, A. D. 1889.

HENRY M. MCGILL, Notary Public.

THOMAS J. FLYNN, being duly sworn, says that he has charge of the books in which subscriptions to the Weekly "Examiner" are recorded, and that such books show a record of sixty-four thousand or more subscribers to the Weekly "Examiner."

Subscribed and sworn to before me,
this 30th day of November, A. D. 1889.

HENRY M. MCGILL, Notary Public.

W. F. BOGART, being duly sworn, says that he has charge of the cash accounts of the Weekly "Examiner," and that such accounts show that sixty-four thousand or more yearly subscriptions to the Weekly "Examiner" have been paid in advance within one year.

Subscribed and sworn to before me,
this 30th day of November, A. D. 1889.

HENRY M. MCGILL, Notary Public.

E. W. TOWNSEND.

THOS. J. FLYNN.

W. F. BOGART.

TIMOTHY NUNAN, being duly sworn, says that he has charge of the galleys of mail addresses of Weekly "Examiner" subscribers, and that sixty-four thousand or more of such separate addresses are now used for each weekly edition.

TIMOTHY NUNAN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me,
this 3d day of December, A. D. 1889.

LEWIS B. HARRIS, Notary Public.

WALTER H. EAGER, being duly sworn, says that he has charge of "The Examiner" presses, and that he each week prints sixty-four thousand or more Weekly "Examiners" to fill the order of the distributing department.

WALTER H. EAGER.

Subscribed and sworn to before me,
this 3d day of December, A. D. 1889.

LEWIS B. HARRIS, Notary Public.

JOSEPH WELLSFORD, being duly sworn, says that he has charge of the distribution of the Weekly "Examiner," and that his department each week wraps up in separately addressed single wrappers sixty-four thousand or more Weekly "Examiners," and distributes the same by United States mail and Wells-Fargo Express.

JOSEPH WELLSFORD.

Subscribed and sworn to before me,
this 3d day of December, A. D. 1889.

LEWIS B. HARRIS, Notary Public.

THE AMATEUR BENEFIT.

Claire—Have you ordered? I'll take a deviled crab. I've hardly any appetite—and a cup of tea, and—and some dry toast. Are you going to take chicken salad? Well, you may bring me a dish, and lyonnaise potatoes, and a half-dozen—nina, a half dozen—blue-points. That will be all, waiter.

Nadine (as waiter wanders away)—You were speaking about the benefit. Remember, I know nothing of what has happened. After the exposition, we went to Belgium, and when pa's rheumatism he couldn't hearable. But, the benefit? You played "The Honeymoon," of course?

Claire—What else was there to play? Charley Porter is such a lovely Duke Aranza, and Mrs. Brazenfield thinks she can play Juliana, although, of course, she can't. She wore a cream-colored silk and her diamonds. I know if I were married, I wouldn't let Charley make love to me—so openly. Even the Destitutes noticed it at rehearsal.

Nadine (in surprise)—The Destitutes? When did they get into our set?

Claire (merrily)—They are not people. I mean the North-Western Home for Destitute Orphans. We had our rehearsals in the home, and as the performance was for the benefit of the Destitutes, we at first intended to invite them, but the committee of arrangements decided that it wouldn't do. You know we must draw the line somewhere. Ah, here's the luncheon. I declare, I believe I am hungry. Waiter, you may bring me a couple of nice mutton-chops.

(Waiter sets table. Conversation goes on just the same.)

Nadine—Who was stage-manager?
Claire—Darwin Van Stoop. You know he has no idea of acting, but we couldn't leave him out, so we made him stage-manager, and he was just as nice as he could be. No directions, orders, or trying to make people do things his way.

Nadine—Not at all like a professional?

Claire—Oh, dear no.

Nadine—Who was Zamora?

Claire—I was just going to tell you. Who do you think? Maude Whackenberg!

Nadine—No!

Claire—Yes, she was! You know how thin she is? Well, you should have seen her in the page's suit! She wore hoots, but she couldn't bide the fact that her—well, I'd walk or jump or exercise in some way if I hadn't any bigger—

Waiter (in alarm)—Anything else, ladies?

Nadine—Nothing else at present. (Waiter hurries out of hearing.) Made a fizzle, did she?

Claire—Oh, there was some applause, but Rolando's friends helped her out. Captain Sparks was Rolando. We were so lucky in getting a real army man to play the military part. He was a little awkward in handling his sword, because he's been stationed in Washington for nineteen years, but I'm sure no one could have looked fiercer. Tom Bailey—he was the Mock Duke, you know—acted contemptuously toward the captain, and if they hadn't both been fighting-men they would have come to blows.

Nadine (curiously)—Isn't Tom engaged to Maude?

Claire—I heard so afterwards, but I can't believe it. Anyhow, they're out now, and I don't blame Tom.

In the scene where Rolando discovers Zamora's identity, I don't think Maude need have actually thrown herself into his arms. Then Bal-thazar—

Nadine—Who was Balthazar? Mr. Deems?

Claire—No. Just imagine—Gus Ponsonby!

Nadine—The idea! Why, he's only a boy!

Claire—Well, what does he do? He has been to see Dixey so often that he thinks he can do imitation of old men, and when he proposed his own name, of course no one objected.

Nadine—Who played Volante?

Claire—I did, and I was so nervous. Mr. de Twirliger was Count Montalhan.

Nadine—Arthur de Twirliger?

Claire (spilling her tea)—Yes; now you needn't look that way—I wouldn't have him if he asked me, but he has splendid eyes, hasn't he? Some people thought we made a hit in our scene, and I'm sure my costume cost enough. You should have heard pa storm when the hill came in.

Nadine—How did the thing go off?

Claire—Splendidly! We had dances between the acts, and you never saw such fun as we had with the prompter. You know how excitable Percy Litewait is? Well, we just had him furious, forgetting our lines and coming on at the wrong places, and not coming on at our—what do you call them?

Nadine—Cues?

Claire—Yes, that's it. It was too comical for anything, and the audience must have enjoyed it. Everybody roared, and I know lots of people who laugh now every time they speak of the performance.

Nadine—Who furnished the costumes?

Claire—Some theatrical man, and the bill was enormous—five hundred dollars, I think, and that doesn't include what we girls spent.

Nadine—And the receipts?

Claire—Let me see—of course we had to take out the expenses.

Nadine—Of course.

Claire (figures with fork on table-cloth)—I don't remember the exact figures, but the matron of the Destitutes told Van Stoop that she didn't think the home would lose anything on the benefit. I'm sure she ought to be grateful, for no one knows what we went through to make the affair a success.

Nadine (sweetly)—And then to have people like Clara Redingote tell me only this morning that it was a failure. (To waiter)—Two-hundred-five? I dare say it is correct. Two and one is three—you may keep the change.

(Waiter leans feebly against wall as they exeunt, still talking.)—Time.

"Did you ever call upon Dr. Banquet, professionally?" "Yes, once. I was drowning." "Drowning?" "Yes. He diagnosed my case on the instant and wrote a prescription on a chip, which he threw into the water where I could get it." "What was the prescription?" "R.: Swim."—Life.

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Newly accepted suitor—"Well, Bobby, you will have a new uncle soon. I am your Aunt Mary's choice for a husband." Bobby (surprised)—"Well, that's strange. I heard her tell nimmie, only yesterday, that you were Hobson's choice."—Life.

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SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN

via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, October 13, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:20, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 4:50, 6:10 P. M.

(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 5:05, 6:30, P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 7:45, 9:20, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 4:55 P. M.

(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50 A. M.; 12:00 M.; 3:30, 5:00 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturday at 6:25 P. M.

Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:30, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.

(Sundays)—8:45, 10:35 A. M.; 12:45, 4:15, 5:45 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturday at 7:05 P. M.

Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11:00 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning leaves Cazadero (Sundays excepted) at 6:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12:25 P. M.

1:30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.

8:00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 6:15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday:

Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tamales, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.

Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Point Reyes, \$1.75.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

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General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Jan. 1, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 12:45 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	* 7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax.	* 5:45 P.
8:00 A.	(Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.)	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles.	11:15 A.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lone, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	5:45 P.
10:30 A.	Haywards and Niles.	* 2:15 P.
* 12:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 3:45 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamer.	* 6:00 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José.	* 9:45 A.
3:30 P.	2d class Ogden and East.	10:45 P.
4:00 P.	Stockton and Mililton; Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing.	10:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	via Davis.	* 8:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 4:15 P.
* 5:30 P.	Niles and San José.	* 7:45 A.
6:00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Shasta River Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	7:45 A.
8:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

* 3:00 A.	Hunters' train to San José.	* 7:20 P.
8:15 A.	(Newark, Livermore, Niles, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.)	5:50 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	* 11:50 A.
4:15 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:25 A.	(San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.)	2:30 P.
8:30 A.	(San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.)	6:12 P.
10:30 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:02 P.
12:01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3:38 P.
* 3:30 P.	(San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.)	* 10:00 A.
* 4:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 7:58 A.
5:20 P.	San José and Way Stations.	9:03 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
* 11:45 P.	(Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.)	* 7:28 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.

† Saturdays only. * Sundays only. † Saturdays excepted.

** Mondays excepted.

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SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, March 17, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

Leave San Francisco.		DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.	
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa.	6:10 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:00 P. M.				6:05 P. M.
		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Liton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.		
		Hopland and Ukiah.	6:10 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	6:10 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.		Sonoma	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:10 P. M.	6:05 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, Sebastopol, and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Slacks Springs, and at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs, and at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Willits, Chato, Calpella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Litton Springs, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Litton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 3:30, 5, 6:15 P. M.; Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 5, 6:20 P. M.

To San Francisco from San Rafael: Week Days—6:20, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40 A. M.; 12:15, 3:40, 5 P. M.

To San Francisco from Point Tiburon, Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.; Sundays—8:40, 10:05 A. M.; 12:40, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.

On Saturdays an extra trip will be made from San Francisco to San Rafael, leaving at 1:40 P. M.

H. C. CHITTING, General Manager.

PETER J. MCGLYN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.

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It has been said that San Francisco is the most cosmopolitan city in the United States, and this could not have been more clearly demonstrated than at the performance of "Shenandoah" on Monday evening, when a large audience sat and passively listened to one of the most stirring dramas ever produced on the American stage. An entirely American audience could hardly have remained unmoved when the unseen troops go marching by to the measured cadence of "John Brown's Body," the voices swelling louder and clearer as the regiment sweeps by down the valley toward Winchester; an American audience could not have been so deaf to the martial notes of "The Star-Spangled Banner," so unresponsive to the passionate patriotism of the story broken into by the clamorous calls of the bugle, the tramp of the passing regiments, the flash of the signal lights, the thunder of the horses' hoofs which carried Sheridan back from Winchester.

Patriotism, enthusiasm, tingling excitement, reach a climax in this scene, which leaves the auditor breathless and tense. In Boston—the home of the Abolitionists—the thrill was almost lifted by the vociferations of the thrilled spectators, when Sheridan spurred across the stage, sweeping up his demoralized troops like a whirlwind and pressing them onward to victory. This is the crown, the pinnacle, the summit, of excitement. But in the act before, when Miss Buckthorn, from her perch on the wall, reviews the passing troops, a keener, deeper feeling is stirred. There is something at once pathetic and impressive in the scene—the girl's bright figure on the wall, all gayety as she watches the boys in blue, who file by, chanting their strange battle-hymn with its solemn, melancholy fervor—file by to glory or a grave in the trenches with a song on their lips—"and yet, and yet—we can not forget how many brave boys must fall!"

The set of emotions played upon by "Shenandoah" are ones which the American drama generally leaves severely alone. The play is only patriotic. The love-stories are nothing, the General's disagreements with his wife is nothing—the only things one hears or thinks of are the hurry and horror of the war, the finding of dispatches, the taking of prisoners, the rout or the victory of the contending armies. To the woman to whom "The Wife" was a thing of beauty and a joy forever—to whom a play is not possible without half-a-dozen sets of lovers disposed in the foreground—"Shenandoah" will be a disappointment; to the man "with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, this is my own, my native land," "Shenandoah" will be irksome. They had better not see it. If their native land and its struggles are of little interest to them—and foreigners have accused us of this failing—"Shenandoah" will also be of little interest. Its patriotism is its life, as much its *raison d'être* as it is the *raison d'être* of "Coriolanus" and "Julius Caesar." No one notices much of anything else. When Colonel West clasps Miss Gertrude Ellingham by her attenuated waist, and proclaims his love at the top of his lungs, it is doubtful whether any one listens to him. For suddenly, across the sylvan stillness of that vernal landscape, comes the heavy, solemn booming of the cannon. What a dramatic scene! It recalls to one's mind that other scene:

"*C'est le feu,*" cried Isidor, running to the balcony.
"God defend us; 's cannon!" Mrs. O'Dowd cried.

Do you remember that?

Nevertheless, despite the turbulent force of this powerful play, it shows weak points. It has that invariable defect of the modern play—the drop in the last act, the sagging of the strained line of interest. Things do not suffer the total collapse that they do in such plays as "The Wife," where the last act is as absurdly inartistic as the last chapters of Dickens's earlier books. But only such a clever playwright as Mr. Bronson Howard could have infused life into the fourth act—Washington, 1865. The auditor has confidence in the consummate ability of this brilliant man to keep the piece from flitting out into a dead calm, and though his confidence is strained, it is not broken. This last act is a wonder. With little or no material, with his play practically finished, Mr. Howard has made it interesting—has, with admirable skill, disposed of all his people in the old commonplace way, and yet without commonplaceness. Nothing could be simpler and neater than the manner in which Captain Thornton is removed from this mortal sphere—nothing more engaging than the love scene between Captain Heartsease and Jennie Buckthorn. And yet we feel that there has been a drop; all the cleverness in the world could not beguile us into forgetfulness of this. From the highest tension of strained interest we have been let down, almost with a crash,

to the level of the calm humdrum—from Sheridan, thundering to the rescue of a distracted army, to a Washington drawing-room and Captain Heartsease making love.

Of course Mr. Howard has illustrious precedent for letting his play droop at the end. Shakespeare himself did it. The last act of "The Merchant of Venice" is a beautiful blur. "Troilus and Cressida" crumbles into ruins at the close. Even the later French dramatists, who are to-day without peer, can not always dodge this defect. What a number of their plays, proud in the perfection of their construction up to the end of the third or fourth act, there lose themselves in the quicksands. Moreover, it is doubtful whether a play, working up to such a tremendous climax as that of Sheridan's appearance and then ending, would be absolutely agreeable. The listener, raised to such a pitch, wants to be let down before he goes home, wants to be soothed, wants to have the descent between the high imaginative, as presented on the stage and the dull commonplace as met with outside the foyer, made gradual and easy. To be lifted to the stars and then dropped with nothing to break the fall, is too intense an experience.

Setting "Shenandoah" at the time and place that he did, Mr. Howard could hardly fail to make the participants in his drama interesting and dramatic figures. They are full of romantic contrast—the proud Virginian, high-spirited, fiery-tempered, loyal, generous, warm-hearted; the reserved New Yorker, cool, quiet, unexcitable, but once roused, ready to fight to the death; the typical girls from North and South—the one gentle, faithful, and retiring; the other, spirited, haughty, and brave as a lion. The characters, thus roughly but truthfully sketched in by the playwright, are so full of vitality and force that they can not help being interesting, no matter how unskillfully they are portrayed. Unfortunately, all the charm put into them by Mr. Howard is necessary to help them survive the handling they are now receiving at the Baldwin.

Mr. Frohman, in "The Wife," showed us how a good company can keep together the unrelated parts of a poor play. In "Shenandoah," he shows us the reverse of the picture—how a bad company can not spoil a play which is really fine. The company now performing at the Baldwin is so inadequate that we get but a limited notion of what "Shenandoah" really is. And it does seem a pity that one of the few really fine American plays produced in this country should come to us interpreted in such a manner that we take our amusement in trying to imagine what it must be like when it is well done. There are some such charming parts in it—the spirited, high-souled Gertrude Ellingham, full of enthusiasm and fervor; her lover, Keirchall West, an attractive fellow; then Jennie Buckthorn, whose lines are so clever that they could almost carry any actress along with them to success. What delightful possibilities there are in these characters!

With the exception of the two old generals and Sergeant Barket, no one in the company rises above mediocrity, and several fall below it. One regrets to have to say it, but the ladies are not equal to the parts for which they are cast. These creations of Mr. Howard are very charming girls, full of spirit and vivacity, well-bred, cultivated, their voices "ever sweet and low, an excellent thing in woman." The two young ladies who portray these characters make them altogether too affected—they are too gushing, too overpoweringly effusive. The way these girls enthuse over each other—over the preternaturally intelligent animal who was "once in the Black Horse Cavalry and whose eye flashed when he looked toward the North," over the war, over their lovers when they think they are dead, and over their lovers when they think they are alive—become, in the course of four acts, rather wearying. If they would tone themselves down, condescend to be a little natural, a little more like two ordinary, well-intentioned, English-speaking human beings, it would be a great pleasure to the audience and a great improvement to the play. All the ladies are good-looking and young, all the parts are attractive, and all they want is just to try to be natural and to talk as people talk when their idea is to exchange conversation and to be understood. This small change on their part would make a great difference in the general merit of the performance.

It has been observed in the ladies of many companies of this calibre that they adopt a most peculiar manner of speaking, which, to the initiated, is supposed to possess charm. Like the charm of Chinese music, however, you have to be brought up to it to be able to appreciate its beauties. Besides this, it is extremely hard to understand. When it attacks an actress in a very virulent form, her remarks are veiled in obscurity, so far as the majority of her audience goes, and if she wanted she could tell the most profound secrets with a feeling of perfect security. All the ladies of the "Shenandoah" company exhibit this peculiarity of accent. One, Miss Percy Haswell, is triumphantly indistinct. It is a great pity. Miss Haswell is pretty and has a delightful part, which she would do charmingly if she could only be prevailed upon to talk the way people do when they are not acting. Besides, to come down to cold facts, Miss Haswell does not pronounce the language correctly, and it is very exasperating to hear her mar point after point by what is only a ridiculous affectation. G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"Shenandoah" will be continued for two weeks longer, undoubtedly to large audiences.

Sol Smith Russell will be here by the last week of February, supported by a new company, of which report speaks well. His opening week will be devoted to "A Poor Relation," with which he occupied Daly's Theatre last summer.

Abbey and Grau's Grand Italian Opera Company, headed by Patti and Tamagno, begin a two weeks' engagement at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening next.

"Said Pasha" has been well received on its return to this city, in spite of the fact that Helen Dingee and Edwin Stevens have resigned their rôles to other hands. Little Ida Mülle is no stranger here, however, and Stanley Felch, H. W. Frillman, and Fred Urban have sung in many of the Tivoli operas. "Said Pasha" will run another week.

Monday is to be a Tamagno night at the Grand Opera House. "William Tell" is the opera.

"The Great Blythe Case" has been "burned up" with pleasing unanimity by the critics of the dailies, and will be withdrawn next week in favor of "Wicked London."

Verdi's "Othello"—which Louis Harrison told us should be pronounced "o-t'l-low," with the accent on the "low"—will be introduced to the San Francisco public on Wednesday evening. Tamagno will, of course, be the Moor, and Mme. Albani will sing Desdemona.

Roland Reed closes his engagement in "The Woman-Hater" with the performance of Sunday evening.

Mlle. Nordica will sing Leonora to Tamagno's Manrico in "Trovatore" on Thursday night, and they will be the stars again on Saturday night in "Aida."

There are still some people left among our theatre-goers who cherish a reminiscent fondness for the lusty-lunged heroes of the stage Roman, even though it be no Booth or Barrett who enacts the rôle. For them comes Frederick Warde next week in "Virginius."

It has been decided that Albani will sing Marguerite in "Faust" on Friday, so that Patti may be thoroughly rested for the Patti matinee on Saturday afternoon, when she will be heard in "La Sonnambula."

Alice Gaillard, of the "Said Pasha" company, has been too ill to appear during the week. Manie Taylor, of the Tivoli, has taken her place.

The entire receipts of the opera season in Mexico amounted to two hundred and sixty-four thousand dollars for seven Patti nights, ten of Tamagno, three of Albani, and one of Mlle. Nordica—twenty-one performances in all.

Apparently Margaret Mather has not improved in an artistic sense since she gave Manager Hill the slip and eloped with the leader of her orchestra. She is now playing W. S. Gilbert's Gretchen in an accordion skirt, and, according to one critic, "plays it as if she were playing Nancy Sikes."

The first appearance of Patti's new sunny locks has been reserved for Tuesday night, when she will sing "Semiramide."

Charles H. Drew has resigned from "A Brass Monkey" to sing in "The Gondoliers"—the most sensible thing he has done since he left W. T. Carleton's company to go into that lugubrious farce-comedy.

Herr Possart, the great German tragedian who is now in Chicago, always wears a dark purple cap when he plays Shylock. The cap should be striped yellow as the antiquarians tell us, and, indeed, a German duke once asked Possart to wear the proper color. "I will do it if you wish," Possart replied, "but the moment I put it on the pallor of my face is gone. For that reason I must wear the dark cap."

The sale of seats for the opera has exceeded the expectations raised by the auction sale, and there are very few seats left for the first week. The seats for the second week were put on sale on Wednesday. General satisfaction is expressed over Marcus Mayer's wise provision of selling no more than six seats to one purchaser, in order to restrict the ticket-scalpers as much as possible.

Blakely Hall, who was for years the Argonaut's New York correspondent and who has recently become a playwright, has cemented his union with the theatre by marrying one of the handsomest women on the stage, Miss Helen Standish. She will be remembered here as the beauty of the last company Rosina Vokes brought here. They must be a striking-looking couple, for Mr. Hall is six feet four, weighs two hundred pounds, and is one of the best amateur athletes in Gotham.

Victoria Vokes has not met with the success in this country that her older and cleverer sister has always commanded. Her long-heralded tour has come to an end. They say that the honors of the performances were wrested from her by one of the members of her company, Mme. de Naucaze, an English actress who had made a very favorable impression as the Russian princess in "The Great Pink Pearl."

"A Priceless Paragon" is the title of the new Daly play which is to follow the present revival of "As You Like It." Though no date has yet been set for the production, orders for seats have been showering in at the box-office for three weeks past.

W. H. Crane's play, "The Senator," has a new and striking claim to the good-will of the American public—a claim which it was reserved for ex-Governor Moore, the last Territorial chief magistrate of the present State of Washington, to discover. It seems that D. D. Lloyd, the author of the play, saw fit to make the titular character a gentleman as well as a witty politician. This innovation was immediately noticed by the astute statesman from the new-fledged State the first time he saw the play, and he thereupon commends dramatist and actor as "public benefactors, inasmuch as their work will not only raise the standard of estimation of public men, but will make the latter desirous of being worthy of esteem." This statement is singularly free from the guile which usually characterizes the utterances of public men.

— ADVERTISING IS AN ART PRACTICED BY MANY and understood by few. *Printers' Ink*, a weekly journal published in New York, indicates how, when, and where to advertise, how to write an advertisement, how to display one, what newspapers to use, how much money to expend—in fact, discourses on every point admitting profitable discussion. Subscription price \$2 a year.

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COMMENCING

Monday, February 10, 1890,

GRAND ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

HENRY E. ABBEY AND MAURICE GRAU.

Mme. Adelina Patti

Sopranos e Contraltos—Mme. EMMA ALBANI, and Mlle. LILLIAN NORDICA, Mme. GIULIA VALDA and Mlle. PETTIGIANI, Mlle. GUERRINA FABBRI and Mlle. HORTENSE SYNNEBERG, Mlle. MATHILDE BAUERMEISTER and Mlle. ATTALIE CLARE.

Tenors—Signor COMMENDATORE FRANCESCO TAMAGNO, Signor LUIGI RAVELLI, Signor EUGENIO VICINI and Signor GIOVANNI PERUGINI, Signor ROBERTO VARNI and Signor BIELETO.

Barioli—Signor GIUSEPPE DEL PUENTE and Signor ARTURO MARSCALCHI, Signor NAPOLEONI ZARDO and Signor AGOSTINO CARBONE.

Bassi—Signor ETTORRE MARCASSA and Signor FRANCO NOVARRO, Signor ARMANDO CASTELMAYR and Signor FIRMINO MIGLIARA, Signor A. DE VASCHETTI and Signor LUCINI.

Chorus of eighty. Orchestra of sixty. Twenty-four dances. Military band of thirty.

The repertoire will be taken from the most popular operas. One of these celebrated Artists, **Mme. ADELINA PATTI, Mme. EMMA ALBANI, and Signor FRANCESCO TAMAGNO** will appear at each performance.

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Single Nights—Boxes, \$50 and \$30; Seats, \$7, \$4, and \$3.

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Tuesday ("Sonnambula").....**PATTI**
Wednesday ("Otello").....**TAMAGNO**

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Should rhythmic words admire,
For ages past has poetry
Been wedded to the lyre.
—Chicago Herald.

A Wise Girl.

I asked her on my knees to wed.
Alas! Her heart is flinty—
She will not share my slice of bread,
Because my name's McGinty. —Puck.

Mighty Little Difference.

The goat eats tomato-cans, and such,
'To the amusement of man;
But what can tickle man's palate
So much as an oyster can? —Puck.

A Rebuff.

Where are you going, my pretty maid?
I'm going a milking, Sir, she said;
May I go with you, my pretty maid?
Go to thunder, Sir, she said. —Time.

They All Have It.

Speak! O lovely Ann Eliza, with a terrible coryza,
And a wheezing respiration full of sighs and husky moans;
With a constant lachrymation and a nasal intonation,
From catarrhal inflammation o'er the turbinate bones!

Why, thou young and bappy maiden, is thy conversation laden
With a copious addition of abortive b's and d's?
And from whence did you derive a red and swollen conjunctiva,
And a frequent inclination to incontinent sneeze?

Is this malady outrageous which you suffer with contagious,
Epidemic or endemic? Tell from whence the thing arose;
Where its place of incubation, what its future destination!
Spake the lovely Ann Eliza, smiling sweetly, "No one
nose." —Boston Herald.

The Men who Miss the Train.

I loaf aroun' the deopo jest to see the Pullman scoot,
An' to see the people scamper w'en they bear the ingine toot;
But w'at makes the most impression on my som'w'at active brain,
Is the careless men who get there jest in time to miss the train.

An' some cuss the railroad comp'ny an' some loudly cuss their stars,
An' some jest gallop down the track an' try to catch the cars;
An' some with a loud laff an' joke will poultice up their pain,
Var'us kin's er people get there jest in time to miss the train.

An' there is many deopos an' flag-stations 'thout name,
Along the Grnd Trunk Railroad that leads to wealth and fame,
An' men rush to these deopos as fast as they can fly,
As the Train of Opportunity jest goes a-thunderin' by.

They rush down to the stations, with their hair all stood on end,
As the platform of the tail-end car goes whirlin' roun' the bend;
An' some men groan an' cry aloud, an' some conceal their pain,
W'en they find that they have got there jest in time to miss the train.

But the cars puff through the valleys, an' go a-whirlin' by,
An' float their banners of 'white smoke like flags of victory;
They leap the flouin' rivers an' through the tunnels grope,
An' cross the Mountains of Despair to the Tableland of Hope.

The Grand Trunk Railroad of Success, it runs through every clime,
But the Cars of Opportunity they go on schedule time,
An' never are their brakes reversed: they won't back up again,
To take the men who get there just in time to miss the train.
—Yankee Blade.

The Grip.

(A WHITMANIAN ODE.)

I sing The Grip!
I, me, myself, Egometipse,
The Bard of Canarsie, the Sweet Singer of Gowanus!
You hear me?

As previously remarked, I sing The Grip:
La Grippe, Russian Influenza, Blitz Katarth.
Good, old-fashioned cold-in-the-head and crick-in-the-back,
Or anything else you have a mind to call it.

I likewise sing its various symptoms:
The snuffling nose, the cough, the sneezing,
The feeling of big head, the pain in the back and pretty much all over,
The two dozen handkerchiefs per day!

I sing the treatment for it:
The antipyrine, the quinine, the phenacetine, the exalgine,
The morphine, the cocaine, the anti-febrin, the pyrodine,
The old rye, the old Jamaica, the hot toddy,
The mustard plasters, the soaking of the feet, the soaking of the head.

All the various anodynes, hypnotics, febrifuges, analgesics,
stimulants, tonics,
Simples, prophylactics, panaceas,
The whole Materia Medica,
I sing the United States Dispensatory!

Moreover, I blow my bazzoo about the excuses—
The man who has to go out nights to sit up with a friend who has The Grip,
The man who takes medicine for The Grip and then takes a clove for the medicine—
I catch on to the whole racket!

Oh, there is no mistake about The Grip!
It beats the razzle-dazzle!
It knocks out McGinty!
It elevates Sheel!

Therefore I warble a few warbs!
I manipulate the tuneless hewgag!
I make the wild echoes hump themselves!
I sing The Grip!
—New York Tribune.

Mr. William M. Pierson will deliver a lecture on the stars at the First Presbyterian Church next Friday evening. The proceeds will be devoted to charity.

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A HOME FOR A DOLLAR.

Harry Fanning's Lucky Investment Wins Him a House and Lot.

Some men's heads are easily turned by good luck, but such does not seem to be the case with Harry Fanning, who cleared \$15,000 on an investment of \$1 a little over a month ago. He attends to his business as strictly as ever, and instead of squandering the money which came so easily is going to use it to good purposes. When he invested \$1 in a coupon for the November drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, he had no idea that he was going to be one of the lucky ones who drew the big prize, and he could hardly believe that he saw aright when he read the list and learned that he was entitled to one-twentieth of the capital prize of \$300,000. He kept the matter to himself and told no one of his great good fortune, but quietly sent his coupon forward for collection by Wells, Fargo & Co.

As rapidly as the express company could get the ticket there and the money back it was done, and in less than ten days he had his money counted out to him over their counter in bright \$20 pieces. Then the story leaked out, and everybody wanted to see what use he would make of his easily acquired wealth. They waited in vain, for he did nothing. He was simply preparing his plans to put it to good account. He believes in lotteries now, but he also believes in real-estate, and being a young married man is desirous of having a home of his own.

With part of the proceeds of his lucky investment, he has purchased a lot, and will, as soon as the weather permits, begin the erection of a handsome residence at the corner of Sutter and Oak Streets. The building will be a handsome, modern-style cottage, and, although it will be first-class in every respect, Fanning says it will be the cheapest home in the city, as lot, home, and furnishings will, in reality, cost him only a dollar, as that is all the money he will be out of pocket. Architect Beasley has drawn the plans for the building, which will have all the modern conveniences.—Stockton (Cal.), Independent, December 15th.

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An unusually large number of homicides have recently been committed in San Francisco. It is true, no civilization yet attained has been equal to the entire suppression of murder. It occurs in all countries and among all people. But that it should be of more frequent occurrence in California, in proportion to the population, than elsewhere in the country, with the exception of Texas, is calculated to arouse the latent moral force and self-respect of our people. This extraordinary frequency of homicide must grow out of certain bad social conditions which should be carefully considered and promptly remedied. In the average New England town there is not a fight with deadly weapons once in a century. This is not because there are intrinsically any better people in the East than in the West. It is their constantly increasing respect for human life, and the rigid laws which they uniformly and vigorously enforce for its protection, which constitutes the contrast. The conditions of society in the East, with reference to general lawlessness, and especially in relation to crimes against the person, are as different from those which exist in the West as can well be imagined. Many of the social contrasts, however, as between the two sections of country, afford an extenuation, if not a vindication, to the West. The West has from the beginning received, not only a troublesome element by European immigration, but as well the restless spirits and desperate charac-

ters of the Eastern States. In consequence we have not only been busy in checking the disorders which naturally and inevitably arise in the best-governed States, but also in repressing this class of ready-made criminals who come to us from a distance. Then, again, the particular type of homicide so frequent in the South and West is exceedingly difficult to reach and remedy by law. Two men have a "difficulty." They both draw weapons and one falls while attempting to shoot or stab his adversary. The more fortunate antagonist pleads "self-defense," and is immediately acquitted by the jury and by public opinion. He may run for Congress, receive the full vote of his party, and be elected. He has simply "killed his man," and his social status is not impaired. Indeed, the moral sense of the whole community has become so blunted upon this subject that the man-slayer is too frequently haloed as a hero. There is no doubt, however, that a system of adequate punishment of crimes against the person, and a uniform and rigid enforcement of law, would, in a single generation, bring society in the West up to the Eastern standard in this as in every other particular. The present administration of law, with reference to crimes against the person, is lamentably lax and imperfect. If the murderer has social position, money, and friends, conviction and adequate punishment are rendered almost impossible. The more horrible class of murders, however, such as wife-murder, child-murder, and the killing of helpless and unprotected women and girls in the accomplishment of the most fiendish of purposes, is much more frequent in the Eastern than in the Western States. Be it said to the honor of the West, and especially of California, that the majority of her homicides are the results of open combats, provoked by private and social wrongs, which the laws failed to redress or punish. It may also be said that the homicides in San Francisco are generally those that result from the inefficiency of the laws to regulate personal rights. Such homicides are white as an angel's wing compared with the wife and child-murders of the Eastern and Northern States. Another fact, that relieves somewhat the dark picture that stands against us in our criminal records, is that of all the crimes committed in California, including homicides, about ninety per cent. are committed by our foreign population. This can not be said of any other State. Another mitigating feature is that while, according to the last census, the number of homicides in San Francisco was a little over thirteen per cent. of the whole number of homicides in the State, the population of San Francisco was more than twenty-seven per cent. of the entire population of the State. Now, the reverse of this will be seen to exist elsewhere. In all the principal cities of the other States, it will be found that they possess a much smaller proportion of the population and a much larger proportion of the homicides of the whole State. When, however, we come to face the direct facts and figures in the case, both the city of San Francisco and the State of California are put to the blush. While, for example, in 1880, the number of homicides in the Eastern States did not exceed an annual average of one to every one hundred and fifty thousand of their population, in California there was one homicide to every three thousand three hundred and seventy-seven of the population. During the same year there was, in San Francisco alone, one homicide to every six thousand eight hundred and eighty-one of the population. Taking the New England States alone, including cities, manufacturing centres, foreign population, and all, we find that their annual average of homicides is one to every eighty thousand of population. In the Western States the annual average is about one to every ten thousand of population. The following table will exhibit the contrast as among a few States:

1880—In New York.....	1 homicide to every 13,887 people.
1880—In Pennsylvania.....	1 homicide to every 15,281 "
1880—In Connecticut.....	1 homicide to every 13,537 "
1880—In New Hampshire.....	1 homicide to every 20,411 "
1880—In Kentucky.....	1 homicide to every 8,912 "
1880—In Kansas.....	1 homicide to every 11,319 "
1880—In Illinois.....	1 homicide to every 11,747 "
1880—In Colorado.....	1 homicide to every 4,463 "
1880—In California.....	1 homicide to every 3,479 "

Thus we find that California, as among these various

States representing the Eastern, Northern, Western, and Southern sections of our country, has much the largest percentage of homicides according to population. Indeed, California possesses, unfortunately, the highest average of homicides of all the States in the Union, with the single exception of Texas, where, in 1878, there were more homicides than in the ten States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Minnesota, with an aggregate population of about seventeen millions. A large majority of these homicides are the outgrowth of an imperfect civilization, which resembles semi-barbarism, and is liable to be mistaken for such by those who take a partial and superficial view of Western society. The source of this evil is two-fold: (1) A false idea of manly honor, and (2) the pernicious habit of carrying concealed weapons. The honor that can only be maintained in a civilized community by the pistol and dagger is not worth having. So fixedly have these ideas and customs been engrafted upon society that a very earnest and prolonged effort will be required to efface them entirely. Nor are they confined to any class. Not long since, in one of our State legislatures, a pistol dropped from the pocket of the speaker of the house and exploded. The bullet did no harm, but the bad example did. The free use of the pistol argues either individual ruffianism or an uncivilized condition of society. The time has come when a man who insists upon carrying a deadly weapon in a civilized community, where the person and property of the citizen are adequately protected, should be considered as, at heart, either a coward or a criminal. The effect of so much shooting and stabbing, arms-bearing and pistol-carrying, and the imperfect protection which the non-enforcement of laws gives to human life, is further to demoralize those who are sufficiently evil in their tendencies. The life of a human being is surrounded and divinely guarded by an awful sanctity. Reparation can be made for wrongs in almost every other case but this: "For we know not where is that Promethean heat that can the former light relume." Hence, the advance of civilization has been marked not only by an increased respect for human life, but by the enactment and enforcement of severe penalties against those who slay their fellow-men. If this cowardly habit of carrying deadly weapons can be successfully suppressed, then the frightful number of homicides will at once be diminished. Personal "difficulties" that, through the heat of anger and passion, now result in manslaughter would, without deadly weapons, be simply assault and battery without fatal results. There are those who defend this vicious practice, and insist that the best way to prevent "difficulties" is to be always prepared for them. Society is under obligation to protect the person and property of its citizens, and the individual has no right to assume and exercise the prerogatives of the State, so long as the State is able and willing properly to perform its duties. A term in the penitentiary for these gentlemen-desperadoes, who habitually go armed and insist upon vindicating their honor with the pistol or the knife, would be in the line of reform, and would have the effect of changing the popular ethics on this subject. It must come to this some time in the future, and the sooner the better. The law-abiding, peaceably disposed citizens of the West are largely in the majority. The desperadoes, man-slayers, fighters, and so-called "game" men are in the minority. How much longer must the law-abiding majority have forced upon them the social disgrace and odium of these cowardly and barbarous practices of the murderous minority? The excessive number of homicides in this State and city are absolutely without excuse. The remedy must be found in an increased regard for human life, rigid enforcement of law, and swift and severe punishment for every case of unjustifiable homicide.

President Fitzgerald, of the Irish National League, last week issued an address to that organization which amounts, of course, to an open letter to the Irish all over the world and to the world in general. The world in general has become pretty well accustomed to these addresses, and the tenor of the present one does not differ in any material degree from

the long list of its predecessors. It embodies the same old rignarole of patriotism with the same old appeal to the pocket. It beats around the same old bush of iniquitous landlordism and equitable peasant proprietary rights. It looks upon the Irish question as already practically settled, and blows the usual bladder of buncombe to the usual accompaniment of clap-trap. It is one of the most curious and unaccountable features of a certain phase of human intellect that people will persist in the attempt to make out right that which they know in their own hearts to be entirely wrong. The Irish race has been deluding itself for centuries into the belief that some day or other it will own the land and control the government of Ireland. This style of reasoning is what is colloquially called reckoning without your host. What the thirty odd millions of people in the neighboring island of England may think about the matter is not taken into consideration, and seems to cut no figure in the game. The line of argument employed by the political agitators who have been making capital, for a century more or less, out of Ireland's imaginary wrongs, is that the brutal Saxon has been iniquitously lording it over the high-strung, sensitive Celt, and that this same Saxon has no right to the property he has acquired in Ireland, no matter what may have been the method of that acquisition. Now, if this line of argument is followed up to its ultimate conclusion, what becomes of proprietary rights at all? We may as well subscribe at once to the tenets of Mr. Henry George and be done with it. We fear, however, that this is a principle which will not altogether suit the majority of the denizens of this practical work-a-day world, and that the rights of property will continue to remain intact, nihilist, socialist, and Irish doctrines to the contrary notwithstanding. The Irish seem to consider that the mere fact of their being Irish exempts them from the rules which govern the rest of the world in relation to property. It is a little difficult to understand why an Irish landlord is not entitled to draw rental from land which he lets out to a farmer in the same manner and to the same degree as an English, or a Scotch, or an American landlord. The fuss and flummery over the woes of Ireland have been getting so tedious of late years that the press of this country has recently awaked to the fact that it has been grossly imposed upon by willful misrepresentations of facts from the other side of the ocean, and that the well-meaning sympathy of the American people for what it was once the fashion to consider an oppressed and down-trodden race, has been bestowed upon persons who had extremely imaginary claims to such sympathy at all. As an instance of this moral and intellectual awakening on the part of our press to the facts which the *Argonaut* has always advocated, we append the following extract from the *Chicago Herald*: "The programme of the league on both sides of the ocean is identical and unmistakable. More funds and less investigation is the cry everywhere. No convention has been held for the last three years, and Parnell wants none for the present. Nothing is so perfectly delightful to the free-handed patriots whom Ireland sends to this country as to lay aside their earnings until they accumulate enough to pay a draft, and then blow the whole amount into the hands of a lot of irresponsible professional agitators for unknown purposes." This has the right ring about it, and the sooner the American public wakes up to a sense of the imposition which has been so long practiced upon it by a pack of blatant Irish political demagogues, the sooner it will save its present waste of undeserved though well-meaning sympathy.

The struggle over the confirmation of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the Superintendent of Indian Schools, brings into prominence the important work being done by the government in the line of educating Indian children. The work of civilizing the Indians of this country is to be accomplished only by having a foundation laid in youth by supplying the children with an adequate education. The surviving Indians in this country are estimated to number a quarter of a million, and of these about one-fifth are children of school age, needing education, and with only the government to look to for such education, except in one case. The five civilized tribes—the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks, and Seminoles—assume the duty of educating their own children. The State of New York also educates the Indian children living in the State, and thus the general government is relieved from a part of the burden of education. About fourteen thousand children belong to the tribes thus provided for, leaving thirty-six thousand to be educated by the central government. The work of education by the government dates back to 1876, but by Act of June 29, 1888, several radical changes were made in the government of Indian schools. Before the passage of this act, the control of the schools was in the Indian Bureau as a mere incident of the general management of Indian affairs. There was an inspector of schools, but his duties were confined to an inspection of the manner in which the schools were carried on. By the Act of 1888 his duties were considerably extended and he was given a general control over the administration of the schools, the ap-

pointment of teachers, etc. But, while this change recognized the propriety of raising the school work to the dignity of a separate department of the bureau, the act did not go far enough to secure such a result. The schools are almost wholly without system, there is no provision for a regular course of study, and each school teaches about what it pleases, both as to subjects and amount of instruction. Naturally, there is no provision for promotion, and thus each school is forced to offer as full a course of instruction as possible. There are three classes of governmental schools—the boarding-schools, usually located off the reservations; the camp, or day-schools, and the industrial training-schools. At the end of the last fiscal year—June 30, 1888—there were two hundred and thirty-three Indian schools supported in whole or in part by the government, of which one hundred and twenty-six were boarding-schools and one hundred and seven day-schools. Of the boarding-schools, sixty-nine were controlled by the Indian Bureau and forty-nine were conducted under contract with the government, the remaining seven were special schools, supported by special appropriations. Of the day-schools, eighty-five are supported by the Indian Bureau, and twenty-two under contract with the government. It will thus be noticed that not only are the boarding-schools more numerous, but that their proportion is higher among the contract schools than among the government schools, showing a more wide-spread interest in this branch of the work. And this preference is justified by the results. The boarding-schools take the children from the influences of camp and tribal life during their most impressionable age, and surround them as far as possible by the incidents of civilization. But these schools labor under the disadvantage that after completing their course of study the children must return to the reservation, where the influence of the tribal life destroys a large part of the effects of the education. There is room for great improvement in the whole system of Indian schools, and it is to be hoped that the attention now directed to the subject will result in the adoption of at least a part of the suggestions contained in the supplement to Commissioner Morgan's last report. The system is criticised in two important points: The inadequacy of the course of instruction, and the inadequacy of the facilities. The course of instruction is now confined to the primary grades, because of the necessity for each school covering the whole course. Grammar and high schools should be established and promotion from one school to another should be provided for. The special requirements of these children should also be considered in the instruction offered. The children should be taken at as early an age as possible and should be isolated from all tribal influences. The course of instruction would necessarily include more minute and careful instruction in systematic habits, morals, diligence, and business methods than would be required where the children acquire a knowledge of these things from their surroundings. This is very briefly an outline of the suggestions of Commissioner Morgan. The small capacity of the schools is not less important than the inadequacy of the course. The schools are now capable of accommodating 16,464 pupils. There are 15,212 enrolled, or within 1,252 of the total capacity. This represents only about one-third of the number who should be provided for by the government. An extension of the system is an important duty of the government. The cost of such extension includes \$2,474,300 for the increased school accommodations, and \$3,102,500 for support of children and superintendence, or a total of \$5,576,800. This is a considerable advance on the amounts hitherto appropriated for this purpose. In 1876, the appropriation for support of Indian schools was but twenty thousand dollars, and this amount has been increased from year to year, until in 1889 it was \$1,364,568. But these appropriations have been totally inadequate, as has been seen. California expends over four million dollars a year on its schools, the State of New York more than sixteen millions. The city of Boston pays annually more than was appropriated last year for all the Indian schools of the country. In view of these figures, the request of the commissioner for five million dollars to perform an act of expediency as well as of justice is not extravagant, and should receive a favorable response from Congress. It is the inadequacy of the Indian school-system which lends a color of reason to the demands for Romish schools, and even a shadow of cause for a demand so fraught with menace to the country and to its wards should be removed.

The list of rich men dying in England during 1889 presents some interesting features, and forms a basis for comparison with the rich men of this country. The land-owners hold a much more prominent position in England than with us, and stand near the head of the list. The Earl of Leven and Melville heads the list with property valued at \$2,600,000. (We print the sums in dollars and round numbers.) This fortune was surpassed by Sir Daniel Gooch, chairman of the Great Western Railway, whose fortune was placed at \$3,267,000; by William J. Cookson, the richest of the man-

ufacturers, whose fortune amounted to nearly three millions; and by two bankers, with fortunes of \$4,540,000 and \$2,960,000, respectively. The prominence of the land-holders among the rich men of the country is, of course, the result of the land laws of England; but the fact that railroad magnates, manufacturers, and bankers are surpassing the old landed aristocracy in wealth, indicates the advance being made by the middle classes. The list includes but two classed as "millionaires," one with a fortune of \$12,874,600; the other, with \$5,345,000. The fact that only two in the list are classed as millionaires, results partly from the fact that the fortunes are quoted in pounds sterling instead of in dollars; but the term "millionaire" in this country is coming to be applied not to those who have one or two millions, but to those who count ten or twenty millions. It is noteworthy that these two millionaires made their fortunes in business. The list of rich merchants and manufacturers dying in 1889 is headed by a fortune of \$2,975,000, and ranges down through eight intermediate fortunes to \$622,500, a very modest amount according to the ideas of this country. Contrary to the general expectation, the richest brewer is not so wealthy as the richest manufacturer, or railroad magnate, his fortune being placed at \$2,323,000. The list of bankers includes seven fortunes ranging from \$4,540,000 to \$70,700; the former being the richest man among the deceased of last year, except the two "millionaires." The poor banker, who foots the list, with \$70,700, was an unfortunate example of misapplied energy. A member of the nobility—Lord Walter Campbell—devoted himself to the calling of a stock-broker, and thus died comparatively poor. Had he turned his energies toward marrying some rich American girl, he might have taken a position much higher on the list, perhaps even making the third millionaire. The members of Parliament dying during the year show modest fortunes ranging from \$1,750,000 down to \$16,000. Either the facilities of the politician in England are inferior to those in this country, or politics does not attract so many rich men. The lawyers, also, are comparatively poor. Robert Moon, who heads the list, had a fortune of \$1,540,000, while the Queen's Remembrancer comes at the foot with \$90,000. In the list of those who followed literature, the old story is seen in the fact that the publishers head the list, while the authors follow after. Wilkie Collins stands well at the head of authors with \$50,000, while Lawrence Oliphant left but \$7,200. Among the arts, we find Richard Redgrave, R. A., with \$213,000; Carl Rosa, with \$393,000; John Sanger, with \$200,000; H. B. Farnie, the author of a great number of comic operas and burlesques, with \$103,000; and Irving Bishop, with \$2,000. Among the women dying, Lady Ossington left \$2,045,000, and Miss Ryland left the greatest amount of personal property, valued at \$3,738,000. Sir John Hayter's mother left \$1,125,000, and the Duchess of Cambridge, \$796,000. Among the foreigners dying in England, Count Greffulhe left a fortune valued at \$3,305,000; Theodore Darthez left \$1,378,000; and President Brand, of the Orange Free State, \$15,000. These fortunes are, of course, only those of persons dying during the year, and, therefore, do not include the great fortunes of England. But their small size, as compared with the fortunes of this country, indicates the greater facilities for accumulating colossal wealth here, and perhaps also the different estimation in which the millionaire is held in the two countries. A few weeks ago, we republished, in another column, the remarks of the *New York Nation* on the worship of millionaires in this country. The *London Spectator*, discussing these remarks, points out some striking facts in this connection. After commenting on the magnitude of the fortunes in this country, and the charge that the English criticise the millionaires with undue severity, the writer says:

Not only do we not specially decri American millionaires, but we think their quality of mammoth the most redeeming feature in the worship paid them. Money in those huge aggregates has in it such potentialities, it is so entirely beyond what any man can spend upon self-indulgence, that we can understand that the desire for it is often another form of the vague desire for power which stirs the hearts, not only of the ambitious, but of the philanthropist. It is not the millionaire, but the millionaire as the popular ideal, who arouses our apprehensions. Men desire money in Europe, and sometimes, when they have anything to get, worship millionaires; but they do not make of them ideals. They are not thirsting to be themselves cellars of cash, nor are they inclined to bow down before pecuniary reservoirs. The tendency, in fact, is the other way—to hold "mere money" in a certain intellectual scorn; to ponder to the socialist dislike of the very rich man, to fall prostrate, if at all, before rank and military success, and intellect of a certain showy and advertising kind.

The assertion that "mere money" is held in a certain intellectual scorn is somewhat startling, but is not our surprise but another indication of the hold which the worship of wealth has gained on us? There is always the danger that the admiration of the power gained by wealth will be transferred to the means by which that power is attained. The estimation in which wealth is held in the different European countries, as expressed by this writer, is interesting:

Not even in France are the millionaires raised into ideals, while in Germany they are loathed; in Italy, where men quit business on two hundred pounds sterling a year, they are disregarded; in Austria they are nothing, being crushed by the reverence for birth; and in England they are—what shall we say?—defended, with apologies for the defense as people who are useful in their way.

When we say that most Americans will be amazed at

reading these last few lines, do we exaggerate their emotions?

The establishment of a republican form of government in Brazil was greeted in this country with a degree of enthusiasm that was natural, and the United States Government has been criticised severely for its tardiness in recognizing the government established there. President Harrison received the Brazilian representative, but withheld his recognition of the government for several months; while it was only this week that the Senate gave a formal recognition. But just as our government has taken this stand with regard to the new state of affairs, the most disquieting rumors begin to arrive from Brazil. The fact is that the provisional government there does not constitute a republic except in name. In reality it is a despotism more extreme than was the empire under Dom Pedro. It acts under no law save the impulses of the ministry, and, in the effort to establish a republic, is meeting with unexpected difficulties. The provisional government has fixed its own term at a year from the time of the revolution. Elections are to be held on September 15th, and the Constituent Assembly is to meet two months later. In the meantime, there is no constitution and no real government. And the difficulties of the situation are just beginning to assert themselves. The country is but loosely bound together, communication is difficult, and a tendency to split off and act for themselves is beginning to appear, particularly in the more distant provinces. For instance, the provincial provisional government at Para has levied a tax on all rubber exported from the Amazon Valley, and, as the whole of the rubber gathered in eastern Peru finds its outlet to the sea down the Amazon River, this affects the whole rubber supply. But this tax is remitted to all Brazilian exporters, and practically creates a monopoly in their favor. The animus of this is, of course, the opposition to foreigners, and is strangely at variance with the decree of the central provisional government that all foreigners who have been in the country for two years shall be entitled to the rights of citizenship, unless they officially proclaim their unwillingness to abandon their rights in their own countries. Senhor Barboza, the Minister of Finance, declares, in regard to this decree, that the law will be enforced with the utmost leniency and moderation; that foreigners who did not understand the law, and failed to appear before the authorities to protect their rights as foreign citizens, would not be subjected to compulsion. He, however, announced it as the desire of the government that foreigners should assume the duties of citizenship. The making of so unpopular a measure a part of the policy of the government is likely to cause trouble; but the real difficulty will arise when it is attempted to frame the new constitution and establish the government under it. Even should the provisional government not refuse to abandon the autocratic power which it now enjoys, the difficulty of framing the new fundamental law will be found to be very great. The population of Brazil is fourteen millions, and of these only about five hundred thousand are able to read and write. The decree calling the election grants the right to vote only to this minority of little more than three per cent, and they will find it no easy matter to restrain so many. Furthermore, the constitution will be an imitation of that of this country, if the ideas of the leaders are carried out. But the constitution of this country was a growth, and will not fit every people who may desire to adopt it. The failure of the Spanish Republic was but the assertion of a natural law which is likely to work with even greater force in Brazil. So that, on the whole, the outlook for the new government can not be considered hopeful.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker recently advocated his system of a postal telegraph before the House committee on post-offices and post-roads. The plan was outlined in his annual report and contains features which recommend it highly. He proposes a lease by the government of the wires of telegraph companies for ten years, and would then combine the postal and telegraph work of the government in a manner which would secure great benefits and facilities for the conduct of general business throughout the country. Telegraph stamps would be issued so that a merchant might drop a telegram in the nearest post-box, to be collected by the post-office agents, transmitted by them to their destination, and delivered by the carriers as letters are now delivered. Such a plan would undoubtedly work to the advantage of all business-men. The analogy of letter-carrying is perfect. When letters were first carried from place to place by private carriers, the service was both uncertain and expensive. The assumption of this service by the government brought about the greatest perfection of the system which was possible. Facilities for the rapid transmission of the mails have been perfected; and the economy of administration has supplemented the absence of a desire for excessive remuneration in reducing postage to the lowest possible rates. That these results would follow in an even greater degree from a governmental telegraph-system is undoubted. The telegraph com-

panies of this country have made enormous profits from the transmission of messages. It is no hardship to them that the government should increase its efficiency by performing the service. Mr. Wanamaker's plan recognizes the rights of the companies; he would pay them for the use of their lines, and he would not deny them the right to transmit messages for those who desire them to do so. It is a move in the right direction, and should be made. It is to be hoped that Congress will enact a law on the lines proposed by the Postmaster-General.

A short time ago an important sale took place in Canada. The right to fish in all the navigable rivers and lakes of our northern neighbor was divided up into parcels to suit the purchaser and sold to the highest bidder. The salmon and trout-fishing in the rivers and lakes of Canada has been world-famous, and has heretofore in part been leased to American and Canadian fishing-clubs. The Natashquan River has been known as a field of adventure for Senator Edmunds, W. J. Florence, E. A. Sothorn, the Duke of Beaufort, and other enthusiastic sportsmen. The Restigouche Salmon Club, of which ex-President Arthur was a prominent member, held the lease of another of these rivers. The leases of all these American and Canadian clubs expired with the close of the season last year, and new leases were granted for their preserves. The province received about eight thousand dollars a year from these leases, but with the more systematic and far-reaching plans adopted this year, it is expected that the revenue from this source will reach forty thousand to fifty thousand dollars. This method of deriving revenue will seem strange to the people of this country. Suppose the government attempted to lease the exclusive right of fishing in the Bay of San Francisco or in the Sacramento River. Yet the rivers of Canada stand upon practically the same footing. There is a well-established legal doctrine that private ownership can not be created over navigable waters; that their control is vested in the government. But in this country this control extends only to the regulation of their use by the people. In Canada it seems to extend to an absolute ownership of the waters vested in the government, which permits, by means of a lease, what amounts to a private ownership. Such monopolies created by the government are probably a survival of the monopolies of the middle ages—one of the most oppressive abuses of that period of absolute monarchies. On the other hand, it is an application to the navigable waters of the country of that nationalization that some would-be reformers advocate regarding land. The substitution of a democratic for a monarchical form of government does not alter the effect of such monopolies. It was not the king, but the monopolist created by his favor, who reaped the profits of the mediæval monopoly. It would not be the government, but the modern monopolists who would reap the benefits of this new class of monopoly. And even should the government reap the benefits, it would not help the consumer who must pay them, because these benefits would not come back to him in the form of dividends.

The possibilities of South American trade have been discussed widely during the last few months, stimulated by the Pan-American Conference, but the figures showing the wonderful advance of trade among the South American republics will bear a little scrutiny before they are accepted. The Argentine Republic has been pointed to as one of the most prosperous of all our neighbors in the south, but recent events indicate that the prosperity has been more apparent than real. It has been evident for some time that the finances of the Argentine Republic were in a bad condition. Frequent loans have been negotiated in London, and gold has been brought into the country only to be exported again in payment for the extensive imports. But the Argentines have explained this by saying that the development of the resources of the country has required these expenditures, and that they will soon become productive. In 1888 the imports increased \$21,050,000, while the exports increased \$15,600,000, showing a deficiency in the increase of exports of less than six millions of dollars. But there is another element to be considered in the calculation that changes the appearance of these figures somewhat. Imports are quoted in gold, while the exports are quoted in the depreciated paper currency of the Argentine Republic. Quoted in gold, the imports exceed the exports during 1888 by nearly \$62,000,000, and the increase of imports exceeds that of exports by \$10,650,000. Nor is this the worst feature of the case. The principal resources of the country consist of grain and cattle. It was to open up the agricultural resources of the country that extensive railways have been built, and vast sums have been expended in improving the water-ways of the country. But a large part of the imports of 1888 consisted of Russian wheat. Wheat is subject to a heavy import duty in the Argentine Republic, and would, therefore, not be imported except in case of necessity. The number of sheep has fallen off considerably from the number there in 1881 at the time of the commencement of the boom, and although the number of cattle has increased, the price has fallen from ten dollars a head to about four dollars. With such a showing, the Argentine boom, of which we heard so much a few months ago, comes to nothing, and the financial panic, premonitions of which are not wanting, assumes a sinister importance.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 31, 1889.

I regard the free coinage of silver as involving questions of grave consequence to the American public. To be hampered in the use of a safe currency of sufficient volume to handle all the productions which are required for the use of all the people, is a step in the direction of calamitous adversity which depreciates the value of all property and directly tends to the impoverishment of all industrial classes and the stagnation of all enterprises which involve the property of the country. Upon issue and circulation of safe and abundant money depend the interests of agricultural and mechanical industries and all the labor classes dependent upon them for employment.

The demonetization of silver by the Congress of 1873-4 was a trick accomplished by fraud in the interest of the creditor class and without the knowledge of any part of the majority disastrously affected. It was a crime more secret and deliberate, and, in its consequences, more destructive and fatal than any that ever affected the prosperity of the country. To accomplish a restoration of silver money to the coin of the country was the subject-matter of consideration in a popular convention held at the city of St. Louis in the month of November last. As a member of that convention, I was placed in a position which seemed to make it necessary that I should coöperate with an executive committee, composed of delegates from other States, to urge upon Congress a repeal of the law demonetizing silver in the years 1873-4, and throw open the mints of the United States to free and unlimited coinage. For this purpose, and none other, I have visited Washington, and am now at work with an intelligent committee in educating our congressional representatives to the necessities of the requirements of the case.

The convention at St. Louis was especially fortunate in the choice of its presiding officers, and we are most fortunate that the Hon. A. J. Warner, of Ohio, has our deliberations under his control, for he possesses a knowledge of the silver question superior, I think, to that of any public man in Washington. Every financial leader in Congress recognizes his ability and his disinterested honesty in managing the question, and there is every present prospect that the principles which are involved in the question will be recognized by the passage of a bill restoring the free mintage of silver to the constitutional position from which it had been improperly displaced and which it had enjoyed during the entire history of our government. A plan of campaign has been entered upon which involves a large amount of labor. Public meetings will be held at New York city, Chicago, St. Paul, and New Orleans, at which the ablest of the silver orators will be invited to speak. Other meetings will be arranged for the farmers' alliances and labor leagues throughout the interior. Silver literature and petitions for the repeal of the law will be largely distributed—all of this with a view to bring popular opinion to bear upon members of Congress and politicians interested in the direction of public affairs. It is a contest which invites a popular contest, in which all the plutocrats, national bankers, moneyed syndicates, usurers, money-lenders, men of luxurious idleness and luxurious ease will be arrayed upon one side and all the mechanical, manufacturing, and agricultural classes arrayed upon the other.

The passage of a free silver-coinage bill is but a question of time, and we believe that no party will risk a Presidential election upon the issue of gold money with currency and credits alone intrusted to the manipulation of Wall Street bankers. No administration and no national party will dare to go before the country upon such an issue. In the final roll-call, we fully expect to see members of Congress break their necks to place themselves right before a constituency which has been wronged and plundered by the most criminal blunder that ever occurred in the history of financial legislation in the history of the American Republic.

In the passage of the free-coinage bill, no lobby is to be employed and no money used save for legitimate and honest disbursement. Wall Street has its lobby employed, and is under the management of Mr. John J. Knox, a former treasury official.

The executive silver committee will favor the passage of a bill for free silver coinage; if that fails, then for the passage of the Windom Bill, with the bimetallic principle fully and unconditionally recognized, and with all discretion of the Secretary or the President to monkey with the silver market stricken from it.

If this fails, the question will be put afloat upon the popular wave, and the final solution left until the deluge leaves the ark upon the summit of the political Ararat after the flood has subsided. It is known that President Cleveland was for the gold standard and under the influence of the "Gold-bugs" of Wall Street. It is known that President Harrison is a monometalist of the yellow stripe. It is asserted that Mr. Cleveland's financial opinions have undergone a radical change, and that his views have broadened to a more generous sympathy with the debtor and industrious classes, and that in event of his probable renomination by the Democratic party he will take the popular side of this question.

THE RISE AND SHINE.

An Arizona Idyl.

"Wake up. Hump yourself now. It's time for us to skedaddle."

The sleeper, thus rudely brought back to the cares and sorrows of the waking world, sat up on the edge of his cot and rubbed his eyes stupidly. It was dark—through the open door came the yelping and howling of a pack of coyotes, and, in the west, softened by distance, the drowsy whistle of a receding train.

"What's the matter? You ain't been bowlin' up again, I hope?" he at length inquired, with the reproachful ill-nature always consequent upon an unwelcome awakening.

"No, I haven't been bowlin' up," replied the other, indignantly; then, lowering his voice to a whisper, added: "The returns has come."

"That so? Who's lected?" dreamily murmured the man on the cot, as he fell backward and glided gently away to the shadowy realm of slumber.

"Who's talkin' about 'lections—the returns from that assay of the Rise an' Shine has come; she goes four hundred ounces silver, forty-five dollars gold, five per cent. lead, and a trace of copper."

"Four hundred oun—"

"S-s-b! You want that Greaser in the next room to get on to it? Get inside your pants and come out to the corral where we can talk about it."

No further coaxing was needed, and the two men were soon standing by the corral-gate. The only light visible was at the railroad-station; all the rest of the town was silent and dark. The camp-fires had died out, but the outlines of the freighters' wagons could be distinguished in the gloom, with their animals clustered about them, trampling and munching, finishing up the vestiges of last night's feed, with an occasional sharp, squealing neigh, as some mule avenged a long standing grudge by giving a comrade a surreptitious nip; and, out on the vague expanse of barren plains, the coyotes howled with that mirthless derision peculiar to them and kindred prowlers of the night.

"What we've got to do," resumed the first speaker, in a low voice, "is to slide out to the mine as fast as the Lord'll let us and locate the extensions. I had a sort of feelin' them returns would come to-night, so I stayed round and got the postmaster to open the mail, and when I got through readin' 'em, I seen him lookin' at me mighty sharp, and it's my belief he looked over my shoulder and read the whole business. If he did, he'll start some one right out to squat on the extensions, and we've got to get there and fool 'em—see?"

This very explicit statement was in the main true; although it had been the attraction of "faro," rather than any premonition, that had kept Bob Watson out of bed at such an unreasonable hour, and it had been a mere chance that led him to the office as the postmaster was distributing the mail in readiness for the early morning stage. His companion, however, did not attempt to rob him of any of the glory, all minor considerations being lost in the refulgent prospects opened up by the magic figures—four hundred ounces.

"Who'd 'a' thought that rock had so much mineral in it?" he remarked, as he threw the saddle-blanket over his mule.

"Who'd 'a' thought it?" inquired Watson, in a tone of the most intense surprise; "didn't I say so right straight along? When we first broke into the ledge, didn't I pick up a chunk, and, scrapin' off some of that black stuff with my knife, didn't I say right then and there, 'This is the straight goods, or I'm a sucker?' Didn't I use them very words?"

"Well, mebbe you did—I don't remember; but if you say so, why it stands to reason that you did," replied the pacific Eam Price, as he proceeded to cinch his mule into apparent convulsions—only apparent, however, for the mule is an artful animal and well skilled in counterfeiting the agony engendered—so physiologists say—by tight lacing.

Daylight found them well on the way to the mine, and as they proceeded, they consulted as to whose names should be used in taking up the various extensions.

"We might let Mrs. Hawes in on one of them," suggested Price, a little timidly; "she 'pears like a decent kind of a woman, and can just knock the socks off'n a cook-stove."

"Can if you want to," replied Watson, sarcastically; "might help you long some; you don't seem to be meltin' the old lady very fast."

A deep-drawn sigh was the only answer made by Price, and silence reigned between them until a small, irregular excavation was reached, where a notice tacked to a board, planted in a pile of rocks, announced to all comers—distinctly, with due reference to lines and points of the compass—that the ground immediately adjacent thereto was comprised in the mining location known as the "Rise and Shine," the property of R. Watson and E. Price. The two partners at once set to work and staked off about a quarter of a mile of ground on each side of the original location, and Watson, after a great deal of writhing, chewing of lead-pencil, and profanity—aids to mental exertion which he always invoked—produced the proper notices, claiming it in behalf of various distant relatives of the original locators, not omitting the aforesaid Mrs. Hawes, who had the first south-west extension duly credited to her.

After the completion of this labor, they breakfasted on bacon, coffee, and crackers, and the assayer's certificate was examined again to see if, in the disenchanting light of day, its characters still possessed their magic power. The figures were unchanged—so plain no one could mistake them: "Silver, 400 oz.; gold, \$45.00; lead, five per cent.; copper, trace."

And as they smoked their pipes, each, according to his taste, reared aerial structures of wondrous beauty; and if those of Price contained apartments specially reserved for the occupancy of Mrs. Hawes, he did not feel called upon to advise his partner of the fact.

It was decided they should at once take out a few car-loads of the best ore, ship it to the reduction works, and, with the sum thus realized, they could open up the mine

properly, and either sell or work it themselves, as they saw fit. With this aim in view, they therefore returned to town to lay in provisions, hire three or four more men, and engage teams to haul the ore to the railroad. Watson, being the more energetic of the two, charged himself with all these duties, while Price, loitering about in an aimless sort of way, was, by some magnetic influence, guided to the tent of Mrs. Hawes. This lady was a true daughter of the frontier—small, wiry, sharp as to features and voice, as well as in her management of the affairs of life and trade.

Open-air life has many advocates, but it can not be denied it is destructive to the complexion and to the other beauties more especially feminine. But what Mrs. Hawes may have lacked in the way of velvety bloom and youthful softness of contour, was more than compensated for by her vigor and endurance—it was this latter trait, probably, which had first attracted Eam Price. Mrs. Hawes happened to arrive at Arivaca on one of those red-letter days, or nights rather, when what was known in the dialects of that cosmopolitan camp as a *baile*, dance, or "shin-dig," was in progress; and, though she had driven a four-horse team twenty-five miles that day, done her own "swamping," to say nothing of pitching a tent and getting supper after her arrival, she turned in and danced all competitors off the floor—danced round dances, square dances, reels, and break-downs; danced till the candles burned down, flickered, and went out; till the rising sun showed his shocked countenance through the open window, and the last hoarse, gurgling whoop stuck fast in the throat of the exhausted floor-manager—then she went home, fed her stock, and cooked breakfast.

Perhaps it was this insensibility to fatigue which first awoke the latent passion in the heart of Mr. Price, but there is no knowing to a certainty; with regard to phenomena of this nature, despite our boasted science, all is as yet but conjecture. But at any rate there could be no doubt of his devotion to her. Since the night of the ball, he had been unremitting in those little attentions such as cutting wood, carrying water, etc., so dear to the heart of every true woman; yet, as Watson had said, up to the present time he had received very little encouragement from the recipient of all these marks of respectful adoration.

The advent of Mrs. Hawes had been entirely unexpected by the society of Arivaca, nor was it known with any degree of accuracy whence she came, or the probable duration of her sojourn among them—gossip, it is true, had it that she was a Mormon en route to Salt Lake, but this report was generally conceded to be the offspring of jealousy on the part of the other ladies.

"Howdy doo, Mrs. Hawes?" said Price, as he sank apologetically down upon a nail-keg just inside the flap of the tent. A slight nod was all the response to this salutation, and Mrs. Hawes continued her task of repairing a hame-strap, seemingly oblivious of the presence of her worshiper. "I s'pose," resumed Price, after an embarrassing silence, "you haven't heard 'bout the returns of the Rise an' Shine?"

"No," replied the lady; "I'm kept hustlin' raound so't I ain't no time to heer nuthin'."

"She goes four hundred ounces," said Price, confidentially.

"In yer mind," retorted Mrs. Hawes; "don't try for to make me b'leeve sech fairy stories as them aire. Think I can't tell horn silver from copper stain when I see it?"

"I know you can size up rock pretty close as a general thing, but this here ledge in the Rise an' Shine's diff'rent from the common run o' rock—there's a lot o' chemicals mixed in with lightnin' strikin' names, so't takes a good un to guess this here ore—here's the certificate, too." Price had forgotten that reading was not one of Mrs. Hawes's accomplishments or he never would have been guilty of such a *faux-pas*.

"Take your ole paper an' git," she cried, angrily; "I ain't no time to waste nosin' raound, figurin' out sech writin' as them assayers does—a Philadelfy lawyer couldn't make bead'r tails out'n it."

"We thought," said Price, as he rose to go, "you might like to be in on one of the extensions, so we located you in the first south-west. T'won't cost you nothin' for recordin'—you won't be out notbin' no way."

This statement somewhat mollified the lady, who thanked him, stating that she believed he meant well, though, of course, she knew it would never amount to anything—and, in conclusion, she invited him to call around after a while and get a "snack o' sumthin' t'eat"—an invitation Mr. Price never failed to accept.

Everything progressed favorably with the two partners, the streak of pay-ore widened as they went down on the ledge and they were enabled to take it out much faster than they had anticipated. Watson did the sorting of the ore, as he knew exactly the kind the assay had been made from. None but first-class rock was sacked up, the lower grades being left upon the dump to be worked when the mill was built. Even Price's affair of the heart had taken a favorable turn, he having, so to say, struck soft ground and was making rapid progress in the affections of Mrs. Hawes. Whether there was any occult connection between the esteem in which he was held by this lady and the pile of four-hundred-dollar rock on the station platform, it is, of course, impossible to say, but it was remarked they increased in much the same relative proportion. At length two cars were loaded, and Watson himself accompanied them to the reduction-works to see that no change of ore was worked upon them to their disadvantage.

While he was absent on this mission, Price brought his affair almost to a settlement—the momentous question was propounded and a favorable reply received—nothing was lacking but the wedding garments, and the bride undertook to have them ready inside of three days. During this interval, Mr. Price sauntered about in a state of beatitude, much easier imagined than described.

On the afternoon of the third day succeeding the departure of Watson, Price received a telegram, which, after paying for, he opened and found to read as follows:

"Benson, Nov. 13.—E. Price, Arivaca—Git married to wunst, back to-night.—R. Watson.—7 collect."

At first Price did not exactly grasp the meaning of the

message, but a little reflection showed him that the apparently enigmatical portion of it was merely Watson's way of advising him to expedite the wedding. He accordingly repaired at once to the dwelling of his betrothed, and after acquainting her with the contents of the dispatch, suggested that they repair at once to the justice of the peace and have the ceremony performed. But, much to his surprise, Mrs. Hawes would not hear of it. "I've only jest got the green caliker basted up," she said; "it'll take half a day to finish it, and them new shoes won't be down from Tucson 'fore to-morrow night. I won't git married in these ole moccasins if I never do. That fool Watson's drunk, and I won't be druv raound by him nor no other man livin'—sabe? Ef you can't wait and hev things fixed up decent an' like white folks, you can vamoose jest as pronto as you want to."

Price hastened to assure her that though he must necessarily long to advance the hour which should make her all his own, he doubted not he would be able to restrain his ardor so that the proprieties might be observed in all things. "You see," he said, "it's like this: Bob's gone there, an' the ore's turned out so much better'n he expected that it sort o' rattled him, an' knowin' how much I thought o' you, an' how keen I was for to hurry up the weddin', he's just rushed off'n hit the wires a lick so's to help us out like."

This explanation allayed the fears Mrs. Hawes had entertained that some attempt was being made to curtail her independence—a matter upon which she was very sensitive—and she consented, after a while, to be pacified. Had Price been less afflicted by that blindness which is such a marked symptom of the malady called love, the frequent outbursts of irascibility on the part of his promised bride might have aroused some uneasiness concerning the peace and harmony of their wedded life, but as is usual in such cases, he paid no heed to the danger-signals, and rushed blindly on his fate.

Notwithstanding the plausible explanation he had given of the origin of Watson's message, he was considerably disturbed by it, and waited up until three o'clock in the morning to meet his partner on the arrival of the west-bound express.

He was terribly shocked by his appearance—a more disconsolate, woe-begone-looking specimen of humanity it would be hard to imagine.

"Faro," said Price to himself, and his heart sank within him.

Watson made no reply to his partner's greetings, but dragged him away from the station, into the friendly shelter of darkness.

"Did you git my telegram?" he asked, when they were out of hearing of any possible loiterer.

"Yes, I got it."

"And you're married?" he interrupted, eagerly.

"No," replied Price; "you see the lady didn't exactly take to the idee—we'll get there to-morrow, though—"

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Watson; "I knowed it—I had a feelin' it'd be jest that way. Everything gone to h—l! Busted flatter'n a tortillo!"

"Busted!" cried Price; "you don't mean to say—"

"Yes, I do—that ore wouldn't pay to work. There ain't an ounce of metal in a mountain of it. We got to sell a mule to pay the freight on it. There was a mistake in them returns—the assayer sent us the wrong certificate. I'd oughter killed him, but I didn't—he said he hoped we hadn't been put out any by it, and he gimme some of his cards to throw 'round 'mong the boys. There'll be a holy circus out to camp when they hear 'bout it and begin to holler for their pay. What chews me up the worst though, Price, is that the widow'll back out like as not now. You never can depend on a woman, no how."

Beyond a deep sigh, Price made no reply to this discouraging platitudes, and the two partners disappeared in the gloom. Watson immediately sought the oblivion and solace which by common consent is supposed to be located somewhere near the bottom of a glass of whisky. How Price passed the hours of darkness—what paroxysms of despair, what cyclones of passion disturbed his ordinarily calm and dreamless slumber, it is not the purpose of this narrative to disclose; let it suffice that the rising sun found him wan and haggard—that is, as was his sun-burned complexion would admit of.

He partook of a light breakfast with much the same relish as the condemned man feels for the delicacies of his last earthly meal, and about ten o'clock in the forenoon directed his steps toward the widow's tent. Although afflicted with a ghastly sinking feeling in the region of his heart, or stomach—he was not exactly certain which, not being strong in anatomy—he resisted the temptation to take some stimulant to enable him to endure the approaching operation.

When, after several abortive attempts, he succeeded in reaching the tent, and found the lady engaged in putting the finishing touches to the "green caliker"; when he reflected that now, perhaps, that festal garment no longer possessed a reason for existence; when, in short, all the bitter thoughts of what might have been came crowding into his mind—emotion almost mastered him.

"Must 'a' ketched cold las' night, from the way't you snuffe," remarked his fiancée, by way of greeting. The delicate, one might almost say wifely, solicitude conveyed by these simple words, was all that was lacking to complete Price's discomfiture, and it was some time before he managed to reply in a choking voice:

"Yes, I wuz up ruther late, I wanted to see Watson—he come back on the train."

"Drunk agin, too; I heerd him screechin' an' hollerin' raound."

"He wuzn't drunk when he come, but the ore didn't work quite so—that is, it didn't quite come up to the assayer's figgers, an' Watson's so techy an' easy put out by ennythin' goes wrong, he got bowled up a little 'fore he knowed it."

"What did that air rock work, ennyways?"

"We ain't had it worked yet—we thought—it—she don't work at all," said Price, desperately, realizing the futility of further evasion; "there wuz a mistake somewheres. They ain't no mineral in that ore—the assayer sent us the wrong certificate—we've blowed ourselves in for all we've got, and so I come to say't if you wanted to pull down your ante an'

drop out fore the deal goes enny funder—why o' course you can—but I—I—

Mrs. Hawes's eyes fairly blazed, with sympathy and love, doubtless, as she replied: "That drunken no-caunt Watson's been a-puttin' you up to this. He's been a-pizenin' your mind agin the wimmen folks. Tole you I wuz too ole fur ye, did he? Been a-eggin' you on fur to leave me in the lurch, a'ter everything's ready fur the wedding. This is some o' that Heely Monster's doin's, but he don't make it stick—you sabe that? You thought I wuz stuck on that ole grave-stun quarry o' your'n, but I'll jest fool ye once fur luck. It's you I want, and I'll bev' ye, too, ef there's enny law in Arizony."

Ob, phenomena, forever incomprehensible, of the human beart!

When Price believed the woman of his choice was irretrievably lost to him, that he could no longer hope to win her, the glamour of the impossible endowed her with all the charms fancy ever dreamed of; but when he found that instead of losing her, she possessed him, body and soul, at the very moment when his felicity should have been the most complete and unalloyed, it was tinctured by a vague regret—the indefinable, intangible sense of disappointment which ever accompanies the realization of our cherished ideals.

This disappointment was heightened by the fact that the bride would not consent to Watson being present at the marriage ceremony. Price would have liked to have his old partner witness the legal sanction of his bliss, but the lady was inexorable, and Price acquiesced, a performance in which he was rapidly acquiring proficiency.

The discordant clamor of the charivari had long since been hushed; darkness had invaded the sidereal heights and silence brooded over slumbering Arivaca. The bar-keeper of the Fashion was just locking the door of that establishment, and Watson, who had been compelled reluctantly to abandon his location before the bar, clung to an awning-post, and inveighed against the folly of marriage and the wiles of woman. "Common horse-sense, decency, religion, everything's agin it—the Bible's agin it, too."

"Oh, come off," replied the bar-keeper; "what's the Bible got to say about it?"

"What's the Bible got to say about it? The Bible says jest eggactly: 'Misfortunes never comes single'—that's what she says, an' when the Scripsbures coppers ennything, young feller, you can play'er to lose every time."

Out on the desert the coyotes yelled in derision, and far off in the west the whistle of a receding train faded lingeringly away into the silence of the night—and even so melted into air all the glittering hopes founded on the Rise and Shine.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1889.

E. M.

While the French and English are discussing the construction of a tunnel beneath, or a bridge across, the English Channel, the Americans and Russians are canvassing the possibility of bridging Bebring Straits, a Swedish engineer broaches a project for crossing the Ore-sund, a sound between Denmark and Sweden, with neither a tunnel nor exactly a bridge, but with a combination of the two—a bridge under water. A bridge is out of the question, not only on account of the distance—three miles—but on account of the great quantity of traffic through the sound; and against a tunnel objections have been made which seem to be insuperable. So it has occurred to this Swedish engineer to erect a viaduct under water, upon piles, at a depth sufficient to leave ample room for steamers of the deepest draught to pass above it. The viaduct will consist of two tubes, one within the other, the outer tube being of iron and the inner of steel, and the space between them will be filled with concrete. Within the inner tube the railway tracks will be carried. The "piles" upon which the whole will be supported are not to be ordinary wooden piles, but *caissons*, or metal cylinders, also filled with concrete. They will be placed about a hundred feet apart. It is maintained that this submarine bridge will be much less expensive than either a tunnel or a bridge above water. A tunnel involves vast expenditure, and the immense and solid abutments which would be required in the case of a bridge above the water will be rendered unnecessary by this method of construction. The supports will be subjected to but a tithe of the weight which an ordinary bridge must bear, and, furthermore, will not need to be so constructed as to resist the pressure of winds and ice.

The *Electrical Engineer* makes the following extraordinary statement: "Nothing in the future appears more probable than that within the life-time of persons now living, the industrial supremacy of Great Britain will pass away with the exhaustion of her coal-fields. Switzerland, Italy, and the Scandinavian peninsula are destined to become the great manufacturing districts of Europe. This extraordinary industrial revolution will be brought about by the transmission and distribution, by electrical means, of the inexhaustible and permanent water-power in those countries. More than a year ago, in Switzerland, a woolen manufactory of thirty-six thousand spindles, with the usual complement of auxiliary machinery, was operated wholly by electric power conveyed from a distant stream, deriving its never-failing supply of water from the melting of Alpine snows. In the new era, the Swiss Republic may not improbably become the foremost industrial nation of Europe."

"Nellie Bly" passed Gallup, N. M., as she returned to New York, on a train running at the rate of over fifty miles an hour. Three miles east of that place, the track-repairers were replacing the stringers on the bridge over a deep cañon. The rails were in place, but only held up by jack-screws. The workmen heard the special coming and tried to flag it, but they were too late. The engine and car went thundering over the ravine and passed over safely. The escape is a miraculous one, and section-men, who witnessed the train flash past on its straw-like structure, regard the escape as one of the most marvelous in railway history.

OLD FAVORITES.

Desiderium.

Sit there forever, dear, and lean
In marble as in fleeting flesh,
Above the tall gray reeds that screen
The river when the breeze is fresh;
Forever let the morning light
Stream down that forehead broad and white,
And round that cheek for my delight.

Already that flushed moment grows
So dark, so distant; through the ranks
Of scented reed the river flows
Still murmuring to its willowy banks;
But we can never hope to share
Again that rapture fond and rare,
Unless you turn immortal there.

There is no other way to hold
These webs of mingled joy and pain;
Like gossamer their threads enfold
The journeying heart without a strain—
Then break, and pass in cloud or dew,
And while the ecstatic soul goes through
Are withered in the parching blue.

Hold, Time, a little while thy glass,
And, Youth, fold up those peacock wings!
More rapture fills the years that pass
Than any hope the future brings;
Some for to-morrow rashly pray,
And some desire to hold to-day,
But I am sick for yesterday.

Since yesterday the bills were blue
That shall be gray for evermore,
And the fair sunset was shot through
With color never seen before!
Tyrannic love smiled yesterday,
And lost the terrors of his sway,
But is a god again to-day.

Ah! who will give us back the past?
Ah! woe, that youth should love to be
Like this swift Thames that speeds so fast,
And is so fain to find the sea—
That leaves this maze of shadow and sleep,
These creeks down which blown blossoms creep,
For breakers of the homeless deep.

Then sit forever, dear, in stone,
As when you turned with half a smile,
And I will haunt this islet lone,
And with a dream my tears beguile;
And in my reverie forget
That stars and suns were made to set,
That love grows old, or eyes are wet.

—Edmund W. Gosse.

Affinity.

In an old-world temple two blocks of stone,
Where the sky of Athens burns hotly blue,
Have been standing stately, and still, and lone,
Dreaming together the ages through.

There were two pearls bid in the self-same shell
(Like sweet sea-tears that for Venus weep);
They have whispered secrets that none may tell,
Side by side in the heart of the deep.

When Boabdil ruled in the land of Spain,
Two roses grew in a garden rare;
They drank of the fountain's silver rain,
And mingled their scents in the drowsy air.

In Venice, to rest on a golden dome,
Two doves came floating on pinions white;
And they loved each other, and made their home
Under the stars on a still May night.

But the changeless laws that our lives involve,
Are the laws of death, and cold decay;
So the temple falls, and the pearls dissolve—
The birds and the roses must pass away.

Yet each, by a strange metamorphosis
Is born anew in some fairer form;
So the rose may live in red lips that kiss—
The marble in limbs that are white and warm.

And in hearts of lovers once more may greet
Those doves who dwell on the dome of gold;
And in mouths of velvet the pearls may meet
To gleam more white than those pearls of old.

For bow otherwise grew the wondrous birth
Of the strange and sweet affinity,
That warns two souls in this desert of earth,
They must claim each other where'er they be?

They recall, in a new-found ecstasy,
The dreams of their mystic long-ago;
By the marble temple, or stormy sea,
Or Moorish garden where roses blow.

And they feel the flutter of snowy wings
On the golden dome of a stately fane;
And the faithful atoms the wild wind brings
Must find each other and love again!

So, my heart that within me burns and glows,
Would read your heart, and ask you whether
You were pearl, or marble, or dove, or rose,
In that fairer world, when we were together?

—After Gautier, by Florence Henniker.

"A book with every bar of soap" is the ingenious scheme of a well-known firm of New York soap-manufacturers to advertise their wares. We do not know how the books are printed and bound—probably they are old volumes of the Seaside and other cheap "libraries"—but the purchaser is offered a choice of some two thousand books by such writers as Anstey, Balzac, William Black, George Eliot, Miss Mulock, "Ouida," James Payn, Jules Verne, Scott, Thackeray, Charles Lever, etc.

In a lengthy article on the shoes and slippers worn by well-known people, the *World* tells us that "Mrs. John Bigelow is sometimes seen in moccasins in public, and is not particular in the size or make of her shoes." As Mrs. Bigelow has been dead nearly a twelvemonth, it is not difficult to believe this latter assertion.

An English paper says that a syndicate is being formed in that country for the purchase from this government of the forest lands of Alaska.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A party went to get a child baptized. While awaiting the arrival of the clergyman, the sexton created no little conversation by chucking the infant under the chin, and thus addressing the person whom he took to be the author of its being: "You should consider yourself lucky, sir, in having a child that so closely resembles you!" The person addressed was the godfather.

A young minister, not long since, supplied a pulpit for one Sabbath in a thriving manufacturing town east of the Hudson. He was the guest of a deacon, and as they walked together after the morning service, the deacon said: "Perhaps you do not know that you preached to eighteen millions of dollars to-day?" "No," said the minister, "I did not; but you will go to h—ll, all the same, unless you repent."

Geoffrey Hawley, Jefferson's former leading man (says the *Epoch*), was riding up-town on a Fourth Avenue car with some friends. There was a colored woman on that car, with a colored baby in her lap. Hawley began making faces at the child, much to the amusement of all in the car, and to himself—and kept it up until the baby put out its little black arms to Mr. Hawley, and cried: "Papa! Papa! Papa!" Hawley fled.

I was walking by the Hotel Buckingham the other evening (says a writer in *New York Truth*), when my ear was penetrated by a hoarse shriek. "Extra! extra! full account of the fire down-town—extra!" "Let me see, boy, if you're telling the truth," said a passer-by. The lad held up his paper to verify his statement, and showed the headline, "25,000 Blaze!" "Oh," said the inquirer, "two hundred and fifty thousand? Is that all? Well, I guess I don't want the paper." "Ab, what's de matter wid you," answered the newsboy; "do yer want ter burn up de city o' New York for a cent?"

A member of an Asiatic legation in Washington, educated at Harvard, was not invited to the formal reception at the Postmaster-General's, and the Asiatics being great sucklers in matters of etiquette, he expressed his surprise to various acquaintances. Several explanations and suggestions were offered by friends who wanted to soothe his feelings, and one was to the effect that the omission was clearly an oversight. "No," said the bright little Oriental, "I think not. I have heard that Mr. Wanamaker is a very religious man, and I imagine that he considers it a pious duty to make the beathen rage."

It is related that upon one occasion Senator Thurman's friends visited his house to apprise him that a new political honor had been conferred upon him. He was pleased, but after they had been seated a few moments the conversation lagged and the old Roman seemed to be ill at ease. His wife tried her best to entertain the campaigners and the senator excused himself. He presently appeared with his boots and top-coat on. "Gentlemen," said he, "we will now go out and get something to smoke. My wife is the boss here and we never have anything to drink in the house." Mrs. Thurman looked pleased as she closed the door after them. "As I was saying," added the senator; "she runs the house, but, thank God! she doesn't run the town."

The author of "Trooper and Redskin" was one of a party of men who took a trip to Prince Albert, a settlement upon the North Saskatchewan River, in the dead of winter. The cold was, of course, intense. One day, in the middle of December, they set out upon this march through the frozen wilderness. One of the servants deposited a sack, the contents of which rattled suspiciously, in the sleigh containing the supply of "forage." "Look here," called one of the travelers, "don't put those tent-pegs beside the oats. They'll poke their points through the bag, knock a hole in the grain-sacks, and there'll be a leak." "These ain't tent-pegs," said the man, rather scornfully; "they're beefsteaks." And so they were, cut and ready for use on the line of march.

Grim Sumner, his War Secretary, never quite knew how to take Lincoln. Sumner was for exterminating such elements as dared to ask questions. It is related that once some one had refused to understand an order, or, at all events, had not obeyed. "I believe I'll sit down," said Sumner, "and give that man a piece of my mind." "Do so," said Lincoln; "write him now, while you have it on your mind. Make it sharp; cut him all up." Sumner did not need a second invitation. It was a bone-cruncher that he read to the President. "That's right," said Abe; "that's a good one." "Who can I get to send it by?" mused the Secretary. "Send it!" replied Lincoln; "send it! Why, don't send it at all. Tear it up. You have freed your mind on the subject and that is all that is necessary. Tear it up. You never want to send such letters; I never do."

Jonas Hill, of Fayette (says the *Lewiston Journal*), was at one time a suitor for the hand of a young lady whose parents did not favor him. Her father did not think that the social standing of Jonas was such as to render him a fit match for his daughter, but he told the young man that if he would bring him high-toned references he would consider his claim. Jonas said nothing, but felt indignant, and resolved to have his revenge. So he procured the best of recommendations as to his character and standing in society. The old man examined the credentials and was satisfied. "All right," said he, "you are welcome, walk into my parlor, and your horse shall be stabled and fed." "Not by any means," replied Jonas; "my horse is neither hungry nor dry, and I shall never darken your doors any more. Good-day, sir." And, putting the whip to his horse, he drove out of the door-yard, leaving the old gentleman glaring after him, dumfounded.

A well-to-do gentleman, who lives in New York city, became greatly interested in the game of billiards some time ago and had a fine table put up in his house. One evening, the gentleman's wife proposed that he teach her to play billiards. He did not receive the proposition very gleefully, fearing that billiards with a novice would be very tedious. But the lady insisted, until finally he led the way to the billiard-room and opened the game with a small run. Then, after full instructions, the pupil played and astonished her teacher by making a very difficult shot. Again she played and counted. The instructions suddenly ceased as the man grew suspicious. He said nothing, but thought a good deal. The game was a close one and was won by the lady. The teacher proposed another game, which the pupil won by such an overwhelming lead that the teacher threw down his cue in disgust and demanded: "Where in thunder did you learn to play billiards, anyhow?" "Oh," quietly replied his wife, as she knocked the balls around in fancy shots, "I've been practicing every day since the table was put in!"

A few years before the recent restoration of the Abbey Church at Tewkesbury, a tourist resolved to pay a visit to the battle-field, if he could find the way. "Waiter," said he, "do you happen to know the place where the battle of Tewkesbury was fought?" "Certainly, sir," said the waiter; and added that, as work was slack just then, he would willingly go thither with the gentleman. As they went along down the main street and across the bridge toward the meadows on the further bank, the tourist expressed his pleasure, not unmingled with surprise, at finding that his companion was familiar with such a battle-field. "For," said he, "it happened long ago, you know—four hundred years ago." "Four hundred years, sir?" exclaimed the waiter; "bless you, no! I don't believe it's ten years." "I think you'll find I'm right," said the tourist. "Well, sir," the tourist replied, "I think I ought to know, for I was there." At this, the tourist stopped short and faced that medieval waiter. "You were there?" cried he, with unrestrained emotion. "Yes, sir, I were. There's only one battle o' Tewkesbury as ever I heard on, and that's the great fight betwixt Conky Jin and the Porky One!"

WHERE SHE MAY DINE.

"Van Gryse" on the New York Maiden and Public Refectories.

The advisability of a lady lunching or dining at a restaurant alone with a gentleman is a question which for years past has agitated social New York. Among the stiff coterie it is deemed the very height of imprudence. The buds, who are guarded from "Ouida" as from a blighting frost, would be considered utterly lost if they were ever seen in the hospitable halls of Delmonico with a solitary swain. Their mothers would go into mourning, their fathers would treat the matter with awesome gravity, the bud herself would probably be sent to Europe for a long and exhaustive tour, during which she might make a study of the French and English methods of conducting a *partie à deux*.

Of course there are girls who do it, just as there are innumerable young women who go to the theatre alone with a best man, and there follows no convulsion of nature and the veil of the temple is not rent in twain. Any evening at Del's you may see half-a-dozen such couples, having a jolly little gossip over a pint of white wine and a canvasback, learning to exchange furtive criticisms over the strip of shining damask between them, giggling softly, peering at their faces in the glasses set between the windows, leaning back to deliver an earnest order to the attentive Henri. But these are almost invariably suburban on a spree, or, if residents of the city, of so small a circle of acquaintances that they are still in that happy stage when they "don't care." For them, no hall card-holder groans under a weight of white pasteboard invitations; no "day," sacred to chocolate and small talk, admits a relay of befuddled ladies who fill the apartments with the scent of wood-violets and the sound of shrill voices in deafening emulation; no first-night audience turns to glare at them when they appear in a box; no one exclaims, as they enter the glimmer and the glow of the fashionable restaurant: "Heavens! Here's Miss Fitzpatrick with a man!" in a tone of shocked pleasure. Happy beings! They go and they come as they please. They delight in little mild unconventionalities. They linger about the side streets arm-in-arm, and watch the crowd of shifting faces. They sit on a bench in the park, and under the protecting shadow of the Farragut look for hours at the tremulous shade of the fluttering leaves. They dawdle down Broadway and peer into enticing shop-windows, and daintily price bonnets and portraits of English beauties without the slightest intention of buying either. They dare to wear their old clothes, to sit in the "nigger's heaven," to say what they think about Wagner music. They are emancipated.

To the well-known denizen of the city, who has a place in "a set," these joys are denied. If she goes to Del's with a man she is perfectly certain to run against some member of the set, who, with that jocular gusto peculiar to members of sets both here and elsewhere, will make it rather unpleasant for her. It is not the action, it is the place which is at fault. When Del's moved up from Fourteenth Street, there was a tremendous effort made to purge it from all undesirable elements and to keep it unspotted from the world. It was to be a place where the Young Person could go and sit between her mamma and her papa, and only see about her other Young Persons equally well dressed and chaperoned. Unfortunately the Young Person generally eats at home, waited on by a staid butler, and with mamma at the top and papa at the bottom of the table. However desirable she may be to give tone to a fashionable restaurant, her presence is not sufficiently frequent there to put things on a paying basis, and other persons appear, neither so young nor so desirable from many points of view, but wanting a good dinner and willing to pay for it. Hence the Young Person's withdrawal from Del's in a condition of demurely shocked surprise. Should she appear there, sudden and uncongenial to her surroundings, as a snowdrop in the spring, she will be "sized up" with looks of vivacious inquiry from half-a-score of monocled eyes.

So she only goes flanked by the family, who form a hollow square round her, impenetrable as the tower of brass in which the fairy princess was imprisoned by the bad godmother. Sometimes she goes with the girls and takes lunch. They enjoy it immensely, with a cast-iron reserve. They see all kinds of amusing people—handsome men lounging in for late breakfasts, shaven and shorn and glistening with the severe morning grooming; handsome women of the Four Hundred, with delicate, fresh faces, rising from rolls of long-haired furs, rare flowers fastened in their dresses, and thin, white hands glimmering with rings; equally handsome women, equally well dressed and refined looking, finished, and polished, yet not the less of a class of which the Young Person is supposed to know nothing. All this the Young Person and her friends take in with still, but deep appreciation, enjoying the *coup d'œil* much more than the salad and the ice. She may continue to come any time during the afternoon for bouillon or an ice-cream, or tea, even, but at the magic stroke of six, no ladies unattended by gentlemen can enter. Unsophisticated female strangers, beguiled into forgetfulness of the hour by the lingering twilight of spring and summer, entering in an undecided, hesitant group, are accosted with all the honeyed politeness of the sleek-headed *garçon*, and gently, but, oh, how firmly! requested to retire and seek other pastures. And out they back, flame-colored, raging, mortified into the silence of speechless fury.

There are no small private dining-rooms attached to Del's, only places for moderate-sized dinners, where rich bachelors pay off their social debts with interminable feasts. Above these are the ball-rooms, where the Patriarchs and Matriarchs kick their patrician heels and indulge in those gatherings of "awful mirth," as the hymn-book has it, which distinguish the Four Hundred at play. On such evenings the carriages roll sonorous down Fifth Avenue in a glittering stream, with lamp-flashes revealing through the window panes reclining beauty, powdered and crimped and bejeweled, with charming, petulant, round face amid feathery falls of shrouding laces and high-rolled collars of white fur. People collect by the awning

to watch them alight—glistening figures, with slim white feet, a hand grasping the laces at the throat, head down bent, the glimmer of jewels through the meshes of the lace, the sparkle of proud eyes and—presto!—with a breath of perfume and a rustle they have passed and vanished up the stairs. The Fellows rattle up in hansoms, step out, have consultations with big, red-eyed, beery drivers, and saunter upward in twos and threes, not particularly eager for the fray, seemingly preferring a murmured conference on the stairs, broken by deep laughter. Among these distinctively New York figures, one notices an occasional foreigner—a big, red, broad-shouldered Englishman, with a big yellow mustache, and big patent-leather pumps; a dark Frenchman, like a little Boulanger; and one old veteran in particular, walking by himself, gray-haired, gray-bearded, with a hawk-eye and a thin, high nose. His open outer coat reveals a glowing expanse of shirt-bosom, crossed by a broad, light-blue ribbon, which passes through a jeweled order just above the top button of his waistcoat.

But to return to the question of restaurants. The Brunswick is no more inaccessible to the Young Person than Del's. There is supposed to be something particularly pernicious about the Brunswick, with all its rich, mellow tints and glints of mirrors and old brass and soft harmonies of gold and bronze and brown on walls and window-hangings. Then there is the Hoffman, where the Californians always spread themselves. There is a first-class restaurant attached, with a band playing somewhere out of sight, and they have some frescoes in pale tints on the walls. They used to have little candles burning under red shades at each table, but they have given up this engaging fashion, as the little candles were always setting the red shades on fire, and this glow was rather too strong for the most severely frescoed countenance. The private dining-rooms at the Hoffman are very gorgeous, all upholstered in delicate-tinted satins, pinched in here and there with convenient looking-glasses. The general effect, while dazzling, is painfully suggestive of the padded cells of a lunatic asylum. The Young Person has probably been in these at dinners given her by one of the Fellows, when the particular Fellow of the occasion sat at one end of the table, her mamma at the other, and between them were disposed the cream of the set—the female cream in dull-hued dresses, with high-puffed shoulders and tall velvet collars encircling their slender throats; the male cream in the severe elegance of immaculate evening-dress, relieved by single glasses and signet rings.

But the only places where it is entirely *en règle* for the Young Person and her best man to go and feast in that delightful solitude of two, are places which the Young Person has no desire to go to. She is a person of decided taste; she knows a good dinner and she likes it, but to meet her highest approval it must be well served, dainty, delicate, and *chic* in all the accessories. She may go to Pursell's with her swain if she wants, for Pursell's is eminently respectable. But this is not such a compliment as it sounds, for if the diners to be had there were better, the company would be less respectable. They are mostly homely old folks from the avenues across town, or shy suburban, who sit at the scattered tables dispersed throughout the long rooms, and feel that they are having a gorgeous, wild, fast time, at a dollar a head, wine not included.

At lunch-time, Pursell's is really a sight worth seeing. It is the stamping-ground of all the shopping women come in from the country, or up from across the bay, or down from the heights beyond Murray Hill, and too lazy to go home. On a winter Saturday, the place is jammed with women who have dashed in to snatch a hasty lunch. They never dream of sitting at the tables, but range themselves in lines along the long counters, which stretch inward from the doors and are flanked with a row of revolving stools. Spread out along these counters are baskets of bread, butter, pickles, cakes of all kinds—Pursell's is famous for its cakes—and various cold dishes. There are bills of fare, which go traveling up and down from hand to hand, and show a list of hot dishes and soups to be ordered. There are waiters too—white-clothed *garçons* who are nearly out of their minds by the various orders being shrieked at them from every point. Money is handed to them, ungloved hands held out for change, arms are stretched across the counters to grab a desired cheese-cake or roll. The smell of cooking, mingled with the heavy perfume of hyacinths and violets and the cloying odors of half-a-dozen varieties of popular perfumes, and the strange, pungent smell of new fur, saturates the air. Cutting into the warmth within come blasts from the constantly swinging doors, carrying in a whirl of snowflakes, a lashing drift of rain, or merely the keen and crisp breath of a frosty morning.

Here, at the lunch-hour, one can see most varieties of the woman to be found on Broadway from the Metropolitan Opera House to Denning's dry-goods place. On Saturday especially, for then matinee people are added to the general run. Here are the very prettiest and swellest girls to be found in New York, dropped in to have a cup of bouillon and a wine-cake, as fortifiers against four hours of Wagner at the Metropolitan. Standing up in a group, chatting over the steaming cups, handsome, splendidly dressed, with the elaborate inconspicuousness which argues a tip-top dress-maker, covered up about the shoulders in costly furs, they spend a hasty ten minutes over lunch, then sweep out for a swinging walk up to the opera-house. Actresses are often to be seen—standing generally—gorgeously arrayed, stuffing buns into their mouths, and with their big blackened eyes roaming over the concourse of hurrying women. Little school-girls, bound for the matinees with opera-glasses in plush bags, come in fours and fives. These, to whom the scramble for lunch is rather a lark, always sit at the counters, order their meal with befitting seriousness, spending just the sum mamma gave them for that purpose before they left home. Tired mothers of families, doing the terrific weekly household shopping, in long, old-fashioned sealskin coats, and carrying small hand-bags, in which lies a list of purchases to be made, long enough to make the boldest quail. Trim, precise, stiff English governesses, with little scions of aristocracy by the hand—the little female scion in a large plumed hat, from beneath which fall great, glistening curls of yellow hair; the little male

scion in a reefer's coat and round cap, his legs incased in yellow leather leggings. They, too, have come for lunch, and each resting a round, rosy chin on the counter, gazes at the alluring array of cakes with huge, bulging eyes of greedy speculation. Through the *melée* are a scattering of "sales-ladies" from adjacent shops, these very much in earnest and wasting no time, elbowing out of their way the demure and stately young lady, who, with a trusted domestic behind her carrying her Saturday box of Huyler's, is standing musingly in the way debating as to a choice of cakes.

This, as a spectacle, is interesting; but this as a place where two people—the Young Person and her best man—may partake of a quiet and secluded lunch, is not absolutely ideal.

VAN GRYSE.

NEW YORK, February 8, 1890.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—"Nice night, isn't it?" She—"Yes, good night." *Harvard Lampoon*.

Mamma (reading)—"So they were married and lived happy ever after." *Chicago ten-year-old*—"What you giving us?"—*Life*.

"What were his last words?" "He didn't have any. He was a Boston man, and died trying to think how he'd put it."—*New York Sun*.

De Jones—"I say, Van Brown, how is it that you are always out when I call?" Van Brown—"Oh, just luck!"—*Columbia Speculator*.

Briggs—"Wonder what possessed him to jump into the river?" Bragg—"There was a woman at the bottom of it, I believe."—*Terre Haute Express*.

"You look happy this morning, Penelope." "I am. It fills me with joy to hear the little birds singing their Aves out in the aviary."—*Harper's Bazar*.

"What's the Bill?" "Gone ter heaven, I guess." "Dead?" "Guess so. Tried to ride my broncho." "What's he buried?" "Ain't buried. He never come down."—*Sun*.

Hitherto Patient Boarder—"Mrs. Stavem, I can stand having hash every day in the week, but when on Sunday you put raisins in it and call it mince-pie, I draw the line."—*Exchange*.

The Duke of Madbury—"Now, Miss Manhattan, I'll wager you know your Burke better than I do." *Miss Manhattan*—"Ah, but I daresay your Grace could stump me on Bradstreet."—*Life*.

Mrs. O'Toole—"Oh, Bridget Mulligan, isn't it awful? Mr. McGinty has committed suicide!" Mrs. Mulligan (making an effort to appear horrified)—"Awful, indeed! An' who was it wid?"—*Time*.

Mrs. Bloodgood—"What! not an open fire-place nor a stove in the house? How does your father warm his slippers, Willie?" Willie (ruefully)—"Warms 'em on me, ma'am."—*Burlington Free Press*.

Mrs. Newrich (back from honeymooning in Switzerland)—"Do you remember that lovely gorge up in the mountains, Arthur?" Mr. Newrich—"I do. It was the squarest meal I ever ate."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

"What's this I hear about Johnson's having a relapse? How did it come about?" "Oh, be met an acquaintance on the street, and stood so long talking about his wonderfully rapid recovery that he took cold."—*Time*.

Jack Redsent (gushingly)—"Sir, I have come to ask you for the hand of your daughter. I can not live without her." Mr. Bankerton—"No, I daresay you can't, with your small income and expensive habits."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

Maud—"I am so sorry to hear that you have lost your Fido." Clara—"Yes, and it makes me cry to think of his painful end. He swallowed a Waterbury watch and the spring got loose inside of him."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

Dolley—"I am going to the post-office, Miss Susie. Shall I ask for you?" Miss Susie—"Why, Mr. Dolley, this is very sudden! Of course you may if you like; but I don't think you will find papa there."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Miss McFlimsey (who wants to get a pair of gloves for a male friend)—"Have you any gentlemen's gloves?" New clerk (glancing at her hand)—"No, miss; but I think I can find a ladies' size that will fit you."—*New York Weekly*.

Old Friend (unexpected arrival)—"And so this is your daughter's coming-out party?" Practical Mother—"Yes; and if I hadn't put my veto on those dress-makers, she would have been out a good deal further than she is."—*New York Weekly*.

The bobolink—"McGint—McGint—McGintle. McGint—gint—gintle. McGint—" (Spang!) Mr. Pike—"I ain't goin' ter have no New York dude-bird comin' up here makin' fun of honest folks even if 'ole gun is loaded with buck-shot fer hear."—*Judge*.

Mrs. Marchmont—"Why, Jane, where are all the young ladies? I thought I heard them come in an hour ago." Jane—"So you did, mem; they'd been to the cooking-school, mem, and the three of them's been down in the kitchen ever since, bilin' a egg, mem."—*Puck*.

Aunt Jane—"What's this here, Benoni?" Uncle Benoni (looking at his catalogue)—"No, 362, Venus of Milo." Wonder how she happened to lose her arms?" "Shouldn't wonder if they were froze off, judgin' fm 't way she's dressed—or, rather, ain't dressed."—*Terre Haute Express*.

Sympathetic old lady (giving money to solemn-looking tramp)—"Is it your inability to get work, my good man, that causes your dejected air?" Solemn-looking tramp (preparing to light out)—"No, num, it is my liability to git suthin' to do that keeps me all the time pensive and cast down."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Penelope—"They tell me you are an excellent swimmer, Mr. Rock-away." Tom—"Do they?" "Indeed they do. Now tell me what you would do if you were on a yacht with six young ladies, and it should capsize. Could you save them all?" "I wouldn't try. I'd grab the richest and save her."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

From the bed—"So John proposed last night and you accepted him! Do tell me how it all happened." From the lounge—"Oh, it was simply a matter of emphasis." From the bed—"Of emphasis?" From the lounge—"Yes; he said 'Don't you love me a little bit?' and I answered, 'No, I do not love you a little bit.'"—*Life*.

She—"I don't see any sense in your objecting to Mr. DeBumville being invited to the house." He—"Why, you know he's been shown to be a man of no principle or character, a man who had to leave his country to escape the law." She (impatiently)—"That's very true; but no one can say he's not a perfect gentleman."—*Time*.

First burglar (in dining-room)—"Faith, Dinns, here's some foine cold mate. Oime hungry, too, after goin' trough de house." Second burglar (catching sight of the clock)—"Sure and we can't ate it, Bill. It's Friday mornin', begobs!" First burglar—"Well, that's too blinced bad! Who didn't we hurry up a bit?"—*Life*.

Mistress of the house (widow)—"Well, Johnson, of course I'm very sorry to lose you, at the same time I must congratulate you on your good fortune in having this money left you. (Pleasantly.) I suppose you'll be looking out for a wife now." Johnson—"Well, num, beggin' your pardon, and I'm sure I feel greatly honored at what you propose, but—er—I am engaged to a young woman already."—*Grip*.

VANITY FAIR.

What should women wear to the theatre? Should they not adopt the European custom of going to the play as to the opera—in evening-dress? What objection could be raised to the rule, "No bonnets allowed," as enforced at fashionable London and Paris theatres? These queries were addressed to a number of well-known ladies of New York city, by the *Herald*, with the following results. Mrs. Astor: "Many who walk to the theatre would be obliged to go in a carriage, which to some persons might be inconvenient. It seems to me best, however, to conform to the prevailing fashion. I have been always accustomed to see décolleté dresses worn, and have been brought up to consider them the only proper dress for evening wear." Miss Gilder, the editor of the *Critic*: "One of the most serious objections to be raised against the enforcement of the 'no bonnets allowed' rule is, in my opinion, the high price of carriage-hire in this country. In London, one has but to go to one's front door, blow the whistle that hangs there, and in two minutes a hansom comes dashing up, and for twenty-five cents two persons may be driven to any theatre in the city. It is the same in Paris, except the whistle; cabs can always be bad for the calling, however, and for the same price. From this, you see, a lady does not object to going in evening-dress and hatless to the theatre. To take a carriage in New York would cost, for the round trip, three or four dollars; that, added to the cost of theatre tickets, makes the play a luxury that every one can not afford. The street-car or other public conveyance is the only alternative, and few ladies care to go about in evening-dress in this democratic fashion." Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger: "If I am not mistaken, it is still the fashion in France to wear bonnets at the play, and I consider it far preferable to full evening-dress. It gives an informality to the 'theatre party,' and makes people go to the theatre in an impromptu, easy way—rather a relief to women who wear the ball and dinner-gowns every night. Light costumes and dressy bonnets are becoming, and it is an opportunity rarely offered to wear them—unless, indeed, one frequents 'teas,' which is a perverted taste. The generality of women dress their hair so badly that a hat or bonnet improves their appearance." Miss Elsie de Wolfe: "So far as the general comfort of an audience is concerned, an absence of bonnets is most desirable. The objection to be urged against the enforcement on our side of the Atlantic of the foreign rule, 'No bonnets allowed,' is that in this country, where there is no class distinction, and where the majority of a theatre's patrons ride thither in some public conveyance, were such a regulation attempted, it would seem both arbitrary and annoying, and the box-office receipts would thereby be materially affected. One thing should be remembered—namely, that to those parts of a foreign theatre where ladies are seen in full dress, the price of admission averages at least a dollar more than for similar seats in any of our best places of amusement. Thus the luxury of an orchestra-chair might be quite possible for a purse to which satin ball-gowns, a Brougham, liveried servants, and high-stepping cobs must be denied." Mrs. Frank Leslie: "By all means evening-dress should be *de rigueur* at the opera or the play. This rule prevails in Europe, not arbitrarily, but because it is derived directly from the ethics of dress. Like nobility, dress imposes obligations. The *grande tenue* of polite society is as essential to the person wearing it at an evening entertainment as is the uniform to the soldier on parade or in the field. Then it gives tone and brilliancy to the house."

The smart girl who likes to create a sensation may imitate her English sister and appear at the first fancy dance to which she goes as the "Dude." The costume consists of a very finely plaited skirt of black diagonal cloth, which reaches half way between the knee and ankle. There is an imposing expanse of piqué shirt-bosom, over which a low-cut waistcoat of white brocade is buttoned. A Directoire coat of black satin, with long, narrow coat-tails, wide revers, and deep cuffs, properly decorated with cut-steel buttons, is then assumed. The collar is very high and a stock of white lawn is worn. Black-silk stockings and black patent-leather shoes, with paste buckles, dress the feet, while the bands are hidden under black undressed kid. A stick of natural wood, with some fancy and exaggerated handle, is carried, and the monocle is worn in a way that would delight the heart of a variety actress, and is swagger enough to suit the most inveterate Johnny.

Life declares that if there is a misused being for whom it is the part of mercy to say an extenuating word, it is that product of contemporary civilization whose misfortune it is to be known as "the society young man." Unlike Fitz-Greene Halleck's friend, whom none named but to praise, the society young man is rarely brought into the conversation without being injuriously dwelt upon. Whatever he may have done is a matter for speculation, but it must have been a dreadful thing. He has no friends. Everybody hates him and evilly treats him. All the ill-advised infants who lack putative fathers are attributed to him; his example is held up to Sunday children as a red light on the road to perdition; his life is pictured as a conglomeration of patent-leather shoes, shirt-front, and opera bats, irrigated with champagne, punctuated with cigarettes, and seasoned with a deceitful smile. The enthusiasm he inspires in his traducers is admirably illustrated in some recent remarks of the Rev. Mr. Douglas, of Montreal, who observed in the course of some disparaging remarks about his neighbors: "The society man will lie, he will swindle, he will cheat at cards, he will forge, he will defalcate, he will smile in the face of a man as a friend while he is wrecking his domestic honor, and, as I have known, he will drink the very wine that charity has donated for his dying wife and fill the bottle with water." Without desiring to incur the dislike of any worthy person by speaking up for such an outcast, *Life* is bound to admit its impression that the society young man is not really all Hyde, but has his Jekyll side, like the rest of us. He is young and frivolous, no doubt, but he has good ideas about

the use of soap and fair prospects of learning other virtues as his experience increases. Dr. Douglas ought not to be after him too fiercely because he dances with the girls. He will have finished with that presently. Indeed, he will have finished in great measure with most of his present amusement, and will either be dead or hard at work trying to support his wife and children. Butterfly he is, perhaps, but grub he was and grub he will become again before you know it. Be kinder to him while he lasts, his turn is so very, very brief.

Fashion decrees that the fair equestrienne of to-day must wear a cleverly contrived garment combining the masculine element with the feminine so cunningly and intricately that to call it a skirt at all is almost a misnomer, and so closely fitted that it is much more liable to produce accidents than the old plainly gathered or gored skirt. In olden times, too, the cloth of which hunting-habits were made tore easily, and in case of accident this was in itself a safety; but modern cloth, by whatever name it goes, is thick enough to withstand any amount of hard usage before it will tear or give way, even when left unhemmed. Consequently the ingenuity of tailors has been taxed to the utmost to devise some skirt which shall lessen the risks of its wearer's being hung up or dragged by a runaway horse. Some novel habits are described in the *London Queen*. The principles on which these safety habits depend are two: in one, the purpose is that the rider shall be able to leave her habit-skirt on without getting entangled in the pommel or stirrup leather, and the other is that her horse shall have the benefit of the skirt as he gallops away, and she be left safe, but shorn of her raiment. One of these safety habits has the under side of the skirt cut away entirely to make room for the pommels, and in place of the knee-cap a broad elastic-band is buckled above the right knee after the habit is on, in order to secure its going off with the rider. There is no attempt made to provide for closing the skirt when the wearer is dismounted, and it is rather embarrassing to sidle round against the wall at a hunt breakfast to conceal the unfortunate and undesirable deficiency of the petticoat. Another tailor has devised an arrangement for being involuntarily shot out of one's habit on necessary occasions. The skirt quite resembles that of ordinary cut when in the saddle, but it is a most grotesque garb once its wearer is dismounted. It fastens up on the under side, and it is in the ingenious fastenings that the safety consists, for the clasps are so arranged that when the wearer's weight is precipitated upon them they give way entirely, and the lady waits unhurt as the horse tears away with her skirt for some kindly garment to cover her "continuations." Still another safety skirt fastens with a lock and key at the waist. The latter is attached to a strap fastened to the saddle, and in case the rider is thrown, the strain of the strap unlocks the clasp and the rider escapes from the skirt, covered with confusion and knickerbockers.

As soon as a famous French *demi-mondaine* dies, the Parisienne is excited until she knows just when the sale of her belongings will begin; and to have something once possessed by one of these women is counted, only a woman knows why, a great glory. When Mme. Musard's effects were sold, there were boxes upon boxes of fine silk stockings which had never been untied, and the other night, at a smart dance in London, a beauty, whose costume was of green tulle, put out her little foot and told with great glee that the green-silk stocking incasing it had been among those bought at the notorious Musard's sale. Mme. Musard was among the first of the women, of this century, at least, to regard the serpent as an ornament, and people who remember her at the opera in the glory of her wonderful diamonds never fail to tell you of the tiny viper which encircled her neck, bringing out its incomparable whiteness and making the jewels look all the brighter by its dark skin. A young married woman, in New York, possesses the famous turquoise which was the delight of Cora Pearl, and another glories in an emerald band with which it is said her golden locks were, for one evening, beld in position.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* is engaged in an illustrated crusade against the ankles of English women as displayed upon rainy days, or, rather, against the style of dress which makes such a display necessary. The *Gazette* masks its identity conveniently under the guise of "a lady correspondent," and, after depicting in a large picture the embarrassments of a woman with ugly ankles crossing the street on a rainy day with an umbrella and several bundles, it proceeds to treat of the reform which the occasion demands. The "lady correspondent" first imagines the question as to the devising of some suitable wet-weather dress for women put to the regulation British matron, and finds that that worthy woman would probably reply that modesty demanded the retention of the "flapping frills" winding about her ankles and incumbering her movements. She suggests that "displays of muddy stockings, surmounted by layers of miscellaneous underclothing, appear less decent than a suitable dress, however curtailed its skirts," but does not think the British matron likely to be moved by any such consideration. A more dangerous objector, to the mind of the "lady correspondent," is the one who says: "Would you have us look like frights?" To this question the answer is as follows: "Far from it. A dress in which it would be possible to move freely and gracefully is all that is demanded; nothing more. The philosophic mind, free from the prejudices of Mrs. Grundy, fails to perceive any indelicacy in the wearing of a pair of neat gaiters. Surely a special walking-dress is as much a necessity in any reasonable scheme of women's dress as a riding-habit. It is true that in the days when men made the best statues of the female form divine, women wore trailing garments (if any), but then the climate of Greece differs from that of England considerably, and, in general, Greek ladies, who respected themselves, did not walk abroad or take violent exercise. Besides, Diana adopted a costume to suit the occasion without the slightest reluctance. English women are making an absurd struggle to indulge in active exercises attired in a dress intended for a sedentary life."

GOOD COMPANY AND THE BEST.

A Consideration of the Two Divisions of Society.

There are very few social problems which may not be found well treated, at some point, in admirable novels (writes T. W. Higginson in *Harper's Bazar*). The whole question of social limitations, for instance, is keenly analyzed when Henry Elliot, in Miss Austen's "Persuasion," gives serious counsel to his cousin Anne. She has just said to him: "My idea of good company is the company of clever, well-informed people, who have a great deal of conversation; that is what I call good company." "You are mistaken," he said, gently; "that is not good company; that is the best. Good company requires only birth, education, and manners; and with regard to education is not very nice." If this distinction held weight in the conventional England of nearly a century ago, it holds more weight in the America of to-day, where neither birth, education, nor manners are absolutely essential in what is called good company; and the one consideration of wealth is often found enough, at least in the second generation, to replace them all. The distinction between good society and the best society is to be found everywhere, and it commonly depends very much on the individual ambition which is to be made the aim. If it is hard to get into the good, it is equally hard to get into the best; but the standards of the two differ, and so do the methods to be adopted. In a city like New York, for instance, many a man belongs to the Century Club who could by no means get into the Knickerbocker Club; but it is equally true that many a man obtains membership in the Knickerbocker who could not possibly be chosen into the Century; and if all are satisfied no harm is done. But many are not satisfied. And it is the same with the other sex—many a woman, for instance, who is winning just reputation as an artist, is tormented with the desire to be transferred to some worldly set, however dull. But there are, on the other hand, women who have all that fashionable life can give them, and who would gladly exchange it all for the more unconventional and sparkling life which is supposed, at least, to exist among artists and literary people.

It is always to be remembered that the limits of good society are fixed numerically by the size of our houses. Much of the newspaper complaint about the alleged "Four Hundred" of New York was rendered meaningless by the simple fact that this number represents the extreme limit of large private drawing-rooms and the utmost practical convenience of a visiting-list. There must, therefore, be a selection; and this selection is naturally made, not on the basis of brains, but of the ability to dress well or to "entertain" well, and, to a limited extent, of good manners. The same limitation of numbers applies even in a city like London. I once ventured to remark to the late Lady Amberley that I should think a purely aristocratic society must necessarily be dull, because it must imply choosing one's guests, not for their agreeableness, but for their rank, and this must bring in many stupid persons. She said that it would be so, but for the fact that the English aristocracy was a body very much larger than any drawing-rooms would hold; there must, therefore, be a selection and you might choose the pleasantest. "I know lots of dukes' daughters," she added, naively, "who get hardly any attention whatever." This lumping of dukes' daughters *en masse* by one who had personally encountered and weighed them was certainly a delicious morsel for a curious American observer, and was worth whole pages of Thackeray. But it illustrates the plain fact that good society is self-limited in numbers; it has hard enough work to squeeze in all who are entitled to admission, whether on the basis of rank, as in London, or of wealth, as in New York; and as for its undertaking to go outside and bring in anybody on the basis of wit, or knowledge, or virtue, this is hardly to be expected.

Fortunately there is apt to be more of sense and discrimination in the individual members of any social circle than is apparent in the circle collectively. The same Lady Amberley—who was, it will be remembered, a very independent personage, and named a little daughter after Lucretia Mott—told me that she had been accustomed from childhood to see literary and scientific men received at the house of her father (Lord Stanley of Alderley) as affording the most agreeable society. She had been used, in other words, not merely to good company, but to the best company, according to the standard laid down in Miss Austen's novel. The same trait is often noticeable, no doubt, in the millionaire aristocracy of our cities; the late Mrs. John Jacob Astor, for instance, had a marked taste not only for good society, but for the very best. In some respects we are better off in America; it must be owned that men of intellect in London manifest more of habitual deference toward the circles of rank than is shown by the corresponding class in this country toward the circles of wealth. In England rank looks down, and intellect to some extent looks up; in America wealth may affect to look down, but it is very certain that intellect does not look up—a distinction which I am borrowing, I believe, from that very acute observer, Mr. Howells.

It is curious to notice, in the most newly organized American community, how those whose wealth has brought them into good company show a blind, unconscious longing for that which is the best. You can almost tell the stage at which the Silas Laphams have attained by the tastes they manifest. First come, of course, horses and the diamond-pin, and many go no farther. Many soon attain to gardens and green-houses, then come picture-galleries, then music, and lastly books. So of manners, there is often a steady march from the eager rattle and ceaseless activity, which are all that merely good society asks, into the refinement and thoughtfulness which come where society is at its best. Art, study, even disinterested philanthropy, all tend not merely to brighten the thoughts, but to improve the manners. To discover the finest manners, we must often look away from the fashionables and fix our eyes upon Quakeresses, Sisters of Charity, and women like Dinah in "Adam Bede." And surely where the best manners are, in this sense, there is the best society.

PARISIAN NOTES.

"Parisina's" Budget of Gossip from Lutetia.

The Christmas holidays are always the time, in Paris, as much as anywhere, for all sorts of festivities. Mme. Carnot on Christmas eve "entertained" a large number of guests at the Elysée—just four hundred, but one can not finish up the usual phrase and say the company was distinguished, as not one of them had yet reached a maturer age than eight years. I doubt, however, if any of the Président's most brilliant gatherings ever gave more pleasure than the "Arbre de Noël," to which she invited the good little boys and girls of the communal schools, chosen among the poorest, of course, of the children there. They behaved with that quietness and decorum which only the gilded rooms of a palace and the imposing uniforms of General Brugere and Major Chamoin could inspire. During the whole of the performance, by a troupe of marionettes, of a most thrilling drama—"A Crime in a Kitchen"—not one of the small spectators budged on his seat or uttered a word except in a whisper. Mme. Carnot's commanding presence—for, though short, she has great dignity of bearing—must have awed her juvenile guests, as she manages to make even the independent young aide-de-camps obey her implicitly. The superb officers toiled all the afternoon picking dolls off the branches, climbing ladders to strip the topmost twigs of the Christmas tree; one of them was told by a mite of a girl to go up a little higher and get some toy which had been forgotten. Even the *gôlter*, which the children partook of in batches of forty, and the hot wine and cakes did not turn their heads or bring about any demonstrations, pugilistic or otherwise. The little girls waited patiently for their dolls, and the boys for their guns; moreover, each child had a big winter overcoat given it, with a *livret* entitling them to ten francs in the savings bank. This was President Carnot's particular gift. Altogether, Mme. Carnot's fête was very successful, and a most happy way of dispensing charity. The simplicity of the thing was charming—the Présidente herself, with the ladies of the military household at the Elysée, doing everything themselves, without the help of any servant. It is to be hoped the example set by the chief of the state will be followed by the ministers and other members of Parisian society.

You would think an artist by nature a quiet sort of fellow, not given to quarreling, calling names, and obstreperousness generally, like a simple deputy. Hitherto, we have considered that politics were specially wont to raise the demon of combativeness in the human breast, and the scenes in the Chamber have always excited public reprehension. Now Messieurs les Députés may turn the tables on the artists. That memorable meeting at the Palais de l'Industrie will not soon be forgotten. We have ascertained that painters, sculptors, even architects will kick up a shindy, the occasion serving; yea, and so far forget themselves as to clench their fists and threaten each other with something harder than opprobrious epithets. The fact is, for some time discontent has been brooding in the Société des Artistes Français. Every year, as the Salon came round, some fresh cause for dispute cropped up, the old wounds—ill closed—reopened, and although hitherto an actual rupture had been avoided, the antagonism of parties existed all the same. Formerly, when the salons were under government tutelage, it was comparatively plain sailing; if anything went wrong the artists fell foul of their official patrons; but when the state had washed its hands of the annual exhibition, the only resource left to them was to quarrel with one another, which, to do them justice, they did with a will. Never, however, to such good purpose as within the last week. The stormy meeting that went so near degenerating into a free fight (I was told by the mildest of landscape-painters that he never felt so pugnacious in all his life), ended in the resignation of a number of members—foremost among whom were Meissonier, Carolus-Duran, Gervex, Roll, and Duez, who went off to Ledoyen's, where they mustered about sixty strong. After Meissonier and his friends had quitted the Salle St. Jean in the palace, M. Bouguereau and his followers had it all their own way. You see M. Bouguereau, who is only vice, was acting president because M. Bailly had the *grippe*, and, therefore, thought it a good opportunity to carry certain motions about which he is very keen, and so, without any more ado he proposed that the medals awarded by the international jury should not be inscribed on the catalogue of the Salon or otherwise taken into consideration. This iniquitous measure was put to the vote and passed by a large majority, the excuse for shutting out the *medaillés* of 1889 from the various immunities which a medal confers on its possessor, being that the greater number of *exempts*, the less room there would be for the *nouveaux*. Now M. Bouguereau, as well as Jules Lefevre, Tony Robert Fleury, and others who ranged themselves on this side are professors, and it is to their interest to get as many of their pupils' works hung as possible. This is the small side of the question. There are also others of an equally personal description. It goes without saying that the pupils of these gentlemen voted with their chiefs—they had come there in force for the purpose. In the meanwhile, Meissonier and the others were drawing up a scheme for a second artistic society, with its own special salon, where there should be no *exempts*, no limit to the number of works received, and no bones of contention in the shape of medals. Each party was equally elated, the one with its present success, the other with the prospect of successes to come. But when the bad blood had cooled down, matters did not look quite so promising for either. The minister, when informed of what had taken place, was extremely irate with M. Bouguereau and blew him up accordingly; considering that he had offended the government with his vote about the medals, and behaved discourteously to the foreigners who had exhibited in the Champ de Mars, and been rewarded by the exposition jury—which he most certainly had. To M. Meissonier, M. Fallières preached conciliation, arguing that the organization of a rival society and of a rival Salon would be a troublesome matter, and probably inimical to the interest of art generally. M. Bailly—who had got out of his night-cap by this time—Bonnat, and

others, who had taken no prominent part in the discussion, offered to act as go-betweens. Meissonier, however, is hasty-tempered and obstinate, whereas Bouguereau is obstinacy personified, and under these circumstances an amicable solution is no easy thing to bring about, though most devoutly to be prayed for.

Despite the influenza, which is talked to death, people propose to enjoy themselves. A philanthropic society in Paris is about to give a fête, which, if it were not for charity, one would feel inclined rather to laugh at. In the arena, where the bull-fights were held in summer, we shall see on Sunday the swiftest Parisian *mondaines* sliding about on the ice, artificially frozen, of course, as it is at present ten degrees centigrade above zero. It will be excessively amusing for those who skate, I have no doubt, but those who merely look on will enjoy themselves rather less, I fear. The elderly people or the less-gifted mortals, who do not skate—and would not exactly cut a good figure on the ice if they are allured into spending their ten francs—and being only spectators of the fête, will find the vast arena of the Rue Pergolèse decidedly chilly, as I am told ammonia gas, with which the water is congealed, produces a temperature at least ten degrees below freezing-point. Another thing is, will the Faubourg St. Germain ladies relish performing before the gaze of such a numerous assembly as the place will hold? The fête will be opened by a troupe of Swedish skaters, who, it is said, are to figure on the ice the ballet of "Le Prophète." I wonder if these hired dancers—or rather skaters—will be well received if they mix with the rather stuck-up *élégantes* of the French aristocracy, for it is they, headed by the Princesse d'Arenberg and the Comtesse de Greffohe, who have organized the whole affair. Despite the drawbacks, however, which seem to attach to this *fête de glace*, let us hope it will succeed, for the poor, in whose benefit it is got up, sadly want succor at this time of year.

I have already spoken to you of the clubs the French have copied from their Anglo-Saxon neighbors, and which have quite become institutions of modern Parisian society, especially of what is here called "le hig-lif." Let me give you a few more words about them. Two months of the year, December and January, are anxious times for the would-be members of the one or two *cercles*, which open for those who belong to them the doors of the whole of the fashionable set. Now it is that sporting gentlemen who seek the reputation of being perfectly square in their dealings on the turf put themselves up for the French "Jockey"—they do not add "Club" here—or that young French swells tremblingly give their names as candidates to the "Epatant," for without the much coveted title, "Membre de l'Epatant," you can not hope to belong to the cream of the Parisian monde.

The voting for French clubs is called *ballottage*, and is very often done merely by the committee instead of by all the members together, though the principle of the thing is universal suffrage. Blackballing has been introduced in Paris from London; at several of the *cercles*, "le Jockey," "l'Agri-cole," "l'Epatant," and the "Cercle de la Rue Royale," one black ball annuls only five white ones; at some others, eleven white balls are destroyed by one black one. The dearest of all the clubs is the Jockey, where the entrance-fee is two hundred dollars and the annual subscription eighty dollars—nothing to be compared to the prices of the English swell clubs. The "Epatant" is, perhaps, the cheapest; the original features of this club are the parties which it gives, and which are exclusively reserved for the members and the ladies of their families, though *demi-mondaines* have slipped in before now, to the horror of *mesdames* and the disgust of the husbands and brothers who accompany them. For the purpose of avoiding such scandals, members have now to put down their names when they intend to bring their female folk. These musical and dramatic soirées are always worth going to, and even if they were not, it would not much matter, as they are the fashion and immensely sought after. One may deem the new members fortunate who have passed through the *ballottage* without having one single black ball hurled at them by some vicious old *habitué*.

PARIS, January 10, 1890.

Owing to a fondness for conversation which the Spanish, in common with all Roman races, possess, and owing to a weakness for gesture with head, arm, and shoulder in conversation, the Cuban workman would lose half his time if left to his own sweet will. Consequently the hands in the cigar-room follow a time-honored Cuban custom and employ a *lector*, or reader, who, from a pulpit in the geometrical centre of the apartment, entertains his auditors with the latest Havana newspaper in the morning and with Spanish novels and ballads in the afternoon. Though the *lector* is on duty during the entire number of working hours, scarcely more than half his time is occupied in reading. Though not recognized officially by the factory owners, *los lectores* are, by a diplomatic subterfuge, accorded privileges by the owners, who provide them with a platform and reading-desk, and, in some cases, indirectly furnish them with magazines. Payment for the services of a *lector* comes from the hands, and is voluntary, but is rarely evaded. At the end of the week each operative in the cigar-room is expected to show his gratitude to the reader in the shape of a small cash present. As these presents average twenty-five cents per man, the position of the reader is lucrative, yielding in one factory about one hundred and twenty-five dollars per week.

It appears that there are only about one hundred native-born American tars in the United States Navy. All the rest are Chinamen, negroes, Portuguese, greasers, Cannucks, Greeks, Malays, and Patagonians. The one hundred are now lonely, and are about to petition the Secretary of the Navy to give them an occasional week ashore so that they shall not forget how to speak the English language.

A new truffe field of wide extent is said to have been discovered near Mussoorie, India, and epicures abroad are letting their mouths water in anticipation of a more abundant supply of the delicacy hereafter.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

William D. Howells, it is said, would like to be Consul-General at Paris.

There seems to be a concerted movement to make Mr. Powderly the next Democratic candidate for governor of Pennsylvania.

Toward the last years of his life, Dr. Doellinger threw most of his large mail into the waste-basket, opening only letters which he knew by the handwriting of the address came from friends.

A unique and precious memorial of Browning is a phonogram of his voice. Mr. Browning once spoke into a phonograph for Colonel Gouraud, of London, who has carefully treasured the speech.

Nellie Bly is to lecture on her recent record-breaking tour around the world. She will give three lectures in New York, and will then be heard in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and other large cities.

A familiar figure is now missed in St. Peter's at Rome, death having removed Pietro Marcolini, the only beggar to whom succeeding popes gave the privilege of pursuing his calling in the church. He accumulated a fortune of ten thousand dollars during thirty years of begging.

The Sultan of Turkey has sent three hairs from the beard of the Prophet by a special messenger, as a present to the town of Aleppo. Wherever the messenger appeared during his journey he was received in state, and the governor of Aleppo came to meet him before the gates of the town.

John W. Mackay's friends aver that his telegraph investments amount to about eleven millions of dollars, principally represented by the Postal Telegraph lines and the Mackay cables. They also claim that he has been offered nineteen millions of dollars cash for these interests, which, they add, are not for sale.

A cousin of the Shah, Prince Keykuban Dechman Mirza, who until a few months ago held high rank in the Czar's body-guard, and who was a prominent figure at all court functions and social entertainments in St. Petersburg, has just been condemned to five years' penal servitude in the mines of Siberia for distributing counterfeit money.

The call upon Mr. Baird, *alias* Abington, to resign his membership in the Pelican Club, of London, has come rather as a surprise after the previous attempt of the committee to shirk the business; but the true explanation is that the Marquis of Queensbury declined having anything to do with the club unless that course was adopted, and the committee gave way to him.

Sir William Gull, M. D., to whose medical skill the recovery of the Prince of Wales from typhoid fever in 1871 was largely attributed, has recently died in London. He was made a baronet by the grateful queen in 1872, and became the best-known physician in England. Many medical and other learned societies counted him a member, and he was a leading authority on brain troubles.

Over fifty-five years ago Prudence Crandall was violently persecuted for starting a boarding-school for colored girls at Canterbury, Conn., but not till the State legislature had prohibited her school, and she had been tried, convicted, and imprisoned for breaking the law, did she give up her project. Having married Rev. Calvin Phillo, a Baptist clergyman, she moved to Kansas, where she has just died of influenza, at the ripe age of eighty-seven years.

The Spaniards have not yet ceased celebrating King Alfonso's recovery, which, in view of the fact that nine doctors were in attendance, they have now no doubt was miraculous. Whenever the queen-regent appears in public she is frantically cheered as the mother nurse who saved the king. A few days ago, three thousand grantees filed through the throne-room before the queen-regent to prove their loyalty, and addresses were presented from the senate, congress, and other public bodies.

London papers recently announced the death, at the age of seventy-four, of Mrs. Fitz-George, wife of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, own cousin to Queen Victoria and head-officer of the English Army. Mrs. Fitz-George before her marriage was a Miss Fairbrother, and in her early days was known as an accomplished actress. Several of her sons follow his royal highness's profession. It is stated that in the course of Mrs. Fitz-George's long and painful illness the queen sent to make frequent inquiries at her residence in Queen Street, Mayfair. This interesting lady was never received at court and could not be, and yet was a favorite in court circles.

A circular has been sent from England to the *Argonaut* office, of which the most interesting part is as follows: "£1,000 REWARD. Mr. John Biddulph Martin and Sir Francis Cook will pay the sum of one thousand pounds sterling to any one who shall reveal the names of the person or persons concerned in the conspiracy to defame their wives, Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull Martin and Miss Tennie Claffin, now Lady Cook, and who shall give such evidence as shall secure their conviction. Twenty pounds will also be paid by the above-named gentlemen for the name of any paper, issued in England, that has published a recent libel against their wives. All communications to be addressed to 17 Hyde Park Gate, London, England; or, to 142 West-Seventieth Street, New York City."

The emperor's only sister and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, are expected in St. Petersburg for a prolonged stay, and will take up their residence in the Winter Palace. Their visit is due to the new statutes of the imperial family, which constrain the members of the latter to spend three months of every year in Russia under penalty of forfeiting their annual allowance and civil list. This, in the case of the Grand Duchess Marie, would mean a loss of some three hundred thousand dollars per annum; for, although her actual allowance is relatively small, yet the whole of the capital of her large personal fortune has remained in the hands of Alexander the Third, who merely pays her in half-yearly amounts the interest at five per cent. on the sum. The Princess of Wales is likewise due there next month.

Jay Gould idolizes his children. There are five of them: George, Edwin, Frank, Harold, and Helen. Until they were old enough to know right from wrong in print, they were not allowed to read anything till Mrs. Gould had inspected it. For years, Mr. Gould has lived at the corner of Forty-Seventh Street and Fifth Avenue in the winter. In the summer, he is either on his yacht, in Europe, or up at Irvington. He bought his place up there in 1880, for two hundred thousand dollars, and it is worth over one million dollars to-day. It has twenty rooms above the basement, is three thousand feet from the Hudson, has an art gallery running the depth of the house, a lawn of ninety-five acres, and a road leading to the entrance a quarter of a mile long. There are sheep, cows, horses, and blooded fowl upon the estate, a hot-house, conservatory, and an army of gardeners. The conservatory is nine hundred feet long by four hundred and fifty feet wide, and is valued at a quarter of a million.

"The marriage of George Augustus Sala, the London journalist, will make it impossible for him longer to keep up a mode of living which has been the cause of a good deal of amusement and endless exasperation to London editors for a good many years. It has been Mr. Sala's custom for years to keep his residence an absolute secret. He has never permitted even his most intimate friends to know where he lived, and the result of this amiable habit has been at times somewhat exasperating. His mail went to the newspaper office or to the club, and whenever he had a big piece of work on hand which required steady attention, he would disappear absolutely from view. Not infrequently the newspaper which was intending to publish the heavy piece of work on which Mr. Sala was engaged would find it necessary to communicate with that gentleman before the completion of the manuscript. All hands in the office would start out in hansom and on foot to visit the resorts frequented by the journalist, and the liveliest sort of a chase all over London would follow. Sometimes it would be three or four weeks before anybody succeeded in running the writer to cover. Now that he has married his type-writer and settled down, one of the diversions in London journalistic life, usually spoken of as a still hunt for Sala, will be a thing of the past." The foregoing paragraph from the New York *Sun* seems to ignore the fact that Mr. Sala had been married before. His first wife died in Australia, some two years ago, shortly after Mr. Sala last passed through San Francisco.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* thinks that "A Little Journey in the World" is the first successful story of "metropolitan plutocracy," and that it entitles the author, Charles Dudley Warner "to take high rank among American novelists."

W. Clark Russell, "the novelist of the sea," lately said to an interviewer that his friends sometimes "try and tempt me ashore. 'No,' I say; 'I am web-footed, and I shall stick to the sea.'" The popularity of his new stories, "Marooned" and "An Ocean Tragedy," show that the public approves his resolution.

It is said that the memoirs of M. Hyvriox, the chief of the private police of Napoleon the Third, will soon be published, unless his executors are prevailed upon by members of the Bonaparte family not to reveal the inner life of the Tuileries during the life-time of several of the people referred to in the memoirs.

Cassell & Co., of London, have made over their American business to a new firm known as the Cassell Publishing Company, the president of which is Mr. O. M. Dunham, who has been the manager of the American branch of Cassell & Co. for fourteen years past. The new firm will be the agents of the London house, but it will make American books a principal part of its business.

The Government of India has been compelled by law to purchase three copies of each new book issued in the country, and it has been discovered that a practice has grown up of printing new books simply for the sake of the sale of those three copies, for which any price within reason could be charged. A change is about to be made in the law, and hereafter the publishers will have to present the copies to the government.

When John G. Whittier wrote his last poem, "The Captain's Well," for the New York *Ledger*, the venerable poet did not fix any price upon "The Captain's Well," but left the remuneration to Messrs. Robert Bonner's Sons, and they sent him a check for a thousand dollars. Such unusual liberality touched the old man deeply; especially because (as he characteristically wrote) it enabled him to give more than he had hoped to be able to bestow upon certain charitable enterprises that were near to his heart.

Two handsome volumes of poems have just made their appearance simultaneously in St. Petersburg and at Moscow, and are attracting much attention. The initials K. R., which figure in lieu of the author's name, stand for Konstantine Romanoff, the second son of the Grand Duke Konstantine Nicolaevich. The young grand duke is the most talented member of the Czar's family, and at the death of Count Tolstoi last year was appointed president of the Imperial Academy of Science. While many of his poems now published contain a depth of poetic sentiment and pathos rare even among the emotional Slavs, others, especially those which deal with military subjects and with incidents of soldiers' life, are marked by strong touches of humor.

The shy and unassuming Darwin might, like Queen Gertrude, have been "struck into amazement and admiration" could he have foreseen that, along with a Japanese translation just issued of his epoch-making book, the thirtieth anniversary of the publication of his "Origin of Species" would be celebrated in Tokio by about one hundred literary and scientific Japanese gentlemen. The commemorative exercises consisted of a *conversazione*, a dinner, and speeches. Among the interesting objects in the reception-hall were a fine oil portrait of Darwin—a Japanese artist—a full set of Darwin's works, a table full of Darwinian literature, collections of photographs of noted expounders of the Darwinian speculations, and cases of butterflies, plants, etc., carefully illustrating the doctrines of the master of evolutionary science.

Queries says: "The prices paid for literary work are not very well known, and the following may be of interest. Reference is made only to New York publications, and the prices named are for writers without fame. Famous names, naturally, draw prices according to their value: *Frank Leslie's*, half a cent a word; the *Cosmopolitan*, 1 cent a word; the *Epoch*, \$5 a column; *De Grimm's* Syndicate, \$10 a column; the American Press Syndicate, \$10 a column; and *Batcheller's*, one-half cent a word. Harper's publications pay 1 cent a word; the *North American Review*, *Outings*, *Drake's Magazine*, *Belford's Magazine*, and the *Home Maker* pay each three-quarters of a cent. Of the weekly story-papers, the *Ledger* is the best—it pays \$10 a column; *Munsey's Weekly* pays \$5; *Once a Week* pays \$5; the *New York Weekly*, \$3; and the *Family Story Paper*, \$3. The *Metropolis* pays \$4; the *Mercury*, \$8; and the two society papers, *Town Topics* and *Truth*, \$5 a column each."

Among those who will contribute to the *Century's* series on the "Gold-Hunters of California" are: General John Bidwell, who describes the first organized overland trip to California in 1841, and the life at Sutter's Fort in the forties; General and Mrs. John C. Fremont, whose narrative will cover Fremont's early explorations and service in Southern California, as well as the experience of an American lady under frontier conditions; the gold discovery will be treated freshly in its historical aspect by John S. Hittell, together with additional data from the manuscripts of survivors; the Nicaragua trip will be described in a brilliant series of letters written at the time by a party of Yale graduates, who had a journey of unusual peril and length; the Panama route is the subject of a graphic narrative by Julius H. Pratt; the Cape Horn voyage will be described by Willard B. Farwell; life in the mines, by E. G. Waite; and the story of the vigilance committees, by William T. Coleman. The illustrations will be from daguerreotype portraits, sketches, etc., and will have great historical value.

Harriet Beecher Stowe lived for eighteen years "next door to slavery," but she had no thought of writing a book upon the subject until the idea was suggested to her by a letter from Edward Beecher's wife. Her lack of special preparation for her task comes out clearly in her letter to Frederick Douglass, after she had begun "Uncle Tom," in 1851, asking him for information concerning cotton-plantations, of which she had no personal knowledge. It is no wonder that Southern critics found the book lacking in local truth and color. The death of Uncle Tom was the first chapter written. When she began to publish "Uncle Tom" in the *National Era*, on June 5, 1851, she had no idea how it was going on. It was announced to run for three months; it ran for

ten. As it drew near its conclusion, a Boston publisher wished to make a book of it, and offered to give the author a half-share of the profits. The offer was refused, because her husband was "altogether too poor to assume the risk." The final agreement was for a ten per cent. royalty on the sales. This brought her ten thousand dollars at the end of the first three months and as much more at the end of six.

New Publications.

"Lady Clancarty; or, Wedded and Wooed," by A. D. Hall, and "Blind Love," by Wilkie Collins, have been issued in the Globe Library published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Count of Benzeval," translated from the French of Alexandre Dumas, and "A Fated Promise," by O. P. Caylor, have been issued in paper-covers by C. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Woman's Journey Around the World Alone," by Lilian Leland, is a record of a sixty-thousand-mile journey which occupied two years. Published by the American News Company, New York; for sale by the newsdealers; price, 25 cents.

"Those Raeburn Girls," by Mrs. A. F. Raffensperger, is a story which tells of the ingenious schemes by which a family of destitute girls supported themselves. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.25.

"Kit and Kitty," by R. D. Blackmore, and "Prince Fortunatus," by William Black, have been issued in the green-cloth library edition of those authors' novels by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, \$1.25 each.

"Countess Irene," a novel, by J. Fogerty, which takes its readers into Austria and pictures Austrian customs and universal emotions with some power, has been issued in the Town and Country Library published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"The Shop," by Albert E. Winship, is a consideration of the vocation-life and association of those who work for their daily bread, with suggestions toward the amelioration of social conditions. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, 60 cents.

William D. Howells' "Hazard of New Fortunes," which was noticed at some length in this column when the paper-covered edition appeared, has been issued in two cloth-bound volumes, without the illustrations but in larger type, by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Last Love," translated from the French of Georges Ohnet—who wrote "Le Maître de Forges"—and is esteemed in France as the late E. P. Roe was here—has been issued in the Series of Select Novels published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Walpole," by John Morley, is the latest issue of the Twelve English Statesmen. Mr. Morley is a graceful and incisive writer and a profound thinker, and has made this volume one of the most interesting of the series. Published by Macmillan & Co.; London; for sale by William Doxey; price, 60 cents.

Justin McCarthy, M. P., who made his first and best literary fame with his "History of Our Own Times," has set himself the task of following English history back from the period with which that book commenced in "A History of the Four Georges." This work, which is to be complete in four volumes, has reached the second volume, which is just out, and treats of the period after Walpole got the upper hand in 1733 until the death of George the Second in 1760. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Five Thousand Miles in a Sledge," by Lionel P. Gowing, is an account of an Englishman's journey across Siberia in midwinter. His route lay by water from Shanghai to Vladivostok, on the Sea of Japan, and thence across the Russian Empire by way of Irkutsk to Moscow and St. Petersburg. Naturally, in such a trip he has not investigated the social, political, or industrial conditions of the people; but he gives an interesting account of what an intelligent Englishman saw in passing through a strange country. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.

"Conversation on Mines" is the title of a book which has filled a useful sphere in England and will be found of much practical value in this country to coal-miners. Its author was a Lancashire coal-miner, a man who had risen to a position of trust in a mine through sheer natural ability and force of character, and who wrote this book—ostensibly conversations between a father and son—to give to others the benefit of his experience and his intelligence. It tells how mines generate gases, how weather affects the working of a mine, how the power of explosions may be diminished, how ventilation may be controlled, how coal should be worked out, and treats of all the practical aspects of the industry. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.25.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

William T. Stead has ceased to be editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Several months ago it was stated that his next step would be to start a morning Radical paper in London. But the money was not forthcoming. Mr. Stead has descended in his plans to a mere monthly *Review of Reviews*, in which he hands designs to give the essence of what all the other reviews and magazines offer of value, corrected and enhanced in worth by comments. The publishers of the existing periodicals, so far from welcoming this chance of being edited by the great Mr. Stead, are unanimously disposed to fight him in the courts if he tries to steal their wares by reprinting them.

When, in August of 1883, John Morley gave up the editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he was succeeded by a youngish North countryman, who had been his chief assistant. Possibly Mr. Morley would have preferred as his successor a still younger associate, Alfred Milner, a distinguished Oxford bonor man. But Mr. Milner was quiet and unassuming in person as on paper. The *Gazette* seemed to need a more sensational chief, and so the less cultivated but more stirring Stead was put in instead.

Very soon Stead's personality became one of the controlling forces in English public life. Londoners, and more especially newspaper Londoners, dislike very much to be told that Stead, between the years

1884 and 1888, came nearer to governing Great Britain than any other man in the kingdom, but it is true. Stead thrust his personality bodily into his paper. The paper became one which "everybody" had to read—who nobody could afford to miss.

It was always the most readable paper in London. Stead gathered about him bright young men who swiftly assimilated his own views, and who worked like beavers to realize his idea of a paper that should always be interesting. They practically introduced the "interview" into English journalism, or rather he set the model for them to follow by doing the earlier and most important ones himself. He began the use of illustrations as a help to reading matter in an English daily. He started the idea of signed articles by men who had things to say, and practically to the end monopolized this feature, there being scarcely a well-known name in English letters or public life which has not at some time figured in this list of contributors.

But even more than people read it for these excellencies, they watched it to see what Stead would do next. No man was ever filled with a more incessant desire for work. His self-conceit was gigantic, overshadowing. Secure in this splendid insolence of egotism, he attacked this, that, and the other thing which did not please him, and never doubting his ultimate success, fought away so stoutly and strenuously that other people joined him, his opponents shrunk away, and, lo! the victory was won. He did this over and over again, and naturally his successes all helped to swell the already prodigious vanity and assurance of the man. He came to believe that he could do anything he pleased. He fell into the droll way of pronouncing judgments on current issues, often at haphazard, and then solemnly re-quoting these judgments and treating them as if they had settled everything—and quite often the public took it that these random conclusions were final.

He caused the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts. Of course it was a foolish and harmful thing to do. The garrison hospitals are crowded again, and London has become once more the social and physical pest-house of Europe. Yet Stead's long-sustained clamor so confused and frightened everybody that, while there is not a single politician who thinks the acts should have been repealed, there is not one who would dare propose their reenactment. He probably did it merely as an advertisement, and to give his paper that peculiar faint aroma of nastiness which he has from the start affected. It is no doubt an essential part of the man's temperament to be attracted by quasi-salacious subjects. The whole sexual question is to him enormously fascinating, and, as a result, he has managed to surround himself with that atmosphere of prudent argument and sophistry which belongs to the unsexed agitators and workers in social anarchy and communism. Out of this it was that that hideous parody on honest agitation—the "Maiden Tribute" sensation—was evolved. And from this proceeds the ghoul-like eagerness with which he has ever since precipitated himself upon any floating spar of scandal which drifted into public view. People have grown tired of asking themselves how much of this is sincerity and how much sham. They are simply glad that he is going away.

What has hurt him in the public mind far more than anything else, is the malignant and cruel manner in which he has continued to pursue Sir Charles Dilke. If the public knew the real story of Stead's relation to that famous scandal, it would be scarcely possible for him to live among decent people. Some time, perhaps, it will be published, documents and all. Within the last few months, sundry apparently isolated facts have come to light which point to a terrible conspiracy against Dilke, hatched by a group of women who personally hated him, and paid for by an enormously wealthy woman of title who had politico-personal reasons for desiring his downfall.—*London correspondent New York Times.*

Some Magazines.

The February *Atlantic* contains: "Over the Teacups," Part III., by Dr. Holmes; "Mr. Bellamy and the New Nationalist Movement," by General F. A. Walker; "Sidney," a novel, by Mrs. Deland; "An Outline of the Japanese Constitution," by K. Kaneko; "Between Two Worlds," by H. W. P. and L. D.; "The Behring Sea Question," by Charles B. Elliott; "The Tragic Muse," by Henry James; "The Begum's Daughter," by E. L. Bynner; "One of the Unreconstructed," by John T. Morse, Jr.; verses by G. E. Woodberry and Florence Earle Coates; reviews of new books, etc.

The February *Forum* contains: "The Ethics of Property," by W. S. Lilly; "America's Fourth Centenary," by General Francis A. Walker; "Key Notes from Rome," by Henry Charles Lea; "Problems of American Archaeology," by Major J. W. Powell; "The Power of the Supreme Court," by Eaton S. Drone; "Moral Aspects of College Life," by President C. K. Adams; "A Political Paradox," by Leonard W. Bacon; "The Immigrant's Answer," by Judge John P. Altgeld; "Mrs. Grundy's Kingdom," by Eliza Lynn Linton; and "Writing for the Stage," by Professor Alfred Hennequin.

The February *North American Review* contains: "The Gladstone-Blaine Controversy," by Hon. Roger Q. Mills; "Italy and the Pope," by Gail Hamilton; "Electric Lighting and Public Safety," by Sir William Thomson; "Newspapers Here and Abroad," by E. L. Godkin; "The Doctrine of State Rights," by Jefferson Davis; "British Capital and American Industries," by Erasmus Wiman; "The American Bishop of To-Day," by the Rev. Julius H. Ward; "A New View of Shelley," by "Ouida"; "Final Words on Divorce," by Margaret Lee and Rev. Philip S. Moxom; and in Notes and Comments, "The Prevailing Epidemic," by Cyrus Edison, M.D.; "Spread of the Democratic Idea," by George M. Trow; "Misquotation Again," by A. E. Palmer; "Is Suicide a Sin?" by Samuel York At Lee; and "Landlordism in France," by W. E. Hicks.

George P. Rowell & Co., proprietors of the American Newspaper Advertising Bureau, have issued a pamphlet containing a "preferred list" of newspapers, which they recommend to advertisers. The selection made includes every religious, agricultural, or other class weekly, having a regular issue of so many as ten thousand copies, all the great monthlies, the leading dailies in all the largest cities, and aims to name the best paper in every county seat having a population of so many as three thousand, and every other town, village, or city having so many as five thousand population. Out of the seventeen thousand newspapers in the United States and Canada, only two thousand are here, yet these two thousand print nearly eighteen million copies each issue, and are supposed to reach fifty millions of people.

VALENTINE VERSE.

A Valentine for Mistress Lesbia.

Fayre Lesbia curtain'd lyes,
(Heigho! ye little be drawne!)
She minds me not—her eyes
Regard but canopies—
And I doe waste my sighs
Upon ye Dawne!

Sir Corydon he synges
(Heigho! yt it sholde be t)
To twang of silver strynges;
Sce to ye Mayde he bynges
Sweete Melodie.

My Lute be fealtie strunge
(Heigho! ye curtaine shakes!)
But Phoebus lyes cleare tongue
Might not avails, for yonge
Love foretho't takes!

Goode Father Valentine
(Heigho! ye Daye be here!)
If so dys Songe of Mine
Shc flout, twill sounde as fyne
Where other eyes doe shyne
Another Yeare! —*Harper's Weekly.*

A Valentine.

Scarcely I dare to tell you, Florence,
Of the secret that I hold,
Lest you, with a fine abhorrence,
Say that I am over bold,
Toss your queenly head and pout your
Pretty scarlet lips in scorn,
But I've dreamed so much about you
Loving ways both night and morn,
That at last I have decided,
Though you think me sadly weak,
And declare me most misguided,
Now to speak!

When the summer's golden glory
Made the earth divinely fair,
First I dared to breathe the story
Of my secret to the air,
Longing that some spirit or spirit,
Disembodied, lurking near,
Listening, might chance to hear it,
And repeat it in your ear.
With my message no befriending
Fairly to your chamber flew,
Or I should not now be sending
This to you.

Autumn's hazy skies above you
Were as brilliant as the trees,
When, at eve, I heard "I love you,"
In each murmur of the breeze,
Yet I could not summon courage,
Could not trust my faltering tongue,
Musing "how could maid of her age
Care for one no longer young?"
So the gracious autumn ended
With its south winds blowing bland,
And the winter time descended
On the land.

With the new year I confided
To myself that I'd be bold;
Lo! a month away has glided—
Left the secret still untold!
Still untold—but nay, you know it,
Dear, at last (perchance did then),
And, no doubt, you think a poet
Should woo better with his pen.
Yet unless you wish to see my
Sun of life in sure decline,
You will promise, love, to be my
Valentine! —*Clinton Scollard.*

A Valentine.

Go, Valentine, I do not dare
To go myself and speak
The word which, like the morning air,
Shall tinge this Rose's cheek.
And when you see the scarlet tint
Across her features climb,
Betraying in a blush a hint
How she accepts my rhyme.

Know this: if I her heart have won,
Her lips shall part and tell;
If I have lost, your day is done,
A swift match, and farewell.

Go, then, and while I madly burn
In love's devouring fire,
I live if she one word return;
Or else, like you, expire.

—*Frank Dempster Sherman in February Harper's.*

A Test of Affection.

(Lines by a young woman who has just received a three-dollar valentine.)

What is this gaudy, fragile combination—
A frill, with paper lace and paste,
With sundry weak essays at versification,
A price-mark too, almost—not quite—erased.

Well, well, it's a valentine it is; and see
Beneath this glass, "Marked down \$3.00,"
Poor George!—to show his love for me,
Deprives himself of six new collars.

—*Harper's Bazar*

A Legal Secret.

Twixt two dull legal leaves it lies,
An old unfinished valentine;
"If you love me as I love you—"
That's all—one tender, time-dimmed line.
No, not quite all, for here's the date,
"Feb. Fourteenth, seventeen ninety-three;"
And just above is faintly traced,
In faded ink, "To Dorothy."

O dusty tome! you've guarded well
The secret of this *bullet-doux*;
You're near a century older since
Some love-lorn lawyer trusted you.
Was it the longest-for client's knock,
When he this single line had traced,
That made him start in sudden shame
And hide his rhyme with guilty haste?

"If you love me as I love you—"
I wonder if she did or no;
I wonder was she false or true,
This "Dorothy" of long ago,
Ah, well! it can not matter now,
And yet, above earth's husy stir,
Peripat, who knows, somewhere, somehow,
She still loves him as he loves her.

—*Jennie P. Betts in Life.*

A Valentine.

All things are here to make the season sweet:
The rush of pure, keen air through pale, clear skies,
The scent of shower-soaked earth beneath our feet,
Where frail green shafts from winter sleep arise;
And shall your heart not waken, nor your eyes
Look into mine, and grant what mine entreat?
What more can Love desire than to belong
To this first hour when faintly flushing spring,
Born but to-day, is yet so fair and strong
That she can set life's pulses quickening?
And shall your soul not listen while I sing,
Learning Love's spring-time lesson from my song?

—*London*

SOCIETY.

The Frank Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank gave a reception last Wednesday evening at their residence, 2001 Van Ness Avenue, in honor of their guests, Miss Weed, of Wisconsin, and Miss Taylor, of Portland, Or., a sister of the host. But a few married couples were present, the younger unmarried element predominating. The residence, with its Renaissance finish of polished oak, was tastefully embellished by a pretty decoration of roses and other bright flowers in artistic clusters, and by streamers of smilax which entwined the chandeliers and set pieces. The large parlors were canvased for dancing, while the oaken floor of the spacious hall offered a splendid dancing surface. It was nearly ten o'clock before the majority of the guests were present. Ballenber's band gave its latest music for dancing, which was enjoyed until long after midnight. One of the pleasant features of the evening was the elaborate supper which was served at twelve o'clock. The hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Frank was bountiful, and their guests were in every way delightfully entertained.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Eels, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Louis E. Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hovey, Mr. and Mrs. Whitell, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred E. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Mead, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Warner, Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Coon, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Tatum, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Moses, Dr. and Mrs. Freyfogel, Lieutenant and Mrs. C. J. Bailey, U. S. A., Judge and Mrs. M. H. Myrick, Mrs. A. J. Pope, Mrs. Addie Davis, Miss Weed, Miss Frank, Miss Mary E. Pope, Miss Kate Jarboe, Miss Urmey, Miss Evelyn Carlson, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Clara Taylor, Miss Ashie, Miss Josephine Schaefer, Miss Maud Hopkins, Miss Kittie, Miss Nettie Tubbs, Misses Carroll, Miss Dutton, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Anna Head, Miss Smith, Miss Ella Adams, Misses Beaver, Miss Graham, Miss Buckbee, Miss Alice Bowen, Misses Bourn, Miss Bacon, Miss Fitch, Miss Stone, Miss Bailey, Miss C. Taylor, Miss Miss Parquharson, Miss Josephine Perry, Miss Elise Kelly, Miss Hadaway, Miss Moses, Miss Rumbold, Miss U. Fitch, Miss Crowell, Miss McNeill, Miss Clarke, Mr. George A. Pope, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Warren D. Clark, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Mr. Christian Froelich, Jr., Mr. Henry Deering, Mr. Clinton E. Worden, Mr. S. D. Buckbee, Mr. S. D. Buckbee, Jr., Mr. Daniel T. Murphy, Mr. A. S. Tubbs, Mr. Fred H. Beaver, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. Harry B. Houghton, Mr. William R. Sherwood, Mr. W. H. Fisher, Mr. Carter Tevis, Lieutenant Fremont P. Peck, U. S. A., Lieutenant Charles G. Lyman, U. S. A., Mr. John Kittle, Mr. James Eret Stokes, Mr. W. D. Cooper, Mr. C. D. Cooper, Mr. C. D. Cooper, Mr. A. Powning, Mr. W. B. Bowers, Mr. A. P. Talbot, Mr. F. K. Coon, Mr. Harry Holbrook, Mr. McCreary, Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. William Worden, Mr. Frank D. Madison, Mr. H. Pierce, Mr. G. D. Boyd, Mr. McCormick, Lieutenant F. A. Tripp, U. S. A., Mr. A. B. Williamson, and others.

Oakland Cotillion Club.

The members of the Oakland Cotillion Club gave their last supper of this season on Friday evening, February 17th, and it was a most gratifying success. The ball was handsomely decorated, Brant's music was excellent, and a large number of pretty girls graced the hall in beautiful toilets. Five figures were danced, all being attractive, and the leader, Mr. Harry B. Houghton, proved himself very efficient. A delicious supper refreshed the dancers at midnight. The first twelve couples were: Miss Lobman, Mr. Harry B. Houghton, Miss Daisy Ainsworth, Mr. Rhodes Borden, Miss Kate Clement, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Miss Grimes, Mr. W. Davis, Miss Bessie Harris, Mr. Alfred Clement, Miss McKee, Mr. John Ainsworth, Miss Nannie Prudden, Mr. W. Sutton, Miss Etta Tucker, Mr. George W. Mead, Jr., Miss Watt, Mr. Bert Brayton, Miss Borden, Mr. Heller, Miss G. Gordon, Mr. Josiah Stanford, Jr., Miss Wheaton, and Mr. Harry Knowles.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. Eugene Lent has gone to Denver to remain about two weeks, and after that will proceed to Los Angeles. Mrs. M. E. M. Toland is making a visit to friends in Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Percival W. Selby are guests of Mrs. Thomas H. Selby until they occupy their villa at Menlo Park. Miss Fannie Cowles, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. J. D. Redding, has returned to the East. Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge will leave in a few weeks to make an Eastern trip, followed by a tour of Europe. Miss Leila Carroll, of Sacramento, has been visiting Mrs. Charles O. Alexander at her home in Oakland. Miss Weed, of Wisconsin, and Miss Frank, of Portland, Or., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank at their residence, 2001 Van Ness Avenue. Dr. and Mrs. Clinann Cushing and Miss Jennie de la Montanya left on the 8th instant for the East en route to Europe, where they will travel for several months. Judge and Mrs. Van Fleet, of Sacramento, have been entertaining Mrs. Clark W. Crocker at their residence. Colonel C. Fred Crocker is paying a visit to New York city. Mrs. Anne Toland has left New York for Marseilles, en route to Italy, the Holy Land, and a general tour of Europe. Mr. George A. Newhall has gone East and will be away several weeks. Mr. Fred Moody left for New Orleans last Monday, and after the Mardi Gras will go to Boston. Mrs. Raoul Martinez arrived in New York city last Wednesday. Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, Miss Birdie Fair, and Miss Belle Smith are expected to return from their Eastern visit on Monday. Senator William E. Dargie, of Oakland, left for an Eastern trip a week ago, and will be away a couple of months. Mrs. Fulton G. Berry and Miss Maude L. Berry, of Fresno, are in the city on a visit for a couple of months, and are the guests of Mrs. E. N. Torrey at her residence, 1812 Van Ness Avenue. Miss Rose Rich will leave next Wednesday on a visit to the East and Europe. Mrs. John Boggs and her son have returned from Europe and are at the Palace Hotel. Mrs. Tiburcio Parrott came down from St. Helena last Monday for a short visit. Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Spence and Miss Minnie Foley, of San Jose, have been in the city during the week. Miss Carmelita Ferrer, Miss Adelle Ferrer, and Mr. Richard Ferrer left for Washington, D. C., last Wednesday, and will remain there until July under the chaperonage of Mrs. George Hearst. Mrs. John McMullin and Mrs. William Wayne Belvin have returned from their Eastern trip and are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin. General K. P. Hammond, Jr., has returned from Southern California, where he has been taking a short trip for his health. Mr. Mountford S. Wilson has recovered from his recent illness in New York city, and is expected to return here soon. Miss Florence Cassans, of England, is again the guest of Mrs. Volney Spalding, and will remain here about a month longer before returning home.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., has been granted a further leave of absence owing to his illness. Lieutenant and Mrs. James Ashley Turner, U. S. M. C., are now located permanently at Mare Island. Captain Stockton, U. S. N., of the *Thetis*, has gone to Washington, D. C. Lieutenant Gorgas, U. S. N., Lieutenant Simpson, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Roger Wells, U. S. N., have been de-

tached from duty on this coast and have gone to Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Carl W. Jungen, U. S. N., are on their way to Sitka, Alaska, where Lieutenant Jungen will be on duty hereafter.

Dr. Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., will remain here until March, when he will proceed East on the *Mononquah*, arriving at Newport in July, where the vessel will be stationed.

Paymaster J. Q. Lovell, U. S. N., of the *Thetis*, left for Washington, D. C., last Tuesday.

Commander Philip H. Cooper, U. S. N., is at the Palace Hotel, having arrived recently en route to China, where he will join the *Svalbard*.

Dr. G. W. Woods, U. S. N., has been passing the week at the Grand Hotel.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Schulze-Jerosch Recital.

Frau Schulze-Jerosch, late of Berlin, gave her first song recital in this city, on Friday evening at Pioneer Hall, with the assistance of Mr. H. J. Stewart, pianist, and Mr. Henry Heyman, violinist. A fashionable audience enjoyed the following programme:

Pur Diesti "Allnächlich im Traume" Lotti
Frühlingnacht Schumann
Serenade Bruch
Violin Solo, "Legende," Op. 15 G. Hollaender
(First time in San Francisco)
Mr. Henry Heyman.
Im Herbst R. Franz
Lieber Schatz R. Franz
Der Lindenbaum Schubert
Wohin? Schubert
Violin Solo (a) Melodie Saint-Saens
(b) Louisa Bach
Mr. Henry Heyman.
Allerseelen Lassen
Der Asra Rubinstein
Sehnsucht Rubinstein
"Let me Dream Again" Sullivan
"Wie Escht mich Andersens Awey" Bendel
"Noch sind die Tage der Rosen" Baumgartner

A Mauzy Musical Evening.

A concert, or musical evening as it is called, was given at Byron Mauzy's ware-rooms last Thursday evening, under the direction of Miss Ellen Coursen, with Mr. Joseph Roedel as musical conductor. A large audience was entertained by the following programme:

Chanson, "Les Voeux d'un Amant" (Victor Hugo). Bendall
Miss Ellen Coursen.
Violin obligato by Mr. Arthur Johannsen.
Boleto, "In Old Madrid" Trotiere
Miss Marian Avery.
Violin Solo, "Dance, Young Maiden" Schubert
(For two soprano voices).
Miss Susie Hull and Miss Bertha Mersing.
Ballad, "My Sweetheart" Roedel
Miss Minnie Provost.
Sacred Song, "Fear Not Ye, O Israel" Buck
Miss Hattie Edwards.
Song, "Tell Them" Tosti
Mrs. Dr. E. Edwards.
Valse Chantée, "Parla" Arditi
Miss Ellen Coursen.
Melody, "Beauty's Song" Tosti
Miss Emma Provost.
Song, "The Garden of Sleep" De Lara
Mrs. Flora Peterman.
Serenade, "With Newer Strings My Mandoline" Gounod
Miss Cathie Coursen.
Duo, "The Gypsies" Brahms
Miss Ellen Coursen and Senorita Andrea Mojica.
Violin Solo, "Mazurka de Concert" Musin
Mr. Arthur Johannsen.
Ballad, "Milkmaid's Song" Osgood
Miss Ellen Coursen.

Hermann Brandt String Quartet.

The Hermann Brandt String Quartet gave its second concert of the fourth season last Thursday evening, at Spencer's Hall, before an appreciative audience. The quartet comprised Mr. Hermann Brandt and Mr. Louis N. Ritzau, violins; Mr. Henry Siering, viola; and Mr. Theodore Mansfeldt, cello, who were assisted by Miss Ella Partridge, pianist. The programme presented was as follows:

Quartet, E flat major Op. 51 Anton Dvorak
Suite for pianoforte and violin Carl Goldmark
Miss Ella Partridge and Mr. Hermann Brandt.
Quartet, F major No. 23 Mozart
The third concert will take place on Thursday evening, March 13th.

ART NOTES.

Fred Yates's many friends here will be glad to know that he is hard at work painting portraits in London. He is now doing a life-size portrait of Mr. Augustine Birrell, M. P., the author of "Obiter Dicta," and has finished one of Mrs. Birrell, who was the widow of Tennyson's son. He is also at work on portraits of one of the city merchants and the members of his family, and, as he has many orders awaiting him in New York, he will not be back in San Francisco for many months. Three paintings by Bertha von Hilleim, who is now in Roanoke, Va., are on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's. They are "Live-Oak Forest in the Ojai Valley, California," "Evening in De Land, Florida," and "Moonlight on St. John's River, Florida."

About the end of October, 1602, the London playgoers were informed by bills, circulated by a rascal named Venner, that on a certain Saturday evening there would be performed at a theatre "on the Bancksides" a play "to be acted only by certain gentlemen and gentlewomen of account." As at that time women never acted in public, the female parts in plays being taken by boys and men, such an announcement brought crowds to the theatre. The charge was eighteen pence, or two shillings, and Venner, when most of the money was taken, decamped with the spoil. He endeavored to escape by water, but was soon overtaken and secured. In the meantime, the victims of the hoax, as soon as they saw how they had been gulled, wrecked the theatre. Somewhat akin to this Venner was the conjurer who advertised that he would jump into a quart-bottle at the Haymarket Theatre, January 16, 1749. The theatre was crammed with spectators, while great crowds, unable to gain admittance, thronged the street. The conjurer, however, did not appear, but got clear away with the receipts, and his dupes took their revenge in the usual way, by a violent attack upon the theatre.

The use of the phonograph in connection with type-writing is making progress in New York. A firm of young women has opened an establishment in Broad Street, with the view of making a specialty of transcribing by means of type-writers dictation on the phonograph. This method dispenses with the services of a stenographer.

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IN AN OPERA-BOX.

Mrs. Vandegrift—What is that curious noise?
Harry (searching the house with his glasses)—Ah, I fancy it's those fellows down there—the orchestra, you know.

Miss Flora Vandegrift—Dear me, how tiresome!
Mrs. Vandegrift—Who is that with Mrs. Puton-style?

Miss Gladys Vandegrift—That is the Count Hobbloofsky. I do hope he'll come over. He is so interesting and he dances divinely.

Enter Mr. Carrot. The curtain rises.
The Ladies (effusively)—Oh, how de do? So charmed!

Harry—Ah, Carrot, how?
Carrot (explosively)—Fine! Been dining at Athletic Club. Feel vigorous. (Slaps chest.)

All—You are so droll! Ha, ha, ha, ha!
People in orchestra stalls—Sh!

Mrs. Vandegrift (calmly ignoring them)—Who is the woman on the stage?
Carrot—New prima donna. Voice like a fire-hell, they say.

Miss Gladys—What is her name?
Carrot—Fräulein von Hofhaimerkaierhies.

Mrs. Flora—How quite too absurd!
Miss Gladys—You mean her gown? Shocking, isn't it? Oh, look at her mouth!

Carrot—Yes, she is going to sing.
All—You are so droll. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
People in orchestra stalls—Sh!

Mrs. Vandegrift—What are you going to give Phyllis Broke for a wedding-gift, Mr. Carrot?
Carrot—A new fifty-dollar bill. I'm sure she's never seen one.

All—Ha, ha, ha, ha! You are so—
People in orchestra stalls—S-s-s-s-H!!!
Mrs. Vandegrift (calmly and more loudly)—Are we going to see Mr. Briggs this evening?

Miss Flora—Briggy promised me he'd come. He said he was very fond of this opera.

Mrs. Vandegrift—Fond of the opera! How curious!
Miss Gladys—He says this one has so much brass in it that he can talk as loudly as he pleases. But, for my part (*forte*), I do not know of any reason why he should not talk as loudly!

People in orchestra stalls—S-s-s-s-s-H!!!
Mrs. Vandegrift—What is that strange noise?
Carrot—The tenor behind the scenes, sharpening his voice.

All—You are so droll. Ha, ha!—



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The Floyd High Tea

A high tea was given by Mrs. R. S. Floyd at her residence, 113 First Street, on Saturday afternoon, February 8th, as a compliment to Miss Inez Shorb, of the Mission San Gabriel, who is her guest for a few weeks. The residence was tastefully decorated, excellent music was provided, and refreshments were bountifully served. There were several hundred callers, who came and went in a constant stream, and many of the young people availed themselves of the music to dance, in both the afternoon and evening. It was a late hour when the pleasant affair terminated.

The Opera Season.

The past week has afforded a series of gala evenings at the Grand Opera House, where the Patti Opera Company has delighted thousands of auditors. It has been a succession of brilliant evenings, musically enjoyable and fashionably pleasant. The fair sex have vied with each other each evening in the elegance of their preparation, and the display of brilliant flowers worn and the splendor of the jewels they displayed. Patti, Albani, and Tamagno have each scored their separate triumphs here amid much enthusiasm, as they have before in the East and Europe, but it is doubtful if they have ever appeared before more appreciative audiences. The management have prepared attractive programmes, and the brilliant scenes of the past week will be witnessed again.

The Mardi Gras Bal Masqué.

It is now quite evident that the Mardi Gras El Masque, which will be held at Odd Fellows' Hall on Tuesday evening, February 18th, will be a grand success. The various committees have the affair so well in hand that everything is working smoothly, and the demand for tickets has been very large. The boxes will be sold at auction on Monday at noon at the hall. The decorators are now at work and they promise to make the place extremely beautiful. It is said that the display of costumes will far excel that of last year, so we may expect a brilliant spectacle.

Notes and Gossip.

On Monday evening, February 17th, Miss Sallie Stetson will be married to Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, 1801 Van Ness Avenue.

The York Club ended its winter season of festivity by giving an enjoyable party last Wednesday evening. After a few dances, five figures of the german were danced and a delicious supper was enjoyed. Mr. S. E. Tucker acted as leader very successfully, and had Miss Madeline Lissak as his partner. There were about fifty couples present.

Miss Louise Perry, daughter of Mrs. Restome Perry, will be married to Dr. W. August Bryant on Tuesday evening, February 18th, at St. Luke's Church.

The last meeting of the Reliance Club took place on Tuesday evening and was a very pleasant affair. Excellent music was provided and dancing was enjoyed until after midnight.

Considerable interest is being manifested in the forthcoming tennis tournament which will be held next Saturday at the grounds of the California Lawn-Tennis Club. The prizes are well worth competing for and the affair will certainly be a most interesting one. The following are the names of the California Club, Messrs. Spencer and Davis, Hellman and Bee, Kilgarriff and Beaver, S. Hoffman and A. Taylor, Eyre and Page, Magee Brothers, Yates and Harrison, Coggins and Sherman, Maren and Woods, Grivin and Simpkins, and the following from the Alameda Club, Messrs. H. and J. B. Brown, Morris and Bourn and Berry; from the Alameda Club, Messrs. Morris and Haslett, Haight Brothers, and Harrison and Waterman; from the Lakeside Club of Oakland, Messrs. D. and J. D. Dickey, Goodall and Wheaton, and Comstock and Brink.

The Bachelors' Cotillion Club.

One of the most brilliant balls of the season was the final German of the Bachelors' Cotillon Club, which took place on Friday evening. Special preparations had been made for the affair, and the result was as successful as it was gratifying to each member. No extra invitations were issued and almost all the members of the club were present. The affair was large. The toilets of the ladies were in keeping with the brilliant affair, as they had donned their most elegant gowns and the display of sparkling jewels was rich. The hall presented a charming appearance, the stage and gallery being lighted with electric lights, and the floor was decorated with flowers. While from the centre of the ceiling depended long garlands of greenery. The gallery railing was draped with brightly-colored bunting and festooned with cordons of foliage, and the entire effect was heightened by lighted Japanese and railroad signal-lanterns of various colors, which were hung from the ceiling. The decorations were in a most prettily arranged by Miss Breck with flowers and foliage, a compliment which was greatly appreciated.

Soon after midnight Noah Brandt's band played its first selection and the coillation was commenced. There were familiar figures and familiar music, the former easily danced to the strains of the latter. The band consisted of Brandt as leader, having Miss Alice Bolt as his partner, and the others in the first set were: Mr. A. H. Small, Miss Emelie Hager, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Miss Flora Carroll, Mr. Walter E. Dean, Miss Mary Elye, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Miss Minnie Houghton, Mr. Rhodes Jordan, Miss Gertrude Hyde, Mr. W. M. Jones, Miss Mary E. Jones, Mr. C. T. Cary Friedlander, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mr. H. B. Houghton, Miss Bessie Shreve, Mr. Frank D. Madison, Miss Bachelor, Lieutenant H. B. West, U. S. N., Miss Jennie Blair, Mr. Donald W. Campbell, and Miss Lucia L. Houghton. The first figure was "Double Columns, Right and Left," "Opposite Rounds," "Double Columns," "Figure Eight," and "Gliding Lines." In all of them except the first callium lights were used, producing picturesque effects. About half-past eleven o'clock supper was served in the large dining-hall, which was tastefully decorated. An extra menu was provided and the floor free for dancing. There was regular dancing until one o'clock, when the affair came to an end. Mr. Greenway, the efficient and energetic manager of the club, received many compliments for his excellent location. The management of the affairs of the club is in the hands of a tactful and capable person, and the entire satisfaction of all of the members.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Louis E. Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. Henry MacLean Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Wooster, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. McLennan, Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Tamm, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Blasingame, Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Bringham, Mr. and Mrs. Ewald Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph C. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hincley Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Pierre La Montaigne, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Tamm, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Tindten Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Van Orsdon, Mr. and Mrs. H. Voorhies, Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. Essie Heathcote, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Orr, Mr. and Mrs. Harry U. A. Pease, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. A. Pieroni, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Stoney, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Swift, Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Foad, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Senger, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Hoots, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hayne, Mr. and Mrs. George Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Head, Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Jarboe, Colonel and

THE CADI OF THE KERB-STONE.

A London Spectacle.

Scene—A thoroughfare near Hyde Park. Shortly before scene opens an Elderly Gentleman has suddenly stopped the cab in which he has been driving, and, without offering to pay the fare, has got out and shuffled off with a hand-bag. The Cabman has descended from his seat and overtaken the Old Gentleman, who is now perceived to be lamentably intoxicated. The usual crowd springs up from nowhere and follows the dispute with keen and delighted interest.

Cabman—Look 'ere, you ain't goin', not without payin' me, you know—where's my two shillings?

The Elderly Gentleman (smiling sweetly and balancing himself on his heels against some railings)—I'm shure I dunno.

Cabman—Well, look, can't yer? Don't keep me 'ere all day—feel in yer pockets, come!

(The Old Gentleman makes an abortive effort to find a pocket about him somewhere, and then relapses into abstraction.)

Crowd—Let 'im take 'is time, he'll pay yer right enough, if you let the man alone.

A Woman—Ah, pore Gentleman, the best of us is took like that sometimes! (Murmurs of sympathy.)

Cabman—I don't want no more than what's my own. 'E's rode in my kieb and I want my fare out of 'im—an' I mean 'avin' it, too!

(Here the Old Gentleman, who seems bored by the discussion, abruptly serpentines off again and is immediately overtaken and surrounded.)

The Elderly Gentleman—Wha' d'ye mean? 'Founded 'perinnence! Lemme 'one . . . 'portant bishniss!

Cabman—Pay me my fare—or I'll have your bag! (Seizes bag; Elderly Gentleman resisting feebly and always smiling.)

Crowd—Why can't yer pay the man his fare and have done with it? There, he's feeling in his pockets—he's going to pay yer now!

(Elderly Gentleman dives vaguely in a pocket and eventually produces a three-penny bit, which he tenders magnificently.)

Cabman—Thruppence ain't no good to me—two shillings is what I want out o' you—a florin—'ear me?

The Elderly Gentleman (after another dive, fishes up three half-pence)—Thash all you're 'titled to—go 'way, go 'way!

Crowd (soothingly to Cabman)—'E'll make it up in time—don't 'urry 'im.

Cabman—D'ye think I kin stand 'ere cooling my 'eels, while he's payin' me 'app'n' every 'arf 'ur? I've got my living to earn same as you 'ave!

Crowd—Ah, he's right there! (Persuasively to Elderly Gentleman.) 'Ere, Ole Guv'nor, fork out like a man!

(The Old Guv'nor shakes his head at them with a knowing expression.)

Cabman—Well, I shan't let go o' this 'ere bag till I am paid—that's all!

(Here a policeman arrives on scene.)

Policeman—Now, then, what's all this? Move along 'ere, all of you—don't go blocking up the thoroughfare like this! (Seathingly.) What are yer all lookin' at? (The Crowd, feeling this rebuke, move away some three paces, and then linger undecidedly.) 'Ere, Cabman, you've no right to lay 'old on that gentleman's bag—you know that as well as I do!

Cabman (somewhat mollified by this tribute to his legal knowledge, releases bag)—Well, he ain't got no right to ride in my kieb, and do a guy, without paying nothink, 'as he?

Policeman—All I tell you is—you've no right to detain his bag.

Cabman—Let 'im pay me my legal fare, then—two shillings it is 'e owes me. I don't want to interfere with 'im, if he'll pay me.

Policeman (with a magnificent impartiality, to the Elderly Gentleman)—What have you got to say to that?

The Elderly Gentleman (with a dignified wave of the hand)—Shay? Why, tha' I'm shimplly—a geril'm'n.

Policeman (his impartiality gradually merging into official disgust)—Well, all I can say to you is, if you are one, don't abuse it. . . . Where are you going to?

The Elderly Gentleman (brimming over with happy laughter)—I dunno!

Policeman (deciding to work on his fears)—Don't you! Well, I do, then. I know where you're goin' to—ah, and where you'll be, too, afore you're much older—the station—'us!—(with a slight lapse into jocular, in concession to his audience)—'for one night hoily'—that's your direction, unless you look out. (With virtuous indignation.) 'Ere are you—calling yourself a gentleman, and old enough to know better—riding in this man's kieb, and trying to bilk him out of his money. Why, you ought to be ashamed o' yourself!

A Fussy On-looker—Now, Policeman, why do you interfere? Why can't you leave them to settle it between them?

Policeman (turning on him with awful dignity)—I don't want no suggestions from you, sir. I know my dooty, and them as tries to obstruct me'll get no good by it. I'm not 'ere to take one man's part more than another.

Cabman—Well, ain't you goin' to do something now you are here? What's the good of a Copper if he won't 'elp a man to git his rights, eh? (Murmurs of sympathy from Crowd.)

Policeman—Now, you mind yourself—that's what you'd better do, or you'll be git'ing into trouble next! I've told you I can't interfere one way or the other, and (generally, to Crowd) you must pass along 'ere, please, or I shall 'ave to make yer.

Crowd (to Elderly Gentleman)—Give the man his money, can't yer? Pay 'im!

Cabman—Come, look sharp! Just you pay me!

The Elderly Gentleman—How 'e'n I pay, man? 'Plectly 'shure! I go to bleeshes! (Bolts again, and is once more overtaken by the indignant Cabman.)

Policeman (following up)—Now, then, Cabman, don't go hustling him. (Crowd's sympathy veers round to the Elderly Gentleman again.)

Cabman—Oo's 'ustlin'? I ain't laid a finger on 'im. (Magnanimously.) I've no wish to 'inder 'im from going wherever he likes, so long as he pays me fust!

Policeman—You've no right to touch the man, nor yet his bag; so be careful, that's all I tell you!

The Elderly Gentleman (with maudlin enthusiasm)—Pleeshman's perfectly ri'! Pleeshman always knowsh besht! (Tries to pat Policeman on back.)

Policeman (bis disgust reaching a climax)—'Ere, don't you go pawin' me about—for I won't 'ave it! If I'm right, it's more than what you are, anyhow! Now, be off with you, wherever it is you're going to!

Cabman (desperate)—But look 'ere—can't you take his name and address?

Policeman (rising to the occasion)—Ah! that's what I was waitin' for! Now you've ast me—now I kin act! (Pulls out a pocket-book full of dirty memoranda, and a stumpy pencil.) Now, then, sir, your name, if you please?

The Elderly Gentleman (sleepily)—Shtupid thing, a-do, but qui' forgot. . . . Come out 'thout mi name, 'shmornin'!

Policeman (sternly)—That won't do with me, you know. What's your name? Out with it!

The Elderly Gentleman (evidently making a wild shot at it)—Fergusson. (Smiles, as he feels sure the Policeman will be pleased with a name like that.)

Policeman—John? George? James?—or what?

The Elderly Gentleman—You can purr 'em all down t' me—it don't matter!

Policeman (briskly)—Where do you live, Mr. Fergusson?

The Elderly Gentleman (mechanically)—Shirly-one Lushington Street, Garglesbury Park.

Policeman (writing it down and giving leaf to cabman)—There, will that do for you?

Cabman—That's all I want. (To the Elderly Gentleman.) You'll 'ear from me later on.

The Elderly Gentleman (affectionately)—Alwaysh pleash'd shee you, any time. . . . Pleeshman, too. . . . Shorry can't shtop—mos' 'portant bishniss!

Policeman—Which way do you want to go?

The Elderly Gentleman—Earsh Court.

Policeman—Then get there, if you're capable of it. And now, you boys, clear the road, will you?

(The Elderly Gentleman, smiling in the full conviction of having extricated himself from a difficult situation with consummate tact and diplomacy, goes off unsteadily in the direction of Piccadilly, accompanied by a suite of small boys, who have kindly resolved to see him through any further adventures which may await his progress. The Cabman remains to discuss the affair at great length on the kerb-stone. The Policeman paces slowly on, conscious that he has worthily maintained the dignity of his office.)—*Punch.*

Swinging Doors and Health.

The fear has often been expressed that business-men will, in the course of not many generations, become weak and puny because they take no exercise. So far as those of them who live in suburban towns are concerned, the apprehension is groundless, as the daily chase for the train effectually prevents their deteriorating physically. With those living in New York and Brooklyn, however, the case is different, and the theory that men will in a century or two become narrow-chested, spindle-shanked, and thin-armed would be plausible indeed were it not for the architects of the city. These men, with the spirit of true philanthropists, have provided all the office buildings, hotels, and large stores, and not a few residences, with a gymnastic apparatus that forces all business and professional men to take a certain amount of exercise daily. Their ingenuity has not been less remarkable than their motives have been commendable.

Understanding that few men would put themselves to any exertion with the deliberate intention of benefiting their physical selves, the architects hit upon the idea of biding the real nature of the machines by making them in the form of apparent necessities. The door, being an indispensable part of every house, was decided to be the most eligible guise for their lung-and-muscle-developing apparatus. Accordingly, swinging doors are made in such a way that men will derive the greatest benefit from them. Instead of being constructed of light materials, as might have been expected, they are generally made of a weight which suggests a mediæval castle in constant fear of besiegers with big battering-rams. When the door itself is not heavy, extra strong steel springs are put on it, so that the same result is achieved.

When one stops to think, he will see how much more effective is this apparatus than dumb-bells, chest-weights, or Indian clubs would be. In the first place, a strong muscular effort is required to shove or pull the door open, and the strain falls not only on the arm, but on the chest, back, and legs as well. Then, one learns agility in avoiding being hit by the door as it is allowed to swing back by the man ahead. The architects have greatly added to the opportunities for learning to be quick by having three sets of swinging doors on most buildings. On residences there is only one, but occasionally a structure will have four lines of these fortifications, and this keeps up the average.

To get through the successive rows of ponderously swinging masses of wood is worth as much to a man physically as a bout with a champion boxer or a five minutes' participation in a foot-ball match, and is really not so dangerous, for a broken nose or arm results only in rare cases. Another advantage in favor of the swinging-doors is that when a man is worn out from encounters with them, or is ill, he can wait until some one comes along, and can, if he is skillful, slip through the doors behind him without having to push one of them or being struck. In a prize-fight or foot-ball game, on the other hand, a man would be branded a coward if he gave in before time was called or he was carried from the field or ring disabled.

The citizens of New York who are interested in the welfare of the human race owe a great debt to the architects of the city. Let there be a recognition of this fact.—*New York Tribune.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

A MAINE MARTYR.

"Well, well," said Elder Berry, holding up both hands; "I can't—I really can't believe it. Right in a Prohibition State, right here in Portland, Maine!"

"Sorry to say it is a fact," said Mr. Pompano, gravely; "just put on your bat, elder, and I'll show you one of these sink-holes of iniquity that disgrace our fair town."

In a few minutes Mr. Pompano had piloted Elder Berry into the ante-room of a cigar-store.

"Rock and rye," said Mr. Pompano.

"Um—sarsaparilla," said the elder.

"There," said Pompano, smacking his lips as they came out, "that was genuine, good old rye, as the rummies say."

"I noticed the odor," said the elder, reflectively; "I think—that is, don't you think—if we pursue our investigations, that I had better take a small glass of the cursed stuff at the next sink?"

"As a convincing proof of—"

"Exactly. When I return to Iowa I shall, of course, expose this iniquity, and I must be prepared to prove, see?"

"Yes, I see. Well, here's another sink-hole, under the guise of a restaurant, this time."

"Dear me," sighed the elder, as the wretched proprietor set out a fat bottle; "it's rye; no! bourbon. Well, here's look—oh, it's dreadful, dreadful!"

"Pretty fair stuff, I call it," said Mr. Pompano, tossing off three fingers; "by the way, Jacob, do you remember in '52 in Bangor, when you and I were boys, long before there was any of this da—er—before the cause had taken root, how we used to lay in a quart jug of rum every Saturday night, and—"

"And drink it before Monday morning? Ah, yes, William, I remember those wretched days. Shall we—"

"Well, I don't care if I do."

When they came out, Elder Berry was very brisk and his step was light.

"Let us see this thing through," he said, sternly; "do you know of any other place where this liquid damnation is vended?"

"Know 'em!" ejaculated Mr. Pompano; "I should say I did. I'm on the committee to accumulate evidence against the day when we will rise and sweep the last vestige of the vile traffic out of our fair State. I tell you, elder, the people are becoming aroused on this question, and—ab! here is the photographers."

"But," persisted Elder Berry, "I do not desire a tintype."

"Merely a blind, another cloak for vice, elder," said Mr. Pompano, with a sad smile; "but I must warn you. He handles only rum; perhaps you don't like rum."

"It makes no difference," replied the elder, firmly; "I said I would see this thing through and I will."

When they came down-stairs, Mr. Pompano bad his hat far back on his head and the elder insisted on treating to cigars.

"I'm 'stonished, Bill," he said, very forcibly; "I'd no idea that the cus—course of rum had such a bold on 'Portland peoplesh. It's terrible."

"That's wash the matter," said Mr. Pompano, absently sipping fire to his beard.

"It is that," said the elder, in an unnecessarily high voice; "another shink across there?"

"Yesh," said Mr. Pompano; "come along, Jake."

* * * * *

At about eleven o'clock that night, Mr. Pompano and Elder Berry drew up in front of the Metawampscrogin House and began to bid each other goodbye in affectionate terms.

"Goo' ni'," said Mr. Pompano, finally, with awful dignity; "see you in morn—hic."

"Oh, itsh ter'ble, ter'ble," said the elder, hysterically; "never saw I'd live to shee thisb day. Cush o' rum."

"So tish—cush o' rum," returned Mr. Pompano, leaning heavily against the doorway; "I'm goin' home to write to papersh, goin' write to *Voish*, in New Yawk, an' denounceh traffic. Goo' ni'."

"Goo'," said the elder, feebly, as he was waved farewell to his friend.

"Old gent has a comfortable jag on," remarked the irreverent porter to the night-clerk.

"Yaas," yawned the clerk; "been testing the Maine law—better give him a hand."

But the elder, who was laboriously going upstairs, repelled the servitor rudely: "G'way! Cush o' rum in Pawtle, ter'ble cush—whoop!"

"You'd better let me help you, sir."

"Gawn, now," said the elder, with dignity; "I kin lick any man in Pawtle—lesh have annozer—cush o' rum—whoop!"

The clerk and porter waited until they heard a dull thud in the upper hall, and then they exchanged an elaborate wink.—*Time.*

On Monday, February 10th, a new bank was opened in this city at 33 Post Street, between Kearny and Montgomery, in handsome quarters fitted up especially for the purpose. The new institution is the Mutual Savings Bank, of which James G. Fair is president; James Phelan, first vice-president; and S. G. Murphy, second vice-president. The board of directors is composed of the following gentlemen: Edward Barron, James Moffitt, J. A. Hooper, C. G. Hooker, Charles Cadwalader, and James D. Phelan. James A. Thompson, who for the past two years has been bank commissioner, has been appointed cashier. The authorized capital is one million dollars—ten per cent. of which has been paid in, and all of it has been subscribed for by Messrs. Fair, Phelan, and other wealthy citizens.

Umphstein—"Gif me a dicket to Cheecago. How mooch?" *Agent*—"Excursion?" *Umphstein*—"Vell, yes. I'm going to spend Fasd Day mit my vrends. It vos an excursion, but no pignics."—*Puck.*

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"Dr. S. T.," Argonaut Office.

The Fifty-third semi-annual term of the URBAN SCHOOL

At 1017 Hyde Street, Will begin on Monday, January 6, 1890.

NATHAN W. MOORE, Principal.

A graduate of this school gained nine honors in the last Harvard examination held in this city. A candidate, prepared by the mathematical teacher of this school, won the highest standing in the recent California competitive examination for West Point.

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WILL OPEN IN THE NEW BUILDING,

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Your Druggist has it.

THE FRENCH BALL.

Mr. Hyde goes there with his Friend, Dr. Jekyll.

"Let us go to the French ball together," said young Mr. Hyde last night to his constant companion and much-respected friend, old Dr. Jekyll. They had just finished a large, fat, expensive supper, they were feeling at peace with their creditors, and were in such a condition of contentment that if they had made their wills then they would have left everybody something.

"There is plenty of time," temporized Dr. Jekyll; "it is only eleven."

"That's when the ball opens," urged Mr. Hyde; "let's go."

A large, fat policeman, whose fatness alone prevented his freezing to death, barred their entrance to the Opera House. It was after twelve, he said, and the doors were closed. Dr. Jekyll had wanted not to go, and breathed a sigh of relief; but young Hyde only pulled out a large, pleasing roll and shook hands with the fat policeman. The fat policeman opened the door, and said to the man on the inside:

"Friends of mine, Jim; gentlemen been out to get a drink."

"Well, where do I come in?" asked Jim.

Mr. Hyde shook hands with Jim also, and Jim said: "All right, gents; step in lively, now."

A gentleman of the Court of Louis Quatorze took their tickets and shook his head mournfully. Then he swayed forward and told them to give the tickets to the man at the other door, who also swayed and took them, and shook his head sadly. Dr. Jekyll felt conscious that everybody was looking at him, and wished he had not come, but young Hyde seemed filled with a frenzy of delight. He clasped the older man's arm, and hissed out:

"Do you hear the music? Do you see those dominoes? The faces of beautiful women are concealed beneath those flimsy barriers of silk and lace. The hour is ours!"

A colored gentleman, who also swayed, pulled them out of their coats and mashed their high hats inside those coats, and charged them a quarter.

"Now," said Hyde, with a fiendish light in his eyes, "we are free."

Everybody seemed to sway.

It really looked as if the dancing-floor was the deck of a steamship in a high sea.

A young woman, in a jockey's suit, swayed against Dr. Jekyll and said: "Excuse me, the floor's that slippery!"

"Don't mention it," said the polite doctor.

"Ah, there!" said Mr. Hyde.

"I don't seem to see anybody I ever saw before," remarked Dr. Jekyll, as he peered in, in a frightened way, through his spectacles, "or that I ever want to see again," he added to himself.

Yet there were a great many people there. Some were in evening dress, with silk lilies of the valley embroidered on their shirt-fronts and white-satin ties. These seemed to be having a very large time.

Others had no lilies on their shirt-bosoms, but in their buttonholes instead, and wore velvet collars. The doctor remembered having seen their faces at club windows. They seemed rather bored and out of it.

There were all classes at the ball. The Four Hundred met on the same floor with the lower ten thousand.

The ladies changed partners frequently; they wore marvelous costumes. Some of the ladies wore their sealskin sacques and bonnets.

"There's fun in the wine-room," said young Hyde; "come on."

The wine-room was filled with smoke, and so slippery with spilled champagne that the waiters wore india-rubber shoes to keep from catching cold.

The ladies smoked cigarettes here and hugged the few remaining bottles of champagne which were left to them. As the chance of getting anything to drink grew smaller, Mr. Hyde's desire for drink became greater.

A waiter whispered to him that if he bought a wine-check for four dollars and gave the waiter one, he could have a quart.

Mr. Hyde advanced the five and the waiter disappeared and stayed "disappeared" all the rest of the evening. His conduct made Hyde morose. Around the bar down-stairs were three melancholy policemen.

They watched a few maddened individuals tempting Providence by drinking "soft drinks" and pretending to like them. One young lady, in a sailor suit, stood on a chair and sang "Since Annie Larn to Play," with much expression. The people applauded her loudly, and a young man—doubtless her brother—kissed her and said she was the belle of the ball, and she said: "I'm a daisy, but no dude, and if some of you don't give me a cigarette, I'll have a fit."

Dr. Jekyll did not wait to see whether she had the fit or the cigarette, but pulled Mr. Hyde out into the lobby.

"This is Mrs. Astor's box," said Dr. Jekyll, with awe, as he pointed to the card on the door of the anteroom to one of the boxes; "let's go around on the floor and see what she looks like."

The lady in the box wore diamonds that were worth fortunes.

Dr. Jekyll had never seen Mrs. Astor, but he had read of her diamonds.

"I wonder if that is she?" he soliloquized.

Then the lady leaned over the box-rail and waved her fan so frantically at a younger lady waltzing and swaying past that her diamonds glittered and radiated.

"You, Mame," she cried; "Mame, shake that fellow and come up here; there's a particular gentleman friend of yours wants to see you."

Dr. Jekyll sadly shook his head. He knew by intuition that it was not Mrs. Astor.

But the occupants of the boxes really bore themselves very well, and with many bows and smiles and graces. Very grandly the ladies rose to receive the gentlemen who came in, rather boisterously, perhaps, to call on them. They did not make much more noise than the owners of the boxes do on opera nights. Their gowns were not cut any lower and their diamonds were certainly in no worse taste. And the colored maids in French caps gave such an air of evident respectability to the boxes.

The dancing on the floor became peculiar as the night grew older. It was all the fault of the music. No one could keep still when the band played "We've All Been There Before" and "La Gitana."

The people began to form into little rings around frisky young men, who kicked and gyrated and shuffled.

Equally charming girls kicked too, and one in a gypsy's costume kicked her slipper off, and six men put it on for her. They were really a very harmless crowd, and so very good-natured. Even Dr. Jekyll

would admit that. There were no high voices, no angry and heated expressions of a desire to see some one outside, no "Never you mind, I'll fix you." It was fun—fun that comes from champagne and a low variety of music very well played.

Mr. Hyde had vanished.

When Dr. Jekyll ran against him again, the wicked Hyde was balancing himself against the dining-room door, bowing gravely to every one who entered, and hoping they had had a good time, and saying that it was so good of them to come. He was under the impression that he was giving the ball in place of Mr. McAllister.

Dr. Jekyll got the best of the high hats that were left and his own overcoat, minus the cape, and stepped out into the cold gray morning to be received with desperate enthusiasm by a procession of cab-drivers.

The first horse-car was coming briskly up Broadway and the milk carts were rattling by over the stones.

A young woman in a costume of sunny Spain stood shivering on the corner, while her escort tried to persuade the cabman to drive them to Harlem for one dollar.

"It's all I got," he explained.

"Two dollars or nothing," said the cabbie.

"Then we'll walk, Mary," said the young man.

"Oh, laws," said Mary, "I got the grip now!"

"Allow me," said Dr. Jekyll.

Mary said Jekyll was a thorough-bred, and the young man said he was much obliged.

At ten this morning the doctor was holding a patient's pulse, and Mr. Hyde was dreaming that a police officer was hammering an iron ring around his aching head.—*Evening Sun.*

Every advertisement in the sixteen thousand newspapers in the United States discloses some phase of human nature or awakens a material interest.—*Inland Printer.*

It is all very well to be able honestly to say that you have the best goods in the market, but the manner in which you will tell that big and truthful fact is as great a thing.—*St. Louis Artist Printer.*

The advertisement which describes the article, its quality and price, is an unmixed blessing, saving time and bother to the prudent buyer, and protecting the careless one from many blunders and impositions.—*John Manning.*

The great point is to put your announcements in such a shape that people will read them for their own intrinsic worth. Most of the community are more or less interested in your wares, but they won't bear of them if you don't take pains to tell them of it in an entertaining manner.—*Art in Advertising.*

The strongest interest is taken in those advertisements whose salient features can be taken in at a glance. An intelligent public quickly rebels against those advertisements which are one piece of bumbog, or those weary arrays of diluted facts, or trashy, hollow-sounding, descriptive matter. Some advertisers seem to be too fond of their literary children to cut off any part of what they believe to be their fair proportions, but which outsiders, not being so infatuated, treat as mere superfluities, disfiguring oftentimes the whole. Help is needed in two directions to produce a perfect advertisement. An eye for effect is needed, so as to insure the advertisement being made the most of as regards display; then a clear, deep insight is necessary in order to make the announcement so telling as to convince those inclined to disregard it, while at the same time it does not raise hopes which only have time to broaden before they are permanently shattered.

THE CALIFORNIA Savings and Loan Society

CORNER OF EDDY AND POWELL STS.

Savings Bank deposits received, and interest paid on same semi-annually, in January and July. Rates of interest for last term: **5.58%** on term deposits; and **4.65%** on ordinary deposits, free of tax. Deposits received from one dollar upwards. Open Saturday evenings.

WILL I. PIXLEY, Stocks, Bonds, & Real Estate

213 Grant Avenue,

AGENT FOR
"BROWN'S MULE" STEAM WELL-BORING CO., of Tulare.
MIKADO FRUIT AND RAISIN CO., of Fresno.

BONESTELL AND CO.
PAPER WAREHOUSE
401 & 403 SANSOME ST., S. F.
IMPORTERS OF ALL KINDS OF
PRINTING AND WRAPPING PAPERS

WANTS.

\$75.00 to \$250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va.

SAUSALITO-SAN RAFAEL-SAN QUENTIN

via NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, October 13, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:20, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 4:50, 6:10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 5:05, 6:30, P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 7:45, 9:20, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 4:55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50 A. M.; 12:00 M.; 3:30, 5:00 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6:25 P. M.

Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:30, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:45, 10:35 A. M.; 12:45, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7:05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11:00 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12:25 P. M.

1:30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.

8:00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 6:15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tamale, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.

Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Point Reyes, \$1.75.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Jan. 1, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 12:45 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax.	5:45 P.
8:00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles.	11:15 A.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Iowa, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	5:45 P.
10:30 A.	Haywards and Niles.	* 2:15 P.
* 12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 3:45 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	* 6:00 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
3:30 P.	2d class Ogden and East.	10:45 P.
4:00 P.	Stockton and Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis.	10:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and San José.	* 4:15 P.
5:30 P.	Haywards and Niles.	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Santa Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	7:45 A.
8:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

3:00 A.	Hunters' train to San José.	7:20 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Colfax, and San José.	5:50 P.
* 2:15 P.	Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	* 11:50 A.
4:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	9:50 A.
	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos.	

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:25 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:30 P.
8:30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations.	6:12 P.
10:30 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:02 P.
12:01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3:38 P.
* 3:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	* 10:00 A.
* 4:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 7:58 A.
5:20 P.	San José and Way Stations.	9:03 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	† 7:28 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. † Sundays only. * Saturdays excepted.
** Mondays excepted.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Broun's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world. Draw drawn on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Göteborg, Christiania, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, March 17, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

Leave San Francisco.		DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.	
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	6:10 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
		Hopland and Ukiah.		6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	6:10 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.		Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	6:10 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.		6:10 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.		6:10 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.		6:10 P. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	8:00 A. M.		6:10 P. M.	6:05 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, Sebastopol, and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, and at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs, and at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Willits, Cahto, Capella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Litton Springs, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Guerneville, \$8.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Litton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 3:30, 5, 6:15 P. M.; Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 5, 6:20 P. M.

To San Francisco from San Rafael: Week Days—6:20, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40 A. M.; 12:15, 3:40, 5:30 P. M.

To San Francisco from Point Tiburon. Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.; Sundays—8:40, 10:10 A. M.; 12:40, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.

On Saturdays an extra trip will be made from San Francisco to San Rafael, leaving at 1:40 P. M.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.
PETER J. MCGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
Ticket Offices at Ferry, 222 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 3 o'clock P. M., for:

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1890.

Gaelic.....Thursday, February 27
Belgie.....Saturday, March 22
Oceanic.....Tuesday, April 15

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No. 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA City of Sydney, Thursday, Feb. 13, at 4 P. M.

Taking freight and passengers direct for Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, La Libertad, and Panama, and via Acapulco for all lower Mexican and Central American ports.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama: City of Rio de Janeiro, Feb. 15, at 3 P. M.

China, Tuesday, March 11, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking, Thursday, April 3, at 3 P. M.

Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & Co., Gen. Agents.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Feb. 19.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket office, 214 Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, San Francisco.

26th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1890

Home Mutual Insurance Co.

No. 216 Sansome Street.
Capital (Paid up in Gold).....\$300,000 00
Net Surplus (over everything).....244,884.41

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. L. N. SHEPARD
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY
GENERAL AGENT.....ROBERT H. MAGILL

London Assurance Corporation

Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720.
Northern Assurance Company
Of London. Established 1836.

Queen Insurance Company

Of Liverpool. Established 1857.
Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.
Of Hartford, Conn.

ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.
South-east corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Capital and Surplus.....\$1,694,805.04
Directors:
LLOYD TEVIS, President; J. J. VALENTINE, Vice-Prest.
Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Charles F. E. Gray, C. F. Crocker.
H. WAGSWORTH, Cashier.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.



"William Tell," as an opera, takes a somewhat similar place to "Coriolanus," as a play. It celebrates with sombre and imposing harmonies the patriot's love of country, his lofty self-immolation, his almost inspired devotion to his fatherland. No softer emotions have room here—or, if they do, are tempered with the sternness which brooded on the times. Arnoldo, loving Mathilde, yet renounces her for the patria, which to the Swiss has ever been dearer than life. William Tell, refusing to doff his cap to the hated symbol on the pole, is condemned to shoot the apple from his son's head, and does it in the spirit of ecstatic heroism which drove Joseph Winkelried upon the enemies' spears. All through the opera it throbs, not with the hurry and thrill and fierce clash of war, but with a solemn, fateful, steadiness of purpose—it is the hush before the outbreak, the moment of calm before the tempest. The Swiss goes to the service of his country as one who is consecrated to a holy life.

To the interpretation of the character of Arnoldo, with all its savage force, its concentrated power, its passionate love of country, comes Signor Tamagno, with the noblest voice it has ever been our fortune to hear—a voice astounding, amazing, prodigious, perfect in its smoothness and finish, passionate yet never sweet, stirring yet unsympathetic in its brazen magnificence, rich, resonant, dramatic, yet without poetry or sentiment. The qualities of this wonderful voice astound, stagger, bewilder. As those great, thunderous notes come pouring on each other, climbing to the stars, note crowding on note, each richer, stronger, clearer than before, as if they burst outward from an inexhaustible, uncontrollable reservoir of sound, thrilled through with a clear, keen reverberance like the tingling of smitten strings—the listener stands confounded before that blast of harmony.

It is a voice essentially dramatic—made for the expression of all that is noble and spirited and stirring. No softness, no sweetness, no tenderness cling about it. It is a voice to stir the blood and not to touch the heart, martial as a trumpet-call, inspiring as the blast of the bugle to the war-horse—the voice of a soldier, a patriot, a hero, as it rises above the chorus of excited Swiss and makes the stars tremble by its metallic might. In its strength there is something sinewy, in its force a proud virility, in its power a defiant hardness. Even in the impassioned rendering of "Ah, Mathilde, io t'amo," there was noticeable an impotent rage against fate rather than a tender regret. With this tremendous volume of voice thoroughly at his command, Signor Tamagno sings with all the fire of the Italian—a fire which seems to burst out only when he vocalizes, between whiles dying down to a faint flicker. From standing in an attitude of thoughtful ease, he can suddenly plunge into the whirlwind of patriotic ecstasy that characterized his rendering of "Al campo solo," which, completed, he as suddenly regains his normal calm. This type—the Italian type—of the dramatic singer is in singularly sharp contrast to the German, who goes solemnly to his work, animated by a ponderous fervor. He never reaches the heights of impassioned enthusiasm which the Italian constantly touches, but his whole performance is of a uniform intensity, carefully rounded, thoughtfully tempered, but rarely brilliant or richly picturesque.

The character and music of Arnoldo are so exactly suited to the dramatic and vocal acquirements of Signor Tamagno, that it is not surprising the company selected this opera to open with, though, to the majority of opera-goers, it appears somewhat old-fashioned and severe for the brilliant and florid Rossini. The music has caught the spirit of the times, and burns with a steady fire of earnestness and rigid sincerity. All the frills and furbelows with which Rossini was so fond of decorating his masterpieces are absent, and shorn of such garnishings the score seems cold and unfamiliar. Used as we are, too, to the more complete and well-formed operas which have sprung up under the influence of the Wagner school, Rossini, and the great spirits of his day, seem now grown suddenly old and infirm. Their brilliancy is the brilliancy not of a past but of a passing epoch. When the song-birds of the day, with the peerless Patti at their head, have folded their wings and grown mute, who will there be to keep Rossini's memory green and bind laurels on the brow of Donizetti?

As a concession to popular taste, a ballet is always introduced into grand opera, and no European, even of the present day, will consider his opera perfect without the appearance of the corps of agile corymbes. At the same time, there comes a tide in the affairs of man when even a ballet can be

malapropos. This is particularly the case with "William Tell." Could anything be more incongruous than the sudden appearance, in the first act, of that attenuated band, in their little cut-away coats and gauze skirts? Here—in the mountain-girdled heart of Switzerland, by the borders of Lake Lucerne, in the midst of a community groaning under a tyrant's yoke, with their minds fully occupied in the supreme effort of casting it off—come tripping in a lightsome band, clad in a costume never seen before or since by mortal eyes, and proceed to execute some airy evolutions in which they are ably seconded by a large and majestic lady, coolly arrayed in white tulle and blue ribbons, and showing a muscular development that might win the envy of a professional athlete. Better no ballet at all than a ballet so humorously out of place or a ballet so inadequate to the requirements of the occasion.

If in "William Tell" we hear Rossini in a somewhat unfamiliar strain—a severe, sincere, earnest strain, most unlike his usual flowery exuberance—in "Semiramide" we have him in his richest, most luxuriant, florid-Gothic style. Here trills, and runs, and dazzling showers of notes are scattered with a sumptuous prodigality. Never was opera more ornate, more lavishly garnished with pearly drops of melody, more trimmed, decked, and ornamented, as if the composer in a burst of irrepressible joy had poured the effervescence of his musical vitality out over it in a seething flood. He seems to have been intoxicated with the rapturous joy of composition and to have played with the score, making its dry branches blossom thickly from stem to tip with delicate blooms. Even the male singers, with their unelastic, deep-seated voices, have to climb up and down the scale with an agility and lightness which is almost more than they can manage.

And yet—alas for the mutability of human taste!—to most people—all but those intensely musical Italians and French whose love for Bellini and Donizetti can survive the blasting flight of time—Rossini is *passé*. Stars of melody, such as the "Giorno d'Orrore," queens of song, such as Adeline Patti, keep him still green in the public's heart. But, not the less, his era is past. Not that he is less beautiful, but that taste has changed. Operatic art is progressive—not as a science is progressive in a steady, impassive, regular march, like the progress of the glaciers, but in sudden jerks. A great, new star swims up above the horizon and its white light falls into undiscovered places, and the face of the country is seen to have changed. We dwellers in the last half of the nineteenth century are a set of iconoclasts in our feverish modernness. We give only a passing tribute of respect to the memory of the great genius whose laurel wreaths are withering and crumbling away, to pass on to the new one whose melodies chime in with our spirits, but whose existence was only made a possibility by the fact that his predecessor once lived, and worked, and won applause as he won. And yet we turn from these great patriarchs of the operatic drama with the thought: They have lived their allotted time, they have accomplished their mission, their usefulness is done.

It is hard to say anything new of Mme. Patti. She is still the matchless one, the Queen of Song. If—as it is said—she has lost in her upper notes, her lower ones have only gained an additional richness and purity. All the delicacy of shading, the flawless finish, the limpid sweetness of tone are there as of old. When this wonderful bird-voice, with its showers of crystal notes, is silenced, who will take its place? Will there ever be another? Mme. Patti is said to be the pupil of *Le Bon Dieu*, her art came to her as naturally as the perfume to the rose. Sprung from a race of singers and musicians, she breathed in music from the air about her, and could sing, they say, as well when she was in short-frocks and wild, black curls as she does now. It comes to her as it does to the bird—the voice still so suggests bird-music that listening to its rippling runs and shakes one recalls the Irish legends of little girls who learned bird-lore and bird-language in the woods—bird-like too in its utter insouciance, its untouched gayety, its almost indifferent vivacity. It is such a voice as one imagines a nymph or a dryad might have, who, from pure lightness of heart, sang in cool, green woody places, mossed and specked with sun-spots, her heaviest labor to find moist, shady coverts when the sun was hot, or weave wreaths from wild grape-leaves and twine them in "her amber-dropping hair."

Mme. Patti's appearance is quite as remarkable as her singing. Roughly, one might say she is twenty-five. Her auburn hair, held in place by a gigantic crown, which makes one understand why the general wearing of crowns fell into desuetude among royal ladies, is becoming and lends a softening charm to her nymphet face. She is as gay, as coquettish as ever, as ready to establish with her audience relations of confidential friendliness—the peculiar charm which, quite apart from her singing, has made her so beloved of the public heart. La Diva's smiles of gratitude toward the "gods" are no less confidently merry than those to which she treats the crowned heads, when the eyes of the crowned heads have the fortune to see her, their ears the luck to hear her.

Of the other members of the company, Signor Castelmaly has a fine basso, which he uses with good effect, and Signora Fabbri is a painstaking and thoughtful contralto. Her voice is more remarkable for its careful cultivation than for its intrinsic beauty,

and her performance of Arsace was marked by an earnestness and concentration which added greatly to its general power. Moreover, Signora Fabbri had quite a manly air, and seemed both self-confident and cool. Her fine dark face, with its expressive eyes, looked well under the helmet.

G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Franz Vetta is the husband of Lizzie Macnichol, who has lately come up on the lyric horizon.

Frederick Warde will play Belphegor in "The Mountebank" next week. The rôle is one of his best.

Patti is to sing at both Saturday matinees—in "Sonnambula" to-day and in "Traviata" next week.

The Gaillards, Francis and Alice, of the "Said Pasha" troupe, used to sing in the Bouffes Parisiennes, in Paris.

Mme. Patti will sing in "Lucia" on Tuesday night and in "Martha" on Thursday night, in addition to the matinees.

"Wicked London" has suited the jaded palate of the lover of melodrama, but it will be replaced next week by "Drink."

"Sbenandoah" has suffered but little from the unusual attraction the opera offers, and will doubtless have large audiences till the end of the engagement.

Richard Stahl, the composer of "Said Pasha," has written a new comic opera which will be produced in Philadelphia during the latter part of April. It is called "The Sea King."

Maggie Mitchell will make her reappearance here next week in "Ray," a little comedy which serves admirably to bring out her talents and which has been well received in Chicago.

In the first week in March the local theatres will show Sol Smith Russell in "A Poor Relation," W. S. Cleveland's Minstrels, "A Hole in the Ground," "A Tin Soldier," and "The Brigands."

Mme. Albani will sing with Tamagno in "The Huguenots" on Monday night, in the first local production of Boito's "Meisfotele" on Friday night, and again on Saturday night in some opera not yet announced.

In private life, Mme. Patti is Mrs. Nicolini, Mrs. Albani is Mrs. Ernest Gye, Mme. Nordica is Mrs. Gower (formerly Lillian Norton), Mme. Giulia Valda is Mrs. Cameron (formerly Julia Wheelock), and Signor Perugini is John Chatterton.

The Nye-Riley combination has been broken by Major Pond, who managed their lecture tour. The reason is said to lie in the Hoosier poet's excessive conviviality. Bill Nye, however, will continue his tour, and will be in this city early in next month.

Letty Aldrich, who went East to go on the professional stage soon after her appearance with amateurs in "Pygmalion and Galatea," at Platt's Hall, and who made a successful debut in Washington a few months ago, is to appear here in June in a company of her own.

In the Eastern cities where the Kiralfy show has played recently, Señiorita Carmencita has been practically the only attraction—in its literal, not its euphemistic theatrical sense—and she is dancing this week at Koster & Bial's in New York. The Kiralfy snap has snapped, apparently.

Lilian Lamson, a tall young woman whose pretty frown and grenadier stride are a frequent and not unpleasant sight on Kearny and Market Streets of an afternoon, will make her debut in "Romeo and Juliet" at a special matinee at the California Theatre next Wednesday afternoon.

Edward Harrigan is to have a new theatre in New York, where he will continue the sketches of Irish-American life which brought him fame and fortune. Johnny Wild, the Jeff's son Putnam of "The Leather Patch," will probably give up his partnership with Dan Collier—who goes to Augustin Daly—and return to Harrigan's company.

The annual masquerade ball of the Verein Eintracht will take place at the Mechanics' Pavilion on Saturday evening, February 22d. An elaborate pageant will represent "The Four Seasons." Four hundred and fifty persons in rich costumes will take the characters, and a number of large "floats" will figure in the procession, which begins at nine p. m.

If an Eastern paper is to be believed, Mr. Palmer is losing money at the rate of more than two hundred dollars a week on "The Gondoliers" in New York, while John Stetson, who has leased the rights to the opera in Philadelphia, is making at least five hundred dollars a week. It is barely possible that these figures, if presented to D'Oyley Carte, might persuade that gentleman that the English company he sent to New York is not a success.

Mme. Lillian Nordica—a native of Boston—will make her first appearance this season in "Aida," this evening, singing the title rôle to Tamagno's Rhadames. She sang in this city for the first time four years ago in Mapleson's third company, and the favorable impression she then made will be repeated, if we may judge by her success in Mexico and Chicago. She sings with Tamagno again on Wednesday evening in "L'Africaine."

Last Monday night, when the opera company opened at the Grand Opera House, was exactly three years after that memorable night in the Patti concert season when a socialistic crank, Dr. James Hodges, attempted to hurl a bomb at Mme. Patti at the conclusion of an aria from the mad scene of "Lucia di Lammermoor." Hodges was sentenced to two years at San Quentin, and, after his release, attempted suicide. He was prevented from accomplishing his purpose, and is now an inmate of the insane asylum at Stockton.

People are used to regard South America as a land where all are beggars, where the people could, as in Thackeray's "Corsica," "live by taking in each other's washing"—if they ever indulge in such a luxury. But Henry Abbey's account-book puts quite another face on the matter. During the Patti season of twenty-four nights in Buenos Ayres, when a dollar was worth seventy cents in American money, these South Americans paid \$371,000 to hear her sing, which was \$1,000 a night at \$20 a seat. For Bernhard, \$12 a seat was charged, clearing \$183,488.80 in thirty-one nights in Buenos Ayres; in Brazil, she cleared \$80,000 in twenty-five performances;

at Montevideo, \$30,000 for nine; in Chile, \$123,124 for twenty-seven; in Panama, \$12,000 for three; in Lima, \$38,000 for twelve; in Havana, \$92,014 for fifteen; in the city of Mexico, \$43,521 for fifteen; and in Guayaquil, in Ecuador, \$14,000 for five. Coquelin and Hading brought \$45,000 in twenty nights in Rio, and \$136,000 in thirty-eight performances in Buenos Ayres.

The benefit of the Press Club at the Grand Opera House on Friday afternoon offered an excellent programme, and was a financial as well as an artistic success. The curtain was raised at half-past one, owing to the length of the programme, which included songs by Mme. Albani and Signor Perugini; the forum scene from "Virginius," by Frederick Warde and his company; the second act of "Said Pasha," by the California Opera Company; scenes from "Sbenandoah"; an overture by the orchestra of the Chinese theatre; and various contributions of talent by Manager John Maguire, Alvah Salmon, and others.

Stephen Leach, the Nestor of dramatic art in this city—who has been prominent in theatrical circles here almost ever since San Francisco had a theatre—is now stricken in years and his necessities are active, present, and pressing. His friends have organized a benefit for him, to which the Bohemian Club lends its name, and a host of volunteers have offered their services. Thursday, February 27th, has been chosen as the date of the event, and Odd Fellows' Hall as the place. Tickets may be procured of the secretary of the Bohemian Club, or at the music-stores.

A correspondent in Los Angeles objects to the statement recently made in this column that Los Angeles is busted since the boom, because the Angeles would not subscribe for one night of grand opera with Patti. He writes that the management insisted on three nights or nothing—only one night of which Patti was to appear—and with eighteen thousand dollars guaranteed for the three performances, or eighteen dollars per ticket. The citizens were willing to subscribe ten or twelve thousand dollars for Patti alone in opera, and could easily have raised that sum had it proved a sufficient inducement.

Tamagno was born in Turin, Italy, in 1851. He made his debut in opera at the Bellini Theatre, Palermo, in "Un Ballo in Maschera," and was at once recognized as a singer of extraordinary ability. He afterwards sang at Venice and in all the principal theatres of Italy. During an engagement in Milan in 1880, while singing in Verdi's "Ermani," the public, amazed by the superb power and sympathetic quality of his voice, bestowed on him the title "tenor of the first rank," an honor rarely accorded in that music-loving city. His first appearance before an English audience was in the character of "Otello" at the Lyceum Theatre, London, July 4, 1889.

More elegant costumes than Mme. Albani wore Wednesday evening in "Otello" have never been seen in this city. They are copies from old paintings now in the Kensington Museum in London. In the first act, Albani wore a gorgeous train of pink satin, brocaded with silver. Under this train she wore a pink-velvet skirt, embroidered with pearls; the entire dress trimmed with old lace. A green cap and bag, trimmed with pearls, went with the toilet. The dress for the second act was a magnificent blue-brocaded satin, looped up on the left side over a pale-yellow satin skirt, richly embroidered with silver and pearls. The handkerchief, that plays so noted a part, is one purchased for the part. It is of the softest India silk, perfectly plain. Among her rich jewels is the Jubilee brooch of diamonds, a gift from the Queen of England. In the third act, Mme. Albani wore the richest of all her robes. It is of gold brocade entire, the front of scarlet velvet, covered with Venetian lace and edged with pearls; close sleeves of red velvet, covered with the lace. Over these were long sleeves of the gold brocade reaching to the floor. A bag of red velvet, with gold cords and tassels, was worn, and a coronet of diamonds and old pearls. In the fourth act, the dress was light-blue brocade over white satin, and the sleeping robe was of fine lace of old style.

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The number of playgoers eager to see Sara Bernhardt in "Joan of Arc" is almost unprecedented. The success of the piece is unquestioned, and in two days the receipts amounted to six thousand dollars.

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THE INNER MAN.

An invitation was recently sent by Mr. Edward Atkinson to a representative of *The Paper World* "to partake of a three-course lunch which will be prepared by my office-boy, who never cooked anything before, and which will be cooked with one lamp in the Aladdin oven, between the hours of eleven and two, during which period no one will be permitted to remain in the room." At the appointed hour, one woman and seven men, all wearing a somewhat anxious look, sat down at the table with Mr. Atkinson at the head. The office-boy, a bright-looking youth about sixteen years old, had seemed somewhat doubtful of the results of his efforts in the rôle of chef, and had reminded the guests several times that he did not know anything about cooking. This had not been at all reassuring; but fortunately the fears of the daring investigators were groundless. The menu was as follows:

Consommé.
Rock Eass, with its own Fish Sauce.
Chickens, Roasted Outside of some Apples.
Macaroni.
Escalloped Potatoes.
Baked Tomato.
Bird's-Nest Pudding.
Coffee.

Mr. Atkinson said that his guests would undoubtedly find that the chicken had an unusual flavor, as the method of cooking retained the juices and gave the meat more of the chicken taste. This proved true. The vegetables were, as a rule, cooked in a delicious way. The macaroni was not quite done—but this was merely an error of judgment in regard to the length of time it should remain in the oven. Some cold roast ham, which had been cooked some days before, was added to the luncheon, and all agreed that it surpassed any ham which they had ever before eaten. The bread which was served was also delicious, and, although one loaf had been cooked three or four days before, it was still soft and sweet. Taken all in all, Mr. Atkinson's luncheon was an unquestioned success; and if the untrained office-boy could achieve such results, what might not be expected with an experienced cook in charge of the culinary department and the Aladdin oven—made of paper pulp!

A physician lately said: "Most persons eat four times as much as they should." The proportion seemed pretty large, but an eminent British physician of a former generation said almost the same thing—that one-fourth of what we eat goes to sustain life, while three-fourths go to imperil it. Another physician wittily remarked that most people dig their own graves with their teeth. The foundation of the habit of over-eating is apt to be laid in childhood and youth, since the stomach then seems able to bear almost anything. There would be little danger of eating too much, if the food were always plain and simple; in that case, the natural appetite would be a safe and sufficient guide. The trouble is that the natural appetite is too often spoiled by cakes, pies, condiments, and highly seasoned food. Another source of dyspepsia is emotional waste of nervous force. In the normal condition of things, it is renewed as fast as it is used. But nature makes no provision for the immense amount expended by excessive care, by fuss and worry, by hurry and drive, by explosions of passion, and by the undue excitement of pleasure. All these are like a great leakage of steam. The stomach is the first and largest sharer in the loss. Another source is overwork of the brain. Brain-work is specially exhaustive of nerve-force, and the exhaustion is greatly increased by the fact that high intellectual activity gathers to itself a most delightful momentum, making a few hours of high-pressure work more productive than days of plodding. Moreover, a brain-worker generally neglects physical exercise and curtails sleep. He is like the careless engineer who, while driving at the highest speed, fails to supply the needed wood and water. He can not help being a dyspeptic. Another cause, which generally acts with all the others, is a lack of active exhilarating out-door exercise and recreation. Such exercise and recreation are absolutely essential. It is vastly easier to prevent dyspepsia than to cure it.

The "sauerkraut war," recently raging in Vienna, while it afforded great amusement to the public, became a source of much trouble and annoyance to the government. The sauerkraut manufacturers of Austria constitute a close corporation or guild, whose charter was granted to them, by the Empress Maria Theresa, a century and a half ago. According to the terms of this document, the manufacture of sauerkraut is limited to members of the guild in question, who, although wealthy, are relatively few, and the Austrian appetite for sauerkraut is every year becoming more enormous. A number of unlicensed manufacturers have sprung up on all sides, who contemptuously ignore the privileges of the guild and turn a deaf ear to its protests. Public sympathy, however, is altogether against the corporation, which has used its monopoly to keep up the price of sauerkraut, that pillar of the empire, which is devoured alike in palace and cottage. The guild has been unable to obtain justice in court, both judge and jury, as consumers of sauerkraut, being alike interested in the maintenance of a sufficient supply thereof to meet the demands of the market, and consequently opposed to the perpetuation of the monopoly. The members of the corporation have therefore drawn up a petition, which was presented to the emperor by a deputation of "sauerkrauters." His majesty finds himself in a quandary. For, while on the one hand popular sympathy is against the guild, the latter is clearly entitled, by the terms of its imperial charter, to the exclusive rights and privileges contained therein.

Theodore Childs says in *Harper's Bazar*, in answer to the question, "Can Women be Gourmets?" This is a question for women themselves to decide. In any case, the experience and practice of the epicure can only tolerate and never desire the presence of women at a serious dinner, where what is on the table is of more importance than what is around it. All true lovers of the table will agree with Grimod de la Reynière that "women, being small eaters, and always finding the time long at table, because it is there that least attention is paid them, ought to be banished from all scientific and solid repasts." This rule applies, of course, only to exceptional occasions, when learned theorists and masterly cooks combine their ideas and their skill with a view to producing some grand manifestation of the art of cooking. In the course of ordinary life, women will be always welcome, although, perhaps, after all, the Oriental usages in this matter are preferable in the interests of art.

REAL-ESTATE NOTES.

One of the most important real-estate sales ever held in San Francisco is announced to take place shortly. It will rank with—and probably above—the famous sales of the City Hall lots and the Donahue estate, each of which aggregated nearly a million of dollars. The sale referred to is the vendue of the real property belonging to the estate of the late Robert C. Johnson, which will be sold at auction on Thursday, February 27th, by McAfee, Baldwin, & Hammond. Among the more important pieces of property that will be offered are the two-story brick warehouse covering the fifty-vara lot on the south-east corner of Battery and Filbert Streets; four lots on the south-west corner of Battery and Pine Streets, with the new brick buildings recently erected thereon; a frame boarding-house of twenty-one rooms on Battery, between Broadway and Vallejo Streets; and the Florence House, on the north-west corner of Ellis and Powell Streets, now renting for \$375 a month, and passed by two lines of street-cars. The residence property includes the fifty-vara lot on the south-west corner of Leavenworth and O'Farrell Streets, with handsome modern three-story residence; three two-story and basement frame buildings on Geary Street, between Polk and Larkin; and the three-story brick residence at No. 19 South Park. The unimproved property is in large part so situated that a slight investment in the way of improvements will render it richly remunerative. It includes a vacant lot on Beale Street, between Folsom and Howard, now rented for \$150; fifty-vara lots on Golden Gate Avenue and Leavenworth Street, on Sansome and Filbert Streets, and two facing on Bush and Pine Streets respectively, between Buchanan and Laguna Streets, and a lot on Park Avenue facing the Larkin Street wing of the new city hall. Besides these are outside land blocks and lots offering unusual opportunities for speculation. Persons desirous of purchasing would do well to obtain catalogues and examine this property.

Senator Fair has offered the Masonic Hall Association \$450,000 for the "Temple" property on the corner of Post and Montgomery Streets.

The business of the insolvent firm of McAlester & Jones has been turned over to Easton, Eldridge & Co.

Another new theatre is shortly to be constructed, this one to form a part of the Doe building, on the gore lot at the junction of Hayes, Market, and Larkin Streets.

Among other buildings which are shortly to be contracted for is a young ladies' seminary building, Miss West owner, to cost \$75,000 and be situated on the east side of Van Ness Avenue, between Jackson and Pacific Streets.

A. H. Breed, for three years past actively engaged in the real-estate business in this city at 232 Montgomery Street, has formed a partnership with E. B. Pomroy, for many years a prominent attorney in Tucson, Arizona, where he also occupied the position of United States District Attorney. The firm will be known as A. H. Breed & Co.

A. S. Baldwin, of McAfee, Baldwin, & Hammond, who has been traveling in the Eastern States, has returned home. General Hammond, of the same firm, is back from Southern California.

John J. O'Farrell and N. H. Lang, under the firm name of O'Farrell & Lang, have taken possession of the offices formerly occupied by Messrs. D. J. Wheeler & Co., real-estate dealers, and succeeded to the business. Mr. O'Farrell is an experienced real-estate dealer, having been identified for many years with Mr. F. S. Wensinger, the well-known real-estate broker. Mr. Lang, though still a young man, has had ten years' practical experience, having filled every position in the firm of Madison & Burke, from office-boy upward, and having been in the employ of Bovee, Toy & Co. for five years.

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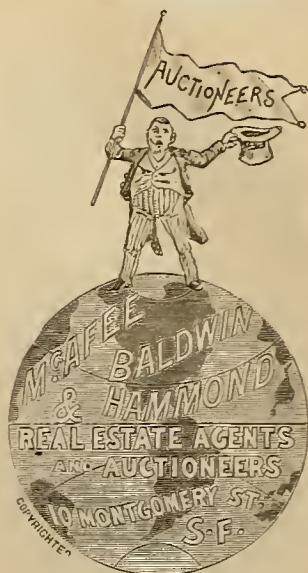
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Fine Foundry Lot on the east side of Beale Street, 137 1/2 feet north of Folsom. Size 45.10x137 1/2.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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A world's fair, where may be exhibited the progress made by this country during the four centuries which have elapsed since its discovery and where our civilization may be placed side by side with that of the rest of the world, is now being discussed throughout the length and breadth of the land. The discussion has aroused an interest which may be taken as a guarantee of the success of the undertaking. American enterprise, when once fully aroused, may be counted upon to carry such an undertaking to a successful end. But in the preliminary discussion, certain questions have been raised which present grave difficulties in their solution, yet which must be solved. The first and most important of these is the place where such a fair is to be held. Three cities appear as the most prominent competitors for this honor. New York, Chicago, and Washington have each presented their claims, and, in the case of the first two, have urged them on the country with energy and bitter rivalry. St. Louis also loomed up for a time as a dark horse, but the animus of its appearance was evidently the old-time jealousy of Chicago, and it has never been seriously in the race. The claims of New York are based, first, upon the fact of priority in the field, but this is a claim which is disputed. Beyond this, New York urges its claims on the

ground that an international exposition such as this should be situated on the seaboard, for the convenience of both exhibitors and visitors. A location in the interior would require all exhibits to be rehandled and reshipped on cars after their arrival in this country at a heavy additional expense, either to the exhibitors or to the exposition. Furthermore, it is urged that New York exhibits more truly the broad culture and commercial enterprise of the country; that it is more cosmopolitan, yet more truly American—that it is, in fact, the metropolis of the country. This last claim, upon which New York lays most stress, is really the greatest source of its weakness in gaining support from the country. A generation ago, Boston gained the ill-will of the country by arrogating to itself the position of the intellectual centre of the country. Boston was the home of culture, the people of the rest of the country were barbarians. Now, this frame of mind has made its appearance in New York, with even less to justify it than there was in the case of Boston. New York arrogates to itself a prominence which neither its position nor its culture justify. Opposed to these claims, Chicago urges that it is more truly and distinctively American than is New York; that the peculiar characteristics of the American are seen more clearly in the life of Chicago and in the body of its citizens. The fair is to be primarily an exhibition of the progress of the country, and that progress—in so far as it has been the result of the character of the American people uninfluenced by Europeans—is more truly seen in the West than in the East. The development of the country can best be seen by foreign visitors who come into the interior instead of remaining on the rim of the country. The enterprise and energy displayed by the people of Chicago, in raising a guarantee fund and in urging the claims of their city, indicate the spirit in which the enterprise would be carried through should the fair be located there. But the struggle between the two cities has brought to the front certain difficulties, the gravity of which has not been appreciated heretofore. The rivalry with which the opposing claims have been urged has caused an amount of jealousy and ill-feeling, which will prevent any hearty coöperation should the exposition go to either one of them. There has always been a lack of cordiality between the East and the West whenever their interests have conflicted, and this feeling has not been allayed by the sneers of New York at Chicago's lack of culture, or by the sarcastic references of the latter to the failure of New York to carry out any public enterprise without calling on the rest of the country for assistance. The hearty coöperation of the whole country is necessary, however, if the fair is to be a success. There is less time in which to complete the buildings than was consumed in Paris in preparing for the exposition of last year, and none of the estimates heretofore advanced have allowed sufficiently for the increased expense attendant upon this lack of time. Jealousy and opposition from any other part of the country will certainly cause failure and disappointment. This situation points to the real difficulty of the situation. The centennial of the Declaration of Independence was properly celebrated at Philadelphia, because that was the city in which the instrument had been drawn up and signed. But the landing of Columbus was on an island outside the present boundaries of the United States, and there is, therefore, no place naturally indicated for the holding of the exposition of 1892. Both New York and Chicago have the disadvantage that local interests conflict with the general interests of the event. The exposition should be national in character, and there is no State which can justly claim the honor of having it located within its territory. The city of Washington occupies a peculiar position among cities. It differs from all others, ancient and modern, in being built by the whole nation as the home of its national life. New York and Chicago are the children of commerce, they were born of commercial requirements, and have been fostered by commercial forces. Washington is the child of the nation, and is the true centre of national activity. It has no local jealousies; it is located not within the boundaries of any State, but upon neutral national territory; its interests are those not of one place, but of the whole country. If we desire to point out what we have accomplished as a whole people, if we would

show what progress we have made in all that is best in the national life, it is to Washington that we must turn. Our government is there, our public institutions are there, learning in science and arts is centering there more and more. It is interesting to note how thoroughly our national life has been reflected in the city where that life has centred. At the beginning of the century—when the country was in a condition that it is difficult for us to realize now; when communication between the different parts of the country was difficult and even dangerous; when tri-weekly stages carried passengers from Boston to New York in three days; when one hundred miles of wilderness separated the settlements east of the Alleghenies from those on the west—Washington was a "city of magnificent distances"—a few buildings of ambitious architecture, separated by miles of waste land, and connected by almost impassable roads. The economic and social condition of the country was reflected in the condition of the city. And as the country has progressed, the city has advanced until it has become one of the most beautiful of cities. Its public buildings are numerous and handsome; the Capitol, the White House, the Corcoran Gallery of Art, the Smithsonian Institute, the State, War, and Navy Building, the Treasury Department and the Patent Offices, are buildings to compare in beauty of design and solidity of structure with any in the country. The Smithsonian Institute and the Library of Congress exhibit all that has been accomplished in science and literature; the Patent Offices present more thoroughly than can be seen elsewhere the inventive genius of the American people; the National Museum contains the most extensive collection of relics of events and persons in our history. The social life of Washington also presents features wanting elsewhere in the country, and those upon which Europeans particularly lay stress. The whole diplomatic life of the country is centred here; the presence of the foreign legations presents the natural and proper means of communication with other countries, and guarantees an international coöperation and interest which can not be secured elsewhere. These obvious advantages of Washington have been enumerated briefly as presenting some of the features which can not be obtained elsewhere. In ordinary facilities, Washington stands fairly abreast of any other city. A good harbor offers easy means of communication with other countries, while communication from any part of the interior of this country is easy and natural. The consideration of money is another element in favor of this city. While local pride, as in the case of Chicago and New York, may lead to the promise of large sums of money, the success of the exposition depends on the appropriation of national funds, and justice as well as expediency demand that these funds should be expended not for the benefit of any locality but of the whole country. It is right and proper that the permanent buildings erected should belong to the nation, and Washington is the proper location for them. Furthermore, while New York capital or Chicago capital may not be subscribed as freely, the capital of the whole country will contribute, and patriotism will not be called upon in vain to make an unqualified success of a national exposition located at the national capital.

Time was when hanged men—men who had been legally dropped through traps, with ropes about their necks—walked around in Ireland in considerable numbers, alive and well. They were esteemed by their neighbors as persons of distinction, for no Irishman can help honoring anybody who has cheated the law under any circumstances. The finger of pride pointed out these rescued malefactors to strangers, and usually they died a happy Irish death from the offerings of whisky made them by their multitudes of admirers. These hanged men escaped justice through the connivance of the sheriff, who, for a consideration, allowed the friends of the condemned to stand under the gallows, catch the criminal as he fell, and hold him up until in due time the slack rope was cut. The hero of the hour was then borne home in his coffin, and the neighborhood went upon a rejoicing spree.

For more than a week past the whole Irish race has been intoxicated with delight and triumph over the equally ingenious and honorable escape, from the criminal-law's clutches, of

their most conspicuous leader, Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell. Of course, whatever pleases the Irish race makes happy, in type at least, the American daily press. So we see nineteenth parts of our newspapers—Democratic, Republican, Mugwump, and nondescript—screaming, in great head-lines: "Parnell Vindicated," "Parnell Triumphs," "Parnell Exonerated."

This triumph, this exoneration, is the report of the special commission appointed to investigate the charges made by the London *Times* against Parnell and his fellows in Parliament. This report makes it clear that Mr. Parnell, if put upon trial for his life, could not be convicted of collusion with the Phoenix Park murderers. No man of sense—no man whose brain is not an Irish brain—can read the report as it has been telegraphed and say that it goes further in exoneration than this. Candor must compel any one whose intellect is not hedeviled with Irish patriotism, or whose voice is not controlled by a hunger for Irish votes and American office, or whose moral eyesight is not twisted by journalistic jealousy, to admit that the *Times* is quite right when it insists that the report confirms the main part of its articles on "Parnellism and Crime." The confession and suicide of Piggott disposed long ago of the Phoenix Park accusation. On all the other important points, the report convicts Parnell and his confederates. Some of the London newspapers, which, on the average, are neither more truthful, disinterested, nor high-minded than our own, are willing to treat tenderly the Parnellites in order to be severe on the *Times*, and get from it some of its advertisements and circulation. But Judges Hannan, Day, and Smith, who have neither advertisements nor circulation to gain or lose, after weighing the testimony with an impartiality that even the journals friendly to the Irish and hostile to the *Times* are forced to acknowledge and admire, declare Parnell and his comrades in politics to be guilty of crimes which would in this country—were the perpetrators tried under the Illinois conspiracy law which sent the Chicago anarchists to the scaffold—land them in the penitentiary for life; guilty of crimes which in Russia or Germany would be punished by the rope, in Spain by the garrote, and in France by the guillotine. But England is governed by party, and her people are so accustomed to the species of crime which it is the profession of these men to practice that they are sure to escape their deserts. In Great Britain, as in the United States, the Irish have established themselves as a privileged class. They license themselves to commit crimes, and the license is given the recognition due a prescriptive right. This goes far to account for the calmness with which the report of the commission has been received in and out of Parliament. Although it recites a list of offenses that ought to appall any normal mind, it recites nothing new. This is why the Irish and their sympathizers claim the report as a vindication. It is like charging Jimmy Hope with being a burglar, or Boss Buckley with being a machine politician, to accuse Parnell *et al.* of the crimes of which they have so long stood convicted in the public mind. Nevertheless, the summing up by the judges is of value. It goes upon the record as official history.

The commission find Parnell and his band of Parliamentary rebels guilty of treason, in having encouraged and guided a movement for the secession of Ireland from the British Union; of delivering speeches to foment crime; of entering into a conspiracy against order and property rights, by establishing among the half-savage peasantry of Ireland a "system of coercion and intimidation to promote agrarian agitation against the payment of agricultural rents, for the purpose of impoverishing and expelling from the country the landlords"; of inciting persons to crime, abstaining from the denunciation of crime, defraying the expense of the defense of criminals, supporting the families of such criminals, and making payments in compensation to persons injured in the commission of crime; of inviting the assistance and accepting aid in money from "known advocates of crime and the use of dynamite"; of "inviting and obtaining assistance from, and the coöperation of, a physical force party in America, including the Clan-na-Gael, and, in order to obtain that assistance, having abstained from repudiating or condemning the action of that party"; and of instigating and supporting the boycott villainy. "In our judgment," say the judges, "the leaders of the Land League, thus combining to carry out the boycott, were guilty of a criminal conspiracy. We consider this charge established against Parnell, Dillon, Biggar, Sexton, T. P. O'Connor, Matthew Harris, W. O'Brien, T. D. Sullivan, T. M. Healy, T. Harrington, E. Harrington, A. O'Connor, J. E. Kenny, W. Redmond, J. E. Redmond, Justin McCarthy, J. O'Connor, T. J. Condon, J. J. O'Kelley, Cummins, Cox, Patrick Hea, J. D. Cheeban, L. Leahy, E. Leamy, J. Barry, C. K. Tanner, Maurice Healy, T. Quinn, Daniel Crilly, Henry Campbell, P. J. Foley, J. J. Clancy, J. F. K. O'Brien, R. Lalor, T. Manne, J. Deasy, J. C. Flynn, J. Jordan, W. J. Lane, D. Sheehy, D. Sullivan, G. H. Burn, and Michael Davitt."

There is a vindication for you. It is about as rounded and satisfactory an "Irish dividend" in the way of a vindication

as ever a dockful of rascals got who were led out of court, handcuffed to a chain, after sentence had been pronounced. Nor is this all. The report of the commission, which has filled the earth's atmosphere with Irish cheers, lays stress upon the fact that Parnell, when on his defense, "did not produce any speech wherein he denounced the use of dynamite," and that Parnell could give in evidence "no denunciation of the actions of the physical force party in Ireland or America." The judges marshal the statistics of crime in the years when the Parnell agitation was active and those in which he and his co-conspirators somewhat abated their sinister work, and the figures drop from thousands to hundreds in the comparison. "In the judgment of the court, the denunciations of crime" (none by Parnell, be it remembered) "quoted for the defense were of little avail, because contemporaneously with them the leaders and organizers were carrying on the agitation by means of speeches and conduct tending to encourage crime. . . . Proof has been given that the league systematically and indiscriminately defrayed the expense of the defense of persons charged with agrarian crime. The knowledge that such assistance would in all cases be afforded must have had the effect of encouraging persons disposed to commit outrages."

Only a patriotic Irish conscience will deny these proofs, and only a patriotic Irish mind is capable of sincerely disputing the conclusions. The judges, dipping the brush of rational and formal inquiry into the tar of irrefutable fact, have painted Parnell from head to foot, and he stands out before mankind black with infamy. But to his race he will continue to be the model Irish hero and statesman. Nothing that the man could do, save to offend the priests of his country, would topple him from his pedestal. Were he to rise in the House of Commons and propose, by resolution, to elide the notes from the Ten Commandments, and the English Conservatives were to object, a universal Irish roar would go up at this new instance of insupportable British tyranny.

Is this exaggeration? Witness the unshrinking support given Parnell when his old mother raised her voice from the depths of her penury in accusation against him. That was one commandment which he broke with impunity. According to Captain O'Shea, he has amended the seventh; but what Irishmen believe it, or, at least, will say that he believes it? Should the captain get his divorce, another collection will be taken up to assuage Mr. Parnell's susceptibilities thus cruelly wounded by an English conspiracy.

In fairness to the foremost Irishman of his time, however, it should be said that the commissioner's report exonerates him from another charge besides that of foreknowledge of and participation in the Phoenix Park assassinations, a crime which gave secret satisfaction to every land leaguer and hoy-cotter in Ireland and America. As to the accusation that he, by an opportune remittance, enabled Byrne to escape from justice to France, the judges say: "We find that Parnell did not make any remittance to enable Byrne to escape from justice." Nobody will doubt the correctness of this finding. Mr. Parnell is not in the habit of making remittances to anybody, not even to his mother. His invariable connection with remittances is to receive them. The hand which he stretches out to the laborers, and servant-girls, and other friends of Ireland, is always empty. How much has been poured into that hand, who can tell? And whatever he clutches, he keeps. A more sordid creature never made a trade of patriotism.

Well, let the Irish worship Parnell if they will. He is not an attractive idol to civilized eyes, certainly, but the fetiches of savages have never been noted for their beauty. The point which concerns us is: What do Americans think of this man? What do Americans think of their press, which, in the hope of Irish nickels and in the fear of Irish votes, accord him an immunity from criticism such as the most squalid cross-roads organ, even in the frenzy of a political campaign, would blush to grant the candidate of its party? Here in San Francisco there is not one daily newspaper which dares to print what its editor really thinks of the commission's report on Parnell. Not one. The *Bulletin* dares not, the *Chronicle* dares not, the *Alta* dares not, the *Examiner* dares not; the *Call* and the *Post* do not think, but if they could, they would be as cowardly as the rest, as cringing to the murderous ignorance of the bogs and as faithless to the welfare of America. What public man have we, from the President down, who could hold up his head for an hour were three of our supreme justices to sit upon him in judgment and report upon his character and acts as these British judges have reported upon Parnell? Is there a man in the Senate or the House of Representatives who could be thus arraigned as a criminal and an instigator of crime and hope to have his disgrace described as a triumph and a vindication by the American press? Have we among our national politicians one who, himself with full pockets, should leave his aged mother to want, and expect to see her appeal for public charity, hidden away in the obscurest corners of the newspapers? Is there one who could disappear for weeks and return to the light of day, with red eyes and

quivering nerves, and have no questions asked? Could Mr. Blaine, or Mr. Cleveland, or Governor Hill, of New York, or Governor Alger, of Michigan, be made the co-respondent in a divorce suit for adultery and have the pleasure of finding the editorial pages of the papers on his breakfast-table innocent of comment, or, if comment there were, seeing it consist of an attack upon the opposite political party for inducing a villain of a husband to bring so impossible an accusation against an unmarried man?

It is the shame of Ireland, if there be room for another larger, that she can see a hero and a statesman in a creature like Parnell; it is the greater shame of the United States that public opinion will tolerate a press which habitually truckles with an undisguised and sneerless obsequiousness to a people whose home politics is organized crime, and whose politics, when they immigrate to our country, has for its declared first principle support of the home policy, and for its constant guidance fervid loyalty to a church that, for its own life's sake, is at ceaseless war with popular education and republican institutions.

So many years have passed since the Indians living east of the Mississippi have brought themselves into prominence, that they have almost passed out of the public mind, and we are apt to imagine that they have ceased to exist. Not only are the descendants of those Indians who figured in the colonial wars and the revolution still living in their tribal relations, but their condition presents many features of striking interest at the present time. Grouped in the western corner of New York State, the descendants of the Six Nations live upon their reservations, carry on their own peculiar form of government, and in many ways show a degree of civilization that indicates the possibilities of the red man after he has been a sufficient time under the influence of the whites. Among the Six Nations, the Tuscaroras have attained the highest degree of civilization. They number only about four hundred and live upon a reservation of about six thousand acres, which they hold in common, the use of the land being parceled out to the individual members of the tribe. The government is by a council of chiefs, sixteen in number, who are elected for a life term, two from each of the eight clans. The method of election is peculiar, the right of voting being granted exclusively to the women. This is an extreme application of woman suffrage, which will gratify the advocates of the extension of the franchise to women, unless they choose to consider it the survival of a barbarous custom. This power of the women of the tribe, however, is limited in one direction. The council is the only judge of the fitness of its members, and may at any time depose any member without assigning any cause. A chief so deposed is thereafter disqualified for election to the council, and thus the chiefs themselves exercise a negative power over the elections. Another feature in which the usual rule is reversed is in the law of inheritance. Property descends through the female instead of through the male line; a man inherits property from his mother, not from his father. The Tuscarora law of inheritance is apparently based on this tenet of savage wisdom—that however unwise a child may be, he will always know his own mother, while even a wise and preternaturally precocious child may be uncertain as to the identity of his papa. The property thus inherited is however, generally personalty, for the land of the reservation is held in common, and there is a noteworthy opposition among the Tuscaroras, as among the people of the other tribes, to any proposition to divide it up and change to a holding in severalty. The land of the reservations has become very valuable, particularly that of the Onondagas, which is situated eight miles from Syracuse, and the Indians have already come into contact with the land-speculators. They fear that were there an individual ownership the Indians would soon lose all their land through the machinations of these speculators. The Senecas are already having a bitter experience—the title to their reservation has been involved in doubt, and the uncertainty as to who will reap the benefit of any improvements has made them shiftless. The other tribes show a greater or less degree of thrift among their members; the Tuscaroras, in particular, being careful farmers and fairly well-to-do. Among the Senecas, also, are many well-educated and intelligent persons—they have comfortable, well-furnished homes, enjoy the best books, appreciate music and pictures, and are, some of them, graduates of colleges. The general education is provided by the State of New York, and covers the ordinary grammar-school studies. There is, also, a school conducted by the Quakers on one of the Seneca reservations that is doing excellent work in educating the Indians. Contrary to the general impression concerning the Indians, those of the Six Nations are generally not intemperate, and the proportion of total abstainers among them is as high as it is among the white population of the State of New York. They are also quite religious, and affect particularly the Baptist and Presbyterian churches. Among the Tuscaroras, fully one-half are members of one or the other of these churches. Those who are not members of the Christian churches

follow a religion formulated about a century ago by an Indian. He was a man of strong religious nature, who found the old beliefs unsatisfactory, and so he made some adaptations from the Bible and from the teachings of the missionaries. The religion is fanciful in some points, as would be expected, but it is logical and based on ideas of justice. The idea of heaven is significant—the good man is to have a wife always young, and children who shall always honor and love him; his home shall never lack food or raiment, and it shall be a home that white men will never try to steal from him. These Indians have, of course, been closely in contact with the whites for more than one hundred years, and it is natural that they should be more civilized than the aborigines of the plains, whose knowledge of the whites is scarcely half a century old, and who have seen, for the most part, only the roughest class of whites during that time. But their civilization is an earnest of what may yet be accomplished with the others, and to this end the nation should strive.

In his latest encyclical, Pope Leo the Thirteenth, after several disingenuous admissions as to the special duties which Catholics owe to the state, reasserts his old claim that God has given him full power over the whole world, both in ecclesiastical and civil affairs. He says:

It is the chief duty of Christians to suffer themselves to be ruled and guided absolutely by the bishops, and particularly by the Pontiff.

The Pope then defines the respective functions of church and state:

The church is the mistress of the nations. The church must concern herself about the laws formulated in the states because of the welfare of the state itself, and because they sometimes encroach on the right of the church by passing their due bounds. And since the welfare of the state is peculiarly dependent on the direction of its governors, the church can not give either patronage or favor to the men at whose hands she knows only oppression, who in broad day refuse to respect her rights, and who strive to tear asunder the civil and sacred polity, bound together as they are in their very essence.

This is but an indirect and tortuous method of asserting the right of the church to interfere with the affairs of state. We are furnished almost daily with renewed evidences of the enormous increase of hierarchical power and pretension, and of a blind submission on the part of the general Catholic public to the mediæval doctrines of the encyclical and syllabus of Pope Pius the Ninth. In the platform of the late Baltimore Catholic congress, was a vehement protest against "the presumption of any government that shall control the acts of the Holy Father," and a demand "that no act of legislation shall be passed until it has first received the approbation of the Pope." If this is not bringing the Pope to America, it is certainly taking America to the Pope. This, however, has always been the doctrine of the Romish Church. Dr. O. A. Brownson, the Catholic author, in his "Essays," page 279, says that "the Papacy possesses the only divine authority ever conferred upon an earthly tribunal to make laws for the government of mankind." And that in submitting to the Papacy, we submit to God, "and are freed from all human authority." Again, he says: "We wish this country to come under the Pope of Rome. As the visible head of the church, the spiritual authority which God has instituted to teach and govern the nations, we assert his supremacy, and tell our countrymen that we would have them submit to him." When Pope Gregory the Sixteenth said: "Out of the Roman States, there is no country where I am Pope, except in the United States," he undoubtedly cherished the same idea which filled the mind of Dr. Brownson, when he penned the above extraordinary sentiments. The present Pope, pressed much nearer to the wall than any of his predecessors, still indulges the hope that he may yet regain his temporal power and supremacy by building up a hierarchical system in America, with authority above both national and State governments—a politico-ecclesiastic system, with power sufficient to compel obedience to all Papal decrees, as he, with the crown of the Cæsars upon his brow, shall see fit to promulgate them. The Papacy, staggering upon its last legs in Europe, has transferred the scene of action to America, and is now endeavoring, by the most insidious and persistent efforts, to substitute an ecclesiastical government for this glorious government of the people. It is because the nations of Europe, hitherto Catholic, have taken away from the Pope the power to subordinate the laws of the state to the canon laws of the church, that the hope of rebuilding this despotic power in America has been excited. Alarmed at the defensive policy adopted by one after another of the nations where the oppressive character of the Papal system is best understood, because longest endured, the representatives of the Papacy are now cultivating the idea that they may reconstruct their repudiated system of ecclesiastical absolutism under the shelter of our free institutions. Driven into a frenzy of excitement and passion, and availing himself of the license afforded by the tolerant spirit of our laws, the Pope is rapidly transferring his best drilled and disciplined Jesuitical forces to America. We are no longer left in doubt as to the nature of the inevitable conflict before us. They have stated explicitly that "in the case of conflicting laws between the two powers, the laws of the church must prevail

over those of the state." The *Catholic World*, Volume XI, page 439, says: "While the state has some rights, she has them only in virtue and by permission of the superior authority, and that authority can only be expressed through the church." When an American talks of freedom, he means the self-government of the people in all their civil and religious affairs; when the Papal hierarchy talk of it, they mean the freedom of the Papacy to govern the world through the Pope, his agents and auxiliaries. He must be blind, indeed, who does not see that the great adversary of our cherished national liberty is the Papacy. Unwilling to submit to the necessity that has wrought out its own defeat among those who are most familiar with its enormities and oppressions, it is now in sheer desperation attacking civil liberty in the citadel of its greatest strength, and seeks to build out of the ruins of our free institutions the throne of its own despotic power. Our amazement at the horrors which this iniquitous institution has wrought out, as the means of its triumph, is only equalled by the surprise we experience at the patience with which the world now tolerates the insolent ambition which demands its reconstruction. A sense of duty and of self-respect demands that we should look this haughty and imperious foe full in the face, strip him of his disguises, unravel his treasonable plots, and meet him at every new point of attack. The battle-cry is sounding in our ears. The Baltimore congress declared that "America must be Roman Catholic." The issue is before us. Are we prepared to meet it? Shall we wait until they have pulled down the flag of freedom and planted the banner of Papal despotism upon the grave of popular institutions? We need a little of the spirit exhibited by William the Conqueror, when Gregory the Seventh demanded his allegiance. The heroic William's reply was: "I will pay tribute to the church, but I will never swear allegiance. And if any monk of my dominions dares to carry tales to Rome, I will hang him on the highest tree of the forest." Let us, as liberty-loving Americans, fondly cherishing the institutions which we have inherited from our fathers, solemnly resolve to maintain inviolate, against all hazards and in the face of all foes, the sacred right to enact our own laws, to preserve our own constitutions, and to regulate our own affairs according to the popular sovereign will, entirely free from foreign interference or dictation.

Just one year ago, on the twenty-second of February, the President signed the Enabling Act which provided for the admission of four new States. There was a certain sentimental appropriateness in thus connecting the birth of the new States with the anniversary of the birth of Washington, particularly as one of the States had been named in his honor. The Enabling Act had been passed by Congress after years of struggle, partly of a political nature and partly inspired by a fear that the people of the proposed new States were unprepared for the duties of citizenship. This latter fear was not strong enough to defeat the admission of the new States, but it did prevent the inclusion of New Mexico in the Enabling Act, though its population exceeded by several thousand that of Montana. The exclusion of New Mexico was wise, for the population there contains so large a proportion of Mexicans, who do not understand or value the political ideas of this country and who do not even speak the language, that good self-government was not within the bounds of probability. As to the others, however, there was a fair presumption of preparation for the duties of statehood. The population of South Dakota is mainly of American birth, being drawn principally from the States of the Mississippi Valley. North Dakota has an intermixture of Swedes and Norwegians, many of them being recent arrivals in this country; and Montana has drawn its population from nearly all parts of the world. In all four States, however, the basis of the population is American and justified an expectation that they were prepared to enter the Union. This expectation was based not only on the nativity of the population, but on their achievements. The progress of these States has been more rapid, proportionally, than that of any other part of the country. The population of the Dakotas is now five times what it was ten years ago, of Washington four times, and of Montana more than three times. Montana is one of the richest States in minerals in the country, large deposits of gold, silver, and copper being found there; the Dakotas have extensive agricultural resources, and Washington is rich in coal, iron, and timber, besides vast agricultural possibilities. In fact, everything points to the material prosperity of the new States. But material prosperity alone is not a sufficient preparation for the duties of citizenship, and recent events indicate that the new States were otherwise unprepared for the responsibilities which were placed upon them. The extraordinary spectacle of members of the upper house of the Montana legislature refusing to perform their duties as legislators—to the performance of which they are bound, not only by their oaths of office, but by their relation to the constituents whose suffrage they craved before the election—is one to fill the spectator with astonishment and contempt. The

country has never before in its history been called upon to witness the sight of the senatorial office being dragged in the dust, while its incumbents, after the manner of condemned criminals, escape beyond the boundaries of their State, and skulk from place to place to avoid arrest by the sergeant-at-arms. Government carried on under such circumstances becomes a farce, calculated to arouse the disgust of all beholders. Beyond this, the immoral condition of the people stands forth with a prominence which stamps Montana as the black sheep in the family of States. Most States recognize the disastrous influence of gambling, yet Montana has in active operation a lottery which enjoys the protection of the State, and North Dakota is following its lead in this direction. A scheme to legalize a lottery has passed the senate and is in a fair way to receive favorable action in the lower house. The destructive influence of a lottery differs from that of the gaming-table only in being more wide-spread. The possibility of getting rich without work acts as an intoxicant upon all classes. It distracts them from legitimate enterprises, and encourages them to trust to some lucky chance to raise them from poverty to affluence. The air castles of economic theorists who propose to abolish poverty by removing the taxes from one class of property and imposing them upon another, are comparatively harmless; they may array classes against each other, but they recognize honest industry as the basis of prosperity. They claim that production is the basis of wealth, but that opportunities for labor are not equitably adjusted. But the lottery teaches the lesson that chance and not industry is the road to wealth; that the individual may make a fortune without effort if he will but "play the lottery" long enough. The result is that each individual feels that he is to be one of the lucky ones. He ceases to be a producer, he no longer contributes his share toward increasing the wealth of the community, he becomes a gambler, a worthless member of society. Thus by the demoralization of its members society becomes demoralized. Who would bring back the condition of affairs that existed in this State when stock-gambling was a recognized pursuit? Men and women gambled on the probabilities of a rise or fall in mining stocks, they went into the market, ceased to work at any regular industry, invested the earnings of their sober labor in the whirlpool of California Street, and lost their all. The demoralization was not confined to any class, it was not the brokers alone who suffered, but fathers gambled away the support of their families, wives became estranged from their husbands, clerks and laborers lost their all—and then crowded the insane asylums. And it is in favor of such a condition of affairs that the governments of these new States are declaring themselves. The fever of speculation is strong enough in all newly organized communities without the governments setting the stamp of their approval upon it. The plea of necessity has been raised in favor of this stand in favor of the North Dakota lottery, but the plea is insufficient. If the State is not prepared to support its government by legitimate means, it is not prepared for the status of statehood. Furthermore, the States received liberal assistance from the national government. Provision was made for defraying the expenses of the constitutional conventions from the national treasury. Liberal grants of land were made for public purposes. To North Dakota alone an area of land was appropriated larger than the whole State of Connecticut. For educational purposes, nearly three millions of acres were granted; for public buildings the grant amounted to one hundred and sixty-two thousand acres. Large tracts of this land will prove valuable, and certainly negative any plea of poverty. These events establish the fact that the admission of these new States was premature. More than a phenomenal increase of population, more than the most flattering prospects of material progress, is needed to establish the preparation of a community for the responsibilities of statehood. Unfortunately there is no provision for a remedy for the mistake which has been made. But there is a lesson for the whole country in the facts, and one from which it is to be hoped it will profit.

The Water Committee of the Board of Supervisors held a meeting last Wednesday, at which Chairman Kingwell submitted an order fixing water-rates from July 1, 1889, to June 30, 1890. The rates to be established thereby are a reduction of six and one-half per cent. on the rates of 1888, and an increase of eleven per cent. on the rates of the last confiscatory order, which was declared illegal by the supreme court. This new order the Water Committee recommends to the board for passage. It will probably be adopted.

The manoeuvres of the Italian Navy this year will last from July until November, and more than twenty ironclads will take part in them. The hostile squadron will make many attacks on the Mediterranean coast, which the second-class ironclads and the torpedo-boats will resist.

Colonel North, "the Nitrate King," is said to be about to buy a seat in Parliament to go with the other trifles that he has acquired with his millions.

"UNFINISHED."

A Study of the Incomplete.

"These pictures!—well, I see, sir, they puzzle you. I never knew any one they didn't. People who have no love of art think them simply absurd. But the artists and you connoisseurs are just puzzled by them. I know what you are saying to yourself. It is: 'When the man could get qualities like that, could see things in that astounding way, why, in the name of all that exists, did he not do more? what did he leave his things in that condition for? and what under the sun is the matter with them? I can't pick out one that is not a failure, notwithstanding the delightful color, and that feeling in their execution, which is so delicate and subtle as to be almost uncanny. But there is something wanting, something left undone, as though the hand had been arrested in the making, so that a bit of the soul of the thing had been left out. It is so with the least scrap of a sketch you have here. Curious!' Well, sir, I give those pictures that corner of my studio, and I usually let people look and marvel about them, but I have never fully explained them to any one."

"You, sir, say you are a metaphysician; that you are interested in the curiosities of human nature. I feel impelled to give you the history of the man who painted them. He was my chum when I was a student in Paris, ten years ago. I did not know him before, though we both were Americans. I was from California, and he was from the South—from Georgia. His name was Ralph Esby. I shall not soon forget the day Ralph Esby came walking into the studio. We were under Bonnat—a splendid lot of strong men, that class was—Americans, Frenchmen, English, Greeks, Danes, and I don't know what other nationalities. He came walking in, looking like a young god. A tall fellow, of about twenty-three, with a certain slenderness, although rather strongly built. And he had a grace of movement which matched his beautiful face. Yet, strange to say, he would sometimes do things in the most awkward and rigid way, as if to contradict the assumption that he possessed this charming grace. For instance, he would throw himself back from his work to give it a critical look, with a motion in which there was more of an inspiration, to us fellows, than in the prettiest model we had. When, suddenly, just as you felt an admiring thrill going over you, especially if you had conceived the enthusiasm for Esby which I had, he would give your aesthetic nerves a shock by drawing himself up rigidly—snap!—as though something had left him. And he'd abandon his work, and off he'd go without a word to any one. There would be his study, more or less finished—sometimes just sketched in, sometimes quite going on, and it would have in it just such qualities as you see in these canvases. I never knew him to put through the week on one model. Every one felt, if Esby would only finish, he'd be the biggest man among us."

"We had such a respect for him and his work though, that no one said much that might look critical. Occasionally, a fellow, with more callous sensibilities than common, would go up to his easel with: 'Isn't that jolly, now; but, I say, Esby, why don't you finish?' He'd just get a little red, smile, with a strange look in his eye—if he had let himself out more you might have called it a bopeless sort of look—and he'd turn off with a joke about something no one ever ventured to notice. This was a personal peculiarity of his. The coat-sleeve of his left arm was empty. It had come from no accident—he had been born without the arm. What he would say was: 'You can't expect an unfinished fellow to finish his picture.' It wasn't in character for him to make a joke of that kind. It rather jarred upon you. We used to wish those 'thick-skinned' would let him alone."

"Bonnat treated him with a great deal of courtesy. He was pleased enough with his work at first. I remember Bonnat once saying, about the figure of a boy he had commenced: 'C'est charmante.' And afterward, when he found his things never carried on, he would pass him without much criticism, but made no complaint—he seemed to understand that it was something peculiar and constitutional."

"I attached myself to him from the beginning. I am an enthusiastic person, and naturally express what I feel. But, in spite of my enthusiasm for Esby, which grew daily, there was always something essential lacking in our friendship. It reached a stage when you could grasp it as a solid fact—call it a completed friendship, if one may so speak. And I could not help feeling that it was something in Esby himself, though I could not lay my finger on the reason. For I never thought of complaining of want of response to my affection, notwithstanding that he was so undemonstrative. No one could call him cold. I felt that he liked me to like him, and I felt that he liked me. Yet, as I say, we never reached a complete understanding. After our intimacy came to a certain point, it stopped growing. And though there was a great deal which was very delightful to me in knowing him, something beautiful and exquisite in our intercourse, which no other man could have given, I used to get quite melancholy over its lacks. I couldn't help connecting it with the way his painting was done—so much beauty, with that strange, unsatisfying quality."

"Although I never said anything to him about it, I thought he felt it, too. For there were times when we would get to talking on serious subjects—the immortality of the soul and that kind of thing—and in the earnestness of the talk, we would begin to seem very near to each other. But as soon as this feeling of personal nearness—soul-companionship—made itself evident, Esby would break up the conversation, begin to get restless—we were usually sitting over my fire, this fire here—tip back his chair, make some indifferent remark quite off the beat of our talk, get up and walk aimlessly about, pretending to examine a sketch or something, then, with a bright 'Good-night,' he would leave my room. Yet I felt that whatever impulse made him act that way, the action was in some way an irresponsible one, and he would have given anything to have just sat quietly there and gone on with our talk. At that time, I did not know much in regard to his antecedents; he had the air of a person well brought up, and he told me his father had been a Georgia planter before the war. Evidently

he was not a rich fellow, though he never seemed to want for means. He had an atelier, like many of us, and lived round at the restaurants. He had no friends in Paris outside of the class, and I was the only one there whom he visited intimately. However, the fellows all felt honored by an invitation to Esby's atelier, and many a good bottle of wine and crust of bread we've broken there. There was a piano which Smith used to play, and we had some good voices, too. Esby himself never touched the piano before any one. Of course he only had one band to play with, yet I've heard him making music, pretty, strange, and beautiful, as I've sometimes come up the stairs, which would stop as soon as he heard my step. He was particularly sensitive about his music. A song he never sang through with the fellows, though in particularly fine passages he would often join in, and his voice had a rich quality. But if ever he sang more than a few notes, there would be the consciousness of something out of harmony in the singing—something which you did not quite like to hear, though not off the tune or anything of that kind. He would immediately stop himself then, with a slight, impatient movement, and probably not try it again the rest of the evening. There was one subject that we never broached at Esby's. That was 'the ladies.' It always fell flat, and we learned by-and-bye that either Esby was totally indifferent to the fair sex—his manner implied it—or else he had had a wound from Cupid which was not healed. The fellows speculated some about it."

"Imagine, then, my surprise when I came in on him one evening and found him sitting over his fire with a letter in his hand, which he held in a listless, melancholy way. As he didn't put it away or make any movement to conceal his attitude of mind, the characteristic thing for him to do, of course, I looked at him inquiringly. I said: 'What's up, Esby?' He just handed over the letter, with 'I'm a confounded rascal, Harry,' and then he got up and began pacing the floor. The letter was a delicate-scented thing, in a woman's handwriting. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR RALPH: You will be surprised to receive this letter so soon after my last, which I mailed but two days ago. But that last was like all the letters which I have been writing to you this winter, not a true, frank letter, but a kind of make-believe. And to-day I have determined to tell you all I have been thinking, that for once more things may be open and real between us. For your letters, dear Ralph, have been make-believes, too. Indeed, it is not so that our happy frankness had disappeared even before you said farewell? I felt it, although I would not believe it then. I can not explain—I can not understand it. Not in regard to you, Ralph. With another person it might be different. Oh! Ralph, my dear Ralph, you still love me?"

"The letter was blistered with tears here, and there was no signature."

"You may imagine I felt melancholy enough when I read that letter."

"Esby came over and took it out of my hand, saying: 'I shall write to her to come over, and I'll give it a fair trial. Perhaps it will return to me. I thought it might by absence. But I'm afraid it's like the painting and everything else, I can't put anything more into it. It must be left unfinished. I'm afraid it's constitutional.' And Esby—reserved Esby—actually buried his face in his hands and wept."

"I felt sure that it was the first time he had candidly declared that last even to himself. I left him weeping there, although full of sympathy for him; in fact, I was crying myself. But I knew, with his temperament, the reaction would soon come from such an extra amount of confidence, and that it was by all means the most delicate thing to leave him alone."

"The month following this, Esby worked in a particularly spasmodic way, and he was in a more than usually reticent frame of mind. We had no confidential talks, he did not come to my room without one of the other fellows, and I avoided surprising him alone in his."

"But one evening he came in with the expression of dejected determination, which had been growing on his face for six weeks, a good deal deepened."

"'Bright,' he said, 'I'd like you to meet some friends of mine—Miss Hartley and her father—just come over.'"

"I understood perfectly who Miss Hartley was, and I was somewhat agitated by the invitation. After all, it was only a formal call that we made, but I came away feeling that if Ralph could cease to love Madge Hartley, there must be something normally wrong about him. All his other peculiarities became as nothing in comparison with this strange incapacity, and my sympathy and pity for him were dazed. I felt almost ready to call him a rascal, as he had called himself. That was when I thought of her eyes when she looked at him. But when I said good-night after our silent walk home through the streets of Paris, the moonlight showed me such a face, that I cried within me, 'God help him!'"

"For a whole week, Ralph and I saw Mr. Hartley and his daughter daily. We showed them Paris—Ralph devotedly attended the lady, and I piloted the old gentleman. He and I kept up a pretty even flow of spirits and conversation, but Ralph and his lady were a melancholy pair. At first she was able to assume an interest in things, but as the days wore on, her manner grew as absent as his, and she would look at one of the masterpieces of the Louvre with scarcely more interest than if it had been a chromo in a second-hand furniture-store in New York."

"Her father was not an observant person, but even he began to think there was that in the atmosphere beyond his ken, and he confided to me that he thought there must be something amiss between young Esby and his daughter. They used to be famous friends."

"By Saturday morning I felt that I could not keep an indifferent look upon things much longer. Those two faces haunted me tragically when they were not before my eyes. I called for Esby at nine o'clock. We were to take his friends to Versailles, by boat. A pleasant plan enough for people in really holiday humor."

"A second time Esby sat dejectedly in his chamber, with a letter in his hand."

"He rose and said quickly: 'You'd better go to the class, Bright, and hear the criticism. Miss Hartley is not well, and we shall not go to Versailles. It's a shame to have kept you from work all this week—but you're a good fellow, Bright, a

stunning good fellow!' and Esby shook my hand with great warmth."

"'Shan't we call or send some flowers, Ralph?' said I."

"'No!' he replied; 'I'll write her a note.'"

"I did go up to the atelier, but my thoughts were not much upon what Bonnat was saying, although the other fellows seemed more than usually interested. They twitted me a bit about having been kept away by one of the fair sex. 'We might have expected it of an amorous creature like you, Bright, but what's taken hold of Esby?' I wasn't in a joking nor confiding humor, so I muttered something about Esby attending to his own affairs, and I went off for a walk by the Seine. I'm not often irritable, but the fellows jarred on me."

"Esby rested on my mind, and I thought of Madge Hartley, shut in her room in this strange city, sad, despairing thoughts haunting her. Toward evening, I wandered up to Ralph's room. Pinned upon the door was a paper, and on it written: 'Go in, Bright.' I quickly turned the handle and entered."

"The room was entirely vacant, but opposite me stood a portrait of Esby—a portrait which I had never seen, yet immediately recognized as done with the most exaggerated peculiarities of his brush. So strangely like my friend was it, yet a weird thing, uncanny, ghostly. He never did a piece of work more beautiful in color and full of a wonderfully strange inspiration. But the sadness and despair which shone through its ghostliness was so great that it was with a heart stilled by premonition that I read a word painted beneath with a slender brush of carmine. This was the word 'Unfinished.'"

"I stood some time gazing upon the portrait in a blind kind of way, repeating, mechanically, 'Unfinished.' And gradually the terrible fear grew that Ralph had done something desperate. Poor Ralph! No one in his sane mind ever painted a portrait like that."

"I rushed up to the Hartleys. Mr. Hartley received me with a grave face and gave me a letter."

"It was a letter from Ralph to Madge. He told her frankly what he had told me—the whole course of his feeling toward her:

"'And now,' he said, 'if you were a woman, to receive such a thing, I should offer myself as your husband, but to you I am well aware that that would be useless. Many years ago, the suspicion of this strange peculiarity of my nature dawned upon me—this incapacity for completion, in any condition or action of my life. I have been ever since warding off an acknowledgment of it to myself. How much braver, how infinitely better a thing it would have been to have acknowledged it, the pain which I have brought upon you and upon myself is witness. I can not even ask you to forgive me. Yet you will not deem that I am without realization of what I have done, when I tell you that, like Cain, I have gone into banishment, the brand upon me, that brand given at my birth—a man without an arm, symbol of the incomplete. It is not the ending of a miserable life I am contemplating. It is but of complete retirement from life as it is, its daily contact with my fellow-men. In the wilderness of some primitive land, perhaps the good Lord will some day say 'Finished.'"

"It is ten years ago, sir, since I read that, and that's the last I've seen of Ralph Esby. I've heard that his father was killed in one of those Southern duels, shot in the arm, and that his mother died when he was born, soon after. One can put two and two together in regard to poor Ralph's peculiarities. All these years we have been wondering where Ralph might be, but the uncertainty came to an end a year since, when a fellow from Australia came into my studio and handed me a card, upon which was written, in a feeble hand: 'Harry, my boy, I've finished!'"

"'It was a wild colt finished him,' said the man."

"Miss Hartley? Oh, she had a severe illness. But her father and I nursed her through."

"For six years I did not say anything to her in regard to the state of my feelings. Then I asked her to be my wife, and we've been married four years now."

"I wish we could have told Ralph." E. B. CALDWELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 1, 1890.

The natives of tropical countries are seldom so much astonished as they are when first introduced to snow and ice. A year ago, when Mr. Ehlers ascended Mount Kilimanjaro, in Africa, his native porters, who had lived all their lives near the base of the great mountain, pulled off the boots with which they had been provided, and plunged merrily into the snow in their bare feet. They lost no time in plunging out again, and lay writhing on the ground, insisting that their feet had been severely burned. Some Central African natives who had been introduced into Germany, mistook the first snow-storm they saw for a flight of white butterflies, and Lieutenant von François says the mistake was a very natural one. One day when he was ascending a tributary of the Congo, he saw for the first time the air filled with a great swarm of white butterflies, and the spectacle closely resembled a gentle fall of snow."

There was once a comic picture in *Punch*, representing "The Last Match"—half-a-dozen yachtsmen some miles out at sea on a windy day, clustering anxiously round the man who has got the only wax match in the party. The comedy was converted into grim earnest in the case of the crew of the *Holt Hill*, shipwrecked on St. Paul's Island. The nights were so cold that to be without a fire meant certain death, and there was no flint and steel and only one match. Imagine the trembling anxiety with which the three-and-thirty cold and starving wretches watched the kindling of that lucifer! Fortunately the operation was successfully performed: a blaze was made and the poor fellows were saved. But it was a thrilling episode."

A well-known man on the turf once remarked: "In racing you have all sorts of odds against you. The trainer cheats, the jockey cheats, the owner cheats; and when, as sometimes happens, they are all of accord to run a straight race, then the horse will cheat and refuse to go a yard when he is called upon to win the race."

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which a sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper which carries the sleeper while he sleeps runs. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper."

THE AFFAIR GOUFFÉ.

"Parisina" on the Crime which links San Francisco and Paris.

It is the talk of the town, this "affair Gouffé," and one of the acts of the drama having been played out in San Francisco, will certainly add to its interest for the readers of the *Argonaut*.

Doubtless it is superfluous to inform you that some time in December, a M. Garanger—traveling for business (or pleasure, was it?) in California—made the acquaintance of that precious pair, Michel Eyraud and Gabrielle Bompard, who passed themselves off as father and daughter. Labordière (one of their many aliases) was the name by which they went during their sojourn in San Francisco, whence they had fled from London. M. Garanger was taken with Gabrielle, and, the supposed father making no opposition to his suit, it prospered so well that in a very short space of time the *soi-disant* Mlle. Labordière became the mistress of their new acquaintance.

So far it is all plain sailing; but after that accounts differ. According to the first version, M. Garanger, disgusted with the bad treatment the girl had been subjected to at her supposed father's hands, suggested that she should return with him to France; and this she did, but not before she had confided to her lover that Labordière was none other than Michel Eyraud, the assassin of Gouffé, and that, moreover, he had intended to serve Garanger in the same way, and with her connivance murder him as he had murdered the sheriff. After which, the two set forth on their journey, fired with a righteous indignation against Michel Eyraud, and intent on informing the French police of his culpability in the matter of the "affair Gouffé."

But there is a second version of this story. It is supposed by some that the two men were very thick at San Francisco—much thicker than M. Garanger will acknowledge—and that the latter was prepared to enter into various business combinations with his new acquaintance; that he lent him money; and that Eyraud, only too glad to be quit of his female tool, was a party to her return. *Quelle aille se faire pendre*, perhaps, the murderer thought; he was certainly safer without her, or maybe he calculated that she would keep a quiet tongue in her head for her own sake, in which he did not show himself a very keen student of human nature—depraved human nature, I mean, of course. Always, according to this second version, Eyraud managed to convince his new friend—and successor in Gabrielle Bompard's affections—that his brother-in-law, Choteau, a rich merchant of the Rue du Soutier, would repay the money he had borrowed.

It is an ascertained fact that Gabrielle, on coming to Paris, did not march straight to the office of the prefect of police; that is to say, not until M. Garanger had had an interview with Choteau—nay, two. Whether the former tried to obtain hush-money or merely to get Choteau to pay back what Eyraud had borrowed, we shall only know when the trial comes off; all we are sure of at present is, that M. Garanger failed in his mission, whatever it was, and next morning Gabrielle knocked at M. Lozé's office, sent in her name, and demanded an interview.

She was in a way expected. The prefect had received a letter, signed Gabrielle Bompard, announcing her arrival from America, and he certainly did expect that somebody would turn up; but had it been a poor, crack-brained creature supposing herself to be the woman the police were so eager to catch, he would not have been surprised. Between you and me, I think M. Lozé was much startled to find that it was actually Eyraud's mistress—the presumed confederate of the assassin—who had actually come of her own accord to put her neck into the noose. And, indeed, it did seem an extraordinary proceeding on her part.

No sooner had it got abroad that Gabrielle was really a prisoner of the Sureté, that she had come from the other side of the world to tell what she knew, than the most absurd suppositions were made to account for her conduct. She had been hypnotized by Garanger, who, finding himself an accessory after the fact, was desirous of getting rid of his mistress and enlightening justice at the same time. She had been hypnotized by Eyraud, who had sent his accomplice over land and sea to occupy the attention of the authorities here, while he sought some safer haven of refuge, unincumbered by the society of a woman whose presence impeded his movements and was a daily source of dread and discomfort. Finally, she is only trying to fix the guilt entirely on Eyraud—free and out of the way—for the purpose of screening certain persons more or less implicated in the affair, who will recompense her richly by-and-bye.

Interesting as this affair is at its present stage—an inextricable mass of complications, suppositions, lies, plots, wickedness, cupidity, perjury, false witnessing, unconscionable immorality, and fiendish guilt—it was simple enough at first. The discovery of a broken trunk at Millery, near Lyons, and somewhat later on of a poor corpse, grinning through the acacia-bushes growing near a railway cutting, was a very simple affair. Some one had been murdered, and it was conjectured that the trunk had been used to conceal and transport the body of the dead man. This was in July last. At the same time, one Gouffé was missing. Gouffé was a *huissier*—a sheriff and bailiff rolled into one. Not an ornament to his profession, this *huissier*—a philanderer, a *coveur de filles*, a *noceur*. One evening he, having announced his intention of dining with some friends, went out, never to return. The family communicated with the police, and, for form's sake, an inquiry was set on foot; but every one was persuaded he would turn up in time, he was only having a frolic somewhere. True, his brother-in-law went to have a look at the corpse at Lyons and declared it certainly was not Gouffé. This brother-in-law's name is Landry, and he seems to have been decidedly a stupid fellow, if not worse. Does he not visit Gouffé's office and carefully destroy some of the letters he finds there and return others to the writers—mostly females?

The honor of having identified the body as that of the mis-

sing sheriff, belongs to M. Goron, the Chef de la Sureté. This was one link in the chain of evidence. Another was provided by one Remy Launay, who was known to have had dealings with Gouffé, and to have been his debtor to a large amount. He was arrested on suspicion, but was immediately released, having proved an alibi, and directed the attention of the police to the disappearance of Michel Eyraud, who had also had dealings with Gouffé and himself. The evidence against Eyraud was at first very slight. He had certainly gone away—his wife and brother-in-law (the whole case teems with relations-in-law) declared they knew not whither—but considering his mode of life and the wandering spirit of the man, who had traveled pretty well all over the world in his time and had systematically neglected his home for years, this did not seem so surprising. But the indefatigable M. Goron had pieced together the old trunk, and after weeks—nay months—of careful research, discovered that it had been purchased in London by two persons answering to the names of Michel Eyraud and Gabrielle Bompard.

We may imagine the Chef de la Sureté heaving a heavy sigh of relief when he found there was a woman in the case. It appears from repeated experiment that whenever a woman is implicated in a crime, whenever a murderer has a female accomplice, there is hope that he may be brought to justice some day or other. They will quarrel, and she will blab. It is ever so, declares the astute *policier*. They can not keep silent. Is it remorse that makes them peach on their confederate? Rarely. Is it a desire for revenge? Frequently. More often it is merely an inveterate love of talking; they have a ghastly secret and they must disclose it, whatever the consequences to themselves. Women in jail take their fellow-prisoners into their confidence, or they confide to the new lover the crime of the old. There is another influence, too, at work—the desire to surprise, astonish, and horrify the public, the morbid love of excitement and craze for notoriety.

This, it is now generally believed, was the reason why Gabrielle suddenly wrote that she was on her way back from California, coming as fast as steam could bring her, to give evidence against Eyraud. What a *coup de théâtre*! Just as we were beginning to think that the two worthies had got beyond the arm of the law—they had been traced to Canada, no further—and that we were never going to hear anything more about them.

If Gabrielle's wish was to become a heroine of the court of assizes, she will be served to her taste. The strangest part of all is that she does not seem to realize how far she is incriminating herself. In accordance with the rules of French procedure, she is examined daily by the magistrates. Day after day she is questioned and cross-questioned, and each fresh recital is more damning than the preceding one. At first she only acknowledged having helped Eyraud to take the trunk with its ghastly contents to Lyons, and to have learned afterward what it held. Then she confesses to have been present when the deed was committed, and to have made a sack to put the body of the victim in. Finally, she admits that she was used as a decoy to inveigle Gouffé to the little apartment she and Eyraud had secured. She met the sheriff somewhere near the bank; would she let him come and see her? No, she was afraid of her lover; well, he might come if he liked, and a rendezvous was made for eight o'clock that evening. And so the middle-aged old reprobate fell into the trap. The "*petit démon*," as he jocosely called her when she opened the door to him on that fateful night of July, was his undoing. Eyraud was there, hid behind the curtains, with a rope firmly secured to a pulley, and strangled him.

Imagine a crime like this being committed in the middle of the town—in a quiet, respectable street, a stone's throw from the Madeleine—and nobody any the wiser! Visitors to the exhibition may have been staying in the same lodging-house. Next day, the murderer and his accomplice got their trunk hoisted on to a cab and drove off, having settled their bill and given the *conciierge* a good tip. And she tells the magistrate she should never have supposed monsieur and madame were assassins—"they were so very civil spoken, and she quite the lady!" A fig for a porter's appreciation of us.

Gabrielle is short, fair, light, and very young. She laughs on the smallest provocation. When she serves the magistrate a fresh version of her monstrous story, she tells him this is the truth, and she was lying yesterday, quite good humoredly. On one occasion, when they had been cross-examining her for some hours, she went off into hysterics; but, in a general way, she shows no emotion, eats her dinner with a relish (the reporters are so kind as to supply us every day with her menu), complains that the wine is short, or that the cutlet is tough, or praises the cookery, chats with the jail companion set over her to watch and surprise further confidences, and when M. Garanger is admitted to see her, jumps up and throws her arms round his neck, and is altogether so natural and charming in her manners that every one is delighted with her all round. "*Petit démon*," indeed; Gouffé was right.

And this sweet, artless creature slept all night in the same room with a murdered man in a trunk!

The sheriff met with a horrible death and paid a fearful penalty for his misdeeds. Nevertheless, he is not interesting. I feel more for those fatherless daughters of his. And for that unfortunate, much injured wife of Eyraud, one is full of compassion. She knew her husband was the murderer all along. He went home to her that night, and she procured him the means to get out of the country from her brother, M. Choteau, who confesses that he, too, was aware of the truth from the first, but could not be expected to inform against his sister's husband.

If Eyraud is found, arrested, and brought back to France to stand his trial, it is whispered that many strange things may come out. Let us hope that by the time these lines appear in print, the assassin will be in the hands of justice. His capture may present great difficulty, since he speaks several languages and is a man of many resources, and not a poor, ignorant scoundrel with nothing but blind instinct to guide him in his turns and doublings and guilty flight from the myrmidons of the law, whom the she-devil here has set on his track.

PARIS, January 31, 1890.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is related of Bishop Potter that he was once taken to task by a few of his denominational brethren on the charge of exhibiting a conceit of himself at variance with the spirit of humility. "It is not conceit," said the bishop—with that ponderous bearing that silenced opposition—"it is not conceit, brethren; it is the consciousness of superiority."

In an English theatre, recently, the orchestra between the acts was playing very loudly, and two ladies, in a front row, were endeavoring to converse at the same time. They had to raise their voices considerably, and, as the orchestra suddenly reached a low passage, the voice of one of the ladies became cruelly distinct, just as she remarked: "I wear silk underclothes."

The time had at length arrived when, in the opinion of her manager—and all the world besides, for that matter—Mlle. Mars, the famous Parisian actress, should be cast for a more elderly part than she had hitherto sustained. Scribe wrote a comedy specially for her, entitled, "The Grandmother," and read it aloud to the actress. "Capital!" said the artist, for whom the part of the grandmother was intended; "of course I shall play the granddaughter, but who is to take the rôle of the grandmother, which is quite as important?"

A superb young woman, who had high birth and abundance of money, saucily told a girl in her set recently that she always kept callers waiting twenty minutes before she appeared. The girl who received this valuable piece of news called upon the golden calf a few days afterward. She sent up her card, and the footman returned with the message that Miss ——— would be down in a few minutes. The caller took out her watch, and, when seven minutes had expired, wrote upon one of her cards: "I have been gone just thirteen minutes." Leaving this card on the table, the young lady took her departure.

Biedler was as intrepid as he was fertile of resources in danger (says the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*). One time, at Miles City, he came out of the door of a saloon to find himself within twenty inches of the muzzle of a forty-four-calibre revolver in the hand of a noted desperado, on whose trail the deputy-marshal had oftentimes camped. "I'm goin' to blow the innards out of your skull, you vigilante hound," quoth the bad man. "Not with that thing," said Biedler, in a conversational, but semi-querulous tone; "it ain't cocked." The bad man threw up the pistol to see if Biedler was right and made the mistake of a life which ended right there.

The grimmest facts of history may take a burlesque turn in the telling, and the more than Hibernian naïveté of the "greaser" guide partly relieves this gloomy note of travel printed by the *Texas Siftings*: A gentleman, who recently returned from a long trip through the "Land of the Aztecs," says that when he was in the City of Mexico he was shown through some ancient convents and jails that were erected by the Spaniards several centuries ago. In the wall of one of these ancient edifices he saw a small opening, and naturally inquired of his Mexican guide what purpose it served. He was told that the tradition was that in this criminals were formerly walled up alive. "But what was the use of the hole in the wall?" he asked. "Well, señor," replied the guide, "as long as the prisoner lived, his food was handed to him on a plate, and he handed back the empty plate through the hole; but when the prisoner handed back the plate with the food on it untouched, then the jailer knew that he was dead already, and didn't give him any more."

A German dramatic author tells a good story of an improvised monologue to which he had to listen not long ago on the occasion of the first production of a new comedy. The hero had finished a tolerably long piece of solitary declamation, and at that precise moment a medical man ought to have emerged from the wings. But he did not emerge. "Ah, here comes the doctor," began the hero afresh, in order to fill up the time, and he anxiously stared in the direction of the prompt side of the stage; "but how slowly he walks. One would imagine that there was no need for hurry. Now he has positively stopped to talk to a lady. What can he have to say to her? At last he is once more on his way. No—now he has stopped to talk to a man. Why, the doctor knows every one. Here he comes again. Thank heaven!" At that moment the doctor entered, but from the "opposite prompt" side. For an instant the hero was a little taken aback, but with admirable coolness, he recovered himself, and, as he greeted his visitor, exclaimed: "How did you get round the corner so quickly, doctor?"

In telling anecdotes of her life recently, Agnes Booth said: "In Australia I danced in all the operas with Mme. Anna Bishop. My proper name was Marion Agnes Land Rookes, but my stage name was 'Marion Agnes.' The only other place I played in was Australia was Newcastle, a seaport and garrison town. There I had a very awkward adventure. There was an amateur company among the officers, and they were to play the 'Lady of Lyons.' Mrs. Brutone, who was then Miss Julia Clifford, was to play Pauline and I was to dance the Highland fling, in costume, between acts. For some reason, Miss Clifford failed to appear, and I was asked to go on and read the part. I objected, not knowing the part, but was prevailed on to consent. I really don't know how to tell this story. Well, I put on the clothes over my Highland costume, not having the kilt on, but wearing the stockings and all the rest. The curtain was an old-fashioned one, which rolled up. As it rolled up, I was caught in it and rolled up, too, and there I was suspended, with the audience having a fine view of my Scotch stockings. For a long time I had to hold the book before my face before I could conquer my blushes."

It was at the battle of Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864, that Admiral Farragut was lashed to the main-yard, up to which he had climbed in order to be above the smoke and so be able to oversee the operations of the fleet. All the world has heard of the admiral's courage, but comparatively few will, perhaps, so much as remember the name of a man who, in this same battle, performed a deed of still nobler heroism. Dr. Hutchinson, in his account of the battle, says that the Confederate ran *Tennessee* started out from behind Fort Morgan, just before the head of the Federal fleet was abreast of it, intending to attack the ships one by one. On receiving two or three broadsides, however, she changed her course and ran back, closely followed by the Federal monitor *Tecumseh*. As the *Tecumseh* neared the fort, pounding away at the ram with fifteen-inch solid shot, she struck a floating torpedo and exploded it. As was afterward ascertained by the divers, the explosion tore a hole in her bottom more than twenty-feet square, and she sunk like a stone—turning over as she went down in eight fathoms of water. By this frightful disaster one hundred and ten out of one hundred and twenty men were lost in a single instant. Commander Tunis A. M. Craven, one of the most gallant officers in the service, lost his life through his noble disregard of self. He was in the pilot-house with the pilot, close to the only opening in the whole ship, and this only large enough to allow one man to pass at once. Captain Craven was already partly out, when the pilot grasped him by the leg and cried: "Let me get out first, captain, for God's sake! I have five little children!" The captain drew back, saying: "Go on, sir," and went down with the ship, while the pilot was saved. A week afterward, when the divers examined the wreck, they found nearly all the crew at their posts, just as they had sunk. The chief-engineer, who had been married in New York only two weeks before and who had received from the flagship's mail his letters as the line was forming, stood with one hand upon the revolving bar of the turret engine, while the other held an open letter from his bride, which his dead eyes still seemed to be reading.

DIVORÇONS!

"Van Gryse" on the Standing of Divorçees in New York Society.

What might be called a nineteenth-century romance has just been made public through the papers, though society has long known of it—the curious watching it with coarse interest, the sympathy with pained pity, the philosophical with thoughtful interest.

Singing, until recently, the rôle of Myra Van Twiller, in "The Seven Ages," at the Standard, and now a prominent member of the company which is giving "The Gondoliers" in Brooklyn, is Mrs. Arthur Padelford—a very pretty woman, with a good voice and an attractive stage-presence. This actress is extremely popular among the theatre-going public of the city. There are those who predict for her as successful a future as that of Lillian Russell herself. Not that she is as pretty as Lillian, nor yet possessed of as sweet and engaging a voice, but she is a bolder worker, a more intelligent being, and one who works less for notoriety than for bread and butter. She has none of that air of the conquering heroine with which Miss Russell takes the stage, and she weighs less than one hundred and fifty pounds. Those who have gazed upon the lovely Lillian's massive form, her short skirts permitting the amazed public to view two trunks of oak quite capable of holding up a Steinway grand piano, will realize that Mrs. Padelford's graceful slimmness will make her a powerful rival.

While the wife of Arthur Padelford thus delights the public from the other side of the footlights, the wife of Edward Padelford looks on from this side. The chasm which divides the two—wives of brothers—is unbridgeable. The one is a comic-opera singer in tights and trunks, the other a lady of society and fashion, who must make apologies for even permitting herself to patronize such a performance. While Mrs. Arthur sings and pirouettes to the rapture of the first rows, Mrs. Edward sits in a box at the Metropolitan—beautiful, jeweled, statuesque, *blasé*. She is pointed out to people from the country as "the beautiful Mrs. Padelford," a member of the Four Hundred, and the wife of a rich man of high standing.

It is said, however, that the sisters-in-law are close friends. A bond of sympathy unites them. Some years ago, the singer obtained a divorce from her husband and went on the stage. This year, the fashionable beauty has applied for a divorce from her husband, and obtaining it, will retire into that melancholy seclusion which awaits the divorcée. Each lady has an only child—a daughter in both cases. These two children, should their fathers not remarry, will both come into large fortunes. The daughter of Edward Padelford will inherit from her great-grandfather's estate an income of some thirty-five thousand dollars a year, which her father holds in trust for her. The daughter of Arthur Padelford and the opera-bouffe singer will inherit a similar sum. This income is derived from money invested in trust funds by the great-grandfather of the little girls. The funds can not be touched by either father. Some time since, one of them attempted to encroach upon the capital for the purpose of buying and fitting out a yacht—an attempt which was eminently unsuccessful. No wonder these two sisters-in-law, the poles asunder in social position, in disposition, in the course into which fate has driven their lines, should be friends—a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.

A wave of divorce is sweeping over the city. Time was when a New York woman believed that the vows she took before the altar were sacred ones, taken in the presence of God, that the ties which she contracted were indissoluble, to last for all time. The words "those whom the Lord hath joined together, let no man put asunder," signed and sealed her forever to a companionship which might be heaven or might be hell, but from which, under any circumstances, escape was impossible. Even now, with the enlightening flight of time, which proclaims to all the world that no case is hopeless, that there is a cure for every ill, the New York women will only resort to divorce in desperate extremities. Their forbearance is marked by a sort of exalted heroism. For the sake of their children they will endure a life of unremitting pain and neglect, presenting to the world a proud front which baffles the curiosity of the vulgar and crushes the pity of the envious. Any one who knows New York well, can call to mind numbers of such cases, where the wife is transformed into a modern, nineteenth-century martyr, to be regarded by her world, with all its cynicisms, affectations, frivolities, and falseness, with reverential admiration.

But, to drop to a lower plane, another reason for the reluctance of Eastern women to fall back on divorce is that, by so doing, they lose their prestige. They may be sympathized with, they may have had great provocation, that their position was horrible may be universally admitted, but, nevertheless, when they seek to free themselves they do so at a great cost. Many of them feel that the game is not worth the candle. Where all society bows before the figure of the silently enduring wife, in all its proud fortitude, the divorcée is greeted with a sort of familiar, contemptuous pity. She is one of ourselves, think the crowd, no better and no worse, and they treat her accordingly as a feeble sort of comrade who had neither the force to go wrong nor the force to go right. Neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, she is always liable to get rebuffs. Having placed herself in the position where she can be indiscriminately pitied, she can also be indiscriminately despised as a poor, weak vessel, cracked and chipped, whom all the fine, shining, new copper-vessels can knock to one side as they go swimming proudly by in mid-stream. Society of a careless, hail-fellow-well-met type will take her to its bosom in a sort of tolerant, good-naturedly contemptuous fashion, and keep her there on sufferance—but the least sign of independence, the least attempt at self-assertion, and off she goes. Her rule is over. She must now consent to be ruled, or else fall to the dreary existence of the faded queen of third-class sets, the dusty divinity of moth-eaten drawing-rooms. Society of a severely high cast will none of her. She has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The standard thus lifted up in the eyes of all mankind is certainly a high and rather

an unrelentingly savage one. But society of this kind has laws—and abides by them—cruel and harsh as the old Mosaic laws. And any attempt to soften them will be answered by the favorite old formula, "Society must protect itself."

So society, in its effort to protect itself, shuts the divorcée out. Her friends, frightened, and after the manner of rats who leave a sinking ship, begin to fall away from her. She finds herself free, but lonely; her old acquaintances, though polite, yet coldly polite. Certainly society should spread abroad a regenerating influence when its hard laws are so sternly carried out. A woman whose nature is resistant rather than submissive finds herself punished like a criminal, and in many cases ostracized like a leper. Here, the phrase "a divorced woman" always carries with it more than a suggestion of opprobrium. "Oh, Mrs. So-and-So—she's divorced," they say, in much the same manner as they might say: "Oh, Mr. Such-and-Such—be served a term in State's prison."

But, of course, there is a merry band of gay, rich people who look upon divorce with the lightsome spirit which they look upon pretty much everything. These are here to enjoy life, not to martyrize themselves with any clogging ideas on the sole duty of man, or the elevating influences of woman, or the purposes of life, or anything, but having a good time. Nothing is irrevocable to them, or if it is, it must cease to be so. Especially when a thing is disagreeable must it cease immediately, before it has time to give one wrinkles or gray hairs. Accordingly, they get married with the thought in reserve that they can get divorced whenever they want, which they do the moment things run roughly. Away they go for a winter in Rhode Island, in San Francisco, in Chicago, in New Jersey, to appear the next summer, gay, smiling, ready for any fun that may turn up, and freed forever from the galling bonds of matrimony—those bonds, at least.

The women of this set get their divorces at Rhode Island, where they manage these things particularly neatly and cheaply. A winter at Newport is all that is necessary, and Newport is not a bad place in winter, though the local aborigines are rather puritanical in their style. This was the place where Mrs. Frederick Neilson obtained her divorce. Mrs. Neilson is Freddie Gebhardt's sister—"the blood of the Absolutes, my boy!"—and is a lady of great wealth—both she and Freddie have a hundred thousand a year income from the patrimonial estate—and before her divorce was a shining light to the eight hundred eyes which are comprised in New York society. Mr. Neilson, as the husband of an heiress, tried to make the best of his trying position, but it appears he signally failed. After bearing up bravely for some six or eight years, Mrs. Neilson announced her intention of adjourning to Newport, which, in New York society of a lofty attitude, means more things than are dreamed of in the philosophy of the denizen of the wild and woolly West. Since her divorce, Mrs. Neilson has lived quietly in strict retirement.

There are to be several lovely ladies in Newport and in New Jersey this winter. Some of them are even going down as far as Delaware, tripping southward toward Chesapeake Bay and freedom. One of these is said to be Mrs. Burke-Roche, once Miss Fanny Work, a celebrated beauty. If Mr. Neilson failed to acquit himself creditably in the difficult position of husband of an heiress, what shall be said of Mr. Burke-Roche?—who is himself an heir of either a title, an estate, or a fortune, I have forgotten which. This heir-apparent, with a wife who was not an heiress, has been no more successful than poor Mr. Neilson, who was not the heir to anything, not even his wife's one hundred thousand a year. Mrs. Burke-Roche is a beauty, like so many New York beauties, superb in the upper part of her face—eyes and forehead—but dwindling toward the chin. Her brother is Young Frank Work—called so to distinguish him from her father—a young man given to bibulous habits and equestrian feats. One of these—for a bet—was to ride his horse through the ground-floor of the West End Hotel at Long Branch and jump through one of the drawing-room windows on to the balcony. People, not apprised of the fact that this was a bet, could not have regarded the appearance of Death on the Pale Horse with more surprise than they did that of Mr. Work, astride his gallant charger, cantering down the corridors of the hotel and leaping about over the chairs and sofas.

NEW YORK, February 14, 1890. VAN GRYSÉ.

Baku, on the west shore of the Caspian, where the sacred fire burns and the petroleum springs from the earth to a height of thirty feet, is cholera-proof. There has lately been a great influx of people into Baku from the plague-stricken districts of Persia, and yet there has been no outbreak of cholera in the place. The air and water of the neighborhood, impregnated with naphtha, kill the cholera germs.

The English newspapers are writing column-and-a-half editorial paragraphs upon the subject of the decline of breach-of-promise suits, an inspection of the latest calendar of the Queen's Bench Court showing that, out of over a thousand cases upon the list, but one is for breach of promise, an unprecedented state of affairs.

What is said to be the most powerful electric-light in existence has recently been put into operation in a lighthouse at Houtholm, on the dangerous coast of Jutland. It is of two million candle-power, mounted on a tower about two hundred feet high, and can be seen at a distance of thirty-five miles even in rainy weather.

Meteorologists have found that there is only five degrees average variation of temperature at the top of the Eiffel Tower, while the average in Paris below is ten degrees, and that recently there was a warm breeze for three days at the top of the tower, while there was cold weather below and severe frosts.

A vegetable cartridge-case has been invented in France. It weighs only half as much as a metal case and costs less.

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S JEST.

When springtime flushes the desert grass,
Our kafilas wind through the Khyber Pass.
Lean are the camels but fat the frails,
Light are the purses but heavy the hailes,
As the snow-bound trade of the North comes down
To the market-square of Peshawur town.

In a turquoise twilight, crisp and chill,
A kafilas camped at the foot of the hill.
Then blue smoke-haze of the cooking rose,
And tent-peg answered to hammer-nose;
And the picketed ponies, shag and wild,
Strained at their ropes as the feed was piled;
And the huddling camels beside the load
Sprawled for a furlong adown the road;
And the Persian pussy-cats, brought for sale,
Spat at the dogs from the camel-hale;
And the trisemen bellowed to hasten the food;
And the camp-fires twinkled by Fort Jumrood;
And there fled on the wings of the gathering dusk
A savor of camels and carpets and musk,
A murmur of voices, a reek of smoke,
To tell us the trade of the Khyber woke.
The lid of the flesh-pot chattered high,
The knives were whetted and—then came I
To Mahhuh Ali, the muleteer,
Patching his bridles and counting his gear,
Crammed with the gossip of half a year.
But Mahhuh Ali, the kindly, said,
"Better is speech when the belly is fed."
So we plunged the hand to the mid-wrist deep
In a cinnamon stew of the fat-tailed sheep,
And he who never hath tasted the food,
By Allah! he knoweth not had from good.

We cleansed our hearths of the mutton-grease,
We lay on the mats and were filled with peace,
And the talk slid north, and the talk slid south,
With the sliding puffs from the hookah mouth.
Four things greater than all things are—
Women and horses and power and war.
We spake of them all, but the last the most,
For I sought a word of a Russian post,
Of a shifty promise, an unsheathed sword,
And a gray-coat guard on the Helmund Ford.
Then Mahhuh Ali lowered his eyes
In the fashion of one who is weaving lies,
Quoth he: "Of the Russians who can say?
When the night is gathering all is gray.
But we look that the gloom of the night shall die
In the morning flush of a blood-red sky.
Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
To warn a king of his enemies?
We know what heaven or hell may bring,
But no man knoweth the mind of the king.
That unsought counsel is cursed of God
Attesteth the story of Wali Dad."

"His sire was leaky of tongue and pen,
His dam was a clucking Khutuck hen;
And the colt bred close to the vice of each,
For he carried the curse of an unstanch'd speech.
Therewith madness—so that he sought
The favor of kings at the Cahul court;
And traveled, in hope of honor, far
To the line where the gray-coat squadrons are.
There have I journeyed, too—but I
Saw naught, said naught, and—did not die!
He heark'd to a rumor, and snatched at a breath
Of 'this one knoweth' and 'that one saith'—
Legends that ran from mouth to mouth
Of a gray-coat coming, and sack of the South.
These have I also heard—they pass
With each new spring and the winter grass."

"Hot-foot southward, forgotten of God,
Back to the city ran Wali Dad,
Even to Cahul—in full durbar
The King held talk with his Chief in War.
Into the press of the crowd he broke,
And what he had heard of the coming, spoke."

"Then Gholam Hyder, the Red Chief, smiled,
As a mother might on a hatching child;
But those who would laugh restrained their breath,
When the face of the King showed dark as death.
Evil it is in full durbar
To cry to a ruler of gathering war!
Slowly he led to a peach-tree small,
That grew by a cleft of the city wall.
And he said to the boy: 'They shall praise thy zeal
So long as the red spur follows the steel.
And the Russ is upon us even now?
Great is thy prudence—wait them, thou.
Watch from the tree. Thou art young and strong,
Surely thy vigil is not for long.
The Russ is upon us, thy clamor ran?
Surely an hour shall bring the van,
Wait and watch. When the host is near,
Shout aloud that my men may hear,
Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
To warn a king of his enemies?'"

"A guard was set that he might not flee—
A score of hayonets ringed the tree.
The peach-bloom fell in showers of snow,
When he shook at his death as he looked below.
By the power of God, who alone is great,
Till the twentieth day he fought with his fate.
Then madness took him, and men declare
He mowed in the branches as ape and bear.
And last as a sloth, ere his body failed,
And he hung like a hat in the forks, and wailed,
And sleep the cord of his hands untied,
And he fell, and was caught on the points, and died."

"Heart of my heart, is it meet or wise
To warn a king of his enemies?
We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,
But no man knoweth the mind of the king.
Of the gray-coat coming who can say?
When the night is gathering all is gray.
Two things greater than all things are,
The first is love, and the second war.
And since we know not how war may prove,
Heart of my heart, let us talk of love!"

—Macmillan's Magazine.

Prince Bismarck is said to have caused it to be known that officials who write their names illegibly will have their signatures reproduced hereafter in the newspapers, and will, at the same time, receive his public condemnation. The matter of legible signatures has been a hobby with Bismarck for some time.

A French count, now in London, claims to have made an electric apparatus so delicate that the needle in it can be made to revolve one way or the other at the will of the person holding a wire connected with it.

VANITY FAIR.

The young men in Moscow's Four Hundred are about the most reckless and extravagant in the world, and are always full of a desire to smash things. A man, therefore, who gives a stag-dinner at a Moscow restaurant or hotel, invariably contracts to pay for the meal, "inclusive of crockery." As soon as the last dish has been served, his guests begin to slam things about the room, and before the last bottle of wine has been served, the floor is carpeted with small bits of the service, the mirrors, and the pictures from the wall. In the Winter Garden, the young bloods drive their sticks through the fish-globes and hew down all the flowers and shrubs they can get at. They are not altogether bad, however, for they pay the proprietor lavishly for everything they destroy. Another freak of the lively young men in Moscow is to hire an elephant for an evening and get it drunk on champagne. About six months ago, a young blood beat the record for originality by giving his friends a dinner, at which the only meat was the pork from a trained pig, bought of its trainer by the host for fourteen thousand roubles. At least, that was the story the host told in good faith to his friends at the beginning of the feast. He learned, the next day, that the owner of the pig, Clown Tanto, had swindled him by substituting a common pig for the educated animal. A lawsuit followed, but before it could be decided, Tanto and his pig and the fourteen thousand roubles in question got out of the country. The Moscow dukes and officers have also an overweening passion for the stars of the café chantants and for gypsy street-singers, whom they marry with astonishing frequency.

Pearls have been rising in value in the European market so long, and threaten to rise so steadily, that they may soon become the costliest, as they have long been the most elegant, ornaments of a beautiful woman. Many a jewel is fifty times as effective; the ruby is richer in color, the diamond is brighter, gold and silver are more plastic. The pearl has but its mild satin skin, like an angel's shoulder, its rounded curves; yet its shy, moony lustre seems to have a more permanent hold over a dainty fancy than many a more vivid and more robust material. A necklet of fine pearls remains a far more refined and dainty ornament than one of brilliants.

"A Musicale in Seville" is thus described by a writer in *Harper's Bazar*: One evening a young American-Spaniard in Seville invited us to accompany him to the house of some friends who were giving a *musical*. He came for us about nine o'clock, and we walked through the black streets, here and there aglow with light streaming from an illuminated *patio*. Before one of these bright spots he stopped and rang the bell. The gate swung back, and the master of the bouse came in person, and met us midway in the *patio*. He was a typical Spaniard of the middle class, but offered us hospitality like a grand seigneur. The house was unlike the majority of Seville houses in that the *patio* was not bounded by porticos, but narrowed from the walls directly into a small passageway that led to the parlors, situated on the ground-floor. These were two large rooms thrown into one, scantily furnished, except as to rocking-chairs. In the rear room a table was spread with cakes and sweetmeats, and in the front parlor overlooking the street stood a piano. The señor presented us to his wife—a delicate, sweet-faced woman—who was sitting in the connecting doorway in the midst of her friends, and then he carried us into the other room, where most of the men sat about, the elder at small card-tables, and the younger men tilted against the wall, and staring across a broad river of tobacco-smoke—the Hellsport that separated them from their Heros. We were not early, but it seemed that these Leanders had not yet dared to swim. At the piano the daughter of the house and the leader of the San Fernando orchestra were playing duets. She rose when her father called her, a young and very pretty girl—so pretty, in fact, that in her behalf I would like to translate the delicious Spanish freedom of compliment. Like most Sevillianas, she was rather under the middle size, but her Paris gown may have given that effect, for it was short, and displayed a lovely little foot, of which she could not be too proud. This young girl's chief charm was her complexion; instead of the pallor which the Seville ladies of the Delicias Gardens cultivate, her cheeks were of a ripe, warm hue, a creamy brown, through which a ruddy flood continually pulsed. Her features were dignified, yet a bit coy; but why enumerate the items when the likeness escapes? Here are the others, though: White teeth, well-arched eyebrows, eyes, full, black, and glowing, such as poets have taught us are only to be met with in the mellow regions of Andalusia. She crossed the room to her father with short, quick, yet graceful steps, gazing upon the strangers with calm and reserved eyes, but kindling into smiles when she recognized her acquaintance, the American-Spaniard. Whenever she was not playing—for the young orchestra-leader evidently considered her a fine musician, and was ever hanging over her chair, heseeching her to begin again to "repeat," as the Boston *émigré* called improvisation—she used the time to start conversation going between us and her comrades, who showed more modesty than we thought becoming, and kept retreating behind the line of veterans—the married ladies in the doorway. Nor were the strangers of the best material out of which a hostess would like to form her guests. No man feels perfectly easy when he suspects he is being laughed at, even though the laugh is a good-natured one, and we were quite sure the ladies laughed and wondered at us as half barbarians, in whom the leaven of Seville was beginning to work. At last, our mutual coyness melted in the warmth of the young hostess's wish to put her guests at ease. We were soon chattering as merrily as an imperfect knowledge of Spanish permitted, and our example ought to have shamed the Seville youth, who kept their places about the walls, and glowered from behind a rampart of smoke. A little later our slow use of the language kept us from joining in the games which were played before we went away, involving, as they did, catches and plays on words; but it

took no polyglot to enter into their spirit. Toward the close of the evening it was proposed that three of the fair guests should stand up and dance for us the rosario, and all the men with one voice shouted, in the slang of the bull-ring, for a *boletín de sombra*. The musician several times played over the opening bars of the dance, but it did not come off. But we had the fun of preparation. "Thou shalt dance as my majo, Martita." "Nay, the señorito must be those who art taller." "Chiqui-ti-ti-ta come and take my place, I have forgotten the step." So it was laughter and silvery screams, little pushes, pathetic implorings, peremptory commands—all the accompaniment of preparation and fiasco which called to mind similar beginnings we have seen at home.

A woman under twenty or over fifty can wear black well. Between those limits, she should avoid it. Women wear it, thinking it makes the skin look white. A woman has a black evening-gown. She looks at her neck and bosom, at her arms above her black gloves, and thinks bow fair and white they look. Very true. But at the same time, every line and wrinkle in her face is accentuated. Let her beware of black.

Spanish women take most excellent care of their eyebrows, eyelids, and lashes; they are bathed in warm water, but never rubbed under any circumstances, and Spanish chemists prepare lotions and oils specially for promoting the silky growth of lashes and eyebrows, to enhance the beauty and glow of the soft dark eyes beneath them. This method of adding to one's attraction is simple and easy as compared with the anxious care which a professional beauty must bestow upon herself if she would fulfill her mission in life, according to a little book recently published on "Beauty and How to Keep It." The professional beauty is never allowed to forget herself or her high calling for an instant; she must neither laugh nor cry like other women; she may love only moderately, and never grieve at all, lest it cause wrinkles. She is also counseled to maintain a serene cheerfulness of temper, to practice a certain amount of self-restraint, lest she spoil her complexion, and take up some work which shall interest and amuse her, in order to keep her in good health. According to all this, the professional beauty would be rather a nice girl to live with, but heaven is her home.

A writer on fashion says that winter dresses are being prepared with borders of furs, chinchilla being much in request. *Punch*, commenting on this, says:

Fashion bids you wear furs that will fill a
Fond heart with delight, for full soon
You'll be charming and *chic* in chinchilla,
And ravishing quite in racoon.
Silver fox may be praised, but leave ermine
For monarchs. Among all the rest,
I'm sure, dear, I can not determine
The fur in which you'll look the best.

You have called your poor poet a dreamer;
In sooth, dear, he dreams but of thee,
And he vows you'll look simply "a screamer"
When fur-clad, whatever it be.
While he swears that he gladly would peel skin
Could his hide be made bandsome by art;
But, alas! he must yield to the seal-skin
That can count all the beats of your heart.

A pretty foot, although necessarily concealed much of the time—unless its owner is resolved to display it—is quite as powerful a weapon in the armory of beauty as a pretty hand. A slender, yet plump, foot of moderate length, with short toes, small heel, and arched instep, is the ideal of beauty; and although many well-dressed feet appear to possess all these requirements, it will often be found that much depends upon the dressing. A pretty bare foot is a rare possession, and a sculptor, a young and gifted woman, who had attained eminence in her art, said that she found it almost impossible to obtain a desirable model beyond the age of childhood. The prettiest feet on record were those of Napoleon's sister, the Princess Borghese, who, after her bath, used to recline gracefully on a lounge in her dressing-room with her diminutive feet, plump and perfect as those of a child, and tinted like a tea-rose, carefully displayed. A lady who was admitted to the intimacy of the dressing-room, expressed her admiration of the feet, and especially of their peculiarly beautiful tint; but she was quite overwhelmed by the reply: "Are they not pretty? My maid does them every morning after my bath." Most people, however, are satisfied with a foot which looks small and well-shaped when daintily stockinged and slipped, or which shows to advantage on the street in a stylish boot. Slippers, although dainty and attractive, are not popular with them, as they assert that they weaken the ankles through lack of support, and cause the feet to spread; yet the charm of a pretty foot is wonderfully enhanced by a pretty slipper. There is more poetry about it than about any other foot-covering. A lover has been known to draw forth a tiny slipper from some hidden receptacle near his heart. But who ever heard of a boot being thus purloined and deposited? Boots, in fact, belong to the work-a-day world, and slippers to the realm of sweet-do-nothingness. A high-heeled slipper, with the heel placed nearly half-way between its proper place and the centre of the sole, is very becoming, as the length of the foot is usually measured with the eye from the heel only; but it is ruinous to comfort and favorable to bunions. It is also really dangerous in going downstairs, as it is liable to catch in some part of the dress and precipitate the wearer headlong. When the joint of the great toe projects beyond the line of the foot, all hope of prettiness must vanish, for this deformity can rarely, if ever, be cured. Some persevering cultivators of beauty, however, handage their feet tightly at night to keep them in shape, while during the day they take every possible means to deform them. The bandaging originated with the ladies of Spain, who set so high a value on small, well-shaped feet that they would probably resort to the Chinese torture were the results beautifying instead of deforming. With their bandaged feet, and bands raised by pulleys fastened to the ceiling to make them white, the nights passed by the Spanish

belles can scarcely be called periods of rest. The Spanish mark of blue blood is the Arab arch of the foot, under which water can flow without wetting it; and the possessor of such a foot would be sure to walk well, if walking depended on the feet alone.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Competitive contests in athletics took place recently at the North London Collegiate School for Girls, between wearers and non-wearers of corsets. There were sixteen pupils on a side, and the contests were a high leap, a long leap, a tug-of-war, and running. In the high leap, the average of the corsets was three feet and seven inches, against three feet six inches and one-eleventh for the non-corsets. In the long leap, the wearers of corsets averaged nine feet one and one-quarter inches, while the stayless girls made an average of nine feet and four-elevenths of an inch. The champion of them all, however, was a girl without corsets, who made twelve feet. The corsetless maidens had far the best of it in the tug-of-war, dragging their opponents twice over the line. In the running, the object was to test the evidences of disturbance, as shown by increased pulse, increased rate of respiration, and diminished breathing capacity. The corset party had the advantage in respiration and in pulse rates, and the non-corset party was ahead in breathing capacity, for the effort of running diminished the capacity of the corset-wearers by eight-tenths of a cubic inch, while that of the girls without corsets was increased four and four-tenths cubic inches.

A woman thus writes in the *New York Sun*: "An idea that seems to have permeated thoroughly through the masculine world is that women are vain than men. Now there is not a word of truth in this. No woman ever lingered with such loving delight before a looking-glass as will a man with the least pretension to beauty." This is not borne out by the fact that clubs frequented exclusively by men are nearly always destitute of mirrors.

One penalty the fashionable woman pays to her greatness is in being debarred from the privileges and delights of the bargain counters—a shrine at which her less distinguished sisters may worship with impunity. The truly swell matron does not "shop" in the ordinary acceptance of the term. She drives to her dress-maker and spends a morning planning her season's gowns, and the modiste buys all the materials. Her boot-maker keeps her size, and sends an assistant with an assortment of botines and slippers to the house for her inspection and trying on, and in addition pieces of certain dresses are sent to him to match in kid or satin when footwear is needed to correspond. An hour at the furrier's gets her sables, and her gloves are purchased by the dozen in boxes to last through a season. All her street and traveling bonnets and hats are ordered with each individual costume, but some opera and reception trifles admit of choice, so, on occasion, she permits herself to loiter in the parlors of a French artiste for discriminating purposes.

A large portion of the palace of Agra is devoted to the wants and pastimes of the harem; and the solicitude which the Mogul emperors displayed for the comfort, well-being, and happiness of their wives is very evident. No European wife was ever housed in such luxury and splendor as that which enveloped the harems of Agra, whose condition, as far as physical comforts could avail them, might well be an object of envy to a Roman empress in the past or to a great lady of Paris of the present day. They lived in palaces which were designed by architects and adorned by artists who have never been excelled, and which are still the admiration and the wonder of the world. If the ladies wished to purchase jewels—and what woman does not?—there was a bazar within the precincts where the diamonds of Golconda and the precious stones of Ceylon might be seen sparkling in the sun. A pond in the Muchi-Bhawan Court was teeming with fish, which a favorite might catch from a marble balcony, overhanging the water. The chief Sultana had her boudoir in the Saman Burj, or Jasmine Tower, wherein, adorned with most delicate tracery, was a deep portico, inlaid with rarest art, and a vaulted chamber and a pavilion looking out toward the river—wherein, also, British artillery has left its mark in the shape of five jagged holes in the marble trellis-work. From a gallery close at hand, Akbar and his wives directed the movements of living counters on the *pachisi*-board below—an Oriental game in some respects resembling draughts. Deep verandas and shady bowers opened upon the Ungaree Bagh, a garden of vines and roses, where the plash of the fountain never ceased to echo through the halls and corridors. Often the balconies on the ramparts were filled with beautiful women, eagerly watching the tiger and elephant fights in the ditch below. Adjoining the Ungaree Bagh is the Shish Mahal, or Palace of Glass, which contained the ladies' baths. The walls are inlaid with a thousand mirrors, set in marble frames, which appear to be covered with the finest lace-work; in reality, the reflection of the tracery on the opposite sides is diminished by the convexity of the glass lenses. On the ledges of the walls are little marble pockets, which were used as receptacles for jewelry. In the centre of the floor are sunken baths of inlaid marble, to which water was admitted by cascades, falling through channels resembling chimneys in the walls, from which it passed under the marble pavement into the bath. Nor were the personal tastes of the ladies of the harem ignored. The Hindoo wives of Jehangir dwelt in a court decorated in the Hindoo style. Thus did the faithful wife fare. She had no cares, she lived in a superb palace, and everything which could add to her pleasure was supplied by her lord. But for the unfaithful wife there was quicker, more certain, and more effectual punishment than any which could be inflicted by the censure of public opinion or by the slow process of a divorce court. A low doorway and a few steps, leading down from the Garden of Roses, gave admission to a long underground passage, by which the offender was conducted to a small, round chamber in the depths of the fortress. On the roof was the fatal beam, and through a hole in the floor her body was cast into the Jumna.

THE FATAL FLOWER.

A Story of Madness.

"You are a dead man," said the doctor, looking fixedly at Anatole.

Anatole staggered.

He had come to spend the evening gayly with his old friend, Dr. Bardais, the illustrious scientist, whose investigations of poisonous substances every one was familiar with, but whose nobility of heart and quasi-paternal goodness Anatole had enjoyed especial advantages for appreciating. And now, suddenly, without warning or preparation, he heard from these judicial lips this terrifying prognosis.

"Poor boy," continued the doctor, "what have you been doing?"

"Nothing that I know of," stammered Anatole, much agitated.

"Ransack your memory. Tell me what you have been drinking, what you have been eating, what you have been breathing?"

This last word was a revelation to Anatole. That very morning he had received a letter from one of his friends, who was traveling in India. In this letter was a flower that the tourist had picked on the banks of the Ganges—a red, odd-shaped flower, whose perfume, as he now remembered very well, was peculiarly penetrating. Anatole searched his pocket-book and found the letter and the flower, which he showed to the scientist.

"No more doubt!" cried the doctor; "it is the *Pyramenis Indica*—the mortal flower, the flower of blood!"

"Then really—you think—"

"Alas! I am sure!"

"But it isn't possible! I am only twenty-five years old. I feel full of life and health."

"At what hour did you unseal this fatal letter?"

"This morning at nine o'clock."

"Well, to-morrow morning, at the same hour, at the same minute, in full health, as you say, you will feel a certain pain in your heart, and all will be over."

"And you know no remedy, no way of—"

"None!" said the doctor.

And, hiding his face in his hands, he dropped into an arm-chair, suffocating with grief.

On seeing his old friend's emotion, Anatole comprehended that he was really condemned. He rushed from the room like a madman.

With perspiration on his brow, ideas upset, and his body mechanically advancing, Anatole went out into the night unconscious of what was going on around him, not even suspecting that the streets were becoming deserted. For a long time he ran thus; then, coming to a bench, he sat down. How many hours had he left?

The persistent and painful sound of a distressing cough tore him at last from his prostration. He looked, and saw sitting on the same bench a tiny flower-girl—a child of eight years, thin and sickly.

He fumbled in his pocket and found two sous and two louis. He was going to give her the two sous, when it occurred to him that he would be dead in a few hours, and he gave her the two louis.

This incident did him good. So far, he had been like a man struck on the head with a club; but now his stupor passed away, and he got a fresh grasp of his scattered ideas.

"My situation," thought he to himself, "is that of a man sentenced to death. But even such a man may hope for pardon. There are many pardoned in these days; and, formerly, some were saved from the axe or the rope in consequence of being devoted to a difficult and dangerous work—such as launching a ship, or, as in the time of Louis the Eleventh, marrying an old woman. If I were to be consulted, I should prefer to launch the ship. But I shall not be consulted during the little time that is left to me—and, by the way, how much time have I still to live?"

He looked at his watch.

"Three o'clock in the morning? It is time to go to bed—go to bed! Give my last six hours to sleep! No. I certainly have something better to do than that. But what?—oh, to be sure, there's my will to make."

Not far away was a restaurant that kept open all night. Anatole went there.

"Waiter, a bottle of champagne and a bottle of ink."

He drank a glass of the wine and looked at his paper meditatively.

"To whom shall I leave my income of six thousand francs? I have no father or mother, which is a lucky thing for them. And among the persons who interest me, I see only one—Nicette!"

Nicette was one of his little cousins from Brittany, a charming young girl of eighteen, with light hair and large black eyes. She was an orphan, like himself, and this companionship in misfortune had long since established a secret and perfect sympathy between them.

His last will was quickly drawn up; everything went to Nicette.

That done, he drank a second glass of champagne.

"Poor Nicette," he thought; "she was very sad the last time I saw her. Has not her guardian—who knows nothing of the world outside his class in wind instruments at the Conservatory—seen fit to promise her hand to a brute, a sort of bravo, whom she detests? She detests him the more because she loves another, if I have clearly understood her confessions, full of reserves and embarrassment. Who is this happy mortal? I do not know; but he is certainly worthy of her since she has chosen him. Kind, gentle, affectionate, Nicette deserves an ideal husband. Ah! she is just the woman that I should have desired if— It is outrageous to force her—to spoil her life by confiding such a treasure to a brute. Never before did I so well understand the generous ardor that inflamed knights-errant and impelled them to deliver oppressed beauties. And if I should not restrain myself!—

but why should I restrain myself? Why should I not be Nicette's knight? It is settled, and from to-morrow morning—but to-morrow it will be too late. I must act at once. The hour is a little unseasonable for seeing people; but when I think that I shall be dead in five hours, I don't mind the proprieties to that extent. Come! my life for Nicette!"

Anatole rose and perceived that he had no money left. He gave his watch to the waiter to pay for the champagne—a watch worth five hundred francs.

"Keep the change."

The waiter received the chronometer in a surly fashion, opened it, examined it a long time, at last put it in his pocket, and did not thank Anatole.

It was four o'clock in the morning when Anatole rang at the door of Nicette's guardian, M. Bouvard. Ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, once, twice, and the third time broke the wire. At last, M. Bouvard himself, frightened, came to the door in his cotton night-cap.

"Is there a fire?"

"No, dear M. Bouvard," said Anatole; "I come to make a little call."

"At this hour?"

"To me all hours are good for seeing you; but you are scantily dressed, M. Bouvard. Go back to bed."

"That's what I'm going to do. But I suppose, monsieur, that, since you disturb me in this way, you have something very important to say to me."

"Very important, M. Bouvard. You must abandon the marriage of my cousin Nicette to M. Capdenac."

"What do you say?"

"Abandon this project."

"Never, monsieur; never!"

"Never and always are words that should not be used."

"Monsieur, my mind is made up. This marriage will take place."

"It will not take place!"

"We shall see. And now that you know my reply, monsieur, I will detain you no longer."

"That is very kind of you; but I am good as well as tenacious, M. Bouvard; I take no offense at your procedure, and I remain."

"Remain if you like; I consider you as gone, and I have no more to say to you."

And M. Bouvard turned toward the wall, growling:

"Did one ever hear of such a thing? To disturb a peaceable man, trouble him in his sleep, and to talk such nonsense to him!"

Suddenly, M. Bouvard gave a tremendous start in his bed. Anatole had just taken the professor's trombone, in which he was blowing like a deaf man. Infernal noises came from the instrument.

"My trombone of honor! Given me by my pupils! Put down that instrument, monsieur!"

"Monsieur," replied Anatole, "you consider me as gone; I consider you as absent—and I amuse myself pending your return. *Um-pah! Um-pah! Um-pah! Br-r-r-r!* Ah! what a fine note!"

"You will get me turned out of my apartments. My landlord does not allow the trombone after midnight."

"He surely is not fond of music. *Um-pah! F-r-r-out, f-r-r-out, p-r-r-r!*"

"You are splitting my ears! You are spoiling my best instrument! A trombone that has been badly played is a ruined trombone, monsieur!"

"*Couac, prounn, pra-pa-pa!*"

"Mercy, stop."

"Do you consent?"

"To what?"

"To abandon the marriage."

"But, monsieur, I can not."

"Then—*couac!*"

"M. Capdenac—"

"*Prounn!*"

"Is a terrible man!"

"*F-r-r-utt!*"

"If I offer him such an insult, he will kill me."

"And that reason stops you?"

"It would stop many others."

"In that case, let me do it; only swear to me that, if I induce M. Capdenac to give up his claim, my cousin shall be free."

"Really, monsieur, you abuse—"

"*Couac, prounn, pffuit, br-r-r-out!*"

"Yes, monsieur, she shall be free."

"Bravo! I have your word. You will permit me to retire."

By the way, where does your Capdenac live?"

"No. 100, Street of the Two Swords."

"I am going there. Au revoir."

"You," thought Bouvard, "you are going to throw yourself into the lion's jaws, and you will receive the good lesson that you deserve."

Meanwhile, Anatole was running to the address given him. When he arrived, it was nearly six o'clock in the morning.

"Ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, ling, ling, ling, ling!"

"Who's there?" asked a gruff voice, through the door.

"Open. A very serious message from M. Bouvard."

There was the sound of a safety-chain being displaced and of a key which opened three locks in succession.

"This man is well secured," thought Anatole.

Finally the door opened, and Anatole found himself in the presence of a man with a stiff mustache, who wore for his night-dress a costume of the fencing-school.

"You see; always ready. That's my motto."

The walls of the hall were completely hidden under panoplies. In the little room into which Capdenac ushered his visitor, nothing but arms were to be seen—yataghans, poisoned arrows, sabres, swords for one hand or for two hands, pistols, blunderbusses—a veritable arsenal. It was quite enough to disturb a timid soul.

"Bah!" thought Anatole; "what do I risk now? At most, two hours and a half!"

"Monsieur," said Capdenac, "may I know—"

"Monsieur," answered Anatole, "you wish to marry Mlle. Nicette?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Monsieur, you shall not marry her!"

"Ah, thunder! Ah, blood! And who will prevent me?"

"I."

Capdenac looked at Anatole, who was not very large, but who seemed very decided.

"Ah, young man!" said he, at last, "it is lucky for you that you find me in one of my good-humored moments. Take advantage of it. Run away while there is yet time. Otherwise, I do not answer for your days."

"Nor I for yours."

"A challenge to me! Capdenac! Do you know that I have fought twenty duels, and that I have had the misfortune to kill five of my adversaries and wound the fifteen others? Oh, come, I take pity on your youth. Once more, save yourself."

"I see," said Anatole, "that you are an adversary worthy of me, and my desire increases to measure myself with so formidable a man. Let us take those two swords, there, near the chimney. Or those two boarding-axes? Or those cavalry swords? Or what do you say to these curved yataghans?—you are not decided? What is the matter?"

"I am thinking of your mother and her approaching sorrow."

"My mother is dead—do you prefer the rifle, the pistol, the revolver?"

"Young man, do not play with fire-arms."

"Are you afraid? You are trembling!"

"Tremble! I! It is from cold."

"Then fight or abandon Nicette's hand."

"I like your bravery. The brave are made to agree. Shall I make a confession to you?"

"Speak on."

"For some time I have been thinking myself of breaking off this marriage; but I did not know how to manage it. So I would very willingly consent to what you desire; but you understand that I can not seem—I, Capdenac—to yield to threats."

"I withdraw them."

"Then it is agreed."

"Will you write out your abdication and sign it?"

"I have so much sympathy for you that I can refuse you nothing."

Furnished with the precious document, Anatole ran to M. Bouvard's.

The distance was long, and he did not reach the door until eight o'clock in the morning.

"Ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling."

"Who's there?"

"Anatole."

"Go home and go to bed," shouted the professor, stormily.

"I have Capdenac's abdication. Open the door, or I will break it in."

M. Bouvard opened. Anatole handed him the paper and went to Nicette's door to shout:

"Cousin, get up, dress quickly, and come."

"It seems, monsieur, that I am no longer master in my own house. You go, you come, you command! To prove to you that I do not like it, I shall pay no more attention to you. You hear? I am going to read my newspaper."

A few moments later, Nicette, as fresh as the dawn, arrived in the little salon.

"What's the matter?"

"The matter," said M. Bouvard, "is that your cousin is mad."

"Mad! All right!" said Anatole; "but Nicette will see that my madness has its good side. Last night, my dear little cousin, I obtained two things: M. Capdenac renounces your hand, and your excellent guardian consents that you may marry the man you love."

"Truly, my guardian, you are willing that I should marry Anatole?"

"What!" exclaimed Anatole.

"For you are the man I love, my cousin."

Just then Anatole felt his heart beat violently. Was it the pleasure that Nicette's unexpected confession caused him? Was it the pain predicted by the doctor? Was it death?

"Unfortunate that I am!" cried the poor fellow; "she loves me. Happiness is within my reach and I am to die without enjoying it."

Then, seizing Nicette's hands feverishly, he told her all—the letter received, the perfume inhaled, the prognosis of his old friend, the will written, the steps taken, the success obtained.

"And now," he concluded, "I am going to die!"

"But it is impossible!" said Nicette; "this doctor is mistaken. Who is he?"

"A man, Nicette, who is never mistaken—Dr. Bardais."

"Bardais! Bardais!" suddenly exclaimed Bouvard, bursting into laughing; "listen to what my newspaper says: 'The learned Dr. Bardais has suddenly been attacked with mental alienation. The madness with which he is afflicted has a scientific character. It is well known that the doctor was specially engaged in the investigation of poisons. He believes now that all the persons whom he meets are poisoned and he persuades them that they are. He was carried to an asylum last night at midnight.'"

"Nicette!"

"Anatole!"

The two young people had fallen into each other's arms.—

Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Saint-Juirs.

The *Popular Science News* is authority for the statement that the Russians have provided for a schoolmaster on wheels. A school-car is furnished, with a room for the teacher, class-room, a library, all well furnished. It is now on the Trans-Caspian Railway all the year round, remaining for a time in every neglected district.

MARRYING A TITLE.

"Cockaigne" says American Girls are Waning in England.

I am afraid the American girl's star has reached its zenith in English skies. I may be wrong, but I do not think so, when I observe that the "American girl" in London society is no longer a novelty. She was once. But, like everything else that has been a novelty in London society, she has grown stale.

I intend nothing rude to the young ladies of America in saying what I do. No one knows, appreciates, and reveres their many sterling qualities of character, recognizes their superiority above all women in grace, charm of manner, and womanly accomplishments, or admires their beauty more than I. My object and wish is to point out that England affords no market (matrimonial) for the disposal of these personal wares. For a year or more back, there has been a gradually perceptible indication of waning popularity, and last season the supply so far outnumbered the demand as to occasion a glut. Dozens of New York girls—nice, pretty girls, too, with "poppers" well fixed—came over, were presented, went to a ball or two, and went home again—failures. The Prince of Wales, whose heart is big enough to hold a moderate number if brought to his notice, gradually found himself unable (even if willing) to take them all in, and a whole raft full of Fifth Avenue and Madison Square "buds" failed to achieve that distinction, beside which an approving nod from Mr. Ward McAllister fades into pitiful insignificance—a dance with "Tummy."

Of course you know—although I expect that many English commercial men, temporarily resident in America, will be willing to come forward and deny my statement—of course you know that no girl in London society achieves distinction without the approval of the Prince of Wales, signified by as many overt acts of attention and admiration as propriety will permit. It matters not who she is, or what her rank. If she wants distinction—i. e., notoriety (by some called fame), she must first get "Tummy" to give her the proper send-off. I am quite aware that there are scores, aye, hundreds, of English girls, of the highest rank, who do not seek and whose parents would not desire them to receive, and who do not receive, any notice from the prince. Beautiful, accomplished, high-bred, striking-looking girls they are, but they never become distinguished. Their rank and high station and their family name give them an unquestioned, assured position in society, and carry them through their first and several more seasons very satisfactorily. But it is not either their beauty, accomplishments, high-breeding, or striking looks which does this. It is their rank only. Their father's rank, really.

That there have been some exceptions, I admit. For example, the celebrated Countess of Dudley. Her fame and distinction owed nothing to the Prince of Wales. At all events, in the way I have mentioned. He would have been only too glad to have "noticed" and patronized her, but she would have none of it. In fact, that she actually snubbed his royal highness on more than one occasion is so well known as to be historical. She literally turned her back upon him in public. She had a reason to despise him, and did not hesitate to show that she did. It might be thought that this pronounced stand against his advances gave her the notoriety she achieved; but, as a matter of fact, these open and undisguised acts of hostility to her future sovereign occurred after her great beauty had won the aged hand and coronet of the fabulously rich Earl of Dudley. She certainly did not want "distinction" then. No "distinction" conferred upon any girl—English or American—by the Prince of Wales ever gained for her such a marriage as that.

Let us look at a few. I, of course, do not mean to include his admirations, such as Mrs. Langtry. I am considering matters of a totally different character. First, there is Mrs. Arthur Paget. As Minnie Stevens, she achieved distinction at the hands of the Prince of Wales. Well, what sort of a marriage did she make? Did she get a coronet? Did she get a title? Did she even get that very meagre excuse for one—a baronet? No. It was a long fight and a plucky one, on the part of herself and mamma, the ponderous Mrs. Paran, but defeat (so far as a title went) perched upon her banners at last. With every advantage—youth, beauty, wealth, and "Tummy" as a backer, she saw duke after duke, marquis after marquis, earl after earl, viscount after viscount, baron after baron, lord after lord, honorable after honorable, and sir after sir pass her by and seek the hand of another. Colonel Paget is a most worthy and agreeable gentleman in every way, and any girl might have been proud to marry him. But he was certainly not the sort of match she went to make, that the Prince of Wales at first hoped she would make, or that she stayed in England year after year in the endeavor to make; and I venture to say that if Colonel Paget (he was captain then) had proposed to her during the first years of her English campaign, she would have rejected him with disdain. In hers and her mother's eyes—for the old lady played the rôle of boss for a considerable period—he had one incurable defect which overshadowed every merit he possessed. He had no title.

Next, we have Miss Chamberlain. Her career as a fashionable beauty, distinguished in London society by the approval of the Prince of Wales, is too recent to call for any extended reference or comment. Does any one mean to tell me that the goal of her ambition was not at least a countess's coronet? For what other purpose did she come, year after year, for ten long, weary years, to the London season? Did the Prince of Wales—who has been said to take a deep and affectionate interest in the well-marrying of his friends—did he think of any one under a duke or the Ohio beauty, whose blonde loveliness was the admiration of all beholders as well as his own? Was she not engaged (in the papers) to several men, one after another? Were not every one of them noblemen? Was it within the range of human possibility that she should dream of marrying anything less? Yet whom did she marry? A "mister"—a plain, untitled "mister." As in the case of Colonel Paget, so with Mr. Naylor-Leyland. For all

that I know or have ever heard to the contrary, he is a most estimable gentleman and gallant officer. But I take it there are just as estimable gentlemen in America and just as gallant officers in the United States Army as in the Life Guards of Her Britannic Majesty's Household Cavalry, and if Miss Chamberlain wanted merely an estimable gentleman and a gallant officer for a husband, she could have found one at home without making so many tiring journeys to England and so many prolonged stays there.

Then there is Miss Fanny Work, of New York, who created somewhat of a sensation in London society about the year 1879 or '80. I can not begin to say whom people thought she might marry, ought to marry, and would marry. The unmarried peerage, beginning with the A's and running down to the Z's, I daresay. "Tummy" took a fatherly interest in her, too, I believe. I was going to add that she was an heiress—but *cela va sans dire*. Now, whom did she marry? Mr. Roche.

"Oh, yes, but then, don't you see," her friends will start up and tell you "he is Lord Fermoy's brother. He is an honorable."

You can then tell them that Lord Fermoy is an Irish baron of as recent a creation as 1856, and that he has no seat in the House of Lords. In short, he is, as a lord, what in America would be termed "no great shakes."

"Oh, yes, but don't you see," they will start up again to annihilate you, "his brother is an honorable. That is a title."

"Such a title!" you exclaim; "what good is a title that you can't be called by in speaking, and that you can't even have put on your own or your wife's visiting-cards? Much use such a title is to an American lady, who marries for one." After that they will subside.

Miss Adèle Grant, Miss Winslow, and Miss Marion Langdon must be included in the list of American girls who have—I won't exactly say failed, but not succeeded in London society. In all three cases "Tummy's" help was not lacking. There was beauty, too, and charming manners, and (best of all) "cords of coin." When they were unsuccessful, I am afraid there is not much chance for any one else. The fact is, the thing has been overdone—the matrimonial game of the American girl in England is played out. I see by a recent letter of your most entertaining New York correspondent, that Miss Langdon is the belle of the Four Hundred. Long may she remain so. She shines in that sphere where all true American girls should wish only to shine—at home. There they are appreciated, understood, and loved.

I have not included either Lady Mandeville or Lady Randolph Churchill among the American girls I have been considering. Lady Mandeville's marriage can hardly be styled a gigantic success, it is true. It was, however, not brought about in London society, but in New York, and the Prince of Wales had no hand in it. Lady Randolph Churchill's acquaintance with Lord Randolph was made in Paris, and the courtship and marriage took place in America. Certainly "Tummy's" influence had nothing to do with the match.

To return for one moment to the Countess of Dudley. Her animosity toward the Prince of Wales was not based upon any personal dislike of the man or any especial reluctance on her part to be patronized by him as other women seemed proud of being, but was simply and solely the result of her sympathy with her unfortunate sister, Lady Mordaunt, whose "scandal in high life" was then on everybody's tongue. She resented as deeply and as pointedly as she could the notoriety which the prince's connection with the affair gave to her sister's name. Her peculiarly powerful position enabled her to take this stand, which most women would not have dared to assume. Not only was she the wife of one of the greatest and richest peers in the realm, but she was one of the famous Moncrieffe girls whose beauty, penniless though it was, had made two others of them the Duchess of Athole and Lady Forbes of Newe. She showed, at all events, that it is possible to "get on" in London society without the smile of the Prince of Wales.

In some ways her action ought to serve as an additional proof to American girls that his aid is neither indispensable nor infallible. He has not yet succeeded in getting a coronet for any of his numerous American protégés, and it is time that American girls were made to realize the true condition of affairs in this respect. I know there is a sort of undefined idea and vague belief among New York "swells," which are occasionally shared by the daughters of Western millionaires, that all an American girl has to do in order to marry "an English lord" is to take herself to London and make friends with the Prince of Wales. The only personal recommendations she needs are a fair amount of beauty and a large amount of money. Both idea and belief have, in the main, come from a constant perusal of the columns of the London society papers, whose misleading paragraphs are copied far and wide in the American press. For some reason or other, it has suited the proprietors of these London journals to curry favor with Americans. There is always a large number of Americans in London every season, and they naturally buy the papers which make "reigning belles" and "great beauties" of their daughters and betroth them each week to a different nobleman. It pays.

However, it establishes in the minds of the world outside the barriers of "the swim," who know nothing but what they hear and read, an erroneous impression. American girls, in search of English titles, have not had such a walk-over in London society as these people suppose. The only three American ladies who have married English titles during the last thirty years have been Mrs. Hammersly, Miss Yznaga, and Miss Jerome, who are now, respectively, the Duchess of Marlborough, Viscountess Mandeville, and Lady Randolph Churchill, and they each and all caught and married their husbands in America! Take even the baronets, whose trumpery "Sir" I am ever loth to dignify into a title at all, as they are not nobleman. But take even them to show the force of my argument. Sir John Lister Kaye wooed, won, and married his American bride in America; so did Sir Thomas Hesketh.

LONDON, January 18, 1890.

COCKAIGNE.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lord Cairns, whom Miss Fortescue sued for breach of promise of marriage when he was Viscount Garmoye, was among those who died of the grip in London.

The base of General Butler's right thumb is very well developed, full and firm, while the same place of his left hand is very much shrunk and fallen away. The difference is due to shaking hands.

The former husband of the present companion of General Boulanger resents the references to her as Baroness Bonnemains, and writes to the papers that she has no longer the right to the name, be having obtained a divorce from her a year or more ago.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes decided, after the death of his wife, that he would do no more literary work. He has changed his mind, however, and now finds in his monthly letters to the *Atlantic* a source of pleasure that he did not expect to experience again.

Mr. Nesbitt, the dramatic critic of the *London Times*, made a curious statement the other evening. In discussing American humor, he said: "American humor has a sort of stoical grimace which can be traced directly, I think, to the intermarriage of the whites with the aboriginal Indians."

King Milan has been on a wild carouse at Monte Carlo. He lost five hundred thousand francs at the gaming-tables, and has been mean enough, according to current report, to send his friend, Count Milewaki, to Belgrade, to the horror of Queen Nathalie, his divorced and greatly wronged wife, to obtain her influence with the government in order to get a large sum from the Serbian treasury.

Miss Lottie Dodd, the champion female tennis-player of the world, lives at Burton Head, near Liverpool, and, like a real enthusiast, works at the game every day. She is twenty years of age, weighs about one hundred and sixty pounds, is healthy, ruddy, and strong as a man, but, with all her training, has not lost a particle of her womanliness. She is the admiration of the male players, who allow her half-thirty, and are beaten quite as often as they beat her.

The physicians who made a *post-mortem* examination of the remains of the tenor Gayarré, removed the vocal organs and deposited the larynx in the anatomical museum of Madrid. The larynx was unusually large and the vocal cords were uneven. It is estimated that one hundred and fifty thousand persons lined the streets through which the funeral procession passed on its way to the railway-station, whence the casket was forwarded to Gayarré's native town of Roncal, near Navarre.

It is probable, says *London Truth*, that the Emperor William will visit France very shortly. The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who is passing the winter at Cannes, in accordance with his usual custom, has had another relapse and is again seriously ill, and if he should become worse the emperor is going to see him, traveling by way of Milan and Genoa. Every arrangement has been privately made for this expedition, during which the emperor will preserve the strictest incognito.

Henry Lillie Pierce, a Boston millionaire, is quick to recognize literary ability and the demands of genius—as evidence of which is the impetus he gave T. B. Aldrich. Understanding how trammeling any financial need would be, he invested money for Mr. Aldrich, which has resulted in comparative wealth to the poet. The Aldrichs, with their famous twins—boys ready for Harvard now—and Mr. Pierce, form one household. It is said in Boston that whenever a rare bit of bric-à-brac or a "find" in a curio is discovered by a dealer, his first thought is to show it to Henry Pierce or Tom Aldrich.

Emile Zola, the French novelist, who wants to be elected to the vacant chair of the French Academy, has had a hard time electioneering. The first visit he paid to Paris in the interests of his ambition was to a well-known poet. While waiting in the ante-room, Zola heard the poet's wife say to the servant: "Antoine, see that this fellow does not stick indignant bills up in the ante-room." After leaving the salon he heard the same voice remark: "He is not as bad as I thought him—he did not spit on the carpet." Zola has become sadder and wiser since he began to hustle for a chair among the immortals.

In the studio of Albert Bruce Joy, one of the foremost of English sculptors, is an unfinished marble lion of colossal size, which is destined to ornament the Lowell Cemetery and mark the grave of the late Dr. J. C. Ayer. The idea of making an American tombstone of the British lion is that of young Ayer, who ordered the monument when in Europe a year ago. The lion weighs five tons, and the pedestal upon which it is to rest is four feet high and weighs seven tons. According to young Ayer's wishes, Mr. Joy has represented the lion with its head bowed upon folded paws and a look of melancholy pathos upon its face, which is turned upon the ground below.

The German Emperor and Empress have been busy of late in unpacking and arranging the innumerable and magnificent gifts presented to them by the Sultan. Those of the emperor include a splendid sword, valued at not less than seventy-five thousand dollars. The blade is an old Damascus one, of remarkable beauty, being engraved with sentences from the Koran. The hilt is studded with emeralds and diamonds. The presents of the empress include a pair of agraifes, composed of the most superb diamonds, from which hang strings of pearls and diamonds, which can be formed into a collar. The value of this gift alone is said to be one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

Serpa Pinto is small of stature, but exceedingly lithe and muscular. His beard and his hair are long and silky. His feet and hands are small and shapely. Although shortsighted, the look of his eyes is exceedingly energetic, vivacious, and hold. It lightens up a face which has been rendered yellow by disease of the liver, contracted during the course of his African explorations. He is somewhat of a fop with regard to his personal appearance, but is extremely eloquent. He is as much at home in the boudoir of a duchess as in the wilds of Africa, and, while he is open-hearted, generous, and even somewhat of a spendthrift, he conceals under his devil-may-care attitude an exceedingly astute, ambitious, and cunning nature.

Prince Henry of Prussia, who was recently visiting Corfu, having promised to appear at the theatre, crowds assembled at a very early hour in the building, in order to witness the reception. He had notified it as his intention to enter the theatre by a side door through which the actors only, as a rule, passed, as he did not wish to cause any disturbance to the audience. At half-past eight the sound of carriage wheels was heard, and the Prussian National Anthem was played by the orchestra. The chief representatives of the place moved out in a body to receive the royal guest, but met only an inoffensive donkey, which was being brought into the theatre to drag a car in one of the scenes! The prince had been seated for some time unnoticed in his box.

The death of Mrs. Coppinger, Secretary Blaine's daughter, directs attention anew to the unlucky house in which the Blaines live. The house is the old Seward mansion, and in it Mr. Blaine has met his keenest personal sorrows. Within a week of his first reception in his new home, his eldest son, Walker Blaine, fell sick and died. Now Mrs. Coppinger is dead. The house was built before the war, and one of its earliest occupants was Secretary Spencer. The Secretary's son was a lieutenant in the navy, and while his father was in the house, his son was hanged to the yard-arm of his ship for his alleged participation in a mutiny. Then the Washington Club had the place during President Buchanan's administration. Philip Barton Key, District Attorney of the District of Columbia, came out of the club one morning in answer to a signal from General Sickles's wife, and was shot by the general in front of the house. Secretary Seward next occupied the house. On April 14, 1865, while he was ill in bed, a stranger forced his way into the sick-room and attempted to kill the Secretary with a dagger, for which crime he was subsequently put to death. Next, the mansion was taken by Secretary Belknap. He had not been there long before his wife died. That ended the occupancy of the house as a residence. The government rented it and used it for the commissary-general's office. When the commissary-general's staff was moved to the new building of the War Department, the house was left vacant, and no one dared to face the evil fates by taking it until Mr. Blaine leased it.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Gertrude Franklin Atherton has just had published, by the Frank F. Lovell Company, a novel called "Los Cerritos."

Ethel M. Arnold, granddaughter of Arnold of Rugby, has written a letter on "The London Social World" for the New York *Ledger*. It appeared in the number of February 15th.

A thousand copies are to be printed of a volume of poems by the late Francis S. Salus, "revised by the author for the press." "Shadows and Ideals," it is called; and Charles Wells Moulton, of Buffalo, is the publisher.

The second volume of Mme. Carrette's memoirs of the Louis Napoleon period is announced in Paris, and may be looked for here from the press of the Appletons. Mme. Carrette held a semi-confidential position near the Empress Eugénie.

During January, the sale of "Looking Backward" passed the three hundred thousand point. It is anticipated that the book may in time surpass the record of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—five hundred thousand copies in five years, including the foreign editions.

Instead of fifteen large printed volumes, the number that has been stated, the memoirs of Talleyrand when published will not make more than six or seven—at least *Truth* of London is thus assured by an intimate friend of the late M. Andral, the custodian of the papers.

"O. B. B." [Oliver Bell Bunce, manuscript-reader for the Appletons] quotes from the February *Cosmopolitan* the statement: "It is said that every American publisher refused to publish Robert Elsmere," and adds: "It would be curious to know if any American publisher refused it. Was it offered here at all?" he asks.

Daudet's new novel, "Le Caravan," is described as "the story of two newly married couples who make their wedding journey together in a gypsy carriage or caravan, camping out in various parts of France." It is added that "there will be no risky love intrigue, the author's idea being to make a decent, genial, and humorous work à la Dickens."

An editorial writer for the Boston *Post* doubts if Mrs. Burnett can repeat her "Little Lord Fauntleroy" success in books intended for mature readers; and he adds: "Mrs. Burnett has the misfortune, which is also her fault, to have a point of view which was highly esteemed a generation ago, but which is to-day rated very differently. It is not only antiquated, but incorrect."

For the coming year, *St. Nicholas* announces four important serial stories by four well-known American authors. One of these, a story for girls by Nora Perry, was begun in the December number; and another, by William O. Stoddard, which will interest boys and girls alike, began in the January *St. Nicholas*. A special feature will be the series of papers on athletic and out-door sports, by Walter Camp, of Yale, and others. These were commenced in the November number and will continue throughout the year. Other features comprise stories of character and adventure; sketches of information and travel; articles of special literary interest; suggestive talk on natural history, scientific subjects, and current events.

George Munro recently sued E. F. Beadle and others for an infringement of trade-mark, in using the name "Old Sleuth" in the titles of dime-novels published by him. In 1872, Munro published "Old Sleuth, the Detective," written by Harlan P. Hasley; this was republished in 1880 and again in 1885, and was followed by other dime-novels, in whose titles the word "Old Sleuth" figured prominently, the series being known as the "Old Sleuth Library." The defendants, who publish Beadle's Dime Library, began in 1885 to publish similar detective stories, using the word "sleuth" in the title. This has been held by the supreme court of New York to be an infringement of the plaintiff's trade-mark, inasmuch as "the adoption of this word—was not in the first edition of Webster's Dictionary or in Worcester's before 1880—seems to satisfy all the requirements made by the law governing common law trade-marks."

The "Library of American Literature."

The eighth volume of the "Library of American Literature," now being published under the editorial direction of Edmund Clarence Steadman and Ellen M. Hutchinson, continues the third part of the Literature of the Republic and covers the period from 1835 to 1860. It is a period which gave to the world of letters many who are still with us, and the extracts are by no means confined to their early productions. Indeed, Joseph Kirkland was unknown as a man of letters three or four years ago, and he is here represented by two long extracts from his novels "Zury" (1887) and "The McVeys" (1888). Some of those represented, whom it is not easy to classify and yet who form a distinct group, are Richard Grant White, Donald G. Mitchell, Edward Everett Hale, James Parton, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, George William Curtis, Richard Henry Stoddard, Oliver Bell Bunce, Weir Mitchell, Charles Dudley Warner. Of the poets, Bayard Taylor and Thomas Buchanan Read are the leaders, and after them come C. G. Halpine, Paul Hamilton Hayne—who is well represented by six selections—William Wallace Harney, Adeline D. T. Whitney, Margaret J. Preston, Rose Terry Cooke, and many lesser lights; and under this head may be mentioned the Negro Hymns and Songs, and Songs and Ballads of the Civil War. Statesmen and soldiers are represented by Abram S. Hewitt, S. S. Cox, G. B. McClellan, Carl Schurz, James G. Blaine, James A. Garfield, and P. H. Sheridan. George H. Boker is the only dramatist of the volume. Fiction, too, seems not to have been prolific; R. M. Johnston, C. G. Leland, Lew Wallace, J. T. Trowbridge, Fitz-James O'Brien, John E. Cooke, Joseph Kirkland, Leonard Kip—represented by a story he contributed to the *Argonaut* in 1879—Helen Hunt Jackson, Amelia E. Barr, and Louisa M. Alcott are the best of those who have been chosen. Lieutenant George H. Derby, a mad wag who enlisted San Francisco in the early days, has been levied upon for one of his "John Phœnix" sketches. There are several journalists here, among them Samuel Bowles, Martha J. Lamb—who conducts the *Magazine of American History*—Murat Halstead, John Swinton, and E. L. Godkin, and with them might be classed Edward Atkinson and David A. Wells, the economists. Daniel C. Gilman and Andrew D. White, college presidents, represent another class of education. There are in all one hundred and thirty-five writers

from whose productions extracts have been made, the volume filling over six hundred pages, and the portraits show: on steel, Francis Parkman and Bayard Taylor; and on wood, R. G. White, D. G. Mitchell, E. E. Hale, James Parton, R. M. Johnston, G. H. Boker, T. W. Higginson, Elizabeth D. B. Stoddard, G. W. Curtis, R. H. Stoddard, J. T. Trowbridge, C. D. Warner, Paul H. Hayne, and Helen Jackson.

Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; for sale (by subscription only) by A. L. Bancroft & Co., 132 Post Street.

New Publications.

"Six to One" is the title of a story by Edward Bellamy, which first appeared in 1878, and is now reprinted in paper covers by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, 35 cents.

"Joshua," a story of biblical times, has been translated from the German of Georg Ehlers by Mary J. Safford. Published by W. S. Gottsberger & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 40 cents.

"The Splendid Spur: Being Memoirs of the Adventures of Mr. John Marvel, a Servant of His Late Majesty King Charles I., in the Years 1642-3; Written by Himself," edited in modern English by "Q," is the latest issue of the Franklin Square Library. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 35 cents.

"Henry M. Stanley," by Henry Frederic Reddell, is a new biography of the great African explorer, narrating his early life and struggles, his career in the Confederate Army, in the United States Navy, and as a war correspondent; how he found Livingstone, traced the course of the Congo, and founded the Congo Free State; and, finally, his latest achievement, the rescue of Emin Bey. Published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; for sale by the book-sellers; price, 50 cents.

Dr. John D. Quackenbos's "Illustrated History of Ancient Literature, Oriental and Classical" has recently been revised by the author in accordance with advances made in philological science since the book was first issued in 1878. The text is supplemented with diagrams, maps, and cuts which the student will find of much assistance, and the index increases the value of the book as a reference-volume. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The Brotherhood of Liberty, an organization of colored people, signs the preface to "Justice and Jurisprudence," a book which otherwise has no sponsor for its contents. It is an inquiry into the constitutional limitations of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments of the Constitution of the United States and an attempt to advance the interests of the African race in America. It is a large book of nearly six hundred pages, and is written in such impassioned, not to say frenzied, language that much of the argument is lost on any but a very patient reader. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, \$3.00.

Whoever would learn something of the theory of evolution without the great labor involved in studying the fountain-sources—Darwin, Spencer, and the other great lights—would do well to get a copy of "Evolution," a volume containing fifteen popular lectures and discussions delivered before the Brooklyn Ethical Association in the past two years. The contributors are men of intelligence and standing, and their essays cover the subject, including essays on Herbert Spencer and Charles R. Darwin; solar and planetary evolution; evolution of the earth, of vegetable, and animal life; the descent of man; evolution of society, of theology, of morals; proofs of evolution; evolution as related to religious thought; and the philosophy and effects of evolution. Published by James H. West, Boston; for sale by the booksellers or sent prepaid by the publisher; price, \$2.00.

"Fact, Fancy, and Fable" is the title of a new hand-book of allusions not generally to be explained by the aid of dictionaries and encyclopedias. The work of compilation has been well performed by Henry Frederic Reddell, and his book pretty well covers the field of personal sobriquets, familiar phrases, popular appellations, geographical nicknames, literary pseudonyms, mythological characters, stage names, red-letter days, political slang, contractions and abbreviations, technical terms, foreign words and phrases, Americanisms, etc.; the characters of fiction—novels, plays, and verse—are reserved for a future compilation, except where the fictitious personage conceals a portrait of some notable person. This book brings together the results of many other similar works, and is a valuable acquisition for the reference-shelf. It is handsome in typography, serviceable in binding, and contains five hundred and thirty-six pages. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

The proprietors of the *Illustrated London News* now publish three columns weekly with the title of "American Matters in Europe."

The *Round Table*, published at Nashville, Tenn., is a new weekly paper that will make its appearance the first of the present month. It is designed to give expression to the best thought of the South and to cultivate Southern literature.

For some time past, a clean and attractive little dramatic paper, called the *Stage*, has been issued in Philadelphia. It has now ceased to exist under that name, having been absorbed by the *Jester*, a publication devoted to satire and humor.

The first number of *Every Other Week* has been published. It is said by the editors to have been started on the principles laid down by March and Fulkerson in Mr. Howells's "Hazard of New Fortunes." The first page contains an illustration taken from the Paris *Illustration*; the eighth and ninth pages are adorned by a double-page picture of "Romeo and Juliet," taken from *Le Monde Illustré*; and the twelfth page presents another full-page illustration, also taken from *L'Illustration*. The serial story accompanying these illustrations, by Bayard, is a translation of Albert Delpit's "Comme dans la Vie," now running in *L'Illustration*.

The first number of the new English Liberal weekly, the *Speaker*, bears date of January 4th. The leading articles are both signed and unsigned. There is special foreign correspondence; a department of "First Impressions" (or brief, informal notices

which do not preclude longer reviews by-and-by); and, at the close, a business article. A buff paper-cover envelops the paper. It will be interesting to observe if England can support three politico-literary journals of this order. Significant is the action of the *Saturday Review*, at the beginning of the present year, in introducing a department of news chronicle and comment; and of the *Spectator* in experimenting with a column of causerie on social topics and literary intelligence.

Some Magazines.

Shakespeareana has taken on a few form. It has gone back to the original size of Volume I, and has become a handsome illustrated quarterly magazine. The Shakespeare Society of New York will still conduct it. The current number contains a portrait of the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillips and some reminiscences of that eminent Shakespearean scholar.

The March *Cosmopolitan* contains: "A Candidate for Divorce," a novel by H. H. Boyesen; "Berlin," by Mary Stuart Smith; "The Evolution of the Gondola," by Herbert Pierson; "Signal Codes, Savage and Scientific," by William H. Gilder; "Easter in Jerusalem," by Frank G. Carpenter; "Browning's Place in Literature," by Emily Shaw Forman; "The Militia," by Captain D. M. Taylor, U. S. A.; "The Desert," by Colonel Charles Chaillé-Long; and verses by Charles F. Lummis, Tommaso Salvini, and Frances Albert Doughty.

The February *Lippincott's* contains: "The Sign of the Four," a novel by A. Conan Doyle; "Nathaniel Hawthorne's 'Elixir of Life'—II., edited by Julian Hawthorne; "Why do we Measure Mankind?" by Francis Galton; "The Salon Idea in New York," by C. H. Randall; "Shelley's Welsh Haunts," by C. H. Herford; "The Blue-and-Gold Man-Child," by M. H. Catherwood; "A Plea for Press Censorship," by A. E. Watrous; "Married Geniuses," by John Habberton; "The Forestry Problem," by Charles Morris; "The Dissipation of Reading," by Charles McIlvaine; and verses by William H. Hayne, Daniel L. Dawson, Margaret H. Lawless, and Orelia K. Bell.

The February *Popular Science Monthly* contains: "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science"—VII., "Comparative Mythology"—I., by Andrew D. White; "The Localization of Industries," by J. J. Menzies; "Evolution of the Modern Railway Bridge," by Charles D. Jameson; "Agriculture and the Single Tax," by Horace White; "Chinese Silk-Lore," by General Tchong-Ki-Tong; more "Letters on the Land Question," by Huxley, Spencer, Herbert, Greenwood, and Darcy Wilsou; "Exercise for Chest Development," by Fernand Lagrange; "Canadian Asbestos," by J. T. Donald; "Chrysanthemums," by Jean Dybowski; "Rainfall on the Plains," by Stuart O. Henry; "Long Fasting and Starvation," by Charles Richet; and the departments.

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AT AUCTION

At Irving Hall, 139 Post St.,

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27th, 1890

AT 12 O'CLOCK NOON,

By order of the Executrix and Executors of the Estate of Robert C. Johnson, deceased.

INCOME AND INVESTMENT PROPERTIES.

29 and 31 Battery Street, near Pine. Four-story brick building. Rents \$560 per month. Tenants make repairs. Lot 45.10x97 1/2.

33 and 35 Battery Street, near Pine. Three-story brick building. Rents \$500 per month. Lot 45.10x97 1/2.

211 Pine Street, near Battery. Two-story brick building. Rents \$400 per month. Lot 40x137 1/2.

State Title, being the fee simple after expiration of a lease having 63 years to run in. Lot S.W. corner of Pine and Battery. Size 45.10x97 1/2.

Pioneer Warehouse, S.W. corner Battery and Filbert Streets. Rents \$50 per month. Lot 137 1/2 x 137 1/2.

Unimproved Lot, S.E. corner Sansome and Filbert Streets. Adjoining the Pioneer Warehouse. Size 137 1/2 x 137 1/2.

810-816 Battery Street, near Vallejo. Two-story frame building. Rents \$80 per month. Lot 68 1/2 x 137 1/2. Lot is 45.10 feet wide in rear.

Fine Foundry Lot on the east side of Beale Street, 137 1/2 feet north of Folsom. Size 45.10x137 1/2.

The Florence House, diagonally opposite the Baldwin Hotel, N.W. corner Powell and Ellis Sts. Four-story frame building. Rented low at \$375 per month. Size of lot 44x93 1/2.

Elegant Fifty-Vara Lot, N.W. corner Golden Gate Avenue and Leavenworth Street. Lease has about five months to run. Improvements belong to tenants. Size of lot 137 1/2 x 137 1/2.

City Hall Lot. Within a short distance of Larkin Street, opposite New City Hall, on the south side of Park Avenue, 125 feet west of City Hall Avenue. Size of lot 25x100.

923, 925, 927 Geary Street, between Polk and Larkin. Three substantial residences, connected and occupied as a boarding house; one tenant. Rents \$235 per month. Lot runs through to Myrtle Avenue. Size 72 1/2 x 120.

19 South Park. Three story brick residence, renting for \$40 per month. Size of lot 25x97 1/2.

Elegant Residence. Splendid location for family hotel. Contains 19 large rooms. Cost \$80,000 to build. S.W. corner O'Farrell and Leavenworth Streets. Full 50-vara lot 137 1/2 x 137 1/2.

CENTRAL 50-VARA LOTS.

Two splendid 50-vara lots running from Bush to Pine Streets, between Laguna and Buchanan Streets. Very desirable location for flats or residences. Size of each lot 137 1/2 x 137 1/2.

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S.E. corner Dupont and Francisco Streets. Lot 70x70.

Also Lot S.W. corner Dupont and Francisco. Lot 90x112 1/2.

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Full Block between Shasta and Sierra, Vermont and Nebraska Streets. Size 200x400.

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Also full frontage of 240x225 feet, south side of Point Lobos Avenue, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues.

Also full frontage of 240x225 feet, north side of "A" Street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues.

Also other fractional portions of Blocks 221, 222, 223, 224, 244, 246, 324, 340. For descriptions of which see diagrams in our Auction Catalogues.

LIBERAL TERMS.

TERMS OF SALE: Only one third cash. Balance in one and two years, with interest on deferred payments at 7 per cent. per annum; or all cash at buyer's option. Sale is subject to confirmation by the Superior Court. Auction Catalogues mailed to any address. For further particulars apply to

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10 Montgomery Street.

DRAMA OF THE RAIL.

SCENE.—Railroad Station, Rome, Italy. Cold morning, seven o'clock.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: First Traveler, Dark Man, Porter, and Guard.

ACT I. Scene 1, front of ticket-office.

Enter First Traveler, blonde beard, gold-rimmed spectacles, followed by Porter, carrying valises, rugs, umbrella, and cane. First Traveler takes position in line in front of ticket-office. Ticket-office closed, as usual—always closed. Fifteen minutes elapse.

Office opens. First Traveler presents ticket to be stamped. Official points to another window, one already open when First Traveler arrived. Damn. Ticket stamped. Exit First Traveler and Porter.

Scene 2. Inside station. Car marked "Naples."

Enter First Traveler and Porter.
Guard (running up)—Prima classe?
First Traveler nods. Guard opens car. First Traveler pays Porter, enters car, shuts door.

Door opens. Guard appears. Says something. First Traveler says "all right, let her go!" Guard goes away. Comes back again. Says something. First Traveler goes down, produces franc, hands it to Guard, who closes door and disappears.
(Drop curtain.)

ACT II. Scene 1: Inside car.

Door swings open violently. Enter Dark Man, long cloak. Mysterious conversation with Guard in unknown tongue. Guard slams door and goes away. Dark Man opens window. Train starts. Cold air fills compartment. Dark Man wraps cloak around him, settles down in corner, and closes eyes. Traveler unrolls rugs, draws fur collar around ears, spreads rugs over knees and shoulders, and OPENS OTHER WINDOW!!—then subsides under cover.
(Drop curtain.)

ACT III. Same scene; Traveler under cover still in right corner and Dark Man in left corner.

Violent sneeze from Dark Man. Convulsive agitation in Traveler's corner. Another sneeze from Dark Man, who opens eyes and looks around. More agitation from Traveler's corner. Third violent sneeze and a cough from Dark Man, who gets up and closes his window!

Traveler then emerges from his fortifications and closes his window.
(Drop curtain.)

ACT III. Same scene; Dark Man in his corner, cloak over head.

Traveler addresses Dark Man, who continues sneezing and coughing. Total failure to establish a lingual understanding. Traveler remorsefully opens valise, produces bottle.

Dark Man (smiles and wipes mustache)—Volapük—bottle—same in all languages. (Complete understanding. Smile all around.)
(Curtain falls.)

NOTE BY AUTHOR: Owing to some peculiarity of construction in these compartment-cars, when a window is opened the draught concentrates in the opposite rear corner with force enough to lift off one's hat, when the train goes at full speed, while the person sitting next to the said open window may not feel at all inconvenienced thereby. F. B. W.
NAPLES, January 25, 1890.

SOBS.

"Tears from the depth of some divine despair,"
COURT OF PARTICULAR SESSIONS.

PART I.

("Stuff" Leary, of the Whyo Gang, is arraigned for sentence.)

The Court (visibly affected)—Prisoner, the duty which devolves on me is a most unpleasant one.

Stuff (taking from his pocket a mouchoir, which has seen cleaner days)—Your honor does not feel a bit worse than I do.

The Court (wiping its eyes)—To an ignorant mind, an assault on a Mott Street grocer, coupled with the larceny of seven hams, may seem a trivial thing; but the jury have rendered a verdict against you, and I must seclude you from temptation for four years. (The court is unable to proceed.)

Stuff—Boo, hoo, hoo!
His Lawyer—Boo, hoo, hoo!
Assistant-District Attorney and Delegation of Whys—Sniffle, sniffle, sniffle!

PART II.

(Boodle Alderman McGrab to the bar.)
The Clerk (hastily struggling to keep a rigid upper lip)—Have you anything to say before sentence is passed?

Prisoner—Your honor, if I had had the least idea that I would go to Sing Sing, I never would have taken Mr. Brybe's money. (Weeps.) Indeed, I didn't know I would be found out. Let me off this time, and I will never enter the Board again. Consider my family. (Sits down and pours a deluge of tears into the waste-basket.)

The Family—Boo, hoo, hoo!
Crier (as a matter of course)—Boo, hoo, hoo!
(Foreman and jury faint. Sentence deferred.)

PART III.

(After much difficulty a jury is found hard-hearted enough to try "Plug" McGonigle for murder.)

Lawyer Pourvou (for prisoner)—Your honor, we admit that our unhappy client brained his partner with a hammer, chopped the body up with a table-knife, and scattered the pieces over a vacant lot. But Mr. McGonigle is a kind father and a loving husband. (Pauses to wipe away his tears.) He never stole anything, and close confinement disagrees with him. Let the grief of his wife and family plead for him. (Weeps.)

Pourvou and Pummel's Clerk—Boo, hoo, hoo!

Prisoner—Boo, hoo, hoo!
(The Official Stenographer falls in a fit, and the court adjourns to await the result of his illness.)

Crowd (in the corridors, who could not get in to witness the affecting scene)—Boo, hoo, hoo!—Puck.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:
Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

"BRITONS NEVER WILL BE SLAVES!"

A Scene from a Domestic Comedy.

Mrs. Bob Bull was the wife of a British workman, and she got up at four o'clock in the morning.
"Must rise early," she said, "to see that my nian has his breakfast."

So she lighted the fire, and put the kettle on to boil, and laid the cloth, and swept out the rooms. Then down came Bob rather in a bad humor, because he had been late over-night at the "Cock and Bottle," detained (as he explained to his wife) by a discussion about the rights of labor.

"Of course," said Mrs. Bull; "and why shouldn't you, after a hard day's work, enjoy yourself?"

But Bob contended that he had not enjoyed himself, although he had undoubtedly expended two shillings and eightpence upon refreshment. What Bob wanted to know was why there was a button off his coat, and why his waistcoat had not been properly mended.

"Well, I was busy with the children's things," replied Mrs. Bull; "but I will put all straight when you have gone to work."

"Gone to work, indeed!" grumbled Bob; "yes, it's I that does all the work, and worse luck to it!"

The moment Bob was out of the house, Mrs. Bob got the children up and dressed them, and gave them their breakfasts and sent them off to school. When they were gone, she "tidied up" and dressed the baby. Then she did one of "the bits of washing" which came from a family in whose service she had been before she married Bob, and that family's connection. And this occupied her fully—what with soaking, and mangling, and ironing—until it was time to carry Bob's dinner. In the pauses of her work she had been able to cook it, and it was quite ready to go with her when she was prepared to take it.

It was a long walk (in the rain) to Bob's place of work, and it seemed the longer because she could not leave the baby. But both got there, and the dinner, without any accident. And then Mrs. Bob hurried back to give the children, now home from school, their midday meal. And Mrs. Bob had plenty of work to do afterward. She had to mend, and to scrub, and to sweep, and to sew. She was not off her legs for a moment, and had she been a weaker woman, she would have been thoroughly done up. Then came the children's evening toilet and the cooking of Bob's supper. Her lord and master entered in due course, and she helped him off with his coat, and (when he had finished his food) lighted his pipe for him.

"Mended my clothes?" asked Bob.

"Of course I have."

"And washed my linen, and druv nails into my boots, and baked the bread, and pickled the walnuts, and all the rest of it?"

"Yes, Bob, I have done them all—every one of them."

This put Bob into a better temper, and he took up an evening paper and began to read.

"I say," said he; "what do you think! They have got white slaves in Turkey!"

"You don't say so, Bob!" replied Mrs. Bob, lost in amazement. Then she said, as she paused tidying up the room: "Ah! they wouldn't allow any thing of that sort in England—would they, Bob?"

And Bob, smoking his pipe and lounging before the fire, agreed with her.—Punch.

Condensed.

"I want to send a telegram to my husband," said an excited young woman, who came hurrying into a Western Union telegraph office the other morning.

"Very well," replied the operator in attendance; "there are some blanks, and, of course, the briefer it is the less it will cost to send it."

"Oh, I know that," she replied, and then she wrote:

"DEAR GEORGE: I've something too dreadful to tell you, but please don't get excited dear, for it can't be helped now, and baby and I are perfectly safe. I don't know how it ever happened, and cook says she doesn't know, and none of us can account for it, but the house caught fire last night and burned to the ground. Just think of it! Did you ever hear of anything so perfectly dreadful in all of your life? I'm half wild over it. But please keep calm, dear. Baby and I are safe and most of the things were saved, and you mustn't think of anything but how much worse it might have been. What if baby had been burned! Oh, George! don't it make you shudder to think of it? But the dear little darling is perfectly safe, and, of course, we went right straight to mamma's, and you can't think how frightened she was until she knew we were safe. And I know just how shocked you'll be, you poor, dear boy, but as baby and I are safe, you oughtn't to mind anything else. I can't imagine how the fire started. Can you? Do you suppose some one set the house on fire? Oh, it's too dreadful to think of. Come right home."

MAMIE.

"P. S.—Remember that baby and I are safe."

"M."

"There," she said, as she handed the seven blanks she had written to the operator, "I suppose it might be condensed a little."

"Yes, I think it might," he replied, as he took a fresh blank and wrote:

"Our house burned to the ground last night. All safe. Come home."

MAMIE.

Time—

Overheard in a Book-Store.

"Have you 'Marie Batshirtskoff's Memoirs'?"

"Have you a little book by Marie Skirtbatsoff?"

"I want a copy 'Bafskirtsoff's Reminiscences.'"

"Have you a little volume bound in white by a Russian girl? I have forgotten just what her name was."

"Can you send me that Boffcattshirt girl's diary?"

"Say, what have you got that's new in Russian literature?"

And yet a few hours of close study reveals the fact that Bashkirtseff is not very hard to pronounce.—Puck.

Johnny Peck—"Pa, what is meant by 'the ruling passion'?"

Mr. N. Peck—"Ask your mother, my son, she knows all about it."—Time.

—GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Streets.

—S. MONKS, ARTIST IN HAIR, LADIES' HAIR-DRESSER, 122 McAllister Street, opp. New City Hall.

—USE SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL.

CARPETS!

The new season's styles are just received, and merit the early attention of intending purchasers. We are showing an infinite variety of the latest patterns in all the various grades of carpeting manufactured.

Inspection respectfully solicited.

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French—A "Unique" method of acquiring, in the shortest time, complete fluency of speech in the French language, by Prof. De Filippe, containing simplified tables for the easy mastery of all the verbs; a synopsis of the grammar, etymology, conversations for every-day use, vocabulary, models of letters and cards, causeries, etc., etc. Price, \$1.75. The Bancroft Company.

Mr. ALFRED KELLEHER,

Teacher of Vocal Music,

Desires to announce that he has resumed teaching. Class lessons of one hour of four of the same voice will be formed. Ladies' class for vocal and musical instruction and part songs Saturday, from 11 A. M. to 12 M.

2324 Clay Street, San Francisco.

NEAPOLITAN MANDOLINS.

Professor Samuel Adelstein will leave for Europe about the first of April on a four months' vacation. He will visit the principal cities of Italy—the home of the mandolin. Parties who wish to obtain a good, genuine, Neapolitan Mandolin, will please address

PROF. ADELSTEIN,

Music Studio, 1009 Sutter Street.

Mme. B. ZISKA, M. A.,

Having returned from Europe, is prepared to receive a very limited number of young ladies for advanced course of private instruction in French, German, and English. Foreign languages and literature a specialty.

A class in drawing and penmanship, under direction of Mr. Carl Eisenschimmel.

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HOME FOR BOYS.

A gentleman admits not more than four boys into his family to fit for college. Best of care in all respects. Highest references. Address,

"Dr. S. T." Argonaut Office.

MISS LAKE'S

Boarding and Day School for Girls

WILL OPEN IN THE NEW BUILDING,

1534 SUTTER STREET, cor. of Octavia, On Wednesday, January 8th, 1890.

MISS M. LAKE, Principal.

ST. MATTHEW'S HALL

SAN MATEO, CAL.

A SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR.

REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER, M. A., PRINCIPAL.

VAN NESS SEMINARY.

A Day and Boarding School for Young Ladies

1222 PINE STREET, S. F.

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THE LARCHER SCHOOLS

—OF—

LANGUAGES

SAN FRANCISCO, OAKLAND, HAMILTON HALL, FLOOD BUILDING, AND BLAKE AND MOFFITT B'LDG. SAN JOSE—RUCKER BUILDING. EDWARD LARCHER, Principal.

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PRIVATE TRADE SOLICITED.

No. 39 Clay Street, - - San Francisco.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"May I speak with you a minute?" "Yes, if you don't want more than a dollar."—*Time*.

Beauty lives with kindness. Kindness buys her sealskins and opera-boxes.—*Shakespeare adapted by Puck*.

His first patient: *Sympathetic stranger*—"Why do you weep?" *Young doctor*—"For joy—I'm sick."—*Puck*.

"When I drink much I can't work, and so I let it alone." "The drinking?" "No; the working."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Clerk (in auction-room)—"Wake up! You can't sleep here." *Drunk*—"Wazzar mazzar?" *Clerk*—"When you nod you get the auctioneer all mixed up."—*Life*.

Conductor—"Now, miss, jump in, please; train's going on." *Child*—"But I can't go before I've kissed mamma." *Conductor*—"Jump in, miss, I'll see to that."—*Chatter*.

Subscriber—"What is the definition of the word 'intermittent'?" *Editor*—"Trying to flirt with a woman who is sitting in a rocking-chair by a window."—*Morning Journal*.

Lover—"Don't withhold your consent on account of my income, sir. I can support your daughter on twenty-five dollars a week." *Pat*—"Then you are a jim dandy. I never could."—*New York Sun*.

He—"I swear it, Maude, you are my first love!" *She*—"I believe you, Harold; nobody but the merest novice in matters of the heart could ever have acted as awkwardly as you have for the last six months."—*Life*.

Johnny—"Is it true, Mr. Barnes, that the Japanese blacken their teeth?" *Returned traveler*—"Oh, yes, indeed. Why, in my hotel at Tokio, one night when I came home I saw seventeen pairs out in the hall for the porter to black."—*Life*.

Johnny Binks—"Pa, is ivory very expensive?" *Binks*—"Very." "The pure white kind costs more than the other kinds, doesn't it?" "No, my son; the white is a dollar, the red two dollars, and the blue five dol—oh, yes, I guess it does!"—*New York Sun*.

"Has it not struck you, Herr Lieutenant, that for the first week or two one baby is like another as two peas?" "Donnerwetter, Fraulein; if that is so, I feel immensely flattered at the thought that I resembled you once in my life-time!"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Mrs. Y. was indisposed and sent for her physician: "And what seems to be your difficulty, madam?" "Inquired the bland doctor. "Well, I suppose it is what they are all having—nervous prostration. When I set I want to lay, and when I lay I want to set."—*America*.

"These are end seats, are they not?" inquired the dignified party, standing in the aisle at the theatre. "One of them is an end seat, sir," replied the severely accurate usher, recently brought on from Boston, as he looked at the questioner with a coldly classical stare.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Jaukins (after long absence from Chicago)—"And so Jones has got married since I went away?" *She*—"Why, of course; didn't you know it?"—to one of the Smith girls—the very family you married into!" *Jaukins* (dreamily)—"You don't say; it wasn't the girl I married, was it? Or was it her sister?"—*Life*.

"Gimme a ham-sandwich!" shouted the guest at the Bowery dime lunch-counter. Two seconds later he complained to the attendant: "That was the worst sandwich I ever had. No more taste than sawdust, and not big enough to see." "You've et yer check," returned the attendant, contemptuously; "this here's yer ham-sandwich."—*Puck*.

Street-car patron (wrathfully)—"Do you know, sir, that the conductor of car 1,492 is the most insolent, most unfeeling brute that ever held a punch?" *Superintendent*—"Yes, and I wish we had more like him." "Eh? You do?" "Yes, indeed. You see, he makes so many enemies that he couldn't steal a cent from the company without being reported."—*Life*.

Mrs. Youngbride—"How does your breakfast suit you this morning, darling?" *Mr. Youngbride*—"Just right! I tell you, Annie, it may be plebeian, but I'm awfully fond of calf's liver." *Mrs. Youngbride*—"So am I. Don't you think, George, it would be real nice and economical to keep a calf? Then we can have calf's liver for breakfast every morning."—*America*.

"Gentlemen, what is your verdict?" asked his honor in a Western court-room. "Wal," responded the foreman of the jury, "leven on us wants to hang the prisoner, but the twelfth man sticks to it he ain't guilty, spite of all we can say—so bein' as the twelfth man is a no-account feller, any way, in order to make the verdict unanimous, we've concluded to hang 'em both."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

Teacher (after a lecture on geology)—"Now, children, I want to tell you something I saw in Utah. There is a high mountain there, far from human habitation, yet the top of it is covered with oyster shells. How do you explain that?" *Bright boy*—"Well, I dunno, of course; but when we lived in Kansas a big cyclone struck our town, and the last I saw of the railroad restaurant it was way up in the air and headin' for Utah."—*New York Weekly*.

Mr. Garrick—"Glad to see you, old man. You're just in time to help us out of a difficulty. We're starting a new amateur dramatic club, and call ourselves the 'Rosicians.' We also want a short motto, which will be printed with the name on all programmes. Something terse, you know, and short—and well—sort of half apologetic, you know. Now what would you suggest?" *Mr. Cynic*—"Something short—and appropriate—and apologetic—um—let me see—how would 'Don't Shoot' suit you?"—*Boston Beacon*.

Utility lady (hurrying in, breathless, five minutes after the call for the distribution of parts for the new spectacular production)—"What do I get?" *Stage-manager* (promptly)—"You get a dollar fine for bein' late, and you're the Empress of India in the prologue, and Queen of Night in the last act; and you don't want to show up in them old blue-satin shoes again, for you've got to sit on a gold throne ten feet high, and put your foot on the neck of the King of Persia in the last act. Now you come here to-morrow at ten, letter perfect, or you'll be back in the second row, carryin' a tin sword, first thing you know."—*Theatre*.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE-ROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE
AUTOGRAPH OF
OF
THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN

IVERS & POND PIANOS

The finest and most popular instruments before the public.

ONE HUNDRED

of these pianos purchased by the great New England Conservatory of Music, and in daily use at that institution. Don't fail to examine these pianos which are creating such a furore among our best musicians. For full information about lowest prices, terms, etc., write or call on

KOHLER & CHASE, Gen'l Ag'ts,
137 & 139 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

An advertisement carefully and economically displayed in a newspaper of established reputation and circulation among the right class of people always pays, providing the article advertised is something the people want.—*Farm, Field and Stockman*.

Advertisers who prepare their own announcements should state in a brief, concise manner what they have to offer, avoiding exaggerations, giving facts, and making no promises or inducements inconsistent with truth, avoiding tedious details.—*William Hicks*.

The merchant or manufacturer who hopes to do a large and successful business to-day, while adhering to the popular methods of half-a-century ago, will be disappointed. Any individual or firm who is unwilling to keep pace with modern progress, and adjust his methods to the wants of his age, does not merit success.—*Table Talk*.

Whatever your goods, wares, or merchandise may be, remember that system, perseverance, and success go hand in hand. If you are to introduce an article of value or necessity to would-be customers, it can not be done by a single effort, or in a single medium. There are many who, regarding one trial sufficient, fold their hands after its accomplishment, and wonder that so little satisfaction is attained thereby. In such cases the fault is invariably with the advertiser. He must keep himself before the people, not only this month or this year, but constantly. Pursuing this course, success is as certain as the revolution of the earth. Above all, don't be spasmodic; but, regarding this like any other branch of business, treat it as such. Every prominent advertiser will testify to the truth of these remarks, and, furthermore, they will tell you it will never do to stop. Constant effort is required here, as elsewhere, and they who fail to observe the rule will learn its truthfulness by sad experience, and at their own cost.

Never withdraw from the eyes of customers the best and most effective sign you can put there. If you do to stop, they will be attracted by that of another and soon forget you and your wares.—*Printers' Ink*.

THE CALIFORNIA Savings and Loan Society

CORNER OF EDDY AND POWELL STS.

Savings Bank deposits received, and interest paid on same semi-annually, in January and July. Rates of interest for last term: **5.58** of 10.00 on term deposits; and **4.65** of 10.00 on ordinary deposits free of tax. Deposits received from one dollar upwards. Open Saturday evenings.

WILL I. PIXLEY, Stocks, Bonds, & Real Estate

213 Grant Avenue,
AGENT FOR
"BROWN'S MULE" STEAM WELL-BORING CO., of Talare.
MIKADO FRUIT AND RAISIN CO., of Fresno.

BONE STELL AND CO.
PAPER WAREHOUSE
401 & 403 SANSOME ST., S. F.
IMPORTERS OF ALL KINDS OF
PRINTING AND WRAPPING PAPERS

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.
Commencing Sunday, October 13, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:
From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:20, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 4:50, 6:10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 5:05, 6:30 P. M.
From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:45, 9:20, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 4:55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50 A. M.; 12:00 M.; 3:30, 5:00 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6:25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.
From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:30, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:45, 10:35 A. M.; 12:45, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7:05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.
11:00 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12:25 P. M.
1:30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 6:15 P. M.
8:00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 6:15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.
Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tamalpais, \$2.25; Howard's, \$1.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.
Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Point Reyes, \$1.75.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.
Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, F. B. LATHAM,
General Manager. Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Jan. 1, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 12:45 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax.	5:45 P.
8:00 A.	Marine, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles.	11:15 A.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	5:45 P.
10:30 A.	Haywards and Niles.	2:15 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 3:45 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	* 6:00 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 6:00 A.
3:30 P.	2d class Ogden and East.	10:45 P.
4:00 P.	Stockton and Milpitas; Vallejo, Calistoga and Knight's Landing; Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis.	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and San José.	* 4:15 P.
5:30 P.	Haywards and Niles.	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express; San José, Mendocino, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans and East.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	7:45 A.
8:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

3:00 A.	Hunters' train to San José.	7:20 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	5:50 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	* 11:50 A.
4:15 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:25 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:30 P.
8:30 A.	San José, Menlo Park, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:12 P.
10:30 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:02 P.
12:01 P.	Centerville, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3:38 P.
* 3:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations.	* 10:00 A.
* 4:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 7:58 A.
5:20 P.	San José and Way Stations.	9:03 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	7:28 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Mondays only. § Saturdays excepted.
* Mondays excepted.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.
Capital.....\$3,000,000
WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.
Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Göteborg, Christiania, Legano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, March 17, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

Leave San Francisco.	DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. 3:30 P. M. 5:00 P. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M. 8:50 A. M. 6:10 P. M. 10:30 A. M. 6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. 3:30 P. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	10:30 A. M. 6:10 P. M. 6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	6:10 P. M. 6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	6:10 P. M. 6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M. 5:00 P. M. 8:00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M. 8:50 A. M. 6:10 P. M. 6:05 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs, Sebastopol, and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, and at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kesleyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs, and at Ukiah for Vicby Springs, Sattola Springs, Blue Lakes, Williams, Calico, Calpella, Potter Valley, Sheswood Valley, and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Litton Springs, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Guerneville, \$7.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.50.
EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Litton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 3:30, 5, 6:15 P. M.; Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 3:30, 5, 6:15 P. M.
To San Francisco from San Rafael: Week Days—6:20, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40 A. M.; 12:15, 3:40, 5 P. M.
To San Francisco from Point Tiburon: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.; Sundays—8:40, 10:05 A. M.; 12:40, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.
On Saturdays an extra trip will be made from San Francisco to San Rafael, leaving at 1:40 P. M.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager,
PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
Ticket Offices at Ferry, 222 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 3 o'clock P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1890.
Gaelic.....Thursday, February 27
Belgie (via Honolulu).....Saturday, March 22
Oceanic.....Tuesday, April 15
Gaelic.....Thursday, April 18
Oceanic.....Tuesday, June 3
Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No. 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA

San Juan. ... Friday, February 21, at 12 M.
Taking freight and passengers direct for Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Panama, and Panama.
This steamer will make a special call at Ocos.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:

China.....Tuesday, March 11, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....Thursday, April 3, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro.....April 26, at 3 P. M.
Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & Co., Gen. Agents.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Feb. 19.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M. every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket office, 124 Montgomery Street.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO.,
General Agents, San Francisco.

26th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1890

Home Mutual Insurance Co.

No. 216 Sansome Street.

Capital (Paid up in Gold).....\$300,000 00
Net Surplus (over everything).....244,884.01

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. L. N. SHEPARD
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORRY
GENERAL AGENT.....ROBERT H. MAGILL

London Assurance Corporation

Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720.

Northern Assurance Company

Of London. Established 1836.

Quaker Insurance Company

Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.

Of Hartford, Conn.

South-east corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Capital and Surplus.....\$4,691,805.04

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Lloyd Stanford, Charles Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver
Eldridge, Charles Fargo, Geo. E. Gray, C. F. Crocker.
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Verdi's "Otello," while belonging to the same class of music-drama as "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," and "Tristan and Isolde," is yet different. German in structure, it is Italian, pure and simple, in intention. With the same wealth of suggestive motive and subtly descriptive orchestration as the Wagner works, it yet retains an individuality all its own. Unlike the German, it is dramatic without being heavy, and equally intense, with a glibness and ease which belong only to the south. How complete is its originality may be gathered from the fact that no hint of Verdi in his "Trovatore." "Rigoletto" manner breaks through it. Dramatic emotions and dramatic unities are ends sought and gained throughout—musical ideas never obtrude themselves at the expense of the rounded outline of the drama. Singers and orchestration are used to enrich the musical-dramatic picture, not to force into prominence their own individual merits. The play's the thing! The true dramatic instinct of Verdi finds in his old, laurel-crowned age its full development in music which his earlier devotion to tinkling cymbals and sounding brasses rendered impossible until now. He has thrown over the traditions of his youth, and tacitly acknowledged that the days of lyrical opera are done.

Written for Tamagno, the "Otello" music fits him perfectly. He was born for "Otello." His voice, almost inhuman in its clarion-like penetrativeness, here finds its true scope, its true significance. The absence of the lyric quality in it is here a positive gain; with it, he could never have achieved that brilliant fierceness which no imagination can suggest, no word describe. No speaking voice ever reached such a paralyzing incisiveness. No speaking Otello ever grasped his audience and dragged them with him through the whirl of rage, and anguish, and despair, as the singing one does. There is no lack of subtlety in the conception, for all the immense force used. From the first suggestions of lago to the final culmination of jealous agony when he sees the fatal handkerchief, there was an ever-increasing, delicately expressed *crescendo* of passion, reaching a climax which there are no words adequate in power to describe. The vocal ability was commensurate with the histrionic. The facility with which Signor Tamagno sings his high notes is so remarkable that the audience is not conscious of the difference in power of his tones when singing from G to the high C. His Otello is a performance without blemish, for, added to his dramatic and vocal gifts, he has a physique which makes him one of the handsomest and most impressive figures on the stage. Without him, the music-drama would be an impossibility.

Since the "Otello" of Wednesday we have had a chance of seeing Tamagno in parts which were not written expressly for him, and parts which have been associated with other great names. Waebtel was famous for his rendering of "Di Quella Pira," and gave the *ut de poitrine* with a magnificent flourish. Nicolini, in the days of his splendor, could sing Rhadames with all the mingled fire and sweetness of what was once a noble voice. Such comparisons are, however, impossible when Signor Tamagno chooses to sing; he is incomparable—in his own particular line. That this line is not capable of expanding indefinitely, until it covers all other lines, some people do not seem to realize, and they go about complaining dolorously that "Tamagno's voice has no sweetness, no tenderness," never seeming to understand that sweetness and tenderness in a voice of that calibre would be as incongruous, as impossible, as yellow hair on a dark woman.

The place of the regretted sweetness and light, instead of being taken, as in the German tenor, with sternness and weight, is here replaced with that strange, almost unearthly, vibrant tone, that brilliance, hard and clear as a diamond, that wiry strength, which renders the voice of the Italian without peer, unless one goes back to Tamberlik. The exhilarating, almost terrifying, quality in the tone is as incompatible with any sweetness as is the bugle-blast or the cry of the trumpeter-swans in Iceland. One notices, on a closer study of Signor Tamagno, his methods and the effect his voice produces on his audience, that, in the first place, he is a man's man and a man's singer. His admirers—not from the high-musical, but from the ordinary parquet and dress-circle point of view—are men. These are the ones who for Tamagno clap and cry "Bravo," while women will melt into tears and tear off their bouquets to strew them before Patti and Albani. He is a masculine singer—sings as a man should, not with the limp sweetness of the lyric tenor, who always seems to be encroaching on the preserves of the so-

prano, but with muscular force, with defiant power, with conquering might. He is also a somewhat self-singer—for himself, that is, and not for the preservation of an artistic ensemble. Signor Tamagno will occasionally let out his great voice and swamp the soprano, fathom deep, in a flood of sound. She is completely lost in it, unless she happens to be Mme. Nordica, whose powerful, dramatic voice has sufficient force to hold its own, even beside Signor Tamagno's. It is said that the great tenor objects to singing with any but sopranos of the most powerful and voluminous voice, on the plea that it is against his conscience to crush them out completely, and it is beyond his power to help doing so. But each of his performances—save the Otello—have an effect of isolation, of withdrawal from the general company, of subdued, but not the less apparent recognition of the fact that while Signor Tamagno realizes the necessity of preserving the dramatic unities, he also realizes the force of preserving his own position as a bright particular star.

If he is slighted his part in "Trovatore" on Thursday, it is not to be wondered at. On Wednesday evening he had given us of his best, the finest performance ever seen in San Francisco; on Thursday, after those Herculean efforts, he is greeted by a half-empty house—due to seven-dollar tickets, it is said, which, after all, seems small, when we hear that in Mexico they cheerfully paid twelve dollars a seat, and that the whole country will starve all winter in consequence. This is the true love of music—hardly as much devotion to the Heavenly Maid can be expected of us work-a-day Americans. The performance of "Trovatore" was somewhat flat—unfortunately so in more ways than one. That Manrico should flat once or twice in the first part is pardonable, but that Manrico, Azucena, and the orchestra should combine forces to perpetrate a most amazing discord in the celebrated duet in the last act, is more than the most forbearing person can tolerate. If, when Manrico and Azucena finally did get "back to their mountains," they continued singing in that style, they would certainly have had their mountains all to themselves, with no one to dispute their supremacy. Even the recollections of the brilliant "Di Quella Pira" and "Ah che la Morte" can not quite make one forget this unfortunate termination to the lovely duo.

Outside "Otello," Signor Tamagno has made his most favorable impression in "The Huguenots." Here is drama ready to his hand, here—in that last act where Meyerbeer forgot to be gorgeous and was grand—is a *crescendo* of passion to which the great Italian rises superb, sweeping his audience after him in a whirlwind of breathless excitement. This majestic, over-gorgeous, grandiose music seems made for that equally majestic voice. There is something incongruous in Signor Tamagno twanging the lyre of Manrico and lending his mighty tones to the pleasing love-notes of the enamored troubadour; it reminds one of the fable of the lion in love. Even in "Aida," the "Celeste Aida," vocally matchless, is too lyric for an organ so essentially and preeminently dramatic. Neither the song nor the singer gets full justice—in the one, its tender, plaintive, pensive aspect is lost; in the other, the great power and exhilarating force of the voice are curbed in the effort to give prominence to those soft fancies which are supposed to be agitating Rhadames. "When the blast of war sounds in his ears," then, indeed, Signor Tamagno, like Richard, is himself again. When duty calls him to the aid of the massacred Huguenots, and love bids him stay by Valentine, the agony of his mind finding adequate expression in fierce, turbulent harmony, there is no longer need to subdue that great voice which bursts upward in reverberant might.

That was a beautiful Valentine of Mme. Albani's, but, indeed, is not every part that this charming and gifted lady portrays invested with the peculiar attraction of her delightful personality? Through both her acting and singing, her own individual, personal charm shines like a light through glass, and touches, softens, warms her audience. She is one of the few prima donnas who sing not like a bird, nor a musical box, nor a singing mouse, nor a nymph, but like a woman—a creature of human sympathies, of heart, of soul. This one touch of nature, which makes Mme. Albani kin to the whole world, has survived the training of years, the unswerving concentration in the art-life, which transforms the prima donna into the accurate and sweet-toned musical instrument which she eventually becomes, and of which Mme. Patti is now the most perfect type. Mme. Albani is not a phenomenon; she is a great soprano singer, with a set of upper notes of matchless purity and crystal transparency, but with a slight mist, a veil, a haze over the middle register. She does not sing with the consummate ease of the prima donna who knows that her voice is still in its fresh prime; a keen observer can see that she makes preparation for certain of those wonderful, penetrating, haunting notes, which echo in the memory in "music that gentler on the spirit lies than tired eye-lids upon tired eyes." But she has the power of establishing in her audience not only a feeling of artistic admiration, but a feeling of warm, personal affection.

She recalls to us the line that "dark and true and tender is the north," for she is of the north—of Canada—the country of still, gray lakes, shining among the pines like silver shields; of great, myste-

rious, smooth-flowing rivers; of solitary, pointed pines, in serried rows against leaden skies; of illimitable forests down whose aisles the wind breathes Æolian harmonies; of clear, frosty nights sown with stars; of the fluctuating fire of the Aurora trembling along snowy crusts; of the sunrise glimmering on the clean black ice; of the brooding stillness of dazzling, snow-bound middays; of the sudden crackling and snapping of the curdling ice on freezing midnight.

The management has been so stingy of Mme. Nordica that she has only appeared twice in the season and both times in parts which, though they show off her voice and her histrionic talents, necessitate a complete disguise, and even a dye on the face. This is to be regretted, for not only is Mme. Nordica the youngest, but she is the prettiest of all the prima donnas, and is amply supplied with personal beauty of a piquant and captivating kind. She was an admirable Aida, more spirited than *downcast*, energetic, and capable of putting great feeling and power into the duet in the third act. Aida is one of the most attractive women in any opera—her music tells of a nature strong, yet sweet, her character, as unfolded in the libretto, is as lovable as it is brave and loyal. Composer and librettist have for once combined successfully in the creation of a thoroughly natural being, who is not one of the old jointed dolls, like poor, ridiculous Leonora and the demented Lucia. Mme. Nordica brought to the part fine histrionic ability and a voice dramatic, powerful, and brilliant. Even Signor Tamagno's upper register could not down it—the two voices blended together and floated upward in a concerted volume of sound. Flowing side by side, one never absorbing the other, mingling, yet separate, they reminded the listener of two streams which, running in the same channel, yet never absolutely mix and blend.

One must mention Mme. Fabbri with a parting commendation as the very best-looking woman in

boy's clothes who has ever enlivened grand opera. What a natty little Urbain Mme. Fabbri was? How like a boy she walked, and swaggered, and flirted about among the gorgeous court ladies. Her voice is not quite pleasant, but it is admirably trained and used with good effect. One word, too, about that beautiful barp-music which flows like a crystal stream through the turbulent orchestration of "Aida" and the boyed softness of "Faust." Looking from the parquet, one could catch a glimpse of a huge, gold barp and two little plump hands darting over the strings and calling forth the plaintive spirit of the old-fashioned instrument. These were Mme. Maretzek's hands—and have been shaken, not only with cordiality, but with affection by the great singers of the last half-century; have bled Patti's little brown, fat, baby fists, and have been pressed by the great Tamberlik himself, when Mme. Maretzek was Appolline Bertucca and the prima donna of her day.

G. B.

Tamagno was in Chicago when the new year came, and he had the grip. He is noted, even among singers, for his sensitive ears, and when at midnight the small boy and the fish-horn and the grimy engineer and his steam-whistle welcomed in the new year, Tamagno in his room at the Leland could not stand it. "Ting—ting—burr!" rang the electric-bell leading from his room. "What, sir?" asked a bell-boy, a moment later. "Stop this infernal noise." "But, sir—" "Have it stopped, I say." "But, sir, I can't. Chicago is celebrating the death of the old year and birth of the new. There are ten thousand tin-horns and a hundred steam-tugs making this noise." The great tenor groaned. For half-an-hour he groaned. Then he said: "Hegel was right in saying that a worse hell may be made out of sound than out of fire and brimstone."

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Poured on broken ice;
Little grains of sugar,
Of lemon-peel a slice;
Just a dash of Angos-
Tura bliters, pray!
What we call a "cocktail"
In the U. S. A.
—New York World.

A Song of Rain.

Sing a song of rainy days,
A city full of slop;
Wonder if this dratted damp
Is ever going to stop.
Got the influenza, too,
Awful times are these,
Wading through the mud and pausing
Now and then to sneeze.
—Chicago Herald.

The Gondoliers.

I have been to operas funny,
And have heard them all galore,
I have blown in lots of money,
Both for tickets and the score.
Everything that quite about is,
I have listened to for years;
But the worst I ever heard is
Gilbert's ghastly Gondoliers.
—New York Sun.

The Grip.

A million little microbes
Were dancing in the sun;
There came a bitter, killing frost
And then there was but one.
This lonely little microbe
Pouted his little lip,
And said: "I wish I too was dead,
Because I've lost my 'grip.'"
—Boston Transcript.

A Sweet Miss.

Mama Mr. preserves one day,
"I 8 'em," her little boy said.
"Why, Peter," said mama, "what 4?"
And then she St. Peter to bed.
—Puck.

Hic Jacet.

Here lies the body of Moses Draper
(Tread softly ye who pass),
Who lived till sixty without a paper
And then blew out the gas.
—Rock Valley Register.

Seen and Appreciated.

Fair Addie on the crossing stuck—
Her snowy skirts aspired—
But she could not escape the smuck,
And all who saw Ad-mired.
—Time.

In Holland.

Our course lay up a smooth canal
Through tracts of velvet green,
And through the shade that wind-mills made,
And pasture lands between.
The kine had canvas on their backs
To temper Autumn's spit,
And everywhere there was an air
Of comfort and delight.
My wife, dear philosophic soul!
Saw here where to grate.
"Vain fools are we across the sea
To boast our nobler state!
Go north or south or east or west
Or wheresoe'er you please,
You shall not find what's bere combined—
Equality and ease!"

"How tidy are these bonest homes
In every part and nook—
The menfolk wear a prosperous air,
The women happy look.
Seeing the peace that smiles around
I would our land were such—
Think as you may, I'm free to say
I would we were the Dutch!"

Just then we overtook a boat
(The Golden Tulip light)—
Big with the weight of motley freight,
It was a goodly sight!
Meynheer Van Blarcom sat on deck,
With pipe in lordly pose,
And with his son of twenty-one
He played at dominoes.

Then quoth my wife: "How fair to see
This sturdy, honest man
Bequeal all pain and lust of gain
With whatso joys he can;
Methinks his spouse is down below
Beading a kerchief gay—
A babe, mayhap, lolls in her lap
In the good old Milky Way."

"Where in the land from whence we came
Is there content like this—
Where such disdain of sordid gain
Such sweet domestic bliss?
A homespun woman, I, this land
Delights me overmuch—
Think as you will and argue still,
I like the honest Dutch!"

And then my wife made end of speech—
Her voice stuck in her throat,
For, swinging around the turn, we found
What motor moved the boat;
Hitched up in tow-path harness there
Was neither horse nor cow,
But the buxom frame of a Hollandische dame—
Meynheer Van Blarcom's frau.
—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Looking Forward.

In the near-approaching future that the poet's eyes descrie,
When a Moon of Gorgonzola shall Selene's place supply,
And across the empyrean pigs shall dart on scented wings,
There will be decided changes in the ways of Men and Things.
Then will ten and ten no longer make the old accustomed
score,
But, to meet our new requirements, rather less or rather more;
Then identity of Cause will not produce the same Effect—
'Neath the sway of pseudo-Culture that's a thing we can't expect.

Wicked towns will be abolished; in the healthy open air,
Smith will toil for Jones's dinner, Robinson give Brown a
share;
Everybody will be equal—very nearly—if they can
Save of course the Skillful Artist and the Literary Man.

These and other things will happen—I the poet say it, I—
When the Moon of Cheese is fashioned, and the grunter
learns to fly.
When the Anarchistic Chaos starts its everlasting reign,
And our good friend Topsy-turvy gets the upper hand again.
—St. James's Gazette.

—THE CHAPPED SKINS THAT THESE NORTH
winds bring may be avoided by using Rachel's
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STAGE GOSSIP.

Hoyt's "A Hole in the Ground" will pay us its
third visit next week.

"The Silver King," which seems not to lose its
popularity as the years pass, will be revived next
week.

Augustin Daly's new play, "A Priceless Paragon,"
which was produced last Thursday, is adapted from
Sardou's comedy, "Belle Maman."

Nicolini has a son who is following in his father's
footsteps. He was engaged a few weeks ago by
Manager Victor Koning to sing tenor rôles in oper-
etta.

Mark Twain has disposed of the right to drama-
tize his new book, "A Yankee at the Court of King
Arthur," to Howard P. Taylor. It is to be produced
in a few months at the Broadway Theatre in New
York.

Sol Smith Russell is to begin an engagement
next week in "A Poor Relation," a play which
proved popular when the comedian was last here.
His company is said to be the best that he has yet
brought to this city.

Sybil Sanderson is surprising the gray-beards of
Parisian opera by her constant attention and im-
provement. Even Faure praises her, and declares
that her future is assured if she turns out to be
even moderately praiseworthy in her next venture,
"Nanon."

Saturday afternoon and evening two of the best
performances of the opera troupe will be given.
Mme. Patti sings "La Traviata" at the matinee,
and could not make a better selection for her final
appearance, and in the evening Tamagno will be
heard in "Otello."

"Shenandoah" was written twelve years ago and
produced in Louisville under the name of "Feds and
Confeds." It ran for a week and then died. Two
years ago Bronson Howard came across it and pol-
ished it up. His royalty is now estimated at eighty
thousand dollars a year.

The irrepressible Colonel Mapleson is to the fore
again with a scheme for bringing over a new Italian
opera troupe. He shows letters from Nilsson, Tre-
belli, Sembrich, Scalchi, Gerster, Masini, and Galassi,
in which they state their willingness to come to Amer-
ica again under his management.

Marcus Mayer is a very hard-worked man, but he
is not dissatisfied. He was recently offered the man-
agement of a syndicate of theatrical troupes, at a
salary of fifteen thousand dollars and a share in the
profits, but he thinks he has a good thing with
Messrs. Abbey and Grau, and declined.

An admirable programme has been arranged for
the benefit of the veteran actor and manager, Stephen
Leach, which is to take place next Thursday even-
ing at Odd Fellows' Hall. The affair is under the
sponsorship of the Bohemian Club, and Mr. Leach's
large circle of friends will insure its success.

The first precedent for "Shenandoah" in the way
of American war dramas was "Bunker Hill" or,
"The Death of Warren." It was given a magnificent
production in Boston at an expense of two hundred
and fifty dollars. The author was an Irishman, by
the way, one Burke, who was killed in a duel in
Paris.

"The City Directory" is now at the Bijou, which
has become the home of farce-comedy in New York,
and is drawing great crowds. The papers call it
"a dramatization of a hundred newspaper columns
of jokes and a selection from about as many comic
operas," and say that the company is the best in
farce-comedy.

A "Shenandoah" jacket made its appearance in
New York early in the run of that play. It is made
of deep blue broadcloth, high military collar, and
trimmed with a flat souché braid, imitating as
nearly as possible the fatigue-jacket worn by Henry
Miller in the second act. It has not yet made its
appearance in San Francisco.

The version of "The Brigands" now being sung
at the Tivoli is that given at the New York Casino,
where it has run for two hundred nights. The
local cast embraces: Tellula Evans, Alice Gaillard,
Ada Somers, Alice Gray, Francis Gaillard, Fred
Urban, John McWade, Fred Lennox, Stanley
Felch, H. W. Frilman, and C. U. Shreve, Jr.

There have been two new secessions from August-
ine Daly's company. One was Tim J. Cronin; why
he left is a mystery. The other is R. G. Knowles,
formerly a minstrel monologist and end-man, who
laughed during a rehearsal, refused to show more
courtesy to Mr. Daly than Mr. Daly showed to him,
and declined to relinquish a good part in the new
Daly play for a minor rôle.

Watts, the English painter, was Ellen Terry's first
husband. He was divorced from her because, ac-
cording to her account, she did not disobey him.
He asked her once to wear the costume of some one
of her theatrical rôles on the occasion of a dinner with
his family, and she scandalized the good people by
ignoring her later creations and reverting to the days
of her courtship, when she was a pantomime fairy,
wearing tights and trunks.

The Tivoli has been thoroughly renovated in the
past three weeks, and wore a much cosier air on
Monday night. The auditorium has been newly
freed, comfortable chairs replace those formerly
in use, and the boxes have been luxuriously and
tastefully upholstered. Changes have been made
elsewhere, also, though these are only apparent to the
audience in the handsome new drop-curtain and the
greater facility in the stage management.

When she began her present tour, Maggie
Mitchell had an advance agent whose zeal was
greater than his discretion. She has him no longer.
A week before she reached Columbus, Ohio, he dis-
played in a prominent shop-window a portrait of
the vivacious soubrette taken some forty years ago,
and exhibited a programme of "The French Spy,"
in which Miss Mitchell played an adult part in
1836. This was enterprising, but scarcely encour-
aging to an actress who essays juvenile parts, and
the young man had to go.

"I feel quite at home in San Francisco," said
Tamagno a few days after his arrival, "because I
have had the good fortune to meet my old teacher,
Signor Faustino Ziliani, which pleasantly recalls
some of my earlier experiences. He taught me
"Mefistofele," "The Huguenots," "Robert the Devil,"
"Fosca," "Guarany," and several other operas, while
he was conductor of the Colon Theatre, in Buenos

Ayres, during my first engagement. He and I lived
in the same house for several months, and I have
never known a more thorough musician, or a more
modest, unassuming man. He tells me that he in-
tends to remain in San Francisco, which I am glad
to hear. He graduated from the Conservatory of
Music in Milan, in 1871, with first honors, and I
thoroughly approve of his methods of voice culture
and singing." Signor Ziliani is small in stature,
quiet and retiring in manner, so that the meeting be-
tween teacher and pupil was almost like that between
father and son. While here Ziliani is always behind
the scenes when Tamagno sings, and the walls of his
home at 114 McAllister Street are resplendent with
photographs of Tamagno, the latest addition being
one presenting him as "Otello."

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 12, 1890.—Intent upon the object of proselyting with the members of Congress in the direction of the free and unlimited coinage of silver, I approached our senior senator to ascertain his views. I found not only that he was in favor of free silver coinage, but, I understand, are Senator Hearst and Mr. Morrow also. Both the senators representing California are of the opinion that a free silver-coinage bill will pass the Senate of the United States. I am also informed that there are six members of the coinage committee in the House who favor free silver coinage, and that there is the possibility of a favorable report from that committee, with a probability of its passage through the House of Representatives.

To my surprise, I ascertained that Senator Stanford not only favored the free coinage of silver, but he left the impression upon my mind that he entertained still more generous and comprehensive opinions in reference to increasing the circulating currency of the country.

Senator Stanford said that it was the duty of government to issue currency upon the value of real property, or to authorize the establishment of national banks, with power to issue legal-tender notes in circulation upon such security, which could be guaranteed in their redemption by the Treasury of the United States. And why not? He says if a national bank purchases bonds issued by the general government, and,

to the extent of ninety cents on the dollar, is authorized to put notes in circulation as currency, of which the general government guarantees the payment; if bullion from the gold-mines may be taken to the mint and have its value fixed by the impression of a die; if silver bullion may be accorded free coinage because of its standard and fineness—why may not a farm or a town property of established, fixed, and certain value be used as the basis of a sound and beathful currency? I can see no reason, he says, why land or town property, having attained a permanent value as indicated by the assessor's estimate, or ascertained by impartial appraisers, might not be used as currency with as much confidence as the paper obligations of government or as the metals produced from mines.

I have seen the financial world twice driven from its propriety by the fear lest the excessive production of metals should prove valueless for use as money. When the immense output of gold from the placers of California and Australia reached its maximum, the financial world underwent a panic lest gold should become too plentiful for safety, and when the large discoveries of silver in Nevada began to be felt, the same alarm pervaded financial circles lest the white metal should become too plentiful for any other use than in the arts. The best money is that based upon the wealth of the nation and the prosperity and honor of all its people. Currency that has for its security the real property of the country is more surely guaranteed than by bullion produced from the mines and stamped at the national mints. The country owns no mines, and who shall say that the time is distant when private ownership shall hold in trusts all the mines and be entitled to all the royalties? And of what value will be the constitutional provision that gives government the right to coin money, if it has neither gold nor silver to coin and stamp?

To coin and issue money for circulation is *not* the most important function of government. When it is considered that the Congress of the United States, the legislatures of the several States, and the municipal bodies of incorporated cities are armed with the power of taxation and individual assessors clothed with the right of valuation, for purposes of taxation, and that for the non-payment of taxes the tax-collector may sell, without judicial investigation or decree of a court, without reservation of the rights of minors, absent persons, or persons of unsound mind, how much less significant seems the power to coin money and control its volume of circulation.

When it shall be understood that money is issued by government for the benefit of the great class of producers who demand it for industrial purposes, and that it is not created for the benefit of usurers to sweat it, of gamblers to risk it, of misers to hoard it, of millionaires to accumulate it, and of spendthrifts to distribute it in the gratification of their luxurious tastes, then some of the errors which now pervade the whole financial system will have been dissipated and the uses of money will be much better understood. Then the Congress of the United States will not look to Wall Street and national bankers, successful money-kings, and successful plutocrats alone for their advice as to what kind of money should be used or what volume should be put forth. When this reformation shall take place, then some successful manufacturer or merchant, some intelligent mechanic, some broad-minded business-man, some planter, farmer, fruit-grower, or laborer, may be invited to hold the portfolio of Treasurer; or, better than that, some wise economist, who understands and appreciates financial laws in their broader comprehension, may be asked to preside at the head of a department and give an annual report, which states all the facts and does not suppress or misrepresent any economic truth in the interest of the money class.

There are two distinct classes in this government, and the division lines that mark them grow more well defined each revolving decade. They are the debtor and the creditor class, the borrowers and the lenders. On the upper side of this dividing line there are wise and prudent calculations, intelligence, an immense deal of good luck, industry, and patient waiting, economy and self-denial—moral virtues of the kind that worship both God and Mammon. On the other and lower

side, a producing multitude of industrial toilers, with adverse fate, hard luck, exacting appetites—cross roads that lead to perplexing labyrinths where men are lost—ill-health, marriages not prudent and attended with large families, engaging in legitimate employment industriously pursued, sometimes leading to disastrous results. The farm industriously tilled finds itself mortgaged to the usurer; mechanical employment intelligently and faithfully pursued leads oftentimes through toil to bankruptcy and ruin.

A civil war imposes three thousand millions of dollars of burdens upon the North and visits three thousand millions of dollars of calamities upon the South, to increase the population below the line, and gives the class above it a profit of three thousand millions of dollars to swell its fortunes.

It was a wise provision of the patriarchal period that the recurring jubilee should afford the debtor class an alleviation of its more insupportable burdens, and it would be well if, in the hurried race through the higher civilization of modern centuries, there was at least once in a hundred years a resting place where tired humanity could regain its spent forces and have a new start in the race of life.

In the conversation with Senator Stanford, I did not fail to urge all objections which suggested themselves to my mind in opposition to the working of his beneficent money plan. Of course I was not unmindful of the great bugbear of inflation, which is so distressing a possibility to the men of plethoric money-bags. His reply was: "I have never observed any calamity resulting from the circulation of too much sound money; I have known of no locality or era in which there was too great activity among the producing classes. I never knew or read of any country where there were too many houses in process of erection, or too plentiful raiment, or too abundant food, nor where transportation of products was too cheap and rapid. I do not recognize high prices of labor as leading to disastrous results anywhere. In those countries under conditions in which labor is inadequately compensated—countries of redundant populations where money is scarce and industrial activities are not remunerative—I have heard of poverty and distress; but where activities are pressing in the direction of productive industries, where money is plenty and labor well repaid, I recall no distress not arising from accidental causes, and I presume no one would question the fact that the system of finance suggested would not excite to abnormal activity all industrial employments. Money is a force. It is the force that underlies our civilization and pushes it to the greatest possible activity. Money impels the merchant to his most venturesome daring, the mechanic to exploiting his most inventive genius, the scientist to the most exhaustive research, the artist to the most earnest and patient endeavors, and the toiler in every direction to the accomplishment of the most earnest efforts for success. The power of money and the hope of its attainment is the incentive to nearly all humanity's most earnest and most honorable exertions, and I presume no one will question the fact that cheap, safe, and abundant money will contribute largely to the industrial activities of the country, and, whatever other result may be accomplished, that the debtor class would be largely and permanently benefited.

That a currency based upon real-estate values under limited estimates would increase activities in all industrial employments, I have no manner of doubt; nor do I think such a volume of currency, properly limited by legislative restrictions, would recall the days of George Law, reproduce the Mississippi bubble, or the Dutch Tulip speculation. Why should the man who has mortgaged for one-half or one-quarter its value the accumulations of his life, be more careless in the expenditure of his resources than he would if he had hypothecated his property under an interest-bearing mortgage to a usurer for coin, the interest upon which he must pay whether he uses his money or not? The national currency I would thus provide should bear no interest, and should the borrower retain it in his hands unused, it would be ready for return to the national treasury whenever called for. If, without bearing interest, this currency could be used for the retiring of an interest-bearing mortgage, it would serve a useful purpose, nor would it operate as a hardship to the payee, because he could use lawful money in

thousand active employments of which the money-lender knows so well how to avail himself.

Such an issue of national currency to the extent of limited millions, properly distributed, would have for its first effect a quieting of all apprehensions of panic or financial disasters that are sometimes more hard to bear and more ruinous in their consequences than the resulting calamities. There would be no financial panic possible, and all disastrous probabilities be made avoidable. Business activity would have breathed into them new life. The danger of money-panics locks gold and silver, in coin or bullion, in the vaults of the banker and money-lender, and while gold and silver coin is unusable it is valueless—no man is rich and no community prosperous with hoarded gold. Money, like any other property, is worthless till actively employed. The unused axe at the foot of the tree is but a shining blade of worthless steel till swung by the strong arm of labor. The plow, rusting by the untended furrow, gives no promise of grain till driven. A mountain of gold might glitter in the sun's rays valueless, useless, and unemployable till, at its base, the toiler swings his pick, plunges his drill, and explodes his blasting sulphur. Wealth is timid and in the presence of danger hides; labor is always courageous and works with cheery zeal when well paid. Labor is never dangerous except when desperate. Labor seldom riots when well fed, well housed, well clothed, and well educated. God, in his beneficence, has provided everything that is essential for the happiness of all mankind. The beneficence of nature denies none of the comforts or luxuries that the human family may require, and all that man does require is dependent upon labor. The gem lies worthless in the mine till dragged forth by discovery, and does not disclose its beauties till the lapidary expends upon it his labor. The finest lace that covers the fairest form comes from unbroken flax through the hatchel, the spindle, and the dexterous manipulation of skillful fingers. The sarcophagus that hides Napoleon in his tomb, the mausoleum where it is deposited, are worthless slabs of porphyry and granite till subjected to the labor of the architect and the chisel. Neither bread, nor meat, nor wine, nor raiment comes without intelligent and well-directed toil. Without education, the heavenly bodies revolve in abounding and mysterious terrors; agriculture folds its arms and sleeps in idle ignorance upon the bosom of mother earth, whose breasts are throbbing with plenty. Barbarism never wakes to civilization, order never succeeds to chaos, and safety never comes to the human race till intelligence is in the process of complete development. Through paths of intelligent industry the beneficence of Providence is only attainable.

Our government and our civilization make labor work in gyves and manacles unless fully and generously paid.

It is the duty of the Congress of the United States to furnish its citizens with money when they shall furnish the security for its issue that the government can safely guarantee. The Constitution of the United States clothes its Congress with this power, it concedes it to no one else, and it should be exercised for the fullest benefit of the industrious, temperate, economical working class, for farmers, mechanics, and manufacturing producers.

I am not unmindful of the fact that there are distress and discontent abroad in this most promising and prosperous of all civilized countries; that willing laborers are sometimes unemployed; that mechanical, manufacturing, and mining industries, corporations and great capitalists are driven from unavoidable necessities to withhold employment, when employment is essential to the laboring community. I am advised that farms are largely mortgaged; that in Kentucky old estates are being sold for taxes; that incumbrances are especially numerous and burdensome in the State of Iowa; that in New England old homes are passing away from families that inherited them; that in many parts there exist financial embarrassments that are the causes of serious anxiety to the cotton-growers, and that the wheat-producing industry of our great West and North-West is not in as satisfactory a condition as the advance in agricultural machinery and improved methods would seem to justify. I hear of labor agitation, unrest, and disquietude in directions where I can not presume that they exist without cause, or result from other than extreme necessities, and if the system of finance will produce even temporary relief from existing disquietudes and the alleviation of existing distress, I shall hope that period may be made available for the discovery of legitimate means of permanent relief. I have great confidence in the future of this country, an abiding faith in the intelligence that is coming from our free common schools. I believe that education properly distributed to all classes of our fellow-citizens—to the children of native-birth and foreign immigration, to the descendants of the white and black race—will work out ultimately the most beneficial results to all the citizens of this commonwealth.

It is from this direction that I look for the dawning light which shall encircle our country with a halo of inextinguishable glory. Common sense, resulting from education, will assure to every child born upon our soil the inheritance and protection of equal rights and the operation of equal laws for

their preservation and maintenance. I am myself a working-man, my interests run in common with labor. I was born to the inheritance of industrial pursuits, my sympathies are with the class from which I came, and if I have friends, as I hope I have, in New York or London, in Wall, or Threadneedle, or Lombard Streets, or associates among the great bankers or men of large affairs, I trust I have not lost touch with the class from which I came, nor sympathy for those who own lands and are engaged in their cultivation, nor for the larger community of toilers whose burdens are only relievable by honorable and well-paid labor.

Daniel Dougherty and other apologists for Romish bigotry and impudent interference with American affairs, will have ample occasion for the exercise of their ability for glossing eloquence, in view of the outrageous insult offered by the Catholics to Mr. Blaine at the funeral of his daughter. This last indecent display of rancorous intolerance was not the work of a few ignorant and exceptionally fanatical zealots, but it came from an ultra-fashionable Romanist audience, gathered in the principal Romanist church in the country. This was not "the common herd," but the "enlightened and intelligent and cultured" of the Pope's followers, specially admitted to witness and honor the last sad rites over the beloved daughter of the most noted and conspicuous public man in America. The fully accredited facts are as follows: The obsequies over the late Mrs. Coppinger, daughter of Secretary of State Blaine, took place in St. Matthew's Church, in Washington, at half-past ten o'clock, February 3d. The people who came to witness the sad scene filled the building, the church steps, and the pavement in such a dense mass as to render it difficult to clear an entrance for the funeral cortege. The church was draped in black, and the altar and pulpit gleamed with the light of many candles. The casket was completely covered with lilies, roses, and violets, and as it was carried into the church, the vast congregation rose and remained standing until after the entire family had taken their seats. When Colonel Coppinger, the husband of the deceased, entered the front pew, being a Roman Catholic, he bent his knee and reverently crossed himself. Mr. and Mrs. Blaine, wholly overcome with their cumulative grief, followed with their family, and, as members of the Presbyterian Church, they very naturally omitted the peculiar forms of the Catholic Church. As they were immediately behind Colonel Coppinger, their omission of the particular form of bowing and crossing themselves was quickly noticed by the audience, and as promptly resented in a series of perfectly audible hisses. Not many years ago, Rome, in a humble attitude, stood knocking at our back-door; but to-day she is inside the house and dictating our political principles and religious forms. With their increase of strength and influence, Romanists have become arrogant and overbearing. They not only sought publicly to insult and degrade the President of this republic at the Baltimore banquet, but they have now offered indignity, in an even more public way, to the Secretary of State and his wife. There is no grief too great for the Romish Church profanely to trample upon, no grave too sacred for it to desecrate, and no truth too high or holy for it to violate. And what do the representative papers have to say about this last cowardly and fiendish exhibition of Romish hatred? Absolutely nothing. Not a single editorial comment. Not one word of reproof. Where are our boasted political freedom and religious toleration? Where are our much vaunted liberty of conscience and love of fair play? In regard to all these outrages perpetrated by the Romish Church, the general press is as silent as the grave and as dumb as death. The liberty-loving people of this country can have no better demonstration of the standing menace which this institution of iniquity offers our republic, than its constantly increasing influence with political parties and the public press. If we continue to treat this unholy institution, reeking with the lust of power and mammon, with either indifference or indulgence, we may wake up some day but to behold the shivering spectre of our own ruin. The Romish hierarchy, the mother of inquisitors, and the hotbed of hellish tortures, can not thrive in the same soil with liberty. The success and strength of one necessarily involves the failure and feebleness of the other. As Americans we have been taught from our very childhood to abhor both kingcraft and priestcraft. But such is the degeneracy of the times through our lust for office and servile obedience to the authority of those in power, both in church and state, that we are incapable of discerning the threatening developments of the essential principles of priestcraft and kingcraft, because their practical forms are disguised under other and inoffensive names. A precipice is most dangerous when covered with flowers. A murderer's presence is not removed from our room by blowing out the light that reveals his hideous features. We must be vigilant, that we may detect; bold and free, that we may rebuke; firm and faithful, that we may suppress all tyranny, whether in church or state. If we ever submit in a single iota to the demands of the Papal power, we shall prove faith-

less to our high mission as the social regenerators of the world, and our failure will be equally a sin and a shame. Our forefathers fled from this very evil. They crossed the ocean to escape it. They preferred a wilderness to a paradise, caverns to palaces, and barbarian dangers to civilized endearments, rather than submit to its cruel usurpations. We, as their descendants, remembering their deeds and cherishing their spirit, will imitate their example and refuse to succumb to the demands which they so indignantly spurned and successfully resisted.

It is proposed that the United States Government shall assume the management and bear the expense of all the State Soldiers' Homes. This is a movement and measure demanded by the constantly increasing expense required to care properly for the helpless and homeless heroes of our late war. Hundreds of our veterans, now past their prime and barely able, by the utmost exertion of which they are capable, to gain a frugal support, will soon be obliged, through old age and increased physical disabilities, to look to the nation for that honorable asylum so effusively promised them. Whatever the government can do to brighten the last lingering days of these noble soldiers of liberty, they have fully earned by their patriotic services. Patriotism and humanity unite in demanding that a more ample and hearty provision shall be made for this coming throng of well-credentialed claimants on our beneficence. These men laid life and all upon the altar of our glorious Union. Leaving their homes and loved ones, they joined that dauntless march which refused to stop the higher side of final victory in the splendid struggle to save the nation's threatened life. Their brows are crowned with a glory beside which "the laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds." Amid the increasing infirmities of age, and the disabilities contracted by their patriotic service, can we, as a nation, be so indifferent to our obligations as to refuse them that comfort which they so freely relinquished for their country's weal in the days of youthful vigor? The nation which neglects or refuses to provide properly for its wounded, infirm, and indigent soldiers, is not worth the sacrifices made and the suffering endured in its defense. Let Congress hesitate no longer in the discharge of its duty in this particular. This work of relief belongs primarily and fundamentally to the Federal Government. It is unjust to force upon the people of a few States, possessing a disproportionate number of veterans, the unequal burden of this ever-increasing expenditure required for the care and comfort of those who were in the service of the whole country. Some States, having few veterans among them, do little, if anything, for their relief and assistance. In those States where, by chance, there is a large number of ex-soldiers, a heavy burden falls upon the people in providing for them a place of repose and comparative comfort. For instance, there are about thirty thousand ex-soldiers now resident in Minnesota alone. Out of this large number the class of dependents must necessarily increase for years to come. The Minnesota State Home is now pressed for accommodations. Enlargements and additions can not be made fast enough in several State homes. There are at present more than twenty-three thousand inmates of these institutions. This number of veteran dependents exceeds the total strength of the regular army, and it is daily growing larger. Congress should immediately manifest a special interest in this matter, by such legislation as will bring all these homes under Federal control and support. These institutions have a twofold interest: First, they stand in every community as representative of patriotism and loyalty, and calculated to inspire and strengthen such sentiments in the rising generation. Secondly, they constantly remind us of our debt of gratitude to these immortal patriots who delivered this blessed asylum of liberty from the curse of treason and the chaos of anarchy. In consequence of their chivalric efforts and sacrifices, we possess this united nation, the land of peace and prosperity, and the promised inheritance of posterity. By their valorous deeds they have unconsciously perpetuated their names and memory in the reverent remembrance of grateful generations. We have only contempt for the indifference that would neglect or the parsimony that would stunt them in their declining days. The price of blood and wounds was not too much for them to pay for the privileges and liberties which we enjoy. The heroic past is theirs, with its undimmed and undying glory. They stand in the reflective lustre of that splendid period which can never lose its interest and significance in our national history. Too much passionate and unquenchable life throbbled into it from the heated veins of patriotism to suffer it ever to perish in a cold forge of fulness. As a nation, we can never neglect the heroes who remain to remind us of that glorious past, until we are lost to all emotions of gratitude and all sense of shame.

The report of the Parnell Commission is one of those things which loom up larger in view the longer you look at them. Everybody, Irish and English, is loud in praise of its perfe-

impartiality. This very impartiality is apparently mistaken for weakness, or, as some impetuous Parnellite scribes venture to interpret it, as an absolute whitewashing of their party from all accusations. But the commission have declared the Parnellite party guilty—after a protracted investigation in open court, with full liberty for the accused to cross-examine witnesses and give evidence in their own behalf—guilty of a “criminal conspiracy” to boycott landlords and tenants not in submission to the Land League. As Mr. Parnell frankly stated, the day after this report was sent in, that he had never denied the existence of “criminal boycotting,” and as he did not take exception to the report in any particular, it follows that the Parnellites set up a virtual plea of guilty to this formidable judicial indictment—an indictment, be it noted, after the fullest sifting of evidence *pro* and *con*, which strictly amounts to a formal conviction after an admittedly impartial trial. What does this boycotting admission mean? It means that for years the hirelings of the leaguers, paid by American funds, carried on a criminal war against their own kith and kin—inoffensive farmers who paid their rents, like honest men, and tilled their acres to support their families like good Christians. These were murdered in the dark, hacked and maimed by treacherous assaults when unprepared to resist. Wives and widows were dragged out of their beds in the night, their hair torn out or cut off, their bare skin “combed” with lacerating instruments, their sons and daughters terrorized into submission to the league laws. Poor laborers were shot, sometimes maimed for life, for earning their wages by serving boycotted employers. Landlords and tenants and their humblest servants were alike for years outlawed from local society by the league. They were not allowed to speak or to be spoken to by their neighbors; no one was allowed to sell them the necessities of life, to shoe their horses, to do their outdoor work, to feed their stock, to drive stock to market, to gather their crops, to sell any of their produce, or to buy it. For years this “criminal conspiracy” continued. Mr. Gladstone was premier then, and his memorable denunciations of it and of its parliamentary sponsors can never be forgotten by those who witnessed the fury of his energetic eloquence. The Parnellites sat cynically smiling in his face as he thundered his anathemas at the “rapine” which was undermining his honest efforts to give Ireland honest and kindly rule. Said Gladstone, in 1881: “Beyond all others prominent in the attempt to destroy the authority of the law, and to substitute nothing more or less than anarchical oppression of the people of Ireland, are Parnell and his allies.” “Their policy means the destruction of the peace of life, the placing in abeyance of the most sacred duties and the most cherished duties. It means the servitude of good men, the impunity and supremacy of bad men.” Mr. Gladstone charged them with seeking to “dismember the British Empire,” and good reason had he, at that time, to give the rein to his wrath at their efforts to foil his philanthropic aims. He was stung by the contrast between the state of crime under his predecessor Beaconsfield and his own administration. For example, in the first three months of 1880, under Beaconsfield, Irish agrarian murders and outrages numbered 294, whereas in the first three months of 1882, under Gladstone rule, they had multiplied into 1,417. In Beaconsfield’s last year—1879—the army stationed in Ireland numbered 18,684; under Gladstone, in 1882, it had been increased to 29,361. It was Mr. Gladstone who started to imprison boycotters on suspicion, and it was he who of his own volition clapped Parnell and his friends into Kilmainham jail and kept them there five or six months without a trial. We can better estimate the heinousness of this “criminal conspiracy” now we have gauged it by the estimate of the one man who, of all living men, knows most about its cruel reign of terror. The question now is, what will be the outcome of the commission report? Having caught their “criminals” will the government serve them as they and the Gladstone government served their poor hirelings—give them a taste of hard labor in prison? Many reasons make against this, notwithstanding its absolute justice. If any of the Parnellite salaried members of Parliament volunteer for prison duty, their martyrdom would command a certain respect, and the government would interpose no objection. But it would be what clever statesmen call “bad politics” for the Tories to kick the Irish party out of Parliament into a prison in present circumstances. The moral victory could not be improved, but would actually be weakened, by any such supplementary action. Or the leaguers may get up a whine about an unfair trial, and complain that a lot of the important evidence was suppressed. The league have a right to shed tears at the harsh judgments men will pass upon them. All manner of wicked accusations were hurled at them in the trial. They were charged with being mere tools for American dynamiters; that they disbursed Yankee dollars among assassins and atrocity-mongers; that they secretly paid for most of the crimes which signalized the years of Gladstone rule. The production of the league books and papers would at once have refuted those base charges, and forever have ended

cruel suspicion. Those books, however, were not produced. They were called for—finding it was useless to wait for voluntary production—but they were refused, and the judges report that in this matter the Parnellites have withheld valuable assistance to the cause of justice, which it was in their power, and was their duty, to have proffered. It will take a considerable time to develop the results of this commission report. The practical application of its findings may safely be left to the people of Great Britain. The sooner a general election comes, the better for England and Ireland. The people never fail to pronounce upon broad questions in a spirit of broad common sense and good purpose. If the matter were put into the hands of the voters of the United Kingdom tomorrow, it would be found that all petty issues would be swept aside in the general determination to establish a government strong enough to govern and wise enough to govern well. The English people will welcome their coming Cromwell.

The work of collecting the statistics for the eleventh census will commence on June 2d of this year. The primary object of the taking of the census is to determine the population of each State in order to fix the basis of representation in the House of Representatives. The first census was taken in 1790, just one hundred years ago, and showed that there were 3,929,214 people then living in the United States. This census gave little information beyond the number of people and their race, and there is little doubt that even these meagre facts were not very accurately obtained. The expense of this first census was less than \$25,000. The next census, taken during the first year of this century, showed an increase of 35.1 per cent. in the population, but beyond this contained few facts. In the compilation of these two censuses, the central government found much difficulty from the jealousy of the States. The national government was still looked upon with suspicion, the people feared encroachments upon their liberties, and looked to the States to protect them from what they considered the monarchical tendencies of the central government. The next census showed some advance upon the others. The necessary enumeration of the population offered an opportunity for the collection of facts regarding the social condition of the people, and some advantage was taken of this. But the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth censuses are of practical interest only as indicating the development of the modern idea of a census and in showing the growth of the country in population. These enumerations showed that during the first decade of the century the population increased 36.38 per cent., the highest rate of increase that the country has ever known. The next three decades showed increases of 33.06 per cent., 32.51 per cent., and 33.52 per cent., respectively. The census of 1850, however, was the first census in the modern sense. It included more complete statistics of population than had been gathered before that time, and also social statistics more complete than had ever before been collected in any country. A complete record of the age, occupation, nativity, and social condition of each person was included, as was the first enumeration of the dependent classes. The value of manufactures and agricultural industries, the products of the country, and the financial condition of cities and towns were collected, and equally important was the information regarding the schools of the country. The public-school system is a development in this country, and this first collection of data as to what the schools were accomplishing was of the greatest value. The population shown by this census was 23,191,876, an increase of nearly five hundred per cent. during the sixty years. Succeeding censuses have developed this system of collecting the social statistics of the country, until the tenth census, taken in 1880, was not only as complete a photograph of the social and industrial conditions of the country as could be presented, but also included a number of monographs by the leading specialists of the country, showing, by comparison of the statistics collected at each interval of ten years, the progress and prospects of the more important branches of industry. The preparations for taking the eleventh census are now being perfected under the direction of Robert C. Porter, the superintendent. The country is divided into 175 districts, in each of which a supervisor is appointed by the President. Each district is then divided into enumeration precincts, each containing as nearly as possible 4,000 people, according to the enumeration of the last census, and in each of these precincts an enumerator is to be appointed. This enumerator must make a house-to-house canvass of his precinct, and make inquiries as to the facts with which his schedules are to be filled. The value of the census, when completed, will depend upon the accuracy with which these enumerators collect their facts and the amount of assistance they receive from the people of whom the inquiries are made. The first inquiries naturally relate to the population, including the age, sex, condition, occupation, and nativity of each person, and, in the case of minors, the nativity of their parents. These facts are the simplest and most easily collected. In addition to this, an enumeration of farms and

value of annual crops, the capital invested in manufacturing establishments, the output of each, amount paid for raw material and wages, number of employees, and other facts relating to the industrial condition of the country. These facts are of the greatest importance as furnishing a basis for all accurate information regarding the industrial progress of the country, the degree in which certain branches of industry are profitable, and the relative advantages of the different sections of the country for the prosecution of each branch of industry. Another division of the investigation is that relating to the social condition of the people. The number and condition of the dependent classes—those who are deaf, dumb, insane, or idiotic; information regarding the charitable, penal, and reformatory institutions, the number of schools, colleges, libraries, and other institutions of learning—these facts supplementing and rounding out the annual reports of the departments of the government and of State officers will be of the greatest value. A special subject of inquiry in this census will be the number of surviving veterans of the Civil War. It is unfortunate that this classification has not been made before this year, because a comparison of the number this year with those in 1870 and 1880 would furnish most interesting information. The final class of inquiries will relate to the financial condition of cities, towns, and counties. These facts are all to be collected by the enumerators in the field and forwarded to Washington, where the work of tabulation is to be performed. The enumerators are to finish their work by the first Monday in July, but Mr. Porter has determined to expedite the work of enumeration as much as possible, and has advised, wherever practicable, that more enumerators be employed to reduce the time of collecting facts. The results of the census will be printed in thirteen volumes. The first will be devoted to the population tables, the second to vital and mortality statistics and to physical conditions, the third to education, religion, pauperism, and crime, and the fifth to the survivors of the war. The other volumes relate to the industrial condition of the country, one volume being devoted to each of the following subjects: Trades and professions; wealth, taxation, and public indebtedness; indebtedness of individuals and business corporations, including mortgages; agricultural statistics; manufactures; mines; fish and fisheries; railroads, navigation, telegraphs, and telephones; and insurance. The amount appropriated for the preparation of the census, exclusive of printing, is \$6,400,000, an amount slightly in excess of what the same work cost on the tenth census. But the increase of population and an increased compensation for the enumerators will probably more than cover the difference and create a deficiency. To perform the work connected with the census will require an army of officials. The enumerators will number 40,000, while the special work of tabulation will give employment to nearly 2,000 more. The work of tabulation of the tenth census employed 1,500 men for two years, and the population has increased during the decade at least twenty-five per cent.

Should the government run the post-office? The post-office is concerned with the transmission of human thought. If it should run the post-office, why not the telegraph? The telegraph is also concerned with the transmission of human thought. If the telegraph, why not the telephone? If telegraph, telephone, and post, why not the express companies? If the express companies, why not the railway companies, which transport their express matter? If the railway companies, why not the construction companies that build the railways? If the construction companies, why not the factories that turn out the rails, the trucks, the wheels? If all these, why not the companies that mine the iron from which these things are made? If these, why not the companies that dig the coal with which the iron ore is smelted?

These are some of the questions being put by the “Nationalists” in the newspapers which they are starting all over the country.

THE IRISH IN NEW YORK.

Had Adam been an Irishman, he would, when expelled from the Garden of Eden, have emigrated to New York and thanked God for the change.

This is the Hibernian paradise. Here men and women are Irish and are not ashamed. San Francisco is bad enough, heaven knows, and so is Chicago, but this is worse than Dublin, for Dublin is in Ireland, and, therefore, awakens none of that exasperation which an impudent intruder always arouses.

I met a Dublin gentleman, the other day, who had been making a tour of our country. He was a frank, simple soul, and he raised his hands to express boundless wonder as he said:

“Tis marvelous the number of Irish you have in America. The day I arrived here, six months ago, I was shocked to see a police-officer beating a poor, drunken creature on the public street with his truncheon, and interfered. With that, the officer blew a whistle and another appeared, who apprehended me. Well, sir, the officer who was beating the drunkard was Irish, the drunkard himself was Irish, and the officer who took me up was Irish. I found that the sergeant, before whom I was taken, was Irish, that the clerk, who registered my name and offense, was Irish, and that the warden, who took the drunkard to a cell, was Irish. The captain of police, to whom I sent my card and an explanation, turned out to be Irish, too, and so did the judge who accepted my bail. Bedad, the mayor himself, on whom I called to expostulate, was a countryman of my own. ‘Tis amazing—amazing! ‘Tis Irish—Irish everywhere. Even out in Minnesota I was thunderstruck at how easily my people make themselves at home in America. There’s an Irish colony planted there, and though

it's on a prairie with limitless miles of virgin land all about, there they were, with their tumble-down cabins buddled together; and what with the dirt and the pigs, it was just a bit out of old Connemara. But 'tis New York that's the heaven for us, God bless her!"

The brogue smites your ear in New York wherever you turn. It floats in through your transom in the morning from the hotel's hallways, where ladies belonging to the most beautiful and virtuous peasantry in the world, and not three months out of their mud-huts, are learning the habits of civilization, via the broom and bucket. It descends upon you from the lips of the gentleman—belonging to the bardiest, bravest, and most generous peasantry in the world—who condescends to bring to the bedside your cocktail or soda-water. Inquire your way of the hotel-porter or the policeman outside, and the answer hits your tympanum like a hunk of turf. Irishmen drive all the street-cars, all the cabs; Irishmen take the tickets at the ferries and sweep the decks of the boats. Dear old Ireland shines from the names which glitter on a million signs. Irishmen hold all the offices, of course. The flag of Erin flies from the dome of the city hall. Mr. Hewitt's punishment for laying a sacrilegious hand on that beautiful custom has settled forever the equality of the harp and sunburst with the stars and stripes in the American metropolis. No newspaper here dares revolt against that sacred decree of the ballot-box, or if it does it must be content to put up with a small circulation and a select coterie of devoted advertisers who are willing to let it be known that they are ready to sacrifice their business interests in order to bear witness against Irish tyranny in America.

The newspapers! Ah, you think those of San Francisco are subservient to the proud and sensitive race. Nearly every newspaper in this town is edited by the Irish. I do not mean by this that Irishmen do the directing and writing in the offices and draw the salaries, but that no word, no fact that could by any construction, however jealous or stupid, offend the feelings of the Milesian hordes, can possibly get into daily print. The *Times* and the *Evening Post* are exceptions—mild exceptions. To expect the *Sun*, *World*, or *Herald* to condemn anything that an Irishman may do, short of murder or burglary, would be as wild as to look for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, *Examiner*, or *Call* to attack the Exclusion Act and whoop for unlimited Chinese immigration.

And, speaking of the men who draw the salaries on the newspapers, it is curious how little of the good writing on the press here, and throughout the country for that matter, is done by the race which is notoriously the wittiest, the gayest, the most gifted on earth. Irishmen in New York do much of the dull, ill-paid drudgery on the newspapers; but the bright fellows are not Irish. Henry Guy Carleton, Blakely Hall, Arthur Brisbane, "Nym Crinkle," Bill Nye, Willie Winter, and the rest—Lord explain it!—there is not a "Mc" or an "O'" among them.

And beyond journalism is the same confounding miracle. Who will deny the wit of the Irish, yet where are the Irish wits? Mark Twain is surely not a Paddy. There never were such story-tellers as the Irish; but what Irish novelist is there now writing here, or in any part of the world, whose distinguished name the reader of the *Argonaut* can mention off-hand?

Where is the scoundrel who will affirm that any people can vie with the Irish as lovers of music? But where, in the name of all that is contradictory and confusing, are the Irish composers, and singers, and performers in America?

In addition to being prouder and more sensitive, braver, wittier, and more musical than all other races of men, the Irish are—Glory be to God!—the most religious.

This claim is good. Religiously, Ireland is the Spain of Philip the Second, surviving in the nineteenth century. The Irish in New York are not an inch ahead of their brethren who have not had the good luck to be exiled. The Irishman at home is too poor to mar his piety with any blemishes more serious than the shooting of landlords and the feeding of ground glass to his neighbors' cows. Here he is relatively rich, and every vice which a half-savage people inclines to he indulges. The Irish drink seven-tenths of the oceans of whisky consumed in New York. They fight, stab, shoot, and steal. Nine-tenths of all the crimes of the metropolis are committed by Irishmen. I do not write by the statistical card in this, and I am aware that prison figures will not bear me out; but then it must be remembered that the government of the city is manned by Irishmen and that they sit in rows on the bench. Personal observation and the daily newspapers are my authority. The murderers, fighters, footpads, burglars, who force themselves into the hands of the most rotten, and most Hibernian, police force in the country, nearly always bear Irish names.

But whether in jail or out of it, whether a judge on the bench, a politician with a pull on the same, whether a prize-fighter, a merchant, a saloon-keeper, a journalist, or a gutter-bummer, the New York Irishman is pious. He contributes to Mother Church from his own pocket, if there happen to be anything in it, and whether there be or not, he will give his vote and use his pull to enable her to rob the city and State through ordinance of common council and act of legislature.

It is telling an old story to describe how the public treasury is plundered by the church by means of subsidies to her charitable institutions, every one of which is in addition made to do duty as a pretext for begging. You see the "sisters" enter a saloon or restaurant, and stand dumbly before the counter till the keeper of the place pulls out the till and yields a nickel or a dime. The knobs of the door-bells are kept shining by their cadging hands. This drag at the pockets of the people is systematic and ceaseless. It is one of the outward manifestations of a financial law of gravitation which draws down forever upon the church a steady drizzle of money. Under this fructifying drizzle the soil of Manhattan Island produces beautiful cathedrals, episcopal palaces, and succulent fruits of many kinds, of which the priesthood eats plentifully and grows fat thereon.

A New York Catholic priest is a sight for eyes which have not before looked upon him. The priest in Ireland knows that he is at best but the spiritual shepherd of a conquered and

despised race. He is conscious of the existence of his "betters" in the envioning gentry. In Italy, the priest is aware that the people have so near a view of the head of the church and of the fountains of faith and ecclesiastical power as not to stand greatly in awe of them. There are so many priests in the home and centre of Catholicism that the struggle for a lazy existence compels, in many cases, bare feet, rags, dirt, and other outward signs of sanctity. The Italian priest, living in a country whose people have fought the church and wrested from her their civil liberty, is apt to cultivate humility of mien, unless he has a sure thing in some monastery or about the Vatican.

In Paris, you see the priest in his unmasculine gown and preposterous shovel-hat slinking along the streets, lean of figure, with downcast eyes, giving the wall to everybody, and looked on with neither respect nor liking by anybody, save the old women.

But the New York priest! Here he comes, in his long-tailed black coat, flying free, his stride a swagger, and his bullet head topped with a tile as shiny as Boss Buckley's own, his shoulders as broad as Sullivan's, and his jowls as red and pendulous as those of ex-Sheriff Hopkins. There is bold, insolent authority in the close-set, mean little eyes, the pug nose, and in every line of the coarse, fat face. Authority! Only the stage policeman equals the New York priest in that. There may be ascetics among the fathers here, but I have yet to see a countenance among them all who stalk the streets that would not give a refined woman a shock of repulsion.

They live high, these butcher-bar-keeper-like padres. Yesterday, I dropped for luncheon into a little down-town restaurant, and two of them—mere ordinary privates in the priestly army—were seated, each with a bottle of champagne at his hand. Probably they had been on a hedging tour and needed refreshment. The proprietor of the little place was obsequious, for I dare say he does not have in a week a dozen customers rich or extravagant enough to order champagne.

Possibly all this sounds virulent. Well, that is the way a Californian gets to feel in this American city, the political garments of which are made foul by Irish vermin, and where their passing priests scowl at you for a beretic—which the absence of reverence and the presence of intelligence in your eye prove you to be; in this town where, at every election, all that is clean, worthily ambitious, and patriotic is buried by an avalanche of imported dirt. Among the civilized New Yorkers, native and foreign, there is for the Irish the same abhorrence and contemptuous dislike which exists in every city of the Union which has been captured politically by this slave race. As the capture here is more complete than elsewhere, and the captors proportionately arrogant, it is natural that the subjugated natives should bate with a heartier hatred than common.

There is one ray of hope for enslaved New York. The tide of immigration from Italy is beginning to offset that from the bogs. Of course the Irish hate and persecute the Italians. Next to being oppressed himself, there is nothing that Pat so much enjoys as oppressing somebody else. The German immigrant, the native negro, and the alien Chinaman have successfully felt the impact of the Irish brickbat, and now it is the Italian. But the Italian is more than holding his own. He has attacked the enemy in a vital spot—he is wresting the shovel from the Irish hand.

Broadway is a cheering sight after a snow-storm. Thousands of Italians, employed by the companies, are pitching the snow from the car-tracks; you will see scarce an Irishman among them. The "pull" of the latter gives him still the snow-shoveling in the parks. It is worth while to observe the physiognomies of the two classes. The Irishmen, physically, are like the dog race—they range from the dwarf to the giant. Their faces are the most unfinished, the most rudimentary among mankind—they are savages. The Italians, on the other hand, are nearly all small, but compact and sturdy—men who have declined under ages of misfortune and bardship, but whose symmetrical, handsome faces show them to be of good stock. They yet have in them some of the blood of the soldiers who made Rome the mistress of the world. I have beard New Yorkers, intelligent men, too, deplore their presence and liken them to the Chinese on the Pacific Coast. This is nonsense. The Italian has it in him to be the father of good American citizens. Compared with the Irishman he is by instinct and habit a law-abiding fellow. He is relatively abstemious. The aesthetic promptings are more highly developed in him than even in the American of the commercial grade. The Irishman is as dead to the sense of beauty as he is to the desirability of cleanliness and sobriety. The Italian is industrious, no matter what we may see and read of his idleness at home. He wakes up in the presence of a chance to better himself. He has captured all the bootblack stands, has monopolized the retail fruit trade, and is going into innumerable branches of business in a small way. He is not a saloon-keeper, and he is a politician. He is getting himself naturalized and will vote against the Irish, as other foreigners usually do. The newspapers—portentous sign!—which a year or two back tickled the Irish by reviling him, are now hat in hand to their esteemed fellow-citizen who has left sunny Italy to seek a home in the new world.

The shovel has been torn from Pat's hand. Next will go the pick and the sledge, and when the hod finally rests on the Italian shoulder, civilized New York will have the joy of being able to stand by and see the Celt and the Latin fight it out at the polls. When that blessed day comes, the American will have the balance of power.

A New York *Argonaut* is needed to hasten the day of deliverance. Time was in San Francisco when the belief was general that assassination must attend the American journalist who dared write as freely of Irishmen as if they were mere Americans. That is the belief here in New York now. The *Argonaut* put the thing to the test in San Francisco, and its editor still lives. It would be a work of high patriotism were he to give a year or two of missionary labor to this city, where Washington was inaugurated President, and where once the mayor, in a green claw-hammer coat, reviewed a St. Patrick's Day parade.

STUART.

NEW YORK, February 7, 1890.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Alexandre Dumas the elder, the creator of Monte Cristo, was never at a loss for an answer. On the first night at Paris of his son's famous drama, "La Dame aux Camélias," he was wandering about the theatre, his face beaming with pleasure at his boy's success. An acquaintance, wishing to say something agreeable to him, exclaimed: "Surely, my dear master, this is one—I mean you have had a large share in the production of this piece?" "Certainly, certainly!" replied the old man; "why, its author is by me!"

A rather funny incident occurred on an Omaha car recently. It was where the motor-cars pass, and as a gentleman alighted, the conductor told him to look out for the other car. The passenger did not understand him. He turned around and asked: "What did you say?" Just then the other motor struck him and knocked him about five feet toward the kerb-stone on the opposite side of the street from where he wanted to go. As he got up and rubbed the bruised spot, he was heard to mutter: "I wonder what that fool said?"

A tradesman, who had long dunned Mr. Fox for a note of three hundred guineas, found him one day counting gold, and demanded payment of his long-due note. "I can not pay you now," said Fox; "I owe this money to Sheridan; it is a debt of honor. If an accident should happen to me, he has nothing to show to maintain his claim." "Then," said the creditor, "I change my debt into a debt of honor," and tore the note in pieces. Fox thanked the man for his confidence, and paid him, saying "his debt was of older standing and Sheridan must wait."

Not very long ago, the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks called on a friend who is the happy mother of three children—two boys and a little girl. Dr. Brooks soon had all three of the little folks about him, and was questioning them in regard to their views of an occupation when they should be "grown up." One boy would be an architect, he said, and plan Queen Anne houses; the other thought he would be a poet, like his late distinguished grandfather. "And what would you wish to be, my dear?" said the clergyman, to the little four-year-old daughter of the house. "I think, sir," she replied, modestly, as she caressed her doll, "that I should like to be a mother."

A few years ago, Ingersoll was passing through Cincinnati, and at his hotel he was accosted by a working-man, who addressed him as follows: "Mr. Ingersoll, I am a poor, hard working-man, having a family to support, and I want a favor." "Well," said Bob, "what can I do for you?" "I want to call a brand of my cigars after you, and permission to use your photograph," answered the man. "Certainly, my man, and I will give you a motto, if you desire." "I would thank you if you would," responded the man. Colonel Ingersoll gave it to him as follows: "We shall smoke in this world, but not in the next." Some months afterward, while passing through Cincinnati, Colonel Ingersoll was informed that the man made nine thousand dollars off the brand of cigars in less than a year.

The shameless humiliations to which people in London will submit in order to get a penny, put them in a most pitiable light before foreigners (says Eugene Field). There is hardly a man to be met with who does not expect to be fed for any information he may vouchsafe or for any service he may do; moreover, he will accept with groveling thanks the miserable fee. Fancy, if you can, the mighty indignation of one of those super conductors on any of the trunk-lines in America if you were to proffer him twenty-five cents for an official courtesy! Yet, in England, the conductors of trains fawn and belly-crawl in the most abject manner for a wretched sixpence. When John T. Raymond reached Liverpool after a summer's sojourn in England, he mounted the wheel-box of the tender about to convey him to the steamer, and, striking a theatrical attitude, he cried, in a loud voice: "Gather round, good people! If, in all England, there is a man, woman, or child to whom I have not given tuppence, let him now speak or forever hereafter hold his peace!" There was a vast concourse of natives upon the wharf, but all were silent.

In the "Corsican Brothers" (writes R. B. Mantell in the *Philadelphia Tester*), I have to have a double who represents my twin brother, and is made up to resemble me as closely as possible. Before my production of the play, the double was never allowed to say anything, as it was supposed that the difference in the voices would destroy the illusion. It seemed to me, however, that if the double could be permitted to speak in a voice imitating my own, it would heighten rather than lessen the effectiveness of the representation. With this in view, I assigned to my double the line "Look, mother!" at the point where my ghost is supposed to appear to her and Louis. The young man who played the part of my twin brother did this very well, but with an exaggerated idea of the magnitude of his importance. After we had done this some time, it occurred to me that a change in the line would increase the effect. I told him I was about to make a change in his line. "What is it?" he asked. "I think it would be better, instead of saying 'Look, mother!' to say 'Mother—look!'" "Great heavens!" he replied, with real agony in his voice; "more study; more work."

A quarrel once took place between Raphael Felix, the brother of the celebrated Mme. Rachel, and the actor Brindeau, when the latter so far forgot his dignity as to give his youthful comrade a sound box on the ear. As a necessary consequence, arrangements for a meeting on the following day were made and seconds chosen. Brindeau, however, thinking on reflection that he might possibly have gone too far, dispatched one of his seconds early next morning to his adversary with a letter of apology. After carefully perusing it, the recipient replied that he would be found in the Bois de Boulogne at the appointed hour, and declined giving any further answer. Both parties were punctual at the rendezvous, and, on the appearance of his antagonist, Raphael, stepping forward, addressed him as follows: "Monsieur, I have received your letter and am perfectly ready to accept the apology you offer, neither wishing to kill you nor to be killed by you; but you will allow me first to ask a question. Supposing that you were in my place, would you, after a similar affront, consider yourself satisfied with a similar excuse?" "Certainly," replied Brindeau. "You are quite sure?" "Quite." "Delighted to hear it!" coolly retorted Raphael, at the same time administering to his astonished opponent a vigorous cuff with one hand and with the other presenting him with a copy of his own letter.

Persons have been known to appreciate that indescribable mixture of sound produced by the preparatory tuning of an orchestra with the organ, even more than the performance itself. Handel was not of this opinion. After he was once at his desk, we betide the belated fiddle that scraped a fifth, or the inexperienced flute that attempted the least "tootle." It was a grand night at the opera. The Prince of Wales had arrived in good time, remembering how Handel had been annoyed sometimes at his coming in late. The instruments, supposed to be in perfect tune, were lying ready, and the performers entered. Alas! a wag had crept in before them and put every one of the stringed instruments out of tune. Handel entered; all the bows were raised together, and at the given beat they all started off *con spirito*. The effect must have been as if every one of the performers had been musically tumbling down stairs. The unhappy maestro rushed wildly from his place, kicked to pieces the first double-bass that opposed him, and seizing a kettle-drum, lurled it violently at the leader of the band. The effort sent his full-bottomed wig flying, but he did not heed it; and, rushing bareheaded to the footlights, he stood for a few moments amid the roars of the house, snorting with rage, and choked with passion. The prince, although highly amused, soon thought this kind of entertainment had lasted long enough, and, going down in person, he besought Handel to be calm, and with much difficulty prevailed on him to resume his wig and his *bâton*.

VANITY FAIR.

Henry T. Finck thus writes in the *Epoch*: The ownership of a box at the Metropolitan Opera House has come to be looked upon as one of the indispensable conditions of membership in the plutocratic circle known as New York "Society." For, although not all the owners of boxes are included in the list of the Four Hundred, they all desire to be, and they find this the easiest way of securing recognition. The names of all the box-holders are printed every night in the programme, with the numbers and diagrams of the boxes attached, for their own gratification and the guidance of the general public who may wish to know to whom a particularly fine diamond necklace around a particularly scrawny neck belongs. Unfortunately the manners of these box-holders are not always as conspicuous for genuine merit as their jewels. The majority of the box-holders usually respect the rights and the feelings of those who go to the opera to hear the music; but there are several black sheep in the list, and their folds are immediately above the row of end-seats assigned to the critics—which helps to explain the frequent tirades in the press this winter against talking. The worst of these boxes is universally known as the "chatterbox." It belongs to a woman prominent in the list of the Four Hundred. It has been said that the box-holders talk principally on Wagner nights when they do not like the opera. This is absolutely untrue. There is really much more talking on Italian opera nights, because there are fewer persons there who are annoyed by it and have the courage to hiss. The offenders are obviously callous to newspaper abuse and satire. How callous they are is shown by the fact that the combined and angry hisses of a dozen or twenty persons in the parquet will not quiet them more than five minutes. It is a sad fact that the loudest talking is always done by women whose *naïveté* is sometimes as surprising as their lack of manners. A young lady told me, the other day, that she sat in a box one evening when two women in the adjoining boxes kept up a constant chatter about dress and parties *across her box* the whole evening, thus entirely spoiling her pleasure. I replied that she was foolish for not telling them to "shut up" in plain Saxon. Whenever a person talks loudly in my neighborhood, I first turn a surprised look upon him (or her); if that is without effect, I hiss gently; and if that is ignored, I turn around and hiss right at them, with the full power of my lungs, so that everybody looks at the blushing offenders. It works like a charm, and I commend the method to other sufferers. Persons who were not taught manners by their mothers, must be instructed in public.

History mentions numerous women who have endeavored, with greater or less success, to change the color of their hair. Mary Queen of Scots had naturally magnificently glossy black hair, but after the historic voyage from Calais overseas to Scotland, and her reception by the sandy-haired Scotch, she sought to give an auburn hue to her tresses—possibly from an æsthetic desire to be in harmony with her environment. Unhappy Marie Antoinette discovered a Frenchman who had compounded a powder having the quality of giving to the hair the rich dark-brown characteristic of the madonnas painted by many of the old masters. At one time, in the heyday of the Roman Empire, the wealthiest and most fashionable of the patrician dames ate certain herbs, and took a complicated course of medical baths, with the object of lightening the shade of their abundant patrician hair. A similar attempt is recorded of Arabian beauties of the time of the Caliph Omar.

Stevenson's Suicide Club, in "The New Arabian Nights," in which that member who drew a certain card (the ace of spades) had forthwith to be put out of the world by a fellow-member, produced its profoundest effect—as all new ideas do—in the city of Boston, where a similar club was promptly organized (says the *Critic*). But in the Boston club, instead of being murdered, the unhappy drawer of the fatal card was required to offer himself in marriage within six months after the drawing of the lots. No restriction was placed upon his choice of a lady, the only obligation being that, within the appointed time, he should, in good faith, ask some woman to marry him. The club, in the meanwhile, was to be informed of the object of his choice, and while one-half of its members were to seek the lady out and insidiously disparage her desperate suitor, the other half were to leave no stone unturned in their efforts to persuade her of his shining virtues. The modification of Stevenson's idea was sufficiently ingenious to commend it to the intellectual youth of the American Athens, and the club flourished like the bay-tree.

The head of one of the largest firms of jewelers in New York remarked to a *Sun* reporter, the other day, that the fashion of men wearing jewelry, which prevailed for a time, was brief and feeble. "Anybody who now wants jewelry especially designed for men," he said, "can get quantities of it at any big establishment at a very low cost. Jewelry for gentlemen has been steadily cheapened month after month in the hope of getting rid of it, but there seems to be no combating the fashion, and the tendency of things now is for men to wear little or no jewelry at all. It was thought when the big cravats came in vogue again that there would be a great demand for big scarf-pins, and a great many of them were put on the market; but the swells who wear the biggest scarfs wear the smallest pins, and no man of position in the social or financial world thinks of wearing diamond collar-buttons, diamond finger-rings, or any of the multifarious articles of personal adornment which were formerly so popular. Even the manufacture of jewelry for men, which was at one time a very remunerative branch of the business, has begun to fall off wonderfully. Men of any pretensions to fashion do not now wear watch-chains. They either carry a cheap watch loose in their pockets or have it attached to a cheap silver key-ring chain, which is buttoned on to the side of the trousers. The seventy of fashion regarding jewelry is undoubtedly due to the abuse of the ring craze five or six

years ago. A number of wealthy clubmen took up the fashion of wearing two or three rings, many of them decorated with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires, and then the cheap dudes all over town began to imitate them. Every errand-boy wore a silver or gold-washed ring, twisted around his finger four or five times, and the whole fashion reached such gaudy proportions that, within less than a year, men had given up jewelry-wearing entirely. Occasionally a cad will be seen about town who is all blazing with diamonds or gaudy pins, but a gentleman is now distinguished by an entire absence of jewelry of every kind."

A Newport letter to the *Philadelphia Inquirer* says: In her speech the fashionable young lady has her vocabulary as she has her code. Latterly she has permitted herself the use of a good many English expressions. She says "fancy" always for "suppose," and she never says "guess"; she says "chemist" for "druggist," "stop at home" for "stay at home," and she "tubs" oftener than she "takes a morning bath." "Function" with her means any sort of social gathering, and a very gay ball becomes a "rout." "Smart" expresses a considerable degree of excellence which she applies equally to a wedding or a bonnet; "an awfully fetching frock or gown" is very English for an especially pretty dress. She likes the word "clever," too. When she sees a fine painting, she says: "That's a clever bit of canvas." If you ask her does she bowl, she replies, modestly: "Yes, but I'm not at all clever with the balls." Some phrases she leans rather heavily upon, notably "such a blow," when a rain postpones a visit or a friend dies, and "such a pleasure" alike to hear Patti and spend a tiresome evening at the house of some acquaintance. She has, too, an index expurgatorius which she is very careful to respect. There are no more "stores" for her, they have become "shops"; "servants" also have ceased to exist as such; they are "men-servants" and "maids," although she permits herself to designate as laundress, bousemaid, or butler; "gentleman" she avoids; "a man I know," she says, referring to a male acquaintance; or, "there were lots of delightful men out last night," she confides to some sister belle who missed the opera; "all right" she never says, making "very well" do much better service, nor does she add "party" to dinner, speaking of such an entertainment; her home no longer has a "parlor," pure and simple, but a "blue room," a "red room," a "Japanese room," or possibly an "East parlor."

According to the men who live about town, there is an absolute need of a late club in New York. A large and hilarious body of citizens would welcome the revival of some such organization as the old Mohican Club, if it could be successfully managed, for at this season of the year the bour of one o'clock in the morning affords unusual attractions to men who have been sitting in a dull theatre, attending a stupid evening-party, or have otherwise passed an evening which makes them yearn for social converse and a little billiard-playing before going to bed. The gambling-houses are all in full blast, but very few men can afford to be seen in them, and the cast-iron rule of all clubs, including Delmonico's, to close at one o'clock, can not be broken. In London, there are literally dozens of clubs which do not wake up until after midnight, and the hours between twelve and two, and sometimes later, are the best ones in the day of the club. Actors, who are an important body in the amusements in every town, do not wake up until their day's work is done. The Lambs' Club was formerly devoted to late hours, but a number of the older members have taken up quarters in the house now, and if there is a piano playing or other evidences of hilarity after one o'clock, the people who live in the house are sure to feel aggrieved. That is one reason why so many groups of well-dressed men, including journalists, actors, and professional people of various sorts, are to be found in the cafés and bar-rooms, sitting around tables and talking until the early hours of the morning. They would welcome a late club, if they could find one which extended any hospitality.

Some of the women who have money left over in plenty after buying the costliest finery are making costume albums. A book of this kind was picked up by a visitor to New York in the drawing-room of a young matron well known in society. On the first page was a full-length photograph of Mrs. Blank in her bridal robes, apparently fresh from the altar; while on the opposite page was an artistic arrangement of the materials which had composed the bridal toilet—satin and lace, with even stray orange-blossoms deftly painted here and there. The next page represented her in a well-fitting tailor-made suit, apparently just on the point of starting on her honeymoon, while the opposite page again supplied evidence as to the colors and materials which the photograph could not give. The rest of the book was arranged on a similar plan, the left-hand page being reserved for a photograph of gown and wearer, while the right contained specimens of the materials and trimmings. Considerable ingenuity and taste were displayed in the exhibits of the latter, each page being adorned with some appropriate emblem, either embroidered or painted, and carrying the date when the costume first appeared in public. Aside from the fancifulness of the idea, it really gave a most entertaining chapter from her social history. To the owner, of course, it would prove a book of memories, recalling to her many otherwise forgotten events in her life.

It is commonly believed that dandyism represents a period in most human lives. Charles James Fox is cited. That eminent man, who ended as a sloven, is commonly represented as having begun as a dandy. As a young man, it is said, he wore shoes with red heels. The red heels may be admitted. The story is credibly vouched for that on one occasion he made a journey from Paris to Lyons in order to become the master of an unbelievable silk for a waistcoat. The exploit completely dwarfs Mr. Frank Churchill's drive to London to have his hair cut. But that Fox was never a dandy by nature and conviction is shown by the fact that the French revolution upset his dandyism completely. Arthur Young, when

he was in Paris in 1790, was surprised to find many of the deputies whom he met at the Duc de Liancourt's official dinners dressed *au polisson*, as he phrases it, in their boots, and without powder in their hair. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall traces the deterioration of dress in the House of Commons to Fox's imitation of this French custom. If Fox had been truly a dandy, this apostasy could not have taken place. The dandy who is a dandy indeed, is a dandy to the end of his life. Lord Palmerston was so; Lord Beaconsfield was so. Dandyism is a self-respecting regard for the outward symbols of a graceful and well-ordered life. It is a species of conduct. Dress is its least important element. It regulates, by a kind of silent censorship, conversation, demeanor, and that indescribable moral phenomenon which is called the tone of society. The extremity of the departure from legitimate dandyism has been reached in our days, when people dress, not to express their own innermost nature in color and form, but in subservience to the designs of the upholsterer and the house-decorator, and in order to harmonize with the papers or paintings on the wall and the curtains at the windows or doors.—*Saturday Review*.

Eugene Field thus writes from London to the *Chicago News*: The five society ladies who do the pretty dance atween scenes in "Cinderella" are swells of the first water. "The five swagger ladies," they are called here. Consumed with vanity, the prepossessing paranoiacs paid five hundred dollars each for the privilege of participating in the pantomime. The muslins, the laces, and the diamonds they wear are marvels of beauty. Of course they are highly popular with the rest of the company, for the reason that they disburse their wealth lavishly; while the piece was in rehearsal these silly woman provided elegant luncheons for their associates every day, and there was champagne by the case after each night's performance. One of these curious paranoiacs has an annuity of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

There have been a good many complaints this winter from hosts and hostesses, who have missed valuable toilet articles and jewels after some swell affairs (says the New York correspondent of the *Providence Journal*). It is all the more interesting because the servants of the households in question have not been in a position to contribute to the flight of the valuables. This has created much annoyance and all sorts of suspicions, and is now one of the chief topics talked about in gilded drawing-rooms. The eldest daughter of a millionaire was married in December. Among the presents were two solid silver breakfast sets. The happy bride and groom were well on their wedding tour by the next morning, when preparations were in progress to pack up the gifts preparatory to their return to town. All the gifts were in a little room on the second-floor back. The two silver sets could not be found, but from one of the windows of the room there dangled down into the rear yard a stout cord. On the end of this cord, tightly fastened, was the silver cream mug belonging to one of the sets. Investigation showed that the thieves, whoever they were, had been disturbed in their operations, and had also been hampered by the fact that the mug had been tied too tightly to the cord. Perhaps it is just as well to add that none of the servants of the household were admitted to the room either on the night of the wedding or the morning after. Other hostesses have lost valuable rings of diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. It is a great season for kleptomaniacs.

It is a very common thing to hear of this or that lovely young woman that she has received and refused a certain number of offers of marriage (says *Harper's Bazar*). Now, how is it, in a country where proposals are usually a matter between the parties most concerned, that such a rumor gets about at all, the more especially if there is any truth in it? Can it come from any other source than the word of mouth of the young woman herself, or from the surmises of her family and their subsequent gossip? A girl never has any need to tell of a proposal through the terrible fear that other people should think she had never had one. Probably the woman does not live who has not had more than one opportunity to change her state and condition; and if she is at all pretty, brilliant, sweet-mannered, or fascinating in any way, it goes without saying that she has had repeated opportunity, and there is no need of asserting a self-evident fact. We have, however, known very plain women, very silly women, and women without an allurement from the feminine point of view, through some inscrutable attraction, receive as many of these eventful questions to answer as if they had been beauties of captivating address. It is a little difficult, then, to see why a circumstance that may and does happen to any is to be regarded as such a feather in the cap. On the contrary, the girl who has allowed matters to come to such a pass as a proposal, has, in too many cases, proved herself selfish, vain, sometimes stupid, and always inconsiderate. It is, indeed, very seldom that such mad and sudden love seizes a suitor that he can not wait to make tentative and delicate approaches, but declares himself in such haste as to take the young woman altogether by surprise. She would, ordinarily, be very stupid if she failed to see his feelings almost as soon as he became aware of them himself. Let us suppose that the case and conditions are reversed, and it had grown to be not outside of the pale of propriety for a woman unsolicited to express her love to its object, and propose herself as a partner for life to the man who had won her affections without intending to do so. And let us suppose that he, with all the gentleness in the world, tells her that this which she has wished can not come to pass; that he will be—a brother to her, and she shall never want a friend, and all the rest that she would say to him were the case the other way. And after that, if she heard that he had suffered her secret to escape him, had told his confidential friend of what had occurred, had allowed his family to betray their knowledge of it, if they had the knowledge, would she not think him the smallest, basest, meanest of mankind, and be justified in her opinion? And doing the same thing herself, as of course she has the chance, what better, then, is she?

THE ASTORS.

Concerning One of New York's Old Families.

From the Nid de Merle, in the Burgundian forest, sprang the royal lines of Bourbon and Orleans. Rollo the Robber bore in his marauding barks to the shores of Normandy the sceptre now wielded by England's queen. An upstart soldier and his wife, a Livonian peasant-girl, were the ancestors of Russia's czars. So from the peasant of Waldorf—*on dit*, of Jewish extraction—descends one of New York's most highly esteemed families, the richest, too, in the United States by some millions. Antiquity sheds its glamour over the first-mentioned in this noble list, but the family of the Waldorf peasant, pack-carrier, furrier, and millionaire needs but a generation or two with judiciously grafted blue blood and some millions of wealth to rise high above the small fry in the social swim to the acknowledged leadership of the Four Hundred. For every one knows that a card to one of Mrs. Astor's receptions is as much a guarantee of social standing as a presentation at one of Queen Victoria's drawing-rooms.

Constantinople was founded by Constantine the Great, and John Jacob Astor, the first of his line in America, following that venerable example, has perpetuated his name in the town of Astoria, both rendered famous by the pen of Washington Irving.

Born in Waldorf, near Heidelberg, in 1763, the youngest son of a peasant, John Jacob the first, when sixteen years old, left the paternal roof, and trudging on foot to the Dutch coast secreted himself in a fishing-smack, and thus, it is said, stole a trip to London. There he joined his brother, a musical-instrument-maker, but after a while, not seeing much increase of wealth, he persuaded this brother to intrust a number of instruments to him, and making up his pack, set sail for New York. Success attended him from the very first. Whether Jewish or not, he certainly had all the shrewd business qualities of that race, and those qualities he left as a legacy to his descendants. Handed down through three generations, William Waldorf Astor, the present representative of the house since the recent death of his father, possesses these qualities in a rare degree, combining great financial acumen with high culture and fine literary tastes—having so far departed from the Astor doctrines as to have become politician, author, and society man.

As the money rolled in, the old fur-trader assumed a higher position in society. Deeply versed in the science of "acquisition, increase, and preservation," he never forgot to practice it. At last, he began to enjoy his wealth. He took to himself a spouse—Sarah Todd, the sister-in-law of Henry Brevoort—a maiden who brought him a dowry of but three hundred dollars, but who possessed a frugal mind and business-like judgment, and who proved a meet helpmate to the fur-trader. In an old portrait, she is represented as wearing a turban, wound bandana-like about her head, as was the mode in those days, and possessing the piercing eye and prominent nose of the late John Jacob.

Surrounded by a chosen coterie of friends, among whom were Washington Irving, Fitz-Green Halleck, and other literary and eminent men, this wonderful money-maker quietly passed the last twenty-five years of his life. His benefactions were great, chief among them having been the Astor Library, his pet project, suggested to him first by Washington Irving. In his will, he made large provision for it, leaving to Dr. Joseph Cogswell the task of selecting the books for the institution. The old doctor devoted himself heart and soul to the task; so deeply interested was he in the work that his life was devoted to it. The wonder-seers of that day vouch for the fact that frequently after his death the doctor was wont to return ghost-like to the scene of his labors, and that the ancient, skull-capped custodian had been seen by creditable witnesses haunting his dearly loved book-lined recesses.

But there is one item in old John Jacob's will that must be remembered—his legacy to the poor of Waldorf. Wealth never hardened his heart, and the scenes of his boyhood were still so dear to him that he testified it by his will.

On his son, William Blackhouse Astor, fell the onus of his great wealth. On him, too, fell the duty of creating a blooded family, which he did by marrying Margaret Armstrong, granddaughter of Hon. Robert R. Livingston. As the Astor wealth was very new at the time, there was a great outcry among her relatives against the match, one of whom is reported to have said: "Why, Alida, the man is not in society." To which the reply came with great ingenuousness, "Of course, my dear; but he is trying hard to get there!" While the Vanderbilts have married for love and beauty, the Astors have sought coats-of-arms in exchange for their millions. They claim thus by alliance a high place in the aristocracy of America, and regard the Vanderbilts, Goulds, and the rest quite as *nouveaux riches*.

Mrs. William B. Astor was a handsome woman, commanding in presence, and a great social light, as all the Astor ladies have been. Her house on Lafayette Place, externally plain but elegantly appointed within; her entertainments, her diamonds, and her *bon-mots*—for Mrs. Astor was something of a wit—were the talk of the town; and even her daughter-in-law, the present society leader, Mrs. William Astor, *née* Caroline Schermerhorn, hardly rivals her predecessor's fame. The Astor family have been rich in fair women, the wife of the present representative, Mrs. William Waldorf Astor, *née* Miss Paul, of Philadelphia, not being the least charming, having been named "la belle Américaine" in society at Rome, when some few years ago her husband held there the position of United States Minister. Her house on the south-east corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-Third Street is a model of luxury. Perhaps one of the most delightful rooms within is her own boudoir, hung as it is in pale-blue silk, with draperies of exquisite lace. And above is another boudoir for Mrs. Astor's pets—the bath-room of her poodles. Here they are bathed and combed and perfumed, their little canine teeth brushed with inlaid brushes by a real French maid. Each little pet has its own dressing arrangements, and at a certain hour the carriage bears dogs and maid for an airing to the park.

But perhaps one of the most charming women grafted on the Astor stock by marriage was the beautiful Kitty, daughter of Charles Ludlow Livingston. She married Walter Langdon, grandson of old John Jacob. This alliance furnished another coat-of-arms to quarter on the blank escutcheon of the Waldorf peasant. Among the show places on the Hudson, few attempt to rival, in natural or artificial beauty, the Langdon estate at Hyde Park. No hostess could be more charming than its mistress, distinguished for her beauty and hauteur. Here she entertained counts, and barons, and English baronets—all related to the Astors by marriage. The charming Mme. Boreel, *née* Astor-Langdon, wife of the chamberlain to the King of Holland, and her sister, the Countess de Nottbeck, are still well remembered by our elders in society. The Walter Langdons also had a house on Lafayette Place. Here only the *crème de la crème* met, and it was, like that of Mrs. William B. Astor's, the acme of fashion. The old Lafayette Place is among the things of the past. The Astor house, where once the famous marquis was an honored guest, is now a restaurant. Long ago, the late John Jacob and his brother William built themselves abodes on Fifth Avenue, at Thirty-Third and Thirty-Fourth Streets, modeled after that originally built by old John Jacob for his son, William Blackhouse.

It has been said there is a skeleton in every closet—the Astor cupboard held an imbecile son. Dame Rumor asserts that the family were very anxious to marry this unfortunate to a certain charming young lady—well born, *bien entendu*. Seated at table, with a napkin as bib about his neck, and waited on by his nurse in guise of a footman, he only made his appearance when the desired wife was present, and it was painful to watch the efforts made by the family to cover his imbecility. Cajoled by the Astors, coerced by her mother—who was far from wealthy—on the very eve of the apparent success of their plans, the young lady eloped with a lover, and left the millions behind.

Real-estate and diamonds have been the favorite investments of the Astors. William B. gave his wife nearly three million dollars in gems, which, passing into the hands of Mrs. John Jacob the second, her daughter-in-law, since her death have been in possession of Mrs. William Astor. At one of Mrs. John Jacob's last public appearances, it is said she displayed nearly four million dollars in gems on her person, being literally a blaze of light, wearing the famous tiara of which so much has been said—the necklace of huge solitaires, with its immense scintillating pendant, while her gold-brocaded gown was buttoned with diamonds. But, with all this treasury of jewels, no lady could have been simpler in her personal adornment in general. Except on state occasions, she wore few ornaments, her favorite jewel having been a magnificent pin, formed like a star, of huge solitaires. She wore also, quite frequently, a cross of very yellow stones, set in old-fashioned silver, an heirloom from Sarah Todd.

But Mrs. Astor was perfectly unpretentious, although a leader in the social world. Possessing that true charity which shrinks from publicity, and with her husband as coadjutor, she originated and carried out many a benevolent scheme, of which few knew at the time. By her death, Mrs. William Astor became the leader of New York society.

The Astor fortune is the result of shrewd investment and patient industry. With money accumulated in the fur trade, old Astor invested in real-estate. Strip after strip of land—lot after lot—fell into the hands of the family, never to be sold, only to be leased on most advantageous terms. Thus his sons have well earned the title of New York's landlords.

On Twenty-Sixth Street is a small, but handsome stone building, furnished elegantly yet simply as a counting-room, and containing an immense burglar-proof safe. Here the Astors collect their rents and look after their immense estates, and here the John Jacob who has just passed away spent much of his time, looking after old enterprises and planning new schemes. A scholar and a patron of the arts, yet with a keen appreciation of the value of money, he displayed wonderful sagacity in the management of his fortune, and thus this unpretentious building on Twenty-Sixth Street has seen many a million roll in as a result of Astor's shrewdness. A power in financial circles, a favorite in society, best-looking of the Astor race, New York has experienced a heavy loss by his death.

The mantle falls on the shoulders of William Waldorf. He is now the coming man, and takes precedence even of Ward McAllister or his potent rival, Stuyvie Fish—for, oh! my friends, he has written three books and been in politics.

A NEW YORKER.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 26, 1890.

The February number of the *North American Review* contains a contribution, entitled "Landlordism in France," over the signature of W. E. Hicks; in this article occurs the following remarkable statement:

Rothschild possesses already more than two hundred thousand hectares (about five hundred thousand acres); but he does not wish to cultivate; all is for the chase. When he buys an estate, he demolishes the structures, if there are any, and drives out the inhabitants, and his game devours the harvests of the vicinity.

William the Conqueror, in 1079, devastated some eighty thousand acres in the county of Hampshire, to create the "New Forest," wherein his two sons, Richard and William Rufus, met their deaths while hunting, which was regarded by the superstitious peasants as a just retribution for the cruelties practiced by their father; but now, according to the *North American Review*, this Jewish banker, eight hundred years after, in the Republic of France, has turned five hundred thousand acres into a wilderness to preserve game for his own amusement.

Frank Carew bought a gun of a London dealer and went off to Africa to shoot antelope. The gun burst in firing and injured Mr. Carew, for which injury he has just recovered five thousand dollars by a suit against the dealer, who, in turn, is suing the manufacturers of the gun.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Water-Cure.

Cardenio's fortunes ne'er miscarried
Until the day Cardenio married.
What then? the Nymph no doubt was young?
She was; but yet—she had a tongue!
Most women have, you seem to say.
I grant it—in a different way.

'Twas not that organ half-divine,
With which, Dear Friend, your spouse or mine,
What time we seek our nightly pillows,
Relieves our easy peccadilloes:
'Twas not so tuneful, so composing;
'Twas louder and less often dozing;
At Omhre, Basset, Loo, Quadrille,
You heard it resonant and shrill;
You heard it rising, rising yet
Beyond Selinda's parrotquet;
You heard it rival and outdo
The chair-men and the link-boy too;
In short, wherever lungs perform,
Like Marlborough, it rode the storm.

So uncontrolled it came to be,
Cardenio feared his *chère amie*
(Like Echo by Cephissus shore)
Would turn to voice and nothing more.

That ('tis conceded) must be cured
Which can't by practice be endured,
Cardenio, though he loved the maid,
Grew daily more and more afraid;
And since advice could not prevail
(Reproof but seemed to fan the gale),
A prudent man, he cast about
To find some fitting nostrum out,
What need to say that priceless drug
Had not in any mine been dug?
What need to say no skillful leech
Could check that plethora of speech?
Suffice it, that one lucky day
Cardenio tried—another way.

A Hermit (there were hermits then;
The most accessible of men!)
Near Vauxhall's sacred shade resided;
In him, at length, our friend confided.
(Simple, for show, he used to sell;
But cast Nativities as well.)
Consulted, he looked wondrous wise;
Then undertook the enterprise.

What that might be, the Muse must spare;
To tell the truth, she was not there.
She scorns to patch what she ignores
With Similes and Metaphors;
And so, in short, to change the scene,
She slips a fortnight in between.

Behold our pair then (quite by chance)
In Vauxhall's garden of romance—
That paradise of nymphs and grottoes,
Of fens, and fiddles, and riotous!
What wonder if, the lamps reviewed,
The song encored, the maze pursued,
No further feat could seem more pat
Than seek the Hermit after that?
Who then more keen her fate to see
Than this, the new Leuconoe?
On fire to learn the lore forbidden
In Babylonian numbers hidden?
Forthwith they took the darkling road
To Alhambazur his abode.

Arriving, they beheld the sage
Intent on hieroglyphic page,
In high Armenian cap arrayed
And girt with engines of his trade
(As Skeletons, and Spheres, and Cubes;
As Amulets and Optic Tubes);
With dusky depths behind revealing
Strange shapes that dangled from the ceiling;
While more to palsy the beholder
A Black Cat sat upon his shoulder.

The Hermit eyed the Lady o'er
As one whose face he'd seen before,
And then, with agitated looks,
He fell to fumbling at his books.

Cardenio felt his spouse was frightened,
Her grasp upon his arm had tightened;
Judge then her horror and her dread
When "Vox Stellarum" shook his head;
Then darkly spake in phrase forlorn
Of Taurus and of Capricorn;
Of stars averse, and stars ascendant,
And stars entirely independent;
In fact, it seemed that all the Heavens
Were set at sixes and at sevens,
Portending, in her case, some fate
Too fearful to prognosticate.

Meanwhile the Dame was well-nigh dead.
"But is there naught," Cardenio said,
"No sign or token, Sage, to show
From whence, or what, this dismal woe?"
The sage, with circle and with plank,
Betook him to his charts again.
"It vaguely seems to threaten Speech;
No more (he said) the signs can teach."
But still Cardenio tried once more:
"Is there no potion in your store,
No charm by Chaldean mage concerted
By which this doom can be averted?"

The Sage, with motion doubly mystic,
Resumed his juggling cabalistic.
The aspects here again were various;
But seemed to indicate Aquarius;
Thereat portentously he frowned;
Then frowned again, then smiled—"twas found!
But 'twas too simple to be tried."
"What is it, then?" at once they cried.
"Where'er by chance you feel incited
To speak at length, or uninvited;
Where'er you feel your tones grow shrill
(At times, we know, the softest will!);
This word oracular, my daughter,
Bids you to fill your mouth with water;
Further, to hold it firm and fast,
Until the danger be o'erpast."

The Dame, by this in part relieved
The prospect of escape perceived,
Rebellel a little at the diet.
Cardenio said discreetly, "Try it,
Try it, my Own. You have no choice,
What if you lose your charming voice!"
She tried, it seems. And whether then
Some god stepped in, benign to men;
Or Modesty, too long outdared,
Contrived to add the pious fraud
I know not—but from that same day
She talked in quite a different way.

—Austin Dobson.

DINING-CLUBS IN PARIS.

"Parisina" describes a Strange Institution of the French Capital.

We read that the twenty-eight foreign commissioners, who have taken part in the friendly little manifestation got up in honor of M. Berger, have promised and vowed—as long as health and life are vouchsafed to them—to dine together in Paris every sixth of May, in kindly remembrance of the inauguration of the International Exhibition. Let us hope they may be able to keep this promise, and that the annual pilgrimage will be renewed year after year for many years to come.

Your United States chief-commissioner, General Franklin, acted as honorary president of the committee, formed for the purpose of deciding upon a testimonial worthy of the nations who presented it and of him who received it. Their choice fell on a magnificent epergne, a jardinière in the shape of a basket, and a fine pair of candelabra, all three in silver, and which the reader may have admired—the first on M. Boin Tabouret's stand in the Orfèverie Court at the Champ de Mars, and the others on that of M. Aucoc. An elegant silver tea-service and a couple of silver dessert-dishes were, moreover, chosen as gifts for the two secretaries of the foreign sections, Messrs. Lacreteille and Millas. The presentation took place this afternoon, and, of course, pleasant cordiality reigned, hands were shaken, compliments interchanged, and every one congratulated every one else on the success of the great undertaking.

Dinners like the one which has just been founded are of frequent occurrence in Paris. Your average Frenchman is not a frequenter of clubs, yet he is a clubbable man and enjoys social intercourse with his fellows. To a vast majority of the male population of Paris the café takes the place of the club. Each man has his particular café—often his particular table and corner—and he goes there daily to absorb his afternoon absinthe or his post-prandial "grog," and to meet and chat with his friends, or he may be a devotee of the cue, when the billiard-room sees him most. Dominoes have somewhat gone out of fashion, but some years ago, middle-aged men would sometimes spend two or three hours of every evening in their lives at this game. The *cercles* are mostly patronized by the idle men-about-town and those who are fond of *baccarat* and *écarté*. Social dinners, occurring at stated intervals, are got up particularly by men belonging to one or other of the liberal professions and brethren of the pen-and-ink community. For some years now, the *fillibres*—the Provençal poets—have gathered regularly once every twelve months for what they call the "diner de la Cigale." Now and again, they will have Mistral, the master of Provençal literature, to take the chair, but the author of "Mireille" prefers his native south, and in a usual way they have to put up with lesser magnates. You may be sure there is *bouillabaisse* on the menu, no lack of garlic in the other dishes also, and the frying is done in oil instead of butter. Of course the stories told at dessert smack rather of the marvelous, your Gascon being a boastful fellow, and the *br-r-r-r* of the southern tongue predominates.

Zola used faithfully to preside, during the winter, at a monthly dinner entitled the *diner du bœuf nature*. He and his satellites did not, perhaps, relish boiled beef any more than other folk, but the unsophisticated flesh of the bullock appeared as the standard of their creed, and was, as such, eaten with reverence. While masticating his plain *bouilli*, the apostle of the call-a-spade-a-spade school enlarged on his literary theories, and the young fellows absorbed them along with the beef and the mustard. Some of these, who sat, metaphorically, at Zola's feet at that time, have since made a name of their own. Guy de Maupassant is considered by some to have gone ahead of his master. When this came to be shadowed forth as a probability, the dinner was discontinued; it was whispered that Zola had not only grown jealous of his most promising pupils in naturalism, but feared they might purloin some of his ideas. For my own part, I expect the fact was that as the younger men began to gather laurels of their own, they grew bumptious and argumentative and far less deferential to their oracle than formerly, who, being in no humor to suffer deposition, preferred rather to eat his *bœuf nature* at home or in more congenial company. It always comes as a shock to a father when it is borne in upon him that his son has personal ideas of his own, and swears no longer by the parental code, and it is quite natural that Zola felt a pang when he found his sayings had ceased to carry absolute conviction with them.

There is the dinner of the *soupe aux choux*. Cabbage-soup—a strong, pungent-odored mess, by impaired digestions and delicate Parisian palates designated as vulgar—is a favorite throughout the whole length and breadth of France wherever French pigs fatten and French cabbages grow, but it is the national dish of Auvergne. However fine he may become, an Auvergnat always keeps a soft corner in his heart for the old province, and will spoon down cabbage-soup with a relish that even age and dyspepsia can not altogether drive away. So, when a number of authors and journalists, whose black eyes (black eyes are their heirlooms from their Roman ancestors) first opened to the light among the purple hills and dewy valleys of Auvergne, determined upon instituting a dinner that should gather them together at stated intervals, it was not surprising they gave it the name of the *diner de la soupe aux choux*.

Normans grow cabbages and eat cabbage potage like their fellows, but the pride of their hearts are their apples. And whosoever has journeyed through that lovely country—whether in spring, when the trees are in bloom, or in September, before the harvest—will have brought back with him a keen remembrance of those exquisite orchards, where the gnarled trees, with their burden of blossoms or of fruit, stand knee-deep in grass (than which none greener grows in any part of the world), burying it in deep shadows, where the cattle bask or the poultry run riot. No wonder, then, that those who were born in the land of the apple should love and honor it; and so the Norman dinner is the *diner de la pomme*, and there is cider on the table and delicate pippins on the dessert-dishes.

The Auvergnats and Normans who belong to these sets have no special religion in literature or art, and some are neither artists nor literary men, though never *les premiers venus*. It is the same with the Bretons. Fifty Celts or so are in the habit of gathering together on Twelfth Night, and this annual festival goes by the name of the *diner des Rois Mages*. Renan, the most thoroughly convinced of Celts, generally takes the chair; this year, however, he arrived only in time to call a toast—that of a Celtic poet lately invested with the Legion of Honor. Making his excuses to the company, he said he had been dining with a deputy—"that is to say, a five hundredth of a king."

Of course there is a *diner de poëtes*. The poets in question are those whose verses are printed by Lemerre—the most kindly of publishers, to whom many a budding genius owes his first success with the public. It used to be called the *diner de l'homme qui bêche*, because of the figure of a husbandman digging, with the motto "*fac et spera*" on the title-page of Lemerre's volumes; but the more simple denomination has prevailed. At these banquets appear François Coppée and Sully Prudhomme, and many a lesser man who has earned reputation by wooing the shyest of all the muses. Coppée, who is proud of being a child of Paris, is also a member of the little group that meets every month to eat, drink, and be merry at the "Molière dinner," whereof all the guests must have been actually born in Paris—*des Parisiens de Paris*; and before he had reached the zenith of his career, before he became an Academician, he made one of the "Probables"—a society composed of the great men of the future, who used to meet once a month for the purpose of dining and airing their pet ambitions, some of whom have indeed reached the goal, whereas others are struggling against adverse fate. The *diner des Probables* exists no longer.

The most *chic* and also, perhaps, the best known of all the social dinners, is the *Diners des Roi René*; I put them in the plural, for there are three, all due to the initiative of Prince de Valori. None are admitted to the honor of taking part in these festivities who can not boast of a direct descent from the nobles and knights of the feudal times. No pinchbeck count, no brummagem baron, no white-washed chevalier d'Industrie, can hope to obtain brevet rank by insinuating himself into this most exclusive set—the prince and his friends are far too well posted in genealogies for that. To you and to me the Nettancourts, the Cheriseys, the Tour-en-Voivres, the Hennezes, the Mensdorf Pouillys, the Gourcys, and Brieyrs represent nothing; but we are told they are the flower of Lorraine chivalry, and we must take them for granted. Their names are not euphonious, to say the least. It appears the Gourcys are the descendants of Irish kings (we know some others, don't we?), the Cheriseys figured in the Crusades, the Hennezes and the Brieyrs were the right-hands of the Dukes of Lorraine ever so many centuries ago. Their representatives of to-day, marquises and counts, we will admit are good men and true, though none of them have attempted to set the Seine on fire. Good King René—and he really seems to have been a very excellent specimen of kingly humanity—was not only King of Anjou, but Duke of Lorraine and Count of Provence. So, when Prince de Valori, five years ago, had the idea of getting up a dinner composed of the members of the Provençal aristocracy, he chose to place it under the patronage of this king—the more readily that the Jean de Valori of the fifteenth century claimed relationship with René, and was, for this reason, permitted to vow fidelity to him—his sovereign lord—with his hat on. The same high privilege was extended to the Pierre de Beauvau and Guy d'Audigné, and a Beauvau and an Audigné now dine with the prince and other gentlemen of high degree at the Lyon d'Or or the Continental. The Lorraine families did not see why the Provençals should keep King René all to themselves, so they got Prince Valori to found a second *diner des Roi René* for them; and finally the Angevins—whose own true and particular sovereign he was—claimed a similar banquet, on the list of which are some names familiar in our modern mouths—to-wit, those of the Duc de Brissac and the Comte de Maillé.

Then there are the college dinners. As a rule, men have a sentimental affection for the old school-days, and once a year it pleases them—and saddens them, too, perhaps, sometimes—to meet together in good-fellowship the old class-companions, the veterans, and the young ones who, but a short time since, were slaving away at their Latin and Greek. This man is a general; that one has just entered the Ecole de Droit; Blank has earned fortune and reputation; and Chose is still awaiting both; but they were all boys once, and the old Lycée is remembered kindly, and the old masters, too, some of whom will preside year after year at these annual banquets, totting up with pride the names of the more distinguished of their ex-scholars and beaming beneficently on all.

This list of social dinners would certainly not be complete did I forget to mention that of "Les Ricues"—the only specimen of a regularly organized feminine dining conclave extant. Women do not generally enjoy themselves much when the lords of creation are absent, and it is strange that a party of *petites actrices* should do so. Nevertheless, I am assured that these laughter-loving daughters of Eve have a very good time.

PARISINA.

PARIS, January 18, 1890.

An English militia captain, recently asked to resign on account of his age and to make room for a younger man, replied to the authorities that if they would send on a dozen of their strongest young men he would walk them for forty miles, and then lead them to the top of the highest and steepest hill in the neighborhood. The authorities declined the challenge, and did not press for the resignation.

It is announced that the Russian Government is about to issue a decree prohibiting further German colonization in South Russia. The Germans have acquired millions of acres of rich agricultural land in that part of the country within a few years.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Grover Cleveland and Wayne MacVeagh are attorneys for the Louisiana Lottery Company in a case in which it is defendant.

Sam Randall's friends in Philadelphia have raised a fund of fifty thousand dollars to be presented to Mrs. Randall. Mr. Randall's only source of income is his salary, and his long illness is believed to have made serious inroads upon it.

The Austrian Count Aloys Karolyi, who recently died, left a fortune of two millions and a half, which produced an income of nearly two hundred thousand dollars a year. He owned an immense estate, over which he reigned as a regular old-fashioned tyrant.

Dr. King, an American woman, occupies the position of physician-in-ordinary to one of the most distinguished statesmen in China. Her practice in Shanghai is large and valuable, and some of her successful surgical operations have elicited the warmest praise from her brother physicians.

Paralysis is stealing a march on M. Pasteur. He had one attack some years ago, which left him with a dead leg. The eyelids are now all but inert, and the timbre of the voice has altered for the worse, and the speech is thick and embarrassed. There are wild twitches in the face. But the mind is as keen as ever.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the famous Philadelphia physician, is said to have lately received a rather curious present from a young lady whom he had rescued from nervous invalidism. It was a cord of white oak, chopped down and saved up by her own hands, and sent as circumstantial evidence of the health she had gained by following his directions to live an open-air life in the woods.

The recently appointed Prince-Archbishop of Vienna and Primate of the Austrian Empire is Dr. Gruscha, formerly Chaplain-General of the Imperial Army. He is seventy years of age, and has held for thirty-five years the presidency of the Gesellen Verein, or National Workmen's Association, which musters millions of members in the Austrian Empire and aims at a kind of semi-religious socialism.

Grover Cleveland recently said to a reporter, who had called to see him about a statement in the New York *Sun*, that "nothing which appeared in the *Sun* could by any possibility be true." Thereupon the *Sun* comments: "If Mr. Cleveland really entertains this notion, he will deprive himself hereafter of much information and instruction that is indispensable to a fat man who wants to get on in politics and in society."

A law-suit that is giving much annoyance to the Holy Father, has recently been begun against him by Count Ferretti, a nephew of Pius the Ninth, for the purpose of recovering a sum of four million lire, which he declares was left to him by his venerable relative. The count maintains that the amount was deposited by his uncle in an English bank just before his death, and that it formed part of his private fortune. This, however, the Vatican declines to admit, and declaring that it belongs to the Curia, refuses to surrender any part thereof.

There are four members of the United States Senate who can never be candidates for the Presidency of this republic under the constitution, because of alien birth. Senator Jones, of Nevada, was born in Herefordshire, England; General McMillan, of Michigan, in Hamilton, Ontario; Senator Beck, of Kentucky, in Dumfriesshire, Scotland; and Senator Pasco, of Florida, in London, England. Of the Northern senators, only two were born in the South—Senator Cullom, of Illinois, in Kentucky, and Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, in North Carolina. Not one Southern senator is of Northern origin.

Mrs. Hetty Green, of New Bedford, variously known as "The Princess of Wales" and the "Witch of Wall Street," is reported as saying that she is worth fifty million dollars, or very near it. She adds that she owns property in nearly every large city in the United States, and is still acquiring it. She has come to the conclusion, in view of the recent bank failures and the fluctuations in Wall Street, that the only safe investment is in land. But if she were out in the far West for a time and got into some of the land speculations there, she would probably revise this opinion also. She intends to make her son, Eddie, the richest man in the world.

The celebrated Russian physician, Dr. Botkin, who has just died in the south of France, proved the uncertain state of him who hangs on princes' favor. During a dangerous illness of the present Czar, the doctor remained at his bedside day and night. On the patient's recovery, the Czar told the physician to choose his own recompense. "Your majesty," said Botkin, "I want nothing for myself, but I beseech you to have mercy on Tchernichevsky" (the Socialist author who had been lately banished to Siberia). The Czar turned away without a word; but, though the next day the daring physician received one hundred thousand roubles and the Order of St. Vladimir, the royal friendliness was withdrawn, and poor Tchernichevsky remained where he was.

The mystery attending the death of Cardinal Schiaffino has been revived in Rome by the institution of a suit by his brother, Emanuel Schiaffino, the painter, for the recovery of the dead prelate's estate. Cardinal Schiaffino died suddenly at a Benedictine monastery near Rome, and the Papal officials not only refused him the services of a notary but seized all his papers and effects within an hour of his death. He had been the leader of the anti-Jesuit party, which favors a reconciliation with the Quirinal. Prime Minister Crispi's paper alleged that the cardinal had been poisoned, and Leo the Thirteenth has considered it necessary to issue a denial of the report. The cardinal had repeatedly declared his intention of bequeathing his entire fortune, amounting to some eighty thousand dollars, to the artist. A will drawn a few weeks previous to his death, contained an expression of these intentions, and it is evident that the cardinal's vain entreaties for a lawyer, when on his death-bed, were for the purpose of legally completing the document. As, however, he died without signing it, his entire fortune was taken possession of by the prior of the monastery, where he died, on behalf of the Benedictine order to which he belonged. Not only the prior of the monastery and the general of the Benedictines, but several members of the Sacred College will be subjected to cross-examination on the witness-stand.

A visit to Señor Castelar, the Spanish statesman, reveals him more a man of letters than a practical politician. Indeed, his chief energies are given to work on his newspapers. He lives in the same house that he has occupied ever since 1873, when he was practically the ruler of Spain. The house is not his own, however. Señor Castelar occupies the second and third floors. Two rooms, his secretary's office and his own sanctum, have the walls covered with plain, unpainted pine shelves, which are packed full of books in many languages. When he writes, he puts only about a dozen words on a sheet of paper, so loose and straggling is his penmanship. Oftener, however, he dictates to his secretary, walking restlessly up and down the room as he does so. For many years, his eldest sister, Señora Concha Castelar, had charge of his household. She was his nurse and guardian in his childhood, and superintended his entire education. The most trivial annoyance, the slightest indisposition of Concha, would trouble him more than state affairs or literary business. Señora Concha declined all offers of marriage, of which she had many flattering ones, and remained single, in order that she might be her bachelor brother's housekeeper and companion. When he got into difficulties with the government before the revolution of 1868, she followed him into exile and was banished from Madrid to a distant provincial town, simply because she was his sister. She shared his prosperity when he became the most prominent of the Republican statesmen after the revolution and during the federal republic. He took her with him on all his summer trips to France and the Spanish highlands, in the Basque Provinces. She was a favorite, not only with the Republicans, but in general Madrid society. She was a staunch church-going Catholic. Nearly every Sunday morning her brother escorted her to the door of the fashionable Calatraves Chapel, or some other church, and would then stroll about until he thought it time to go back for Concha. Since his sister's death, nearly a year ago, Señor Castelar has kept her room exactly in the condition it was in before her death, and allows none to enter it but himself. He spends an hour there every day. His bereavement, in which the queen-regent sent him the tenderest messages of sympathy, made him more ready to show his interest in the welfare of the infant king.

AN UNDECIDED MAIDEN.

By Alexandre Dumas Fils.

Adrienne de Morias to Valentine de Gressan.

I am positively furious! You promised to come and spend a fortnight with mamma and me in the country, and all the time you knew perfectly well you could not keep your promise. A few days after making the engagement you became a mother. You must have been looking forward to it for the last six or seven months at the very least. So why could you not have told me the truth? What could have been simpler than to write and say to your friend: "I can not come and stay with you this month because I am expecting my confinement?" But I am no longer your friend. A married woman does not make friends of little girls! Well, I am no longer a little girl; I am over eighteen. You really take yourself too seriously, my Valentine. What is the difference in age between us? A year at the outside. But now that you have solved the great mystery, you must keep guard over your speech, forsooth, to avoid exciting my curiosity! My dear father had very different ideas on these subjects—another reason added to the many others which I have for regretting him.

Every day I miss him more and more. Would you like to hear my views as to the education of girls? I think that as soon as they have made their first communion their bringing up should be handed over to their fathers, always supposing, of course, that the said fathers are honorable and intelligent men like mine. Why have our mothers so little confidence in their husbands in these matters? You continually hear wives saying to their husbands: "You do not understand the education of girls." Then why do these same women unhesitatingly confide, not alone the education, but the whole future of their daughters to men of whom they can know for the most part nothing, who are very often young, without experience, and absolutely ignorant of the temper, the aspirations, and the ideas of the girls they have chosen? It seems to me that on my system the transition would be less abrupt and less dangerous, that a girl would pass with more confidence and less sense of shock from the hands of a father into the arms of a husband. Yes, the arms! I mean exactly what I say. Do you think I did not notice you and your husband in your moonlight wanderings in the park?

Oh! that moon! How she irritates me, with her smooth, pearly face! When I look at her (and I have been looking at her a good deal lately), I say to myself: "What things she has seen, what things she has heard, since the beginning of the world! But what a discreet confidante she is! She never utters one word of all she knows, and she spends her life running after the sun without any hope of overtaking him! What patience! And when we are all dead, forgotten, and dissolved, she will still keep on her eternal round, and others will look at her, dreaming, hoping, as we do now, and others after them, and so on into immeasurable futurity. It is humiliating to feel one is so slight a thing." Sometimes I feel inclined to bury myself in a convent. But, unfortunately, it seems impossible to get a bath morning and evening in a convent, or I should have made up my mind long ago. I could bear the loss of my hair, but I shudder at the thought of unwashed feet and unpolished nails. I was talking the other day to Sister Eustasie. I sometimes go to see her. I told her of my intermittent aspirations and of my doubts and fears, declaring that I felt able to overcome the latter, if only the bishop would allow me to have a dressing-room adjoining my cell, just like my present one.

"Oh, that would be quite out of the question," she replied; "it is against the canon. Besides, we have no time to think of our bodies."

"But then, sister, do you never wash your body?"

"Indeed, my child," she said, laughing, "I chanced to look at my knees the other day, and they were so black that I felt ashamed of them for our blessed Lord's sake."

It was all the more admirable in her, that she is still very beautiful, in spite of her forty-two years, and that she was born Princesse de B—. But I can't help it. I am not capable of such devotion, and *nothing* could reconcile me to grimy knees.

And yet I must find some solution to my difficulties. In vain have I stared at the moon for hours together. She gives me no help. I have so longed for you. You could have advised me, or at least you could have enlightened me a good deal. You could have formed a judgment from your own experiences, if you had seen the people. It must make one feel very wise to be a mother. Is maternity really such an exquisite thing? Which does one love most, the child or the father? Or does one love them both equally? Have you made up your mind yet on these points? Will you promise to write to me freely about them? I will not betray you, and mamma never reads my letters. You will wonder why, if I am really in such a dilemma, I don't consult mamma or my confessor, the Abbé Servan. But the case is such a very peculiar one. Mamma would think me mad, and the Abbé Servan would bid me pray to God for guidance. Then, on the other hand, it may be that it is not such a very exceptional case, after all. It is, perhaps, only my inexperience which makes it appear so. Now, I am going to lay all the facts before you. Mamma wants me to marry. I have no particular objection. Since one must needs marry, it is best to marry young. Best for women, I mean. I should not care for a husband of my own age. Six or seven years seems to me about the right difference. It is now two years since my dear father's death. Mamma left off her mourning at the beginning of the winter. She gradually resumed her "days" and even her "evenings." She takes me to parties. The reason of all this is not far to seek. I am ready for marriage and of average attractiveness. I am neither ugly, nor poor, nor consumptive, nor a fool. My people are respected and respectable. I have no need to marry either for position or for money.

I have no ambition to change my circle of acquaintances, or to hear myself announced as "duchess" or "princess" in

some few houses that a title would open to me. We write *de* before our name already. Is this privilege of very ancient use in our family? I really can't say; but no one has ever questioned our right to it, either by protest or ridicule. I have no impossible ideals; I do not insist that my husband should be a hero; I only ask that he should be in good health, that he should have something to occupy him till dinner, and that he should devote himself to me for the rest of the time. Marriage attracts me by the increased liberty it seems to offer. Now, I never stir without either mamma or my governess, and it is really ridiculous at my age. I long to breathe more freely. I hear certain books discussed and I should like to read them. People speak of them as masterpieces, yet they keep them locked up. Why should a girl of my age be forbidden to read masterpieces? Perhaps I might find a key to the situation in one of those contraband volumes. You see, I have no very wild desires. I feel that I am an eminently reasonable person, and that happiness would be well within my grasp, were it not for a certain unforeseen and bewildering complication.

You met M. de Villelong at our house during the winter. He was introduced to us by Mme. de Pontlouis, who made no secret of the baron's intentions. (He is a baron, a *real* baron!) He sought my acquaintance, with a view to marriage. I had met him in society, and had often danced with him. He was not distasteful to me. When he began to frequent our house, I understood. Besides, mamma made no mystery of the matter. She told me from the first that he was a suitor for my hand. "His position, his age, his fortune, his family, and his antecedents are all that can be wished," she said; "it is for you to decide. You are supposed to know nothing, so you can study him at your leisure. I do not seek to influence you in any way."

Do you remember him? You met him just after your marriage, so perhaps you did not notice him particularly. He is tall, slim, and fair, his beard and hair show no signs of wear, and he has very good teeth; small head, broad shoulders, an appearance of strength and vigor. I like that; the man one loves ought to be strong, don't you think so? One should be able to feel that one has a protector, that with him one need fear neither fire, water, nor a crowd. His feet are nothing very out of the way; he is always perfectly shod; his hands are beautifully kept, but a little hard. He is a first-rate horseman. He is bright, lively, and clever, and belongs to the Mirtilons, of course, but so does every one nowadays. It seems that he has had a great many *bonnes fortunes*, and I am not surprised. How did I know? I have heard mamma's friends discuss him, as they do other young men, before there was any question of his making me an offer. Of course, they only let fall mysterious hints, but I knew quite well what they meant. It is impossible now to bring us up in strict ignorance of these by-ways of society. In short, we are perfectly familiar with a great many things the very existence of which was ignored by the young girls of the last generation, and the scandalous chronicle of the fashionable men of our day and their lady friends forms part of our educational code. It is really an abominable thing to acknowledge, but it is true. And, moreover, it too often gives a man an additional charm in our eyes to know him as the hero of some tale of gallantry, when, if we had any real respect for ourselves, it would make us look at him askance.

Let us suppose that some young man had steadily resisted the force of evil example, and had determined to reserve himself for the one woman, the wife of his heart. Imagine such a man presenting himself to our mothers, with all his illusions and ignorances, to ask the hand of one of us. Would not the said mothers refuse him, to a woman, at least for the moment? Would they not object that he knew nothing of life? And if I may judge by what I have sometimes overheard in whispered conversations, would they not ridicule him among themselves? Why?

I have just been reading "Paul and Virginia" again. Oh! to be suddenly transported to the burning soil of the Isle of France, to wander on the banks of the River of Latanas, or through the Shaddock Grove. If only Mme. de la Tour, or even Marguerite were my mother! Where are those huts among which Paul and I spent our childhood? What joy it would have been to run barefooted from babyhood with that chosen brother, to have wandered innocently in the same vast forests, to have sheltered from the storm under the same covering, to have crossed the torrents in his arms, fearless and quiescent, save for the cadenced motion of the breast against which I nestled; to have never seen the face of any other man of my own years, to have awakened suddenly at the same moment with him to a strange emotion, disturbing yet intoxicating, an emotion that increased when we vainly questioned each other as to its cause; to share the same roof, the same couch, the same tomb, the same eternity—this is the dream that lurks in the hearts of us all, is it not? Why is it such an impossible one? Why must we needs content ourselves with the Pauls of the clubs and drawing-rooms, who have already loved a long procession of chance Virginias before ever they set eyes upon ourselves?

Such being the type of husband one is fain to accept in these days, M. de Villelong seemed to me a very good specimen. His companionship soon became pleasant, and even necessary to me. I found myself looking forward to the days on which he came to us, and paying special attention to my dress when I was to meet him in society. When he appeared, I tried to read in his features whether he had noticed the extra pains I had been at for his benefit. My heart beat fast when I saw that he divined my wish to please him. And I must acknowledge that he was quick-witted in such matters. One fine morning, I remarked to mamma: "I have thought the matter well over; I love M. de Villelong, and I am quite content to marry him." You know mamma; she is for doing nothing rashly; she answered: "You *love* him! that is more than you can quite tell just yet. We will talk it over in two or three months—there is plenty of time. I have every confidence in M. de Villelong. I have authorized his attentions to you, but I have made no promises, either to him or his family. Let everything go on just as usual. He has not yet formally proposed for you; wait till he does; it will be

time enough to decide then. The happiest part of marriage is the time spent in looking forward to it."

From that day forth, I have considered myself in some sort engaged, though I have been careful not to bind myself definitely. I have often talked of marriage with Casimir (Casimir is his Christian name, one I don't particularly care for). Not of *our* marriage, but of marriage in the abstract. He always agrees with me, of course.

Everything was working on merrily toward the desired end, when there came a letter from my aunt, or rather from the sister of the husband of the sister of my uncle (can you puzzle that out?) announcing her return after several years in Algeria, and asking our hospitality for herself and her son for a few weeks. She is a delightful woman, of whom I have none but the pleasantest recollections. Mamma agreed with the utmost readiness. The son is a soldier, he had had fever, and was coming home to recuperate, his mother seizing the opportunity to visit the old friends she had long lost sight of, and to show off a son of whom she is enormously proud. He is a lieutenant and decorated. He has no title, not even a *de* before his name. Plain René Canlou, lieutenant in the Third Zouaves. I had some dim recollection of a big, chubby boy, shy and sleepy, and, on the whole, insignificant. What was my surprise to see a tall young fellow, slender to the verge of thinness, browned by the African sun, with large sea-green eyes, black eyebrows, black eyelashes, a black mustache, a little pointed black beard, hollow cheeks, and a general air of recalcitrant invalidism, for he has the shoulders of a Hercules. In short, it was easy enough to see that his pallor and want of flesh were altogether temporary and would disappear after a few weeks of rest and fresh air. I embraced my aunt with the expansive good-will of folks who feel that their own future is secured; I held out my hand to her son with a "How do you do, cousin?" He kissed it with the best grace imaginable, returning my greeting with a tinge of deference. In a very few days we were the best of friends. Then followed walks together in the park, reminiscences of childhood, tales of warfare, glowing descriptions of that land of the sun, the desert, and the oasis. There was no shade of *arrière-pensée* on either side—we were cousins, we were brother and sister. He talked of his father, who had stayed behind in Algeria to look after a vast vine-plantation, with the naive affection of a child, and I gradually discovered the grace and delicacy of a young girl in this black-browed Bedouin. Shall I tell you something else I have discovered? I am sure he has never loved; one can see and feel that. His life has been so full up to the present that there has been no room in it for a woman. And besides, he has kept a journal for the last ten years (he is thirty) in which he records his daily life. I asked him to let me read it, and he agreed quite readily. It is curious, isn't it, to think of a man of thirty and a soldier, the journal of whose life is fit reading for a young girl? But he has only the latest volume with him. "Fortunately," he said; "you would be bored to death if you attempted to read those forty volumes, many of them describing a daily round of unbroken monotony." I insisted on seeing the available volume forthwith. Was there anything about me in it? Why should I feel such curiosity on this score? He tells me he records everything in his journal, so he must have written down his project of coming to visit us. How has he spoken of it? Under the heading June 13th, I read: "My mother has had an answer from Mme. de Morias to-day. Her daughter must be a beautiful creature if she has kept the promise of ten years ago." And he passes on to some commonplace details of daily life. Later, under the date of his arrival, June 27th, he writes: "Adrienne is a very pretty girl, and she seems intelligent and sweet-tempered." That's all. I should like to have found more.

I told Casimir of my cousin's approaching visit, speaking of him as a great, strapping fellow, rather heavy, and not particularly interesting in any way. You would have laughed had you seen his astonished, not to say chagrined, expression, when I introduced the pair. I had said nothing to him of the metamorphosis by which I had been so wonderfully struck. Why did I keep these new impressions to myself? I can hardly say. Perhaps I did not wish to proclaim that I had noted the change. I may have wanted him to think I had hardly glanced at my cousin. "Your cousin's military career has worked wonders," observed Casimir; "he has become a very handsome fellow. I can not say he much resembles your fancy portrait of him."

"His illness has altered him a good deal."

"And very much to his advantage, apparently."

As he spoke thus, Casimir looked fixedly at me, a very melancholy expression in his eyes. I felt inclined to fling my arms round his neck, so greatly was I touched by this little display of jealousy, and to exclaim: "What *are* you thinking of? Do you suppose I have anything but the most commonplace of cousinly affections for René; that I think of him in any way but as a companion of my childhood?" Somehow, the words died on my tongue. An instinct warned me not to utter them. I even put on an air of being slightly nettled at his speech. After all, I was not engaged to him. He had no right to make such remarks to me. The more so, or the less so, as René, for his part, had shown himself possessed of both sagacity and delicacy in his comments on the introduction.

"Cousin," he said, "it does not need a prophet to foretell a marriage between you and M. de Villelong. And he seems to me a most charming fellow."

"You are quite mistaken."

"What! he is not a charming fellow?"

"Oh, yes; certainly. But there is no question of such a marriage."

Why did I thus perjure myself? What feeling impelled such a speech? I was not bound to make a confident of René, but I owed it to Casimir not to flatly deny the truth, when my cousin taxed me with it. I felt ashamed of myself. Leaving René abruptly, I ran up to my own room and burst into tears. When I came down-stairs again, I had fully made up my mind to tell mamma she might promise Casimir my hand. This seemed to me the only way by which I might make amends for the baseness of which I had been guilty.

AN AFTERNOON STROLL.

"Van Gryse" retails a Chat with an Expert on Matters Social.

Some days ago, walking down the avenue on a clear, bright, frosty afternoon, I met B—— walking up. This is synonymous to saying I met one of the most attractive, handsomest, best-dressed, best-dressed men in town, a man whom his cronies say could marry any woman in New York, and strangely enough a man equally popular with both sexes. When one realizes how seldom the handsome "woman's man" is tolerated by men, one can understand what a thorough good fellow B—— is. There would be no use in giving his name, for, in the first place, he is not public property, like Ward McAllister and Berry Wall; in the second place, his fame has not spread outside the walls of his native town; and in the third place, he would not like it, for it is a fine old name of which he is proud.

B—— is a typical New Yorker. He could not be rude to anything but a snob, a dude, or a bore if his life depended on it—yet in his heart of hearts he thinks that there is nothing in this great republic outside New York. From Spuyten Duyvil and Weehauken Heights stretches a great American Sahara into which he has rarely penetrated. Even his acquaintance with his own city is limited to certain aristocratic and mercantile localities. He has never seen Grant's tomb—I rather suspect he does not know exactly where it is—and was never inside the Metropolitan Museum until last winter, when he took some Western cousin there and was surprised to find the place so interesting. His chief charm is his manner. Born to a high social position, he has the ease and well-bred *bonhomie* of a man who knows himself always welcome, who has had his place made for him, and has not had to make it at the cost of how many jealous rebuffs and malicious slights. He meets a man not as if he were a covert enemy, but as if he were an incipient friend. But it is with servants, and what are technically known as "social inferiors" that he shows himself *le vrai gentilhomme*. The manner itself is indescribable, but the result is apparent. They are never familiar and never cringing, and they adore him. His mother, who keeps up a large establishment, has a house full of servants who would run their legs off to do a service for the son and heir. The fat old cook, who knew him when he was in frocks, glories in his occasional visits to her splendid kitchen, when, sitting cross-legged on a kitchen chair, his arms folded on the top, the most attractive man in New York laughs with her over reminiscences of his early youth.

Socially he is as much in demand as a reigning beauty or a six-naught heiress. If you want the latest accounts of the latest fashions, he is your man. Discreet as a French maid—when it is made worth her while—he knows everything, and knows just what he can tell and just what he can not. This is one of the reasons why women so dote on him. They know that the thumb-screws and the rack could not extort from him what he does not wish to tell. It was some generations back that New York women mastered the golden rule of always confining their flirtations to gentlemen. B——, in the easy-going, genial, elastic, nineteenth-century sense, is very much of a gentleman. This, however, does not prevent him from having the largest slang vocabulary in the city. He is not himself without his slang. When rising to those social attitudes in which slang can no longer exist, he exhibits a fine command of the queen's English, but as he himself pensively remarks, "I'm nicer with my slang."

He is my informant upon all matters social or fashionable—as good as an American peerage. Upon this particular clear, cold, frosty afternoon, our talk was of the various festivities which always crowd in just before Lent. B—— was half-dead, and there were still several more days of it, and he was engaged every evening four deep.

"There's no getting out of it," he groaned; "once you go in, there's no turning back. People will say you've gone mad, or got D. T., or been sent up to the penitentiary if you drop out. The season's closing up with a tremendous whirl, too."

"How was the last matriarch's?"

"A fine show of good clothes and ugly girls. All the debbies were out in force, and there's hardly a beauty in this season's crop. The funniest thing about the debbies is their terror before going in. You know the reception committee—three or four women—stand at one end of the reception-room, and a hard-mouthed Mick in livery roars out your name, and you come in one by one and walk along the wall opposite the committee. They howl, and you try to howl, all the time walking like the devil to get to the door, and consequently find it a pretty terrific trip. Well, I stood in the lobby some time before going in, watching the girls, and saw girl after girl coming in with her lips shaking and her eyes whirling round as if she were going into the lion's den."

"And who was the belle?"

"Still Marion Langdon. There was not a woman in the room who could compare with her, even if she is a chestnut."

"How do the men pass muster?"

"Ob, the New York men of the Four Hundred are a splendid lot to look at—much more so than the girls. I was rather under than over the height of most of them. There are, of course, lots of hoys, but you don't see much of them till after supper, when the cotillion is danced and the men go home. The fathers of female progeny have a devil of a time. Men with daughters who are unattractive, no matter how much they entertain, are forced to go and drum up partners for their girls. A funny thing was said by R——, with whom I was—— and —— (two great Wall Street lights, whose names I dare not mention) "passed and greeted us effusively, shook hands, inquired after our health, etc. Whereas, down on Wall Street, a surly nod would have been all we would have got—if we had got that. R—— cocked his eye, and said: 'In his own domain the dude is king—there is the reason,' and sure enough the belongings of the two families were strung along the walls, with never a man in tow. So much for the horny-banded dude."

"And the great Ward—did you look upon his face and live?"

"I've known him for some time, but I'll never forget the shock when I first met him—an ice-cold shower-bath on a day when the mercury is careering about among the nineties was nothing to it. He's about fifty-five years old and looks older, bald as a coot, small, fat, with his trousers hanging in inartistic folds about him, and I said to myself, 'Is this the dictator?' and wept. Even now I sometimes have a return of the old shock. I recovered quickly, however, when Mrs. Paron Stevens burst on my vision. I never could describe a dress, but here goes: She had on a red affair with a large pattern on it of green ostrich-feathers, and these were part of the cloth. A tiara was on her beautiful head, with seven points, and on each point a diamond as big as a pigeon's egg. She looked strong, but she must have staggered under the weight of her necklace, which was also of diamonds of about the same size. Mrs. Astor's diamonds are nothing to them."

"The rival queens were there, of course. I suppose they are everywhere where the Four Hundred gamboles. I should think this split in society was a good thing—introduces new blood, gives things a flip, and, of course, braces the rival queens up to prodigies of entertaining."

"I assure you, there hasn't been such a winter for entertainments for years. It's nearly killed me. By the way, I was at the reception at the Union League Club given to the Pan-Americans, and they were terrors. The English they spoke was the most mixed-up thing you ever ran across in your life; the only thing they seemed to have caught on to being slang. I met a Miss——some name like Tierra del Fuego—and after working up conversation for some minutes, a waiter near us fell down with a crash, and she turned to me and fired off, 'Ah, 'tis McGinty!' The reception wasn't bad. It was worth something to see men like Blaine and General Sherman hobnobbing with New York's *crème de la crème*—the former compared more than favorably with the latter. General Sherman doesn't kiss the New York girls now as he does those of other places. One of the girls here hit him in the eye when he tried it on, and so he's given it up."

"Rather a spirited performance for a New Yorker; they don't generally show such sand. I should have supposed a woman would be rather proud of having General Sherman kiss her."

"If the kissing was not so universal, she might. The New York girl is not going to be run in as kissable property along with the Western and the Southern girls. She is the crowning glory of the Union, and she knows it and intends to make others know it."

"But there are charming girls from Baltimore and California."

"Oh, I've no doubt of it—beautiful girls—the Californians are very handsome; but it's manner, my dear friend. They haven't the helle air. It isn't that their manner is not attractive, but they haven't got any manner at all. And, after all, that is everything. Not that all the New York girls are perfect in that line. I was at a ball at the L——'s the other night, and I was introduced to one of the biggest fools I ever met, who, I regret to state, was New York from the top of her head to the sole of her foot. She said: 'Of course you are one of the Englishmen I was told I would meet here?' I said: 'Oh, of course.' 'Well, tell me what you think of us American girls? Don't you think we're *much* prettier than English girls? Don't you think we're cleverer to talk to and brighter generally? And haven't we ever so much smaller hands and feet, and aren't our manners more attractive?' Well, I went for that girl in good shape. But if they talk to Englishmen like that, what, in heaven's name, must the Englishmen think of them?"

"I'll tell you one thing, the girls are changing here. They're always altering, but this is quite a radical change. They've been getting stronger for the last twenty years—where the New Yorker used to weigh barely a hundred pounds, she now weighs a hundred and forty, and instead of standing five feet three in her shoes, now stands five feet six in her stockings. She goes in for athletics, and calisthenics, and tennis, and riding."

"Tennis is going out—the tennis fiend is quite *passé*. It's riding now. The average New York girl does some riding if she can beg, borrow, or steal a horse. She gets a habit from Redfern, if she has to wear the same ball-dress all the season. It's the new craze. I have seen a good many of them going across country, and they ride with nerve and good judgment. At the Hunt Ball, last autumn, I danced with Miss Metcalfe, who stands, or will stand, at the top of the tree, among the Dianas, that is. She had ridden hard all that day, taken the brush, danced almost every dance, and was still, at three o'clock in the morning, as fresh as a daisy. She's a very pretty girl, too, and with all that hard riding in all weathers her complexion is as fine and pink as a baby's."

Here B—— paused to bow to a man who passed, walking briskly. He was all in black—a most lugubrious figure, with a handsome, jolly face.

"Who is that?" I inquired; "he looks like a mute at a funeral."

"Oh, that's So-and-So—some of his people died a little while ago, and he's in mourning. New Yorkers do a tremendous lot in the way of mourning, you know. In the West, all you do for a man is to put a weed on your hat, wear a black neck-tie and a black coat for a short time. Here, gold studs are discarded for jet, watch-chain for black-silk ribbon, black-edged handkerchief, black socks, and black—not dark-blue or green—overcoat, black gloves, and, of course, black suit of clothes. The effect is rather becoming to most men; perhaps that is why they wear their mourning for so long."

We were now passing Del's, then walked across the little square in front of the Albemarle, stopped to look in Knox's window, swung by the Fifth Avenue, with its crowd of aimless loungers even at this nipping season, drifted down past Gunther's to Goupil's, where we leaned over the brass bars and surveyed the new paintings and engravings, crossed the avenue, debouched on to Broadway, went up half-a-dozen steps to have a look at the window where the British beauties are on view, voted for the Duchess of Leinster as against the Viscountess Castlereagh, and there parted. VAN GRYSE.

NEW YORK, February 20, 1890.

Yes, haseness—there was no other word for it. I deserved a punishment. A punishment? Did I, indeed, look upon my marriage with Casimir as a punishment? What strange perversity prompted such a thought? I felt very unhappy, dissatisfied with Casimir, with René, and, above all, with myself. Casimir loved me, he was jealous, he feared to lose me, and he let me see it. What could be more natural? René divined his love and our projects; he had frankly told me so, generously praising the man of my choice. What more natural than this again, since he himself did not love me? Love me! Why should he love me? He has other things to think of. He must go back to Africa, must fight, he killed, perhaps, while Casimir and I are enjoying ourselves at balls and operas. There are still heroes among us, we must allow. Here's a young man of thirty, handsome, talented, attractive, who has been content to risk his life in obscure warfare in a distant land, and who is delighted to come and spend his holiday with his mother and us in the country, like a mere school-boy. I can trace no sign of woman's influence in his life. He will return to his life of fatigue, labor, obedience, self-abnegation, and devotion, to be killed at last, perhaps, to die in a corner, like a dog, unpitied, untended. Is he not a hero, I ask again? And upon second thoughts, I defer my communication to mamma.

On the other hand, I have discovered a means of making amends to Casimir. He comes to see us only twice a week, while we are ruralizing; so, to keep his image ever before me, I have confided my prospects of marriage to René. This allows me to talk incessantly of Casimir. René is a man of honor, and my secret is perfectly safe with him, even from my mother, or his own. Don't you think I have acted wisely? Suppose the marriage never takes place. It is ridiculous to suppose anything of the sort, but of course everything is possible. Well, in such a case René would not breathe a word of the matter. And then, I wanted to see how René would take the news—what impression it would make upon him. The evening before, I had been taking a walk with his mother, who knows nothing at all of what is in the air. She made two or three remarks, from which I gathered that she was trying, vulgarly speaking, to see how the land lay. I pretended not to understand her. Had she any special motive in proposing the visit to us with her son? By making René my confidant, I put an end at once to any delusive hopes. It was only fair to my cousin. But there was no harm in keeping watch on him from the corner of my eye, to see the effect of my speech. If he ever thought of me for himself, he has a wonderful power of self-control. He made no sign. He thanked me for my confidence in him, and begged me never to withdraw it under any conditions. What conditions can he be thinking of? Does he foresee anything that has never occurred to me? Does he judge less favorably of Casimir than I do? I made up my mind to watch him closely when they next met, to see if he showed any trace of jealousy or coldness. He grasped Casimir's hand with the most evident cordiality. He seems to take more interest in him since my confession. I daresay he has never even given me a thought, that he knows nothing of his mother's projects, and that I am to him nothing but a little cousin—a child, perhaps, for whom he has an affection. I begin already to see the good results of my candor. Casimir has quite got over his first uneasiness; he gets on admirably with René, and they have become great friends. They seem to take quite a pleasure in each other's society.

And now the three of us spend our days together, walking, talking, riding. René draws, Casimir sings and plays. René being now installed in the house, there is no reason why Casimir should be restricted to periodic official visits, and mamma has invited him to spend a fortnight with us. But she thinks we ought now to announce our intentions to our friends. And this time, I am the one to plead for delay. I am so perfectly happy as I am, except in those rare moments when my mind misgives me as to the situation. I don't think Casimir has lost anything in my esteem by comparison with René, yet Casimir's claims have certainly not blinded me to the attractions of René. I feel uneasy in the absence of either. How shall I explain what I mean? The one seems to me the complement of the other. The one fair, the other dark; the one Parisian and *spirituel*, the other Oriental and melancholy; both handsome, brave, loyal, and high-minded. If I had been the wife of Casimir when I first met René, I should never even have looked my cousin's way, for I know I am an honest woman; but if I had been married to René, neither should I have wasted a thought on Casimir. In fact, dearest Valentine, incredible as it seems, I am as bappy with one as with the other; but when I am with both, my pleasure is at a climax. When I am quite alone, at night, I put myself through a severe cross-examination; I try to compare the two individualities, I see them exactly as they are, very dissimilar, yet equally sympathetic. I resolved last night to go to sleep thinking only of Casimir; I succeeded, but I dreamed all night of René. In short—I scarcely know how to frame the monstrous confession, which you must keep strictly to yourself—I am in love with two men at once, and equally in love with both. There are moments when I wish I could catch typhoid fever to escape from my perplexities. Pity me and advise me, if you know of any remedy for such a case.

Your loving, ADRIENNE DE MORIAS.

Answer from Valentine de Gressan. (By return of post.)

As you seem to have no preference, toss up. Heads René, tails Casimir! Marry the one Fortune favors. You will perhaps regret the other up to the morning of your marriage. But by the day after you will have forgotten all about him.

Your affectionate friend, VALENTINE DE GRESSAN.

—Translated from the Paris Figaro.

The question: "Is there coal under London?" is extensively discussed. Geologists say that the lay of the strata there justifies the belief that coal can be found at a practicable depth. The development of mines there would mean an enormous saving in the cost of coal.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Prince Jerome Napoleon is busily engaged in preparing his memoirs of the Second Empire.

The second volume of Mme. Carette's memoirs of the Louis Napoleon period is announced in Paris.

"To Europe on a Stretcher," an account of an invalid's travels, by Mrs. Clarkson Potter, is announced.

Sir Theodore Martin is said to be writing a monograph on Lord Beaconsfield. Queen Victoria has probably taken a personal interest in the undertaking.

The new novel which is soon to appear from the pen of Henry Harland (Sidney Lusk) is entitled "Two Women or One? From the Manuscripts of Doctor Benary."

"An Ocular Delusion" is the title of a social study in serial shape, which will begin in the *New York Ledger* of March 1st. The story holds the mirror up to club-life in the metropolis.

Marion Crawford's new story, originally written for the *Graphic*, is described as "a powerful work, full of incident, and containing English and American subjects, but none of the usual Italians."

The *London Academy* justly says that the present generation has had a surfeit of that artificial form of verse, the sonnet. No sonnet has a right to existence which is not perfect—and the perfect ones are not many.

Some clever literary man, who prefers to hide his identity under the pen name of "Theodore Strong," has published a witty satirical poem in imitation of Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." It is called "Handfuls of Hair."

The dispute between the novelists Erckmann and Chatrian will come before a Paris court in a few weeks. Among the witnesses will be Jules Claretie, M. Got, and other well-known members of the literary and dramatic professions in Paris.

Poultney Bigelow has in one of the *New York Illustrated Journals* an article on "The German Reichstag," with a picture of a scene during a session of the Reichstag, and with portraits of Barth, Bamberger, Richter, Virchow, Windthorst, and Stoecker.

The strongest possible pressure is being brought to bear by one of the American publishing houses upon Mr. Gladstone to write an autobiographical volume. Last week, the representative of the publishing firm sailed for England for the express purpose of reaching a decision with Mr. Gladstone.

Major Powell, director of the geological survey, will begin in the *March Century* a series of three papers, illustrated with maps, on the subject of irrigation. His first paper will be entitled "The Irrigable Lands of the Arid Region." This series of papers will be of especial interest to the Pacific Coast.

The collection of dolls in costumes of various times, and also grouped in tableaux; the café-concerts with their dances carried on by various nationalities; and the hundred little side-effects of the great fair at Paris are described in a paper called "Loitering through the Paris Exposition," in the *March Atlantic*.

Lucy Larcom has written a volume of poems called "Easter Gleams," which is in preparation by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. As the title suggests, these poems are of a religious character, and are especially suitable for publication about Easter. There are twenty or more poems, none of which has appeared in her other volumes.

Dr. Albert Shaw, of Minneapolis, has in the *March Century* a paper entitled "Glasgow; a Municipal Study." Professor Ely, of Johns Hopkins University, has been calling attention to this article in recent lectures. The professor believes that it will be of immediate and practical assistance in the improvement of some of our American municipal governments.

Wilkie Collins, who was Charles Dickens's dear and close friend, made some interesting memoranda in his copy of Forster's "Life" of Dickens. Concerning "Oliver Twist," Collins writes that "the one defect in that wonderful book is the hopelessly bad construction of the story. The character of Nancy is the finest thing he ever did." As for "Barnaby Rudge," Collins calls it the weakest book Dickens ever wrote.

Giordano Bruno is discussed at length in the *March Atlantic*. William R. Thayer, who writes the article which he devotes to the "Trial, Opinions, and Death of Bruno," quotes largely from his examination before the Inquisition, and shows very fairly his claims to be remembered. "Bruno," says Mr. Thayer, "did not prove that his convictions were true, but he proved beyond peradventure that he was a true man."

The *Nation* says: "In our recent review of McCarthy's 'Lily Lass,' we said that the English of this novel was 'not always improved by American proof-reading.' Messrs. Appleton inform us that they used for their edition stereotype plates made in England. We regret the faulty but not unnatural inference from the American imprint." This frank apology must have been received with a burst of Homeric laughter from every publishing-house in the United States.

The manuscript of the laureate's first book, the "Poems of Two Brothers," written by him and Charles Tennyson, has been carefully preserved, and is estimated to be worth five thousand dollars. Alfred and Charles Tennyson received one hundred dollars for it. Some of the pages, says Mr. Walters, who saw it lately, are "backed," and others disfigured by rude school-boy sketches; there are many clumsy erasures, and a few of the verses are written crosswise and downward. The printer's directions are written in red ink. Some day, of course, it will be put up for sale, and doubtless will fetch a big price.

The *New York Times* says: "The Bancroft Company, of Francisco, has brought out, in a handsomely printed small quarto, with heavy paper covers, two poems of real merit on Cleopatra, by a lady who uses her initials, 'J. C. J.', entitled 'The Meeting of Antony and Cleopatra' and 'The Death of Cleopatra.' These poems had considerable newspaper success several years ago. 'J. C. J.' is well known in this State, being a granddaughter of a distinguished governor of New York, and her lines

have been favorably spoken of by Tennyson, Longfellow, and Holmes, though the venerable doctor ventured to say they were 'a little tropical, perhaps, in temperance.'"

The Harpers spend the most money in advertising their magazines. They spend close to one hundred thousand dollars a year on their four periodicals. The *Youth's Companion* ranks next with a goodly thousand dollars annual advertising—always spent within two months of the year. The *New York Ledger*, with its special boom, now comes third probably. The Scribners spend about thirty-five thousand dollars a year in pushing their magazine, while the *Century's* yearly bills amount to about an equal amount, including their *St. Nicholas* advertising. All these are large sums, but as an evidence that it pays to advertise a good magazine, it will be seen that the periodicals named are all those having the largest circulations in the world.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are about to publish a book with the title "In a Club Corner," by A. P. Russell, of Wilmington, O., author of "A Club of One," a collection of bright paragraphs on subjects of general interest which was brought out in the autumn of 1887. A good deal of curiosity was felt as to the authorship of the book, and it was vaguely attributed to Dr. O. W. Holmes, Mr. Horace E. Snodder, and Dr. Theodore T. Munger. The new book discusses numerous topics connected with literature and society in a pleasant, gossiping manner, and with sufficient intellectual force and charm of style to attract readers who are particular about the literary value of the books they read. The opening paper in the volume covers about thirty pages; the others are considerably shorter.

Henry M. Stanley writes to his London publisher that he believes his new work will be in two volumes of from four hundred to five hundred pages each. "God knows there is matter enough," he says, "but I would wish to deal very lightly with the whole, from Zanzibar to Yanbuja, that the book may be of as high interest as the main theme. If curtailed of the Lower Congo experiences, I can not as yet feel assured that it will extend to two volumes. I have six note-books loaded with matter extremely interesting. Three long chapters are already written. I have a number of most interesting photographs of scenery, sketches of incidents, etc., and maps will be a prominent feature. I hope it will be ready in May. Of course I can not entertain any proposition to lecture anywhere, whatever may be the price offered. It is absolutely impossible this season, at least." Sampson Low & Co. do not expect that anything will occur to prevent the publication of the work at the time named by Stanley.

New Publications.

"The Missing Bride," a novel by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, has been re-issued in paper covers by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"The County Fair," a play of the Joshua Whitcomb type, in which Neil Burgess is having a long continued success in New York, has been made into a book by the actor, and is published in paper covers by Street & Smith, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"Stories from New France" is the title of two sets of stories—the first by Agnes Maule Machar, the second by Thomas G. Marquis—founded on incidents of heroism or adventure in the early history of Canada. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.50.

"Musical Moments" is the title of a little book of selections in prose and verse for music-lovers. In the one hundred and seventy-three pages of the book there are nearly three hundred selections from the writers of all lands. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Familiar Talks on Astronomy," by William Harwar Parker, contains the gist of the author's discourses in the lecture-room during thirty years, set forth clearly and with little technical language. It also contains chapters on geography and navigation. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The latest issues of the Gainsborough Series, in which are to be found only well-written and readable novelettes, are "Lily Lass," by Justin Huntley McCarthy, M. P., and "Julius Courtney; or, Master of His Fate," by J. MacLaren Cobban. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 25 cents each.

"The New Prodigal," by Stephen Paul Sheffield, in the *Rialto* Series; and "Trollope's Dilemma," by St. Aubyn; and "A Noble Woman; or, The Trials of Raissa," from the French of "Henry Gréville," in the *Globe Library*, have been published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company and by Samuel Carson & Co.

"The Catholic Man," by Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull, is a novel which would dispose of the question, "Is life worth living?" The three points of view are taken by a scientist in whom the mind dominates the heart, an emotional woman, and an optimistic poet. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.25.

"Pierre Loti's" "Pêcheur d'Islande" has been translated anew by Mrs. Anna de Koven, and appears with the usual title "An Iceland Fisherman." The version is in fairly good English, though the translation has in places rendered "Loti's" very idiomatic French somewhat too literally. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Pastor's Daughter" has been translated from the German of W. Heimburg by Mrs. J. W. Davis, and appears, with photogravure illustrations by W. Martin Johnson, in the International Library. A portrait of the young woman who signs her stories W. Heimburg serves as a frontispiece. Published by the Worthington Company, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Garden: As Considered in Literature by Certain Polite Writers" contains extracts from the works of thirteen writers, from the elder Pliny to John Evelyn, with a critical essay by Walter Howe, and for frontispiece a portrait on steel of William Kent, "the father of modern gardening," reprinted from Walpole's "Anecdotes." It has been issued in the Knickerbocker Nuggets published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.00.

"The Story of the Barbary Corsairs" has been added to the Story of the Nations Series. Stanley

Lane-Poole has written it, with the collaboration of Lieutenant J. D. Jerrold Kelly, U. S. N. The book is divided into: an introduction, treating of the Moors' revenge after Ferdinand and Isabella expatriated those in Spain and of the land of the Corsairs; "The Corsair Admirals," from the appearance of Uruy Barbarossa at the dawn of the sixteenth century to Lepanto in 1571; and "The Petty Pirates," from the sixteenth century to the present day. The book is illustrated with many reproductions of old cuts and maps, and is thoroughly indexed. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by William Doney; price, \$1.50.

Grant Allen says in the preface to his new book of essays, "Falling in Love, with Other Essays on More Exact Branches of Science," "I like my science and my champagne as dry as I can get them." But he recognizes the uneducated condition of the public's palate, and his book, which contains both science and intellectual champagne, is anything but dry. Besides the title-piece, some of these essays are "Evolution," "A Fossil Continent," "Honey-Dew," "British and Foreign," "Food and Feeding," "De Banana," "Go to the Ant," "The First Potter," "The Recipe for Genius," and "Fossil Food." All have been printed before in the English magazines, but will be re-read with pleasure. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$1.25.

A Trust in Paper Novels.

When Belford, Clarke & Co. went to pieces, not long ago, Mr. Robert Belford said that the "cheap reprint" business was played out—or words to that effect. Competition had killed it. He wanted international copyright—now that he was sick. The other reprinters seem to be in a bad way, too, and are said to be organizing a trust. The *Commercial Advertiser* says:

"George Munro, John B. Alden, and John W. Lovell appear to be at the head of the new trust. Munro is the originator of the paper-covered 'libraries.' Alden started a series of English classical works in cloth covers at the lowest prices known to the book-trade. He has failed a couple of times, but has hobbled up serenely once more. Lovell is an imitator of Munro. George Munro has gone into the trust on very advantageous terms. He is to get fifty thousand dollars a year for three years for the rent of his plates, and then will sell them to the trust for one million dollars. With Munro's plates, the trust has secured those of the bankrupt firm of Pollard & Moss, and it is expected that Hearst & Co.'s stock will go over to the trust in a few days. Norman L. Munro was not taken into the trust, because he gave up the publication of cheap books a year ago, and sold out his plates for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The only prominent publisher of cheap books who opposes the new combination is J. S. Ogilvie, of Rose Street. He says he is going to sell at the old rates and expects to make good profits. The trust proposes to send him out of business in short order.

"It is now learned that the chief financial backing of the trust came from Trow's printing-house. This house has issued millions of volumes without its imprint on the title-page. It has a large number of presses, which are occupied in getting out the city directory during about six weeks. They would lie idle during the rest of the year if the firm confined its business to getting out the directory, and they are used from June to March every year for putting out cheap books."

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

The Rev. Dr. Charles S. Robinson is about to begin in New York city the publication of an illustrated religious weekly to be called *Every Thursday*.

The *London Spectator* has taken a hint from Mr. George William Curtis's contributions to *Harper's Magazine*, and adopted what it calls "A Commentary in an Easy Chair."

The Shah of Persia's impressions of his recent tour through Europe may make their first appearance in the *Paris Figaro*. He is reported to be now engaged in their preparation.

A Philadelphia monthly offers a free course at Vassar, or any other American college she may select, to the girl of sixteen years or more who reads in the largest list of subscribers by January 1, 1891, and a free one year's course at any college for girls to any young lady of the age indicated who sends in one thousand subscribers by the same date.

The *Paris Figaro* is about to begin the issue of a monthly magazine, with colored illustrations, to be called *Figaro Illustré*, which will be similar to *Figaro Noël*, the Christmas number, which is well known even in this country. It has opened a contest for designs for the covers, and offers a first prize of a thousand francs and a second prize of five hundred francs.

Mr. J. Sherwood Seymour, who has been connected with the house of Harper & Brothers for several years, quitted the Franklin Square establishment on February 1st to become the business manager of the *Evening Post*, the former publisher of that journal, Mr. Edward St. John, having withdrawn in order to devote himself exclusively to the management of the growing business of *Babyhood*. The latter paper, by the way, is reported to have been successful from the start.

The *Rural New Yorker* has been sold by Mr. E. S. Carman to Messrs. Lawson Valentine and E. H. Libby. Mr. Valentine is the proprietor of the well-known Houghton Farm and a member of the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Mr. Libby, who is a practical man, becomes the business manager of the paper, and Mr. R. W. Collingwood, who has for several years been employed in its conduct, will be the editor. The property of the *Rural New Yorker* is now valued at one hundred thousand dollars.

A very entertaining bit of history is now locked in the memories of the *Ledger* publishers, which will probably never reach the world (says the *News-dealer*). During the closing months of 1889, they spent a sum of money unparalleled in the history of journalism, advertising their paper in the columns of their contemporaries throughout America. In no two periodicals did they give the same street number, thereby nearly enabling them to tell the exact number of replicas to their advertisement received, through its insertion in any paper.

The *Daily Graphic*, which was born on March 4, 1873, and which, in its sixteen years of existence, had many ups and downs, was decently buried last month by the auctioneer. The lithographic and photo-

engraving establishments of the paper, the presses, and everything in the pictorial line were knocked down to the highest bidder and taken away. Nothing in the composing and editorial rooms or in the business-office was sold, and it is said that a new daily afternoon Republican newspaper, to be called the *Republic*, will shortly be started in the building by R. A. Corrigan, who was formerly connected with the *Kansas City Globe*. The new paper will not be illustrated. A large quantity of lithographic stones, many bound volumes of illustrated newspapers, and a great number of pen-and-ink drawings were sold, and, from an auctioneer's standpoint, they brought very good prices. About the most interesting lot sold were five thousand original pen-and-ink drawings by A. B. Frost, Thulstrup, W. A. Rogers, C. J. Taylor, Philip G. Cusachs, E. W. Kenble, E. J. Meeker, Fernando Miranda, Grey Parker, C. D. Welden, F. S. Church, Walter Shirlaw, and others. The entire lot brought only thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents. They had cost the *Graphic* something like thirty thousand dollars.

Some Magazines.

"Two Soldiers," by Captain Charles King, is the complete novel in the *March Lippincott's*. Other articles are: "The Author of 'The Collegians,'" by Lucy C. Lillie; "Our English Cousins," by Marshall P. Wilder; the third part of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Elixir of Life," edited by his son, Julian; "Western Mortgages," by William McGeorge, Jr.; "A Hint to Novelists," by W. C. Stackpole; "The Brownings in Italy," by Anne H. Wharton; "Weather-Prophecies," by Felix L. Oswald; and verses by Edgar Fawcett, Clara Bloomfield-Moore, Owen Wister, and Florence Earle Coates.

The *Woman's World* for February—the American reprint has been discontinued and the English date is used; hence two numbers dated February—contains: "Lady Hallé at Home," by Frederick Dolman; "A Japanese Dinner in London," by Emile Lebour-Fawcett; "The Latest Fashions," by Mrs. Johnstone; "Paris Fashions," by "Masque de Velours"; "Women in the Civil Service," by H. J. Maywood; "Née Elizabeth Simpson," by Deliverance Dingle; "Some Practical Women," by Mary Frances Billington; "A Roland for an Oliver," by Mrs. Henry E. Dudeney; "A Mother's Plea for the Kindergarten," by Alice Mullins; "A Lady in Search of a Servant," by a Journalist's Wife; and verses by M. V. G. Hunt and Edith Grace Levy.

The *March Atlantic* contains: "The Trials, Opinions, and Death of Giordano Bruno," by William R. Thayer; "Woman Suffrage, Pro and Con," by Charles Worcester Clark; the continuation of "The Tragic Muse," by Henry James; "The Value of the Corner," by George Parsons Lathrop; "Loitering through the Paris Exposition"; new chapters of Edwin Lasater Byner's novel, "The Begun's Daughter"; "A Forgotten Episode," by George A. Jackson; the continuation of "Sidney," by Margaret Deland; the fourth installment of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Over the Teacup"; "Dangers from Electricity," by John Trowbridge; verses by Louise Chandler Moulton and an unknown hand; and the usual reviews of current literature.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott, who has been passing the winter in France, is en route to this city. While on the way she will stop at Colorado Springs to visit Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson.

Mr. Joseph Sheldon will arrive here to-day after a four month visit to New York city. His mother, Mrs. Mark Sheldon, and his sister accompany him.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Janin are now in Washington, D. C. Miss Therese Bissell is visiting Miss Thorne in San José.

Hon. M. M. Este is here making a flying visit here from Washington, D. C.

Miss Julia Peyton, of Santa Cruz, is in the city on a visit to friends.

Mrs. John F. Merrill and family departed for Honolulu on Friday and will be away a couple of months.

Mrs. Richard Ivers will soon go to Honolulu to visit Hon. and Mrs. William G. Irwin.

General and Mrs. John F. Sheehan have leased the residence, 329 Devisadero Street, and will soon occupy it.

Mrs. Walter McGavin will leave soon for a visit to England.

Miss Ella Goad, who has been visiting Miss Leovy in New Orleans for several weeks, is now the guest of friends in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, and Miss Birdie Fair are now occupying their residence, 1200 Pine Street.

Mr. Mountford S. Wilson is in Florida recuperating from the effects of his recent illness. He is accompanied by his brother, Dr. Frank Wilson, who attended him while he was ill in New York. He will probably return here with Colonel C. Crocker.

Mrs. Hall McAllister intends to occupy her home, Miramonte, in Ross Valley, very soon, and will remain there until the end of summer.

Miss Gertrude Stockwell has returned to her home in Brooklyn, N. Y., after passing the season here delightfully as the guest of Miss Maggie Kitchin.

Miss Maud O'Connor is paying a pleasant visit to Senator and Mrs. John P. Jones at their home in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. A. A. Porter is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Stanton A. Mason, in St. Louis. They will both leave here soon to make a tour of Europe.

Hon. Frank McCoppin has gone north to visit Victoria, B. C., Tacoma, Seattle, and other points.

Mrs. and Mr. D. N. Walter and family will soon go to San Rafael, where they will remain during spring and summer.

Mrs. E. B. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gillig, Miss Bessie Crouch, and Mr. Frank L. Unger left for Honolulu on Friday on the steamer *Albatross*. It is their intention to remain away about three months, during which time they will visit all of the points of interest on the Hawaiian Islands.

Miss Madeline Hood, of Sonoma, is the guest of Mrs. Henry T. Scott.

Miss Mary Murphy, of San José, has been visiting Mrs. Richard T. Carroll during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins left Menlo Park early in the week to pass a few days here.

Mr. Charles F. Mullins, who has been visiting London and Paris for a couple of months, left Bremerhaven last Thursday for home, and is expected here in about three weeks.

Mr. George Crocker went to Los Angeles last Tuesday in his private car, and was accompanied by Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mrs. J. B. Wright, Miss Virginia Hancock, and Miss Hall.

Mr. John W. Taylor is in the city on a visit from his ranch in Utah.

Judge and Mrs. Robert V. Hayne and Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigne have returned to San Mateo after passing the last three months here at the residence of Mrs. A. M. Parrott.

The De Young Lunch-Party.

Mrs. M. H. de Young gave a lunch-party last Tuesday, at her residence, 1019 California Street, in honor of Mrs. Theresa Fair and Miss Fair. Covers were laid for nine ladies in the large dining-room which was brightly lighted by gas and candleabra. The table was a picture of beauty, rich with elegant silver and crystal ware, lighted candleabra, and lovely flowers. The centre piece was a Japanese musical instrument across the face of which was a broad band of yellow and white silk upon which the greeting "Welcome Home" was painted. Lovely scattered around this were clusters and beds of yellow daffodils and violets, their colors contrasting prettily. The name cards made handsome souvenirs. They were of wide silk ribbon, in the shades of yellow, green, white, and lavender, about six inches long and fringed at each end. To each ribbon a card of Japanese rice-paper was attached by means of fine unseal cords. Upon the card was the name of the guest and a fanciful Japanese figure hand-painted. All of the ladies appeared in beautiful toilets of light tints, and they enjoyed the delicious menu from one until four o'clock, when departures were made.

Those present were: Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Theresa Fair, Mrs. William H. Smith, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. Robert L. Sherwood, Mrs. M. Deane, Miss Fair, Miss Belle Smith, and Miss Belle Cohn.

St. Cecilia Choral Society.

The members of the St. Cecilia Choral Society gave a limited number of their friends an opportunity to see what they have accomplished during the past four months, by giving an open rehearsal last Wednesday afternoon at Druid's Hall. This society numbers about twenty-eight female voices and is under the direction of Mrs. Carmichael-Carr. The entertainment commenced by the execution of four choruses, the first one only being accompanied by piano. The selections were a psalm by Makello entitled "Jehovah's Power," two short songs by Brahms entitled "Oh, shouldst thou pass," and the "Love Song," ending with Macfarren's "Ye Spotted Snakes." Then came the event of the afternoon, the presentation of Hummel's pretty cantata "The Sea Queen," in which the society was assisted by Mr. Robert H. Lloyd, baritone, who sang the solos of the sea king and two duets with Mrs. David Bixler and Miss Laura McDonald, respectively. These two ladies and Mrs. Brechemin vied in singing the part of the title role. The cantata abounds in pleasing numbers, and it was presented in a manner that won the frequent applause of a critical audience. Miss Amy Gell was the efficient accompanist and Mrs. Carr wielded the baton perfectly.

The members of the society are as follows: Leader, Mrs. Carmichael Carr; accompanist, Miss Amy Gell; first sopranos, Mrs. David Bixler, Mrs. Brechemin, Miss Laura McDonald, Miss Van Winkle, Miss Jessie Sherwood, Mrs. E. G. Lyons, Mrs. Thomas Francis Meagher, Miss Alice Boalt, Mrs. Walter H. Levy, Miss McMahon, Miss Shepard, Miss Nelson, and Miss Hathaway; second sopranos, Mrs. Henry Wetberbe, Mrs. Arthur Smith, Mrs. Richards, Miss Spencer, and Miss Morse; first altos, Mrs. Mead, Mrs. C. Low, Miss Kittie Stone, Mrs. Dr. Rosenstirn, Mrs. Adele Chretien, and Mrs. Perine; second altos, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Stuart, Mrs. Michael Castle, Mrs. Edward Everett, and Miss Bolton.

Some of the guests present were: Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, Mrs. M. McDonald, Mrs. J. H. Boalt, Mrs. Ignatz Steinbart, Mrs. Philip Lilienthal, Mrs. John R. Jarboe, Mrs. J. William Brown, Mrs. O. P. Evans, Mrs. John Hunt, Mrs. Frank Stone, Mrs. Little, Miss Blythe McDonald, Miss Helen Hyde, Miss Agnes Burghin, Miss Walter, Miss Maud Smith, Miss Bertie Hyde, Miss Gertrude Gower, Miss Mari Doyle, Miss Julia Peyton, Miss McAllister, Miss Loring, Miss Withrow, Mr. Carl Bergstein, Mr. Rothwell Hyde, and others.

Army and Navy News.

Commodore G. Brown, U. S. N., commanding the squadron of the Pacific, is the guest of Judge and Mrs. Haines in Los Angeles.

Lieutenant Oscar I. Straub, U. S. A., who has been stationed at Fort Canby for several months, has returned to the President.

Dr. Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., of Mare Island, is in the city on a visit.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

Formes Testimonial Concert.

For the purpose of raising funds with which to erect a monument to the memory of the late Karl Fornes, a testimonial concert was given on Friday evening, at which many of our most prominent musical people participated. A large and appreciative audience enjoyed the following programme:

Overture, "Egmont"..... Beethoven
Philharmonic Society, Mr. Hermann Brandt, Director.
Address.....
Grand Aria, "Robert"..... Meyerbeer
Signorina Ida Valerga.
Duo, "Fidelio"..... Beethoven
Miss Carrie Foster McLellan and Mr. Robert Blair.
Aria, "Mahomed"..... Rossini
Signor Enrico Campobello.
Grand Aria, "Fidelio"..... Beethoven
Miss Mathilde Wilde.
Duo, Piano and Violin..... Wolf and DeBeriot
Señor M. Espinosa and Professor Charles Goffrie.
Grand Aria, "Traviata"..... Verdi
Mme. Biloni.
Trio, "Lombardi"..... Verdi
Signorina Ida Valerga, Mr. A. Werner, and
Signor Enrico Campobello.
Romanza, "Non è Ver"..... Tito Mattei
Mr. Jacob Müller.
Grand Overture..... R. Wagner
(Four pianos. Sixteen hands.)
Miss E. Goldman, Miss E. Heimbarger, Miss A. Weigel, Miss A. Werner, Señor S. Arrilaga, Mr. H. Selb, Messrs. O. and R. Herold.
Aria, "Amo"..... Tito Mattei
Mr. Alfred Wilkie.
Vorspiel, Fifth Act, "Manfred"..... Reinecke
Philharmonic Society, Mr. Hermann Brandt, Director.
Grand Aria, "Magic Flute"..... Mozart
Mr. Robert Blair.
Quartet, "Rigoletto"..... Verdi
Mme. Biloni, Miss C. F. McLellan, Mr. A. Wilkie, and Mr. Jacob Müller.

The Leach Benefit Concert.

Under the auspices of the Bohemian Club, a complimentary benefit was given to Mr. Stephen W. Leach last Thursday evening. The affair was unique in its way and was thoroughly enjoyed by a very large audience. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor"..... Nicolai
Henry Heyman, Conductor.
Solo and Chorus, "Nazareth"..... Gounod
F. G. B. Mills.
Solo-Violin, "Fantasia" ("Lombardi")..... Vieuxtemps
J. H. Rosewald.
Aria, "Ah quel giorno" ("Semiramide")..... Rossini
Miss Mary E. Barnard.
Gavotte, "Bohemienne"..... J. D. Redding
Conducted by the Composer.
Aria, "Roberto, tu adoro"..... Meyerbeer
Mme. Thea Sanderini.
Piano Solo, Serenade and Allegro Giocoso, op. 43..... Mendelssohn
Mrs. H. J. Stewart.
Chorus, "Bohemia"..... Stephen W. Leach
The Bohemian Club Choir, conducted by the Composer.
Grand Overture, "Il Salmagundi".....
Royal Bohemian Orchestra.
Conductor, Herr Johann Strauss.
"Something"..... C. T. Bromley.
Orchestra, "Toujours gai"..... Stiell
"AN IRISH CANTATA."
Legend by Peter Robinson. Music by H. J. Stewart.
Cast of Characters:
Dennis Mulhooly (an alderman of New York)..... Frank L. Unger
Biddy Mulhooly (his wife)..... Charles L. Leonard
Nora Mulhooly (a colleen)..... Ben Clark
Patrick Mavourneen (a bogtrotter)..... F. G. B. Mills
Lord Nunmshill (an English peer)..... H. M. Fortescue
Assisted by a Distinguished Advisory Chorus.)

Mauzy Musical Club.

The Mauzy Musical Club gave a concert last Thursday evening under the direction of Mr. Lesley W. R. Martin, at Byron Mauzy's warerooms. A large audience was entertained by the following programme:

Trio C minor, "Allegro Appassionato" (op. 66)..... Mendelssohn
Violin, F. Victor Austin; cello, Adolf Lada;
piano, Miss Elene Austin.
Ballad, "Erl King"..... Schubert
Mrs. de Loss.
Piano Solo (a) "Nocturne in E flat"..... Field
(b) "Etude" (op. 25, No. 1)..... Chopin
(c) "Etude"..... Chopin
Lesley W. R. Martin.
Bass Solo, "Hybridus the Cretin"..... Elliott
Robert Blair.
Violin Solo (a) "Air"..... Rhoad
(b) "Spanish Dance"..... Sarasate
F. Victor Austin.
Piano Solo, B minor, "Scherzo"..... Chopin
Lesley W. R. Martin.
Cello Solo, "Reverie"..... Dunkler
Dr. Arthur F. Regensburger.
Bass Solo, "Anchored"..... Watson
Robert Blair.
Trio, "Finale" (op. 25)..... Reissiger
Violin, F. Victor Austin; cello, Adolf Lada;
piano, Miss Elene Austin.

Saturday popular concerts are to be given March 8th, 15th, 22d, and 29th at the First Unitarian Church, corner Franklin and Geary Streets. Ernst Hartmann, Louis Schmidt, H. J. Stewart, Robert Lloyd, Alfred Wilkie, Hermann Brandt, Louis Heine, and Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Pierce, Miss Bacon, Miss Putnam, Miss Benedict, Miss Barnard, Miss Wilcox, and Mr. Osgood Putnam are to participate.

The Mendelssohn Quintet Club is paying another visit to this coast and thus far has given two concerts here, both of which were well attended and highly appreciated. The first concert was given on Sunday evening, February 23d, and the second concert on last Friday evening.

Miss Lena Devine sang at the theatre in Petaluma on Monday evening, February 17th, and met with a hearty reception from the audience. She has encored repeatedly and made an excellent impression in the aria from "Lucia di Lammermoor."

A feature of the reception given by the Century Club last Wednesday afternoon was a sonata, op. 30, by Beethoven, which was played by Mrs. Horace Davis, pianist, and Mr. J. H. Rosewald, violinist.

The Sarasate-Albert concert was postponed owing to the non-arrival of the participants, who were snow-bound in the Sierra.

The Handel and Haydn Society will produce Verdi's "Requiem" on Wednesday evening, March 12th.

— ON THE FOUR TUESDAYS OF MARCH, at 3.30 (half-past three) p. m., Miss Anna Cronhjelm Wallberg will give a course of public lectures on Scandinavian literature, at 1306 California Street. The first lecture will embrace the plot of "Brandt," a splendid drama of Henrik Ibsen's, never yet translated into English. Season ticket, \$1.50.

ART NOTES.

David Neal is here under engagement to paint portraits of the children of Colonel C. Fred Crocker. Mr. Neal painted the famous picture, "First Meeting of Mary Stuart and Kizzio."

Mr. George Hall, a well-known artist of Santa Barbara, is in the city on a visit.

A. Joulain is laying in a new figure-piece of delicate composition.

Miss Eva Withrow is very busy with her class and also has a portrait under way.

John A. Stanton and Albert Pissis are studying in the atelier of Jean Paul Laurens, in Paris.

Samuel Brooks is taking a rest from labor in the world of art.

Charles Graham, the well-known illustrator of Frank Leslie's magazines, will arrive here in April en route to Honolulu and Australia, where he will make sketches.

Carlson is engaged on a still life for Osgood Hooker, and is laying in a large gray marine.

Joseph Strong is cruising in the South Seas with Robert Louis Stevenson. Mrs. Strong has gone to Australia to meet them.

Miss Alice B. Chittenden is engaged upon a portrait.

Narjot has at Morris & Kennedy's a still life displaying an elegant vase, holding a cluster of pink and white chrysanthemums, and resting upon a small gilt table. A brocaded portiere forms the background.

Charles Francis de Klyn, a celebrated landscape painter, will soon arrive here from Paris. He was awarded a medal at the Salon and sold his two Salon pictures: to the Minister of Fine Arts.

A portrait of Adolph Sutro, by David Neal, is on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's.

Keith has found a particularly pretty spot in Berkeley which he is depicting on canvas; another picture he is at work on is one of the North Fork of the American River. He has two pictures underway for John Muir and a portrait of Mr. McChesney, of Oakland.

W. A. Coulter's latest effort is a scene on the bay with Alcatraz in the middle background and the Marin County shore in the distance, all under a bright sky. In the foreground a whaling bark is being towed in by a tug, while other sailing craft give further life to the scene. He recently completed a beach scene at Monterey.

Charles Rollo Peters is working over his large painting, "The Friday," intending to change its entire tone. He recently sent to London a canvas representing Napoleon watching the burning of Moscow. In his studio is a large painting showing a night scene on the coast of Brittany, where the fishermen are worshipping at a shrine, the head of the Saviour being surrounded by a halo formed by the full moon. It carries out the idea of an old Breton legend. Mr. Peters is now making studies of sun-rise effects for marines. His studio is now at 609 Sacramento Street, adjoining that of Mr. Joulain.

The Art Students' League is progressing well and has a large number of scholars, who are doing excellent work.

R. D. Yelland has gone over one of his early coast marines, and is exhibiting it at Morris & Kennedy's.

A Salon picture, No. 1,547, by Lee Lasby, is at Morris & Kennedy's. It is called "Snug Harbor," and shows a group of Dutch sailors seated at a table after dinner.

REAL-ESTATE NOTES.

One of the largest public auctions of real-estate in this city was held last Thursday in Irving Hall. The hall was crowded to the doors by an audience representing many millions.

The occasion of the gathering was the auction of the estate of Robert C. Johnson, deceased, by McAfee, Baldwin & Hammond.

The bidding throughout was active and good prices prevailed. In point of amount, it was the third largest sale in the history of the city, reaching a total of \$767,800. The largest was that of the City Hall lots and the second that of the Donahue estate last year. A small portion of the Johnson estate, consisting of a number of odd pieces of outside land, was withdrawn, as was also the Johnson residence, which was subsequently purchased by the widow of the deceased at the nominal price of \$75,000.

The aggregate showed the handsome figures of \$784,300. Following are the principal sales:

Fifty-vara lot on the north-west corner of Golden Gate Avenue and Leavenworth Street; size of lot, 137.6x137.6. Sold for \$112,000. Buyer, E. M. Gunn, for ex-Senator Fair.

And 31 Battery Street, near Pine; four-story brick building; rents, \$860 per month; tenants make repairs; lot, 45.10x97.6 feet. Sold for \$91,000. Buyer, B. McMurray.

The Florence House, situated diagonally opposite the Baldwin Hotel, on the north-west corner of Powell and Ellis Streets; four-story frame building; rented low at \$75 per month; size of lot, 44x93.6. Sold for \$82,000. Buyer, Joseph Hume.

33 and 35 Battery Street, near Pine; three-story brick building; rents \$500 per month; lot 45.10x97.6 feet. Sold for \$81,000. Buyer, C. G. Hooker.

211 Pine Street, near Battery; two-story brick building; rents \$400 per month; lot 40x137.6 feet. Sold for \$67,500. Buyer, W. E. Davis.

Pioneer Warehouse, situated on the south-west corner of Battery and Filbert Streets; rents \$250 per month; lot 137.6x137.6. Sold for \$80,500. Buyer, F. P. Riordan.

923, 925, and 927 Geary Street, between Polk and Larkin; three substantial residences, connected and occupied as a boarding-house; rents \$225 per month; lot runs through to Myrtle Avenue; size 72.6x120; sold for \$35,750. Buyer, John Sheehy.

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The bishop of Rochester, addressing the students of the Royal Female School of Art in London, on the occasion of the annual prize-giving, remarked: "I am struck with the lovely taste displayed in your hats, they are so quiet and lady-like." That pleased the girls more than all the prizes.

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THE AMERICAN REVOLVER.

How a Traveling Briton Found One Useful.

One of the greatest dangers attendant on pistol-carrying as practiced in America is that a man may be tempted to shoot before he is in actual peril. When a dispute arises between two men, the knowledge that each has a deadly weapon in his hip-pocket creates a feverish anxiety in the minds of both, and often causes a misinterpretation of the slightest motion of the right arm. An unconscious gesture on the part of one may be taken by the other as an intention to resort to hostilities, and a fatal encounter may follow. Thus, the watchfulness enforced by this pernicious habit is often the cause of a duel, when neither combatant really had any idea of forcing a fight and has been drawn into it by what he considered the attack of his adversary. On the other hand, the man who goes unarmed in the West is like a dog without teeth going among wolves. Consequently, when traveling in that country, I always made a practice of being as well equipped as any native. My disposition was peaceful, and I had no desire either to shoot or to be shot; but, if either of the two must happen, I felt that the former would be preferable. I passed many years in various parts of the West, and although I had on one or two occasions been drawn into slight altercations, the five-shooter which always reposed in my pocket had never been called into requisition. At length its time came for hitting something beside a mark. It was good and trusty, worthy of perfect dependence, and I knew its capabilities and accuracy well, for many a summer evening had been wild away boring holes with it through a plank target.

I was en route from Minneapolis to Kansas City, and was a passenger in one of the oldest, most uncomfortable, and badly managed sleeping-cars I ever traveled in. The negro porter in charge of this car was also the most insulting, most obnoxious, and most offensive railroad servant I ever met. On this occasion, he had amused himself by getting drunk during the night, and was now marching about the sleeper, abusing the passengers, all of whom, excepting two, were ladies. It was about nine o'clock in the morning; we had breakfasted at Missouri Valley Junction and were now speeding toward Council Bluffs. The other male passenger had not risen for breakfast and was still in his berth. I was sitting in my section at the rear end of the car, noting the offensive behavior of the porter, who was a huge burly negro about six feet two inches in height, and wishing that a few Kentuckians or Mississippians had him in charge, when I heard him use very offensive language to a lady who was traveling alone with two children. Almost before I had time to rise from my seat, she ran toward me and claimed my protection. I let her pass behind me, and then I approached the negro, who looked like a Goliath. Before I quite reached him he yelled out: "Don't you come bothering me! I am not in the South now; I am as good as any white man here, and I'll teach people to let me alone. That woman threatened to report me. A lot of good that! I was discharged yesterday and this is my last trip. What do I care for her report! They only let me make this trip because they had no other porter to send in my place."

"If you molest any one again," I said, "I will send for the conductor and you will be put off the train. A few miles' walk will do you good." "It would, would it?" he cried; "I'll throw you off the train in a minute, and I guess you won't walk much."

"You miserable cur," I replied, "if we were in the South now, you'd be hanging to a tree in half-an-hour."

"You're a Southerner, are you?" he yelled; "that settles it! Take that!"

He aimed a blow at my head with his fist that would have done credit to the Australian champion. I ducked, and his fist came in contact with the hard oak-paneled of an upper berth, making a noise like that of a mule kicking its stall down. Now was my opportunity. To have hit him would have only been to infuriate him; his head was so big and his skull so thick that I might as well strike a brick wall; a policeman's night-club would have made no impression on such a cranium as his. Before he quite recovered from the violence of his blow, the muzzle of my revolver was staring him in the face, and I fired two or three steps down the car, keeping a steady aim at him. "Hold up your hands and go forward to the baggage-car," I said.

He paused for a moment—just for one fleeting moment—as though hesitating as to the course he should pursue. Then, quick as a flash of lightning, his right hand flew to his pocket and he clasped a huge revolver. As he lowered his arm I covered it with my pistol; and just as he raised it to draw forth his weapon, I fired. He gave a furious yell and rushed straight at me. I had no time to see whether he was hit. Hardly a second passed before my self-cocking Smith & Wesson again rang out its report through the car, and the porter jumped high up into the air and fell at my feet, his pistol dropping to the floor at the same minute. Then ensued what one of my fellow-travelers called "a little panic." The women huddled themselves into a corner; the sleepy passenger who had not risen for breakfast jumped out of bed; passengers from other cars came rushing in. The negro was not dead; but both bullets had struck him—the first in the wrist, the second in vital parts. There was no doctor on board the train, so we made him as comfortable as was in our power, placing a pillow under his head and stanching the wounds with towels. Badly hurt as he was, his spirit was not broken; each time I approached he scowled and said: "I'll have your life for this, see if I don't!" He never lost consciousness. Some of the negroes on the other sleepers also made threats against me, and when we arrived at Council Bluffs several of my fellow-passengers closed around me and formed an escort. There was always a crowd of sleeping-car porters and other negroes about this station, and when the account of the fray reached them, they manifested great ill-feeling and openly vowed vengeance. However, beyond some blustering talk, they did nothing; probably they didn't like the determined attitude of my companions. No official cognizance was taken of the matter. The dying negro was placed in a carriage procured by some of his race, and, escorted by a dozen or more, was conveyed to the home of one of them.

As for me, I proceeded unmolested to Kansas City, transacted the business which took me there, and was returning by the same route, when at Pacific Junction a telegram was handed to me warning me not to come to Council Bluffs or I might be arrested for the negro's murder. Unfortunately, I was obliged to pass through that town in order to reach Minneapolis; but after consultation with the conductor of the train, it was decided that a couple of miles from the station the engineer should slacken speed and

allow me to get off; then, by walking three miles through a dismal, uncultivated swamp, I could intercept the north-bound train at a little station where it made its first stop after leaving the Bluffs. This I did, and the recollection of that dreary tramp in the dark through long rank grass and weeds, with the mosquitoes biting and the frogs croaking, will remain engraven on my mind forever. I had nothing to guide me except the signal-lights of my destination, far away in the distance. I had no means of avoiding the venomous snakes which doubtless abounded in that low land, and the thought of which, when several times one of my feet would come down on a frog, made me jump away; and there was no possible way of keeping the giant mosquitoes from feeding on me to their heart's content. At last, however, I arrived safely at the station and awaited the coming of the train. The conductor was looking out for me; he had been told to do so by the man in charge of the train I had previously left, and he had already made arrangements with the sleeping-car conductor for my concealment. When I reached Minneapolis and took steps to ascertain exactly what danger threatened me, and if there was any chance of my being "wanted," I found that the whole thing was a false alarm, that no warrant was out for me, and was not likely to be. The case was so clearly justifiable, and the darkey's reputation so bad, that no official felt called upon to act; besides, it was a nigger who was shot.—*St. James's Gazette.*

Finnegan and the Dean's Lady.

How the story began our reporter did not hear, but when he sat down at a small table in Delmonico's, and caught the thread of it, the University Club man at the next table was narrating: "Now, the dean's wife was fond of dogs, and often enough there would be a pug or two sitting up on the seat of the carriage and keeping her company as she waited for the dean. Like as not Finnegan would come along with a pup or a terrier under his arm, and would open a talk upon dogs with the waiting lady. It is not of record or tradition that any undergraduate of those days ever overheard one of these conversations, but much curiosity was felt by Finnegan's intimates as to how he was able to restrain his natural tendencies toward profane expression enough to make conversation with a lady a practicable thing. No useful light upon this point was ever extracted from Finnegan himself, for though he often volunteered reports of all that had passed in these interviews, his narratives invariably ran something like this:

"I was walking across the yard this afternoon," he would say, "and I seen the dean's wife setting up in her carriage with a couple of — pugs alongside her. 'Good-afternoon, ma'am,' says I; 'them's — fine dogs you got there, ma'am!'" "Yes, Finnegan," says she, "them's — fine dogs." "They be," says I, "but I've a pug at home, ma'am, that beats — out of them." "Ah!" says she, "go 'long with you, Finnegan. Ye lie soabout yer — dogs that there's no believin' what ye say." "Lie is it, then, ma'am!" says I; "— my soul and body, ma'am, I'm as truthful a man about dogs as the dean himself, and whatever I might say to them — students I'm not the man, ma'am, to lie to a lady about a — pug bitch." "Well," says she, "Finnegan, if you — pug's such a — of a fine bitch, bring her around and let me look at her." Just then the dean came down the steps and I kem away to get the pup."—*New York Sun.*

Mrs. Hobbs (parent of an infant terror) and several half-grown terrors—"Well, Mr. Hobbs, since you are so dissatisfied with the way I am raising our darling Willie, maybe you will condescend to inform me how you would raise boys." Hobbs—"Certainly; every boy ought to be kept in a hoghead and fed through the bung-hole until he is twelve years of age." "And when he reaches the age of twelve?" "Stop up the bung-hole."—*Time.*

"You will notice," said the manager of the company, as he stepped in front of the curtain, "that the programme says that seven years are supposed to elapse between the second and third acts. In this case there will be no supposition about it. The sheriff of this county has just taken possession of the stage, and I think that it will be about seven years before we can get the matter settled. The audience is now dismissed."—*Drake's Magazine.*

De la Creme—"My dear D'Aubigny, you are too diffident. You are rich, talented, titled—you might shine in society." Count d'Aubigny—"I detest society—that is, I detest—I hate women?" De la Creme—"You amaze me. An unfortunate affaire du coeur?" Count d'Aubigny (fiercely)—"Reginald, you will understand me when I tell you that before I came into my fortune and title I was a street-car conductor."—*Life.*

Dignified mamma—"When that young man left you last night, I heard something which sounded like a kiss." Dignified daughter—"Did you? How does a kiss sound, mamma?"—*New York Weekly.*

In five minutes a woman can clean up a man's room in such a way that it will take him five weeks to find out where she put things.—*Atchison Globe.*

Educational.

Mr. ALFRED KELLEHER,
Teacher of Vocal Music,

Desires to announce that he has resumed teaching. Class lessons of one hour of four of the same voice will be formed. Ladies' class for vocal and musical instruction and part songs Saturday, from 11 A. M. to 12 M.

2324 Clay Street, San Francisco.

SCHOOL FOR SALE,

In a leading city of Southern California, a Girls' School, well established, graded, and equipped. For terms, apply to MAY L. CHENEY, 300 Post St., S. F.

Mme. B. ZISKA, M. A.,

Having returned from Europe, is prepared to receive a very limited number of young ladies for advanced course of private instruction in French, German, and English. Foreign languages and literature a specialty.
A class in drawing and penmanship, under direction of Mr. Carl Eisenschimmel.

1606 California Street.

HOME FOR BOYS.

A gentleman admits not more than four boys into his family to fit for college. Best of care in all respects. Highest references. Address, "Dr. S. T." Argonaut Office.

MISS LAKE'S

Boarding and Day School for Girls

WILL OPEN IN THE NEW BUILDING,

1534 SUTTER STREET, cor. of Octavia,

On Wednesday, January 8th, 1890.

MISS M. LAKE, Principal.

ST. MATTHEW'S HALL

SAN MATEO, CAL.

A SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR.

REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER, M. A., PRINCIPAL.

VAN NESS SEMINARY.

A Day and Boarding School for Young Ladies

1222 PINE STREET, S. F.

Under the ownership and direction of Dr. S. H. WILLEY, aided by an able corps of teachers.
The next term opens January 8th, 1890.

THE CALIFORNIA

Savings and Loan Society

CORNER OF EDDY AND POWELL STS.

Savings Bank deposits received, and interest paid on same semi-annually, in January and July. Rates of interest for last term: 5.58% on term deposits; and 4.65% on ordinary deposits, free of tax. Deposits received from one dollar upwards. Open Saturday evenings.

WILL I. PIXLEY,
Stocks, Bonds, & Real Estate

213 Grant Avenue,

AGENT FOR

"BROWN'S MULE" STEAM WELL-BORING CO., of Tulare.

MIKADO FRUIT AND RAISIN CO.,
of Fresno.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.,
SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS
UNION BLOCK,

202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco.

Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co., Pacific Steam Navigation Co., The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co., The California Line of Clippers from New York, The Hawaiian Line of Packets, The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited, The Baldwin Locomotive Works, steel rails and track material.

[Established 1854.]

GEORGE MORROW & CO.,

HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

39 Clay St., San Francisco. Telephone No. 35.

Good
morning!

"Paris
Exposition,
1889.

Pears obtained the only gold medal awarded solely for toilet SOAP in competition with all the world. Highest possible distinction."

IN A RUNAWAY ELEVATOR.

What might have resulted in a fatal accident, but developed into a ludicrous circumstance, happened a short time ago in the Allegheny General Hospital. A well-known man in the steel business, who is popularly called Tom, was attacked by a serious trouble in the head. The physician persuaded him to go to the Allegheny General Hospital. One Saturday, four men from the steel-works formed a party and called upon the sick man. His room was on the second floor, and it was necessary to take the elevator. The trip to the room passed off successfully; very differently, however, on the return. After remaining with the invalid for some time, it was suggested that it would be advisable to go.

Coming around to the elevator, the bell was rung to call it. A pretty blonde nurse, with laughing eyes, asked if any of the party could run a elevator, because she had a poultice to put on a patient, and she was afraid it would cool if she took the elevator down again. The leader of the party came to the front and said he would operate the elevator, having had experience, and was an adept at the job.

Having got in the elevator, the leader pulled the rope the reverse way to the floor which was wanted. Like a flash the machine struck the roof of the hospital, seriously disconcerting the entire party. A rumble of discontent was heard within the box while the men were straightening their battered hats.

Again the elevator-rope was pulled, and quicker than the first ride in the elevator the party was landed in the cellar. For fully twenty minutes the elevator was going up and down in a remarkable manner. Every man in the uncontrollable box tried his skill in stopping it. Up and down went the elevator. The men imprisoned in the 4x4 swore enough to fill the city hall. On every floor hundreds of nurses and patients had gathered, watching the antics of the machine.

The elevator was at last stopped at the same floor which the men got in at. One of them thought that, for security's sake and his family's, not having an insurance on his life, that he had better get out. Just as he put one foot on the passage, the elevator made a sudden shoot, and he was sent whirling across the hall. His clothes suffered considerably.

When the elevator got started again, she was as unmanageable as a mad bull. The nurses shrieked and the whole place was like a Bedlam. After

spending half-an-hour see-sawing, the mad machine was finally brought to a standstill. All got out, thankful they were alive.

A young man, recently married, suggested to his wife that they should argue some question frankly and fully every morning, in order to learn more of each other. The first question happened to be: "Whether a woman could dress on seventy-five dollars a year?" and he took the affirmative; and when last seen, he had climbed into a hay-loft and was pulling a ladder after him.—*Ex.*

"Well, my dear madam, and how are you today?" "Oh, doctor, I have terrible pains all over my whole body, and it seems impossible to breathe! Of course I can't sleep at all, and I haven't a particle of appetite." "But otherwise you feel all right, don't you?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"Why don't you work?" said a charitable lady, the other day, to a tramp, before whom she had placed a nicely cooked meal. "I would," replied the vagrant, "if I had the tools." "What sort of tools do you want?" asked the hostess. "A knife and fork."—*New York Ledger.*

Phillyloo—"That Hokeson's getting to be a regular beat. What do you suppose he's sent the usher with this note for?" Mrs. Phillyloo—"I'm sure I don't know." Phillyloo—"Wants me to lend him the twenty dollars I borrowed of him yesterday, until to-morrow."—*Puck.*

Prohibitionist (concluding a lengthy dissertation on the problem of the age)—"And what is your solution, sir?" Kentuckian—"Whisky straight."—*Time.*

A doctor practices on his own patients. But a musician practices on the patience of others.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

When is a safe not a safe? When a New York bank president knows the combination.—*Washington Critic.*



Three little maids from school are we,
Free from pains of all description;
But once we were sick as sick could be—
Cured by the "Favorite Prescription."

A standard remedy for the peculiar ills incident to that critical period in a girl's life when she is just entering upon her "teens," is found in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Young ladies' boarding-schools have sent their pupils home rosy-cheeked, romping lasses, like the three beautiful maidens in the above illustration, when they have resorted to the use of "Favorite Prescription" for building up and regulating the systems of those delicate, pale, sickly girls, just approaching puberty, who need a generous, supporting tonic and a quieting, strengthening nerve—free from alcohol and injurious drugs. Whether in boarding-schools or homes, it is guaranteed to correct all those delicate derangements and weaknesses incident to females.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Manufacturers, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS: PURELY VEGETABLE and PERFECTLY HARMLESS.

Smallest, Cheapest, Easiest to take. One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

"Nobody has tried more different kinds of advertising than we have," said Mr. Chambers, advertising manager of a large New York house—Rogers, Peet & Co.—a few days ago, "or tried the different kinds more thoroughly, but we have settled down now to regular newspaper advertising, and believe that, for a permanent business, that alone pays. We were the first to use the sails of vessels in the harbor as an advertising medium. Then we got up the 'alphabet puzzle' and gave away half-a-million puzzles while the craze lasted. Afterward we decided to give a Waterbury watch with every twelve dollars' worth of goods purchased. Before we quit, we had given away forty thousand of the watches.

But nothing ever pays us like the ordinary newspaper advertising. The fact is, there has come to be a class of advertisement readers, just as there is of news readers. We have proof of this all the time in our business, for an advertisement of any certain thing is sure to bring throngs of people into the stores inquiring for it.

"We were the first man to introduce the use of outline cuts in newspapers. They succeeded so well that we made them a regular feature. After a while the papers themselves caught on to the outline idea, and now that is almost the only style of newspaper illustration used. A while ago we concluded to try the experiment of dropping the cuts. They are expensive, because, besides the cost of them, the papers charge double rates for the space they occupy. It has been poor economy, however. The cuts were worth much more than they cost as an advertisement, and we shall go back to them.

"Another thing about advertising of late years, is the gradual increase in the truthfulness of it. People are learning that it doesn't pay to lie in an advertisement any better than to do anywhere else. Business men are rapidly learning that honesty is the best policy in an advertisement as well as outside of it.

"A curious thing is the difference there is between advertising for women and for men. For a man, an advertisement must be short and to the point. It ought to be brief, but one subject and to be written as tersely as possible. Men read advertisements on the jump; they never deliberately sit down to go through the advertisements in a paper. For the women, on the contrary, you can put in as much detail as you please; once a woman is attracted to an advertisement, she will read it all through, no matter how long it is or how fine the type is. Then there is no use putting an ordinary advertisement in a Sunday paper. It is buried in those enormous sheets. If you want to advertise in a Sunday daily, take a page."

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Jan. 1, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 12:45 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax.	5:45 P.
8:00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles.	11:15 A.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	5:45 P.
10:30 A.	Haywards and Niles.	2:15 P.
* 12:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 3:45 P.
3:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	* 6:00 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José.	9:45 A.
3:30 P.	2d class Ogden and East.	10:45 P.
4:00 P.	Stockton and Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis.	10:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and San José.	* 4:15 P.
5:30 P.	Haywards and Niles.	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans and East.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	7:45 A.
8:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

* 3:00 A.	Hunters' train to San José.	7:20 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	5:50 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	* 11:50 A.
4:15 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:25 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:30 P.
8:30 A.	Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Maria, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.	6:12 P.
10:30 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:02 P.
12:01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3:38 P.
* 3:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	* 10:00 A.
* 4:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 7:58 A.
5:20 P.	San José and Way Stations.	9:03 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	† 7:28 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted, † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. * Mondays excepted.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Feb. 19.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 11 A. M. For Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket office, 214 Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, San Francisco.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN

via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, October 13, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:20, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 4:50, 6:10 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 5:05, 6:30, P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:10, 7:45, 9:30, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 4:55 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50 A. M.; 12:00 M.; 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 6:25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:30, 4:05, 5:30 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:35 A. M.; 12:45, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7:05 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11:00 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12:25 P. M.

1:30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.

8:00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 6:15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday; Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tamalpais, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.

Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Point Reyes, \$1.75.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, March 17, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

Leave San Francisco.	DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.
WEEK DAYS.		WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.		10:30 A. M.
5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litter Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.		6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	6:10 P. M.
3:30 P. M.		6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	Guerneville.	6:10 P. M.
3:30 P. M.		6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.		8:50 A. M.
5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.
		10:30 A. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skags Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Lake, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Blue Lakes, Willis, Cahio, Calpella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Litter Springs, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.20; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Guerneville, \$7.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Litter Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 3:30, 5, 6:15 P. M.; Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 5, 6:20 P. M.

To San Francisco from San Rafael: Week Days—6:20, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40 A. M.; 12:15, 3:40, 5 P. M.

To San Francisco from Point Tiburon: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.; Sundays—8:40, 10:05 A. M.; 12:40, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.

On Saturdays an extra trip will be made from San Francisco to San Rafael, leaving at 1:40 P. M.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager, PETER J. MCGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt. Ticket Offices at Ferry, 222 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG. Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1890.

Belgie (via Honolulu).....Saturday, March 22

Oceanic.....Tuesday, April 15

Gaelic.....Thursday, May 8

Belgie.....Tuesday, June 3

Oceanic.....Thursday, June 26

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No. 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent. GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA

Colima.....Monday, March 3, at 12 M.

Taking freight and Passengers direct for Mazatlan, Acapulco, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acapulco, La Libertad, Corinto, Punta Arenas, and Panama.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama: China.....Tuesday, March 11, at 3 P. M.

City of Peking.....Thursday, April 3, at 3 P. M.

City of Rio de Janeiro.....April 26, at 3 P. M.

Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. WILLIAMS, DIMOND & Co., Gen. Agents. GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.



STAGE GOSSIP.

Sol Smith Russell will repeat "A Poor Relation" next week.

"A Hole in the Ground," with Lawton as the whistling station-agent and Mitchell as the base-ball crank, will continue for another week.

The Hanlons are among the announcements of the near future. They still appear in "Fantasma," but there is said to be nothing left of the original play except its name.

Nat Goodwin, who is having a good run of success in New York in "A Gold Mine," is to go to Chicago at the end of his present engagement, and then come direct to this city.

"Bewitched" is the farcical comedy which Sol Smith Russell will present during his third and last week. In it he will introduce a number of the songs and sketches which first won him fame.

"A Tin Soldier," the second of the Hoyt series of farce-comedies, and one which has paid half-a-dozen visits to this city, will be done here next week, giving Hoyt representation at two of the local theatres.

"The Brigands," as given at the Tivoli, compares favorably with some of the best comic operas we have seen in San Francisco, and has proved very popular. A revival of "Boccaccio" is announced for the next change.

Willis P., no longer Billy—Sweatnam, Billy Rice, the Crawford Brothers, Harry McKisson, Frasier and Bunnell, Hanley and Jarvis, Mark Schultz, and a Japanese troupe, are the principal features of Cleveland's Minstrels.

Minnie Palmer is giving a series of matinee performances at the London Gaiety, using her American repertoire. John R. Rogers, her manager, recently offered a prize of fifty dollars to the critic who would print the meanest notice of her performance.

Mme. Patti has grown touchy on the subject of her newly colored hair, and recently said to one who remarked on her golden tresses: "You leave my hair alone. I do not come here to show my hair, but my voice. It is nobody's business how I fix my hair or what color it is."

Cora Tinnie, whose many graces and virtues singled her out for notice from the chorus of Rice's "Evangeline" when it was here two or three years ago, has climbed up in her profession. She now has one of the leading rôles in the company D'Oyley Carte has put in "The Gondoliers" in New York.

Henry Irving will come as far West as California on his next visit to the United States, when we shall probably have a chance to see him and Ellen Terry in the revival of "The Dead Heart." This play deals with the French revolution, and there has been a pretty controversy in England as to whether Watts Phillips stole it from Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities" or Dickens stole his novel from the play.

Ballet-girls who fence are away above ballet-girls who do not fence. The stalwart young women who wield real swords in "The King's Fool," recently proved this proposition in New York by striking and bringing their manager to terms when he wanted them to march with a lot of common, non-fencing ballet-girls from "Bluebeard, Jr." Now they are thinking of striking to have their mail put in another rack than that contaminated by letters for girls who do not fence.

The Kendals were so successful in the early part of their American tour that they have decided to continue it, and are due here in the middle of this month. Their repertoire includes most of the good society plays given in London during the past decade or more, but they will be seen here in "The Iron-master," "A Scrap of Paper"—said to be their best plays—"Impulse," "The Queen's Shilling," "A White Lie," and "The Weaker Sex." The latter is a new play by Pinero.

Eleanor R. Calhoun, of whom the San Francisco public has heard no word for many months, is now in Paris, playing in French with Coquelin. She was a social success in London, but had a disastrous theatrical career in the provinces, and then put in some time in Paris studying French. By the way, there are a half-dozen bright American girls singing and acting in Paris, and they all have leading rôles in the principal companies. And of the half-dozen, two are San Franciscans.

W. S. Cleveland is an energetic young man and a successor to Colonel Haverly in business methods

as well as in the premiership of minstrel managers. He booms his company with all the tricks of the advertiser's art, and spares no expense to make his show gorgeous, though every cent laid out is made to do the work of a dollar. The "first part" of the company which plays here next week takes place on a stage in which plush tapestry entirely supplants scenery, and he announces it cost twenty-five thousand dollars.

Margaret Mather has bought the American rights to Bernhardt's latest success, "Joan of Arc," together with the manuscript, score, scenery, properties and about three hundred costumes by Worth, which were used in the Porte St. Martin production. The play, which has been rewritten by Barbier since he published it seventeen years ago, is to be done into English by William Young, the author of "Ganelon" and "Pendragon," and Gounod's new music, arranged for a chorus of three hundred voices, is to be sung by a choral society, whose services Miss Mather expects to secure.

Mrs. Kendal enjoys the unique distinction of being the only actress who has been received by society in New York. Mme. Patti, even after the sanctification of her relations with Nicolini by the church of nearly every country she has sung in, was not taken up by the fashionables, and Mary Anderson, though universally esteemed, was not admitted within the charmed circle. Indeed, it is said that one reason for Miss Anderson's break-down was the coldness New York exhibited to her in a social way. But with the Kendals—whose name in private life is Grimston—it is different, despite the fact that Mrs. Kendal, as Madge Robertson, is the daughter of an actor and the sister of Tom Robertson, the dramatist; just before she left England, Mrs. Kendal was given a dinner by some of the most exclusive people in the peerage, and when New York learned this, it took Mrs. Kendal to its heart.

The Czar's latest fad is to force all members of the imperial family to wear clothing of only Russian material, made up by Russian hands only. Both the Czar and the Czarina have heretofore obtained their clothing from Paris, and her majesty has had twenty French dress-makers constantly employed at St. Petersburg.

DEATH OF THE TENOR GAYARRÉ.

The famous tenor Gayarré, who recently died at Madrid, was the son of a blacksmith of Roncal (Navarre). In his youth he worked in a factory. His employer, a French engineer, struck with the voice of the young workman, advised him to sing in the town of Pampeluna. The municipal council of that place gave him a purse. After two years' study at Madrid, he entered the theatre of Zarzuela (Opéra-Comique) as a chorister. Then, encouraged by the municipal council of Pampeluna and thanks to an allowance made him, it is said, by Eslava, the great Spanish musician, he started for Italy, perfected his voice, and made his debut at Milan with colossal success.

He started for South America and remained there three years. On his return to Europe, he appeared at the Royal Opera House at Madrid with Elena Sanz in 1873, and the success was unprecedented. Then he traveled over Europe, singing in the theatres of St. Petersburg, London, Rome, and Vienna, where he created the latest operas of Verdi and Wagner. At the same time that he made his fame, he made much money also, which he was glad to share with his father, an old man who never quitted his workman's cap and jacket, and who, in the last years of his life, always accompanied the great artist, of whom he was so proud. The dream of Gayarré's life was to stay in Paris, and the success that he achieved at the Théâtre-Italien and the Grand Opera is well known.

He used all his savings in buying houses and lands in his native village, Roncal, where he established a school and a church. He counted on retiring to his beautiful Basque country at the end of his career. He received the largest salary ever paid to a tenor, getting lately fourteen hundred dollars a night. His fortune is valued at eight hundred thousand dollars. He died at the age of forty.

His death-bed was surrounded by friends, artists, *littérateurs*, journalists. Gayarré was a bachelor, and, in spite of his wealth, died in a boarding-house. He leaves only two or three relatives—cousins and nephews. M. Pena, musical critic of *La Epoca*, and an intimate friend of the tenor, writes: "A nomad of art, young, rich, he died in a hired bed, with neither mother, nor father, nor brother, nor wife by his side, nor even a child to kiss for the last time his vivid lips."

He fought against death, and refused to believe in its advent. At two o'clock in the afternoon he called for a mirror in which to look at himself, and then said:

"I am not as ill as I thought."

The doctors gave him inhalations of oxygen.

"Faster! faster!" he cried, anxious to breathe. And, suddenly, like almost all those who are soon to die, he said:

"As soon as I get up again, I will go far away,

with you all, to the Canary Islands. Ah! it is a beautiful country in winter!"

At midnight the situation became very serious. He pressed his throat, raised his head, looked about him, and said, in a rather loud voice:

"Do not weep; since it is necessary to die, I await death!"

At half-past two:

"This is not the way we die on the stage. What opera did they sing to-night?"

At four o'clock he gave a groan and died of strangulation.

During the last six months of his life every performance in which he took part sent him into a fever which lasted all night. When, several months ago, he had to stop in the middle of a performance of the "Pêcheur de Perles," he was heard to say:

"It is over—over forever!"

And he heaved a deep sigh. From that day he was lost.

The last day of his illness, telegrams of sympathy poured in from all parts of the kingdom, from remote provinces, from the great capitals, from artists and musicians of renown. The register at his door was covered with the names of all classes of citizens of Madrid, from the humblest employees of the Opera and other theatres to the most illustrious names in politics, literature, and finance. Representatives of the royal family were repeatedly sent with messages of sympathy.

The body lay in state in the lobby of the Opera House, and was then taken to Roncal. One hundred and fifty thousand persons followed it to the station. It was snowing in big flakes, but all the inhabitants who were not in bed with the grip were in the street. Behind the hearse was a carriage filled with two hundred floral crowns, and before it the streets were strewn with flowers.

The doctors intrusted with the *post-mortem* examination took out the singer's larynx. It proved to be larger than usual. The vocal cords were unequally developed; the left one was decidedly convex in the middle, while, according to the general rule, it should have been concave. The larynx will be sent to Gayarré's relatives, who will probably give it to some Spanish anatomical museum.—*The Transatlantic*.

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DIALECT VERSE.

Ann Mari.

Laws! I got my work to do—
Carn't stan' trillin' byere with you,
Gassin' 'cross the fence like they
Wan't go head to hake to-day.
Better 'light an' hitch whilse I
Go an' summons Ann Mari.

Ain't she got no work on hand?
Well, you see, I got some or planned
Sort o' plain an' tough, like me,
Others more for looks, like she,
Gyardin' stuff's all right—but, ny!
Roses stands for Ann Mari!

Han'some, ain't she? Kind of queer
Nature's cranky hand should steer
Two sech onlike gyrls as we
Inter one same family!
Many times I've heerd folks say,
"Them two sisters?—aw, go 'way!"

No way strange. I always was
Saller-skinned, with all this fuzz—
Black as ink—by way of hair,
Whilse our Ann Mari is fair
As they make 'em! Law! but why
Talk? You've seen our Ann Mari!

Knowed her, ain't you, sence we all
Played at "lag" when we was small?
I was snifflin', gen'ly,
'Cuz you tagged her more 'n me!
Even then I senced right spry
You'n's liked our Ann Mari.

Nar'ral. Every one you meet
Thinks she's just as sweet as sweet.
All the young men, fur an' near,
Comes a-courtin'—now see yere!
Quit yer blashin'—heer, whilse I
Go an' summons Ann Mari!

That thar mare has slipped some dust
On her side, see, like, 'til just
Run for Ann—law me!—why, 'til—
Leave a-go of me, you limb!
'Tis me you want?—aw, hush—why—why—
I was sure 'twas Ann Mari!

—Eva Wilder McGlasson in Judge.

My Fiddle.

My fiddle? Well, I kind o' keep her handy, don't you
Think? Though I ain't so much inclined to tromp the strings and
switch the bow
As I was before the timber of my elbows got so dry,
And my fingers was more limber-like and caperish and spry.
Yet I can plunk and plunk and plunk,
And tune ber up and play,
And jest lean back and laugh and wink
At every rainy day.

My playin's only middlin'—tunes I picked up when a boy—
The kind o' sort o' fiddlin' the folks call corduroy:
"The old fat gal" and "Rye-straw" and "My sailor's on
the sea"
Is the coddillions that I saw when the ch'ice is left to me.
And so I plunk and plunk and plunk,
And rum up my bow,
And play the tunes that make you think
The devil's in your toe.

That's how this dear old fiddle's won my heart's endurin'
love!
From the strings across the middle to the screechin' up
From her ap'ern, over bridge, and to the ribbon munda the
throat,
She's a wootin' cooin' pigeon, singin' "Love me" every note!
And so I pat her neck and plink
Her strings with lovin' hands,
And list'nin' close, I sometimes think
She kind o' understands!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

"Hoss."

"No, my boys, they don't amount to no great,
From Hubert to Ross;
Take to teachin' and preachin' and such fool nonsense.
But my gal, Em, thar, that I lost,
She was all hoss, sir;
Nervous and steppy from head to foot;
Hoss, cl'ar hoss.

"Her mother died when she was a two-weeks babe.
That thar was a loss
To the gal. But she never cared for no sech as gals do,
Nor mincin', nor prinkin',
Nor flirin', nor fihin';
But only hoss; good honest hoss;
Straight fast hoss.

"Boys curled up on the sofas readin'. My Em
Never give a toss
For sech nonsense. Could she thar harness or saddle
Quicker 'n any man on the place,
'Ud drive anything anywhere;
Trusted 'em. Sorter shy of folks, Em was.
Hoss, cl'ar hoss.

"Says the women-folks, 'You must put her to school,' says
they.
'Let her larn who's boss,
Or she won't be good for nothin'.' So I took my gal
To a school twelve miles to the north;
And I sold her pet hoss
Thirty miles to the south—
Sold her hoss.

"Next mornin' I went out to the stable, and thar—
Sure's my name's Ross—
There stood my gal, all bedraggled, twelve miles from the
north;
And thar, thirty miles from the south,
With his halter-ropes broke,
And his nose on her neck,
Stood her hoss!

"Nothin' she couldn't tame; eyes gray as a hawk,
Hair like floss.
Whipped my bull 'Storm' round the yard tell he bawled,
For hornin' a ewe lamb. Whipped him tell he bawled;
Standin' thar calm, whip in hand.
Hoss, right through.
Fearless hoss.

"That winter—waa!, a fambly near us took scarlet-fever;
Couldn't get no nurse.
'I'll go,' says my gal—all the neighbors hangin' back—
'I'll go.' She saved the little brats, and she took it—
And she died, my gal Em.
Hoss, yee see, jest the same.
Cl'ar through, hoss.

"Handsomest pale look yee ever see. Somehow my gal's
face said to me,
'Dad, what's the loss?'
Jest the same old way—thin nostril, forward look, lips curled.
No, my boys ain't much; but I had a gal once—
My gal Em that I lost.
She was hoss, without flaw—
Peerless hoss!"

—Sarah P. McLean Greene in Harper's Weekly.

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thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently
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remedy FREE to any of your readers who have con-
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P. O. address. Respectfully,
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Are you going to accept the duke?" "I don't
know yet. We have sixty days to search his title."
Munsey's Weekly.

Exhorter—"I tell you, young man, you are going
straight to Hades." Young man—"All right, old
fel. Au revoir!"—Life.

"How much is the piano score of the 'Götterdäm-
merung'?" "Seventeen dollars!" "H'm—well,
give me 'Down Went McG.'—Westen.

Faust—"I say, Mephistopheles, do you belong to
the Four Hundred?" Mephisto—"No, Faustus.
The Four Hundred belongs to me."—Life.

"What is your circulation now?" "Oh, we've
stopped counting the copies, but we sold one hun-
dred and ten tons of paper last week."—Puck.

"Isn't Madge a wonderful girl?" "What can
she do?" "Do! Why she can wear an eighteen-
inch corset on a twenty-six inch waist."—Time.

Wife—"Who will mend your clothes when I am
dead and gone?" Husband—"Nobody. I'll be
able to buy new clothes then."—Munsey's Weekly.

Musket—"I'm afraid old Blunderbuss is going to
get fired before very long." Pistol—"Why?"
Musket—"He's loaded all the time."—Munsey's
Weekly.

Stewardess—"Madam, I've attended to you the
best I know how, supplied every want, but you are
still unsatisfied. What do you want now?" Sea-
sick lady-passenger—"I want the earth."—Boston
Courier.

"Why is Miss B. wearing black?" "She is in
mourning for her husband." "Why, she never had a
husband!" "No; that is why she mourns."—From
the German.

She—"Did you let father know you owned a great
deal of real-estate?" He—"I hinted at it." She—
"What did he say?" He—"He said 'Deeds speak
louder than words.'"—Munsey's Weekly.

Mr. Crosswise—"I wish I were dead!" Mr.
Goodye—"Look out, there! There's an electric-
wire down!" Mr. Crosswise—"Thanks!" (Goes
fifty yards out of his way to avoid it.)—West
Shore.

Mrs. Dressy—"Why did you lay aside those pieces
of cloth?" Mrs. Patch—"They will be useful some
day to repair the base of Tommy's trousers." Mrs.
Dressy—"I see; they are reserved seats."—Munsey's
Weekly.

Amy—"You were entirely alone, weren't you,
Mr. Dolley?" Dolley—"Yes, Miss Amy, until you
came I was alone with my thoughts." Amy—
"That's what I said. You were entirely alone."—
New York Sun.

George—"Can you tell me, Ethic, what it is that
invests this lonely shore with such peace and con-
tentment—why it is I am so loth to exchange it for
the glare of the great city?" Ethic—"Is it the
clams, George?"—Time.

"Oh, no, there ain't any favorites in this family,"
soliloquized Johnny; "oh, no! I guess there ain't.
If I bite my finger-nails I catch it over the knuckles.
But the baby can eat his whole foot, and they think
it's just cunning!"—Puck.

Tramp—"It is needless to ask you the question,
madam. You know what I want." Lady—"Yes, I
know what you want badly, but I've only one har of
soap in the house, and the servant is using it. Come
again some other time."—New York Sun.

He (somewhat suspiciously)—"You say you never
loved anybody but me? Ha! is that true, Maud?"
She—"Harry, you looks terri'ly me! Have—have
I been too bold in letting you kiss me so much this
evening?" He—"No, Maud, but you kiss like an
old hand."—Chicago Tribune.

Young Dr. Pille—"I attended Mrs. Languish to-
day, father, but I can't see for the life of me that
anything is the matter with her." Old Dr. Pille
(gaspin')—"But, for heaven's sake, my boy, I hope
you didn't say anything of the kind to her!" Young
Dr. Pille—"No, father." Old Dr. Pille—"Good!
You know a healthy patient lasts a long time, Morti-
mer!"—Life.

A complete, but brief biography of General For-
aker, recently governor of Ohio: Yawp! (tentati-
vely.) Yawp! (more vigorously.) Yawp! (con-
fidently.) Yawp! Yawp! (aggressively.) Yawp!
Yawp! Yawp! (triumphantly.) Yawp! Yawp!
Yawp! (venomously.) Yawp! Yawp! (anxiously.)



Maud:—Here is a bottle of that delightful Crown Lavender Salts I told you
of. It will soon cure your headache.
Gwendolyn:—Thank you so much.
The Crown Perfumery Co.'s Invigorating Lavender Salts are sold by all drug-
gists and dealers in perfumery.

Yawp! (doubtfully.) Yawp! (despondently.) Yaw-
aw-aw—(becomes inaudible.)—Puck.

First cowboy (lost on the prairie)—"Great Injuns!
Will we never find our way out of this? Where do
you s'pose we are, anyhow?" Second cowboy (de-
spondently)—"I'm afraid we're still miles away from
any human habitation. I see a stake here, and a
sign 'Lots for Sale.'"—New York Weekly.

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a good figure and a pretty face, but, owing to the
wind, her complexion is generally bad. She can
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The Hon. John Dillon, member of the British Parliament for East Mayo, Irish agitator, land leaguer, hoycotter, and "no-rent" campaigner, is here. Mr. Dillon is one of the men convicted by the Parnell Commission of criminal conspiracy against the life, property, and peace of the better classes in Ireland. Mr. Dillon has been in an Irish jail, and is now keeping out of the way of the police and the jurisdiction of the courts of Ireland. His present occupation is to wander about the world and collect money, for the expenditure of which he is not required to give any account to the donors. In his travels, he rides in the best cars, has the most luxurious state-room aboard ship, puts up at first-class hotels in all the cities he visits, dresses well, lives as sumptuously as a millionaire in every respect, and, it is to be presumed, gets a commission on the sale of his photograph. In brief, Mr. Dillon is an Irish patriot. Originally, he was an Irish doctor, but that profession did not pay nearly so well as the one he now pursues. Mr. Dillon is equipped for his calling. He has a pretty good headful of brains. Being Irish, he is a cunning politician. He can make a rousing speech. Some of his efforts in the House of Commons are models of rebellious ferocity. He is one of the ablest of the enemies of the British Empire who are permitted to hold seats in the imperial legislature of Great Britain. After Boss Parnell, he is perhaps the best-known member of the Irish parliamentary group, and his countrymen everywhere admire him. In Aus-

tralia and New Zealand, whence he has come to us, they admired him to the extent of thirty thousand pounds sterling.

But Mr. Dillon has not done well in San Francisco. Though he has stood up with the false nose of his patriotism and twanged the hanjo of his country's most priceless possession—her wrongs—there has been a conspicuous reluctance to contribute dollars, which has surprised him. Even the added attraction of a young haronet hearing an honored name, and ready to perform the humble office of passing the hat, has not availed to draw the coin from the pockets of servant-girls, hod-carriers, and day-laborers in the manner to which Mr. Dillon is accustomed. San Francisco, happily, is the one city in the United States where the Irish are tired of being haled. This is due to the work of the *Argonaut*. We have banished the idiotic St. Patrick's Day procession from our streets; we have made intelligent Irishmen ashamed of being slaves of the Pope; we have flogged some of the arrogance out of the Catholic Church here, and compelled a certain modesty of tone and demeanor in the local hierarchy; we have made San Francisco the solitary town in the Union where Irishmen are not given to feeling that murder is a proper reply to criticism—the one city in which Irishmen have learned to think twice before giving their money to any tramp of a professional patriot who asks for it.

For two weeks Mr. John Dillon and Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde have been domiciled at the Occidental Hotel. Their presence there has been widely advertised by the daily press. They have been interviewed and flattered by every newspaper in the city. Yet they have been ignored by San Francisco. Not one man of prominence in our business world has called upon them. No social attention has been paid them. Had they been lodged at the What Cheer House, they could not have been let more severely and contemptuously alone. The time has at last arrived in this city when the calling of an "Irish patriot" is regarded by Americans as a disgraceful one. It is natural and just that this should be so. The methods of Irish "patriotism"—assassination, outrage, and warfare upon property rights—offend the minds and shock the feelings of civilized men.

There have, of course, been callers in plenty on Messrs. Dillon and Esmonde. The Local Nick has been there to leave his card, as he always does when he describes a possible advantage to himself. The whole horde of Irishmen, and persons who are not Irish but truckle to the race for their own profit, have climbed the stairs and made obeisance. Archbishop Riordan and the principal clergy, it is needless to say, have waited on the patriots. If the Catholic instead of the English Church were established in Ireland, the Occidental Hotel would not have seen the intellectual and refined countenances of these patriotic priests. Colonel J. J. Tohin, who holds the lucrative office of State Labor Commissioner, and would like to retain it, called; so did James R. Kelley, who ran for sheriff, and could be persuaded to run again; so did James Gilleran, ex-supervisor and aspirant for the shrievalty; so did Assessor J. C. Nealon, who wants a re-nomination; so did ex-Fire Commissioner Martin Kelly, who feels uncomfortable out of office; so did Colonel Thomas F. Barry, late demagogic member of the legislature, unconfirmed supervisor, and ready for any office which offers; so did J. F. Sullivan, recently superior judge, and standing candidate for the supreme bench; so did Dr. M. C. O'Toole, heir to the throne of Ireland, Dr. C. F. Buckley, and Dr. J. F. Gihhon, to all of whom patriotism brings fees; so did William F. Stafford, who was a justice of the peace, and has no disinclination for another term; so did P. J. Thomas, who does all the printing for the Catholic Church; so did Matt O'Donnell, who makes head-stones for the faithful, hurried in consecrated ground; so did R. J. Carroll, who has whisky to sell; so did Jack Hallinan, proprietor of the Cremorne Theatre; so did everybody who keeps a hank, a saloon, or a dry-goods store, and depends in any degree on Irish custom, or wants Irish votes to elect him to office. The patriots who arranged last Monday night's hegging mass-meeting, added, "by unanimous consent," the names of the following disinterested friends of Ireland to the "general committee": Mayor Pond, Judge Wallace, W. R. Hearst, of the *Exam-*

iner, Fleet F. Strother, city auditor, M. H. de Young, of the *Chronicle*, and Loring Pickering, of the *Call*.

The time is coming when the strolling Irish patriot will avoid San Francisco as a tramp does a farm-house with a wood-pile in the front-yard. The time is coming when men like Judge Wallace and Mayor Pond will be ashamed to permit the use of their names to coax quarters out of the pockets of kitchen-maids and shovelers; when the proprietors of our principal newspapers will refuse to range themselves among the supporters of the Dillons and Esmondes for the sake of catching subscribers in Tar Flat. The time has already come when our merchants and professional men and our people of society hold themselves aloof from Irish agitators, even the best of them, as the pair now with us are. The time is at hand when our reputable elements will do something more than turn the cold shoulder of indifference and contempt. They will actively resent the squalid truckling of American officials and the publishers of American newspapers to the representatives of a political agitation with which law-abiding and order-loving men can have, and ought to have, no sympathy.

Mr. John Dillon and Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde have made a failure in San Francisco—a distinct, humiliating failure. They have been received with no respect by anybody whose attention confers honor. They have been snubbed socially, and their hegging has brought small results. The Irish reign here no longer, and nobody with brains in his head and a stout heart in his breast is afraid of them any more. The *Argonaut* has done a good work.

The marriage and divorce laws of the country are being discussed with unusual interest in view of the disorders and abuses which their laxity and imperfection admit. The home undergirds and overarches all our social institutions. Anything, therefore, which impairs the home, reacts in ruinous consequences upon society. As the home is the foundation of the state, so marriage is the foundation of the home. Anything which impairs the purity and sanctity of the marriage contract must result in the destruction of the integrity and stability of the home. Such then is the inter-relation of the marriage contract, the home, and the state, that to impair one is to involve all in a common calamity. There are three aspects in which the subject of marriage presents itself: (1.) There is the civil marriage, which is simply a legal contract. (2.) There is the sacramental marriage, which is a mere religious ceremony. (3.) There is what may be called the essential marriage, which is the ideal union of two hearts and lives by the bond of love. We are forced, however reluctantly, to relegate the ideal and essential marriage to the regions of sentiment and romance. The sacramental marriage we willingly surrender into the hands of the church and priest. True marriage is itself a sacrament, independent of any and all religious ceremonies. The State, however, can only take cognizance of marriage as a civil contract. A legal marriage, with or without the religious ceremony and sanction, may be but a legalized outrage. All marriage in the absence of love, is essentially adulterous, and neither a legal or religious form can make that right which is morally wrong. A contract may be legal in form, and yet rendered void by the illegal and criminal purposes and intentions of the contracting parties. In studying the subject, in all its hearings and relations, we are forced to the conclusion that the secret source of the evil complained of is in the inharmonious and often outrageous marriage and divorce laws of the various States. Nine-tenths of the marital infelicities are directly traceable to misalliances. The extraordinary facility offered those desiring to enter the marriage relation serves to produce in the minds of the naturally reckless and of those blinded by passion an utter disregard of its sacred obligations. There is nothing to prevent the diseased from marrying the healthy and transmitting their physical disability to their offspring. A scheming villain may marry a virtuous, but thoughtless girl, and the law is helpless before successful rascality. A royal *roué* may marry one of our American girls with a rich father, because she has been made to believe that a name and a hit of ribbon more valuable than character. The drunken, the impure, the

and the cruel may marry the purest, the most refined and sensitive among women, and the law stands a silent and staring witness at the awful sacrifice without so much as a protest. This is nothing but legalized prostitution, and can only end in misery. Many a woman has been driven either to depravity or death by the inhuman wretch whom the law made her husband. The present marriage laws are daily leading men and women to crime and disgrace.

Marriage and divorce are regulated entirely by State laws, and by consequence there are as many different laws as there are States. These different State laws vary according to the moral strictness or laxity of the people. In a republic, all civil progress and social reform must have their roots in the individual and the family. We are happy in this—that church and state are separated in our country; but we are unfortunate in that the family and the state are not enough united. A civil ceremony is valid in all the States, except Maryland; the court of appeals has decided that in that State it is necessary to have "a religious service of some kind in order to constitute a valid marriage." Kentucky declares, by its statute, that "marriage is prohibited and declared void when not solemnized or contracted in the presence of an authorized person or society." Those in Maryland, however, who do not desire a religious ceremony, may go in an hour to Washington City, where another and different marriage law exists. Those in Kentucky who may object to any ceremony can cross the Ohio River and find in Ohio, Indiana, or Illinois a marriage law lax enough to satisfy the most liberal-minded free-lover. In North Carolina, the later decisions are so ambiguous that the question as to what really constitutes marriage is left in doubt. Tennessee requires a ceremony for whites, but not for negro marriages. The United States District Court held that a ceremony was necessary to marriage in California and Oregon; but as this decision has been overruled in California, it may not be good law in Oregon. In Delaware, Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont the question is left in doubt. It is an open question, never having been directly decided upon, in Arkansas, Colorado, Connecticut, Dakota, Florida, Idaho, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, Virginia, and Washington.

There is a large number of States where it is well settled that no ceremony at all is necessary. In other words, people may marry themselves. They need no officiant or witnesses. Over thirty millions of our people live under laws where the mere interchange of consent to become man and wife may constitute legal marriage. Mr. Bishop, in his work on "Marriage and Divorce" (vol. 1, p. 184), says: "The leading principle is, that consent makes marriage. No form or ceremony, civil or religious, no consummation or cohabitation, no writing, no witnesses even, are essential." In New York, and other States adopting the same policy, mutual consent is all that is necessary to constitute a binding marriage contract. In California, a girl of thirteen declined at first a proposal of marriage on account of her youth, but accepted later. No ceremony, civil or religious, was performed; it was not shown that they both exchanged consent. But they were legally married. (See 52 Cal. Reports, p. 568.) In most States, a man and woman who agree to and do live together as husband and wife, and introduce each other to the world as such, are legally married. Thus we find a confusing variety of marriage laws, as among the different States. In some, a civil ceremony is required; in others, both a civil and religious ceremony are necessary; and in still others, a marriage may be valid with no ceremony at all. That which would constitute a legal marriage in one State would be either concubinage or bigamy in another. If the home is the foundation of the State, and marriage the foundation of the home, then there should be but *one law*, uniform and just, throughout all the States and Territories of the Union, regulating marriage. Laws which prevent evil are always to be preferred to laws which simply punish the evil-doer.

If the marriage laws were more stringent, there would be fewer divorce cases. No one should be permitted to marry who is incurably diseased. In case of such a marriage, the contract should be declared void. It is better that one should suffer than that innocent children should be brought into the world deformed and diseased. No one should be permitted to marry who has the reputation of being an incorrigible criminal. The State does not want families of ready-made criminals. No one should be permitted to marry who can not support a wife and family. The State, by allowing such marriages, is but increasing the already overcrowded ranks of pauperism and crime. Those desiring to marry should be required to publish their intention in the public press one month before marriage. Secret, clandestine unions should be held as void. Sufficient time should be allowed for thought before taking so important a step. No man should be allowed to marry before he is twenty-one years of age, and no girl before eighteen, without the formal consent of reputable parents. At present, a boy of fourteen and a girl of twelve may run away from

school and legally marry without the consent or knowledge of their parents. In fact, the line of prohibition is only drawn clear and sharp at seven years. This is an outrage upon common decency.

Let us now turn, for a moment, to the subject of divorce. The present divorce epidemic which is sweeping over the country is resulting in a sad decay of domestic life. The sources of marital unhappiness, which so frequently ends in divorce, may be roughly classified as follows: The ignorance and carelessness of women in the management of the household; the indifference of men to the domestic cares of women; the undue attention paid by women to fashion and to the demands of society; the failure on the part of men to respect the finer feelings of their wives; habits of dissipation; loose relations as among both married men and women; financial troubles; the idealism with which young people often enter married life. Such are the conditions which so frequently rob the home of its glory and sanctity. The startling statistics of divorce but thinly veil the most terrible tragedies of modern social life. The divorce courts of the country are strewn with the wrecks of happy homes, and resound with the pathetic appeals of abandoned and worse than orphaned children. The drier facts and figures on the subject are eloquent with the unutterable pangs of blighted hopes and broken hearts. While we deprecate the frequency of divorce and the laxity of divorce laws, we can not join those who demand that divorce shall be abolished. Such a course would not only be cruel, but criminal. The State has no right to force people to live together, with whom marriage is a constant violation of all that is noble and pure within them. We are told that marriage can never be dissolved except by death. Well, do not men and women die before physical dissolution takes place? Do they not die mentally and morally? Do they not become lost and dead to everything above the physical conditions and sensual desires? Must a woman be forced to live with a moral monster, because she made a mistake in believing that she was marrying a man? Must a man continue to live with a woman after she has been transformed into an incarnate fiend, with ungovernable temper, venomous tongue, or uncertain morals? Mr. Gladstone tells us that there is but one sufficient ground for divorce—and that is adultery. Let us put the question plainly to Mr. Gladstone: Would you not rather have your wife commit adultery than to put poison in your coffee with the intent to kill you? It is the rankest folly to talk about the Scriptural grounds for divorce. The Scriptural statements are confused and equivocal. They can be construed in defense of polygamy. Paul seemed to favor celibacy—but declared that a "bishop should be a man with *one wife*." Then there are those who believe in divorce—in the sense of separation, without the right of remarrying. Has the State any authority to deprive men or women of the opportunity to reform and establish themselves in a virtuous life? Has the State any right to force upon a man or woman an immoral life by cutting off the only path to an honorable and happy home? If there is no reason why the guilty should be forced into perpetual celibacy, there certainly can be no justice in making the innocent to suffer forever for the guilty.

The great necessity of the times is uniform divorce laws throughout the country. Such is the present conflict of laws, as applied to divorces, that a man may be divorced in one State and still married in another. In one State he may marry again, in another he becomes a criminal if he does. We frequently hear in this day of "divorces which are not valid extra-territorially." "A New York man married an Ohio girl; they lived together in New York; had trouble; she returned to her parents in Ohio, and after some years brought suit, and a decree of absolute divorce was granted her, the only service being by publication in a local Ohio paper. When he heard of this he married a New York woman, and was promptly arrested, tried, and found guilty of bigamy." (See 76 New York Reports—*People vs. Baker*.) So the divorce that was valid in the State of Ohio, was worthless in New York. In Ohio they were both single and able to marry; in New York they were still married to each other. His children in New York by another woman would be illegitimate, and have no property rights. The divorced wife in Ohio would continue to have a wife's interest and title in all his property in New York. Thus by this conflict of laws he is a husband without a wife and she a wife without a husband.

Among the various legal causes for divorce are the following: "Insanity" before marriage in most of the States, and insanity after marriage is a legal ground for divorce in two States. "Imprisonment" prevails as a cause in fifteen States, and mere "conviction of crime" in over thirty. The term of the imprisonment varies from "life," as in Connecticut, down to "one year," as in New Hampshire, and in other States it appears to be immaterial. In still other States it is only necessary to be guilty of "gross misbehavior," as in Rhode Island. In Missouri, "vagrancy" is sufficient ground, and her legal definition of a vagrant is: "Every person who may

be found loitering around bouses of ill-fame, gambling-houses, or places where liquors are sold or drunk, without visible means of support, or shall attend or operate any gambling device or apparatus, or be engaged in practicing any trick or device to procure money or other thing of value, or shall be engaged in any unlawful calling whatever." Is it possible to conceive of a law more open to abuse than this? "Unchastity" before marriage, concealed from the other party, is sufficient to render the union null and void in twelve States. In three States—Kentucky, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire—divorces have been granted on the ground of certain changes in religious opinions. Then there is the following group of causes, which embrace all the easy divorce States: "Cruelty," "violence to person," "indignities," "severity," "great bodily injury or great mental distress," "gross misbehavior or wickedness," "gross neglect of duty," "public defamation," "endangering the reason of the other," "habitual indulgence of violent and ungovernable temper," "desertion," for, from "five years" in Rhode Island, to "one year" in California, and "habitual drunkenness" for, from "three years" in a number of States, to "one year" in Missouri and California. Then to cap the climax, in some States the list of causes for divorce is ended by "any other cause within the discretion of the court." This reduces marriage to the low level of mere concubinage, at the pleasure of the parties and the option of the courts. Is it not time for the American people to rescue their homes from such an uncertain basis? Let the home—the nucleus and embryo of the State, the asylum of youth, and the sanctuary of virtue—no longer tremble upon the sandy substratum of State statutes, but be firmly fixed upon the enduring foundation of uniform and national laws.

The Church of Rome is nothing if not sensational, but its ecclesiastical sensations and ceremonial extravagances are always so contrived as to inure to its mundane benefit in a very material way. This highly practical church has inherited—along with its immemorial traditions of spiritual dominion over the whole earth and its temporal suzerainty over as much of it as could be conveniently embraced—the true Italian spirit of economy and thrift, which sees profit in the most unpromising objects, and such as would be considered, as a rule, beneath the notice of less astute and grasping ecclesiastical organizations. There is no fish so small but it is welcome to the all-embracing net of the ethical fisherman who is still the antitype of the practical St. Peter. The latest "catch," so to speak, has been made in the rather unlikely fishing preserves of Buffalo Bill, his cowboys, and Sioux warriors, who took part, last Monday, at Rome, in the imposing function commemorative of the twelfth anniversary of Leo the Thirteenth's occupation of the Papal chair. Truly edifying and impressive must have been the spectacle of "the Hon. William F. Cody, followed by Buck Taylor and Bronco Bill, saluting the chamberlains with a sweep of their great sombreros, and striding through the Ducal Hall and Sistine Chapel, down a pathway bordered with the brilliant uniforms of the Swiss Guards, the Palatine Guards, the Papal Gendarmes, lines of glittering steel, nodding plumes, golden chains, and shimmering robes of silk, and all the brilliant emblems of pontifical power and glory." Well might the Jenkins of the occasion dilate on a scene to which his pen alone could do justice. While reveling, however, in the ecstasy of florid description, the dazzled reporter does not seem to have taken in the real and sublimated irony of the occasion—on the one side, the pomp and ceremonial of a church, the pretensions of which comprehend, in the eyes of its adherents, at least, the spiritual welfare of the world at large, and the last aim of which, in the eyes of its pure founders, would not have been a theatrical demonstration; on the other, a traveling troupe of Indians and American cowboys, playing notoriously for gain, to whose business this quasi-presentation to the head of the Papal hierarchy, in the great stronghold of ecclesiasticism itself, can mean nothing more nor less than a flaunting advertisement. If the political hierarchy at Rome imagines that a ceremonial recognition of Buffalo Bill's cowboys will have a tendency to increase its prestige among that much-abused and meagerly informed class, it is perfectly welcome to the imagination. If it imagines that the fact of Rocky Bear having crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee into a genuflection, at the passage of the authorized representative of St. Peter, is any sign of the regeneration of some of our blood-thirsty Indian tribes, it is even more welcome to the imagination; but if it realizes that the whole thing is a piece of theatrical buncombe, all round, from Pope to cowboy and every untutored Indian, it will not go far from getting at the outside of the absolute and very transparent truth.

The immense profits of the telephone companies since that invention has come into general use, and the equally great commercial possibilities of the phonograph, have naturally caused the formation of a syndicate to control the use of this instrument. The North American Phonograph Company

was organized some time ago, and purchased from Thomas Edison not only the exclusive right to the manufacture and use of phonographs in this country and Canada, but also of all improvements and inventions in the same line that he may perfect during the next fifteen years. In order to perfect their monopoly, the company then secured the sole agency of the graphophone, the only effective rival of the phonograph. Thus equipped, they felt secure from all that expensive and troublesome patent litigation which has so hampered the telephone company. Sub-companies were formed throughout the United States, and in order to control these companies the original company retained fifty-one per cent. of the capital stock of each, thus securing also a larger share of the profits of each company. The North American Company owns all the machines and rents them to the sub-companies at an annual rental of twenty dollars, and these companies re-lease them to the public for forty dollars. Upon these terms, 6,275 machines have been leased, bringing to the parent company \$125,000 a year, besides the dividends of not less than \$62,750 from the stock held by the sub-companies. The company has already paid a semi-annual dividend amounting to four per cent. on the amount subscribed for the stock, and dividends equal in amount are already announced to be paid in August of this year and in February of next year. This is the financial showing for the first six months of operation, and it is sufficiently good to justify the formation of a new syndicate to control the phonographs and graphophones in all the world outside of the United States and Canada. Among those interested in this latter syndicate are D. O. Mills, Henry G. Marquand, H. H. Cooke, W. Martin Grinnell, Jesse Seligman, and J. M. Waterbury, of New York, and Thomas Cochran and Thomas B. Wanamaker, of Philadelphia. But commercial affairs are always uncertain, particularly when they depend on a monopoly of inventions. Just as everything seemed to be most promising, a new phonographic machine has made its appearance. This is the grammophone, the invention of Emile Berliner, a native of Germany, but now a resident of Washington. His machine was invented and patented some years ago, and was exhibited throughout the East. But it was complicated and cumbersome, and was not looked upon as a serious rival to the phonograph. Since that time, however, the grammophone has been improved in many particulars, and in a recent competition between it and the phonograph, at Berlin, the former was declared the more perfect machine. The phonograph people affect to regard the grammophone as impracticable for commercial purposes, but the testimony of this competition indicates that they have a serious rival.

The natural reluctance to dwell upon thoughts connected with the dead has led to an extreme and, in some cases, unfortunate conservatism in the matter of funerals and the incidents of burial. We continue to surround the last rites of the dead with gloomy and repulsive details which serve only to heighten the sorrow of the living. Not only this, but there is positive danger to the community in the present method of burial. It is a fact established beyond dispute that the presence of a burying-ground within the limits of a city, or other aggregation of dwellings, is a menace to the health of the community. Sir Henry Thompson remarked, before the existence of the danger was generally recognized, "No dead body is ever placed in the soil without polluting the earth, the air, and the water above it and about it." The comparatively recent discovery of the origin of many of the most fatal diseases which attack mankind in micro-organisms has done much both to explain the danger of contiguous grave-yards, and also to bring about a somewhat general recognition of this danger. The very interesting experiments of Darwin, by which it was established that the fertile upper layer of superficial soil has acquired its character by its passage through the digestive tract of earth-worms, also explained how the disease-germs, buried with the bodies of the dead, are brought to the surface and are thus set free to spread disease and death among the community. It is immaterial how deeply the body may be buried—it is merely a question of time when the earth-worms shall release the germs of disease. Sir Henry Thompson, in an interesting article on this subject, remarks: "I state as a fact of the highest importance that, by burial in the earth, we effectively provide—whatever sanitary precautions are taken by ventilation and drainage, whatever disinfection is applied after contagion has occurred—that the pestilential germs, which have destroyed the body in question, are thus so treasured as to propagate and multiply, ready to reappear and work like ruin hereafter for others. The poisons of scarlet fever, typhoid fever, small-pox, diphtheria, and malignant cholera are undoubtedly transmissible through earth from the buried body." These facts are generally known; they have been repeatedly urged for years; the practice of earth-burial has been condemned—yet the people continue to bury their dead in grave-yards and to defy disease. This persistence in a practice, the evil effects of which are so well recognized, is the re-

sult of a sentiment. The desire to be buried in "holy ground,"—the sacred acre about the door of the church—was fostered by a superstition until it became so fixed that nothing but absolute necessity could change it. When the multiplication of graves compelled the removal of cemeteries from the church-yard, it was a fortunate expediency which removed them beyond the limits of the city. But the growth of cities always has and always will defeat this reform. Sooner or later, the city grows out to and around the burying-place, and the poisonous exhalations of the graves and the not less poisonous seepage spread death among the people. There are many who remember the removal of bodies from the lot where the new City Hall now stands, long after the city had surrounded it. The first charter prepared for this city under the new constitution was defeated through the influence of the Roman Catholic Church, because it provided for closing the cemeteries now in use. The Catholics have at last recognized the necessity of removal, however, and have now begun to bury their dead far beyond the present limits of the city. Residences are now springing up around Laurel Hill and the Masonic and Odd Fellows' Cemeteries. Provision has been made by the city for a removal farther west, and the extreme corner of the peninsula has been set apart for the burial of the dead. This spot, one of the finest locations for a public park in the world, will soon begin to be filled up with bodies. But the city will be but a few years behind, and in five or six years, residences will be seen springing up around the new cemetery. The struggle against the inevitable may be continued for years, but the end must be the same. Some other method of disposing of the dead must be adopted. This problem was recently discussed by Rev. Charles R. Treat in the *Sanitarian*, and he advocates the "New Mausoleum" movement, as it is called. Embalming is possible, and is in exceptional cases practiced now. But it has too much that is repellant ever to be accepted generally. When it has done its work, little but bones and muscular tissue are left, and the resemblance is lost. Moreover, it is not pleasant to think of having our embalmed bodies put to the commercial or even scientific uses by far future ages to which the Egyptians are now subjected. The new mausoleum movement advocates desiccation—the preserving of the body by drying all moisture from it, as is now done by nature in deserts, upon elevated plains, and in other places where the atmosphere is peculiarly dry. In the morgue of the hospital of St. Bernard, in the Catacombs of the monastery of Capuchins at Palermo, nature performs this work of preservation. Upon the elevated western plains of this continent, and in other places, the bodies of beasts and men have been found preserved from decay by desiccation. This process it is proposed to reproduce by passing over the body streams of air, from which all moisture has been extracted, the moisture from the body being then carried into a furnace where all disease germs would be destroyed. The body would thus be preserved with a close resemblance to the appearance it bore in life. This method would certainly avoid the sentimental and sanitary objections to earth burial. It may be surrounded with cheerful features in the way of architectural beauty, and Mr. Treat even carries it so far as to suggest electric-bells by which the result of premature burial might be speedily overcome. But the sentiment to which it panders is a morbid one. The plan differs from cremation only in the preservation of the semblance of a living body, and this is really its least desirable feature. It is the character rather than the features which the friends and relatives of the dead should desire to cherish. A lifeless presentment of what the lost one was can only serve to foster morbid feelings which would be better buried with him. Moreover, the multiplication of bodies would in time become a serious consideration, and their disposal would present a problem very difficult to deal with. Cremation has gained ground slowly against the conservatism regarding burial, but it has gained ground, and may be accepted as the best solution of the difficulty yet offered.

The calm arrogance of the street-railroad companies of this city has been admirably exhibited by the tempest in a teapot of which we have recently been spectators. The California Street Cable Company, appreciating the limitations of its situation, has applied to the board of supervisors for a franchise granting them the right of way down California Street to Davis and also for a cross-town line along Jones Street. After the *Argonaut's* elaborate discussion of the street-car franchise question in this and other cities, the municipality had backbone enough to require of the company two per cent. of their gross receipts. This was agreed to as to the cross-town line, but not as to the extension on California Street. The refusal in the latter case was on the ground that it would be impossible to segregate the receipts on the extended line from those on the original line. This objection was clearly trivial, and it was on this ground that the mayor vetoed the ordinance. But now a new feature appears

in the contest. The roadway on California Street from Kearny to Davis has been monopolized for a number of years by the North Beach and Mission Railroad Company. This company has never paid one cent to the city for the privileges it enjoys, and further, it has kept the Kearny Street portion of its track in a disgraceful condition. That part of the street between the tracks in rainy weather is simply a puddle of water, which can not be drained because of the tracks. The franchise requires that this company shall keep the roadway in proper order, but the paving has been done in such a manner that it is rough and below the level of the street, forming a basin in which the water collects, to the inconvenience of all pedestrians. In spite of its shortcomings, the North Beach Company has assumed an arrogant tone, and declares that no other road shall run cars over its streets. The California Street line rests its case upon the law allowing two roads to run over the same street for a maximum distance of five blocks, but the North Beach road urges that a cable-road requires a complete change of the road-bed, to their detriment. In this triangular struggle between two railroads and the board of supervisors, it is amusing to notice how insignificant a figure the property-holders cut. Several years ago the Fifth Avenue Railway Company was organized, in New York city, to run a line of cable-cars on Fifth Avenue. Before applying for a franchise the company was obliged to obtain the consent of the property-owners along the proposed line. That consent has now been obtained, and the company is about to apply for its franchise. Were the street-railway companies of this city required to obtain "the consent of the property-owners," they would be stricken dumb with horror. Witness the Bush Street grab of the Sutter Street Company. It is interesting to note, in this connection, the attitude of the roads in New York in regard to payments to the city in return for the franchises granted. Recently the Metropolitan Cross-Town Railroad Company bought at auction, in the comptroller's office, the franchise for constructing its road. The road is to be little more than a mile in length. The company gives bonds in thirty thousand dollars for the construction of its road, and fifteen thousand dollars to insure the payment of the agreed percentage on the gross receipts. This percentage amounts to six per cent. on the gross receipts for the first five years and eight per cent. thereafter. The elevated roads in New York are required to pay five per cent. on their net receipts, and a license-fee of fifty dollars for large cars and twenty-five dollars for small cars. The Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company has paid \$20,526.32 yearly since 1881 into the city treasury. Is it not about time that this city demand from the street-railroads some recognition of the rights of the community? Where the roads of New York are able to pay five, six, and eight per cent. of their earnings to the city, it is surely not a hardship for our supervisors to stand up to their pledges and demand two per cent.

In the San Francisco Municipal Reports for the fiscal year 1888-9, on page 486, is a table marked "Exhibit I," showing the religion or creed alleged to be professed by prisoners committed to the House of Correction during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889. It is as follows:

Creed.	Males.	Females.	Total.
Roman Catholic	531	16	697
Protestant	230	37	267
Hebrew	9	..	9
Free-Thinker	1	..	1
Unbeliever	67	28	95
Pagan	76	..	76
Total	914	231	1,145

The percentages, respectively, to whole number of commitments, are as follows: Roman Catholic, 60+; Protestant, 23+; Hebrew, .007+; Free-Thinker, .0008+; Unbeliever, .08+; Pagan, .06+. A few years ago, when it was generally believed that the population of San Francisco was three hundred thousand, a high Catholic Church dignitary claimed that of that number one hundred thousand were Catholics. Conceding the figures to have been approximately correct, of which there is but little doubt, and also, that the increase of population has since then been proportionate to the above estimate, it follows as a hard mathematical fact and conclusion, that if the records of the House of Correction are a fair exponent in this particular of other penal institutions, then Roman Catholic education, culture, and influences generally result in furnishing nearly two-thirds of our criminals from a one-third part of the population. From these facts the interesting question arises, does Catholic education to a greater degree than other methods prepare the youth for subsequent criminality? Does it weaken the moral instincts—those inclining to honesty and to social and civil obligation—in behalf of an ideal and devoted loyalty to priest and church? How much does the Catholic doctrine of penance, expiation, and remission or absolution from the penalty of sin have to do with these facts of penology, as shown by the exhibit above given? There is involved here an interesting question of psychology which we commend to the Roman Catholic newspapers for solution.

THE BLOOD-SPOT.

[The following story is one of the most striking tales of Maurus Jokai, the foremost Hungarian novelist. Jokai was born in 1825, and when the revolution of 1848 broke out, he summoned a popular convention at Buda-Pesth, where his programme was adopted by the revolutionists. He was seized, however, and imprisoned until the revolution was over. Since the reorganization of Austro-Hungary, Jokai has been a liberal leader in the Reichstag. He has written no less than two hundred volumes, including plays, history, political pamphlets, novels, tales, and poems, which have been extensively translated into French, German, Russian, and, to a less extent, English. For twenty-seven years Jokai has been one of the editors of *Hon*, the leading journal of Hungary. The following story has been translated for the *Argonaut*, at his suggestion and under his supervision, by Fanny Steinitz, of Buda-Pesth, Hungary.]

To one of the most celebrated surgeons of our capital city, Professor Dr. T——r, came, about three months ago, a singular patient. It was a young, handsome, and elegantly dressed gentleman. His right hand was bandaged, and he seemed to suffer considerable pain, for his breath came short and hissing and large drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. "Professor," he said, "you do not know me, as I am a stranger here. I have just come from my country-seat on purpose to consult you. I know you by reputation, and am fully convinced that, where there is any help possible for me, it must come to me through your skill."

"And pray what can I do for you?" asked the surgeon.

"Perform an operation immediately, for if I have to bear this terrible pain a single hour longer, I shall certainly go mad." The voice of the sufferer was stifled by pain, his features contorted, and he seemed ready to faint.

The professor led him to a sofa, and, pouring a few drops of some liquid from a vial into a small tumbler, he filled it up with water and induced the stranger to drink it. "And now," he said, "pray tell me plainly of what you complain. There are a great many cases where agitation—a vague dread of some unknown possibility or some other emotion—heightens and magnifies insignificant pain to a fearful degree, and fills the patient's fancy with a longing for the surgeon's knife, when milder and less harsh remedies are more to the purpose."

The stranger shook his head mournfully. "For me," he said, "the only help is in your surgical skill. There is a strange sore on the back of my right hand, perhaps a carbuncle or a cancer. It began a week ago, and I have not slept since. It is an incessant throbbing, and smarting, and burning, and it drives me to madness. I have tried all the home remedies—poultices, hot and cold, and liniments, and all that; but it was all of no use. Now, I have come to you; if you will cut out the aching place, the pain will cease."

The professor tenderly took the aching member into his own hand and began to loosen the bandages.

"You must be prepared for a shock, professor," said the stranger; "my malady is of so strange and uncommon a nature that it will astonish you; but, pray, he composed."

The professor assured him that he was used to the sight of all kinds of ailments and sores, and should be amazed at nothing; yet, when he had taken off the bandages from the aching hand and laid it bare, he was so surprised that he lost hold of it and gave vent to an exclamation of astonishment. The hand was sound. There was not the slightest wound, or scar, or swelling, or redness even, to be seen on the whole hand, and only the loud groan of acute pain from the stranger, as he hurriedly caught the falling hand with his left, betokened that the pretended pain was actually felt and not a poor practical joke.

"On what place do you feel the pain you speak of?" asked the surgeon.

"Here—here," said the stranger, marking with a lead-pencil a spot on the back of his right hand about the bigness of a half-penny. It was exactly at the place where two main arteries branch off from each other, and as the professor now tenderly tapped it with his finger, the tears started to the eyes of the sufferer and an almost deadly paleness overspread his features. The professor hastily repeated the restorative dose he had given him before, and taking a magnifying-glass, he carefully scrutinized the tender spot. In vain—there was positively nothing to be seen. The skin was fresh and sound, the muscles and arteries acted regularly, the pulse was normal, and there was no inflammation. It was a hand as any other hand, and it was positively impossible to discern any other sign of a present malady, except the stranger's singular assertion; yet that the man was in earnest could not for a moment be doubted.

"Perhaps you think me a monomaniac and believe that I only fancy the pain," said he, as the professor doubtfully shook his head; "but I feel the pain, and it is so keen that if you should scruple to lend me your assistance, I would feel compelled to perform the operation myself, although I should have to use my left hand and am wholly unfit for the task. But I hope you will not throw me on this desperate resource."

"I have to," said the professor; "there is not the slightest need for an operation on your hand, and I shall certainly not cut the sound flesh."

"Look you, professor," said the stranger, taking out his wallet and putting a thousand-florin bill on the little table before him; "the operation I ask you to perform is simple and by no means dangerous, yet if I have to perform it myself it may prove different. This note, is, of course, only a part of my practical gratitude, it will only show you that I am in earnest. And now, pray, relieve me of my pain by complying with my wishes."

"Not for all the wealth on earth," said the professor; "I do not speak of my reputation as a man of science and a conscientious man; that would be lost forever. I speak of my own self-respect. I should be an idiot who does not understand his profession, or a criminal who misuses it for the sake of money, if I should do as you wish."

The stranger made no answer, but he got up, simply took off his coat, rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and to the surgeon's horror and surprise, he took out a sharp penknife, and before the professor could get hold of his hand, he had made a deep incision on the aching spot.

"Hold!" the professor cried, in fear that the unskilled hand should separate some main blood-vessel. "As nothing can shake your determination, it is my duty to avert the danger of losing your life, at least. Give me that knife, I promise to perform the operation you wish."

The stranger handed the penknife to the surgeon, who prepared his tools and commenced the operation. He told the stranger to turn his head away, but the latter did not. He seemed to be greatly relieved and actually to rejoice at the sight of the operating knife and his flowing blood. He showed the surgeon how much of the skin he had to extricate, and not a muscle of the open, outstretched hand moved, as the instrument went down deep into it.

"Has the burning ceased?" asked the professor, as he removed the round piece of flesh and skin from the hand.

"Yes," the patient said, with a smile and a sigh of intense relief; "it has gone altogether. I knew it was in the skin. The little pain the cutting has given me is a pleasant change and acts as a cooling poultice."

When he had the hand bandaged up again, he looked quite comforted. The expression of his whole face had changed. The deadly pallor had given way to the hue of health; his eyes, before deep in their sockets, looked bright again, and he begged the professor to believe in his gratitude for life. He tried to force the bank-note on him, but to no purpose; and, as he did not want to take it back, either, it was agreed that it should be divided among the poor patients on the clinic of the professor. The stranger went away, but stayed in town a few days to have his wound regularly attended to.

Nearly two months had passed, when the professor, sitting at breakfast, read in the morning paper the following item:

The whole country of P——g is thrown into excitement by the mysterious and unaccountable suicide of the well-known young nobleman, who killed himself last night with a revolver. The deceased was young, wealthy, and filled an eminent position. The versions about the cause of this strange event are various. Some say that the recent death of his beloved wife has made life a burden to him; others tell that some incurable wound has been so painful that he sought relief in death; yet others believe in the theory of insanity. But these are all vague conjectures, not positive assertions; the truth may be learned later.

The professor was filled with sorrow and compassion, for the unhappy suicide had been his strange patient with the imaginary sore on his hand. The same day the professor received a little package by mail, and when opened, it proved to contain a letter and a few sheets of MS. The letter ran as follows:

The pain has come back, and, if possible, it is even worse than it has been before. You may guess the intenseness of it, when I tell you that in moments when it is most unbearable, I use a piece of glowing tinder as a cooling poultice. At least, the external burning seems preferable to the intense heat. I have given up the fight against it, as I know you would not consent to cut off my hand, and there is no other help. I shall try to bear it as long as possible. My right arm is stiffened with pain, and I write with my left. I hoped for awhile that the pain would extend either to the heart or to the brain, and so kill me. But it remains fixed to the little spot you know, and there it is fearful. Hell itself can have no worse tortures. I have taken to opium and cocaine, but drugs had no power to give me a moment of rest. Sleeping or waking, the pain does not cease.

The time may come when I shall be able to tell you the cause of my great suffering. This time will be my death, and I sincerely hope it will come soon. I have taken to writing it down for you and shall leave out nothing but the name of the lady I speak of. If it were not for her, I should have unburendered my heart long ago, and with joy, but in doing so, I should have been compelled to name her also. I beg you to believe, dear sir, that my gratitude for your kindness shall die only with me, and I fervently pray that heaven may bless and keep you in health and happiness, for your own sake and that of suffering mankind.

Yours truly and sincerely,

THE MANUSCRIPT.

I am the only surviving child of my parents. My mother died when I was yet a boy; my father lived until three years ago. He had dedicated his whole life to my education and to the memory of my beloved mother. He never thought of marrying a second time.

When my father died, I was a young man, with a large fortune and an eminent position. Of course I could have had my choice of a bride. In my own country, I do not know of a single family where the parents, or even the daughters themselves, would have objected to a proposal from me, but fate ordained otherwise. At the house of a certain young countess, to whom I am slightly related, I met a young girl and fell in love with her. She was no grand lady, poor child; only a simple lady's-companion, but she was lovely, and pure, and good, and I made her my wife.

For the first six months, my happiness surpassed all possible description. My little wife had not married me only to become a fine lady, her love was not the gratitude of the poor orphan girl to the man who had given her a great name and a splendid position—it was a fond and tender passion, as was my own for her. She was not one of those worldly, knowing girls, but a graceful, innocent, and devoted child. If by chance I had to go away from home for a few hours to a neighboring town or country-seat, she was sure, in the time she could expect me back, to walk miles to meet me the earlier, and then I would take her up on my horse or into the carriage, and we would go home together. When I had to stay away late, she would remain up and awake all night in order to welcome me home, as if I had traveled around the world and been away for months instead of hours. When the countess coaxed her to spend a day with her, they could not keep her longer than a few hours; she would have come home on foot, if not otherwise. When speaking, she was sure to look at me for approval, and she had given up dancing, because she could not bear the arm of another man around her waist; could not bear to see me embrace in the dance another woman. She was a child and a woman at once, my poor darling, and her pure, chaste, innocent soul was filled to the brim with love for me.

One day—it was the countess's birthday—we had driven there in the afternoon and been coaxed to stay for supper. After supper, the company prepared for a dance, but my little wife and I resolved to start for home. I had gone out to order our carriage, while my wife talked with the countess, and I stayed out to smoke a cigarette. I happened to stand just below one of the balconies, the doors and windows being open, and presently I heard some lady say:

"So these turtle-doves are going home already. I wonder if the little woman is really so much in love with her foolish husband as she pretends to be."

There was a short, harsh laugh, and I recognized the voice of a dowager—the mother of four overgrown daughters—as she replied:

"Oh, of course not, the sly little thing! If she was not such an artful actress, she could not have secured such a position, the little heggar!"

I could not help hearing so much, but I certainly did not listen to more. I was indignant at the moment, and at home fairly overwhelmed my little wife with caresses, because these women had dared to slander her. But from that accursed day began the fearful madness which finally destroyed my happiness.

Yes, I fervently hope and sincerely believe that it was madness, and if there is, as I have been taught to believe, an infallible and a righteous judge in heaven, a father of mankind and the fountain of mercy, he will surely not hold me responsible for what I have done in the days and weeks which followed this accursed night.

At first, I reasoned with myself. I tried to fight, to conquer the demon who whispered to me, "What if it be true? If it were really wealth and position that won her, and the love she showed you a false pretence?" "No," I said, "it is impossible; deceit can not be robed in the garments of truth." Yet, I detected myself watching her movements, speculating about her words, and trying to find some double meaning in them; I detected myself listening when she conversed with somebody else, even with the servants, and I would go away and come back without warning her, so as to surprise her. I was restless and uneasy and suspicious, and yet I had other than the words of a gossiping, venomous woman, who, perhaps, hated my poor darling, because she filled a place where she would have liked to see her own daughter.

For a long time—at least it seemed so to me—I detected nothing. Then I began to observe that my wife kept the little drawer of her work-table always carefully locked. She had assuredly done so always, but I had not noticed it before now. I felt an eager curiosity to peep into this little drawer and search its contents. I was quite aware of the folly of this wish, and I felt certain that my wife would give me the key the moment I asked for it; but I was ashamed to do this, and yet I could not overcome this tormenting desire. I watched her when she locked it and put the key into her pocket-hook with the doggedness of a professional detective, and I fancied I noticed that she never opened the drawer in my presence and always shut it the moment I entered, and I felt certain that she had changed color when, as if by chance, my hand had rested on the little table. At last, suspicion was stronger than reason, and when one day the countess had been to visit us and tried to persuade my wife to accompany her home, I induced her to go by a promise to call for her in a few hours. I watched for her departure in a state of feverish excitement, and as the carriage drove off, I returned to my wife's room, and fetching all the small keys in my possession, I tried them with trembling hands.

Oh, if there had only been a mirror opposite to me! Perhaps the sight of my flushed face, my shaking frame, would have brought back reason, would have made me aware that the act I committed was robbery—a shameful, criminal theft. But no such thought came to me. My mind was filled with the wild idea that my wife had a secret and that I must make myself master of it, or go crazy, and if none of the keys had fitted it, I would have forced the lock. However, there was no need for this last extremity; the drawer opened. It was full of the little appurtenances of needle-work. All colors of silks and heads and worsteds and pieces of lace and embroidery, but as my fingers disturbed the surface and went down below it, they caught hold of an oblong package. I took it out and held in my hand a number of letters, carefully tied together with a rose-colored, silver-edged ribbon. I did not pause to think what they might contain. My wife had no friends, no relatives, or else she would have told me of them. These letters might have been tokens of some previous childish attachment, forgotten before she had come to know me; had I a right to peer into them? Had I never fancied myself in love before I knew her and real love? I did not question myself; these letters she kept concealed and I must read them, was the only thought in my mind. I untied the love-knot which held them together, and I read the letters—they were love-letters. Love-letters, not old and faded, but written a short time ago. Their date began shortly before our marriage and ended yesterday. They spoke of a hot, sinful passion, of a foolish husband, who was laughed at and made fun of. There were ways shown to avoid his suspicion and that of the servants. There were meetings agreed on; previous meetings fondly recollected. They were addressed to "my darling," "my pet," "my only love," and such like phrases of endearment, and oh! they were written by my best, my dearest, my only intimate friend!

I have said that I was mad, but although I know and believe it now, as my only hope of salvation, I did not believe myself mad then. I recollect that I calmly put the letters in order and tied them up with the rose-colored ribbon as they had been before; that I replaced them and smoothed the surface of lace and things in the little drawer before I locked it. I was quite cool and resolved; the resolution, terrible as it was, had come to me instantly and naturally. Of course, I would kill her! There was only the nature of her death to be decided on. I had to preserve my name and, therefore, I had to keep the secret. I should certainly kill the traitorous friend, also, but later, when the death of my wife would be forgotten and not brought into connection with the death of her accomplice. I was sure that if I would not call for my wife until dinner, she would wait no longer, but come home. It happened so. She jumped down from the carriage and throwing herself on my neck, she fondly kissed and embraced me. She noticed nothing strange in my behavior, I cunningly concealed my emotions, and we ate our supper together and talked and laughed, and—yes, I am quite sure—I kissed her, just as usual. And yet, during the whole evening, I thought of nothing, except how I could kill her, so as to avoid suspi-

cion. Not on my account. I did not think a moment of myself, but I had to protect my name from calumny and gossip, and I had to preserve myself until I had killed her lover also. There was never murder more deliberately contemplated than this. I never for a moment felt pity, doubt, sorrow, or horror. I only asked myself, how? To shoot her would not do—poison her? I had no poison that would kill at once, and then they would find it out; they always detected poison. Stab her? no, it would cause scandal—and all the while, I listened to her innocent prattle and looked her in the face, and she did not find me out, she did not know that I was mad. After supper, she brought Shakespeare, as we had the evening before begun to read "Lear" together, and now, with the book before me, it came to me all at once, as a clear revelation—"Othello," yes. I shall kill her as he did Desdemona; I shall smother her with a pillow. I do not know but that there was something in my voice as I read:

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars—
It is the cause—yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster—"

But presently, she put her dainty little hand on the book and said: "Don't, dear. Why don't you read 'Lear' as we did last night? Do let that foolish, cruel Moor alone to-night, it makes me shiver to listen. Anyhow, I am a little tired this evening; if you don't mind, I should like to retire."

"Go," I said; "I shall read a little yet." She seemed surprised, but she went, and I remained and read on. Oh, how I drank in the lines; how I felt, how I sympathized with this black hero! It is true, Desdemona was innocent, but Othello had no other proof but a mute little handkerchief, whereas I—I had letters, and they spoke a language that imperatively called for revenge on the traitors.

I closed the book and went into the room of my wife to carry out my horrible intention. She was asleep already, and, as I remember now, her fair face and golden curls looked out of the white lace and linen as those angels' heads, peeping out from the clouds on the paintings of Raphael and Murillo. But it was nothing to me then; there was no soft feeling, no sweet recollection in me at that moment. I did not, like Othello, rave about her loveliness, I simply stretched out my hand for a pillow with which to smother her. Presently she moved, and in this movement, the delicate frill of lace around her neck became disarranged, and her slender white throat was bare. All at once, I felt an irresistible itching in my fingers, my right hand was at this beautiful bare throat in a second, and squeezed it together. Those great, heavenly blue eyes of hers opened for a moment, not in horror or hate—no, not even in the moment of her most cruel death did she hate me!—but in surprise, in the mute question "Why?" and then they closed forever and she died.

I did not repent of my deed, I rejoiced at it. She had deserved it. In the moment of her death there had come a single drop of blood on her lips, and it fell down on a certain spot on the back of my right hand—you know the spot. When I noticed it, I looked at it with immeasurable content. "It is but one drop," I said to myself; "it shall be more when I kill him."

There was no suspicion at the untimely death of my wife; who could suspect me, when everybody knew of our mutual love and domestic happiness? True, there could have been detected finger-marks on her throat, but I lived in my country-seat, and when the old country physician came, she was laid out in state already, and as I told him she had died suddenly at night and I had found her dead in the morning, he put it in the certificate that she had died of heart-disease. Nobody had found it strange that I had dressed her myself and did not let anybody else touch her; they found it quite natural and in accordance with my great love. Maybe, they thought me a little crazy, as I did not cry and showed no despair; but it was so natural that my great bereavement should have a little disturbed my mind! I had taken care that the funeral invitations should be belated, so that there could be no guests present at the funeral. I did not like to give her the place in the family vault, she was not worthy of it, but I could not help it at the moment. Later, I should put her in a separate vault, now delay would prove dangerous to my purpose, and I never for a moment forgot that I had carried out only half of it yet.

As I came back, after the ceremony, from the little cemetery, my conscience was not burdened and my composure perfect. Just as I was entering the house, the carriage of the countess stopped before the door. The funeral invitation had, in accordance with my arrangement, come too late to her also. She was half-wild with terror, compassion, and sorrow. Her sobs were pitiful, and she seemed to think me out of my senses, for she could not account for my strange composure. She talked to me as to a child, and I should have liked to laugh and tell her that I was not sorry, but glad and rejoicing. She stayed quite a while, and I noticed that she felt uneasy and that she had something to tell me. I asked her plainly, and then she said: "Yes, you are right; I have a secret to confide to you. As the only true and reliable friend I had, your darling wife, has been taken from us, I am compelled to confide this secret to you. I know that, for her sake, if not for my own, you will not betray me. I had given to your wife a little package of letters to keep for me, as I can not keep them in my own house. These letters I want you to give back to me. She used to keep them in the little drawer of her work-table, and they are tied together with a rose-colored, silver-edged ribbon."

There was a strange twisting and whirling in my heart, or was it in my brain? I know not. I know that the countess rubbed my temples with eau-de-cologne, and that she talked something of fate and resignation, and I should try to cry a little—it would ease my heart; but I silenced her.

"It is all right," I said; "but I want you to tell me if these letters are yours or hers, and if you know what they contain?"

"Don't be foolish," she said, chafing my hands; "try to be sensible. Of course the letters are mine. I had given them to your wife to keep for me, and their contents are of no importance to you; that is my own secret."

"No," I said, persistently; "you must tell me what your letters contain. I might make a mistake and give you letters that had belonged to my wife."

"If I did not believe that your reason is disturbed, I should certainly doubt that you are a gentleman," said she, haughtily; "I have told you that the letters are in the little drawer of your wife's work-table, and that they are tied with a rose-colored, silver-edged ribbon, so every chance of mistake is excluded. Your wife, sir, although of a less noble birth, was of a much nobler disposition; for, although she had the letters in keeping ever since her marriage, yet she never questioned me about their contents, and I am positive that she never read a syllable of them."

I somehow recollect now every word of this conversation, but at the time I hardly understood it. I must have looked somewhat strange, because she spoke again about Christian submission to the will of God, about my being a man, and the duty to brace myself up, and not giving way to madness, and then she again asked for the letters and made me give them to her.

I do not know how she went away, or what I did after she was gone, only I remember that I was in the vault and tried with all my might to open the leaden casket which held the body of my wife. When my senses returned to me, I gave up that desperate and useless task; but I knelt down, and, putting my murderous right hand on the lid of the casket, I cried from the depth of my heart:

"My love, my darling! as truly as you have loved me, as truly as I have killed you, I implore your revenge while I am alive. Do not wait until I am dead; have mercy on me and do not shut out my soul from meeting yours in heaven. Make me suffer here on earth all the pains of hell; torture me as no human being has been tortured before; and then, when you think my punishment complete, then call me and let me be reunited to you in heaven."

And then faintness, or sleep, or something overcame me, and I had a strange vision. It seemed to me as if the lid of the casket had opened—but my hand was on it all the same—and then my dead wife raised herself up and bent toward my hand and kissed the spot where that drop of her blood had fallen, and the blood was fresh again and began to boil.

I awoke with a fearful pain at this spot on my hand, and when I looked there was no blood on it, but the pain was there, and has never ceased for a moment since that time.

When I came out of the vault I found that it was early morning, and that I must have stayed in the vault all night, for my servants were searching for me everywhere, but not one of them had bethought himself of the vault.

I might have given myself up to the law, but I would have been compelled to tell the tale of the letters, and I can not do that—not out of consideration for the countess—she is a guilty woman, although her husband has set her the example and deserves no better; but I am bound in honor to keep her secret. And then, could the law punish me more than I am punished now? At first I persuaded myself that this horrible pain was due to an incipient cancer, and I have had it cut out; but to no use. It came back and was fixed to this little spot.

And now, the conviction has come to me that my prayer was granted, that my crime has been visited on my hand, and that my soul shall be spared. I try to bear the pain of late, and only when writing do I put a piece of glowing tinder on the sore. The external burning lessens, for the time it lasts, the infernal throbbing and smarting which sets my teeth on edge and makes me groan in despair.

I should have killed myself, but I have to await her summons. I dare not go before she calls me. Last night I saw her again, and I asked her if my time was at hand. She shook her head; she kissed me again with her bloody lips, but not on the hand this time; she kissed my heart, or was it my forehead? I do not exactly know, only there is in both places an awful pain.

She has come again—oh, how beautiful she is! There is no blood on her lips, and she smiles—she beckons to me—and now—she opens her arms—my love—my darling—I come.

FANNY STEINITZ.

BUDA-PESTH, February, 1890.

The Empress Augusta, at the age of thirty-seven, once figured in the uniform of a lieutenant of artillery in the streets of Berlin. When her husband was about to leave for England during the riots in 1848, she brought some valuable documents from the Prince of Prussia's residence into the royal palace, clothed in the manner described above. This was the nineteenth of March, and so excellent was her disguise that no one recognized her.

Among the effects of the floods last year is a scarcity of axes now. American axes are so famous, all the world over, that no one thinks of importing such implements from abroad; yet, owing to the destruction of the great axe-factories by flood, the turpentine farmers of the South can not get enough axes for their hands, and therefore will not be able to collect the enormous crop of turpentine expected this season.

The year '89 seems to be a lucky year for constitutional government. In 1689 the English Bill of Rights was passed by Parliament; in 1789 the Constitution of the United States of America went into effect, and the French States-General met which afterwards made France a constitutional monarchy; in 1889 the Japanese Constitution was promulgated, and Brazil peacefully changed from an empire to a republic.

Seth C. Maker, of Seattle, claims to have beaten the world's record on a type-writer, writing 125 words in one minute, or 396 letters and seven punctuation marks, without a mistake. The fastest record heretofore was made by a boy in Chicago, who wrote 121 words, or 384 letters, in a minute. Mr. Maker has written over 1,000 words in ten minutes several times.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Senator Vance says a constituent of his in a pine-woods district of North Carolina, to whom he sent a copy of one of the patent-office annual reports, spoke to him of the occurrence in this way: "Gineral, I got them speeches o' yours, but I couldn't read 'em through. Thar was a leetle too much Whig docterin' into 'em."

Senator Evarts got off a good thing on an inquirer at a party in Washington about distinguishing between a canvasback and a redhead. "An infallible test," he remarked, "is in the length of the bill." Just here he was completely broken up by a lady, who leaned forward and interjected: "But, senator, I never serve either canvasbacks or red-heads at my table with bills."

Barham records an amusing story of King, the actor, who, meeting an old friend whose name he could not recollect, took him home to dinner. By way of making the discovery, he addressed him in the evening, having previously made several ineffectual efforts: "My dear sir, my friend here and myself have had a dispute as to how you spell your name; indeed, we have laid a bottle of wine upon it." "Oh, with two P's," was the answer, which left them just as wise as before.

One day in the Senate (says the Washington *Star*), Mr. Edmunds and Mr. Evarts were chaffing each other about their youth and their giddiness in society. "You ought to quit," said Senator Edmunds, "and rest a while. This thing of your running around in society, sitting up of nights, eating big dinners, and drinking all these different wines, will lay you out, sure." Senator Evarts shook his head. "It isn't the different kinds of wines," he said, sadly; "it's the indifferent kinds."

Chauncey Depew says: In the Berkshire Hills there was a funeral, and as they gathered in the little parlor, there came the typical New England female, who mingles curiosity with her sympathy, and, as she glanced around the darkened room, she said to the bereaved widow: "Where did you get that new eight-day clock?" "We ain't got no new eight-day clock," was the reply. "You ain't? What's that in the corner there?" "Why, no, that's not an eight-day clock, that's the deceased; we stood him on end to make room for the mourners."

A young Briton, imported by the International Company at Ensenada, was appointed as shipping and receiving clerk for the company at the wharf. During the first week after his arrival, a miscellaneous cargo was received at the wharf by the company, the lot including two Mexican donkeys, listed as "Burros, 2." The Briton duly checked off the items on the manifest, and took his report to the company's office. His superior inquired if the goods tallied with the list. "No, they don't," said the Briton; "there's two bureaus short and two jackasses over."

Past-Commander James S. Fraser, of the Grand Army of the Republic of this State (says the New York *Star*), told some friends, the other night, a story about a man he sent down to the custom-house to get a job as night-watchman. Collector Erhardt sent the man to the civil-service board to be examined. The man was quite intelligent, and answered the questions put to him until he was asked what the distance was between the earth and the sun. He hesitated for a time, and finally acknowledged that he did not know. "You don't know?" asked the commissioner, severely. "Mister," said the applicant, "I didn't think I'd have to answer a question like that. I'm looking for a night job."

Mr. Eugene Field has unearthed, in London, a terrible story about Mr. Alma Tadema, who is uncommonly fastidious about his personal apparel, and Mr. Elihu Vedder, who is a bit of a Bohemian. At one time, Mr. Vedder was a guest at Mr. Tadema's mansion in London, and the morning after his arrival at the house, Mrs. Tadema was awakened by a rude knocking at her chamber-door; much alarmed, she aroused her husband, who demanded, in fierce tones, what was wanted. It was Mr. Vedder who was at the door, and he answered, in a voice loud enough to be heard all through the house: "I say, Tadema, old chap, where do you keep the scissors that you trim your cuffs with?"

Professor S. W. Burnham, the Lick Observatory astronomer, in addition to being the most distinguished double-star observer living, and holder of the gold medal awarded by the Chicago Photographic Society, is an astronomical wit as well. Upon his return to Mount Hamilton from the Cayenne Eclipse Expedition, he was told that during his absence a post-office had been established at the observatory, and himself appointed P. M. Upon learning of this unexpected distinction, Professor Burnham (it is reported) quietly pointed to his A. M. degree, from Yale, and suggested that "although he had worked pretty hard during his life, he supposed it would now be necessary to labor throughout the twenty-four hours!"

Judge Purple, of Peoria, was an able jurist, but he had eccentric ideas of what "doing well" at the Illinois bar meant. While visiting Washington, the judge was asked by a Boston gentleman as to the success of a young lawyer who had "gone West" some five years before. "He is doing well, sir," said the judge. "He is? Well, I am glad to hear it," continued the gentleman; "you think he has a good practice and is making money, judge?" "I don't know anything about his practice or his business; but he is doing well." "How is that, judge? You say you don't know anything about his practice or his business, yet you think he is doing well." "I mean just this," said the judge; "that any man who practices law in Illinois five years and keeps out of the penitentiary is doing well, whether he has much practice or not."

Related by a railroader: Our train had just begun to slacken speed, when we felt a jar and knew that the locomotive had struck some considerable object. In the seat next ahead was a farmer, and he threw up the sash, shoved out his head, and exclaimed: "By gum! but I'm in luck!" "Why, they have killed a horse!" shouted a man behind us, as he looked out. "Yes, and it's my loss!" added the farmer. "But you said you were in luck?" "You bet I am! I've been riding up and down this line for five years on a pass they gave me for killing an old cow which wasn't worth five dollars. The pass expired yesterday, and now my old hoss, who ain't worth skinning, gits in the way and is knocked over. Luck? Why, gents, that means a free family pass for five years more, and there are fourteen of us in the family!"

A pushing young American, just home from a foreign trip, tells an amusing experience that he had in Rome. He was anxious to visit the Vatican (in telling the story he put the accent on the "can"), and, understanding that cards of admission were to be had at St. Peter's, he hurried thither. Seeing a small crowd around a priest who sat writing at his desk, he jumped to the conclusion that this was his man, and at once elbowed his way through the crowd. In his hurry, he pushed aside a woman with a baby in her arms, and the baby began to cry at the jostling. A slight confusion resulted, under cover of which the young American gained the desk. The priest, looking up from his writing, asked something in Italian, which the American took to be an inquiry for his name, and he answered "Davis." The priest, after writing the name, turned to the woman with the baby, and, taking the child in his arms, held it over a font which the American had not noticed until then. Dipping his hands in the water and placing them on the child's head, he then began a curious jargon of Italian phrases in which the astonished Davis caught the sound of his own good American name, and saw with dismay, as he turned and fled, that he had given his name to the priest as godfather to the child.

THE MIDDLE-CLASS GIRL.

"Van Gryse" on that Young Woman's Matrimonial Career.

Long before Thackeray solved the problem of "how to live well on nothing a year," people had been racking their brains and giving themselves nervous prostration in the endeavor to make a five-thousand-dollar income stretch to fit a ten-thousand-dollar rate of expenditure. Thackeray's method, though simple in general principle, was exceedingly complicated of execution. Swindlers are thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, but a clever swindler, one who can live well on nothing a year, for a period of several seasons, is rare—rare as a truthful woman or a white crow.

There are such—not as clever as Becky—who hang on valiantly for a few years, and then drop with a thud and sink deep down, out of sight. These come up blinking from darkness and chaos, and suddenly bloom with dazzling refulgence where yesterday they were not. Every one goes about asking: "Who, in heaven's name, are these Joneses? The wife seems such a dear little woman." The wives in such households always are "dear little women," though they may stand six feet in their stockings. The dear little woman has a dear big husband—very dear to most people, of whom, in a casual, careless, easy fashion, he will borrow the reluctant greenback, which they will only see again when those happy predicted times arrive, when the lion will lie down with the lamb.

They flourish gayly for a season or two. The dear little woman is confiding and soft and tearful to all the other women. She unfolds a tale of woe to sympathizing ears. Somebody in connection with her is always a brute. Sometimes her husband is a brute—he beats her, but duty bids her stay by him and meekly submit. Sometimes her father was a brute—he forced her into an uncongenial marriage. This combination of two brutes as against one dear little woman is brilliantly effective. Sometimes, in daring, desperate cases, all her male relatives—directs and collaterals—were brutes, in which instance, the dear little woman does wonderful deeds in the way of rousing consolation and borrowing money, and she and the brutes ride the whirlwind of public sympathy and afterward divide the spoils.

But it is not this kind we are dealing with—we are in good society just now. Not the swell society of Fifth Avenue corner houses and Newport villas, but just simple good society. Solid people, who pay their bills in a sort of dull, respectable manner, the womenfolk of whom get a new dress every season and never wear low necks. These are what you call, in Europe, the *bourgeoisie*. Here, in New York, they extend over an immense area, and include an infinite number of types—they are across-town in tiny flats, where they pinch and save and scrape to make both ends meet; they are on good, noiseless, respectable cross-streets, where neither bobtail cars nor organs disturb the classic quietude, with settled incomes that will suffice, with care; they are even in good, second-rate apartment-houses, on central avenues, and can take carriages on opera nights and buy their clothes at "measure-me" places. These are the people who are keen on the income question—being neither of the class which is too devil-may-care to worry over bills, nor the class which is too rich to need to think about them. These are the people who have reduced living in New York to a science, and who can tell you to a half-dollar just how much you can live on in every different locality.

The women are good managers and they all marry. What they marry on would surprise those visitors to rich New York who hear easy mention of incomes of twenty and fifty thousand a year. The outsider comes away from the Empire City impressed and crushed with the impression of wealth. The men he meets say they can't dream of marrying—marry on five thousand a year, when it takes a good slice of that to provide bouquets for the best girl of the season—the thought is madness, rank impossibility! Others, whose best girls' bouquets do not come so high, would tell you dubiously that the thing could be done, but it would be a terribly close shave. The girls in society, when they hear of the rumor of a sister about to enter into the holy bonds and a kingdom of five thousand a year, are horror-stricken. It means for them an eternal farewell to all which makes life worth living; farewell to Paris gowns and Redfern habits; farewell to the morning canter in the park on the Kentucky thorough-bred, and the afternoon drive in the satin-lined brougham, which smells delicately of cigarette smoke and new furs; farewell to Delmonico dinners, bouquets of orchids in the height of the season, five-pound boxes of candy twice a week, and silk stockings habitually. They know nothing of those cosy corners of the city where these daring paupers have built their nests, and feathered them with wonderful economy and taste. They can hardly realize a life so different to that to which they are accustomed.

Five thousand to the average middle-class girl is luxury. She feels that she is contracting a wealthy alliance. Three thousand is a neat income, two thousand, small but possible, eighteen hundred the limit. When a lover and his lass join hands and marry on eighteen hundred, it is generally understood that they entertain boundless affection for each other. They must practice strict economy in the matter of dress, amusement, offspring, and house rent. They must live in Harlem in a flat about the size of a thimble. They must go to the theatre in the cars, and to the gallery at the opera. The lady has only her best winter dress made at a good place, and trims her own hats. On their anniversaries and fêtes, they give each other useful presents—madame gives monsieur on his birthday a dining-room clock, monsieur gives madame on their wedding anniversary a fire-brick.

They always keep a servant. A New York woman would keep a servant if she had to take in washing. Economy takes different forms in different places. A Canadian mother considers she has reached the lowest depths of poverty when she has to wheel her infant's perambulator. An English woman will keep a maid and make it up by dressing like an emigrant. A French woman will spend hundreds on a new dress and have all the chairs in her drawing-room out-at-elbows. A Westerner will dress well and live in a big house and do her

own work. A New Yorker will make all her own clothes and trim her hats and keep from one to three servants. Servants she will have. When she gets down to that state when she can not have them, her friends go about lugubriously murmuring, "the Browns have no servants," in the same tone they might employ if they said, "the Browns are all eating their boots to keep from starving." I do not remember, in a long and close acquaintance with New York, ever having met a woman who had not one domestic—she might be as green as her native isle, as clumsy, as idiotic as Punch in the pantomime, but if she just has sense enough to open the door and wash the dishes and cook a beefsteak, she will do. I remember a Western girl once breaking into the midst of a staid, honest, but impoverished family as the bride of one of the sons, and purposing to set about housekeeping without a servant. Her new relatives were horrified—speechless. You might as well have suggested to them setting about housekeeping without a house.

The eighteen-hundred-dollar-a-yearer has also got to be extremely careful in furnishing that little thimble-sized flat in Harlem. Unless some kind member of his family will donate some old junk, he and his Dulcinea will either have to go with bare floors and just enough chairs to go round, or else will have to "make things," and this is where the bride is clever. New York women are not what you call "capable"; they are not sharp at making money. Should money run short in their unemployed girlhood, they do not look around for a position as the shrewd, energetic Westerner does. No, they turn their old clothes—"gar old clothes look amais as well as new." They make over old things distributed by rich relatives. They cover chairs with their worn-out opera-cloaks, and make sofa-cushions out of aged relics from mother's trousseau. A very pretty Brooklyn girl, who had been a great belle, married a youth who had a salary of a hundred a month. She draped her drawing-room in some old yellow-satin ball-dresses, in which she had erstwhile fascinated the Brooklyn bloods, and it is said to have been the prettiest drawing-room in the city. Unfortunately for the delicate sentiment of this story, she was divorced from her hundred-dollar-a-month husband in the second year of their connubial bliss, and it is to be presumed, from an extensive knowledge of her character, took the yellow-satin ball-dress draperies to deck the parlor of a subsequent husband, who, it is to be hoped, for his own sake, had a more profuse salary. It is a pity such an unpleasant sequel should mar the effect of this charming example of domestic economy, but Truth must have its wicked will of even the most engaging story.

The brides of this set or class are wonderful shoppers—in-veterate bargain-hunters. They have a scent like a beagle for a reduction sale or a closing out below cost. They dive into strange, dark, unfrequented corners of the city and reappear triumphant, loaded with wonderful purchases. They know Ridley's in Grand Street, that awful Bedlam of a place, and go into the chaos single-handed, to emerge with the materials for a summer-dress, costing seventy-five cents. They buy their furs in summer, their muslins in winter. They go fearlessly into the crush at Macy's and understand how to make the clerks wait on them without calling in the police or appealing to the heads of the firm. Alone, in the seclusion of that nutshell of a flat, with Nora, fresh from Castle Garden, warbling native ditties in the kitchen, the thoughtful *hausfrau* collects her purchases about her, and with ruffled brow and pursed lips concocts the most maddening costumes for the approaching summer. No one will be as prettily dressed as she, when in floating draperies, with filmy laces, a tiny, gauzy hat, and a lace parasol, she walks up the steps of the Manhattan at Coney Island, and sees every one turning to see again "that delicious creature in the pink gingham." Her get-up, a bewildering creation of pink-and-white striped gingham, will have cost under a dollar; her hat, a little pinched-up, coquettish lace affair, with a bunch of pink heather in the front, a dollar and a half. Her lace-covered parasol, the covering the work of her own clever fingers, will be created from an old pink-silk ball-dress, with a cover and a frill of crimped white net. Her juvenile husband—they are generally from twenty-two to twenty-five years old—will have contributed a bunch of pink carnations to complete this ravishing costume.

Such sprees as this are of rare occurrence. Eighteen hundred dollars a year does not leave a large margin for gayeties. The theatre is the only one they indulge in largely—not the opera, never Delmonico's, a hired carriage must be an unknown luxury, and they must be very chary of giving entertainments. All winter they save up for a two-weeks' holiday in the summer, when they speed away with one small trunk to some remote resort among the Catskills or on the New Jersey or Massachusetts coast. In the spring and early summer, when the days are long and the heat not yet unbearable, they pay afternoon visits to the various suburbs, a treat which only costs fares in cars and boats; see tennis tournaments and regattas and cricket matches from long benches under the trees. At dusk, stroll down again to the station along dusky country lanes, under the shadow of ambrosial-smelling acacia-trees, and make the little flat in Harlem—lonely, tight-locked, hot as a small-sized oven, at eight o'clock—just in time for beer and crackers and cheese, which Nora has left out on the kitchen-table.

When they come into two or three thousand—the "raise" which is always hovering before their eyes—they feel as wealthy as the Astors. Immediately a change in their mode of living is inaugurated. They come down out of the goath-chaunted heights of Harlem and take a flat somewhere about Seventh and Eighth Avenues. Five minutes' walk gets them to the park, so the neighborhood is not so bad. They can go to the theatre once a week now, and they can give nice little dinners at which Nora, grown quite respectable-looking and docile, assists in a cap and apron and cooks most creditably. Twice in the season they go to the opera and take a carriage. Sometimes they dine out at swell restaurants. Madame rather timorously approaches a French dress-maker on the subject of a winter gown. On her fête, this year, monsieur gives her a set of furs, and on his wedding anniversary, she gives him a new perambulator for the baby. Even the baby makes by the "raise," for the juvenile domestic—a little girl

of twelve—who was wont to stagger under his weight as she dragged him, a pink-and-white, squirming, woolly bundle, up and down stairs, is now supplanted by a neat young woman of eighteen, who also waits on the table and does part of the washing. The new flat, though it is two rooms bigger than the old one, is filled to bursting.

By the time they achieve the five thousand—the apex of their ambitions, the summit of their dreams—they have reduced living to a science. The housewife can make that go as far as a young woman of society makes her twenty-five thousand. It is marvelous the way a woman of this kind manages on what appears a small income. Her flat—for she always sticks to flats, merely moving, as she can afford it, into better ones in choice localities—gradually develops into a little bijou. Bit by bit she collects, with great deliberation and debate, a little ornament here, a little piece of tapestry or brocade there. She is never in a hurry about buying these things. All her life is to be spent just here, and she may as well take her time, and not make a mistake by acting on impulse. She will think over the purchase of a choice bit of bric-à-brac for a month, finally buy it lingeringly, and forever after dust it with her own hands. In this almost penurious carefulness she resembles the French woman of a similar class.

By the time her eldest daughter is eighteen, this careful mother—for it is always the mother in these cases, she owns the brains and ability of the establishment—has collected about her a bright, moderately prosperous, well-educated circle of friends—and as carefully chosen as her bric-à-brac—into which she will introduce her daughter, and into which the young girl will probably marry. The home she has made is exquisitely harmonious and tasteful, if small and unfashionable. Cares of a trivial nature have never been absent from her, yet, already forty, she still retains much of the freshness and beauty of her youth. Busy, too, as she has been all her life, she has yet kept up with the times, reads the new books—those of a light nature, that is—knows the new operas, talks intelligently on the modern schools of art, and has never been known to interfere with her husband's business. She is, indeed, a paragon.

VAN GRyse.

NEW YORK, February 27, 1890.

VANITY FAIR.

"If I were a young bachelor—more particularly a poor young bachelor—I would certainly live nowhere else than in Washington," said a society matron to a Washington *Star* writer the other evening. "In this town, a young gentleman, unincumbered matrimonially, occupies a singularly desirable position. Of course bachelors are in demand, socially speaking, everywhere, but nowhere so much so as at the national capital. It is not accustomed to be said here of a poor young man that he is a 'detritment.' Indeed, there are scarcely any young men who go out in Washington society who are not poverty-stricken. Therefore, discrimination on that score is out of the question. One must have young men at one's parties, you know, or else the girls would not have any sort of a time. This is not a town in which young men can make a living, unless as department clerks, where they literally dare not seek advancement beyond a certain point, lest their places should be sufficiently desirable to make it worth while for the first new administration to grab them. Most of the men one meets here, more especially the unmarried ones, are in Uncle Sam's employ. Then, again, the rich people who come here, while they always bring their daughters with them, very seldom fetch their sons—partly because Washington is generally imagined to be a dissipated city. So, to sum up, few young men come here, and those native to the place, who do not go elsewhere to seek their fortunes, usually remain poor—too poor, indeed, to venture upon matrimony. Thus you observe the spectacle of a society in which the young women greatly outnumber the young men, and the latter are, generally speaking, not available for marriage. The anomaly of the situation is rather aggravated than otherwise by the fact that so many of the girls are rich, either actually or in prospect, and, though things might be fixed delightfully by the rich girls marrying the poor men, things do not go that way. I have heard it said that fifty million dollars' worth of prettiness in petticoats was sometimes seen at once in a single Washington ball-room, and I shouldn't wonder if it were true. But the men, poor as they are, are so few as to be prized as rarities, and the result is that they are the worst-spoiled lot of young fellows I have ever seen."

Says the Paris *Figaro*: "Young Paris mashers now wear colored shirts—pink, blue, or red—when they are asked out in the evening. These loud colors, which are displayed to full advantage under the deeply cut-out waistcoats, produce phenomenal effects. To heighten the contrast, they are fastened with large jet studs. These shirts are already so much in vogue that they can not be made fast enough. The young Prince of Naples introduced the fashion."

One of the questions which come up periodically, or when any accident to a lady-rider terminates fatally, is that of safety-habits and stirrups; but it has been reserved to a writer in the *Field*, signing himself or herself "C. H.," to urge upon ladies the desirability of riding *à la Duchesse de Berri* upon men's saddles. "C. H." appears to have been induced to record this view from reading a book called "A Girl's Ride in Iceland," by Mrs. Tweedie, who says that her experiences have been that she could ride "as a man" twice the distance with less fatigue, and remarks that up to the time of the introduction of the side-saddle by Richard the Second's consort, Anne of Bohemia, women always rode astride. For dress, Mrs. Tweedie proposes a divided skirt, with breeches and boots; but another correspondent, "A Lady," while indorsing the view as to comfort, thinks that unless as becoming a costume as the riding-habit be invented, and until fashion permits, there is not the slightest likelihood of the change being adopted. "The real objection, however, is physiological" (says the

Woman's World). "Medical opinion declared against the innovation some ten years ago, when it was covertly suggested, and nothing has happened meantime to upset that view. The attitude is not natural to a woman, as is proved by the observation of a number of little girls alone at play. They never adopt it, and one would never find a girl sitting on the top of a gate or rail like her brothers. The argument that women used to ride thus, and do so now in the East, goes for nothing against the performances of our modern Amazons in the hunting-field, since the former simply use quiet old quadrupeds as a means of locomotion. The speed and the jumping which a latter-day horse-woman affects would result in jars and ruptures of a serious character. The position is inherently ungraceful for a woman, whose legs are too short for it, a defect which no dress could hide; and there is no doubt that any serious attempt to introduce it would meet with great ridicule as well as more serious opposition from men."

The French ball is no longer funny, even in France, judging from the comments made by the newspapers upon the bal de l'opera, just held. One journal says: "In lieu of the wonderful if slightly too exuberant performances of the figurantes of a generation since, the most splendid theatre in Europe is now desecrated by the presence of brazen busses from the Moulin Rouge and the Elysées Montmartre, kicking up behind and before in shameless break-downs and riotous cellar-flaps; while, instead of the old 'galop infernal,' with its fun, its frolic, and its grace, contingents of imitation maskers, paid by the administration, are allowed to hustle females and disgust the respectable portion of the spectators by their unseemly antics. To aggravate the disagreeable aspect of the scene, dominoes, pink, blue, or black, which used to give so pleasant a relief to the spangles and silks and satins of the fancy-dresses, are conspicuous by their absence; while by far the greater portion of the audience are pale and careworn creatures in evening costume, who look more like waiters than merry-makers, and more like undertakers' mutes than either."

"Every girl makes up her mind, at some time in her life, that she will never accept any man who does not propose gracefully," said a Chicago man, who was sipping claret with several others, the other day; "he has got to be fully toggled out in a dress-suit, and has got to kneel according to the Delsarte system. That is their idea at first, but I'll bet there isn't one girl in a hundred who ever gets her proposal that way—at least from the one she accepts—and I'll leave it to the present company to decide, if each one will give the circumstances of his proposal." "We're in," said a gray-haired Benedict; "begin with your own." "All right. I took my wife that was to be, and is now, sleigh-riding. We were talking about sentimental things, and neglected to notice that we ran on to a stretch of road which the wind had cleared of snow. We never noticed it until the horse stopped utterly exhausted. There was nothing to do but to get out and lead the horse back. I proposed on the way back, while I was trudging along a country-road, with my left hand on a horse's bridle, and the other—well, never mind that. She accepted me, but she always said it was a mistake. I refused to let her off, though, or to propose again in a dress-suit." "My proposal," said the gray-haired old man, "was made also during a sleigh-ride. My wife and myself were in the back seat in a four-seat sleigh, and, in going over a bump of some kind, the seat, with us in it, was thrown off. We landed in a nice, comfortable snow-drift, and the sleigh went on for a mile before we were missed. When it came back for us, however, we were engaged. We weren't in a dignified position, but we were fairly comfortable, and we had the seat still with us. Since then my wife has frequently stated that she had intended never to accept a man unless he proposed in true novel form, but she did." "I'll give you a summer story," said a young man but recently married; "I did my courting in a place full of romance. I had had the most favorable occasions in romantic nooks. Finally, I had a two-mile row in the hot sun. I apologized and took off my coat; then I apologized again and took off my vest. It wasn't romantic, but it came on me and I said it. The boat drifted half a mile, and I wouldn't have cared if it had drifted ten miles. We were engaged. And I looked like a tramp at the time."

Umá Sankar Misra, a partially civilized native of India, has been studying civilization at London, and has gone away very much shocked at some things he saw. He has written a book about his experiences. He is delighted with English ladies, whose character, he finds, is full of gentleness, meekness, amiability, and kindness; but the sights he beheld in West End drawing-rooms appalled him. "To an Indian," he says, "a dance seems to be an extraordinary thing, and almost takes his breath away; the very idea of a man dancing with his arm around a lady's waist at first sight is offensive. In India we have our dancing done for us by professional girls, and no ladies and gentlemen dance. I must say, the first time I saw couples dancing together the spectacle produced a peculiar effect on my nerves. The way in which pairs danced seemed to be more like trotting or galloping than dancing, though, on closer inspection, I saw that the motion of the dancers was regulated in accordance with the music." The evening-dress of English ladies he considered outrageous.

Another stage of progress in the evolution of the petticoat has been reached by an inventive little type-writer, who objects to sitting on rainy days with a mass of wet, clinging frills and folds about her ankles. "I've always been a rebel against skirts," she explains, "and there was perpetual war all through my girlhood between my mother and myself over every inch she added to their length year by year. It makes my head ache to think of all the petticoats I used to carry around—flannel, muslin, lace, and the rest—and of all the mud that would accumulate on their dripping flounces, and the big laundry bills. At last I grew desperate and vowed never to wear another white skirt. Then came the balmoral epoch. Worse still. They didn't show the dirt, which was rather a disadvantage, for they were seldom or never washed

in consequence. And oh, dear, how they did wind themselves about my legs in a high wind so I could scarcely walk, and tripped and slipped into gutters and pools when I proposed to step over them. So I made up my mind that balmorals must go. Then I considered the Jenness Miller divided skirt, but I made up my mind it was only a makeshift after all, and would go flippety-flop about my ankles just the same, so I skipped the divided-skirt stage and leaped at once to freedom, both literally and figuratively, in knickerbockers. Women talk about their emancipation and right of franchise, and quarrel for place on school-boards and civil offices, when they might have a kind of liberty in the pursuit of happiness which none or all of these would ever convey by gathering their petticoats into two rubber-bands at the bottom. I am dressed more warmly, as well as comfortably, than ever before in a wool combination suit of underclothing, black cashmere stockings, and black cashmere knickerbockers, plaited smoothly into a deep, tight yoke at the waist, and, best of all, with actually two pockets in them that I won't lose things out of. Of course, I am apt to retire when I investigate the contents of the pockets, but if I were caught at it, I hardly think I'd make a much worse exhibition of myself than does the average woman whirling around after the pocket she can't find, like a pussy-cat after its own tail."

It is interesting to hear what Mrs. Kendal thinks about American women and their possibilities. She said: "The American woman is a continual surprise to me. A card would be brought up to me, properly engraved, and bearing the name, say Mrs. Smith. I was out, and the next day I would get a note from Mrs. Smith, charmingly written, regretting my absence and asking when she would find me at home. I would write and tell her, and then there would appear a lady, well dressed, well educated, who had seen almost everything there was to see, and talked about Ibsen and the latest fads. While she was with me another caller would come in, and, after Mrs. Smith went away, the second one would inform me that twenty years ago Mrs. Smith was standing behind a counter, selling peanuts on a corner, or helping her mother in a laundry. I would go to a luncheon at Mrs. Smith's house; the service was perfect, the rooms exquisitely furnished, the hostess herself charming. Now, this could only happen in America, and why? Take an English woman in the same standing, get her governess to teach her French, get her a music master, some one to teach her to hold her knife and fork correctly, to receive her guests properly, and she simply never could learn. There is something in the American brain, especially in the feminine brain, that seems to grasp the right idea with a quickness that is wonderful, which I, as an English woman, intensely admire."

"Last summer, during the bathing season at Trouville, a well-known society lady walked from her bathing cabin to take her daily bath, wrapped decorously in her peignoir. Reaching the waves, she threw off her outer garment, and for a single moment appeared in her scanty *costume de bain*. That moment, however, sufficed to enable the photographer fiend to obtain an instantaneous picture of her. He was about to take another shot, when madame's husband, who had been a witness of the indiscretion, threw himself upon the offender and wrested away his camera. The amateur defended his property; the angry husband refused to surrender it; a crowd collected and seemed disposed to take sides with the photographer. But the husband ended the dispute by restoring the camera and walking off with the negative. It is said that he proposes bringing an action in the courts. He would be a public benefactor if he did so, for it is quite time to settle exactly how far the camera may be allowed to interfere with the privacy of the individual." The foregoing is from the *Illustrated American*. On the same subject, a correspondent thus writes to the *Nation*: "The photographer of the present day, not content with the money which he receives in the ordinary course of business from his employers, frequently sells their photographs and negatives, chiefly for advertising uses, to outsiders. Not only this; often, by means of the detective camera, he photographs people entirely ignorant of his action, at such times and under such circumstances as he pleases. Those who suffer directly are usually young and lovely women. But their relatives and friends suffer deeply, if indirectly. Indeed, the public, too, may be said to suffer, if from no other cause, from the fear of seeing the photographs of their wives, daughters, or sisters treated in like manner. A couple of instances in point have recently come to my knowledge. Both are instances of young, lovely, modest, and unmarried women. One—pardon the phrase—moves in the best society of New York; the other in that of Boston. The former may to-day find her photograph and a description of herself—the attraction of a large advertising placard—hung certainly in one, and probably in many, of the most glaringly conspicuous places in New York. The other has, fortunately, never known that her photograph was accidentally found adorning the rooms of a man recently arrested in Boston on a criminal charge, nor that her photograph was spoken of by him in such terms as would make the blood of any one having a spark of chivalry boil within him. It needs no argument, but simply a plain statement of facts, to prove incontrovertibly that the whole system is an intolerable outrage. Surely no self-respecting man could feel other than wrathful at the sight, for instance, of a face which is dear to him wedded to the figure of a ballet-girl, and plastered thus on the covering of a bunch of cigarettes. Yet any one of us may have this happen to him. If this statement is doubted, it can easily be verified by a glance through the windows of a few tobacco-shops of the lower grade. A statute should be forthwith passed making every one liable, criminally and in a heavy penalty, who either sells a photograph or photograph-plate without the consent of the sitter; or publishes a photograph, without such consent, for advertising purposes. Such a statute would give the many the privacy desired, while, at the same time, it would permit the few who desire publicity, for professional or other reasons, to effect that wish by special contract with the photographers."

LATE VERSE.

The Voice of the Void.

I warn, like the one drop of rain
On your face, ere the storm;
Or tremble in whispered refrain
With your blood, beating warm.
I am the presence that ever
Baffles your touch's endeavor—
Gone like the glimmer of dust
Dispersed by a gust.
I am the absence that taunts you,
The fancy that haunts you;
The ever unsatisfied guess
That, questioning emptiness,
Wins a sigh for reply.
Nay; nothing am I,
But the flight of a breath—
For I am Death!
—George Parsons Lathrop in the *March Century*.

Tennyson.

Shakespeare and Milton—what third blazoned name
Shall lips of after ages link to these?
His who, beside the wide-encircling seas,
Was England's voice, her voice with one acclaim
For three-score years; whose word of praise was fame,
Whose scorn gave pause to man's iniquities.

What strain was his in that Crimean War?
A bugle-call in battle; a low breath,
Plaintive and sweet, above the fields of death!
So year by year the music rolled afar,
From Euxine wastes to flowery Kandahar,
Bearing the laurel or the cypress wreath.

Others shall have their little space of time,
Their proper niche and bust, then fade away
Into the darkness, poets of a day;
But thou, O builder of enduring rhyme,
Thou shalt not pass! Thy fame in every clime
On earth shall live where Saxon speech has sway.

Waft me this verse across the winter sea,
Through light and dark, through mist and blinding sleet,
O winter winds, and lay it at his feet;
Though the poor gift betray my poverty,
At his feet lay it; it may chance that he
Will find no gift where reverence is unmeet.
—March Atlantic.

An Imperial Rescript.

Now this is the tale of the Council the German Kaiser decreed,
To ease the strong of their burden, to help the weak in their need.
He sent a word to the people, who struggle, and pant, and sweat,
That the straw might be counted fairly and the tally of bricks be set.

The Lords of Their Hands assembled; from the East and the West
They drew—
Baltimore, Lille, and Essen, Brummagem, Clyde, and Crewe.
And some were black from the furnace, and some were brown
From the soil,
And some were blue from the dye-vat; but all were wearied of toil.

And the young King said, "I have found it, the road to the rest
Ye seek;
The strong shall wait for the weary, the hale shall halt for the weak;
With the even tramp of an army where no man breaks from the line,
Ye shall march to peace and plenty in the bond of brotherhood—
sign!"

The paper lay on the table, the strong heads bowed thereby,
And a wail went up from the people: "Aye, sign—give rest, for
we die!"

A hand was stretched to the goose-quill, a fist was cramped to scrawl,
When—the laugh of a blue-eyed maiden ran clear through the council-hall.

And each one heard Her laughing as each one saw Her plain—
Saidie, Mimi, or Olga, Gretchen, or Mary Jane.
And the Spirit of Man that is in him to the light of the vision
woke;
And the men drew back from the paper, as a Yankee delegate
spoke:

"There's a girl in Jersey City who works on the telephone;
We're going to hitch our horses and dig for a house of our own,
With gas and water connections, and steam heat through to the top;
And, W. Hohenzollern, I guess I must work till I drop."

And an English delegate thundered: "The weak an' the lame be
blowed!
I've a berth in the Sou'-West work-shops, a home in the Wands-
worth Road;
And, till the 'sociation has footed my buryin' bill,
I work for the kids an' the missus. Pull up? I'll be damned if
I will!"

And over the German benches the bearded whisper ran—
"Lager, der girls, und der dollars, dey makes or dey breaks a man.
If Schmitt haf collared der dollars, he collars der girl deremit;
But if Schmitt bust in der pizness, we collars der girl from Schmitt."

They passed one resolution: "Your sub-committee believe
You can lighten the curse of Adam when you've lightened the
curse of Eve.
But till we are built like angels, with hammer and chisel and pen,
We will work for ourself and a woman, forever and ever, amen."

Now this is the tale of the Council the German Kaiser held—
The day that they Razored the Grindstones, the day that the Cat
was Belled,
The day of the Figs from Thistles, the day of the Twisted Sands,
The day when the laugh of a maiden made light of the Lords of
Their Hands. —Rudyard Kipling in *St. James's Gazette*.

If there is a poor Englishman in the United States now of the name of Naylor, formerly a civil officer of the township of Bradford, England, there is some good news for him. A girl, named Bond, a nurse-maid in his family, charged him, six months ago, with committing an assault. Poor Naylor, admitted to bail and crazed by the charge sworn so emphatically against him, sought refuge in America. Recently the girl admitted on oath that the story was entirely false, and that it was concocted by her mother to extort money.

A new form of entertaining in Paris is to take your guests to a museum, hospital, or other public institution, see the sights, and talk about them. After they are fully charged with new information, you take them home and feed them. This idea has taken with high and low.

PARISIAN NOTES.

"Parisina's" Budget of Gossip from Lutetia.

The different art shows which have opened of late are crowded every afternoon. Drowning persons will catch at straws, and people who do not care much and know still less about art will dabble away hours at the Aquarellistes, or in the exhibition-room at the "Epatant," or the "Volney." Moreover, it is the fashion to patronize them, and it is something nowadays to have a place of meeting, where mamma may take her girls, where lovers—in the early stages of an affair—may give rendezvous to the fair objects of their attentions, honorable or quite the contrary. Finally, they provide subjects of conversation, of which society has fallen rather short. Portraits are always much criticised, especially by the friends and acquaintances of the patient. If women only knew all that is said about them behind their backs, and how all their "points" are discussed when they are not by! I am sure they might as well put themselves in the pillory at once than run the gauntlet of the "Tout Paris" in that way. I have heard, *ad nauseam*, of the Vicomtesse de C—'s arms and shoulders since the public was admitted to scrutinize them at the "Epatant." It must be admitted that Bonnat makes the most of these accessories and of the black-velvet bodice, which displays so much of both. Julian Story's portrait of Miss Eames is quite proper and as charming as the original, though, I daresay, some of Juliette's French rivals declare it is flattered. The picture which attracts the most attention at this exhibition is by a young man, Lucien Doucet, who, though he has won his spurs, is not much known outside artistic sets. Its title, "Flirt," is borrowed from that of a novel which has made some noise of late. Frenchmen give the word a greater significance than we do, and the "flirt" in question is certainly an *horizontale de marque*; her elegant gown is from the first *faiseur*, and her boudoir is fitted with all the luxury inherent to her kind. She makes a pretty picture reclining in her exquisite finery on a low couch, at the other end of which is seated a stupid-looking masquer—*a pigeon* ready for plucking. Bernard's "Famille" is also much discussed, and surely none but himself would dare to perpetrate such a caricature of his own wife and children; and Mme. Bernard is a very fine woman, indeed, as every one knows. But this artist loves to astonish and mystify us. He has sent to the water-color exhibition three pictures, about which all Paris is talking; his friends admire them, as they do everything he paints, and the rest gaze and wonder. If they dared they would laugh. In one you see, faintly portrayed, a nude figure of a female whipping up a quartet of white peacocks. Shall we presume this to be Innocence and its little gambols? In a second, another female is robing herself in a garb of peacock's plumage (not white); while in the third, she has so well adapted the plumage to her figure that the feathers actually make part of her, and she has a woman's torso and a bird's extremities. Read the riddle who lists. Several artists have attempted, with more or less success, to fix on paper the fleeting splendors of the illuminated fountains and other views of the exposition, including one of the Trocadéro on a fête night, which reminds me that neither the Dome, nor the Machinery Hall, nor the two pavilions are to be razed to the ground, but all are to be left standing for fresh batches of visitors to come and gaze upon and admire. The Field of Mars has been asked from the military authorities, and is to be henceforth a second Elysian Fields for Parisians to play and saunter about in.

The Opera House was chosen as usual by the territorial army officers for the ball they give every year. This fête is one of the swell military affairs of the season, and the gorgeous theatre was filled, as it is generally, with an overwhelming amount of red trousers and gold braiding. You may imagine these splendid but somewhat heavy and stiff habiliments do not allow of these decorated generals and colonels treading a measure; in truth, dancing was not a great feature of the ball; it was indulged in only after the departure of the great people and officials, when, to tell the truth, the young *sous-lieutenants* and their gay *dansuses* performed until the next morning was far on. For the first few hours, the guests were amused by divers not over original *divertissements*, such as a *bataille des fleurs*. But the grand feature of the entertainment was a new sort of human panorama, representing Detaille's famous "Réve." The background was brushed in in colors, the groups in front being composed of the figurants of the Opera. The whole thing was most effective, and was shown in the once renowned *Foyer de la Danse*. Ah! what a rendezvous of all the swells of Parisian society that wicked *foyer* used to be! All the ballet-girls, from the *première danseuse* down to the merest *débutantes* were passed in review by their gentlemen acquaintances—who were all, without exception, *abonnés* of the opera, for the sanctuary was shut to the small fry of those who did not attend regularly on opera nights. Then was the time for gay talks and ten minutes of rapid love-making; then it was that the new-comers among the *demoiselles du ballet* were introduced into society and had to pass through the ordeal of many pairs of critical masculine eyes. Nowadays, alas, the *foyer* is much degenerated; it has been overrun by *bourgeois* and that miserable being, the man who strives in vain to be a swell. Even the principal dancers themselves have left off appearing there; they now go straight on to the stage, and when they do receive visitors, receive them in their dressing-rooms. Perhaps, however, some day the *foyer de la danse* at the opera will regain its former vogue. There is never any knowing how the ebb and flow of fashion may affect us. What we do to-day we scorn to-morrow, and *vice versa*.

One of the victims of the epidemic is poor Olympe Audonard—a woman whose name is more familiar to us than that of many a greater and a better. In everything she undertook she never managed to rise superior to the most ordinary mediocrity. Her novels were hardly readable, her journalism third-rate, and we should have rated her lectures unutterably tiresome; if there had not been something personally attractive about the woman which even in her later days cast a spell

over her hearers. She did not outlive her reputation for beauty, though the victim of overwhelming fat, and there are people still who, having known her in her prime, rave about her exuberant loveliness, her exquisite form, the purity of her complexion, and the tint of ripe corn in her hair. Olympe was a fair southerner, with all the warmth of Provençal blood coursing in the veins of a blonde. Her story is one of strange adventures. Before she set up in Paris as a *bel-esprit* and a woman of letters, she had lived both in Constantinople and St. Petersburg. Rumor said at one time she had been the favorite of a Pasha. Who knows? As a matter of fact, she had begun life as the wife of a notary of Marseilles; but the Audonard *ménage* was not a happy one, and after a few months of connubial infelicity the pair separated by mutual consent. Olympe's first book, "*Comment aiment les hommes*," attracted some notice, and gained for her the *entrée* of a certain world not too squeamish with respect to the history of those who frequented it. After a few years spent here—during which time she edited a journal called *Le Papillon*—the roving fit took possession of her again, she crossed the Atlantic, and lectured in several towns in the States; returning to Europe, she visited one capital after another, paying flying visits to Paris in between. Toward the decline of her career she became an ardent spiritualist and published a volume entitled "*Le Monde des Esprits*." Finally, a few weeks ago, the poor beauty, undermined by disease, her golden locks streaked with silver, repaired to Nice in search of health, but this journey was merely the prelude of that final one from which no traveler returns.

I have taken you with me before now to the "Chat Noir" (I might have done better, perhaps), but you never thought to be escorted thither to see a miracle-play. You remember the "Epopée," that wonderful history of the great Napoleon enacted by Chinese shadows to the sound of an orchestra composed of a piano, drums, and cymbals. Well, an artist of the Caran d'Ache school—Henri Rivière—has designed and executed a similar pageant—the "*Marche à l'Etoile*"—and, *ma foi*, anywhere else it would be a fine piece of religious spectacle; but one does not relish seeing the cradle of Bethlehem in the haunts of the "black cat." There is nothing really to wound the most tender conscience in the representation, yet the impression one carries away is a painful one. Imagine on a stage, not three feet square, an Oriental sky full of twinkling stars; then suddenly a new star appears in the firmament, and from the wings an almost endless procession of shepherds, soldiers, wise men, lepers, slaves, the high and noble, poverty-stricken and wretched—all following whither the star points. And the while, celestial music plays. Then, in a second scene, here is the Child and the Virgin, while around, their foreheads bowed to the ground, the mighty multitude is bent in adoration. Again the scene changes, the cymbals clash, the drums roll like thunder; it is the last act of the great tragedy—a Calvary in miniature, effective as Doré's "Ténébres." One hardly knows whether to admire the grandeur of the sentiment displayed, or to condemn the daring effrontery which should represent scenes like these before such an audience and in such a place.

PARIS, February 8, 1890.

Professor Nussbaum, the celebrated Munich surgeon, says: "In a city of, say, two hundred thousand persons, visited by cholera, perhaps only one per cent., that is, two thousand, will be attacked. The other one hundred and eighty thousand persons remain unimpaired in health, although they have all drunk, inhaled, and swallowed the cholera bacillus. It is known with certainty that the cholera bacillus is dangerous only to those persons whose stomachs are not in a healthy state, and jeopardizes life only when it passes into the intestines. A healthy stomach digests the bacillus, and therefore it does not reach the intestines in a living state."

It is said that when the Grand Opera management, in Paris, changed some time ago, the new men found upon the books items amounting to thirty thousand dollars annually, for which no explanation appeared until it was found that it covered expenditures to secure favorable notices in the newspapers. The new management attempted to stop this expense, and, after being bulldozed to compromise on merely cutting it down, have now been compelled to restore it to more than its old figure, on the plea that the newspaper men ought to share in the increased receipts brought by the exposition.

The Royal Botanic Society has received for its museum a specimen of the double coconut, known also as the *coco de mer*. For hundreds of years the origin of these nuts was a mystery, for they were never seen except when they were washed up by the sea. They were supposed to have wonderful powers in the way of curing disease, and were the subject of other superstitions until the place where they grew was at last discovered to be the Seychelles, a small group of islands in the Indian Ocean. Formerly they were worth their weight in gold, and they are rare now.

The Mormons in Canada who have more than one wife apiece, have raised a decided sensation by proving that there is no English law against polygamous marriages. As the Mohammedans, under English rule, are most of them polygamists, the Canadian Mormons have lately asked their prosecutors: "What are you going to do about it?"

The coöperative-stores system, which was established by working people in Philadelphia fifteen years ago, has proved a failure. From a nine-per-cent. dividend in 1883, business has dropped to a deficiency of ten thousand dollars. It started with eight stores, but has only one now.

A London confectionery-store gives to every purchaser of a shilling's worth a ticket entitling the purchaser to have one photograph of herself taken at an establishment upstairs.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lord Tennyson recently talked with his cook, and she frankly told him that she did not like his poems.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria has given up some of his foolish habits. He no longer wears corsets, and only paints his face on occasions of state.

George Augustus Sala has married his amanuensis, Bessie Stannard. The present Mrs. Sala is number two, and by all accounts, a very clever and jolly young bride.

Mrs. Frances E. Willard takes the cake for alliteration, when she writes to Mrs. Anthony: "Beloved Susan, you have lived seventy selfless, sacred, sorrowful, seraphic years."

Miss Kate Field informs a contemporary, which remarked that "her *Washington* is just like herself—ten cents a copy," that it is in error, as "there are no copies of Kate Field, and the original is not for sale at any price."

Wilson S. Bissell was served with a subpoena last week at a railroad-station in Buffalo to appear as a witness. As the train moved out, Mr. Bissell said to the officer: "You may go to thunder. I'm not going to put off my wedding to testify in a libel suit. I'll get married to-night if I go to jail for it."

Mr. Herbert Spencer lives all the year round in boarding-houses. Sometimes the clatter and chatter grow unbearable, but the philosopher rises to the occasion. He has two little buttons, designed by an artist and made exactly to fit his ears. When the noise grows too great he thrusts them in. No sound can pass those buttons.

The Czar possesses forty-four uniforms, one of which he has never worn—viz.: that of a Russian field-marshal. Although he is commander-in-chief of the army, his majesty has, the continental story goes, vowed never to wear the insignia of a field-marshal until this grade shall have been conferred upon him by his brother field-m Marshals after a victorious war.

The quarrel between Prince Napoleon and his son Victor has become so bitter that the most painful scenes took place when they recently met at Turin for the purpose of attending the obsequies of the Duke of Aosta. Indeed, their conduct was such that King Humbert was forced to insist upon their withdrawal from the funeral procession, so as to avert a public scandal.

Maximina Pedraja, the nurse of the infant King of Spain, is a handsome young woman from the Province of Santander, a brunette, tall, with admirable eyes, and a wealth of black hair. When chosen among the thousands who competed for the post, she was so poor that the neighbors at Heras, her birthplace, were obliged to subscribe ten dollars for her journey to Madrid.

For the first time in history, the Pope has conferred a pontifical decoration on a monarch who does not belong to the Christian faith. The Holy Father has presented to the Shah the Order of Pius the Ninth, and has forwarded to him the insignia together with an autograph letter, in which he thanks Nasr-el-Deen for the protection and liberty accorded to the Catholics in Persia.

Princess Victoria of Prussia has obtained the permission of her brother, Emperor William, to reside permanently in England, and he has granted her an allowance of forty thousand dollars a year. Germany has become distasteful to the princess since the abrupt termination of her engagement to Prince Alexander of Battenberg, who coolly jilted her in order to marry the opera-singer, Marie Loesinger.

Senator Ingalls is preparing another speech, which it is predicted will make a sensation when it is delivered in the Senate. Since his late speech, the Senator has received a large number of little testimonials from the South, and it is his purpose to place these on public view. Among the exhibits will be a cartridge and a letter from an indignant Southerner, who exclaims: "The next bullet you receive from me will be from a rifle."

The London correspondent of an English paper alleges that the Prince of Wales has instituted the custom of weighing both the coming and the parting guest at Sandringham Palace. At the first opportunity after his arrival, the guest is weighed and his weight recorded in a book kept for the purpose, and he is weighed again on the morning of his departure, and another record made, accompanied by the autograph of the guest. One of the latest signatures in the book is that of Salisbury, and his weight is put at eighteen stone plump.

Among the delicacies which graced Queen Victoria's table at Christmas was a turtle one hundred years of age, which had been brought from the Ascension Island a week previously by the government cruiser *Wye*. So thoroughly did her majesty enjoy the soup produced from the fat of the reptile, that the *Wye* has just been dispatched to Ascension—a distance of many thousand miles—for a further supply of turtles. It is not every one who is thus able to make use of a man-of-war for the purpose of gratifying an inordinate craving for turtle soup.

Leo the Thirteenth is just now absorbed in the interesting but somewhat gloomy task of superintending the making of his tomb, which, together with the monument belonging thereto, he is anxious to have completed during his life-time. When finished, it will consist of a large sepulchral urn, on which the life-size statue of the Pope is placed. On either side of this urn are two colossal statues, representing Religion and Justice. The statues are of Carrara marble, and the urn of porphyry. Three years will still be required to complete it, and it is to cost thirty thousand dollars.

Christine Nilsson, says some one who recently met her walking in the Rue de la Paix, has grown positively obese. The once ideal Marguerite stalked ponderously along, stopping now and then to gaze into the shop-windows, and when something especially attracted her attention, she would stand with both hands on her hips, like a fish-wife in the Central Market. The back of the countess's neck looks like a man's, and the independent attitude, combined with a by no means elegant toilet, entirely dissipated the enthusiastic memories of one of the greatest prime-donne of her day.

M. Henri Rochefort, after twice changing his residence in London, is now living at York Terrace, overlooking Regent's Park. He continues to send every day to Paris an editorial article for his newspaper, the *Intransigent*, and retains full control and direction of its policy. He spends large sums in the purchase of pictures and rare porcelain to add to the magnificent collection which fills his big house at York Terrace from cellar to garret. From time to time he communicates with General Boulanger, with whom his relations, however, have become far less cordial. He speaks but little of politics and announces his intention of awaiting tranquilly the course of events in France.

It is alleged that the recent duel between Edouard Rothschild and M. Gouy, which has been ascribed to a political quarrel, really arose over a woman. Some time ago the two young men were preparing for a long yachting trip to India, the preparations including arrangements for the society on the voyage of the woman in question. This feature of the excursion coming to the ears of the mother of Gouy, she complained to Rothschild, Sr., who promptly shut down on the trip altogether. The woman was much enraged at being thus deprived of her pleasure, and recently being at the theatre with young Rothschild, she caught sight of Gouy and indulged in language uncomplimentary to him and to his mother, for which Gouy held Rothschild responsible.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lassance, a former member of the Brazilian Imperial staff, who was asked by the provisional government to assume charge of Dom Pedro's property, having declined to act, the minister of justice appointed an administrator to do so. Jewelry and other valuables were listed by the chief of police as follows: Household plate, six hundred thousand dollars; jewels of the empress, one million five hundred thousand dollars; jewels of the emperor, two hundred thousand dollars; the crown, five hundred thousand dollars; total, two million eight hundred thousand dollars. These were deposited in the name of Pedro d'Alcantara with the treasurer of the republic. The carriages and horses are valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; the furniture, fifteen thousand dollars; museum and library, two hundred thousand dollars.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

"Cockaigne" tells a Tale of Two Anglomaniac Families in England.

The fast-growing custom of wealthy New Yorkers coming over to England and renting country-houses has lately led to an amusing occurrence, the facts of which might be profitably worked into a scene in a novel or a play. It seems that two fine country-houses, each surrounded by a splendid park and situated close to each other, in one of the Home Counties, are severally owned by a certain peer, whom we shall call the Earl of Portcullis, and by a certain baronet, whom we shall call Sir Roderick Blennerhassett. The nobleman's place is called Grassland Park; that of the baronet Oakden Manor. Some time during the autumn months, both Lord Portcullis and Sir Roderick, for reasons of quite a distinct character, determined to spend the winter on the continent and to let their houses for six months. To that end, they put the houses in the hands of two West End house-agents to be let, and, ere long, satisfactory tenants were found for each in the persons of two New York families. It should be remarked that neither house-agent was aware that the other house was for rent. So that when the two New York families applied to each, one was told that Sir Roderick was a near neighbor, while the other was informed that the Earl of Portcullis lived near by. A house owned by an earl, with a baronet next door, suited one anglo-maniac down to the ground, while a house owned by a baronet, with an earl next door, exactly filled the bill for the other. Nothing could be better. Rent, accommodation, and habitable condition were minor considerations in both cases, and the houses were taken instantly.

So Grassland Park fell to Mr. Schuyler Van Winkle and Oakden Manor to Mr. Hiram T. Bassett. November saw each gentleman with his family in residence. Now, the Van Winkles and Bassetts, though both New Yorkers, did not know each other. The Van Winkles were in and of the world-famous Four Hundred. The Bassetts were not. That was sufficient. The Van Winkles consisted of Mr. and Mrs. and their daughter Julia, a handsome, high-bred girl of two-and-twenty, who had been nearly but not quite a belle in New York society for a couple of seasons. The Bassett family was made up of Mr. and Mrs., their daughter Dora, a pretty but somewhat loud young lady of nineteen, and their son Hiram T., Jr., commonly designated among his family and intimate friends "Hi."

Let us hark back to November, when the Van Winkles and Bassetts have been in residence about a fortnight.

"I'm considerably disappointed," says Mrs. Bassett, one morning, at breakfast; "I've been overhauling the card-receiver and I find there isn't a single title among them all."

"All double ones, eh?" asks Hi, who thinks himself a wit.

His mother does not deign to notice him; Mr. Bassett reads in silence the London morning paper, while he eats (he could not do a more un-English thing if he tried), and Dora says:

"How very provoking! What can be the reason? I'm afraid the house-agent took us in. He said Lord Portcullis lived very near."

"Yes, I know he did. Perhaps I've overlooked him. Let me have another try," and Mrs. Bassett, with a hopeful look in her eyes, produces the china card-receiver from her lap beneath the table-cloth, and spreads the contents out, one by one, on the table in front of her, pushing aside her plate to make room. "No, I was right. There's no name of the sort. As I say," and she gathers up the cards and throws them disdainfully back into the receiver, "there is not a single title among them."

"The Earl of Portcullis," says Dora, meditatively; "I wonder—I wonder—"

"Well, what do you wonder?" asks her mother, with some misgivings as to the drift of her daughter's cogitations; "if he's a myth?"

"My, no!" exclaims Dora; "I know better than that. Our groom knows one of his lordship's grooms very well. Only if Lord Entihed knows him."

Mr. Bassett looks up quickly from his paper.

"What about Lord Entihed?" he asks.

"I only said I wondered if he knew Lord Portcullis."

"Who's Lord Portcullis?"

"How tiresome you are, papa! He's Lord Portcullis—or the Earl of Portcullis, if you like it better. That's all I know about him, except that he lives at Grassland Park."

"Oh, yes, to be sure. That's the man. I forgot his name. By-the-by, I saw him out driving to-day. That is to say, he drove out of the park gates as I was passing in my four-in-hand coach. A tall, handsome, distingue-looking man, and he had a mighty pretty daughter—at least, I presumed she was."

"What? Pretty or his daughter?" queries Hi.

"Both," answers Mr. Bassett, with an annihilating nod at his son; "anything further to offer?" Hi has not, and his father goes on. "I guess," he begins, with one of those lapses back to his natural individuality, not uncommon with the average anglo-maniac.

"What?" cry Mrs. Bassett and Dora in a breath.

"Eb?" says Mr. Bassett; "what? Oh! Well, I fancy it was the earl. He looked like an Englishman, anyhow."

"Of course it was," says Mrs. Bassett; "who else could it be? And there is a wife—there must be, of course, if there's a daughter."

"Yes, a wife, daughter, and son," remarks Dora; "so George—our groom, you know—says. I wish I had a 'Peerage.'"

"Where is it? Lost it?" asks her mother, anxiously.

"No. Forgot to pack it up."

"Of all things to forget!" exclaims Mrs. Bassett; "we're in a pretty fix now!"

"I'll telegraph up to London for one at once," says Mr. Bassett.

"I'm not talking of the 'Peerage,'" replies Mrs. Bassett; "I mean what are we to do about these people not calling?"

"Give a ball and invite them all," suggests Hi.

"It does seem so unfair—such awful bard lines, after coming over here and taking a house and everything," bemoans Dora; "we might have done as well if we'd stayed in New York."

"Better," replies her mother; "we made Lord Entihed's acquaintance there. How unfortunate, too, that he is away in Spain, traveling."

"Who told you that?" asks Hi, with a suspicious smile.

"You know perfectly well papa was told so when he went to call on him in London," says Dora, impatiently.

"All I know is, I saw his name in the *Morning Post* the other day among the guests staying at somebody's country-house."

"Utterly impossible!" exclaims Mrs. Bassett; "he's in Italy—no, Spain."

"I'll tell you what," says Mr. Bassett, presently, with a burst of enthusiasm; "why not take the bull by the horns and call yourself? It will look as if you were returning their call. Swells like that forget who they've called upon, and will think it all right."

"Not a bad idea," assents Mrs. Bassett; "there's nothing like asserting yourself in this world. You never hear of the keep-backs anywhere. Yes, we'll call this very afternoon. Thank you, my dear, for the suggestion."

* * * * *

"It's very odd," remarks Mr. Schuyler Van Winkle, that same afternoon, as he and his wife and daughter are together in the drawing-room at Grassland Park, awaiting the stroke of five for tea to be brought in. He has been conning over a long sheet of paper which he holds in his hand, and takes off his eye-glasses as he looks up.

"What is?" asks Mrs. Van Winkle.

"Why, that the Blennerhassetts haven't called upon us."

"Do you mean the people who live at Oakden Manor?"

"Yes."

"Haven't they called upon us? No, I remember now, they have not. They are the only people, though."

"I can't at all make it out," goes on Mr. Van Winkle; "every one else has called. Why shouldn't they?"

"Perhaps they have heard we are Americans," suggests Miss Julia.

"That should be no reason," replies her father.

"There are some English people who don't like Americans, I know. Don't you remember those people at Cannes last year, who refused to be introduced to us, or, rather, refused to allow us to be introduced to them? Nasty, hateful things!"

Mr. Van Winkle winces both at the uncomplimentary reminder and at the "pronounced American" in his daughter's concluding words.

"Yes, I remember them," he replies, loftily; "but I don't altogether blame them."

"Why, papa?"

"You forget the sort of Americans they had constantly before them, my dear Julia. Vulgar, purse-proud, pushing people. They supposed us to be the same, no doubt. I'm sorry they did not give us the opportunity of showing them the contrary," he adds, drawing himself up.

"But, my dear, haven't we carefully avoided letting our nationality be known? I thought you said we were not to tell any one we were Americans," says Mrs. Van Winkle.

"Certainly I said so," says Mr. Van Winkle; "after people got to know us I thought would be time enough to tell them what we were."

"I'm sure I've told no one," urges Mrs. Van Winkle.

"Nor have I," adds Julia.

"I feel confident that no one has found it out from me," says Mr. Van Winkle, proudly.

"It is certainly very strange," observes Mrs. Van Winkle; "the house-agent told us they were the nicest people in the neighborhood, next of course to the Portcullis family."

At the moment the rumble of carriage-wheels sounds on the gravel of the drive.

"Perhaps it's the Blennerhassetts now," says Julia, rising quickly and going to one of the windows, as a carriage drives past in the dim light without; "yes, it's a brougham and pair with coachman and footman, with cockades in their hats. Of course it must be them. Talk of the *et cetera, et cetera*."

"I trust you have not instructed Watkins to say 'not at home,'" says Mr. Van Winkle, as he pulls down his shirt-cuffs and wipes some specks of dust from his coat-sleeve; taking at the same time a glance at his scarf in the mirror over the chimney-piece. "I am most anxious to meet these people."

Before Mrs. Van Winkle can reply, the door is thrown open and the butler's lips move in the articulation of an announcement whose phonetic effect upon the ears of his listeners is:

"'Assetan' 'ss 'asset!'"

"Ah!" murmurs Mr. Van Winkle to himself, as Mrs. Bassett and Dora march majestically into the room; "the Blennerhassetts at last!"

After mutual greetings of intensest British frigidity in the utterance of "How d'ye do's" and the mechanism of its handshakings, both sides doing their best to appear English to the other party, Mrs. Van Winkle says:

"It is so good of you to come and see us."

"Yes, we have been wondering why you didn't call," Julia adds.

Mrs. Bassett and Dora exchange glances.

"Of course it is some new English custom for strangers to call first," thinks Mrs. Bassett; "I mustn't appear to be ignorant of it. How lucky we came!"

"Yes?" she says aloud; "it's very good of you to say so, I'm sure. We should have called before, but several things prevented."

"We are so anxious to see Oakden," remarks Julia; "it's such a fine place he has—"

"Well, yes; it isn't a bad sort of place," replies Dora; "we should have preferred—"

She stops short at a glance from her mother, prefaced by the usual admonitory and premonitory "A-hem!"

"I beg your pardon?" demands Mr. Van Winkle, bending

forward in his chair to listen, much to Dora's discomfiture, for she doesn't see her way out of the *faux pas* she has all but made.

"I don't know what it is," she says to herself, "but it must be something wrong, from mamma's face."

Her mother comes to her rescue:

"Do you mean to say you have never been there?" she asks; "how very odd."

Mrs. Van Winkle is vaguely conscious that Julia's remark was an inopportune one, and favors her daughter with a glance in accord with her feelings in consequence.

"Least said, soonest mended," is her mental conclusion, and "Do you think so?" is all she says.

"Why, certainly," begins Mrs. Bassett, and then suddenly recollecting herself, not without the aid of Dora's elevated eyebrows, turns very red and coughs.

Mr. Van Winkle takes the remark as an intentional bit of quizzing. He is angry at what he is pleased to consider an affront, and vexed that his national *incognito* should have been so unsuccessfully maintained.

"It couldn't be anything *I've* said," he says, comfortingly, to himself; "I've said nothing but 'How d'ye do?' and 'I beg your pardon,' since they came in. Any Englishman might say as much. Perhaps," he ruminates further, "she's picked it up on the continent somewhere from some Americans she has been thrown with, and feels ashamed of herself for using the expression to us. I shall take that view of it, at all events."

Meanwhile, Dora endeavors to help her mother out. A silence has ensued which is painful to all parties, and in a nervous anxiety to break it, she says the first thing which comes into her head:

"I don't believe you would think much of Oakden. In my opinion, there are dozens of old manor-houses on the Hudson much prettier."

"There again!" exclaims Mr. Van Winkle; "it must be intentional this time. One can't resent it in one's own house except by a snub, and there is no greater snub than ignoring a remark and changing the subject, no matter how apropos of nothing the introduction of the new topic may be. By-the-by," he says, aloud, "how is Sir Roderick?"

"Sir Roderick?" asks Mrs. Bassett, bazily; "do you mean—"

"Sir Roderick. I trust he is quite well?"

"Ye-es, I believe so. I don't know," answers Mrs. Bassett.

"Then he's away from home?" says Mr. Van Winkle, in a painfully disappointed voice.

"Oh, yes; he's away from home," replies Mrs. Bassett, laughing. "How fond the English are of chaffing," she says to herself; "I must enter into it."

"What the dickens can there be to laugh at?" thinks Mr. Van Winkle; "it is the one great fault—the only fault, indeed—I notice in English people. They turn everything into a subject for their levity."

"Are you going up to the drawing-room?" asks Mrs. Van Winkle, anxious to say something and forgetful that there are no court functions in the winter. In the correction of her mistake by the others, the conversation assumes a congenial tone and flows on without check or hitch until tea is brought in.

"Pray stay and have tea," says Mrs. Van Winkle, as Mrs. Bassett and Dora rise to go.

"Thanks, awfully," answers mother and daughter in a breath, and sit down again.

"Five-o'clock tea is such a charming custom," observes Dora, taking her cup from Mr. Van Winkle and helping herself to the cream and sugar he hands her; "we are awfully fond of it."

"So are we," Julia says; "I think it makes such a delightful event, especially when the days are short and there is nothing else to do."

"It has become quite a custom in America," goes on Dora.

"This is more than accident," mentally exclaims Mr. Van Winkle; "it is the third time. They *must* know, or suspect at all events, and are trying to catch us."

Neither Mrs. Van Winkle nor Julia speaks. It is one of those occasions with them when silence is golden.

"Yes, indeed," continues Dora, who, conscious of an ominous "A-hem," does not dare to look at the frown which she knows is puckering her mother's face; "I can remember the time when you never—"

"Dora, my dear, we must be going," and Mrs. Bassett stands up abruptly.

"So sorry you have to go," smiles Mrs. Van Winkle; "it is so very good of you to have come to see us." ("What charming manners the English aristocracy have," thinks Mrs. Bassett.) "I hope we shall see a good deal of each other."

"Thanks, awfully," thus Dora and her mother; "good-bye."

"I can't say that I care very much for them," Mr. Van Winkle says after they have gone; "I thought their constant reference to America very rude."

"So did I," concurs Julia; "they were quizzing us the whole time and smothering laughs. I never saw anything like it."

"I'm glad you noticed it," says her father; "I don't think we need return the call."

"And yet," remarks Mrs. Van Winkle, "it might show that they never suspected us."

"Perhaps," says Mr. Van Winkle; "I'll think it over."

"Quite delightful people," says Mrs. Bassett, lying back among the comfortable cushions of her brougham, as it bowls down the broad avenue; "I think we made a good impression. If anything spoiled it, it was your continual reference to America."

"Why, certainly," remarks Dora, quietly.

LONDON, February 9, 1890. COCKAIGNE.

The Sardine Trust has gone to pieces. The public criticism was too bitter for the French, English, and Belgian capitalists who formed the syndicate that was to buy up the business and they drew out.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Jules Verne's latest extravaganza deals with a mining speculation at the North Pole.

"Influence of Sea Power in History, by Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N., is to be brought out at once by Little, Brown & Co.

A translation of "Maria," Jorge Isaacs' South American romance, is to be brought out in this country. The translator is Thomas A. Janvier.

The *Writer* has in hand the compilation of a "Directory of American Writers, Editors, and Publishers," to be issued at the earliest possible date.

Letters from the Vatican, written by Mr. W. T. Stead for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, will be issued as a volume soon, with the title, "The Pope and the New Era."

A new book soon to be published by Little, Brown, & Co. is "The Way Out of Agnosticism; or, The Philosophy of Free Religion," by Francis Ellenwood Abbot, author of "Scientific Theism."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s late announcements include Mr. Bigelow's "Bryant," in the American Men-of-Letters Series; Colonel Theo. A. Dodge's "Alexander"; and Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" and "Ivry," in paper covers.

An "eminent literary man" says that if, instead of publishing unsalable volumes, minor poets would take to song-writing, they would find the occupation much more lucrative. This would be rather hard on the singers of songs, who are already afflicted by the idiotic rhymes usually attached to their music.

The critic of the *St. James's Gazette* is sarcastic apropos of his statement that the vigor of English colonization is doing something to neutralize the curse of the confusion of tongues. "We can understand and speak the great American language," he says; "we speak it with an English accent, it must be confessed. But we can make ourselves understood in it, at all events."

The fifth and last volume of Palfrey's "History of New England" will soon be issued by Little, Brown & Co. At the time of the author's death the material for this volume was in an advanced state of completion. The labor necessary to make it ready for the press has been performed by his son, General Francis W. Palfrey. It brings the narrative down to July 3, 1775, which was the date fixed by the author in his original plan. An index has been added to this volume covering the whole work. Volume IV. was issued in 1864.

Mr. Andrew Lang is about to follow up his "Letters to Dead Authors" with a second attempt in epistolary parody. In "Old Friends" he sets forth the correspondence which might have taken place between characters in fiction who lived at the same time—M. Lecoq, for example, writing to Mr. Inspector Bucket, and Mr. Trollope's Mrs. Proudie describing to a friend how the bishop was taken in by self-styled Lady Crawley, formerly Miss Becky Sharp. Among these letters is one from the very British hero of Ouida's "Under Two Flags," narrating his surprising rescue of Miss Daisy Miller.

Professor Lowell, as they still call him at Cambridge (says the *New York Commercial Advertiser*), though it is thirty-five years since he succeeded to the chair of Longfellow at Harvard, was it will be remembered, the first editor of the *Atlantic*. He was, as may be imagined, a model editor, so far as literary judgment was concerned, and has had no equal since. But, in regard to details and the ordinary routine of his office, he is said to have been singularly erratic. He carried off MSS. in his pocket, and, when he changed his coat, forgot what had become of them. He seldom answered letters with any promptness, and many he neglected altogether. Contributors were often perplexed, sometimes in despair, from inability to learn the fate of their articles. In fact, he wholly lacked method, punctuality, or anything like system, as is so common with literary men. He could not adapt himself to the restrictions of the place, and at the end of five years found it too irksome to continue there any longer. Lowell has always been disqualified for business in the ordinary sense, and heartily detests it.

New Publications.

"Songs of Help and Inspiration," by Brewer Matthews, containing some thirty-odd poems of no great merit, has been published by the author at Faribault, Minn.; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Dean's Daughter," by Sophie F. F. Veitch, a novel in which repressed love and a possibly allowable perjury furnish the elements of interest, has been issued in the Town and Country Library by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"The Tartuffian Age," by Paul Mantegazza, has been translated into English by W. A. Nettleton, assisted by Professor L. D. Ventura. It is an entertaining exposition of the hypocrisy that permeated the living world and which, the author declares, has reached its climax in the nineteenth century. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$1.25.

"The Fallen Pillar Saint and Other Poems," by Susie M. Best, is the latest production of the now somewhat threadbare school of young "poetesses of passion," of which Ella Wheeler was the leader. Love of the earth earthy kind is Miss Best's chief theme, though she tries her hand at mysticism now and then, and has written some Scotch and Yankee dialect verses. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Legal Adviser," compiled by F. M. Payne, is an epitome of the business and domestic laws of the several States of the Union and those of the General Government of the United States. The various subjects are treated in paragraphs arranged alphabetically by titles, the whole forming a valuable safeguard against certain chances of loss, though such books as this are hailed with as much joy by the legal fraternity as "the lawyer's best friend," the man who makes his own will. Published by the Excelsior Publishing House, New York; for sale by The News Company.

"Romanism and the Republic" is the title given to a volume containing fourteen discourses delivered at Worcester, Mass., by Rev. Isaac J. Lansing. These sermons are reprinted from the preacher's sermons as reported stenographically, and so have not the polish of deliberate literary execution; but they are founded on a wide study of the subject and

are the fruit of sincere conviction of the peril that menaces the State from the Roman Catholic Church. An introduction has been provided by Rev. Leroy M. Vernon, late superintendent of M. E. Missions in Italy, and the contents are indexed. Published by the Arnold Publishing Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

"Dr. Muhlenberg," by William Wilberforce Newton, D.D., has been issued in the series of American Religious Leaders. The series aims to present the growth of religious thought in the United States by narrating the lives of the leaders in theology and showing their influence on subsequent developments. William Augustus Muhlenberg, while possessing neither the brilliancy of Channing nor the logical force of Jonathan Edwards, is one of the most important figures in religious history on this continent; though he was deemed a prophet and a dreamer by his contemporaries, many of the changes and developments he advocated have been realized in our day largely through his influence. The subject has been treated in a scholarly and liberal manner by Dr. Newton. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$1.25.

The "Critic" on Ibsen's "Doll's House."

"In our opinion," says the *Critic*, "Ibsen is a much overrated man; he is a satirist who for thirty years has lived on the Sardinian herb until his face has become distorted into a sardonic grin at society, at 'men, women, and ministers,' at emperor and Galilean alike; and now at the modern Bluebeards who won't emancipate women. What he says on all these topics—the folly, the sin, the flippancy, the hypocrisy—has been said a thousand times before, and better said. 'The Doll Wife' is undeniably powerful; it has genius, pathos, tragic situation; but to say of it, as Brandes says, that it surpasses in technique the finest French plays, is simply to expose the fact that one Scandinavian greatly admires another, and is supremely delighted at the skill he displays in hitting off contemporary foibles. For Ibsen is extremely skillful. In his great satiric trilogy, 'Brand,' 'Love's Comedy,' and 'Peer Gynt,' as well as in 'The Pretenders,' 'The Pillars of Society,' and 'Ghosts,' he swoops eagle-like on the fish that float in the social current—the selfishness of the priest-hood, the sentimentalities of boarding-house flirtations, the marriage question, and the like—and snatches them to the skies, where they dangle for universal merriment and scorn. He sits apart and watches for 'fun'—not a very noble attitude, though his object may be reformatory. Norwegian society must be exceedingly naïve if works like these can shake it to its foundations, and a play like 'The Doll Wife' excite such a tempest that people for a long time (in Stockholm even) had to put on their invitation cards, 'Ibsen's 'Et Dukkehjem' must not be mentioned!'"

"And what is 'The Doll Wife'? Simply a satire aimed at men who treat their wives like dolls. Is this motif so wonderfully new? Nora is a Norwegian doll—so doll-babyish that, though she has lived with Helmer eight years and has borne him three children, she does not know it is a crime to forge her father's signature for his (Helmer's) sake. To Helmer she is a 'little lark,' 'squirrel,' 'chick,' 'sugar-plunkin,' through all the nauseous gamut of baby-talk; and yet she has not sense enough to abstain from a crime. When she is found out, the crash comes: Helmer turns on her like a scorpion—instead of going to work to teach her the Ten Commandments—and reproaches her with her rottenness. He is a doll no less than she; a manikin of Liliputian perceptions, who sees and hears his wife lying to him every hour in the day, and yet thinks she is an 'angel.' Nora, unable to bear his reproaches, finally awakens like a Sleeping Princess, whose moral perceptions have been slumbering for a hundred years, and—then there is a scene, powerful, indeed, but indescribably painful, as the entire play is. In this scene she turns to a pillar of salt—or fire—and stings in her turn as salt and fire can sting when rubbed into a bleeding wound. Finding that her husband has no conception of real love—for she had forged her father's name for his sake—she leaves him, her house, her children; the doll has transformed herself into a tigress, from whose eyes flash ungentle fire. This is the gist of the story—a story hinting at the emancipation of women, who, in Norway, must be at least a thousand years behind the times."

"Ibsen is an artist—vigorous, biting, accomplished; he is a clever misanthrope, a sharp-tongued pessimist, a writer of beautiful prose and melodious verse; but he is not an Aristophanes or a Molière, a Holberg or a Lessing. His topics recall Goldsmith and Sheridan; and the *claque* that would put him above these, on a level with the world's great masters, is simply a *claque*."

Translated by Henrietta Frances Lord. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Time, a humorous paper evolved from *Tid-Bits*, has been purchased by the publishers of *Munsey's Weekly*, into which paper it will be merged.

The *Illustrated American* is a new candidate for the favor of the public. Its process illustrations, both in color and in black and white, are of a high grade of artistic excellence, and the editing seems to be well done. The subscription price is ten dollars a year and each number sells for twenty-five cents, the publication being weekly.

One interesting point on which the curiosity of the public has been balked by a settlement of Mr. Parnell's case out of court is the circulation of the *London Times*, which the managers of that paper were, it will be remembered, ordered to disclose in their answers to interrogatories. It is said that at the time the libels were published, the circulation of the *Times* was sixty thousand.

Misses Emily and Georgiana Hill, of Westminster Bridge, London, England, have opened a school for women journalists. The Misses Hill edit the Westminster and Lambeth *Gazette*. Pupils are received on the apprenticeship system and required to pay a fee on entering the office, where they will be trained as compositors, proof-readers, short-hand writers, reporters, and journalists. Toward the end of the three years for which they are bound, they will receive a certain fixed salary.

Life pays from \$1.50 to \$1 per joke; *Puck* and *Judge*, from \$1 to 25 cents; *Munsey's Weekly*, \$1; and *Time*, 50 cents. For short poems, *Life's* price ranges from \$2 for a four-line poem to \$8 or \$10 for a longer one, and the other papers pay from twenty-five to fifty per cent. less. *Puck* makes its contributors out of their effusions and paste them on their

bills before they can collect. Artists fare better than poets and prose humorists. *Life* pays from \$10 to \$25 for comic drawings, and the other papers also give good prices.

Mr. E. W. Townsend, who has for several years filled the position of business-manager of the San Francisco *Examiner* with such marked success, resigned his post on the first of March. Business affairs of his own claim Mr. Townsend's entire attention. He was presented by his associates in the business office with a very handsome jeweled souvenir, in fac-simile of the title page of the *Examiner*. Mr. Townsend has been succeeded by Mr. C. M. Palmer, a well-known publisher of Minneapolis. Mr. Palmer has had much experience in the newspaper business, all of it successful.

In the "Annual Register" for 1790 is the following curious paragraph: "February 3d.—The printer of the *Times* was brought up from Newgate to the King's Bench to receive judgment for two libels of which he had been convicted. He was sentenced for the first, which was on the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York (charging their royal highnesses with having so demeaned themselves as to incur the just disapprobation of his majesty), to pay a fine of one hundred pounds and be imprisoned in Newgate one year after the expiration of his present confinement; and for the second, which was on the Duke of Clarence, he was fined one hundred pounds. A hundred years later to a day—namely, on the third of February, 1890—the proprietors of the *Times* were ordered to pay five thousand pounds damages for the Pigott libels. The coincidence is curious."

The *Journalist* says: "To-day even the largest papers, the *New York World*, *New York Herald*, *Boston Globe*, *Chicago Herald*, in fact, the leading papers from New York to San Francisco, all use, more or less, syndicate matter. The American Press Association have also gone into the regular syndicate business, and have purchased the sole right to the work of Bill Nye and several other popular writers. The 'Scripps' League,' which now publishes and edits five successful papers, may extend its field of operations or find imitators. Newspapers, run on business principles, purely as business enterprises, pay well, and the tendency of all business seems to be toward centralization. The great cigarette-manufacturers have just been formed into a gigantic corporation. Half-a-dozen breweries are run by a single syndicate. Suppose that a corporation could be formed rich enough to purchase outright the twelve leading newspapers in the twelve leading cities of the United States, what an immense power that corporation would wield politically and socially and in the business world. They could purchase at the most favorable terms, and by their vast strength they could compel patronage."

Some Magazines.

The March *Popular Science Monthly* contains: "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science"—VII. Comparative Mythology—Part II., by Andrew Dickson White; "The Mission of Educated Women," by Mrs. M. F. Armstrong; "Absolute Political Ethics," by Herbert Spencer; "The Laws of Films," by Sophie Bledsoe Herrick; "The Psychology of Prejudice," by Professor G. T. W. Patrick; "Origin of Land-Ownership," by Daniel E. Wing; "The Gross and Net Gain of Rising Wages," by Robert Giffen; "Concerning Shrews," by Frederick A. Fernald; "A Chemical Prologue," by Professor C. Harcourt Henderson; "The Physiognomy of the Mouth," by T. H. Pident; "The Meaning of Pictured Spheres," by Professor J. C. Houssau; and "Sketch of A. F. J. Plateau," by Sophie Bledsoe Herrick.

The March *Arena* contains: "The Present Aspect of Religious Thought in Germany," by Rabbi Solomon Schindler; "Rum and the Rum Power," by Rev. Howard Crosby; "Reminiscences of Débuts in Many Lands"—II., by Helena Modjeska; "Divorce and the Proposed National Law," by H. H. Gardener; "The Extinction of Shakespeare," by A. C. Wheeler; "Constitutional Liberty," by A. A. Chevallier; "The Alienist and the Law," by Emily Kemplin, LL. D.; "The Glory of To-day," the first of a No-Name Series; "The Bible and Man's Destiny through the Ages," by Rev. George B. Cheever; "Is there a To-morrow for the Human Race?" by Hon. A. B. Richmond; "What is Religion?" by Junius Henri Brown; "Social Progress and Spiritual Development," by T. Parker Edwards; "Pan's Revenge," verse by Rev. M. J. Savage; and the first chapters of "Ungava," by W. H. H. Murray.

The March *Century* contains: "The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson," by Joseph Jefferson; "Friend Olivia"—V., by Amelia E. Barr; "Post-humous Fame," by James Lane Allen; "Gloucester Cathedral," by Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer; "Prehistoric Remains in the Ohio Valley," by Professor F. W. Putnam; "The Merry Chanter," by Frank R. Stockton; "From Tokio to Nikko," by John La Farge; "Glasgow: A Municipal Study," by Albert Shaw; "Some Wayside Places in Palestine," by Edward L. Wilson; "The Self-Protection of Mr. Litchfield Roach," by Richard Malcolm Johnston; "The Sun-Dance of the Sioux," by Frederick Schwatka; "The Last Marchbanks," by Viola Roseboro; "The Irrigable Lands of the Arid Region," by the Director of the United States Geological Survey, J. W. Powell; "The Nature and Method of Revelation"—IV., by Professor George P. Fisher; and verses by William Wilfred Campbell, William T. Meredith, Anne Reeve Aldrich, George Parsons Lathrop, and others.

—THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE MUTUAL Life Insurance Company of New York shows the remarkable progress made by this institution during twelve months. The record made by the Mutual eclipses its own best efforts, and naturally exceeds that of any other financial institution in the world. The new business written amounted to \$151,602,483.37, an increase of \$4,388,222.05 over the new risks assumed in 1888, and a gain of \$82,144,015 over the business of 1887—showing a continuous and phenomenal advance. The assets of the Mutual life now aggregate \$135,401,328.02, indicating a gain for the year of \$10,319,174.45. The company has now an outstanding insurance account amounting to \$555,949,933.92. Its total income from all sources is reported at \$1,110,010.62. It paid to its members during the year for death claims and endowments and other obligations \$15,200,608.38. Up to date, the Mutual had 182,310 policies in force, showing a gain in membership for the year of 23,041, thus forming the biggest army of policy-holders in any regular life insurance company in the world. The surplus fund was increased \$1,717,184.81 in 1889, and the Mutual now has \$9,657,248.44 over and above every liability.

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SAMUEL CARSON & CO.,
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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. George S. Ladd, is comfortably domiciled at the Hotel Brunswick in New York city.

Mrs. W. S. Hobart and Miss Alice Hobart will leave soon for an extended European trip.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs and Miss Nettie Tubbs are paying a visit to their villa in Calistoga.

Mr. Wakefield Baker is visiting Los Angeles.

Miss Lena Blanding is still the guest of Mrs. Fred W. Sharon in New York city. She is expected home soon after Lent.

Mrs. Richard Ivers left for Honolulu on the last steamer to visit Hon. and Mrs. William G. Irwin.

Mrs. Pierre La Montaigne is visiting friends in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood are occupying their residence at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nelson are at Coronado Beach and will travel in the southern counties for several weeks.

Mr. Charles F. Mullins, who has been in England for the past two months, is expected to return here in a week.

Mr. Alexander Gunn, president of the San Vicente Cattle Company of New York, is at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss are expected to return from Washington, D. C., about the latter part of this month.

Mr. George Crocker, Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mrs. J. B. Wright, Miss Virginia Hanchett, and Miss Florence Haif have returned from Coronado Beach.

Mr. Hugh Tevis came up from Bakersfield several days ago and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis.

Mr. and Mrs. Basil Heathcote will soon go to San Rafael to reside.

Captain and Mrs. R. S. Floyd will go to their residence at Clear Lake in a short time.

Mr. Frank B. Peterson has gone to Coronado Beach, and will visit all of the points of interest in Southern California on a pleasure trip of several weeks' duration.

Joseph Livingston will leave for the East and Europe in about two weeks, and will make a tour of the world.

Colonel and Mrs. William Forsyth, nee Verdenal, who were recently married in New York city, have arrived here, and will remain for awhile before going to their home in Fresno.

Mr. Montford S. Wilson and his brother, Dr. Frank Wilson, are paying a visit to Havana, Cuba.

Miss May Kewen, of Sacramento, who has been visiting friends at Menlo Park, is in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, nee Stetson, will remain at the Palace Hotel until April, when they will go East on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, nee Mizner, have returned home from Guatemala after a pleasant visit to Mr. and Mrs. Lansing B. Mizner.

Miss Florence Cassans, who has been visiting here during the past season, will return to England early in April.

Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge has removed from the Union League Club to the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. L. M. Gashner has leased the residence, 629 Sutter Street, for the season.

Mrs. Nelson A. Miles and Mrs. Wilson will soon leave for a visit to Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard have gone to San Rafael for the season.

Mrs. E. B. Crocker postponed her trip to Honolulu, owing to the illness of her granddaughter.

Mrs. Mark Sheldon, Miss Sheldon, and Mr. Joseph Sheldon returned to the city a week ago after passing the winter in New York city.

Senator W. E. Dargie, of Oakland, is visiting New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Alban B. Butler, of Fresno, have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre will go to their Menlo Park villa about the first of May.

Mrs. B. C. Truman and Miss George Truman have returned to the city after a long absence in the East and Europe, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. L. L. Moody, who is visiting in New York, will return to the city early in April, accompanied by his sister, Miss Eda Moody.

Mr. G. A. Newhall has arrived in London.

Mr. Philip B. Thornton has gone to his cattle-ranch in Arizona, where he will remain until November.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Alexander will remove to San Rafael as soon as their cottage is completed.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bowie are now located at their villa in San Mateo, and have Miss Habette Howard as their guest.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hyde are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Smith, of Los Angeles, at their residence on Geary Street.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson have gone to Redwood City to occupy their residence there.

Miss Inez Shorb is the guest of Miss Carrie Gwin.

Mrs. Robert H. Gilroy, who has been passing the winter here, will soon return to London.

Mr. J. Wentz Wilson, of Mexico, who has been confined to his rooms at the Grand Hotel for some time, is now convalescent.

Misses Marie and Katie Voorhies will soon go to Red Bluff to visit friends there for a couple of weeks.

Mr. I. G. Wickersham, of Petaluma, has been passing the week at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Festival W. Selby are now occupying their residence at Fair Oaks. Miss Inez Macondray is with them.

Mrs. J. B. Wright, of Sacramento, is at the Grand Hotel, having returned from a trip to the southern part of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks leave for Europe in about two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith are traveling in Egypt.

Mrs. Fred L. Castle, Miss Eva Castle, and Mr. Arthur Castle will leave for the East in about ten days, en route to Europe, where they will travel for several months.

Notes and Gossip.

Colonel and Mrs. M. H. Hecht gave a pleasant dinner-party at their residence, 2100 Washington Street, last Thursday evening, in honor of Colonel and Mrs. William Forsyth, nee Verdenal, who were recently married in New York. Covers were laid for twelve at a table handsomely decorated with violets.

Mrs. C. M. McClatchy, of Sacramento, who has been passing the winter here, entertained a number of her friends last Monday evening in her parlors at the Grand Hotel. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. von Behren, Mr. and Mrs. Chess, Mr. and Mrs. Incorp, Mrs. S. P. Thorne, Misses Fannie and Emma McClatchy, Hon. J. W. Hendrie, Mr. A. Willis Lightbourne, and others.

General and Mrs. Walter Turnbull entertained Colonel and Mrs. William Forsyth at dinner very pleasantly last Wednesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire were also present.

Invitations have been issued by the Cercle Français for its first *bal paré et masqué*, which will be given at its club-rooms in the Union Square building on Thursday evening, March 13th (*mi-carême*).

Some of the friends of Miss Fair have been giving her a series of lunch and dinner-parties recently in honor of her engagement to Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, of New York. The one given by Mrs. M. H. de Young, which was mentioned in our last issue, was the first, and it was followed on the succeeding Saturday by a delightful lunch-party, given by Miss Jennie Blair at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, 1315 Van Ness Avenue. Covers were laid for ten and the table was dressed very prettily. A charming effect was produced by the arrangement of Parisian crystal vases which held clusters of fragrant lilies of the valley and Marie Antoinette violets. A dainty menu was served and the afternoon was made very pleasant to all.

Those present were: Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Fair, Miss Alice Poalt, Miss Elise Kelly, Miss May E. Pope, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Gertrude Hyde, Miss Lillie Brush, and Miss Nettie Tubbs.

The next affair was a lunch-party given last Tuesday by Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, at the home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, 2111 California Street. Five young ladies were invited to meet Miss Fair, and they were most hospitably entertained. The centre piece on the dining-table was composed of bright yellow acacia buds and delicate fern sprays. Several hours were enjoyably devoted to the repast.

The guests of Miss Voorhies were: Miss Fair, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Gertrude Hyde, Miss Katie Voorhies, and Mrs. Robert L. Sherwood.

That same evening Miss Fair was the honored guest at a dinner-party given by Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones at their residence on Gough Street. The occasion was made pleasurable in many ways, and the enjoyment of the sumptuous menu was heightened by musical selections which Noah Brandt's band played at intervals.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Miss Fair, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Anna Hobbs, Mr. William R. Sherwood, Mr. Ferd Reis, Jr., and Mr. A. H. Sprague.

Mrs. Volney Spalding has also given an elegant dinner-party to Miss Fair. The dinner was served in her private dining-room and the table was artistically decorated with a centre piece of violets set in the midst of pink silk draperies.

Those present were: Mrs. Volney Spalding, Mrs. Theresa Fair, Mrs. John Gillig, Miss Fair, Miss Lillie Brush, Colonel Henry Brady, Mr. E. C. Macfarlane, and Mr. Alfred S. Fowler, of England.

Miss Blair gave another lunch-party Saturday, March 8th, complimentary to Miss Fair, and among those present were: Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Ricardo M. Pinto, Mrs. Robert L. Sherwood, Miss Eva Castle, Miss Blanche Castle, Miss Hope Ellis, and Miss Elise Kelly.

The Stetson Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson recently gave an elegant dinner-party at their residence, 1501 Van Ness Avenue, in honor of Mrs. Volney Spalding. The former is going to Washington, D. C., and the latter to Baltimore.

It was a delightful affair, characterized by beautiful decorations, rich service, and a delicious menu, and its enjoyment was prolonged until a late hour.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, Mrs. Winslow, Mrs. Ricardo M. Pinto, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Nellie Joline, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Julia Hissell, Mr. Albert Stetson, Mr. Harry Stetson, Mr. Howard Winslow, Mr. William Wheeler, Mr. Robert Oxnard, Mr. Oxnard, and Mr. A. H. Sprague.

Army and Navy News.

Paymaster J. Q. Lovell, U. S. N., and Lieutenant R. F. Lopez, U. S. N., formerly of the *Thetis*, left for the East last Monday night. The former is going to Washington, D. C., and the latter to Baltimore.

General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., and Miss Cecilia Miles are expected back from Washington, D. C., the latter part of this month.

Dr. Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., departed for Newport last Wednesday on the *Monongahela* and expects to reach there early in July.

Captain A. M. Brown, U. S. A., is in the city on a visit.

Lieutenant John A. Dapray, U. S. A., will soon leave for a trip to the southern part of the State.

Lieutenant John A. Towers, U. S. A., is visiting Southern California for the benefit of his health.

The First Artillery, U. S. A., stationed at the Presidio, Alcatraz, and Black Point have been ordered to New York, and will leave in one month. This takes away Colonel and Mrs. L. L. Langdon, General and Mrs. William M. Graham, the Misses Meta and Mary Graham, Major Haskins, Miss Haskins, Captain Andrus and the Misses Andrus, Lieutenant and Mrs. Clermont Best, Jr., Captain J. W. Dillenback, Captain Gilbert P. Cotton, Lieutenant W. C. Rafferty, Lieutenants J. A. Towers, F. A. Peck, Oscar I. Straub, and several others well known in San Francisco society. The Second Cavalry, stationed at the Presidio, goes to Arizona.

It is reported that the young millionaire, the late J. Mervyn Donahue, left a large part of his fortune in charitable bequests. His widow is already well provided for. The will has not been filed for probate.

REAL-ESTATE NOTES.

The number of real-estate sales made in each month of the last four are as follows: November, 553 sales, value, \$5,748,677; December, 556 sales, value, \$5,401,574; January, 448 sales, value, \$3,212,597; February, 354 sales, value, \$2,079,689.

It is said, on the authority of two prominent builders here, that the cost of the ordinary wooden building, as compared to that of the ordinary brick (reckoning brick at \$2 per M), is in the ratio of five to seven. This increase of two-sevenths in cost is more than balanced by other advantages. It is cheaper in the long run to build of brick.

Concerning the recent temporary tightness of money here, one of the real-estate journals says: "The quarterly interest on Southern Pacific Railroad bonds is paid in December in New York. A little over two millions of dollars were required for this purpose, of which the whole sum went from this city. We believe that no city on the continent but New York, Boston, Hartford, and Philadelphia, could so easily have paid out such immense sums of money as this city did in December. In addition to the monetary drain for railroad interest above noted, nearly five million dollars were paid to the city tax-collector; while, to cap the climax, this city by loans to country banks, etc., had to provide the coin in December for the same month of the next year. The total taxes paid by all the other counties of the State. The ability to pay out all this money at once shows a wealth in this city that is positively marvelous. Here at home we do not appreciate how rich San Francisco is, and when we do not, the outside world may well be excused for not half appreciating the fact."

At the Doe building, at the corner of Market, Hayes, and Larkin, excavation work is all finished, and workmen are busily engaged in laying the concrete foundation. Part of the building is to be given up to a theatre.

The work of demolition on the old Jesuit property on Market Street has begun. The Parrott estate will build there as soon as the ground is cleared.

The first important spring block sale, in subdivisions, occurs on Tuesday, March 11th. The property fronts Golden Gate Park on H Street, the east and west boundaries being Sixteenth and Seventeenth Avenues. The property is almost in line with Strawberry Hill, having good view of park grounds and full sweep of the ocean. No more acceptable block in that particular locality could be selected, as it is about midway of the park, while the steam-cars that connect with the cable-lines at Sausalito Street pass along the H Street frontage. There are fifty subdivisions in the block, which will be auctioned at the salesrooms of Easton, Eldridge & Co., 618 Market Street.

The Clay Street Savings and Loan Bank is preparing to move into new quarters on the north-west corner of Montgomery and Sutter Streets, probable cost, \$50,000.

Senator Fair's new building, corner of Front and Oregon Streets, will be four stories in height and will cost about \$50,000.

The lot on the north side of Washington, eighty-five feet west of Drumm, 60x120, with old improvements, has been sold for \$25,000.

A four-story hotel is to be erected on Van Ness Avenue, near Geary Street. Contracts have just been let.

Another new hotel is to be built on Ellis Street, opposite the Baldwin Hotel—frontage, 73.8, depth, 115; six stories in height, of brick, stone, and iron; estimated cost, \$100,000.

A four-story brick hotel building is to be erected on Howard Street, near Second Street, probable cost, \$80,000.

The Casino building at the park is to be moved up the hill about one hundred and fifty feet, and is to have a new story added, with towers, turrets, and a new roof.

A large English railway company has increased its pay-roll between nine and ten thousand pounds sterling per year, because it believed that the increased traffic of the line justified the payment of higher wages to the men.

For Seasickness

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

DR. PRICE, of the White Star S. S. *Germanic*, says: "I have prescribed it in my practice among the passengers travelling to and from Europe, in this steamer, and the result has satisfied me that if taken in time, it will, in a great many cases, prevent seasickness."

What Patti Says

About the Stationery purchased during her last visit to this city from

THE BANCROFT COMPANY



Craig-y-nos Castle
Ystradgynlais,
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South Wales.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEB. 19, 1890

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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I AM ESPECIALLY PLEASED WITH THE BLENDED BRONZING WHICH IS BEAUTIFUL AND ATTRACTIVE, AND ENTIRELY NEW TO ME.

WISHING YOU EVERY PROSPERITY, I AM,
SINCERELY YOURS,

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We are making a Specialty of the above branch of the stationery business, and are prepared to send samples, sketches and estimates upon application.

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Clarets, White Wines, and Olive Oil.



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THE
VIN BRUT.
The highest grade of Champagne without sweetness.



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Science has Conquered! Our system for testing and adjusting, to correct any error of refraction, is used on this coast only by us, and is endorsed by the leading authorities throughout the United States as the best known to science. A perfect fit guaranteed. EXAMINATION FREE. Our manufactory and facilities are the best in the United States. Opera, Field, and Marine Glasses. All kinds of Optical Goods repaired.

STORAGE For Furniture, Pianos, and other goods. ADVANCES MADE. J. M. PIERCE, 735 Market Street

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W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

Are showing a large variety of choice pieces of FURNITURE, many of the designs of which are to be found at no other establishment in the city.

The line of DINING-ROOM, BED-ROOM, and PARLOR FURNITURE is especially attractive and well worth inspection.

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CARPETS, FURNITURE, UPHOLSTERY,
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— PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF —
ARTIFICIAL STONE
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Office, 307 MONTGOMERY ST.
THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000
WILLIAM ALVORD.....President,
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier,
EVRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiania, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.

BANKING DEPARTMENT.
Capital and Surplus.....\$4,694,805.04
Directors:
LOYD TEVIS, President; JNO. J. VALENTINE, Vice-Prest.; Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Charles Fargo, Geo. E. Gray, C. F. Crocker.
H. W. Wadsworth, Cashier.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

26th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1890

Home Mutual Insurance Co.

No. 216 Sansome Street.
Capital (Paid up in Gold).....\$300,000.00
Net Surplus (over everything).....244,884.41

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
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CHILE COLORADO.

A servile trucking to the eternal epilepsy of things is not characteristic of the average Mexican nomenclature. A race whose men habitually totter under such titles as Joseph Mary Jesus Yrisarri, Mary Ann Trinity of the Cross Gallegos, and the like, can not be expected to hit the terminological nail semperternally upon the head. But when it comes to calling the national dish unseemly names, the libel law should take a hand. Chilly Colorado, indeed! That might do as a title for the Tencentennial State just to the north of us; but for the ruby pepper of the South-west, it is away out of season. It is only nominally, I may remark, that poignant pod ever is "out of" season. The innagination which coined its name must have belonged to the unfettered soul who sent back to Yuma for his blankets.

I shall never forget our first meeting. I had waded through fifteen miles of waist-deep snow from San Antonio, and just at sunset fell across the threshold of Ramon Arerra's 'dobe house in the mouth of Tijeras Cañon. Too tired to stand, so starved that the last coyote had taken a square look at my face and fled up the cañon for dear life, I slumped upon a roll of blankets and watched pretty Perdita preparing supper. Nothing but a pot of coffee and a huge platter of stewed tomatoes. Evidently I was destined to go to bed hungry. I'm no tomato-can. But I drew up to the table with the rest, and adopted a quart of those tomatoes—which, as I now saw, included a liberal supply of meat in wee chunks. A funny way to cook tomatoes—but I dipped in my big iron-spoon and swallowed half-a-gill at a gulp. Help! Fire! Murder! I was poisoned! assassinated! Done to death by the treacherous Greasers.

I left Juan to right the table and help Perdita evict the contents of the platter from her lap, while I sought to extinguish myself in a friendly snow-bank in the arroyo. But not all the hydrants east of the Missouri could have put me out. The roar of the conflagration within me drowned shrieks of devilish laughter from the house, where those fiends were exulting over my untimely taking-off; and I had to run to keep up with the snow, which shrank and disappeared before my ardent advances.

Presently Juan caught up with me, holding his sides.

"Yes!" I howled, "it is very funny to you to see a bright young life cut off in the first flush of its youthful beauty with your Rough on Rats and tomatoes! But your triumph shall be brief! We will all die together!" and I unlimbered my six-shooter.

When Juan could articulate, he said: "Pero, señor! Hold not fear! *No es tomates—es Chile Colorado*—pep-per, calls himself in Ingles. *Poco tiempo* he no hurt you."

I slept that night on an empty but not lonesome stomach, and a solemn vow never to touch Chile again. I dreamed that I was a volcano in active eruption, and that Perdita was stoker.—*Time.*

The Archduke's Quiet Intrigue.

Archduke William of Austria is the most gay and cheery member of the imperial family, and his knightly vows of celibacy do not prevent him figuring as the hero of innumerable adventures. A few years ago, the archduke was calling upon a lady of rank but of somewhat questionable repute, and with a view of avoiding public recognition had dispensed with his carriage and liveried servants in favor of what the Viennese call an "unnummerierter," a sort of cab which he was to use for expeditions of this nature. At ten o'clock the janitor was about to close the doors of the house, when he caught sight of the cab in the court-yard. He immediately called upon the driver to go and take up his station outside in the street. This the cabby absolutely refused to do. A violent altercation ensued between the two men on the subject, and the janitor was just on the point of summoning the police to help him eject the cab from the premises, when the driver in despair caught hold of him by his coat-tail and whispered into his ear:

"It is the Archduke William who is upstairs, and I have got to wait for him right here!"

"Himmel! you don't say so?" replied the janitor in awe-stricken tones; "the archduke. Why didn't you say so at once? Of course it's all right. Don't stir! I will sit up to open the doors for you when he gets ready to go." Unable, however, to keep so important a secret locked up in his heart, and elated beyond description at the honor conferred upon the house by the presence of so illustrious a visitor, the janitor summoned several of his friends from a neighboring café, and informed them that the archduke was upstairs. The news quickly spread in the whole block, and when his imperial highness issued forth from the house a little before midnight, he found the street almost blocked by a dense crowd, who intoned the national anthem of Austria in his honor, and greeted him with demonstrations of the most exuberant loyalty.

It is said that after the fall of the Brazilian monarchy lately, a woman of Rio de Janeiro, who had been the empress's hair-dresser, and who did not wish to lose any customers through the loss of her prestige, made haste to get out a new business-card, which read as follows: "Madame Q—, Hair-Dresser to the Republic."

THE SEMINOLES' JAG.

When a band or family of Seminole Indians decide to get drunk, they send to the nearest market for one or more gallons of liquor. In spite of the law forbidding the sale of intoxicants to Indians, they have no difficulty in finding white agents willing to procure the stuff for them. It is, indeed, stuff, and that of the vilest character, though for it the Indians are made to pay double the price of the best quality.

With the liquor in their possession, the Indians retire to some remote spot, where their orgies will not be witnessed by any save themselves, and deliberately prepare for their spree. They first set aside a share of the "fire-water" for the squaws, who will not touch a drop of it until their lords have finished their debauch. All guns, knives, and other weapons are then placed in charge of the squaws, or, if there are no women in the party, they are delivered to one of the men, for whom a certain amount of liquor is reserved. While the rest are drunk, this guardian of the peace must remain sober and keenly watchful of the actions of his companions. Should he prove unfaithful to his trust, he will be exiled from the tribe, and no Indian will hold communication with him for the term of months or years during which his exile is enforced. While the debauch of his companions lasts, he is absolute master of the situation, and is at liberty to use any amount of force, even to the taking of life, to repel an attempt to regain possession of the weapons. If they are left with squaws, the same rule holds good for them.

The preparations being thus completed, the Indians, using one small tin-cup, which is impartially handed from one to another, proceed to get solemnly, funnily, furiously, and stupidly drunk. The next day it is the turn of the squaws or of the man who has stood guard, and they, too, taste the joys and sorrows of complete intoxication. Fortunately for them, as well as for their neighbors, such orgies are of rare occurrence among the Indians. They generally take place at the time of the Green Corn Dance, their great annual festival, which is held late in June or early in July. At this time, the Seminoles indulge in games, dances, feasting, purification by means of "sweats" or vapor-baths, and, above all, in drunkenness. An Indian once described the festival to me as: "Plenty dance, plenty eat, plenty whisk, plenty drunk, all same white man's Kismas."—*Scribner's for March.*

A Double Error.

A very amusing incident occurred in a Philadelphia newspaper office the other day which really bears telling (says *Truth*). Two pretty young girls walked into the place, and, going up to the counter, put a good-sized bundle in front of the obsequious youth who hastened forward to learn their wants. Seeing the size of the parcel, he concluded, without waiting for any instructions, that it was composed of returned papers; so, taking it up, he said: "How many are there here?" The girls blushed and giggled, and answered: "Two dozen." The young man then inquired the name of the sender, where they came from, when they were bought, etc.; all of which questions were greeted by fresh giggles and renewed blushes. Then the young man, in the innocence of his heart, took up a knife, cut the string, opened the parcel. Were two dozen editions of the daily *Squeezer* revealed to an admiring audience, consisting of the cashier, the two clerks, the office-boy, and a variety of men of different callings, who were at that time in the office? Ah, no. Visions of lace-trimmed *lingerie* burst upon the view, a stream of expostulating murmurs fell from the lips of the two girls, and the wretched youth who had done the mischief gazed with glassy eyes upon the tucks and frills. Then the office-boy, because of his humble rank, lay down on the floor and rolled in an agony of vulgar mirth, the cashier retired from public gaze, the crowd looked on, while a suppressed gurgling was heard issuing from tensely drawn lips, and the wretched being, whose dire deed it was, tried, with trembling fingers, to repair damages. The girls gazed helplessly at him, and at last, from the trembling lips of one, came the avowal: "We thought it was an express-office!"

A Sail over Land.

"The prairies of the West are great places for wind," said a wild West telegraph-operator; "I used to have a station out in Nebraska, right out in the open prairie, and the way the wind blew there was a caution. But it was a lucky wind for me. At a station about thirteen miles west, my girl lived, and as I had no Sunday trains or business of any kind, I used to go up there and stay over Sunday. But a livery-horse from Saturday night to Monday morning cost me too much money, so I rigged up a sail on an old tie-car. All I had to do on Saturday night was to hoist my sail, push the tie-car out on the main track, and in less than an hour I was at my journey's end. For more than a year I went to see my girl every Saturday night by means of that sail-car. Pretty sleek, wasn't it?"

"Yes, pretty sleek. But do you mean to say that the wind blew in the same direction every Saturday night during all that time?"

"Of course I don't!"

"Well, how did you manage on those nights when it blew in the other direction?"

"Easy enough. I had another girl at a station fifteen miles east."—*New York Ledger.*

Pears' Soap
(Scented and Unscented)
SECURES A
BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.



This Label is on the Best RIBBON Made.

IVERS & POND PIANOS

The finest and most popular instruments before the public.

ONE HUNDRED of these pianos purchased by the great New England Conservatory of Music, and in daily use at that institution. Don't fail to examine these pianos which are creating such a furore among our best musicians. For full information about lowest prices, terms, etc., write or call on

KOHLER & CHASE, Gen'l Ag'ts,
137 & 139 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO., CAL.

ALASKA

COMMERCIAL COMPANY,

No. 310 SANSOME STREET.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FURS.

ABOUT GLOVES.



When you are buying gloves, remember that there is such a thing as a price that is too cheap. It is better to pay a fair price and get good gloves like *Hutchinson's*. They are made from selected skins in the best manner, and are warranted to be the most serviceable made. If you want to know more about gloves in general and *Hutchinson's* gloves in particular, inclose stamp for the book *about gloves*. It will interest you. Established 1862.

JOHN C. HUTCHINSON,
Johnstown, N. Y.
RAILWAY DEPARTMENT, FALL BROOK COAL CO.,
TREASURER'S OFFICE, CORNING, N. Y., June 11, 1889.
Mr. JOHN HUTCHINSON, Johnstown, N. Y.—*Dear Sir:*
The gloves you made for me some time since have given perfect satisfaction, and are to-day as good as new. For neatness and durability your gloves are unsurpassed.
Yours truly, W. S. WAX.

THE CALIFORNIA Savings and Loan Society

CORNER OF EDDY AND POWELL STS.

Savings Bank deposits received, and interest paid on same semi-annually, in January and July. Rates of interest for last term: 5.58% on term deposits; and 4.65% on ordinary deposits, free of tax. Deposits received from one dollar upwards. Open Saturday evenings.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS UNION BLOCK.

202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco.
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co., Pacific Steam Navigation Co., The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co., The California Line of Clippers from New York, The Hawaiian Line of Packets, The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited, The Baldwin Locomotive Works, steel rails and track material.

BONESTELL
AND CO.
PAPER WAREHOUSE
401 & 403 SANSOME ST., S. F.
IMPORTERS OF ALL KINDS OF
PRINTING AND WRAPPING PAPERS.

PRETTY HARD WORK.

It was a sunny day in February, and even the barren Russian landscape looked bright and cheerful, as though it felt that spring was close at hand and the rigors of the bitter winter nearly at an end. In a field near the roadside, a large man, with unkempt hair and beard, was laboriously steering a plow over the surface of the ground, still frost-bound and unyielding.

Two horsemen toiled slowly up the hillside road, the one evidently a Russian officer, the other, from his dress and appearance, an American or English civilian. As they passed the field, the officer drew the attention of his comrade to the solitary laborer, and said something to him in a low voice. The civilian cast a glance of casual curiosity in the direction indicated, drew a note-book half out of his pocket, and put it back again. The two passed on, and as they disappeared behind a clump of trees, the large man, with a despondent groan, sat down upon a stump, and with a furtive look about him, drew from the pocket of his sheep-skin ulster first a clay pipe, which he returned to its place with a grimace of disgust, and then a package of cigarettes, of which he selected one and lit it.

"Darn me," said Count Lyof N. Tolstoi to himself, in the purest Russian, "if I don't believe I have made a bad break. This communistic-manual-labor scheme was all right at first; but it ain't working worth shucks now. That was a newspaper correspondent—I know 'em when I see 'em—and he wouldn't so much as take a note—not a note! Sees the greatest novelist in the world breaking his blooming back behind a measly plow, and won't so much as give me a three-line notice in his fool paper. It's no good. I really ought to have tried something else.

"And then I don't ever seem to get the hang of the darned thing. Last spring I planted my wheat

in hills, and got the grand guy from every moujik in the deestrick; and I got an intimation from my brother in St. Petersburg that the Imperial Insane Asylum had an eligible padded cell at my disposal whenever I felt inclined to be funny again. Funny! Maybe he thinks it was funny when I tried to bleach my potatoes and got 'em all sprouted? How was I to know? Never saw the cursed things with their skins on in my life. Maybe he thinks it's funny jamming this old plow around? By thunder, I begin to think that moujik was right when he told me I oughtn't to begin plowing till the frost got out of the ground. Here I've been skittering that thing over this chilled, cast-iron soil the whole morning, and haven't made a scratch. Oh, it's sickening!

"Had a picture painted of myself doing this act. Much good it did. People said it looked just like any other old fool plowing. But what in thunder is a popular novelist to do to keep his boom going? These women are spoiling trade for us, any way.

"Darn the whole thing! Darn the public! Here I am doing days' labor in a sheep-skin coat that would knock out a ton of musk in one round—and what's my reward? Why, this blamed intelligent, enthusiastic, æsthetic public goes off and takes up with a Scandinavian duffer named Ibsen, who doesn't do a darned thing to boom himself except to sit still and let his hair grow for an advertisement.

"Oh, it makes me sick—hi there! Is that those chaps coming back? Jerusalem cricket! I'll get a notice out of that newspaper clam or I'll smash the plow!"

And grasping his agricultural implement firmly by the handles, the count shouted "Gee Haw!" to the mule, and cheerily, hopefully, and undauntedly tried to cut through a chunk of feldspar with his coulter, while the newspaper correspondent and the Russian officer put their whole souls and minds into the pressing business of taking a drink apiece out of the newspaper-man's flask.—Puck.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADEROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE
AUTOGRAF OF
OF
AND GET
THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN

"BARGAINS" IN ADVERTISEMENTS.—An advertisement should be a public announcement of a fact. A misleading advertisement never paid in the long run, and seldom in the short run. Customers are not fools in any community. When told by a flaming advertisement that dollar goods are to be sold for a quarter, they begin a mental calculation, and will, ten chances to one, figure it out that the advertiser lied twice as much as he really did.

If the advertisement depart from the truth at all, let it be in under-estimating the true value of the goods advertised; indeed, it is good policy to occasionally misrepresent in this direction, creating as it generally does, a healthy surprise on the part of the purchaser, resulting in increased confidence, and setting in circulation a sort of mouth-to-mouth advertisement, which, when influenced in the right direction, is one of the things to be encouraged.

Avoid the everlasting typographical harangue about bargains. The public is thoroughly tired of reading about that which doesn't often exist, and is seldom recognized when it does. Nobody has the slightest confidence in a bargain store—the name itself is a libel on trade.

The old phrase of "less than cost" has helped to cost many a man his reputation and business. No sensible merchant does business on that basis, and printed claims that he does so are transparent lies, pure and simple; and the public, be it ever so ignorant, sees a printed lie, the more so when it is surrounded by a nest of misleading, extravagant statements.

Business is done to make money; everybody knows it; and it is useless to attempt to deny principles of trade where there is not a glimmer of a chance of its being believed. A truthful advertisement is worth a value in any market; a falsifying one is a business boomerang, bringing loss at the rebound.—About Advertising, by N. C. Fowler.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, October 13, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 5.05, 6.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.05 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 9.50 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 3.30, 5.00 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 9.55, 11.55 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.35 A. M.; 12.45, 4.15, 5.45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11.00 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.25 P. M.
1.30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.
8.00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 6.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$7.75; Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tamales, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.
Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Point Reyes, \$1.75.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, March 17, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

Leave San Francisco.	DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	SUNDAYS.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.
3.30 P. M.	5.00 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
5.00 P. M.		6.05 P. M.
7.40 A. M.		
3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.
		6.10 P. M.
		6.05 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.
		6.10 P. M.
		6.05 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Guernville.
		6.10 P. M.
7.40 A. M.		Sonoma.
5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	6.10 P. M.
		6.05 P. M.
3.30 P. M.	5.00 P. M.	Sebastopol.
		10.40 A. M.
		10.30 A. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Blue Lake, Willits, Calpella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Monday, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Litton Springs, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Guernville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Litton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Guernville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.20 A. M.; 3.30, 5.15 P. M.; Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 1.30, 5, 6.20 P. M.

To San Francisco from San Rafael: Week Days—6.20, 7.55, 9.30 A. M.; 12.45, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.; Sundays—8.10, 9.40 A. M.; 12.15, 3.40, 5 P. M.

To San Francisco from Point Tiburon: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 1.10, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.; Sundays—8.40, 10.05 A. M.; 12.40, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.

On Saturdays an extra trip will be made from San Francisco to San Rafael, leaving at 1.40 P. M.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager, PETER J. MCGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt. Ticket Offices at Ferry, 222 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1890. Belgic (via Honolulu).....Saturday, March 22 Oahu.....Tuesday, April 15 Belgic.....Tuesday, May 8 Oahu.....Thursday, June 3 Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco. For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No. 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent. GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA Colima.....Monday, March 3, at 12 M.

Taking freight and Passengers direct for Mazatlan, Acapulco, Ocos, Chaperico, San José de Guatemala, Acapulco, La Libertad, Comodoro, Punta Arenas, and Panama.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:

China.....Tuesday, March 11, at 3 P. M. City of Peking, Thursday, April 3, at 3 P. M. City of Rio de Janeiro.....April 26, at 3 P. M. Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates. For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. WILLIAMS, DIMOND & Co., Gen. Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Jan. 1, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 12.45 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax.	5.45 P.
8.00 A.	Marina, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles.	11.15 A.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	5.45 P.
10.30 A.	Haywards and Niles.	2.15 P.
* 12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 3.45 P.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	** 6.00 A.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José.	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	ad class Ogden and East.	10.45 P.
4.00 P.	Stockton and Siltson, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa.	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis.	10.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and San José.	* 4.15 P.
5.30 P.	Haywards and Niles.	7.45 A.
6.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.	8.45 P.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9.45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

3.00 A.	Hunters' train to San José.	7.20 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	* 11.50 A.
4.15 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos.	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

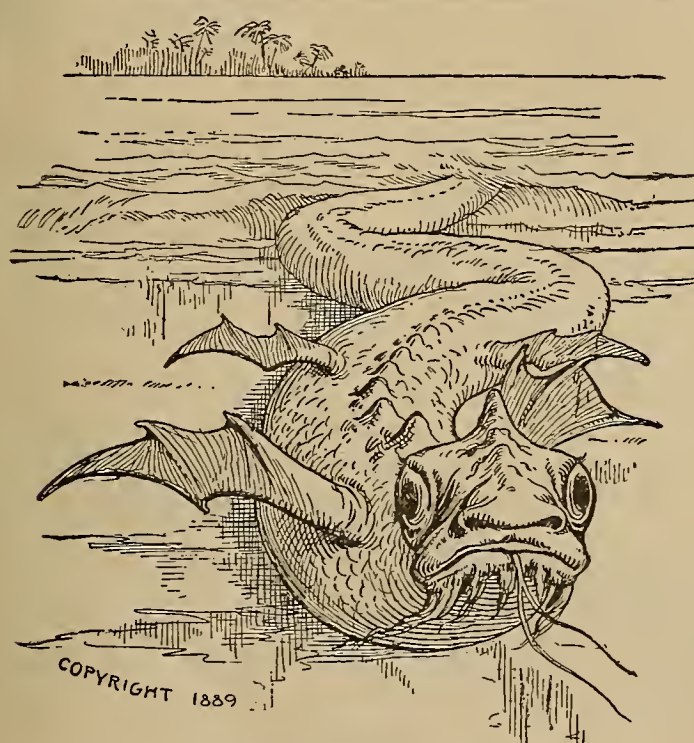
7.25 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6.12 P.
10.30 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5.02 P.
12.01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3.38 P.
* 3.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	* 10.00 A.
* 4.20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 7.58 A.
5.20 P.	San José and Way Stations.	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	† 7.28 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ** Mondays only. †† Mondays excepted.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Feb. 19.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket Office, Montgomery Street. GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, San Francisco.



THE SEA-SERPENT AGAIN.

A sea-serpent, 103 feet long, covered with silvery, shining scales, and having embryo wings on its shoulders, was seen to coil itself up in slippery folds on the coast of Florida last month. Three reliable persons saw this creature distinctly. After rolling and twisting its bulky form around on the beach for a few minutes, it slipped off into the water and disappeared in the east, followed by a path of foam which could be seen for an hour afterwards.

Reader, the above is a "yarn." If people would believe the following truthful statement as readily as they swallow sea-serpent stories, it would be the means of saving thousands of lives. The statement which we desire to make in the most emphatic manner, is, that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, if taken in time and given a fair trial, will actually cure consumption of the lungs, which is really scrofulous disease of the lungs. If this wonderful medicine don't do all we recommend, when taken as directed, we will cheerfully and promptly return all money paid for it. Can any offer be more generous or fair? No other medicine possesses sufficient power over that fatal malady—Consumption, to warrant its

manufacturers in selling it under such trying conditions. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is not only the most wonderful alternative, or blood-cleanser, known to medical science, but also possesses superior nutritive and tonic, or strength-giving, properties which assist the food to digest and become assimilated, thus building up both strength and flesh. For all cases of Bronchial, Throat and Lung Diseases, accompanied with lingering coughs, it is absolutely unequalled as a remedy. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Short Breath, Consumptive Night-sweats, and kindred affections, it surpasses all other medicines. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, No. 603 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

\$500 OFFERED for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharge falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acid; at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. This infallible remedy does not, like the poisonous irritating snuffs, "creams" and strong caustic solutions with which the public have long been humbugged, simply palliate for a short time, or drive the disease to the lungs, as there is danger of doing in the use of such nostrums, but it produces perfect and permanent cures of the worst cases of Chronic Catarrh, as thousands can testify. "Cold in the Head" is cured with a few applications. Catarrhal Headache is relieved and cured as if by magic. By druggists, 50 cents.



STAGE GOSSIP.

"A Tin Soldier" will run for another week.

Frederick Warde will resume his impersonation of legitimate rôles next week with "Richard III."

Sol Smith Russell will put on his new play, "Be-witched," next week. He will introduce in it several of his songs and other specialties.

The Minstrels will continue next week, with a sufficient change of bill to attract those who have found pleasure in this week's entertainment.

Von Suppé's tuneful opera, "Boccaccio," has had a very successful week, and will easily run for a fortnight. Two new singers have been added to the company.

It is probable that we shall see Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah" again during the summer. The traveling company is to be in New York then, while the metropolitan company will be sent out here.

The Kendals were to have given us four weeks of their plays, but New York's Ptolemaic homage has detained them. However, they will conclude their Gotham engagement to-night (Saturday) and will come across the continent immediately without stoppages.

The Hanlons will return to this city next week, after an absence of several years, in which their company and their play have undergone many changes. The clever members of the Hanlon family still remain, however, and "The New Fantasma" is said to provide much fun.

Louis Aldrich, who has not been heard of for some time, is to try a new play in Washington soon. It is called "The Editor," the scene is laid in New York, and much of the action takes place in the editorial sanctum. The theme is a novel one, and much interest is expressed as to how Mr. Aldrich and his dramatist have treated it.

Jane Hading is not meeting with success in Paris since her return. She made her *rentrée* in Dumas's "Comtesse Romani," and Paris finds that she is, and has always been, only a weak imitation of Bernhardt. They say it was the power and will of her former husband and manager, Koning, that hoisted her up to the position she held, and that she has fallen of her own weight since she broke with him.

"Dr. Bill" is described as the brightest extravaganza ever seen in London. The motive of the play is the misadventures of a newly married young gynecologist, who has made a specialty of practice in the theatrical profession, and who is harassed by his former patients while trying to lead a life of domestic virtue. Of course it is an adaptation, but its Frenchness is covered by but a thin veneering. French is to bring it out in New York.

Lillian Russell is in training for grand opera. She does not eat for several hours before singing, she observes pretty much the same régime that Mme. Patti has laid out for herself, and when she is to sing away from New York, she goes a day earlier than the others of the company, and gives her voice a full day's rest after traveling before she will go on the stage. They say that her present appearance in "The Grand Duchess" is a great success.

Marcus Mayer, it is said, is to do a little managing on his own account in the near future. He and J. C. Ahud, who managed Mary Anderson at one time, have purchased the American rights to "Paul Jones," the comic opera which has had a phenomenal run at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in London, and will soon bring it over to New York. They have secured for the leading rôle Agnes Huntington, the six-foot American beauty who created the part in London.

Bill Nye has succeeded Artemus Ward and Mark Twain as the typical American humorist, and like them is reaping the revenues of that post from the lecture platform as well as from his newspaper work and books. He was prevented by illness from coming to this city on his previous tour, a year and more ago, but he is in town now and is announced to speak at Odd Fellows' Hall on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings and Saturday afternoon of next week. He will deliver three or four talks at each entertainment, and the programme will be diversified by musical selections by Miss Ollie Torbett, violinist; Gustav Thallberg, tenor; and Frank Downey, pianist.

The theatre-programme of the local theatres is an amination in the eyes of all who pay their money to see a play and expect to receive, with the privileges of entrance and a seat, information as to who are assuming the various rôles. As a matter of fact,

a shrill-tongued urchin forces on one an eight-page paper containing advertisements of everything under the sun, but it takes an expert to find the cast of characters. Even the most patriotic American would welcome the English plan of vended programmes, if it would secure immunity from undesired announcements of shoes, oysters, and chiropodists; but the present programme furnishes a large drop for the manager's financial bucket, and we shall probably have to endure it.

The very latest in stage realism and tank plays is in "One of the Finest," one of Gus Williams's plays, which is being given by another German comedian in New York. The North River docks at night is the scene in which the realism occurs. The revels of a crowd of wharf-rats are very accurately imitated, the use of a big tank of water helping the fidelity of the scene. A dozen or more urchins, clad in the very briefest of trunks, swim, splash, dive, and duck each other to their hearts' content. Two or three of the lads, unable to procure trunks, even use towels to gird themselves with. The effect of so much realism as this is at first glance rather disquieting, but the boys certainly enjoy their freedom in the tank, and the gallery occupants have declared the show to be a success.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Sarasate-D'Albert Concerts.

There was a packed audience at the Grand Opera House, last Saturday evening, on the occasion of the first concert given in this city by Señor Pablo de Sarasate, violinist, and Herr Eugen d'Albert, pianist, assisted by Mme. Berthe Marx, pianiste, and Mr. Otto Goldschmidt accompanist. The programme—exclusive of *encores*, of which one or two were exacted after each number except the first—was as follows:

Sonata, Op. 53 in C..... L. von Beethoven
Allegro con brio—Introduzione e Rondo.
Herr Eugen d'Albert.
Andante and Variations, from the Kreutzer Sonata..... L. von Beethoven
Mme. Berthe Marx and Señor Pablo de Sarasate.
(a) Perceuse, Op. 57..... Fr. Chopin
Solos (b) Barcarolle, A minor..... A. Rubinstein
(c) Valse, "Man lebt nur einmal"..... Strauss-Tausig
Herr Eugen d'Albert.
Liebesfée (La Fée d'Amour, Morceau caractéristique)..... J. Raff
Señor Pablo de Sarasate and Mme. Berthe Marx.
(a) Norwegian Bridal Procession, Op. 19..... Ed. Grieg
Solos (b) No. 2..... Ed. Grieg
(c) Tarentelle, "Venetia e Napoli"..... Liszt
Herr Eugen d'Albert.
"Faust" Fantasia..... Sarasate
Señor Pablo de Sarasate.

The second concert took place on Wednesday evening, when the following programme was presented:

Passacaglia for Organ, in C minor..... J. S. Bach
(Arranged by Eugen d'Albert.)
Herr Eugen d'Albert.
Rondeau Brilliant, in minor, Op. 79..... F. Schubert
Mme. Berthe Marx and Señor Pablo de Sarasate.
Solos (a) Nocturne, Op. 27, No. 2..... Fr. Chopin
(b) Valse, Op. 48..... Fr. Chopin
(c) Polonaise, Op. 53..... Fr. Chopin
Herr Eugen d'Albert.
Concerto for Violin and Piano..... Mendelssohn
(Allegro, Andante, Finale, Allegro molto.)
Señor Pablo de Sarasate.
Solos (a) Humoreske, Op. 6, No. 3..... Grieg
(b) Polonaise, No. 2..... Liszt
(c) Valse Impromptu..... Liszt
(d) Rhapsodie Hongroise, XI..... Liszt
Herr Eugen d'Albert.
Solos (a) Nocturne, Chopin..... Sarasate
(b) Habanera..... Sarasate
Señor Pablo de Sarasate.

There will be two more of these concerts, this (Saturday) afternoon and to-morrow (Sunday) evening.

Mansfeldt Piano Recital.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave his fifth piano recital of this season last Thursday evening at Byron Maury's warehouses. An appreciative audience enjoyed the following programme:

Sonata, A major..... Mozart
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.
Waltz, A flat major..... Chopin
Miss Clara Werth.
Gavotte, G minor..... Bach
Miss Edith Reynolds.
Rhapsodie, No. 6..... Liszt
Miss Jennie Beasey.
Grand Duo, "Puritani"..... Berg
Misses Hattie and Josie Dunlap.
Rhapsodie, No. 12..... Liszt
Mrs. Dr. Crowley.
Study, C major..... Moszkowski
Miss Eva Crowley.
(a) Nocturne, C minor..... Chopin
(b) Waltz, A flat major..... Chopin
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.

Samuel Fleishman, a young San Franciscan who has been studying the piano in Berlin is soon to return home. He was heard here in a concert, just before his departure, in August, 1883, and two years ago the news reached us that he had achieved a success at his first public concert in Berlin. He has tried his hand at composition, too, with no small degree of success, as was shown by the romance from a *suite* for a string orchestra, composed by him, which the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, of Boston, produced here not long ago. He will give a series of concerts in this city and the neighboring towns soon after his arrival.

At the First Unitarian Church, the first of the series of four popular concerts will take place this (Saturday) afternoon. An excellent programme will be presented by Mr. Louis Schmidt, Miss May Benedict, Miss Mary Barnard, Mr. Hermann Brandt, and Mr. Osgood Putnam.

The third concert of the Hermann Brandt String Quartet takes place on Thursday evening, March 13th, at Spencer's Hall. Mr. Espinosa will assist the Quartet.

Verdi's "Requiem" will be presented next Wednesday evening by the Handel and Haydn Society.

Mme. Julie Rosewald will give a musicale next Tuesday evening at her residence, 918 Geary Street.

— IN THE "UPPER TEN" IN THE EAST, THE high-grade champagne known as "Berton Sec" is rapidly becoming the favorite. It is used exclusively at the White House in Washington, and is the favorite wine at the Union League Club in New York. The Pan-American delegates drank no other while at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and on the Pennsylvania Special, and it was served exclusively at the Lincoln Dinner, at the banquet to the Supreme Court in Washington, and at Hon. Andrew Carnegie's notable dinner on February 25th. This shows how highly the leading men of the country esteem "Berton Sec."

— EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

STATEMENT

—OF—

The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31st, 1889.

Assets.....	\$136,401,328 02
Increase in Assets.....	\$10,319,174 46
Surplus.....	\$9,657,248 44
Increase in Surplus.....	\$1,717,184 81
Receipts.....	\$31,119,019 62
Increase during year.....	\$4,903,087 10
Paid Policy-Holders.....	\$15,200,608 38
Increase during year.....	\$473,058 16
Risks assumed.....	\$151,602,483 37
Increase during year.....	\$48,388,222 05
Risks in force.....	\$365,949,933 92
Increase during year.....	\$83,824,749 56
Policies in force.....	182,310
Increase during year.....	23,941
Policies written in 1889.....	44,577
Increase over 1888.....	11,971

THE ASSETS ARE INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:

Real Estate and Bond and Mortgage Loans.....	\$69,361,913 13
United States Bonds and other Securities.....	\$50,323,469 81
Loans on Collateral Securities.....	\$9,845,500 00
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest.....	\$2,988,632 79
Interest accrued, Premiums deferred, and in transit, etc.....	\$3,881,812 29
	\$136,401,328 02

Liabilities (including Reserve at 4%).....\$126,744,079 58

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

From the Surplus above stated a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

Year.	Risks Assumed.	Risks Outstanding.	Assets.	Surplus.
1884.....	\$ 34,681,420	\$351,789,285	\$103,876,178 51.....	\$ 4,743,771
1885.....	46,507,139	368,981,441	108,908,967 51.....	5,012,634
1886.....	56,832,719	393,809,203	114,181,963 24.....	5,643,568
1887.....	69,457,468	427,628,933	118,806,851 88.....	6,294,442
1888.....	103,214,261	482,125,184	126,082,153 56.....	7,940,063
1889.....	151,602,483	565,949,934	136,401,328 02.....	9,657,248

NEW YORK, January 29th, 1890.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

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A. B. FORBES, General Agent for Pacific Coast, San Francisco, Cal.



Mistress:—Take away all those perfumes. I want nothing in future but this delicious Crab-Apple Blossom.
Maid:—Yes, Madam.
Put up in 1, 2, 3, and 4 ounce bottles, and sold by all first-class druggists and dealers in perfumery.

FULL WEIGHT PURE

DR. PRICE'S

CREAM

BAKING

POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Indorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest, and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime, or Alum. Sold only in cans.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO.

FAT, JUICY

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THE WINE OF THE "UPPER TEN."

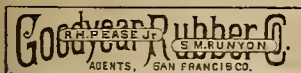
EM. MEYER & CO., Sole Agents,
413-415 PINE STREET, S. F.

GOODYEAR

Gold Seal Rubber Hose



IS THE BEST THAT CAN BE MADE
OF RUBBER.



577 and 579 MARKET ST.

WILL I. PIXLEY,

Stocks, Bonds, & Real Estate

213 Grant Avenue,

AGENT FOR

BROWN'S MULE STEAM WELL-BOR-
ING CO., of Tulare.

MIKADO FRUIT AND RAISIN CO.,
of Fresno.

HE BANCROFT COMPANY

History Building, San Francisco.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS FOR
ENRY F. MILLER & SONS' PIANOS

The first choice of the great artists.

There is a new Eiffel Tower on the banks of the
va, near St. Petersburg, constructed entirely of
thousand blocks of ice, with restaurants, observa-
platforms, and other attractions. It is one hun-
dred and fifty feet high.

Consumption Surely Cured.

THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive
remedy for above-named disease. By its timely use
usands of hopeless cases have been permanently
cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my
remedy FREE to any of your readers who have con-
sumption, if they will send me their Express and
O. address. Respectfully,
D. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mother—"I'm afraid your husband is going to be
ill. How did he look this morning at breakfast?"
Young wife—"I didn't see him. He was reading
the paper."—*Life*.

Mrs. Merritt—"I hear your husband fell on the
ice and broke his leg. That was dreadfully unlucky."
Mrs. Giles—"I should say it was. He fell on our
own sidewalk."—*The Epoch*.

Carrie—"I know George loves me and wants me
to be his wife." *Hattie* (her bosom friend)—"And
how do you know?" *Carrie*—"Because he has
taken such a strong dislike to mamma."—*Ex*.

Millionaires—"I hear that you have accepted
Jack Pott. Why, I refused him three times!" *Jack's*
fiancée—"Oh, yes, Jack told me that whenever he
was short of funds he proposed to you."—*Life*.

"But," said she, to her husband, who was criticis-
ing her toilet, "what does a man know about a
woman's garments?" The husband, in a hollow
voice: "The price, madam!"—*Transatlantic*.

Mrs. Jinks—"My dear, I wish you would take me
to see Ibsen's new play." *Mr. Jinks* (who hates to
be bored)—"My love, if you'll let the play go, I'll
I'll accompany you to church next Sunday."—*Life*.

Old Mr. Walstrete—"And have you sufficient
means, young man, to support my daughter in com-
fort?" *Jack Hastings*—"Why, yes; provided I'm
not ruined by the expenses of a long engagement!"
—*Puck*.

Young wife—"Oh, John, the rats have eaten all
my angel-cake!" *Husband*—"What! All of it?"
Young wife—"Every piece. I feel like crying."
Husband—"Oh, psbaw! Don't cry over a few
rats."—*Life*.

Mabel—"Did you hear that Bessie Willis was
married yesterday to Tom Guzzler?" *Maud*—"I
Really? I thought she would be the last person
to marry him." *Mabel*—"Well, she was, wasn't
she?"—*Exchange*.

Alice—"Pa says you have no bome, and that it
would be foolish for me to give up a good one to
marry you." *Algernon*—"But, my dear Alice, I
don't ask you to give up your home, I merely ask to
share it with you."—*Once a Week*.

Fernando—"Angelina, will you enter the League
with me? In other words, become my wife?" *An-
gelina*—"I'm very sorry, Fernando; but I guess you
had better join the Brotherhood. In other words, I
will be your sister."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

"I don't see why you criticize the mail service. I
sent a letter to a man in Chicago a month ago."
"And when did he get it?" "He didn't get it. The
letter came back to me in good shape, and that after
having gone way out to San Francisco."—*Life*.

Visitor (at a Virginia hospital during the war)—
"Janitor, what do you do with the arms and legs
that are amputated here?" "Well, marsa, to tell
de troof, we must inginerly saves 'um a day or two,
and den we buries 'um wid de 'oodies."—*St. Louis*
Life.

Butler (at a fancy-dress ball—who has been told to
announce people by the characters they represent—
to new arrivals). "What character?" *Ladies*—"Oh,
no particular character." *Butler* (at top of his
voice). "Two ladies of no character in particular."
—*Harper's Bazar*.

Mrs. Byrnes (at a variety show)—"Phwhar'll that
one do, John?" *Mr. Byrnes*—"He's a Jappynese
juggler, me dear, an' in a minute he'll cut aff his
bead an' pit it on agin." *Mrs. Byrnes*—"He will?
Well, av Oi had a head loike thot aff me, troth Oi d
lave it aff!"—*Judge*.

Jimmy—"Where are you going to-day, Jack?"
Let's go skatin'." *Jack*—"I'm goin' to school, ain't
you?" *Jimmy*—"Yes; but the teacher will dismiss
us, all the same. Mickey Hooley has got two mice in
his pocket, and he's goin' to let 'em out on the floor."
—*Kearney Enterprise*.

Railroad president—"I am delighted to hear that
you took a trip on our Great Western Limited.
Palace-Car-Hotel-Barber-Shop-Library-Bath-Room-
Pullman 'Xpress. Nothing lacking, was there?"
Old friend (who had an upper berth)—"Yes; ele-
vators."—*Cincinnati Chic*.

"I wish to say to the congregation," said the min-
ister, "that the pulpit is not responsible for the error
of the printer on the tickets for the concert in the
Sunday-school room. The concert is for the benefit
of the arch fund, not the arch fend. We will now
sing hymn six, 'To err is human, to forgive divine.'"
—*New York Sun*.

Indulgent father—"My son, your education has
cost me twenty thousand dollars. I have spent all I
have, and you must now go right to work and earn
a living at something you understand." *Finished*
son (Harvard '89)—"Well, father, which would you
rather have me be, a base-ball pitcher or a billiard-
marker?"—*New York Weekly*.

Fifteen years ago Henry Hill, of Council Bluffs,
swore that he would not shave until Susan B. Anthony
was elected president. The other day his whiskers,
which were three feet long, became entangled in
some machinery and were mostly pulled out by the
roots, and he is probably pretty well cured of his
foolishness.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"No, Hiram," said the young girl, sadly, "I can
not be your wife. We are too compatible." "Com-
patible!" he exclaimed; "isn't that the very reason
why—" "Not in your case. I should probably
insist from motives of economy on dispensing with a
servant and in doing my own housework, and you
would probably let me do it, Hiram."—*Chicago Tri-
bune*.

"Has that yellow-haired dude been around here
to-night?" "Not yet. Why, papa, what in the
world is the matter? Did you miss your footing on
the train?" "No, I didn't miss my footing on
the train. I undertook to gently remind that
dude of yours that he wasn't wanted here, and this
is the result. When he comes to-night, tell him
he can have you, and he can't have you any too
quick to suit me. A man who can use his hands like
that fellow is protection enough for a dozen women.
If he asks for me, tell him I've gone to Africa or
Camden and won't be back until the marriage has
blown over."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

No Safer Remedy can be had for Coughs and Colds,
or any trouble of the Throat, than "Brown's Bronchial
Troches." Price 25 cts. Sold only in boxes.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

In the Parlor.

Now in the parlor meet the pair
When golden day is done,
Two forms with but one rocking-chair,
Two hearts that beat as one.
—*Boston Courier*.

A Washington's Birthday Thought.

If Washington had lied that day
He chopped the cherry-tree,
How different it would have been—
Our country's history!
For none can doubt that had he lied
Old Bushrod would have jumped
For his right heavy hickory-tick,
And George's life out thumped.

And then—ah me!—our loved State
Indeed would have been sad;
For if G. W. then had died
It would have had
No Dad!
—*Life*.

In the Club Window.

Senex Loquitur.

Alas, my boy! That there should be
So much false femininity!
The modern girl—what passes for
Her's mostly from the dry-goods store.

The dusky iris' languorous shade
Is due to belladonna's aid;
The swelling corsage, proud and full
Is—whisper—largely cotton wool.

The little rosebud mouths we know
With lips a-curve like Cupid's bow,
Opening betray, behind them bung
A very active little tongue.

Let them alone my boy—as I—
Jove—see that blonde girl going by?
Looked up! You didn't? Well—I must go—
late now—important date—quite forgot it!
ta-ta, my boy, see you to-night.
—*Time*.

A Message.

She wasn't on the play-ground, she wasn't on the lawn,
The little one was missing and bed-time coming on.
We bunted in the garden, we peeped about to see
If sleeping under rose-tree or lilac she might be.
But nothing came in answer to all our anxious call
Until at length we hastened within the darkening hall.
And then upon the silliness there broke a silvery tone—
The darling mite was standing before the telephone,
And softly, as we listened, came stealing down the stairs:
"H'lo, Central! Give me heaven. I want to say my prayers."
—*Stdney Dayre in the Independent*.

ART NOTES.

Miss Clara McChesney, of Oakland, was particularly hon-
ored at the annual exhibition of the Water Color Association
in New York city, by having five specimens of her work hung
on the walls. One of them, the head of an old man, was
illustrated in the catalogue.

Stanley Inchbold, of this city, has had two pictures in the
New York Water Color Exhibition which have attracted much
notice. They are a marine scene and a bit of the Chinese
Quarter here.

It is with much regret that announcement is made of the
death of A. C. Rodriguez who passed away at the German
Hospital last Thursday after a lingering illness. He was
twenty-eight years of age and was very talented, his former
teacher, Jules Tavernier, considering him his most promising
pupil.

It is proposed to make Mr. Stanley a life member
of the Savage Club in London, a distinction which
he will share with only the Prince of Wales and a
few others.

Scotchmen banqueting in London are now enter-
tained with music of real northern bagpipes played
into a phonograph and sent down to London by ex-
press.

WELL-PLACED LUCK.

A. P. Morse, of San Bernardino, Gets
\$15,000.

On the occasion of the December drawing of The
Louisiana State Lottery, Fate was pleased to be
gracious to an estimable citizen of San Bernardino,
Mr. A. P. Morse, and he received a profit of \$15,000
on an investment of \$1. Mr. Morse is the brother
of E. H. Morse, the cashier of the San Bernardino
National Bank, who was murdered about a year
ago. He is about thirty-five years of age, married,
and has children. He owns a prosperous paint, oil,
and picture store on Court Street.

A reporter of the *Herald* recently called on Mr.
Morse to learn something of the circumstances of his
purchase of the lucky ticket.

"The man who acts as agent for the lottery here,"
said he, "had sold out his regular stock of tickets,
but he had so many applications that he ordered a
number more. These were sold until only two were
left. An old lady came in and asked for a ticket
and debated a long time between the two. Finally
she took one. This left it Hobson's choice for me,
and I took the last ticket and won \$15,000."

Elsewhere it was learned by the reporter that the
old lady in question was so indignant over the trick
which Fortune had played on her that she went to
bed sick and did not get up for a week.

Mr. Morse is a good-looking man of medium
height, and a very intelligent, jolly fellow. He en-
joys an unusual degree of popularity for his humor,
fairness in business, and good-heartedness. There
is yet to be found any man in San Bernardino who
envis his good luck. He has used about half
the money in his business and will invest the re-
mainder. He is a Republican in politics and a
prominent Odd Fellow.—*Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald*,
January 27th.

—THE SAN FRANCISCO GIRL GENERALLY HAS
a good figure and a pretty face, but, owing to the
wind, her complexion is generally bad. She can
have a perfect complexion, clear and dazzling, if
she uses Rachel's Enamel Bloom, which beautifies
and protects the skin. For sale by all druggists.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET,
cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—S. MONKS, ARTIST IN HAIR, LADIES' HAIR-
dresser, 122 McAllister Street, opp. New City Hall.

—PROF. DE FILIPPE'S SIMPLIFIED AND PRACTICAL
method of French and Spanish. The BANCROFT CO.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

—USE SOUTHFIELD WELLINGTON COAL.

WENDELL EASTON. GEO. W. FRINK. F. B. WILDE.



At Auction
TUESDAY,

TUESDAY.....MARCH 11, 1890

AT 12 O'CLOCK M.

AT SALESROOM,

618 MARKET STREET

Opposite Palace Hotel.

50-50

Golden Gate Park
CHOICE

Residence Lots

—FRONTING—

Golden Gate Park,

AND BOUNDED BY

GOLDEN GATE PARK & H ST. On which is the
Dummy road.

16th & 17th AVENUES & I ST.

Being Sunset Heights Block 657,

On the Steam Continuation (soon to
become a cable line) of the Haight
Street Cable Road.

This location is growing into prominence every day. It is on
the direct growth of the city, and important improvements
are daily developing in this direction. In a brief period this
location will become the popular residence portion of this
city. This elegant property fronts the great Golden Gate
Park, is also in the immediate vicinity of the important im-
provements in the Park, and with the extension of the
Haight Street cable over H Street in the near future, where
the steam-cars are now running, together with the extension
of Sixteenth Street, connecting with J. Street, with a cer-
tainty of either a dummy or cable-road running to the ocean
beach and old Ocean House, should command the attention
of all buyers looking for property certain to advance. The
Haight Street cable-system connects with the steam-convey-
ance on H Street. The Park and Ocean (steam) Railroad
trains stop when requested at the property we offer at auction.
A fine macadamized road from Stanyan Street, near the
Park, leads to this fine block of choice residence lots, passing
the same, continuing, leads into the Golden Gate Park.

Important Event---Grand Opportunity

Golden Gate Park
Residence Lots

Immense Profit in the Investment

ALMOST A CERTAINTY OF 100 PER
CENT. ON THE INVESTMENT
WITHIN 3 YEARS.

Do not fail to examine this property. Take
Haight Street Cable to terminus, then take
steam-cars; request conductor to let you off at
Sixteenth Avenue; auction flag flying on
the premises and our representative on the
property.

UNPRECEDENTED TERMS!

ONLY ONE-QUARTER CASH, balance in
equal payments, 6, 12, and 18 months, at
7 per cent. per annum interest; 1 per cent.
discount for cash on deferred payments;
10 per cent. deposit at time of purchase.

Title Guaranteed Perfect by the
California Title Insurance
and Trust Co.

We have made arrangements with the owners of the Cali-
fornia Title Insurance and Trust Co. for examination of Ab-
stract and Policy of Insurance Warranting the Title, to be
issued to each purchaser for the full amount of purchase
price, at the nominal fee of \$5 for each lot.

NOTE.—This means the examination of the abstract by
the authoritative legal staff of the above-named incorporation,
and a warranty to the purchaser that the **TITLE IS**
PERFECT.

Taxes to June 30, 1890, are paid by the
seller.

For catalogues, etc., inquire of

EASTON, ELDRIDGE & CO.,

Auctioneers, 618 Market St.

Statement, Jan. 1st, 1890.

R.H.McDonald, PRES.
ESTABLISHED 1863.
Oldest Chartered Bank
on the Pacific Coast.
PACIFIC BANK
Capital Stock
\$1,000,000.00.
Surplus \$750,000.00.
Av. Resources \$4,500,000.00

During the past year we have paid our regular dividends and have added another \$50,000 to our surplus fund. Thanking our friends for past favors we respectfully ask a continuance of the same. San Francisco, Cal. R. H. McDonald, Prest.



Caligraph Type-Writer. Most rapid and latest improved.
Writing-machine Furniture and Supplies.
THE SAMUEL HILL COMPANY,
General Agents, 29 New Montgomery St., S. F.

The First National Bank
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Paid-up Capital & Surplus, \$2,000,000

A General Banking Business transacted.

DEPOSIT-VAULTS DEPARTMENT

Perfect protection for valuables at reasonable rates.
Safes for securities and jewels, \$5 to \$100 per annum.
Storage for silverware, etc., \$6 a year and upwards.
Private rooms for customers' use, with ample facilities for the examination of property, correspondence, etc.
Office hours, 8 A. M. to 6 P. M.

S. G. MURPHY, President. JAMES K. LYNCH, Manager.

MAKE YOUR HOMES COMFORTABLE

And at the same time

SAVE MONEY

By warming them during the rainy season with a

"PALACE KING"

-OR-

"COMMANDER"

WARM AIR FURNACE

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS,

309 TO 317 MARKET ST., S. F.

PALACE HOTEL.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. Fire and Earthquake proof. Has Five Elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by electric light, its immense glass roof, broad balconies, carriage-way, and tropical plants, are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city. Secure accommodations in advance by telegraphing.

THE PALACE HOTEL,
San Francisco, Cal.

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RANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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There is distress among the poor of San Francisco. There says is, of course, for this community, like every other, can't escape the curses which accompany the blessings of civilization and cause them to be appreciated. Undoubtedly the extent of the distress is unusual. Mr. W. M. Willey—who makes speeches from the steps of the new City Hall every day, and who has placed himself in telegraphic communication with our senators and the Federal Government at Washington—asserts that there are among us twenty-five thousand unemployed and starving. Mr. Willey lies. Moreover, he is cheerfully conscious that everybody in San Francisco is aware of his mendacity, and that his object in telling his lie is to make political employment presently for a very small, very loud, and utterly worthless vagabond. But nobody seems to know just how much hardship has been entailed upon our laborers by the wet winter. The charitable societies, which ought to be experts, say that the applicants for relief are much more numerous than is usual. The park commissioners, and others who employ a good deal of unskilled labor, report an uncommon eagerness for work. Some of the church people have opened a free lodging and soup-house, which is well patronized. It would be if it were maintained the year round. Mayor Pond—who has the means to be as well informed on the subject as any one in the city, and who is a man of sense and discretion besides—has, while going down into his own

pocket for a generous subscription, deprecated sensational statements, and he affirms that the existing distress can easily be relieved by the efforts of well-guarded local charity.

That is, no doubt, the correct view of the situation. If there were five thousand starving men in the city—to say nothing of Mr. Willey's twenty-five thousand—they would have jumped at the chance to work for one dollar and twenty-five cents a day, which was offered them, and which the Sand-Lot Executive Committee indignantly rejected. The business-men who had taken the trouble to organize themselves and propose this measure of relief, did quite right to shun it when it met with insulting refusal. They had a right to assume that Willey & Co. were the representatives of the unemployed, since the latter had not repudiated them or made themselves heard through any other channel. A few of the unemployed, gifted with sense and afflicted with real need, have disowned Sand-Lot leadership and united in a declaration of their right to work for one dollar and twenty-five cents a day, or for anything they can get.

It is difficult to do anything for working-men when they have need of help, particularly in San Francisco. No sooner had the newspapers—ever ready to champion the cause of the masses and enlarge their subscription lists—cried out that distress was in the city and exaggerated its dimensions, as they exaggerate everything unpleasant, than the unemployed were called upon to hold meetings on the Sand Lots. Instantly the vermin of the town appointed themselves leaders of the movement, as they always do when there is notoriety or a dollar in sight. This Willey whom we have spoken of, a discredited druggist's clerk with a soul above honest toil; one Freuder, from San José, where he says he was a Jewish rabbi; E. D. McKenley, who does not pretend to be in need, but shows a prudent reticence on the subject of his calling; and one Steinman, who has free quarters with a Battery Street hotel-keeper between political campaigns—these four persons, whose qualifications for terms in the House of Correction under the provisions of the Vagrancy Act ought to be put to the test, have spouted every day to the "unemployed," whom they represent to be a famishing army of twenty-five thousand, but of this host they have not been able to gather at one time for listeners more than three hundred. These irresponsible, squalid nobodies—these rats from the sewers of the city's under life—have had the grotesque assurance not only to reject any but the highest current wages for the perishing multitude of the "unemployed," but to "demand," by wire, rations from the Federal Government, and to send an electric shriek across the continent to Senators Stanford and Hearst, appealing to them to reinforce this preposterous "demand." The other customary "friends of the unemployed," it is needless to say, have appeared. Every crank—male or female—who has read Henry George, Gronlund, or Bellamy, and gone daft on such intellectual small beer, has clambered to the steps of the City Hall and chattered nonsense, inveighing against "capital," and insisting upon nothing less than a reconstruction of the world's industrial system as the only cure for the misery of the poor devils who have been made idle and hungry by the excessive rains of the past winter in California. Some of these fools, well-meaning, no doubt, but fitter to be in asylums rather than at large, have actually gone and pestered with their fragments of theories the practical men who have met in benevolent little conventions at the Chamber of Commerce and elsewhere to develop ways and means to find work for men who are more concerned in getting bread for themselves and their families than about the date of the arrival of the millenium. No man of sense, who has for his uppermost motive a wish to aid the worthy poor, needs to be told that all this noise of designing vagrants, socialists, anarchists, communists, and other rattle-brained incapables has been other than hurtful to the interests of the unemployed. But the daily press—with the honorable exception of the *Alta California*—have stood in nobly with the Sand-Lot "leaders" and the cranks. The newspapers are afraid to say a word on the subject of wages which the working-men might object to. As for the working-men themselves—those who follow trades, are employed, and are bound together in unions—they are, of course, enthusiastically in favor

of the unemployed starving to death in preference to taking a cent less than the highest wages which free labor is able to insist upon. These unions form a Labor Trust, and it is business for them to hold up the price of the commodity which they have for sale. So, as we have remarked, it is difficult to do anything for laborers when any considerable number of them need help.

This question of wages, at the present juncture, is one of exceeding simplicity. It is not proposed, in reality, to pay wages at all, but to extend charity. The starving man who rejects one dollar and twenty-five cents for a day's work because he can not get two dollars, takes precisely the same attitude as the tramp who should stalk away in pride and anger from the free soup of our church friends, and decline to sit down to anything less toothsome than chicken and roast beef. Wages will take care of themselves. If abnormal conditions reduce them, the return of normal conditions will restore them.

The *Argonaut* commiserates the condition of decent, industrious men out of work; it sympathizes with the unselfish activity of the gentlemen who, free from the dread of want themselves, are exerting their energies on behalf of less fortunate and capable fellow-creatures; it praises those clergymen, including Father Montgomery, who have come to the front with pleas for the poor; it feels only admiration for those, including Archbishop Riordan, who have drawn checks upon their abundance for the benefit of men in want; but the *Argonaut* has neither sympathy, praise, nor admiration for the rascals and fools who make a transitory condition the occasion for dragging San Francisco in the dirt before the eyes of the whole country. Our supply of Kearneys, like Oakland's output of prophets, appears to be inexhaustible. Those infamous dispatches to Washington will do the city and the State a serious injury. No intentional enemy of either could have devised a more harmful action against us. It is a fact that, notwithstanding the passing hubbub, there is no State in the American Union where there is so little poverty as in California. There is no portion of the earth where brains and money have better opportunities, and nowhere are wages higher. Nowhere, either, is there a greater certainty of a good living for an honest man, with only his hands for his capital. Unthrift, laziness, and drunkenness will go to the wall and tumble into the gutter here as elsewhere, and stupidity will fall behind in the race with *sabé*. But it is still true that integrity, industry, and sobriety, when combined, find, on the average, higher rewards in California than are held out by any part of the overcrowded world. So far as this city is concerned, she is perfectly able to give all the money for charity that should be given: perfectly able to handle her own labor problem now or at any future time; and perfectly able, likewise, to dispose of her Sand-Lot criminals and lunatics, if the police and the commissioners of insanity will but do their duty.

One of the most interesting features of the census to be taken next June will be the statistics showing the drift of population. There are three phases of this drifting which will present features of peculiar interest. In the first place, immigration from foreign countries has been greater during the last decade than during any similar period in the history of the country. In 1878, the number of aliens arriving in this country was 138,469; in 1888, ten years later, it was 546,389; in 1889, the number was 444,427, of whom 432,819 came from Europe. Of these Europeans, the Germans stand at the head of the list with 99,538, or a little more than one-fifth. The English are next, with 68,503; the Irish, with 65,557; the Swedes, with 35,415; and the Italians, with 25,307. The total number of immigrants arriving from 1820 to 1855 was 4,212,614, a yearly average of 120,360; the number arriving during the nine years ending with 1889 was 5,565,848, a yearly average of 618,427. The second phase of this drift of population is the movement toward the West. Though seventy-eight per cent. of the foreign immigrants arrived in New York, and more than twenty-one per cent. arrived in Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, it is probable that a comparatively small proportion have remained

upon the Atlantic seaboard, and the drift of the native-born population to the West has been even more marked. This may be seen by estimates of the population of the different States based upon the votes polled at the last elections. In 1880, the New England States formed 7.7 per cent. of the whole population; this year they have not more than six per cent.; the Middle States hold just about their own, with twenty per cent., and the Southern States drop from twenty-six to twenty-four per cent. The Western States increase from forty-six to fifty per cent. In round numbers, New England has an increase of 3,800,000; the Middle States, 2,900,000; the Southern States, 3,000,000; and the Western States, 5,200,000. The six most populous States in 1880 were New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, and Indiana, in the order named, and they will probably show the same positions in the eleventh census. Massachusetts, on the other hand, will drop from seventh to ninth place; Wisconsin will advance from sixteenth to thirteenth, Kansas from twentieth to seventeenth, and California from twenty-fourth to twenty-second. The third and most interesting phase of the drift of population is the swarming tendency of the people. There is a marked drift of the population from the country to the cities, and a large percentage of the foreign population remains in the cities and does not go to the country at all. This is a social rather than an economic phenomenon, but it is having the most marked economic and political effects upon the life of the country. The cities are growing, both in number and population, out of all proportion to the growth of the country at large. In 1790, there were but six cities in the United States according to the census definition of a city—more than 8,000 inhabitants—with an urban population of 131,472, or 3.3 per cent. of the whole population. The average city then contained about 20,000 people, or something less than the present population of Stockton. During the next fifty years, while communication was difficult and internal commerce undeveloped, the cities increased but slowly. In 1840, there were forty-four cities with a population of 1,453,994, or 8.5 per cent. of the whole, showing that the cities were even then gaining upon the country districts. During the next twenty years the number of cities increased almost fourfold, while the percentage of city population nearly doubled. By 1880, the number of cities was 286, more than twice what it was in 1860, and nearly one-quarter of the whole population of the country was living in cities. Classifying the cities according to their size, the same tendency is even more strikingly presented. Nearly two-thirds of the cities—in 1880—may be classed as small, having a population of less than 20,000. The medium-sized cities—20,000 to 40,000—form about one-fifth of the number, leaving about one-seventh for the large cities. But these larger cities, while numbering only one-seventh of the whole, contained more than half of the urban population. In 1850, the average population of the cities was 32,000; in 1880, it was 39,500, showing that a larger proportion of the increase had gone to the larger cities. During the last eight years, the ten largest cities in the country have increased more than a million and a quarter in population—a growth of more than twenty-six per cent. The distribution of cities is by no means the same as that of the general population, but follows certain economic causes. Manufacturing and commercial activities naturally collect the people into cities, while agricultural interests distribute them into small towns and rural districts. New England, with less than one-twelfth of the population of the country, has one-fourth of the cities and one-seventh of the urban population. The population here is distributed, however, into the medium-sized cities, the average population being about 23,000, or less than the average for the whole country. New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, commercial centres, with one-fifth of the whole population, have about the same number of cities as New England, but the average population is nearly 65,000. In the Southern States, only a small proportion of the people live in cities. The six coast States contained less than twenty cities in 1880, with an average population of 51,000. In these States the urban population was one-seventh of the whole; in the Middle States it was two-fifths. In New Jersey, the cities contained 500,000 people; in Mississippi, with almost exactly the same total population, the cities contained only 11,814. In California, the city population was about one-third of the whole, divided among six cities with an average population of 54,000, or nearly the same average size as in the six Southern States on the Atlantic Coast. During the last ten years the total population of the State has probably increased about fifty per cent., while the city population has increased sixty-nine per cent., being now about two-fifths of the whole. The six cities in this State in 1880, according to the census definition—more than 8,000 inhabitants—were San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, San José, Los Angeles, and Stockton, standing in the order named. During the past decade, four more cities have been added to the list, and the order of size has changed considerably, estimating the population by the votes polled at the last election. Oakland has dropped from second to third place, while Los Angeles has advanced

from fifth to second. San José and Stockton have both dropped below San Diego, which now finds a place on the list as fifth, and Alameda, Pasadena, and Santa Barbara are included for the first time. The changes in each case are the result of the development of Southern California during the last few years. The cities of this part of the State retain their same relative positions. The percentage of increase of population in San Francisco has been twenty-nine per cent., the percentage from 1870 to 1880 having been fifty-six per cent., showing a decided falling off in the rate. The rate of increase in Oakland has been fifty-nine per cent.; in Sacramento, thirty per cent.; in San José, forty-three per cent.; and in Stockton, forty-one per cent. Among the southern cities the percentages have been: Los Angeles, 533; San Diego, 967; and Santa Barbara, 140. Pasadena, with a present population of about 9,000, was not enumerated in the tenth census. Taking the cities of less than 8,000 inhabitants, some interesting facts are discovered resulting from the industrial changes in the State during the last decade. As has been shown, the greatest increase has resulted from the development of the southern part of the State, where a great number of small cities have sprung up which were not in existence when the last census was taken. The rate of increase in population of the cities around San Francisco has been about the same as during the former decade, while the cities in mining districts have been almost at a stand-still, except where the development of agricultural interests in the surrounding country has made them centres for the shipment of fruit, thus transforming their character entirely.

The resolution introduced by Senator Stanford before the Senate last Monday, empowering the government to make loans upon real-estate, renders timely the question of land-tenure. The subject is replete with interest and instruction. The great source of national wealth or well-being, and the most permanent possession of organized society, is land. Land-tenure, therefore, must be to every nation a subject of most vital importance. In a very early manuscript, land is called "Perpetual Man." Everything that is necessary to man and society comes from the land, directly or indirectly. For food, clothing, and everything save the vital spark of life, man is dependent upon the soil. As in man's right of existence is involved his right to food; and as his right to food implies his right to land, hence land-tenure, or land-holding, is one of the natural rights of man. The earliest system of land-tenure was the aboriginal. The growth of population has been slow. It is probable that in the early history of all countries the communistic idea prevailed as far as land-tenure was concerned. The land was common property and was for the use and benefit of all. Some of the earliest settlers were nomadic. They used the natural and voluntary productions of the soil without taking actual possession of the land.

The most trustworthy record of the first inhabitants of England is that given by Julius Caesar, who invaded that country about 54 B. C. He describes these aborigines as Celts or Gauls who had passed over the neighboring continent, and who lived by pastoral and agricultural pursuits. The aborigines of America as found by Columbus, the Cabots, and other discoverers, were not greatly different in their mode of life from the Celts whom the Romans found in England. In England and America, whatever wars or disputes may have existed among these aborigines, so abundant was the land and relatively few the tenants or possessors, that land-tenure could not have been an exciting cause of disturbance. The process by which the land, which was common to all, became the possession of the individual, was gradual, and in many cases was accompanied by violence and wrong. Locke thinks that the individual appropriation of the land, which was common property, was effected by individuals mixing their labor with the land—in fencing and cultivating it and improving it by the erection of buildings. Like the wild animals belonging to all, but which become the property of him who captures or kills them; so the land, which was at first common property, became the personal property of those who thus mixed their labor with it. Blackstone places the private possession of land upon an entirely different basis. He says that as society became formed, its instinct was to preserve the peace, and as a man who had taken possession of land could not be disturbed except by force, each man continued to enjoy the use of that which he had taken out of the common stock. This right, however, he says lasted only as long as the individual lived.

The conversion of public land into private property, or the appropriation by individuals of land which was common to all, though in the early history of mankind it may have been effected in a peaceable way, as Locke and Blackstone suppose, yet it is a matter of history that in many instances it was mainly brought about by conquest and force, guided by venal impulse rather than regulated by principle. The system of land-tenure known as the Roman was based upon the principle that "to the victors belong the spoils." Accord-

ing to this principle, the Romans took possession of the land of England and of all the countries which they conquered. They were the first to create an *estate of uses* in land as distinct from an estate of possession. They levied a tax or *re* of one-tenth, which the tenant paid as *usus fructus*. Upon the retirement of the Romans after six hundred years, the land reverted to the aborigines, who, having invited the Saxons, Jutes, and Angles among them, were by them again dispossessed of their land and reduced to serfdom. After six hundred years of Saxon rule, the Normans invaded England and dispossessed the Saxons. All these changes of land-tenure were the working-out of the Roman principle that "to the victors belong the spoils." Thus "might made right." The principle continued in operation until it was incorporated in the feudal system of land-tenure, which was based on military service. This system was finally abolished by the Tudors and all rent was paid in money. The present principle of land-tenure in England is founded upon the land law of Edward the Third, which, under the succeeding houses of the Stuarts and Hanovers to the present time, has claimed that all land belongs to the crown, and that land-tenure consists simply *holding* and not *owning*.

The history of land-tenure in the United States is different from that of Europe. The Roman system never prevailed in this country. Not by conquest, but by discovery, did Spain, England, and France assert their right of tenure. John Cabot and his son Sebastian were the first who really discovered America, and it is said that they gave a continent to England. By virtue of this right of discovery, all the country, excepting Florida, which was held by Spain, and Louisiana, which was held by France, was claimed by the Crown of England. Charles the Second, by vast grants to his brother Prince Rupert, to William Penn, and others, changed the tenure, with but few exceptions, from the Cape of North Carolina to Florida. During the first four years of his reign he gave away a continent. Could he have continued as lavishly during the remainder of his reign, he would have given away the world. The right of England, Spain, and France to the country because some of their subjects accidentally discovered it is perfectly preposterous. Judge Story, in his exposition of the constitution, ridicules this right, and pertinently asks why we should think of a claim set up by the South Sea Islanders to our country, upon the plea that some of their navigators had discovered it or sailed along its shores.

Resultant upon the independence of this country, all land-tenure and all other rights claimed by the Crown of England were transferred to the people of the United States. The sovereign people became invested with the rights that had been exercised by the British sovereign. A large landed estate thus fell to the people of the United States, to be held in trust for them by the general government. There was a change of land-tenure by the sudden conversion of colonies into States, except the change involved in the transfer of sovereign power from the King of England to the people of the United States. To the public domain which the States soon after the War of Independence, ceded to the Federal Government, large accessions have been made. The tract of land known as Louisiana, extending from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada fifteen hundred miles, and from the Mississippi River west to the Pacific Ocean seventeen hundred miles, was purchased from Napoleon. Florida was bought from Spain, Alaska from Russia, and Texas was annexed.

In the land-tenure of our country we recognize two systems—the aboriginal, and that based upon the right of discovery. The right of primary possession was the tenure of the Indian. William Penn, with the royal grant in his possession, did not ignore the right of the Indian, but satisfied his claim by a consideration. But this claim of the first inhabitants and the first discoverers of America is a limited claim. It carries with it a right to only so much land as is necessary to sustenance, and rests simply on the principle "first come, first served." Infinitely higher than these claims by the descendants of birth and discovery is the right of humanity—*right to live*. That the few naked Indians who propped through a part of the American wilderness had a right to the continent, designed by God to feed hundreds of millions of population, or that the Cabots had a right to this country because they sailed along the coast from Nova Scotia to the Mar del Norte, is too preposterous to be entertained for a moment. Yet such absurd claims have formed the only foundation for the titles of large landed estates that have been handed down for generations.

Land is undoubtedly property. The individual right to land should be protected as well as regulated by law. The permanence and prosperity of the country depend upon the security of land-tenure. Destroy the principle of individual right to land and substitute the communistic principle, and you undermine the rock-bed of civilized government. While land is property, still it is different from all other kinds of property in the following respects: (1.) It is the only permanent property. Land proprietors and land products are taken away, but the land abideth forever. (2.) Land is also

essential to man's existence. Life, as a divine gift, carries with it the right to that which is essential to life. Food is essential to life, and some portion of land is essential to food; therefore, man has a natural right to so much land as is indispensable to his existence, otherwise his life is dependent upon the will of another. Land differing thus from all other kinds of property, the ownership of land, by consequence, is different from other forms of possession. The principle asserted in the Act of Edward the Third, that the absolute right of land was vested in the sovereign and not in the individual, is a true principle of political economy. In every country the sovereign power is vested somewhere. In England, it is vested in the crown and Parliament. In the United States, it is vested in the people. Judge Story calls this sovereign power "supreme, absolute, the *jus summi imperii*—the absolute right to govern." Law in the United States is the *will* of the people. In times of war this sovereign power confiscates the land and property of rebels, and appropriates for public use the property of loyal citizens. In times of peace it takes so much out of private property as the public interests require—demanding so much of the rent as taxes, and, when not paid, seizing the property. It dictates how, and of what materials, a man shall build his house. It says to the capitalist: "You shall not lay a railroad, dig a canal, or bridge a river without my consent." To railroad kings it says: "I am king—and I shall regulate by law your fares." Thus all land and all property are subject to this sovereign power. Now, in the constitution, "the right to life" is called an "inalienable right." The right to live, as we have shown, implies the right to food, and thus to land. If a man remit or transfer his individual right to the possession of land, desiring to engage in a more congenial employment, and one useful to the State, it is with the implied consideration that the land, which would otherwise be his, shall he so used as that his food shall be brought within his reach. For every natural right which he remits to the body politic he must receive satisfactory compensation. If the land be absorbed by a few individuals or corporations for speculative purposes, and is no longer made to produce food, then the people must demand of the government that it shall compel those who claim it as their property to use it so that it shall supply the people with bread. That right which we all have in land—that it shall produce food—is "inalienable." We can not part with it, and it can not be taken away from us. The absolute right of property in land, therefore, is not in "me," the individual, but in "us," the people. Do you claim the land as your private property, and do you claim so much of it that my natural right is ignored? Well, I will not complain so long as you cultivate the land and bring my necessary daily food within my reach. But if the land is held selfishly by others, uncultivated, or so cultivated that I am deprived of my necessary food, then you may have the blood of Pocohontas in your veins, or you may be a lineal descendant of Christopher Columbus or Sebastian Cabot, but I dispute your claim and assert my right to live. Do the rich capitalists combine and buy up the wheat, the sugar, the coal-mines, the coal-carrying railroads, and the water-sources, and then, when the people are most in need, reduce the supply out of proportion to the demand in order to raise artificially the price? Then we say to these gentlemen—capitalists—you are provoking a crisis; you are inviting the most terrible revolt of society against oppression; you are rousing the revolutionary reserve-power of the people—and we shall see whether they who raise the storm can ride the whirlwind.

We commented last week on the price paid in New York city, at an auction of street-railway franchises, for a short cross-town line. Recently the common council of Rochester extended the franchise of an existing company on condition of the payment of one per cent. of the gross earnings until 1907, and two per cent. thereafter. This was for a comparatively short extension of an existing line, and there was no bidding. In Buffalo, at about the same time, a franchise was sold at auction, and the successful company agreed to pay 11.75 per cent. of the gross earnings for the franchise. Nearly ten per cent. is the difference between what a company pays where it is not compelled to bid for the franchise and what is gained by auctioning it off. A somewhat similar lesson was given in Newark, New Jersey, last month. The Essex Passenger Railway was built some years ago, and has been successfully operated since that time. Nothing was paid to the city for the franchise. The cost was as follows:

30 miles of double track.....	\$350,000
200 cars at \$900.....	180,000
1500 horses at \$175.....	262,500
Harness.....	15,400
Land and stables.....	250,000
Total cost.....	\$1,057,900

The road was sold last month to a Philadelphia syndicate for \$4,050,000. Here is a clear profit over the investment of nearly \$3,000,000. This makes the franchise worth about

\$2,000,000. It is clear that the purchasers would not have bought the road had they not been satisfied, from sufficient investigation, that they would receive a fair return on their investment. No syndicate has yet been found willing to invest \$4,000,000 in a business which they have not thoroughly investigated. It is, therefore, evident that, besides the profit of \$3,000,000, the original company has received for some years, on an investment of \$1,000,000, an annual return amounting to a fair interest on four times that amount. And this immense profit flows from the use of the property of a city, for which that city has not received a cent. They do these things better in Europe. The street-railway is an American invention and was introduced into Europe by American companies. A recent writer in the *Century* tells something of the street-railways of Glasgow. About twenty years ago, two American companies proposed to build railway lines in Glasgow. After some discussion, it was decided that the city should construct the roadway and lease it to a company organized by the consolidation of the two. The first lines were opened in 1872 on a twenty-two years' lease. The company was to pay the city as follows: (1) An annual interest charge on the full amount of the city's investment; (2) a yearly sum for sinking fund, large enough to pay the entire cost of the lines at the expiration of the lease; (3) four per cent. per annum on the cost of the lines, out of which they were to be kept in order and restored to the city at the end of the time as good as new. These three items secured the lines as the property of the city, without cost and free from all conditions, at the expiration of the lease. The cost of the original system was about one million dollars, and, subsequently, fourteen miles of roadway were added, making thirty-one miles in all, at a total cost of \$1,700,000. In addition to this, the city was to receive a rental of \$750 a mile for the use of the streets. These terms would be considered hard by any company in this country, but they do not cover all the conditions imposed. The rate of fare was fixed not to exceed four cents a mile, and on certain "runs," likely to be used by laboring-men and large masses of the population, several of them exceeding a mile in length, passengers were to be carried for two cents during the day, and morning and evening cars were to be run for working-men, on which the fare should be one cent. It might be supposed that the company would refuse to accept these terms. But so far from this being the case, the lease was accepted, and within a short time, another company was formed which paid a premium of \$750,000 for the lease, and assumed all the conditions. This new company has run cars over the roads since that time. For the first two or three years, owing to the heavy premium paid to the original company, no dividends were declared, but for the last ten years dividends of from nine to eleven per cent. have been paid. The interest on the original investment of \$1,700,000 has been paid regularly, the sinking fund amounts to over \$1,000,000, and the annual payment of \$68,000 has kept the system in perfect repair. So far, \$225,000 has been paid for the rental of the road. There is a lesson in all this for the people of this country. Glasgow has about two-thirds more population than this city, but a much smaller proportion of the population use the street-cars. The city is much more compact and the car-lines are shorter. Besides this, the fares average at least one-third less than the rate charged in this city. Everything points, therefore, to the fact that our car-companies could pay for their franchises, and every consideration of business and justice requires that they should do so.

The good people of Oakland and its suburbs across the bay are at present the victims of what may be termed for convenience an epidemic of lunacy on the part of the more excitable portion of their fellow-townsmen. For some weeks past, meetings have been convened under the auspices of a female fanatic, supplemented by a coterie of male adherents, the object of which has been to impress upon the attendant audiences one paramount idea, namely, that San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley are to be destroyed by earthquake and tidal wave some time next month, the only consolatory feature in the eyes of the commercially jealous being that Chicago and Milwaukee are to be similarly visited. What is to become of the intervening country, or why it is to be spared from the general cataclysm, is not clearly indicated in the vaticination, but as the people are admonished to flee to the mountains, and as one of the prophets of the new dispensation, who perambulates Oakland on a bicycle, is organizing an exodus to the Sierra Nevada, the presumption is that these snow-clad summits will continue to rear their heads above the general waste of waters. It never seems to enter into the muddled brains of prophets of this class to preserve an appearance, at least, of the dramatic unities in their prophecies, or to realize, in the present instance, that if it is necessary to seek the altitudes of the Sierras to escape the cataclysm, it will scarcely be confined to the immediate neighborhood of San Francisco Bay, but will be continental in its comprehensiveness, and will leave of this vast country but a few scattered islets. It would not be

worth while noticing such a piece of idiotic fanaticism, were it not that there are always in every community a certain proportion of imbeciles whom it is the duty of the law to protect from such attacks upon their weak intellectual organizations, just as it would protect their bodies from corporeal assault. While it might not really matter to their sane fellow-citizens what became of these foolish fanatics, so far as their own persons or property was concerned, it is another thing when business is harassed, rents lowered, and property rendered undesirable upon the main thoroughfare of a thriving town by the action of a pack of howling dervishes, who arrogate to themselves the license to create a nuisance under the cloak and semblance of a religious belief. It is an undeniable fact that there is a phase, faculty, or idiosyncrasy in the human mind, more developed in some organisms than others, liable to be brought into sympathy with the mental conditions surrounding it. Witness the ordinary church revivals and other phases of religious hysteria and spiritual ecstasy. To this class of delusions belonged the famous crusade, led by Peter the Hermit in the middle ages, when the roads from Western Europe to Western Asia were covered with the corpses of the ignorant fanatics who followed his hanner, while Europe was badly depopulated by the result. Seeing that it is not possible, for the present at least, to change this mental idiosyncrasy of the race, it is at least possible to restrict the conditions of its free exercise, locally at any rate, and if the laws of the city of Oakland do not contain any section covering the case at issue, it is time the city fathers went to work and passed an ordinance giving some relief to a long-suffering community.

This year an unusual effort was made for the celebration of St. Patrick's Day in Chicago. There was a particular reason for the Irish of Chicago to "show they were alive," as one of their speakers suggested. They have been in very bad repute in that city since the Cronin murder and the retirement of three of their leaders to the Joliet penitentiary, and several of the delegates desired to show to the world that they were still united. They were not united, and those who favored keeping their dissensions as private as possible, outvoted the others more than two to one. In this city, also, there will be no Patrick's procession. When the *Argonaut* began, some ten years ago, to suggest that it would be more becoming to celebrate this anniversary of Ireland's patron saint by meeting in some theatre for literary exercises, and in some banquet-hall for wassail, rather than to have a tatterdemalion parade, with marshal, aids, and imitation cavalry on sorry Rosinantes; ancient Hibernians in ancient and tattered livery; priests and politicians in open barouches; freckle-faced boys from parochial schools, and along the kerb-stone a dreary mass of male and female mugs, we were misunderstood. It was wrongly assumed that the *Argonaut* was prejudiced against the celebration of the presumed birthday of Ireland's apocryphal saint. Now, however, all is changed. A flag that represents no nationality is no longer flaunted in our faces. The Irish do just what they have a right to do, and they keep their religion and their politics out of sight.

When General Morgan's nomination as Commissioner of Indian Affairs was sent to the Senate for confirmation, an active opposition asserted itself against him which did not hesitate to employ the most dishonorable methods to defeat his confirmation. The opposition had been aroused by his intelligent efforts to improve the service by weeding out unfit and incompetent employees. The removals were not numerous, but some of them—not, however, a majority—were Catholics, and a most bitter opposition was immediately aroused. The Catholic Indian Bureau declared that General Morgan was carrying on a crusade against the Roman Catholic interest, and that the Catholic schools were threatened. The flimsy nature of this opposition being made clear upon an investigation of the charges, they commenced a new and vicious attack. They charged that his military career had been stained by dishonorable acts. These charges proved as groundless as the others, and the open opposition was swept away. The underhand fight was continued, however. But the Senate refused to indorse any such opposition to an honest and competent official, and the nomination was confirmed by a vote of twenty-eight to twelve. The greater part of this negative vote was cast on partisan grounds, and not as a consequence of the fight against confirmation. The friends of honest administration and clean political methods may well rejoice at this victory.

The opponents of Bellamy say that his army of working-men between twenty-one and forty-five can not produce enough food, under the nationalist scheme, to feed us all. But Edward Atkinson, the statistician, has shown distinctly that one man's work in Minnesota for one day produces the flour which one man would consume in a year; that another man's work for one day carries it to the market, and that a third man's work for one day puts it into bread and on the table. That is to say, three days' work of one man is enough to produce the bread which one man eats in a year.

THE THIRST FOR GOLD.

How a Party of Prospectors sought for "Gold Lake" in 1850.

By DR. J. C. TUCKER.

A quartet of men—part of a disintegrated Eastern mining company—we had steadily worked our claim upon the south fork of the American River during the entire summer of '49. Each night the scales were brought out, and, by the light of our camp-fire, was divided a remarkably regular average of an ounce and a half of gold-dust to the man. No one knew or asked where the other hid his sack.

I was the youngest and, perhaps, the most restless of the party, for with the first rain, early in November, I bequeathed my quarter interest in the claim to my comrades and sought Sacramento city. There, although successful in making money still more rapidly in my profession, the spirit of adventure, born of youth and success, together with the marvelous stories told of the recently discovered rich northern diggings, somewhere about the rise of Feather and Yuba Rivers, prompted me to unite with two others in an expedition to the head waters of those streams.

This was in the latter part of February, 1850. The upper country was well under water from long-continued rains and floods, and it was impossible to reach Marysville from Sacramento by land. We bought a whale-boat, loaded it up with blankets, implements, and provisions, and started up the Sacramento River. A favorable wind enabled us to make the trip against a raging current and in an unusually brief time. Convilleau, a French-Canadian, who, with his wife, were of the few who escaped from the ill-starred Donner Lake emigrant party, occupied the oldest and most substantial residence in that city of mushroom growth. There, stores were springing up upon every side, and we had little trouble in buying animals and all else we needed for our expedition up the Yuba. Then came heavier storms, deep snows in the mountains, and we were detained another week.

At our camp outside the town, one morning, as we were stretching ourselves in the first sun's warmth for many days, a very remarkable-looking miner and mule came slowly down the trail toward town. The animal was so gaunt and weak that it could scarcely totter under the apparently light pack of blankets it bore, while the man, equally thin, staggered along under the sole weight of the gun upon his shoulder. Everybody asked questions, in those days, of every one met upon the road, so, inviting the stranger to stop at our tent and take a pull of whisky, we soon got at his history. He had started, one of a party of six from Oregon, several months previous, for the California mines. They had met with many hardships along the eastern border of the Cascade Mountains, prospecting en route. Two had been killed by Indians, one had died from illness, and two had remained at "Jim Crow Diggins"—now Downieville—too weak and ill to get further on.

"Did you find good diggin's?"

"Well—yes, pretty fair; but a man deserves all he got up thar. But, strangers, seems as this is good camping-ground; I reckon I'll just turn my critter out bere with you'n, as you say land travel to Sacramento is stopped."

He had come partly over our projected route and we were only too glad for an opportunity to glean from him all we could of its character. We invited him to mess with us, and proffered our aid in helping him unpack the mule; but he declined, himself with difficulty lifting off the animal a well-concealed pair of sacks, made of doubled-up blankets slung across the saddle. They were small and compact, but of a weight that almost defied his strength to handle. The effort required was too marked to escape our attention, which he observing, remarked, that he had "grown powerfully weak getting down to the valley." He turned the jaded beast loose and seated himself upon his blanket-baggage. Then, after another wrench at the whisky-bottle and an apparent resolution to make us his confidants, he said:

"Strangers, you seem to be the right sort, and I might as well give you my situation. I must get somebody's help, so I'll just trust you. You see, my pards is down sick and couldn't handle their packs of gold, so they just 'cached' it afore we reached 'Jim Crow's,' and they're resting there till well enough to tote it down. I cum along, but dern me, if Bill—that's my mule, there—and me could have got another day's journey ahead."

"Is that, there—in the blanket—gold?"

"Well, yes, I reckon it is; but I wouldn't go back for another load of it if I chopped wood all the balance of my life."

"Where did you dig it?"

"Well, I ain't a-going to tell everybody that—perhaps I couldn't describe the place if I wanted to. See here, you fellows look honest; leastwise, there ain't much call for stealing, anyway, on the border. If you will help me take this gold to some safe store—some man who will take care of it—quietly, until I get a chance to take it down to 'Frisco, I'll just tell you, near as I can, the trail to the biggest diggin's the sun ever shines on. Thar's the half of us that started out left; but you couldn't get 'ary one of us to go back over our trail for all the gold we left at that hell-spot! Injuns? Well, I should say so. Injuns, deserts, serpents, wild animals, snow, fever, starvation—they are all thar. Somewhar on the trail you might find the skeletons of our pards and the bones of a mule, with two hundred pounds of gold lashed to his pack-saddle. No, we had to leave it, for we couldn't take another pound. Our critters started with three hundred pounds each of gold, but we had to lighten 'em up the very next day. We sorted over the big chunks, throwing out all that was weighted with quartz stickin' to them; all but Tom—him as is bleaching with his mule out on the desert. He killed his over-packed critter and likewise himself, a-trying to get it all into the settlement. He was powerful greedy. I've got all I want. I'm square, and think I can hold it till some bank or business-man can help me. Do you know one?"

As he spoke, he carelessly hitched an uncomfortably big

horse-pistol stuck in his belt, and adjusted the half-cocked hammers of his double-barreled gun lying across his knees. We told him of our friend, Ira Baldwin, a reliable merchant of Marysville, and helped him pack one of our fresh mules with the gold, walking with him into town. He was made acquainted with Baldwin, who, unobserved, took in the cargo of gold at the back-door of the store, and invited our friend to make his bed there and use the gold-sacks for his pillow. No one else was then made acquainted with the treasure of our new friend. Baldwin fitted him out with all the new clothing, etc., he needed, the stranger paying in coarse gold from a pound-sack in his boot-leg. Then, when our new friend found his gold in safe keeping, he must needs have us all take a drink with him. Whisky and ale, brandy and gin—the assortment was scarcely sufficient for our Cæsar, who soon showed a desire to slake the unlimited thirst of the whole town. But we got him back to camp, finally, for we were deeply interested in knowing more of the rich deposits.

Around the camp-fire—Baldwin had joined us—that evening, Ballard, for that was our miner's name, told us the details of his long and adventurous trip down from Oregon. The liquor had made him garrulous, and there was more of incident and personal detail than information of gold location given us. With all of his asserted resolve never to return to the "Gold Lake," as he called it, our drunken Cæsar skillfully evaded, with the cunning of intoxication, a definite indication of the location of his El Dorado. But it was no idle boast; it was a substantial and undeniable discovery, attested by the great rich lumps of quartz-crusted gold which we had handled and which brought down Baldwin's scales at *two hundred and ten pounds*. We saw it was useless to urge the man to reveal more of the treasure-grounds then, much as our anxiety pushed our inquiries. Finally, the whisky and general mixture of stimulants overcame the wearied miner, and he dropped, mumbling, to sleep. Then we laid him out on our blankets, while Baldwin returned to his store, left in charge of his clerk, to guard the gold.

We three then held a caucus for consultation upon a subject that had wrought us up to a point of excitement with difficulty held in subjugation. That we must, early the next morning, before Ballard got to drinking, get from him all possible definite knowledge and maps of the rich location, was at once agreed to. That he would, as soon as drunk, tell others of his find, was equally recognized. And that we, all ready to start, must at once and before others knew of the diggings, push on ahead, was also unanimously agreed to. As we looked at the prostrate limp form of the wary miner, and longed for the knowledge he seemed to withhold from us so tantalizingly, it was with difficulty we could settle ourselves down for a quiet night's rest. Indeed, I doubt if any of us could banish the land of the "Gold Lake" and its teeming treasures from his waking or sleeping dreams. To think that the befuddled brain of the man lying snoring next us was the depository of a secret involving untold fortunes, held loosely in the relaxed grasp of his maudlin, but cunning senses, and still the promised Utopia unrevealed! Would he ever tell us, even although he had promised it? *Quien sabe!*

"Doc, are you awake?"

"Yes, Will," I answered.

"Do you suppose the old guzzling skeleton will divulge in the morning?"

"Don't know," I replied; "we must rally to the location promptly. The whole of Marysville will be on the move toward 'Gold Lake' before forty-eight hours. We should be in the van."

Here Frank sat up, and quietly loading up his pipe, prepared for a midnight counsel and smoke. Speedily his example was followed, and through the clouds of smoke came wisdom and communion, the result of which was to leave the initiatory effort of extracting information from Ballard, in the morning, to Frank, to whom Ballard seemed to have taken more especially.

It was long after sunrise had peeped under our blankets before the first to rise had raked out the smoldering fire and thrown on fresh fuel. The smell of fresh coffee and the chat of our party finally roused our guest Ballard. The poor fellow was woefully weak, but sober and much refreshed. He seemed a manly, though rough fellow, evidently long a border man. Quiet and observing, he merely remarked that he "reckoned that 'ere whisky of Baldwin's had 'come nigh letting him loose.'"

Over our breakfast of fried pork, tough beefsteak, slapjacks, and coffee, Ballard warmed up. Frank cautiously approached him by saying we were going to start that afternoon for Yuba River diggings. If we did not find them paying, we would follow the melting snow toward the north. Perhaps we would get far enough up to look for Gold Lake.

"Boys," said Ballard, seriously, after a little pause, "it seems almost agin my conscience to do anything toward startin' you for Gold Lake; and after I let out to you about it, I would have taken it all back. Death, damnation, and Injuns lays between you and the lake. Where it is, exactly, I can't tell you. We had no compass to fix the points, and didn't even know the names of the mountains beyond the 'Cascades.' I'm going to give you this 'ere drawing as near as the sun points would give it to me. You will find it hard to get to Gold Lake, and harder a d—n sight to get away. If ever you do fetch it, all the gold you can want will be just lying at your feet. Here's the drawing, boys; no, I will never want it again. Every mile of the return is branded into my memory."

Then Ballard, seriously and kindly, gave us a verbal, detailed description of the points of the compass and route, as near as he could guess them.

He seemed a different man this morning, and displayed as much friendly interest in us and our desires as if we were old friends. On our part—partly from selfish motives, and partly from genuine gratitude and solicitude for this man, who seemed so kindly disposed toward us—we urged him to be wary and discreet with his tongue and wealth. This he promised to do; but as a few hours proved, he was a slave to liquor, and wholly unable to command himself.

We kept him with us at camp until the afternoon, when

we started. An hour after, all Marysville was fired by the story and the gold displayed by our drunken friend, and hundreds of men were preparing to follow us.

We hoped to interview and obtain more information from Ballard's disabled companions left at "Jim Crow's." In the "drawings"—as he termed the crude map of cardinal points, trails, mountains, and days' travel—Shasta, Klamath Lakes, and the Malheur Indians were mentioned. Excepting these, there were no directions to govern a search for the rich deposits Ballard and his companions had found. It was scarcely probable the three returned men were all so indifferent to their discovery so mapped out as not to have agreed to keep them secret. But it was all we could get, more than we could expect, and we were determined to make the most of it, whether bogus or sincere. Pushing through beyond "Dobbin's Ranch," below Foster's Bar on the Yuba, we were suddenly caught in a violent storm which rendered further movement, forward or backward, utterly impossible. For over three weeks we chafed with impatient delay. Then we slowly went forward through the mud and snow, reaching, without being overtaken by others, "Jim Crow Diggins."

Here we found one of Ballard's sick companions had died, and the other had disappeared in the night. Finding nothing had been divulged to the few miners there regarding their mule-loads of gold, or "Gold Lake," we left it for those who might follow on our trail to tell of the exciting discovery. We were warned that it was early in the spring to attempt the trip north, but with a recklessness begotten by a spirit of adventure and precedence, only dimmed by the avarice for gold, common to human nature, we crept on through the valley bottoms, ever keeping our faces toward the north. We were in sight of Mt. Shasta; had crossed Pitt River with extreme difficulty, when a bitterly cold snow-storm set in while we were, fortunately, in a deep mountain gorge, protecting us by its depth and with feed for our animals. Five beasts—three ridden and two packed, all picked animals—constituted our train. They were the hardy, sure-footed, long-enduring little Mexican mules, and unweariedly carried their not overweighty packs along precipice trails scarcely distinguishable; down mountain-sides, sliding with out-braced feet where our own could scarcely secure foot-hold; swimming cold streams, often with us banging to their tails with one hand; and maintaining their strength on a diet of busbes and twigs, where green or dried grass failed. In that dark cañon, where the sun only shone for two hours in the midday if at all, we remained two long, weary weeks, waiting for the snow to melt on the mountains.

One of my companions—Frank, our leader—was an old mountaineer and trapper on the Pacific Coast before the discovery of gold. He was tall, lean, and sinewy, about forty years of age, and an unerring shot with his long, heavy-barreled rifle, stocked, Missouri fashion, to the muzzle. As compared with him in years and experience, we were mere boys. Taciturn, but watchful and kind-hearted, he was ever cheerfully anticipating our most laborious tasks. It was generally his keen sight and never failing nerve that kept our camp supplied with venison and bear meat. More than once he put a ball through salmon-trout leaping in the streams and lakes we passed.

It was quite late in March when we came to the edge of the great desert, covered partly by sage-brush and described by Ballard as the weary death-place of his comrade; but we never found his bones or his gold. Far as the eye could reach, extended the dead-level stretch of this monotonous barren plain. Coyotes, jack-rabbits, and sage-hens, with an occasional wheeling band of white-tailed antelope which circled around us in startled wonder, constituted the only animated features of the scene. Skirting as nearly as our northward course would permit the western edge of this desert, to avail ourselves of the Cascade water-courses, we gradually brought into view, after many days of weary travel, a range of mountains which we then believed to be the Malheur Indian Range.

We had endeavored to gain some information of lakes, mountains, and gold deposits from the Indians we met, but obtained nothing definite. Frank's admixture of Spanish, Digger Indian, and pigeon English did not seem to elicit much information from these miserable devils, whose only reply was a grunt or shake of the head. Most of them could ask for "biscuit" or "whisky," but all seemed ignorant of gold locations or wholly unwilling to reveal them. Then we reached the rolling lands, mesas, and mountains. Resting a few days for feed for our now jaded animals, and—as always in stopping, prospecting for the gold color—we found ourselves near an Indian *rancheria*. Our camp was speedily filled with thieving, dirty Indians. The bribery of "biscuits" obtained from them a statement that ten days' journey further north would bring us to a great lake—"heap water." Nothing would purchase a guide, however, and their aggressive dishonesty seeming likely to embroil us in difficulty, we faded away by moonlight, as silently as Arabs. Nevertheless, an Indian runner passed us early the next afternoon, undoubtedly going at his dog-trot northward to notify other Indians of our approach.

The constant and faithful vigilance of Box, a great dog crossed between mastiff and hound, which I had brought with me, had generally relieved us from standing guard at night, but in this Indian country we found it necessary. Box was never wearied; catching jack-rabbits and coyotes was his pastime, and as we never wanted for antelope or deer meat, we were all well fed. At night, we raked away the ashes of the camp-fire—extinguished for safety—and spread our blankets upon the warm ground. Frank and Box slept lightly, and were upon their feet frequently in the night; while Nina, our best animal, was as good as a watch-dog, braying at any animal or Indian which came in sight.

We were all well armed for the time and place. Frank carried his rifle, a pair of Derringer pistols, and a heavy hunting-knife; "Will," a brave, hardy Kentucky boy of twenty-three years, was a good shot with the rifle he had brought across the plains the year before, and added an old-fashioned "pepper-pot" revolver and a bowie-knife to his arsenal. His nerve was intrepid, and he had killed his Indian upon the Platte. My arms were a number ten double-barreled shotgun, a pair of double-barreled pistols, and a large knife.

There were no perfected revolvers nor breech-loaders in those days. We had plenty of ammunition, and considered ourselves pretty formidable as against arrow-armed Indians. Of large and small arms, we had fifteen shots all told; yet collectively they were not as efficient as one Winchester of today. Well, we needed them all, such as they were, as I shall show in the course of my narrative.

A burning hot sun at midday; at midnight a biting frost. Sage-brush—the eternal sage—would it never end? Would we never reach the distant blue, white-capped mountains that seemed to melt away before our weary advance like a mirage?

At sunrise one morning, Frank detected, shortly after we started, some dark object far ahead in our line of travel. Trails and tracks of Indians and animals converged toward it from every point. As we neared it, before sundown, it was discovered to be a large swelling knoll, or hillock, surmounted with strangely grotesque piles of rocks, lying like a torn-down castle or fortress. They covered several acres of ground—the only eminence in sight, excepting the mountains, about twenty miles distant. The perfectly symmetrical swell of rising ground was a circular convexity, measuring about a quarter of a mile across from edge to edge. Upon the somewhat flattened centre lay the rocky fragments described, like the indistinguishable ruins of some vast ancient edifice. Indeed, as we stood upon masses of almost regularly shaped porphyry, and looked about us in the light of the sinking sun, it was not difficult for the imagination to reconstruct those time-worn fragments into the formidable stronghold of a mighty and long-forgotten race. The outlook was grand, and from these monuments of past peoples and power, we, the puny creatures of a single epoch of nature's life, gazed upon the flaming orb that from the beginning had looked down upon the inscrutable changes of earth and elements. How brief and weak seemed our life and purposes compared with time's mysteries, buried mid that imperishable tomb. That this sage-brush plain—like nearly all of the same character found west of the Rocky Mountains—was the bottom of a subsided lake, post-diluvian, was proved by the water-lines found there, as always on the mountain ranges. But how old was this pile of rocks, wrecked lines, and openings, almost showing where the walls, towers, and great entrances stood? Was its creation antediluvian? Did it stand upon this eminence before all around flowed a great inland sea; and was it overwhelmed by those destructive floods, the story of which comes to us so faintly from out the historical records of ages dead? Surer, truer than man's records—indestructible and undeniable—are the geological characters written by nature's hand upon earth's tablets. Their impress of lines, formations, and strata indelibly proclaims the subsidence of waters which once rolled their waves of oblivion above this solitary mound, leaving us but vague conjecture of its earlier creation and occupation.

As I have said, we had reached this mound at setting of the sun. So far, we had been very fortunate in seldom wanting for water. Upon that day, we had struck across an arm of the desert, toward the mountains, and away from the line of Cascade water-courses. Tired, hungry, and, above all, thirsty, we nevertheless had been absorbed in the picturesque antiquity of the seeming ruin to a point of forgetfulness of our creature wants.

"How are we to get on without water to-night?" suggested Will.

"Turn the animals loose," said Frank; "there may be some springs among the rocks which they or the dog can find. The ground seems moist and the grass somewhat green down by those high rocks. All of these trails and tracks look like water-seekers. We must remain here to-night—water or no water."

The mules were very thirsty, and at once went searching for drink. The spot Frank indicated they quickly left, finding none there. Then, with the remarkable instinct of that long-eared animal, they nosed about, cropping here and there the rich, sugar-charged bunch-grass, until they all stood near a great wall of fallen stones, which formed a distinct rectangle, a corner, as it were, of a building.

"The critters have found it," said Frank, as the resonant "Ab, har, har!" bray of a mule seemed uttered to call our attention.

I took a pail and started for the mules. Upon reaching the spot covered by a half-acre of piled-up rocks forming the angle, no water was visible. Urged into a closer investigation by the now impatient mule chorus, I stepped toward two great blocks of well-worn stone, between which the mules, side by side, were trying to squeeze themselves. The opening trended downward a few yards gradually, and at the bottom of the well-worn path the last rays of the sun shone upon a large stream of sparkling, gurgling water. It came bubbling up from the centre bottom of what seemed an immense stone bowl, cut out of the solid rock and overflowing into some concealed subsurface conduit. It seemed so pure, so refreshing and unexpected, that I shouted out loudly to my comrades, who came running hastily. Will at once suggested we should camp by it; but, with a look of apprehension upon his face and a hasty, sweeping glance around the horizon, Frank said:

"Hurry up, boys, water the animals and then picket them out by that bunch-grass just under that high rock. We must make our bed and watch up there, for, within half-an-hour after sunset, every animal within twenty miles will come to drink—Indians, too, perhaps."

It took some time to fill up those mules. Meanwhile, Frank and Will removed the cargoes—blankets, saddles, and arms—to the flat top of the great pulpit-like rock overlooking the pasture-ground. Then, after we had staked out the mules with our lariats and taken an additional precaution against a stampede by hobbling their forelegs, we collected brush-wood for a large fire at the foot of the rock and nearest the animals. On a projecting shelf, or ledge, above this, we placed another lot of fuel, which could be dropped down upon the fire below to feed it. Frank climbed to the top of this highest rock, and, with my pocket-glass, swept the entire plain, while we cooked supper. He discovered neither Indians nor beasts, and, after finishing supper, we climbed to

the top of the pulpit-rock, our bedroom. It was as level as the ground, say twenty-five feet square, and worn down in the centre about four feet deep, leaving the edges crested by a sort of bulwark two feet high. Making a comfortable bed with the dry grass we had pulled, we lit our pipes, laid our fire-arms handy, and cuddled down Box, bidding him be quiet. About half-moon, it was just sufficiently light for us to make out the figures of the grazing mules. Excepting the occasional hoot of an owl, there prevailed that perfect stillness which, in sleeping nature, seems to throb in its intensity.

None of us had spoken for several minutes, when Box partly rose, with a low growl, as he snuffed the air. While I held him back, Frank overlooked the edge and whispered back that a grizzly bear was making for the spring.

"I don't want to shoot, but must if he makes toward the mules," said he.

Old mountaineers wisely let grizzlies alone—unless they are specially hunting them, and are on horseback. We did not need this fellow and did not want to arouse possible Indians by firing.

"By the Lord," exclaimed Frank, "he's scented us and is creeping for the mules. Will, bring your rifle here. You aim just back of his foreshoulder, while I will try to crease him with a ball in his spine. Now—fire!" Almost as one report they fired at short range, for his bearship was carefully snuffing around the foot of our rock. With an awful roar, the great beast reared upon his hind-legs for a moment, and then rolled over and over, biting his sides and paws. I had Box by the collar while we both were peeping over the edge, and the dog, in his frantic efforts to attack him, came very nearly dragging me over upon the bear. But bruin was mortally wounded and soon lay quiet in death.

We agreed to take turn about on watch, so Frank took the first trick. At midnight he quietly called me. Nothing, save the sounds of smaller animals, had been heard. It was raw and cold upon our elevation, and I would gladly have risked the animals for a blanket near a good camp-fire on the ground. Nothing occurred during my watch until just at its expiration, when I heard considerable stir among the animals, followed by old Dick's mule-cry of "Ah—har! Ah—har!" That was enough, even without Box's growl. Instantly I shook Frank, seized a handful of dried grass which I touched off with a match as it dropped upon the lower brush heap. As if for help, old Dick was trumpeting loudly. He, like Niña, was always as good as a watch-dog about camp. It took a few seconds for the grass to ignite the brush, and then, by the bright blaze, we had a complete view of the animals. The moon had set early, and as the flames lit up the darkness, we saw an Indian riding like mad our best mule away into the darkness. Both Frank and Will let drive at him, and we had the grim satisfaction of seeing our poor mule drop, while the Indian sprang away unscathed. Just at that moment, Box jumped clean off the rock, and as he struck the ground below us, another Indian bounded away from behind a rock across the firelight. My shotgun was in my hand; it was loaded with a buckshot wire-cartridge and double B. To give him the coarse goose-shot, followed by the cartridge of the other barrel, was the act of a second, and Mr. Lo was rolling on the ground with Box at his throat. By this time, Frank and Will were reloaded.

"Doc, you guard this side; Will, you there. I will watch here. We can't tell how many of these varmints are around," whispered Frank.

The three weakest sides of the table-rock were thus guarded, while the fire burned brightly upon the most precipitous one, but left us lying in the shadow. Calling up Box, on the *qui vive* we waited for an attack, but it did not come.

A few hours after, the gray dawn began to streak the east, and, as it grew brighter, our fire burned down. By the cold light of morning, we looked from off the rock. There were four mules quietly grazing, while the stiffened limbs of the fifth and best attested to the unfortunate certainty of our riflemen. Just below us lay the carcass of a huge grizzly bear, and further on, my Indian—all in a heap, as he fell.

A drove of antelope came prancing across the plain, and although they saw us, their leader led them deliberately past and up to the spring. We had all the meat we required and could carry nothing more. Indeed, the riding-saddle of our dead mule was necessarily added to the cargo. As for us, we must take turns in walking now.

By sunrise, we were facing north-east by north, as the compass told, beaded for the distant mountains.

"Now our trouble will begin," said Frank; "the Indian who escaped is somewhere near those mountains, on his way for more devils like himself. We'll have lots of them to stand off, the next time they come for us."

It was an uneventful day and nearly sundown when we straggled under the trees upon the bank of a picturesque stream, flowing out of the foothills. Our pushing march, to reach the mountain range that day, was accomplished. The feed was excellent, wood and water abundant, and it took us but a little while to establish a tolerably safe camp within the boundaries of some fallen tree-trunks and the stream. There was grass enough within this natural corral for our animals' supper, and we did not propose to give the Indians a chance to run them off again. That night and thereafter, we stood guard, Box proving invaluable with his vigilance and courage.

That something more in human shape than lions, bears, or coyotes was prowling around our camp that night was in the morning divulged by fresh Indian footprints; but we saw nothing of the brutes. That noon we met two Indians on the trail we were following. Making to us friendly signs, we gave them food and endeavored to gain some information. Of gold they knew nothing, but of "big water" there was one three suns' travel north; with "heap bad Injun!"

Indorsing Frank's border-belief that "the only good Indian is a dead one," we pushed on northward. But it was not without serious misgivings, for we fully realized that we were, sooner or later, to be attacked, both for plunder and to avenge the death of the Indian I had shot. Keeping along the foot of the mountain range, we traveled through a beautiful, well-watered, grassed, and wooded country. On the night of

the second day, we camped beneath a bold bluff—the abrupt termination of a spur, which, diverging at right angles from the range, ran outward into the plain. The precipitous side, or, rather, end of this spur, had every appearance of having slid off, leaving bald and bare the perpendicular rocky wall, five hundred feet high. If such was the case, subsequent floods had washed away the debris, for at the base there was neither stone nor dirt piled up. You could stand with your back to the wall and look straight up to the overhanging bushes at the dizzy upper edge. About three hundred feet up, there was an opening forty feet square, apparently. Upon the side of this spur, a diverging trail, easy and well worn, seemed to wind upward to the top. From the opening, and gracefully gushing down the face of the bluff, fell a refreshing stream of the purest water. Near these musical falls we camped, determined to see something more of this remarkable formation in the morning before we started.

The night-watches were wearying to us, but imperative because of the constant shadowing kept upon us by Indians. Several times we had caught sight of flitting forms on the mountain-side above us, but we were out of reach of arrows—the only weapons, they then had; while they were in mortal fear of the far-reaching rifle. At intervals, we now detected sounds of distant rumbling, followed by an explosive shock; as they grew more distinct as we advanced, we concluded they were falls, or a geyser, near by in the mountains. But we were undisturbed, and willing to rest in so delightful a spot, did not hurry to leave on the following morning. It seemed but a continuation of the trail we had followed heretofore, that which led up the mountain-spur being equally well travel-worn. The discovery of old "mule-chips" upon the upper trail decided us to try it for a short distance that we might overlook the plain at least. We could follow it up as high as the top of the cliff, from which we devoutly hoped to see the long-sought "Gold Lake." Besides, mules, only ridden by white men generally, had passed up there.

The sun announced the approach of noon when we reached the top of the spur and halted in amazement and silent wonder. The grandeur of the scene seemed beyond human expression. We stood upon a broad, level plateau of several hundred acres, covered with trees like an open park, with here and there clumps of manzanita-bushes and madrones, relieving with their crimson bodies the darker trunks of the majestic oaks and pines. Looking out toward the west, we could dimly trace the line of snow-crested mountains; while back of us rose terrace upon terrace of pine-fringed ridges, until the snow-belt wound around the loftier peaks its spotless robe, intermingled with the white clouds so little above and beyond.

But it was when we turned our gaze northward that exclamations of pleasure burst from us. Not more than six or eight miles distant lay a great sheet of glistening water, which gleamed beneath the midday sun with a mellowed tint like molten gold. There lay the Mecca of our journey—we were sure of it! How fortunate we had been, after all, to come so straight to it!

But the imperfect scrawl of Ballard had not mentioned so remarkable a land-mark as this promontory in the plain. Why had he not been more explicit? If he had wished us to find the lake, it was so easy to have spoken of this spur and its magnificent outlook. Nooning here and feasting our eyes upon the scene, we resumed our downward way on the other side of the spur, intending to make a short day's journey and reach the lake early next day. Now even more marked and broader wound the trail down toward the plain again. We observed and commented upon the singular absence of any bifurcation up the mountain further, or along its sides.

Why had this trail, made more by animals than by Indians, run up, over, and down again on the other side of this high promontory, when that below was easier and shorter along the level plain and around the face of the cliff? The answer to our problem was before us and appeared most suddenly. Turning a sharp angle of projecting rock, our trail branched out upon a large shelf, seemingly of the spur, and directly toward a group of great jagged boulders. It was evident enough, even to the animals we were following with Will in the lead, that the trail trending in that direction could never lead us down to the plain below. We all stopped in amazement. This shelf of half-a-dozen acres ran outward, narrowing toward the face of the cliff, until where it reached the great boulders it was not thirty feet wide. Its outer side was perpendicular—no trail nor track left it. Halting and quietly gathering, we consulted in subdued voices as to the possible proximity of an Indian *rancharia*, while we looked to our fire-arms. Again came the rumbling sound muffled, but louder, followed by a slight quiver of the ground, that startled us all, and made the animals prick up their ears.

It was decided that Box and myself were to remain in charge of the animals, while Frank and Will advanced and reconnoitered. Allowing the mules to graze, I seated myself upon a rock with Box at my feet, while the boys disappeared, cautiously following the trail into the narrow opening between the boulders. As firing by either of us was an alarm to bring us together, after waiting half an hour and growing apprehensive at hearing or seeing nothing, I picketed the mules and warning Box behind me, stepped lightly between the boulders where my comrades had disappeared.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

In a letter by Dr. John Warren, dated May 30, 1790, to Mr. Lettson, in which the doctor described the epidemic known as the "grip," he says among other interesting things regarding the disease: "Our beloved President Washington is but now on the recovery from a very severe and dangerous attack of it in that city" (New York).

In Africa the prefix serves for the purpose that the suffix serves for in European languages. For example: Spain, Spaniard, Spanish—so in our mother tongue; but in Africa, Uganda is the name of a state, Waganda are the inhabitants thereof, and Maganda the language.

LENTEN DINNERS.

"Van Grysse" on the Ways of the Four Hundred in the Forty Days.

Lent is upon us and all the town is dull. Such a hush and melancholy and quietude as fall upon New York with the passing of Ash Wednesday is hardly to be believed by the independent denizen of the wild West. Every one in the swim observes Lent. Almost all the young buds go to church every day, afternoon service one hour long, half an hour of prayer, and an exhortation, short and pithy. Service over, at about five, there is a great emptying of fashionable churches—obnoxious term!—on to various avenues, and a crowd of girls—bandsome, slim, clear-skinned, velvet-eyed, ambrosially curled and brushed and groomed—go sauntering homeward through the early purple dusk. These are the gems of the Four Hundred attending to their souls. Their bodies are already as well-attended to as unlimited money and time will permit. The season has left them looking a little fagged; like those hall-dresses which seemed so lovely in their gorgeous prime three months ago, they now look worn and limp. Still they make a very good showing in their lank dark gowns, their high-collared fur-capes, or flamboyant velvet sleeves and floating boas, their light-coiled auburn braids and close velvet turbans—appearing, amid the ruck of women-kind who go jostling up the avenue, like a group of young thorough-breeds in a paddock of hacks.

There are other mortifications for erring flesh beside church-going. All self-respecting, fashion-respecting females must do what Roman Catholics call "make an act" during Lent. This means, "make an act of mortification," or deny one's self some much-loved luxury. In a congress of fashionable girls, there will not be one of them who has not "made an act" of some kind, which they do honestly strive to keep. Candy, of course, is the most popular luxury to be tabooed during the sacred forty days, then come favorite wines, tea, coffee, butter, novels, cream. Theatres, of course, are never thought of. Del's sees them not till after Easter at those gay little *parties carries*, when gossip runs as high as the bill and the wit sparkles with the champagne. Some very good ones go so far as to wear only black, to read only holy books, never to kiss their best-beloved, and to do only such fancy work as embroidery, communion and altar-cloths in melancholy shades.

Of course a dance in Lent is as inappropriate as it would be at a funeral. Good society has no wish to dance just now, mainly because they have had so much of it that they are sick of it. But a dinner—ah, a dinner! That is quite a different thing. There are no big dinners in Lent, but there are Lenten dinners which make up for quantity in quality. Happy the man whose circle is one where Lenten dinners are popular. There must be some way of holding society together. Forty days without exchange of those polite amenities which constitute the conversation of the noble army of fashion, and the army would be dissolved. Every member would have forgotten every other member's life and interests—existence probably. Fall out for forty days even, and before the thirty-ninth has passed the whirlpool will have closed over your head and your memory become a blur. So rendezvous at church and small dinners hold society together—keep it from cracking and dropping into pieces.

The Lenten dinner is a small, *chic*, dainty affair, select in its company and its viands. It is short, as are all the fashionable dinners of the day. History keeps on industriously repeating itself. From dinners of Belshazzar grandeur, from feasts to which those of the Emperor Otho were tame and flat, we are coming back to the simplicity of the dinner of herbs and the cold spring-water. We got to the farthest swing of the pendulum and are now swinging back on the other side. Two years ago a dinner took four hours, and the participants round the hospitable board came away from the encounter generally worsted and remained under a cloud for several days to come. It was a pretty serious matter going out to dine then. Qualms attacked the guest when he thought of what was expected of him. An invitation to partake of the hospitality of the Borgias once carried dread with it; two years ago, an invitation to partake of the hospitality of the Astors carried dread with it, too—though of a different kind. You were not afraid of falling down dead as you returned homeward, but you were afraid that your condition would be similar to that of Abner Dean, of Angels, after the chunk of old red sand-stone had come in violent contact with his anatomy.

All this is changing—the pendulum is swinging slowly back. Some of the great scientists say we are going to return eventually to the state of primitive simplicity which is the only true condition of man, when the father tilled the soil, the mother tended the house and children. Still, we have not got there yet, and are a long way off from it, though dinners are passing through a strange evolution and the pendulum is swinging us back to comparative simplicity. Mrs. Whitney—the Cabinet lady—is supposed to have inaugurated the change. That she has the courage to bring about changes in such important matters proves her a lady created to lead in the swim. When every other woman in Washington was giving ten and twelve-course lunches, lasting from two to three hours, Mrs. Whitney observed the error, the senselessness, the ostentation, the vulgarity of the custom, and set about giving a series of lunches of not more than four courses and lasting not over an hour. They made a stir—when people are bored to death and have nothing to think about, almost anything will make a stir. The pebble dropped in the rippleless pool makes a fine, big stir, lasting for a long time. Mrs. Whitney's pebble made a stir in the social pool which is lasting yet and moving across the face of the pool in ever-widening rings.

The short lunches proved a success—they made the participants realize what a tremendous undertaking a three hours' lunch was. Women, moreover, are rarely gourmards. The long lunch was, with them, solely a matter of fashion. Would to heaven, thought they, dinners could be so curtailed. Diners had reached such a stage that only millionaires could give them. They lasted on toward midnight. They cost a fortune in flowers alone. One man conceived the brilliant idea

of having chloroformed swans sailing round in a miniature lake in the centre of the table. A few months later, Klunder achieved everlasting fame by decorating a table with a huge square of ice, in which roses and lilies were frozen. This was so novel and cost so much that it held the town for a whole season.

All the world was mad to give a dinner which would distance any yet given. What joy there was when Christine Nilsson said she had never seen such gold-plate at the table of any of the crowned heads as she had seen on the Astor mahogany! How the reputation of a florist or a caterer shot up when it was known he had invented some dazzling form of decoration, some delicious combination to tickle the palate! There was one lady, with money and time and a highly developed craze for novelty, who wanted to have a Roman dinner, that is, a dinner in the style of imperial Rome; all the guests to be in togas and to lie on low-cushioned sofas set along the edge of the long table. They were to be crowned with roses, and to partake only of such dishes as the histories spoke of as being popular at that far distant time. Sad to relate, this ideal repast fell through, solely and only because she could not get enough people of the Roman cast of features. The old Greek type, with the one exception of Mary Anderson, is said to be extinct. By the experience of the projector of this feast of Lucullus, the old Roman type seems to be in the same box. She could only find one male representative in all New York—Julian Wier, the artist, he who has been hailed in the brotherhood as "The American Correggio." The American Correggio, though an ample person, was not sufficient in himself to make a Roman dinner go off with the proper swing, and, moreover, showed an inartistic reluctance to have his ponderous form draped in the toga, his noble brow bound with roses. So this brilliant project never came to aught—the noblest, in fact the only Roman of them all, objecting to pose as such. The ambitious lady was too disappointed to rally from this stroke to seek other Romans.

Just who inaugurated the short dinner, no one knows, but they had a heavy run before Lent. Not only were the courses fewer, but they were served much more quickly. In fact, a good many of the dinners were hustled through somewhat unceremoniously. If you did not eat your food when it was before you, as children are severely told to do by censorious elders, it was borne off untasted by a lackey—a gorgeous lackey of the Ruy Blas pattern. This, however, made it possible to rise from an eight-o'clock dinner at ten; then if the girl of your heart was present, you had an hour's solid talk with her or two hours' intermittent dancing. Who would not give up the stalled ox and the snow-cooled sherbet for such a joy?

Moreover, the shortness of the feast has made those gigantic dinners, such as the one given by Mrs. Bradley Martin, a few weeks ago, a possibility. If her two hundred and seventy guests had remained doggedly eating for four hours, their entertainment would not have been feasible. The distinguished hostess would have had to take them in detachments, say, of fifty, as she did some years ago in her beautiful house on Twentieth Street. There is a dining-room there large enough for such Titanic entertainments—a dining-room with walls hung in dull-red velvet above a wainscot of ebony, and with round, Venetian mirrors set into the walls at regular intervals. Still, this palatial apartment was not big enough for the two hundred and seventy guests whom Mrs. Martin decided to "kill off" at one grand blow. The dinner was at Del's, and lasted one hour and forty minutes. The honored two hundred and seventy were seated at small tables scattered throughout the apartment. There were splendid decorations—walls hung with tapestry, beautiful flowers, each table decorated with "American beauty" roses in honor of the still more charming American beauties there assembled. Each happy man, as he entered the room, was presented with a chart—not as big as a Mercator's chart, but still sufficiently large to show the "lay" of the room—on which his lady's name was marked down and his seat at table and how to get there. If with this he failed to reach his destination, there was nothing to be done for it but to trust to luck and the fates to pilot him safe to port.

Beside the shortness of its duration, this dinner illustrates another change which has been gradually coming. Champagne was served with the soup, and kept up till the end. With the game came Burgundy—at a warmer temperature than usual—and Madeira and white port to finish up. Also another change—and this, among the anglomaniacs, one of deadly importance—the hostess led the way in, leaving the host to follow later with a lady of his choosing. We are supposed not to have laws of precedence in this country, but if some lady, enjoying a seat in one of the high places of this world, is left to struggle in somewhere about the end of a dinner procession, she feels sorely aggrieved and will make biting remarks about those people when she has the chance.

Of course the disadvantage of giving so large a dinner is that all a lady's circle of friends expect to be asked. *On dit*, that Mr. Martin taxed to the utmost his patrician brains in his efforts to keep the number of the guests down to two hundred and fifty and yet to offend no one. It was, of course, an agonizing position for one of the Four Hundred. To select two hundred and fifty from that sacred band is a position to which that of Paris before the female beauty of Olympus was mere trifling. From four hundred absolutely flawless beings to choose the two hundred and fifty he thought the most perfect—such was the task of Mr. Martin. Who, after this, will dare to say that courage does not exist in high circles? The left one hundred and fifty were a prey to awful wrath. This was appeased in the case of the fifty young men who were asked in after dinner to dance with the ladies. They all came, and either anticipated getting some of the cold scraps, or thought to melt their host's heart by their jaded appearance; but, in any case, they were so dreadfully hungry that they had not the strength to fulfill their mission of dancing, and could only lean up against the door-frames and listen, with haggard glances and compressed lips, to the description of the feast which they heard on every hand.

VAN GRYSSE.

NEW YORK, February 6, 1890.

OLD FAVORITES.

Retrospection.

As I cross the flower-bed, laid with taste
Where the old grove sheltered a sandy waste,
How soft the geraniums gleam in
The light of a dusty crimson sky!
Yes, only the trees remember, and I,
Things once spoken, and done, had by
The spot where we now stand dreaning.

That year when the tempest of mutiny broke,
And the empire swayed like a storm-bent oak.
When the Sepoys gave no quarter;
When Islam had risen and Delhi fell,
And this plain was a furnace hot as hell,
We were camped, three English, beside that well;
We had nothing but shade and water.

Hour after hour, till the day was spent,
We had watched our restless regiment,
And the soldiers whispering round us
In the glaring noon-tide heat; and yet
Our hearts sank low when the red orb set,
And the soft dark night like a falling net
In its unseen meshes bound us.

He was my Colonel and she was his wife;
We had little comfort or hope in life;
And he said: "Is it worth complaining,
As you look at the sullen Sepoys' line,
That they bide but the hour and await the sign
That shall end our cares in the fierce sunshine
And the ills of a rough campaigning?"

"It shall never be heard in the English host
That I lost my colors and left my post
From a treacherous band to hide me;
We are trapped and hemmed in this cursed wood,
Yet stand I ready" (twas there he stood)
"To die as a Christian soldier should,
With my wife and my friend beside me."

Then he clasped her close in a warm embrace,
And he took my hand; but I marked her face
And the flashing glance she gave me;
For the mutinous eyes said: "Life is sweet
While nerves have courage and hearts can beat;
Will you crouch like a hare at the hunter's feet,
Will you die like a fool, or save me?"

So I saddled in silence our horses three,
And I brought them there, to that tamarind tree,
And the night, as now, was falling,
And the air was heavy, as now, with scent,
And just outside at the Sepoy tent
The armed sentry came and went,
We could hear his comrades calling;

And I whispered: "Up; 'twill be lighter soon,
See the faint foreglow of the rising moon,
Let your wife mount quick—God speed her,
Her Arab can gallop, he needs no lash,
We can break their line with a sudden dash;
But a man may fall when the volleys flash,
So will you ride last or lead her?"

Lightly the lady to saddle sprung;
But the other's hand to the bridle clung,
And he said: "Do ye all betray me?
I serve the Queen, and I trust the Lord;
Shall I stain my honor and break my word?
I move not hence while I wear this sword,
And I charge you both, obey me."

Then none for a moment spoke or moved;
One look she gave me, the woman I loved,
And said but one word: "Listen;"
As there came one tap of the Sepoy's drum,
And the light air shook with the tramp and the hum
Of a moving crowd, and I said: "They come,
I can see their bayonets glisten;

"They come; you boast of a soldier's faith,
Will it screen your wife from a cruel death?
Remember the troth you plighted,
And your home in the far-off summer days,
And a young life lost for an empty phrase;"
But he said: "Wherever I stay, she stays;
We shall meet our end united."

Then I cried: "'Tis the craze of a fevered brain,
Will you take your hand from her bridle-rein,
Will you mount and ride?" "No, never,"
He said. And she bent from her saddle low,
And she touched my cheek and whispered: "Go,"
With her eyes all full of despair and woe;
"Good-by, sweetheart, forever!"

And then? One shot, and her rein was free,
As fast and furious I and she
Out of the grove were flying;
The white smoke rose, and the leaves were stirred,
But only the solemn branches heard
Of sound or motion, of sign or word,
As he lay beneath them dying.

A shout, a volley, a rushing ride;
The low moon led us, and side by side
We followed from dark to dawning
Over the streams and the silent plain;
All sights and shadows and sounds again
And figures are flitting across my brain;
And the meeting of eyes at morning.

Yes; this was the hour, and that was the spot,
And the mute trees know who fired that shot,
But the secret well they're keeping;
How they hearken and bend in the gathering gloom
O'er the sloping mound where the roses bloom!
Can that be an old forgotten tomb,
Is it there that the Colonel's sleeping?

—Alfred Lyall.

The followers of Edward Bellamy will find an article of interest to them in the March number of the *Chautauquan*. It is a common belief that European governments have assumed industrial functions on a large scale, and that the policy has been adopted deliberately as an expedient restriction of individualism. This article will go far in convincing the reader that the states have assumed control of these matters, not for reasons of social expediency, but merely for the revenue. The tobacco industry of France is a familiar example.

The number of guns exposed for sale cheap in the second-hand shops of London is appalling. The other day, Eugene Field says he saw a seemingly perfect Scott hammerless gun offered for nine guineas—about forty-seven dollars.

VANITY FAIR.

The remarks of a professional beauty on how to keep beauty will doubtless prove interesting. Lillian Russell says in the *Morning Journal*: "It is quite necessary to be born beautiful, else all the balms of Gilead would be of little avail in trying to keep beautiful. There is, however, very little doubt that many persons possessed of health, strength, and beauty allow themselves to become gross and ill-proportioned by neglecting to follow the laws of nature. Men and women in the beginning were intended to be a part of nature and to remain in the open air and to be ever on the alert, but civilization has so changed the modes of living and habitation that the average men and women of to-day are confined within the walls of buildings for a goodly part of each day. This naturally has a depressing effect upon the entire system, and in our present age it becomes necessary to adopt some artificial means of exercise in order to keep our bodies healthy and inhale that most important of all tonics—pure, fresh air. Long walks, horseback-riding, rowing, and calisthenics are probably the most judicious of exercises. In order to allow all the muscles of the body to gain benefit from a walk, high-heeled shoes should never be worn, and the clothing must be loose and roomy; the foot should have a firm hold on the ground, and the arms allowed to swing with the motion of the walk. Turkish baths in moderation will keep the pores of the skin in a healthy condition. Cosmetics and powders of all descriptions are of an injurious nature and very often poison the skin so that they become a necessity to cover the blemishes instead of enhancing the beauty. Plain food, very little wine of any kind, and plenty of sleep in well-ventilated bedrooms are also worthy of consideration. Good looks, of a refined and classical nature, help to keep the mind in a healthy condition. Feminine beauty make slaves of mankind, and as the majority of men are willing slaves it behooves all women who are possessed of loveliness to exert themselves to retain it even unto old age."

A shoe-maker said a few days since that if men would adopt the English fashion of keeping their boots on trees they would get ten times the wear out of them. When the shoes are taken off they should be put on a tree at once. The leather is stretched to its full extent then, and all the wrinkles smoothed away. There is no chance for the leather to crack, as it does if the wrinkles are allowed to remain in one condition long.

Writing of "Salaries versus Pin-Money," Roline Elgin says in *Kate Field's Washington*: "There are a large class of people in the world, of all degrees of intelligence and culture, who perform regularly duties which take their entire time and who may yet be said to live upon charity. I refer to wives. Nothing is so common as to hear that a man 'gives' his wife certain things which properly belong to her position. This is absurd, for the law compels every man to support his wife, and, within certain limits, in as good style as he can afford. Could anything, then, be more ridiculous than invariably to speak of the payment of a just debt as a gift? Charges and counter-charges of extravagance are continually exchanged between the men and women of every generation. Expostulations against club-dues and spring bonnets are the stock in trade of the professional joker. A standard argument of the Prohibitionist is that a man takes for his convivial pleasure money which should belong to the common stock. All of this unprofitable discussion could be set at rest once by the passage of a law that every wife should have a salary, paying a fixed ratio to the whole income of her husband, and taxable with the payment of certain expenses."

The floral gates that open to admit the bridal couple as they o up the aisle of the church are certainly extremely pretty, and one baving the initial of the bride and the other that of the groom adds to the sentiment. But you can imagine how crowd of girls giggled at a recent wedding, where on gates (white were letters of blue forget-me-nots, the letters unfortunately being N. G.

What would men do in these days without pockets? A purse, a handkerchief, a watch, a knife, a lead-pencil, a memorandum-book—these are only some of the things that a man must have always upon his person. It is no wonder the tailor utters to so universal a taste, and doubtless it is true, as some one has said, that the number of these convenient receptacles in the clothing of the modern man would have been the surprise and envy of the people of antiquity. The ancient Hebrews carried a pouch, and the Roman matron a hand-bag, which was at first made of netting, but later of leather. The Roman toga was bound in a knot under the left breast, and a otuberance was there formed, divided into many folds, called *sinus*, which answered the purpose of a pocket. The Roman matrons concealed valuables about their persons, in the upper part of the *strophium*, a kind of corset, fitting the waist snugly, yet loose at the top. Charlemagne carried a traveling pouch, suspended from his person. The Saxons had purses, and the Normans, when they went to England, bore the *aulmonière*, little purse for alms, which was hung from the girdle. The fashion of carrying the purse in that way, but not for that purpose, has been revived in recent years. The purse, commonly of triangular form, was frequently ornamented with beads and suspended from the girdle.

Are women fonder of eating than men? At the reception the Goethe Club, at the Brunswick, only two women in the large number who attended denied themselves the pastries and ices and various other good things which were provided to be consumed in the name of Goethe and of culture. And these were buds whose mammas sat by to enforce abstinence. Of the men, three in five made no attempt whatever at refectation. "Are women fonder of eating than men?" was asked of a physician. "Yes, of unseasonable food, and at unseasonable hours," he answered, promptly; and the strange part of it is that it doesn't hurt them as it

would men. These men here don't eat these things, because they know if they do they would be dyspeptic and ill-tempered enough in the morning to strike their grandmothers; but each and every one of these women—bless their sweet souls and strong stomachs!—will rise to-morrow without an added wrinkle in her face or ruffle in her temper, and be a comfort to herself and to others. Heaven only knows how they do it. The doctors don't."

Light is thrown upon the justice of Mr. McAllister's estimate of four hundred as the limit of society in New York, by a curious analogue presented by the state of things in London fifty or sixty years ago. A survivor of that period has of late been entertaining the readers of *Blackwood* by recollections of the "Days of the Dandies." He dwells upon the interesting fact that in the decade between 1830 and 1840, London society, in the special meaning of the term, never comprehended more than six hundred persons. He adds that the credentials of every member had to be passed upon by Lady Jersey, Lady Tankerville, Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, or some one of the great ladies who took the trouble to act as supervisors of the balls at Almack's. The London of 1840 not only was larger than the New York of 1890 in point of population, but it was incomparably better off in respect of persons qualified for good society by birth, station, fortune, and education. The House of Lords alone (including the wives and children of peers) would have outsized, three or four times over, the narrow coterie admissible to Almack's. There again was the far larger body constituted by the baronetage and gentry of England, some of whose representatives were of more ancient lineage and possessed longer rent-rolls than many of the peers. There, too, were the peerage and baronetage of Scotland and of Ireland, together with the landed gentry of those kingdoms. Neither must we overlook the multitude of officers and civilians who had accumulated wealth in England's colonial possessions or in her Indian Empire, and who had returned to spend their incomes in the metropolis. It follows that scarcely one in a hundred of those ostensibly fitted for society by birth and affluence could pass the ladies who guarded the portals of Almack's rooms.

For the delectation of the ladies, Eugene Field writes to the *Chicago News* that some beautiful costumes are to be seen upon the London stage just now. At the Lyceum Theatre, in the lugubrious play of "The Dead Heart," one of Miss Ellen Terry's gowns is a pink-and-green striped silk Watteau peignoir, over a pale striped petticoat, and white slip-bodice. As Casilda, in the home production of "The Gondoliers," Miss Decima Moore wears a skirt of palest blue silk, trimmed with white lace flounce wreaths of pink-roses, and gold lovers' knots. Over this is a bodice and paniers of shot-gray silk, the latter turned back, like the sleeves, with white satin and roses. The short bolero-jacket and vest are of blue satin, covered with filigree-gold balls. The bead-dress is a round piece of blue velvet and lace, attached with a Spanish comb. The train from the shoulders is of blue satin, lined with pink satin, and edged all round with lace, roses, and knots. In "La Tosca," Mrs. Bernard-Beere (who, for some occult reason, is regarded "great" bereabouts) wears, in the third act, a white-silk crêpe, embroidered with brown-and-green harps and wreaths, over a tan-colored petticoat similarly embroidered up the centre. Oxidized silver chains, studded with rubies and turquoises, and clasps to match, decorated the bodice; tan stockings and tan shoes embroidered as to the toes with a ram's head in brown-and-gold; the magnificent cloak is of white satin, lined with orange velvet and edged with sable. In the third act of "The Red Hussar," Miss Marie Tempest wears a gown of yellow brocade, lined with white satin, over a petticoat and full front of embroidered crêpe de chine. The sleeves, turned back with satin, are filled in with lace; white felt-hat with yellow ostrich-feathers and clematis; white slippers and gloves.

Mrs. William Astor's last appearance at the opera, prior to her departure for Havre, was the night the "Walküre" was given. The second act was almost finished when she entered her box. A murmur of admiration ran through the bouse, glasses and lorgnettes were raised, and eyes strained in an effort to distinguish the details of her gorgeous toilet and splendid jewels. She was dressed in crimson velvet, with the regulation evening bodice, and her ornaments included a girdle, bracelets, necklaces, ear-rings, and tiara studded with diamonds of wonderful brilliancy, beauty, and number. Row upon row of diamonds encircled her throat, the pendants covering her neck and the longest fringing her corsage of rich velvet. The jewels in her hair were worthy of a queen's coronet, the large stones shining like stars. Butterflies, with outspread wings, quivered on her shoulders, and, in the soft lace of her corsage, flowers, birds, and priceless insects were fastened. It is doubtful if a more costly display of diamonds was ever seen in the Metropolitan Opera House.

The social leaders and belles of Atlanta, Ga., are adopting the Jenness Miller costume, and are entering into dress reform and physical culture with a zeal characteristic of their sex. Their new gymnasium includes all the apparatus yet invented, and is patronized by enthusiastic, frolicsome women, who kick off their dignity with their petticoats, hang up conventionality with their corsets, and in little skirts of blue or scarlet or black disport themselves with the free abandon of nymphs and naiads in some sylvan forest. Comparatively few of the ladies take much heavy work beyond the chest weights and swaying rings, but they indulge in some very startling forms of exercise, of which the most vigorous are games of foot-ball, where the ball is kept flying, followed by a bevy of disbeveled maidens forgetting every vestige of decorum in desire to kick the ball. There is another form of exercise indulged in by these fair gymnasts when no spectators are present at their ceremonies. A tambourine is suspended horizontally in the air from the ceiling by a cord which regulates its distance from the floor, for the practice of the high kick, and many a merry

maid or matron sets its bells jingling when it hangs five or six feet from the floor. Most amusing of all is the drill in which half a hundred women prone on their backs gravely and solemnly gesticulate to slow music, with their legs, arms, and heads in the air, all in concerted action, which form of exercise is said to be most beneficial to strengthen the muscles of the back.

Patti's prejudice against wigs is one of the signs of the times, which seem to point to a reaction against the use of false hair among ladies (says the *Illustrated American*). News comes from Paris that very little of the borrowed article will be worn, that even curling-irons will be abolished, and that it will be considered bad taste to change the natural color of one's tresses. The women are doing up their hair very simply, and in fact, dressing it solidly to allow of riding, dancing, and driving, without blowing in the eyes or banging down the neck in loose frizzes. Some years ago, Bishop Taschereau of Canada refused to impose his episcopal hands upon false hair, therein following the example of the early fathers, who inveighed against the *chignons* and water-falls of the ladies of ancient Rome. Clement of Alexandria even questioned whether the validity of certain ecclesiastical ceremonies might not be affected by wigs; for how can the priest know, when his hand rests upon false hair, whom he is really blessing? Tertullian shuddered at the thought that Christians might bear upon their heads the hair of the condemned in hell; he saw in the custom of dyeing the hair a contravention of the declaration that man can not make one hair black or white, and in the tier upon tier of false hair a rebellion against the assertion that man can not add a cubit to his stature.

If you are going to have a tulle or white-lace parasol this summer, you must have a jeweled ring to keep it in place. That is to say, from the handle must come a long gold chain, on the end of which is a circle of gold, thickly set with gems, which is to slip over the parasol when it is closed, and, at other times, go just over the ferule and fall down on the white background, which brings out its greatest beauties. The handsomest parasol of this kind is one carried by Mrs. Langtry, and given to her as the happy ending of a bet by Mr. Alfred Rothschild. It is of old-rose point over white silk; the handle is of ivory, of that creamy shade which is so prized by connoisseurs, and just in the top is set a brilliant emerald, surrounded by diamonds. The long gold chain starts midway from the handle, and, at the end, is the ring of gold, set with emeralds and diamonds alternating.

If disposition—what our forefathers called "the humors" of a man—depends upon the stomach and the blood, complexion ought to give us the soundest guide for judging a fellow-creature at sight. For it is the outward sign of the physical constitution. We do not refer, of course, to complexion, as a young lady or a novelist applies the word; but to the great and permanent distinctions, established before birth though not always visible for years after, by which we recognize a fair or a dark person. These are unconnected with brain-power, though assuredly they bear its application; but if we could gauge the influence of minute differences, it would be possible to declare the character, the strength of mind, and the chances generally, of a fellow-mortal in the struggle for existence, from his complexion. Each type has innumerable varieties, of course, in feature and detail; but the broad lines are easily grasped. In fact, everybody who has reached a certain age and has lived in the world, grows to understand them in some degree. But he will not readily pronounce unless the "subject" be young and the type distinct; for we gain a second nature with years, and blood is so desperately mixed over all the civilized universe at present that anomalies have become common. For instance, experience is at fault before that unnatural combination of dark eyes with fair skin and hair; the fair complexion seems to belong to the conquering races almost everywhere. The Romans of the later time were dark, though not as dark as most of the peoples with whom they came in contact; but Roman generals and statesmen in the aristocratic day were often fair. So it was with the Greeks; and both were fond of representing gods, goddesses, and heroes as golden-haired and blue-eyed. The nearest surviving relatives of the Greeks are the Albanians, among whom we never saw a dark complexion. The Macedonians, of course, were fair. So were the Persians until their blood was lost by intermixture with all sorts of conquered people. We read of Xerxes's golden hair; but, in brief, most of the "Aryan" races seem to have had this complexion originally. And it is not confined to these races. The Tartars were dark, perhaps; the Turks are dark now, generally. But it is to be observed that children of the latter people nearly always have light hair, which blackens with age—a sign, on Darwin's principle, that the stock was fair. And the Magyars, nearest kinsfolk of the Ottoman, are, for an Oriental race, certainly not dark. Saving Tartars and Ottomans, we can hardly think of an exception to the rule. The Afghans, who have overrun India so often, and Persia twice, are still fair—when washed—and doubtless they were very fair before they fell into the habit of carrying off Hindoo girls year after year. Seeing what a large proportion of Pathans still show light hair and gray eyes, it seems probable that those hapless Hindoos were not so dark as the modern race in general. Many surviving by reason of their beauty, which tempted the captors to look after them during the painful march, may well have been noble, the wives and daughters of long-descended chiefs; and the noble class, almost everywhere, has a tendency toward the fair complexion. The only great exception we think of is found among the Kafirs of South Africa, and even there it is partial. The leading tribe of Kafirs, the Basuto, are a long way the fairest, and the color of their amazing hero, Moshesh, has been described to us as like that of a Hottentot. Elsewhere in Africa, it is a rule, among such people as can show superiority, that the reigning and the governing families should be whiter of skin and more "Caucasian" of aspect than the population generally. And it is so in the East.

A FALSE ALARM.

Saint-Perix went home in a very bad humor. He had been utterly cleaned out at the club. The worst luck!—he had not won once in three hours. At last he threw down the cards and left, swearing that never again would he be found seated at a card-table.

Ensnored in his coupé, he said to himself, with sullen anger, that all this would never have happened if the countess had not had a headache—her eternal headache—and they would have gone to the opera together and yawned in company throughout the performance, as they always did on Fridays. Mechanically he thought of the story they had told him of Montescourt one evening at the club. It was almost a farce, what with Montescourt's simplicity, his wife's perpetual indisposition whenever she was called on to accompany her husband to a ball or the theatre, and the handsome young man—like a hero of light opera—who made the third in the *dramatis personæ*.

Could it possibly be that the countess was playing the same trick on him to be alone and free for an entire evening? Was not that headache a mere pretext? One by one a thousand forgotten details came back to his memory. He recalled that fashionable kirmess for the benefit of the inundated Madagascans, where, having neither rose-buds nor sachet-bags to sell, Mme de Saint-Perix had offered her bare arm to be kissed at twenty-five louis a kiss. The receipts had been enormous. He remembered the interminable walks she had taken in the country with her cousin Max; a ball where she had danced four waltzes with the same partner; a letter that she had burned, with deep emotion, some days later.

All these phantoms dazed and excited him. He thought himself already the object of his friends' contemptuous pity. Was it for this he had married a young girl just out of the convent-school—timid, naïve, blushing at the least word?

"Fool that I am!" he burst out at last, "to think of such things. The countess is an angel in her conduct, and she would never—"

He shrugged his shoulders and did not finish the sentence.

The coupé stopped before his house. Saint-Perix entered. The gas was extinguished, the servants had evidently gone to bed. The house was wrapped in silent peace.

"Evidently," said he, "I was not expected so early." And lighting a match, he proceeded softly to his wife's chamber, happy at the thought of surprising her in her sleep and feeling a great love for her, a shame at the absurd suspicions which had left a sore spot in his heart.

He crossed the ante-chamber, pushed aside the portière of the boudoir, and recoiled, startled, livid, as if he had seen a terrible vision.

He had seen a man in the countess's apartment—a sort of Romeo, of aristocratic bearing, crisp curling hair, and irreproachably dressed.

"So," muttered the husband, "I was not mistaken!"

He approached the man, his hands clenched, menacing, pale with anger.

"Will you inform me what you are doing here, sir, in my house?"

"I have no reply to make," stammered the other.

"Scoundrel! I find you at night in my wife's apartment—"

"I can say you nothing, sir. If you consider yourself aggrieved, I am at your orders."

He extended to Saint-Perix a card, which fell to the floor, and with the other hand, drew from his pocket an elegant little revolver, and saluting ceremoniously, he said: "Whenever you choose. The Baron San-Leone, Hotel Bristol. It is too late to prolong this conversation—so farewell, till we meet again." And he hastened from the house without awaiting Saint-Perix's reply.

The latter, stupefied, leaned with both hands upon a chair to keep from falling. All seemed red before his eyes. He felt that he would go mad—a terrible sense of desolation seemed to crush him down.

"I shall kill him!" he cried, at length; "as for her, I shall attend to her later."

He picked up the card and hastened to the club to choose his seconds.

"A duel to the death," he told them, "and the sooner the better."

* * * * *

The next afternoon, at four o'clock, the seconds came to give an account of their mission to the unhappy husband.

"We presented ourselves," said one of them, "at the hotel indicated on the card of your Baron San-Leone. He had left by the first train in the morning."

"The coward!" cried Saint-Perix; "I would give a hundred thousand francs to find him again!"

At this moment there was a discreet knock, and the countess's maid half-opened the door.

"Madame begs that monsieur will see her for a moment," said she.

"Very well," he replied, shortly; "you may go."

Scarcely had he pronounced these curt words when the countess, her eyes red with weeping, her face pale and drawn, entered the salon.

"Henri, Henri, what is the matter with you to-day," she cried, "that you avoid me and close your door to me?"

"You shall learn presently, madame, since you seem not to know," replied Saint-Perix, in measured tones of bitter irony; "at present, as you see, my occupation prevents me from—"

"But I must speak with you," she interrupted quickly; "I must speak with you now. Do you know what happened in my boudoir last night?"

"I know only too well, madame."

"What! You know that while I was asleep some one broke open the sandal-wood box in which I keep my diamonds—"

Saint-Perix had risen. He gasped, and seizing the count-

ess's hands in his own, he repeated, anxiously: "Some one broke open your box?"

"Yes, and the robber has left nothing, not even my engagement ring, that I prized so much."

"Gentlemen, all is explained!" cried the count, triumphantly; "it is a good lesson—do you not think so?—and one which I merited. Our San-Leone was a common sneak-thief. Well, so much the better. Your jewels, fortunately, can be replaced."

And the Saint-Perix began a second honeymoon which was quite as tender as the first.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of René Maizeroy.

PARISIAN NOTES.

"Parisina's" Budget of Gossip from Lutetia.

You can imagine our surprise when we learned one evening that the son of the Comte de Paris was here—in prison. Ten days ago the Duc d'Orleans was at Lausanne with his tutor, M. de Parseval, whence he wrote to his friend, the young Duc de Luynes (the same who was married so short a time since to a daughter of the ducal house of Uzès), to come and join him in Switzerland, which the latter did immediately. The two set out, ostensibly for Geneva, giving the tutor the slip, as it would never have done to have got the poor man into trouble. They began by going to Ouchy, and good M. de Parseval, I daresay, thought they were off on some private adventure, and then took train for Paris, passing the frontier without any trouble, thanks to a couple of very British-looking overcoats (I have been assured that the legend of the wigs and checked trousers deserves no credit), and a facility in speaking English which completely disguised them. The prince and his companion immediately on their arrival—though not before the former had been rigged out from top to toe, for he brought no luggage with him—proceeded to the recruiting office in the Boulevard de la Cour Maubourg. As you may suppose, the colonel in command was somewhat taken aback, and did not know what on earth to do with this conscript who seemed fallen from the skies, and could only bow him off the premises, with a suggestion that he might possibly try what they could do for him at the Mairie. There the astonishment was equally great; the mayor declared that the list was closed, so back they went to the colonel, and thence to the war office, where they were received by a sub-director, who explained what every one knows, namely: that the act of proscription excluded the prince from the army and that it was impossible to accept him as a recruit. After this rebuff—and the prince could not have expected anything else—he wrote to the minister, reiterating what he had said to the others: he had come to serve his time in the army, like any other young Frenchman; knowing that the exceptional law prevented his holding a grade therein, he hoped to be allowed to serve as a private, etc. This letter was dated from a mansion in the Champs Elysées, where, after their unsuccessful mission, the two young men had gone to look up the Duc d'Uzès.

Hitherto they had communicated with none of the Legitimist party, and not even M. Bocher, the Comte de Paris's factotum, nor the members of the Orleans family knew what had happened. Now, however, they considered it was high time to make themselves known to their friends, having let their enemies into the secret, and while the Duc de Luynes sped to the Marquis de Beauvoir, whom he found at home, the Duc d'Uzès undertook to carry the tidings to the Duc Doudeauville and M. Bocher. Half-an-hour afterward, all these gentlemen were assembled at the Hôtel de Luynes, in the Varennes, where the host left them and their prince to carry his master's letter to M. de Freycinet. He had not been back long, when, having escorted M. Bocher to his carriage, he was accosted by M. Clement, who had come to apprehend the person of Louis Philippe Robert d'Orleans, whom he found in the drawing-room.

Now, I put it plainly to you, could the government have done otherwise? The law had been broken and the authority of the minister defied. True, the whole affair was romantic, and the spirited young fellow had carried out his little plan very openly and honorably; but he knew as well as any one that he was transgressing and—it must be confessed—submitted with a very good grace to follow M. Clement, when he pulled the bit of tricolor out of his pocket and informed the descendant of Hugh Capet that the prefect of police commanded his presence at the prefecture.

The Duc de Luynes was permitted to accompany the prisoner, and the three got into a cab and drove off together. It must go terribly against the grain for the Conservatives to have to admit that throughout the duke was treated with the utmost courtesy. M. Lozé was urbanity itself. The cell in which the prince was locked up after his examination is by no means an unpleasant room, and the warder was profuse in his excuses because, owing to the lateness of the hour, it was impossible to light a fire.

Doubtless it had been better for the prince if the matter had been kept quiet and if the journals had made less of it than they did. Had the prince's advisors not seen fit to postpone the trial; had they been content to accept the decision of the magistrates in the first instance when on the morning after his incarceration he was brought up before the judge, he would, in all probability, have been merely reprimanded and reconducted to the frontier; in a word, the government would have condoned his offense. But this was not to be. Some well-intentioned busy-bodies interfered, and the prince, little learned in the law, allowed them to claim his prerogative and the chance of non-committal vanished. Two years' imprisonment seems a harsh verdict and a severe punishment. Unfortunately, the law of proscription provided against such a contingency. When the Duc d'Orleans entered France, he knew he ran the risk of imprisonment for a term of years that should not be less than two nor exceed five.

Words can give you no idea of the scene at the Palais de Justice last Wednesday. There were crowds of people inside and out. One or two stormy meetings at the Chamber

had borne fruit. The press had fallen foul of the bar, and all the barristers were in a terrible fume. The bench alone was capable of viewing the situation calmly—and the prince He was calm enough. A very fine young fellow, with plenty of nerve. Wrong-headed, quixotic, if you will, tilting against wind-mills, but full of courage, and no more elated by the praise of his friends than discouraged by the persistence of his enemies. If you had happened to be in the neighborhood of the palace that day, you might have imagined that the government was having a very *mauvais quart d'heure* but, curiously enough, the effervescence calmed down in a wonderfully short space of time. A few bands of student brought wreaths, which they placed at the foot of the statue of Henri the Fourth, while others promenaded the quay crying "Vive le Conscri!" Some few were arrested, the rest were scattered by the police; and then peace—which had never been seriously menaced—was completely restored.

New pieces and revivals of old ones are coming thick and fast in the Parisian theatres. We have quite a decent supply of funny plays this month. In this line, I should say "Les Moulinauds" is about the best. Old Moulinaud, a retired and enriched tradesman, rendered famous by his mustache, is one of those *bourgeois* who are seized with a desire to cut a figure in the world; he accordingly betroths his daughter—young and pretty, of course—to a barrister, whose name he has seen put down in the *Journal Officiel* as the future *sous-préfet* of Eglisottes. But, alas! 'tis but a printer's error—it is Godard, not Bodard, who is named *sous-préfet*. However, the future *gendre* does not dare to disclose the mistake and thereby face a father-in-law's ire and lose Cécile. So he goes down to his imaginary *sous-préfecture*, Moulinaud, *père et fille*, accompanying him. The papa-in-law, being fully impressed with the reverence which the title of *sous-préfet* must inspire in all who hear it, struts up and down, orders about the servants, and ends by believing himself to be that high functionary. Meanwhile, the unfortunate Bodard has got into endless messes; meets the real and only *sous-préfet*, a young swell *fin-de-siècle* as they say nowadays; the entanglements become worse and worse, till they are all settled up by a telegram announcing that Godard is promoted to another post and Bodard is true the *sous-préfet* of Eglisottes; whereupon, father-in-law and son-in-law fall upon each other's necks and weep, and the curtain goes down amid a roar of laughter. "Le Voyage de Suzette," at the Gaité, is more wild than the Palais-Royal farce. André, son of a Persian monarch, who, however, is native of Batignolles, sets out on a spree, presumably to look for Suzette, the girl he was engaged to on the day of her birth; he finds her about to be united to an unscrupulous old Spanish don; having rescued her from his clutches, he carries her back to Teheran, and then comes Suzette's travels. The don follows in hot pursuit, brigand carry off the pretty Suzette for the barem of a pasha who "out" of charming wives; in Greece, another brigand-chief is equally objectionable; both André and Suzette at last fall into the hands of the ferocious Omar; but curiously enough André's father and the Pasha Omar are old friends—they embrace, and Omar gives up Suzette. The whole of this wild odyssey of adventures is rendered amusing by pantomime ballets, songs, and—last, but not least—pretty actresses.

Let us finish up with something serious, or comparative so: Henri Meilhac's piece at the Français—"Margot"—is a play with a *thèse*, after the fashion of Dumas. The heroine is a young girl brought up by Mlle. Carline, her aunt, who belongs to the *monde ou l'on s'amuse*, and—well don't let's inquire into Mlle. Carline's past, nor into her present for that matter. Margot is left by this chaperon at Boisvillette's house after a gay dinner; this rich man, of forty thereabouts, who has spent his life enjoying himself, takes pity on the girl, and—which is more than Mlle. Carline calculated upon—adopts her as his child before she follows her aunt's footsteps. She is educated, and, in the second act, appears as a respectable young lady. Boisvillette fails to marry her—in fact, he is refused—and Margot ends by becoming the humdrum wife of a game-keeper. The ending is uncomfortable and unsatisfactory. However, M. Meilhac succeeds pretty well in showing what he wants to show, that is, that a girl brought up in the midst of the *demi-monde* can be saved from an apparently inevitable fate and made a good woman of. The piece is full of wonderful wit, and admirably acted, of course, by the Français artistes. Reichemberg, who has personified so many *ingénues* in her time adding another to her numerous successes in the part of Margot, whose early training has taught her that it is safer to be the wife of a man who will not scruple to enforce his marital authority by a little wholesome correction (the game-keeper openly expounds his views on the matter), than to be an elderly man's darling.

PARISINA.

PARIS, February 14, 1890.

Mr. Moody, a gentleman of experience in reaching people says that the hardest class to reach nowadays are the "active young business-men of the cities," who live in luxury and "are disinclined to pay much heed to religion or matrimony." They are a pretty hard lot, Mr. Moody, and it is a pity you can not do more for them. Never mind, sir. The sheriff sometimes successful where religion fails; and as for those who shun matrimony, a worse thing is very apt to happen to them, too. The lady in the vermilion skirts, of whom Solomon spoke with such scant consideration, traps them with a tonising iteration, and makes them a startling succession of horrible examples to one another. Man can not live by activity in business alone, Mr. Moody, as you well know.—*Lij*

A famous table of Sèvres porcelain, painted by Isabe known as the "Tables des Marechaux," which was loaned for the French Exposition, has mysteriously disappeared since it close of the show.

During Depew's college days, the sententious professor of rhetoric said to him: "Sir, your time is three minutes; your subject, 'The Immortality of the Soul.'"

THE CORRECT THING.

"Cockaigne" discourses on Some Fine Social Distinctions.

Like the swelling buds on the park trees, the West End is beginning to show unmistakable signs of returning life. Window-shutters are unbarred, windows and doors opened, curtains shaken out, brown-holland covers taken off furniture and pictures, window-panes cleaned, bell-handles polished, and door-steps "heartb-stoned"; charwomen and caretakers are giving place to the regulation advance-guard of regular servants to light fires, air the beds, and make the town-house habitable once more—and soon the early days of the annual London season will be upon us. Of course the full swing of fashion will not be in order until mid-April at the earliest, even though to a great extent the people whose presence in town creates the season, and whose money makes the round of fashionable entertainments of which it consists, will be in actual residence by the middle of this month. They, however, have come for the opening and sitting of Parliament, and while a few functions, both public and private, may break the monotony of the daily and nightly sessions in both Lords and Commons, it is not these which have attracted people back to town from their comfortable country-houses, their fox-hunting, and their continental sojourns. The return of swelledom to the West End at this time is simply and solely on account of Parliament—nothing else.

No one, I should fancy, would be in London from choice just now. Yet the impending influx will include many who can not be said to come upon compulsion. Unlike the five hundred and thirty-seven members of the House of Lords and the six hundred and seventy members of the House of Commons, their presence in London is neither necessary nor appropriate. I am speaking of those people who, without any sensible motive beyond a mere empty desire to do "the correct thing," or what they are pleased to consider "the correct thing," blindly do whatever they hear the swells not only are going to do, but are obliged to do.

So far as my observation goes, the people who really are "somebodies" in English society are very indifferent doers of what the nobodies regard as "the correct thing." I have seen the best people guilty of things that a struggler to appear "genteel" would have thought most unrefined and degrading. After all, manners are in the main but matters of opinion. The more natural they are, the better. Directly they are inappropriate, they are forced, and forced manners are but affectation, and, instead of adorning a man, render him ridiculous. Let me give a small illustration of what I mean:

I was at a ball at a country-house some years ago, down near one of the garrison towns. As a matter of course, there were a good many army officers at it. It so happened that the regiment in quarters at the barracks was one just returned from foreign service—the Zulu campaign, I think it was—and while all the officers had won distinction and covered themselves with glory, there was one who had gained that much-coveted trophy and undoubted symbol of personal valor, the V. C. I was very anxious to see this man, and I pictured to myself a bronzed and scarred veteran of flashing eye and majestic mien. It was getting well on toward one o'clock and no one appeared to answer this description. All the men might have been following the peaceful occupation of draper's clerks, for aught that appeared about them to suggest a more stirring avocation in life. One simple-looking young man had attracted my attention early in the evening on account of his excessive shyness. He walked about alone, blushed whenever a lady spoke to him, and made monosyllabic replies to whoever addressed him. He was a slight and pale-faced fellow, and I put him down for a young curate of some parish in the neighborhood, or perhaps the son of the family physician invited out of kindness to his father.

"Isn't it curious," said I, to one of the young ladies of the neighborhood with whom I was dancing, "that none of the Prince's Own Buffs have been asked? I wonder why?"

She opened her eyes very wide at me. They were very beautiful, dark hazel eyes, in which "all the spirit deeply dawned" to such perfection before I spoke that I had almost wondered if her father's place was not called Locksley Hall. But I did not wonder so any longer.

"I don't in the least know what you are talking about," she replied, with a shrug of her pretty shoulders and a hurried glance in the direction of her chaperon.

"I'm not usually given to asking enigmas," I told her; "I wasn't aware that there was anything of a particularly puzzling character about my question. I simply asked you if—"

"I know quite well what you said," she answered, quickly; "there," she added, with a look of intense relief, as the band stopped, "the valise is over. Please take me to Lady Dulap."

"What an appropriate name," I said half to myself, annoyed at her manner, as I glanced at the ponderous décolleté-ness of her chaperon, who sat not a dozen paces away. She flashed another look at me, and, dropping my arm, walked quickly away alone. The next moment she was at Lady Dulap's side, and a second after went away to the refreshment-room with a man I knew very well. I could not make out what was the matter, but, later on, my friend came to me and said:

"I hear you've been playing the fool, old chap, with Miss Trefusis. She's awfully precise, and doesn't understand chaff."

"I'll take my oath I never chaffed her. I only asked her—"

"Oh, I know what you said. She told me. Of course it offended her, because she has a brother in the regiment. Come, now, you'd be angry yourself."

"Angry? About what?"

"Why, quizzing her about the number of officers there are here. Wondering why they were not invited when they're all over the place."

"I'll give you my word I didn't know it. You don't mean to say that any of these men we see are officers? Oh, to be sure, there's one. I didn't see him before." A tall, broad-

shouldered, middle-aged man, with a sepia-colored face, a huge waxed moustache, a glass in his eye, through which he stared superciliously at everybody, while he strode across the room as if a scabbard and sabre-tashe were dangling at his heels, riveted my gaze, as he did half the people in the room, who stood looking at him. "That's the V. C. man, of course."

"V. C. be blowed!" exclaimed my friend; "that's one of the majors of the volunteers. He's the son of a retired iron-monger (so people say), who's got a lot of money and a big place near this."

"But he's been in the regular army, of course," said I, struck by his martial bearing.

"No fear. He's never been in anything but the volunteers. That's his idea of an officer."

I am ashamed to say it was mine, then. I was very young and inexperienced, but I know better now.

"Then the V. C. chap isn't here," I went on, in a disappointed tone; "I should have liked to see the man who carried a wounded soldier on his back for quarter of a mile under a galling fire. That's what he did, isn't it?"

"Yes. And you'd like to see him?"

"I would, indeed."

"Well, there he is now," and he pointed to the shy young man with the pale face.

And so it is with dozens of other so-called and so-thought "correct things." They are really the incorrect thing, in nine cases out of ten, if the people who adopt them only knew it.

A good many men in England—and if one can go by the run of American newspapers one reads, a good many men in America—are in the habit of thinking it the correct thing to do what they hear the Prince of Wales does. All sorts of vulgar articles of dress are thus worn under the delusion that the fashion is "Tummy's own." All a cunning tobacconist, with a glut of ill-flavored, rubbishy cigarettes on hand, has to do, if he wants to sell them at a big profit, is to give them some outlandish Turkish or Egyptian name, pack them up in boxes covered with hieroglyphic characters, and advertise them "As supplied to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales." It immediately becomes "the correct thing" to smoke them, and the supply is speedily exhausted. Again, a hatter, through unfortunate circumstances, has been prevailed upon to manufacture some really useful style or make of cap, say for traveling, shooting, fishing, or playing tennis in, which no one takes to and no one buys. His shelves are covered with them. When he is seriously thinking of tearing them up and selling them for old rags, sooner than lose them altogether, let him put one in his Bond Street window, label it "The Sandringham," or "The Marlborough House," and inscribe underneath, "Worn by the Prince of Wales on his last journey to Paris," or "when shooting," and his shop will be jammed in half an hour.

Thus all the cads in London have only to keep their eyes open and read what is written for them; and (except for some few minor defects, which somewhat mar the truthfulness of the picture to knowing eyes) they can each become the prince's counterpart. I will add this qualification: If the tradesmen who sell them the different articles of apparel are to be believed. And are they? No, certainly not. How can they be, for how can they know? The thing stands to reason. No tradesman but the Prince of Wales's own tailor, hosier, glover, hatter, and boot-maker knows what his royal highness wears. I am aware that there is a sort of undefined idea that the Prince of Wales's valet gives information concerning his royal master to the society papers. For my own part, I can not believe that the Prince of Wales's valet would be such a fool as to jeopardize his situation by telling anything. He would be found out in no time, for "Tummy" is no fool, and be given the sack at once. And so with the Prince of Wales's tradesmen; they would not risk losing his custom by giving hints or wrinkles to the public at large.

Many of the fashions—Prince-of-Wales-made fashions—that go out to America, and are there in great vogue, are brought there by English actors. In England, whatever else they may be, actors are not always regarded as glasses of fashion any more than they are considered molds of form. They get their style of dress here just as everybody else does who goes in for "the correct thing," and have no superior advantages in ascertaining what it is, no special opportunities that I know of to discover the particular shape of hat, collar, or scarf that the Prince of Wales may be wearing at the moment. There is one thing about which I do not think there can exist any doubt. Actors do not set the fashion in anything in England—that is, to the same class of men whom they appear to set it to in America. I should almost be inclined to believe that if a St. James's Street or Pall Mall club-man saw a certain style of dress he was wearing affected by actors, he would immediately discard it. It is really the men who are seen in the fashionable West End club streets during the season who set and keep up the fashions of the day for men. By a sort of mutual, a kind of common yet unconscious consent, they all dress in good taste and very much on the same plan. They generally look very much alike to the ordinary beholder, and there is a spick-and-span effect about them that does not speak of new clothes, but of clothes brushed and folded when not in use—an atmosphere of cleanliness and tidiness that does not suggest "yellow soap and rough towels," but the careful grooming of a thorough-bred valet.

Men of other nations, and Englishmen of other social grades, may get their clothes made by all the best tailors, their hats from all the best hatters, and their boots from all the best boot-makers, but unless they know how to wear them they might as well get them ready made at the first slop-shop they come to. In one of Henry James's recent novels he speaks of an Englishman "whose old clothes always looked new," and of an American whose "new clothes always looked old." I know just what he means. The cause, however, was not one of nationality, as Mr. James's words would lead the reader to suppose, and he should not have left the subject without the explanation, which is really the key-note to the whole art of dressing well. The Englishman had a valet, the American had not.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, February 16, 1890.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Corporal Tanner is making money in Washington. He employs a force of twelve clerks, and his practice at present is worth twenty thousand dollars a year.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree gave a dinner to a number of friends recently, at which, instead of nosegays, false noses were furnished to the guests, which they were requested to wear during the banquet.

Theo. A. Havemeyer recently paid to the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York a single premium of over half a million of dollars—\$578,345 in exact figures. The amount of insurance for which this is only the premium must be an enormous sum.

A French woman, whose name is Gabrielle Bompard, but who is not related in any way to the heroine of the sensational Gouffé murder case, has applied to the courts for leave to change her name on account of the unpleasant notice her present one attracts.

It is rumored that Dr. Knorr, of Germany, the discoverer of antipyrine, the great grip remedy, has made considerably over a million of dollars by the winter's epidemic. The medicine sells at one dollar and forty cents an ounce, and Dr. Knorr gets a royalty of about sixty cents on every ounce sold.

A new explanation of short-sightedness comes from Breslau, Germany. Dr. Forster, the director of the Ophthalmic University there, declares that in three hundred cases that he has studied, the pressure of tight collars upon the muscles of the neck has so disturbed the circulation of the blood as to affect the eyesight.

The Commendatore Ficatelli, who is one of the clerical members of the Roman municipality, and who for twenty years has held the post of treasurer and director of the famous ecclesiastical Academia del Lincei, has absconded, after embezzling a sum of over one hundred thousand lire and forging the name of the president of the Academia to checks.

Probably few six-year-old birthday queens have scored such a success as did little Miss Dora Labouchère, who made her theatrical début recently in a clever little musical fairy play, written expressly for the occasion by Mrs. Labouchère. In honor of the same occasion, Mr. Clement Scott contributed a prologue and Sir Arthur Sullivan composed a song called "The Enchanted Waltz."

The name of John Stephenson, of New Rochelle, is a synonym for honesty wherever he is known. In 1831, he built the first omnibus ever used in New York city, and the following year the first street-car. Since then he has constructed hundreds of stages, and nearly all the horse-cars used in that city, the total of the latter reaching above twenty thousand. Although over eighty years old, he remains at the head of the largest street-car making concern in the country.

A young London artist, Mr. Walter Spindler, has conceived the unique idea of painting in water-colors a whole gallery of Sarabs in all her rôles. He has already made forty-seven, one of the most artistic being as she is in Adrienne Lecouvreur, one in her costume of Roxana, and the most curious is taken from the fourth act of "La Dame aux Camélias," of which all that is seen of her is a bit of her hair from behind an immense white fan, but it is a striking resemblance.

On February 15th, at the Riggs House, in Washington, a complimentary dinner was given to Miss Susan B. Anthony, to celebrate her seventieth birthday. One hundred persons assembled to do honor to the guest, who was richly dressed in ruby velvet, and who looked extremely well. Mrs. Stanton replied to the toast, "The Friendships of Women." From a great number of letters a few were chosen to be read, among them messages of kindness and respect from George William Curtis, John G. Whittier, William Lloyd Garrison, Senator Hoar, Senator Sherman, Speaker Reed, and Miss Frances E. Willard.

The assassination of Alexander the Second of Russia is to be commemorated at St. Petersburg by the erection of a magnificent church on the spot where the tragedy took place. A large sum had been subscribed toward the work, which is being carried on under the auspices of a committee, of which the Grand Duke Vladimir is president. The confidential functionary who had charge of the funds, in whom this aristocratic committee, of course, had "unbounded confidence," has disappeared, and two hundred and fifty thousand dollars has gone with him, the melancholy result being that the emperor has insisted upon his brother, the Grand Duke Vladimir, replacing the deficiency out of his private fortune—an order which has caused the relations between them to become decidedly strained.

"The most popular woman in New York," as determined by ballot of readers of the New York *Morning Journal*, is Mrs. Grover Cleveland, who leads Mrs. Frank Leslie by one thousand votes, with Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt, Miss Sallie Hargous, Miss Marion Langdon, Mrs. George Gould (formerly Edith Kingdon, of the Daly Company), the Marquise de Lanza, and Miss Mabel Wright, ranging down from thirty-seven thousand to ten thousand admirers. "The queen of the stage" is Corinne. Other actresses rank thus: Clara Thropp, Agnes Booth, Lillian Russell, Mary Anderson, Fannie Rice, Ada Rehan, Marion Manola, Cora Tanner, Margaret Mather, Elsie Leslie, Marie Wainwright, Julia Marlowe, Marie Jansen, with from ten to fifty thousand votes. Georgia Cayvan did not reach the six hundred mark, and Isabella Irving came last, with only the tenth part of that number. It may be necessary to remark here to San Franciscans that the *Morning Journal* is read in New York principally by the East Siders. "Little Corinne" was a Third Avenue fairy, and Clara Thropp is probably the goddess of Avenue A.

SENATOR STANFORD.

His Speech before the Senate on the Educational Bill.

The United States Senate, Tuesday, February 25, 1890, having under consideration the bill, Senate 185, "to aid in the establishment and temporary support of common schools," Mr. Stanford said:

MR. PRESIDENT: The bill under consideration has for its object the lessening of ignorance in all parts of the country in proportion to the illiteracy of all parts.

It seems to me to proceed upon the right principle and in recognition of the importance of education to insure the prosperity of the country and the happiness of its citizens.

I assume the constitutionality of the bill. That question has been very thoroughly argued here, and it is not necessary that I should discuss it; besides, I desire to speak in general terms of the importance of education and of this bill as a means to secure that end. The constitutionality of the bill being accepted, the important fact to be considered is: Is national legislation necessary? The illiteracy is also conceded, as also the fact that some of the States have not been able to meet the question. Therefore, Federal aid becomes necessary.

The great difference between the man and the beast lies in intelligence, and intelligence is the boundary between barbarism and high civilization.

In my opinion, our government can have no higher object than to secure to the people a high degree of intelligence, thereby assisting them to the attainment of the possibilities of humanity. These possibilities and the beneficence of the Creator to man on earth are one and the same, for it is obvious that there could be no beneficence in the unattainable. Had we been given reasonable wants without the means of gratifying them, the Creator's beneficence would be a failure.

But, when we look around at the sources of supplies for our wants, whether physical or intellectual, we find them inexhaustibly supplied in the soil, waters, forests, mines, and quarries. The raw material is everywhere within our reach, requiring only the intelligent application of labor and the control of the forces of nature. How this labor is to be applied and this control obtained is what education will teach.

There is a beneficence displayed in the very fact that it requires an effort, physical and intellectual, to supply our wants. Without the necessity of such continual efforts, humanity would soon sink into imbecility. How to add to the scope of these intellectual efforts, and to the power of these physical ones, will be taught by education.

When we contemplate the progress that has been made in arts and sciences, the improvement in machinery, and the advance in the application of labor, and the control of unseen forces within the last century, we have no reason to despair of the ultimate realization of the Creator's intentions for man. Indeed, this realization may be a great deal closer at hand than the most sanguine among us now anticipate.

In our country to-day, the physical wants of the provident and industrious can (barring the unforeseen accidents of life) be satisfied. These wants are sufficient food, raiment, and shelter. In these respects, the poor man is nearly on a par with the most wealthy. The great and increasing demand for labor is not for the supply of actual physical wants, but for those which may be called intellectual, and these are as boundless as man's capacity to conceive. Therefore, whatever may be our progress in arts, sciences, etc., there being no limit to our intellectual wants, neither can there be a limit to the demand for labor. Education should teach all to understand that the beneficence of God is such that the wealth of one man in no manner implies the poverty of another, and that as the sources of wealth are inexhaustible, none should want for the necessities of life and but few for its comforts and elegancies.

To illustrate: In my own State, the census of 1880 shows a little less than eighty thousand men, women, and children engaged in agricultural pursuits; that means about sixteen thousand adult males. This number raised food enough for nearly a million of people in California. They planted trees, vines, raised crops, and made valuable improvements in property for the future, and after all this was done in one favorable year, had a surplus of about twelve hundred thousand tons of wheat for exportation, or, in other words, bread enough for twelve millions of people.

By the aid of the genius of McCormick, they can cut, thrash, and put into a sack one hundred pounds of wheat at the cost of one cent.

When education is universal, the question of race distinction will be obliterated, justice will prevail, and people of different color will live beside one another in all parts of our country with mutual respect, according to their merits.

I consider that this bill is in the direction that will ultimately lead to a settlement of the question of race difficulty which is so pregnant and pressing in certain sections of our country. Educate all—white, black, red—and when all are educated, the race difficulty will need no settlement; it will no longer exist.

The education of the masses will have an enormous influence toward demonstrating the beneficial effects of the power of production, and the result will be an increase in the respect for labor and a higher and more general conception of its dignity. From this will spring a more general desire to engage in some calling that will tend not only to the advantage of the individual, but also of the community.

Through education, this idea can be so broadly disseminated that the time will come when every man will understand that it is his duty in some manner to contribute to his own support, and that the non-producing man lives at the expense of some other. This precludes any right in the idle and improvident to demand from the savings of the provident and industrious. What the latter may give in charity must always be a matter for the individual to determine, as his humanitarianism and conscience may dictate; as also whether he shall furnish employment to another. Were it otherwise, the idle and improvident would have a lien upon the industrious and provident.

The discipline which education instills into the mind is of assistance in all branches of labor, whether mental or purely manual.

I can not, in my experience, recall a single instance in which education was otherwise than useful to the individual, no matter how advanced the education or how humble the work to be performed by the individual.

Perhaps one of the most important results to be accomplished by the aid of education is the elevation of women. I think it was Lord Kames who said, in his "Elements of Criticism," that in the first seven years of our life we acquire a greater number of ideas than ever after. An-

other celebrated philosopher has said that the education a child receives in the first five years of its life is of more importance than all after education, and has more influence in forming the child's character.

All thoughtful minds have been more or less impressed by the advantages of the kindergarten system of education for young children. The intelligent mother is always a real kindergarten teacher, and if it is true, as Lord Kames and others have said, about the influence of the first few years of education upon the child's mind, then how important is it that the mother should be an intelligent educator.

It is intended that this bill shall benefit both sexes alike, and I hope that under its provisions women will be educated in the different callings of life suitable to their sex.

The limit of benefits obtainable through the intelligent application of labor in the control of forces is beyond our present comprehension, but we shall some day approach much nearer than we are to the immeasurable and unknown power of the infinite intelligence. I say it with all reverence. This intelligence will supply every want through means and laws of harmony, and not in any manner by the use of miraculous interventions.

History and experience tell us that in all times the most prosperous people have been the most intelligent of their epoch. Great Britain, with a limited area of territory as compared with some great nations, is, owing to her use of machinery for production, commercially the first nation of Europe; and yet, with all her multiplied production, the laborers' and mechanics' wages are higher in Great Britain than in any other country in Europe, and food is as cheap. One day's labor of the artisan in Manchester will pay the transportation from America of all the food he can consume in a year.

Whatever distress there may be in that country is caused by the improvidence of the people. And yet, these prosperous people are largely the descendants of those of whom Julius Caesar wrote back, in substance, to Rome, that they were so low down in the scale of humanity that it was almost impossible to think of civilizing them.

Contrast the condition of the people of Europe of two centuries, or even one century, ago with what the condition of the people is now. One century ago they were not as well informed or as comfortable as the average people of the most illiterate portions of our country today. And in spite of all the disadvantages of slavery, how superior was the condition of the slaves in our country, even before the war, to that of their brethren remaining in Africa; and this is because they were in contact with an intelligent and civilized people.

The power of production through labor-aiding machinery and improved means of transportation, make of the civilized world one great neighborhood, and make it possible for all to enjoy the fruits of this increased power. We have nothing in the past by which we can measure the possibilities that may spring from this acquaintance with one another, exchange of ideas, and consequent increased intelligence. The world is rapidly becoming cosmopolitan, and cosmopolitanism only becomes possible through continuity and exchange of ideas. With the civilizing influences of approximity of intelligence the better elements of humanity are developed.

From education grow morality and a religion in harmony with the sublime, all-wise, always beneficent Creator. The result will be to make humanity better, wiser, and happier.

It is through education that the possibilities are to be ascertained and obtained. Education is the panacea for all our difficulties—religious, political, and industrial. Therefore, I am in favor of the passage of this bill.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Smith, Elder & Co. announce an illustrated edition of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" at one shilling.

The second volume of T. A. Trollope's reminiscences, "What I Remember," will be published soon.

Walt Whitman has been engaged to write a poem for each issue of the Philadelphia monthly publication, called *Munyon's Illustrated World*.

Professor James Bryce, against whom Oakley Hall has brought a libel suit for statements made in the "American Commonwealth," has entered a plea of justification, and expects to win the suit.

Stanley's book will be translated into French, German, Italian, Czech, Norse, and Spanish, and will be published in the several countries simultaneously. It is understood in London that a fair portion of the manuscript is ready.

Charlotte Adams is in Bloomingdale Asylum. She was a brilliant girl—was artist's model, actress, author, editor, and art critic. Some may recall her strangely confidential and vitriolic papers in *Lippincott's*.—*Philadelphia Society*.

William Black, the novelist, is at work upon a new novel, which will begin to appear in one of the magazines in July. It will have a Scotch name, but the story will be located chiefly in London, with incidental excursions to the United States and Canada.

B. O. Flower, the editor of the *Arena*, the promising new Boston magazine devoted to serious discussions of public topics, is a native of Illinois, and about thirty-two years of age. He has been long engaged in literary work and has lived in the East for about eight years.

In London there has been a large demand for Montagu Williams's "Leaves of a Life," published in this country by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. One paper hears that in a single week the sales amounted to three thousand copies, and that the demand at Mudie's had led to the order of one thousand copies for that library.

The Paris *Figaro* recently gave the first announcement in France that Alphonse Daudet's new Tartanian serial, "Port-Tarascon," is to be published in an English translation in America before it appears in its original form in France. The *Figaro* looks upon this as a most significant event for the future of French and American literary relations.

Miss Wormley is going on with her admirable series of translations of Balzac. Early in February, another volume, called "Sons of the Soil," the original being "Les Paysans," appeared. The fact that she has in press a translation from George Sand, "The Bagpipers," seems to show that she is half-minded to leave the remainder of Balzac and take to new authors.

"Two Years in the French West Indies," containing the literary re-

sults of a voyage by Lafcadio Hearn, the author of "Chita," is in press. The introductory chapter, entitled "A Midsummer Trip to the Tropics," consists of notes taken on a voyage of nearly three thousand miles, and the remainder of the book is devoted to sketches of life on the Island of Martinique, describing the manners, customs, and characteristic types of the island. An appendix to the volume gives some Creole melodies. The book is copiously illustrated.

New Publications.

"Rothermal," a story of lost identity, by Louis Reeves Harrison, has been published by the American News Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Speaking of Ellen," a novel by Albert Ross, who wrote "Thou Shalt Not," has been published in the Albatross Novels by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

"A Saratoga Romance; or, A Mask of Honor," by Caroline Washburn Rockwood, with an introduction by Lew, Vanderpool, has gone into a twelfth edition, though it has been published only a year. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"Robert Browning's Principal Shorter Poems," ninety-two of them in the three hundred and eight pages, and "Frozen Hearts," a romance by G. Webb Appleton, are the latest issues of the Town and Country Library. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents each.

T. C. de Leon, whose "The Rock and the Rye," a clever parody on Amelie Rives's "The Quick or the Dead?" was a decided if ephemeral success, has added "Juno: or, Only One Girl's Story" to the list of his novels. The scene changes from a moonshiner's still in the North Carolina mountains to New York, and the heroine is a beautiful octoroon. Published by the Gossip Printing Company, Mobile, Alabama; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

F. Howard Collins, who indexed Herbert Spencer's works, has now made "An Epitome of the Synthetic Philosophy," which is approved and recommended by Mr. Spencer as an "introductory view" of his great work, "presenting these organized ideas in smaller space and freed from elaboration." With its twenty-eight-page index, this epitome makes a volume of five hundred and seventy-one pages. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by William Doney; price, \$2.50.

"Payne's Business Educator," by F. M. Payne, purports to be a complete encyclopedia of business knowledge and epitome of United States and State law. Among its contents are: "Business Correspondence," "Business Law," "Dictionary of Mercantile Terms," "Tables of Facts," "Foreign Words and Phrases," "Rules of Order," "Interest Tables," and a variety of other chapters of general as well as special information. Published by the Excelsior Publishing House, New York; for sale by the San Francisco News Company.

Whoever has read W. W. Story's "Conversations in a Studio," as they appeared at irregular intervals in *Blackwood's*, will be glad to know that they have been collected and republished in two handy little volumes. Belton and Mallett, who carry on the conversation, are men of broad minds and broad knowledge, and their talk runs on from topic to topic, touching on Shakespeare and old age, dress and the cost of old china, dreams and the Roman code, supper-parties and Byron's melodies—almost anything that could come up for discussion between two intelligent men of artistic and literary tastes and wide knowledge of life to-day and among the ancients. The book contains, beside shrewd criticism and much originality in thought, a great store of fact which is made the more available for reference by a thorough index. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$1.25 per volume.

"Unknown Switzerland," by Victor Tissot, translated from the twelfth edition by Mrs. Wilson, makes a late but none the less welcome appearance in America. The first edition was published in 1870 or thereabouts, and revisions have been made as late as within two years, but it is no longer an unknown Switzerland that M. Tissot describes. The Engadine, the valley of the Rhone, the Valais, and the Gruyère were far from the beaten path twenty years ago, but Mount Blanc and the Jungfrau are no longer the only parts of the little mountain republic that are familiar to American and English travelers. Still it is a pleasure to read this wanderer's accounts of the mountain inns and chalets where he puts up for a night, and to see through his eyes the glorious mountains and the simple peasant folk, untainted by the rush of travel that has made them a nation of innkeepers; his book is one of the few travelers' tales that one can read and re-read with interest and growing enjoyment. Published by A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.50.

Some Magazines.

Following will be found the tables of contents of some of the current magazines:

The *English Illustrated Magazine* for February—"A Whitechapel Street," by E. Dixon; "How to Spend Sunday," by Rev. Prebendary Eyton; "Winchelsea," by Mrs. Comyns Carr; "To Frisco," by Sir Julian Goldsmid; "Bells and Belfries," by Rev. H. R. Haweis; "The Professor's Piano," by Clementina Black; "Two African Cities," by Harold Crichton-Browne; "The Ring of Amasis," by the Earl of Lytton; and "The Hall and the Wood," a poem, by William Morris.

Blackwood's for February—"In the Days of the Dandies"—II; "His Uncle and her Grandmother"—chapters VII-XII; "Lord Chesterfield"; "The Experiences of a Multazim," by a member of Laurence Oliphant's colony; "Lady Baby"—conclusion; "Old Boston," by John E. Locking; "Charles Mackay's Last Poem"; "Modern Mannish Maidens"; "Under the Oak. The True Lover," by Cosmo Monkhouse; "What I Learned in Ireland," by Lexophilus; and "Current Influences on Foreign Politics."

St. Nicholas for March—"On a Mountain Trail," by Harry P. Robinson; "The Crows' Military Drill," by Agnes Fraser Sandham; "Jack's Cure," by Susan Curtis Redfield; "George and Nellie Custis," by Margaret J. Preston; "The Ducking of Woody Owl," by Alice Maud Ewell; "Friends or Foes?" by Elbridge S. Brooks; "An Old Doll," by Margaret W. Eiland; "Fifteen Minutes with a Cyclopedia," by M. Louise Ford; "The Screech Owl," by Earnest E. Thompson; "Noray and the Ark," by Harry S. Edwards; "Crowded out o' Crofield"—chapters IV-VI, by W. O. Stoddard; "Winter Costumes," by Rose Mueller Sprague; and verses and jingles by Malcolm Douglas, Henry Moore, Katharine Fyle, Mrs. S. M. B. Platt, and Caroline Evans.

The *North American Review* for March—"Free Trade or Protection," by Senator J. S. Morrill; "The Question Clubs and the Tariff," by the Secretary of the U. S. C.; "Coming Men in England," by Justin McCarthy, M. P.; "Sir William Thomson and Electric Lighting," by George Westinghouse, Jr.; "Why Am I an Agnostic?"—II, by R. G. Ingersoll; "Family Life Among the Mormons," by a daughter of Brigham Young; "Looking Backward Again," by Edward Bellamy; "Lively Journalism," by Max O'Reilly; "Our Unwatered Empire," by General Nelson A. Miles; "The Limitations of the Speakership," by the Hon. Thomas B. Reed and the Hon. John G. Carlisle; "Notes and Comments," by W. H. H. Holmes; "The Papist's Power in Canada," by W. H. Hunter; and "Heresy-Hunting," by William Matthews.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent San Franciscans:

Sir Sydney and Lady Waterlow and Miss Hamilton arrived here early in the week from England, having come here via the southern route. They are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Head, at their residence on Taylor Street, by whom they have been hospitably entertained during the past week, in the way of dinner parties, which have also been enjoyed by some of their former friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Marfel and the Misses Adelle and Ethel Marfel will leave next month to occupy their country residence near Mountain View.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones will pass the summer months in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tuhbs and Miss Nettie Tuhbs have returned from their visit to Calistoga.

Major and Mrs. B. C. Truman and Miss Georgie Truman have arrived safely in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood will occupy the home of Mr. Henry Adams in San Rafael during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedel intend passing the summer at San Rafael.

Mr. Charles Miller, of New York, who has been visiting this coast for the past six weeks, will return home next Tuesday.

Mrs. Charles E. Miller, nee Peterson, of this city, will leave for New York next Tuesday to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller of that city.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dunphy, Mrs. Noah Flood, Miss Jennie Dunphy, and Mr. James C. Dunphy have been enjoying a visit at Monte Carlo.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Harrison Smith will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Miss Therese Bissell has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Thorn at San José during the past fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels and Miss Spreckels were visiting Old Point Comfort recently.

Signor G. B. Galvani is en route here from Novara, Italy, and is expected to arrive in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Goodman, of Napa, have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Maud Smith has returned from a visit to Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence at San José.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and the Misses Childs, of Los Angeles, arrived here last Monday and are at the Palace Hotel.

Colonel and Mrs. Isaac Trumbo have returned from Salt Lake City.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Ralston, of Michigan Bluffs, arrived here last Monday and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. William E. Sharon, of Virginia, Nev., is at the Palace Hotel.

Colonel C. Fred Crocker returned from an extended Eastern trip last Wednesday.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann will return to Ounalska next Saturday to remain there about six months.

Mrs. D. J. Tallant and Miss Tallant are traveling in Italy.

Mrs. Fred L. Castle, Miss Eva Castle, Mr. Arthur Castle, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mark, and Mr. Joseph Livingston will leave for New York next Saturday, en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott intend to occupy their residence in San Rafael about May 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Jennings will make San Rafael their abiding place during the summer.

Miss Julia Peyton came over from San Rafael last Wednesday to visit friends.

Mrs. Walter McGavin will leave for England next Saturday on a four week visit.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bowie and Miss Bette Howard will be domiciled in Santa Cruz during the summer months.

Mrs. J. E. Tippet, formerly of this city, has been here for the past week on a flying trip. She is traveling with Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Stevens, of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Smith, Jr., have returned to their home in Alameda after a visit to the Klamath Hot Springs.

Mrs. J. P. Currier and the Misses Marie and Florence Currier, who have been passing the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton, expect to be in Sausalito during the summer months.

Mr. Jerome B. Watson and Miss Jennie Watson have returned from a prolonged Eastern visit.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bourne and family will pass the summer at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. T. Jackson will pass the summer at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. William Corbett and the Misses Minnie and Nellie Corbett will leave the Palace Hotel on April 1st for their country residence at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry MacLean Martin will pass the summer at their cottage in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Suto are expected here from New York in a couple of days.

Mrs. M. B. M. Toland will return from Los Angeles in about a week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas have gone to their villa at Mountain View for the season.

Mr. Edgar A. Mizner is expected here next month on a visit from Guatemala.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Jarboe and Miss Kate Jarboe will occupy their cottage at Santa Cruz during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James T. Rucker, of San José, came to the city last Tuesday for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Verrington and Miss Bender came down from Carson City last Tuesday and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, nee Mizner, returned from Guatemala on last Tuesday's steamer after a prolonged visit to Hon. and Mrs. Lansing Mizner.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nightingale contemplate an early visit to the southern part of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Wainwright will leave early next month to pass the summer in San José.

The Blair Lunch-Party.

Miss Jennie Blair gave the third of her series of lunch-parties in honor of Miss Fair last Wednesday, at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, 1315 Van Ness Avenue. It was quite as delightful as the previous affairs, and was highly enjoyed by the seven young ladies whom she had invited. The dining-table was embellished prettily by peach blossoms, and the golden-colored tints of buttercups, charmingly arranged, and at each cover was a corsage-bouquet of fragrant violets. About three hours were pleasantly passed in the enjoyment of the delicious menu. Those present were:

Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Fair, Miss Florence Hoff, Miss Virginia Hanchett, Miss Florence Reed, Miss Buckhee, Miss Mary Bowen, and Miss Elise Kelly.

Notes and Gossip.

Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger recently gave in elaborate dinner-party at their residence, 1414 California Street, in honor of Señor Pablo de Sarate, the eminent violinist. Those invited to meet him were: Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Campbell, Mme. Camilla Urso, Mme. Bertha Marx, Miss Maud Younger, Mr. Luere, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Oscar Herold, and Mr. Otto Goldschmidt.

A series of novel entertainments will soon be given at Odd Fellows' Hall for the benefit of the Golden Gate Kindergarten, under the auspices of its auxiliary, the Helping Hand Society. Miss Mary D. Bates kindly designed the affair, which will be called her "Festival of Mother Nature's Daughters." The series are for April 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th.

There will be a varied entertainment and tableaux each evening, besides other features which will tend to make the fête very attractive.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and naval people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Colonel and Mrs. William R. Shafter, U. S. A., have gone to Arizona and will be away about a month.

Colonel and Mrs. George M. Wheeler arrived here from Washington, D. C., last Monday.

Mrs. Nelson A. Miles and her mother, Mrs. Wilson, have gone to Los Angeles, accompanied by Lieutenant John A. Dapray, U. S. A., where they will remain until early in April when they will return here with General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., and Miss Cecilia Miles, who are now en route from Washington, D. C.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Saturday Popular Concert.

The Society for Christian Work of the First Unitarian Church gave the first of its series of Saturday popular concerts at the church on the afternoon of March 8th, when the following interesting programme was presented:

Organ Solo, Overture, "Maritana".....	Wallace
Duet, "Quis est Homo" (Sabat Mater).....	Mr. Louis Schmidt
Violin Solo, Sonate G minor.....	Rossini
Waltz Song.....	Miss May Benedict and Miss Mary Barnard
Organ Selections.....	Mr. Hermann Brandt
Italian Dance Song (Violin Obligato).....	Bellenghi
Miss May Benedict and Mr. Hermann Brandt	
Song, "Belstanz," Op. 57.....	Miss Mary Barnard
Organ Solo, "Tannhauser".....	Gounod
Miss May Benedict and Mr. Hermann Brandt	
Song, "Belstanz," Op. 57.....	Reinecke
Organ Solo, "Tannhauser".....	Schumann
Miss May Benedict and Mr. Hermann Brandt	
Song, "Belstanz," Op. 57.....	Wagner
Organ Solo, "Tannhauser".....	Mr. Louis Schmidt

The second of the series of popular concerts will be given at three o'clock this (Saturday) afternoon at the First Unitarian Church. Mrs. J. M. Pierce, Mr. Robert H. Lloyd, and Mr. Ernst Hartmann will assist in presenting an attractive programme.

The Bonelli Recital.

A students' recital was given by some of the pupils of Mr. E. S. Bonelli, assisted by the professors of the different departments, on Friday afternoon, March 7th, at his studio, 1353 Market Street. The programme presented was as follows:

Overture, "Raymond".....	Thomas
Orchestra	
Left Hand Solo.....	Wely
Miss Carrie Nolan	
Trios.....	Leybach
Messrs. Carlmüller, Toepeke, and Master Harold	
"La Jota Aragonesa".....	Gottschalk
Miss Gussie Menke	
Quartet.....	C. Bohm
Miss Rose McCormick, Messrs. Carlmüller, Toepeke, and Miller	
Fantasia, "La Traviata".....	Pontillo
(With Orchestral Accompaniment.)	
Signor C. Caspari	
Grande Valse de Salon.....	Talaxy
Miss Blanche Clinton	
Mandolin Solo (With String Accompaniment).....	Professor E. Schmitz
Selection, "Norma".....	Miller
Polonaise, Op. 40, 1.....	Chopin
Miss Carrie Bowers	
Trios.....	Brinckman
Miss Myrtle Perkins, Messrs. Carlmüller and Toepeke	
Song, "Il Bacio".....	Arditi
(With Orchestral Accompaniment.)	
Miss Fanny Denny	

Handel and Haydn Society.

The Handel and Haydn Society at its concert last Wednesday evening, gave Verdi's "Requiem," its first presentation in this city. The hall was comfortably filled by an appreciative audience. The music was under the direction of Mr. H. J. Stewart, and the society was assisted by a grand chorus of two hundred voices and an orchestra, and the following soloists: Mrs. Adler-Keesing, Miss Mary E. Barnard, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, and Mr. J. C. Hughes. Mrs. H. J. Stewart acted as accompanist.

Rosewald Song Recital.

A song recital was given last Tuesday evening by pupils of Mme. Julie Rosewald at her residence, 933 Geary Street. There were over a hundred guests present, to all of whom the affair was one of thorough enjoyment. The participants were all elegantly attired and created a favorable impression by their artistic execution of the numbers assigned to them. Severe hoarseness prevented the appearance of Miss Lillie Lawlor and Miss May B. Thorne. The programme as presented was as follows:

Prayer.....	Saint-Saëns
Sognai.....	Schira
Hindoo Song.....	Bernberg
Habanera.....	Bizet
Brilliant Bird.....	M. H. de Young
Sweet Maguerite.....	P. David
Rayadere.....	Miss Cora Finch
Rondo Bohemienne.....	McFarland
Ave Maria ("Orello").....	Miss Maude Berry
Jewel Song ("Faust").....	Masse
Berceuse.....	Mrs. M. Madden
Aria (Pres aux Clercs).....	Mrs. J. Rothschild
Miss E. V. McCloskey	
Herold	
Miss Jessie Brock, violin obligato by Mr. J. H. Rosewald.	
Mr. Clarke W. Reynolds, accompanist.	

Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rosewald, Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Finigan, Mr. and Mrs. William Fries, Mr. and Mrs.

Wickson, Colonel and Mrs. Isaac Trumbo, Mr. and Mrs. Dickman, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. M. Madden, Mrs. Theresa Fair, Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, Mrs. J. M. Lawlor, Mrs. M. Deane, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. J. L. Martel, Mme. Camilla Urso, Mrs. Garrison Gerst, Mrs. F. Booth, Miss Fair, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Lillie Lawlor, Miss Maude Badlam, Miss Maude Berry, Miss Maude Perry, Miss Adelle Martel, Miss Ethel Martel, Miss Hilda Castle, Miss Mamie Deane, Miss Belle Cohn, Miss Celia O'Connor, Miss Friedlander, Miss Blanche Castle, Miss Bessie Bowie, Miss Mary E. Barnard, Miss Alvina Heuer, Miss Maud Younger, Miss Hilda Hecht, Miss Martha Gosinsky, Miss Cora Finch, Miss E. V. McCloskey, Mr. Alexander Badlam, Mr. A. T. Badlam, Colonel M. H. Hecht, Dr. Powers, Mr. William Lawlor, Mr. Luere, Mr. Lowndes, Mr. Hicks, and others.

The spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association will open on Tuesday, April 22d, and will continue for a month. The annual election of officers of the association will be held on Tuesday, March 25th.

REAL-ESTATE NOTES.

The Second Artillery of the National Guard will soon occupy a new armory on Pacific Avenue, between Polk Street and Van Ness Avenue. It is to be a handsome two-story, brick-and-stone structure for the special use of the Second Artillery, and the battalion will have its name in raised letters over the façade. The width of the building will be 100 feet and the depth 127 feet 8 3/4 inches. In addition to the drill-hall, there will be reading, smoking, and billiard-rooms, and a riding-court.

Joseph Wollberg, of Zadig, Wollberg & Co., has purchased the north-west corner of Broadway and Laguna, 50x137.6, for \$15,300—about \$306 a front foot.

Easton, Eldridge & Co. have sold the north-west corner of Ellis and Gough, 137.6x120, for \$22,000. It is improved.

The lot, 82.6x110, on the south-west corner of Hayes and Steiner has been sold for \$11,500; a lot on Stockton, near California, has been sold for \$13,000.

Six flats are to be built on the south side of California, east of Octavia and next to the Presbyterian Church. Cost, \$25,000.

The H. J. Crocker house, at the north-west corner of Laguna and Washington Streets, will be built of Ione red sandstone, Roman mottled brick, and red Missouri sandstone. The roof is to be high pitched and covered with Spanish tiles. A frieze of stamped copper will ornament the eaves.

The sale of the Sunset Heights property, which Easton, Eldridge & Co. were to have sold at auction last Tuesday, was postponed until next Tuesday noon, March 18th, when it will be sold in subdivisions suitable for residences. Its location on H Street, facing Golden Gate Park, and extending from Sixteenth to Seventeenth Avenues, is one that has a promising future; the steam continuation of the Haight Street Cable Line passes the property. Those interested can easily see the property, as the cars will stop for them. The sale was postponed on account of the inclement weather of last week preventing many from viewing the property.

In the summer of 1889, the publishers of the *Youth's Companion* offered four prizes, amounting in all to one thousand dollars, for original designs. Nearly two thousand designs were sent in competition. The prizes have been awarded and paid as follows: First prize, five hundred dollars, for a design for cover for the Easter number of the *Companion*, to Louis J. Rhead, of Flatbush, L. I.; second prize, two hundred and fifty dollars, for designs for a folder, "An Oracle of Days," to Clyde Cooke, Salem, Or.; third prize, one hundred and fifty dollars, for designs for cover for Easter number, announcement, and calendar, to Miss Fannie C. Burr, Monroe, Conn.; fourth prize, one hundred dollars, for design for cover for a New Year's number, to Miss Helen Maitland Armstrong, Marlborough-on-Hudson, N. Y.

An indication of the spread of English as a language is given by the fact that it has just been chosen for use in the recording of important treaty engagements between Russia and China.

A bill has been introduced to enable English peers to abandon their places in the House of Lords if they wish and be elected to the House of Commons if they can.

— THE LOVERS OF FINE PAINTINGS WILL BE pleased to hear that the magnificent collection of fine European pictures, owned by Messrs. S. & G. Gump of this city, will be offered at auction early in April. This will be a very important art sale and should attract the attention of all.

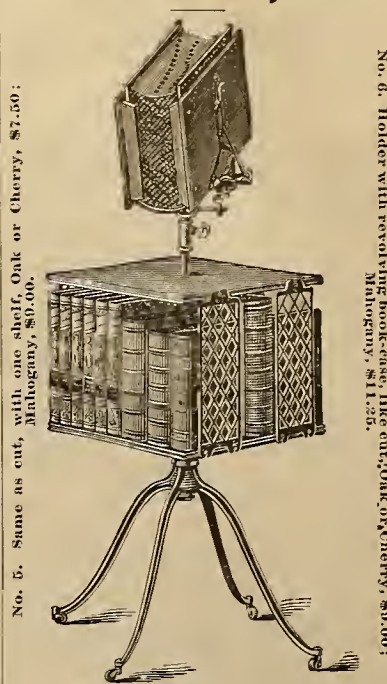
A play at one of the English theatres has just had to be modified, because the actors had a superstition against the appearance of a peacock or its feathers on the stage.

— MISS A. C. WALLBERG WILL GIVE A LECTURE Tuesday, March 18th, at Miss Kirkland's parlors, 1306 California Street, 3.30 P. M., on Swedish writers. On special request, portions from Ibsen's allegorical drama, "Peer Gynt," which has not been translated, will be given.

The management of the Court Theatre at Vienna has decreed that hereafter no women who are over forty-five years old shall be engaged for the ballet.

For Coughs and Throat Troubles use "Brown's Bronchial Trochee." They stop an attack of my asthma cough very promptly. — C. Fald, Niamtville, Ohio.

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26th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1890

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STORYETTES.

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In Russia, it is customary for all laymen, the emperor himself included, to show their outward respect for the church by kissing the hands of its ministers. On one occasion it is related that a village priest, receiving a grand duke at his church door, and having no experience of such exalted personages, hesitated to offer him his hand; the grand duke, getting impatient, exclaimed: "Stretch out your paw, you fool!"

The late Emperor Napoleon resided, when Louis Napoleon, near Gore House. When, in 1850, the Gore House establishment had to be broken up, and its occupants went to Paris, they naturally expected that the president would have shown them all possible kindness. On the contrary, he treated his old friends with coldness and indifference. Lady Blessington, when the president on some formal occasion asked her: "Vous pensez rester à Paris très longtemps, Milady?" replied, "Et vous, Monseigneur?"

The Prince of Parma maintained great state in his small principality, and, by the aid of the Austrians, very despotic authority. His little army was entirely under his own military code. His punishment of the officers was at times original. One of them consisted in compelling them to carry pails of water from one well to another, three or four hundred yards distant. He insisted that the entire absence of any useful purpose in a disagreeable task added greatly to its unpleasantness, in which he was not far wrong. His practical jokes did not add to the dignity or comfort of his court. At a grand ball, he ordered a large plate of strong mustard-sandwiches to be handed round with his compliments at supper-time to the most dignified of the great ladies, who coughed and gesticulated painfully when they tasted the pungent mixture.

It is rarely, indeed, that a man's life is preserved by his beauty, but it was the case with Lord Ponsonby. He was not twenty when he passed through Paris in 1791. War had not been declared, but there was a strong feeling against England. At that time the lamps were hung across the streets—hence the cry "A la lanterne!" When any unhappy victim was taken, the process of hanging him was a very simple one. Lord Ponsonby, walking in the Rue St. Honoré, was so unfortunate as to fall in with the mob, who seized him with the cry, "Voilà un agent de Pitt! un sacré Anglais! à la lanterne!" The lamp was taken down, the cords placed round his neck, and he was actually hanging in the air, when the women, who played such a prominent part throughout the revolution, rushed forward and cut the cords. "C'est un trop joli garçon pour être pendu!" was the cry. He fell on the pavement and was immediately carried off by his protectors and carefully tended, because he was "too handsome to hang."

A hundred years ago or more, it was customary in some parts of New England for men and boys to wear trousers made of leather. The historian of the town of Wells, Me., remarks that such garments were not altogether satisfactory, for the rather curious reason that they lasted too long. We remember hearing a matron of the olden time tell a story of the two boys of one of her neighbors. They had begged of their mother that they might lay aside their leather trousers and have a pair made of domestic cloth; but all of their entreaties were in vain. She would give them no other encouragement than to promise that when the leather was worn out they should have a pair of homespun. They endured for a long time the vexation of the unyielding garments, which promised to be as lasting as the raiment of the Israelites in the wilderness. Finally, all hope failed the boys, and their wits came to their aid. They took to the grindstone. One sat upon it while the other turned the crank. In imagination they saw themselves already clothed in the long-desired homespun. But, alas! their hopes were suddenly blasted. All at once their father came round the corner of the barn and discovered them thus employed. They had still to wear the leather—for how much longer the historian is unable to say.

When Prince Bismarck and Count Rechberg were Prussian and Austrian ambassadors, respectively, at the Frankfort Diet, Bismarck soon discovered that the count, though an honorable man, was hot-tempered and passionate. Count Rechberg, in his turn, cordially disliked Prussia and its representative, but did all in his power to keep on amicable terms with him. Still, there were many occasions, both political and social, when the friction between them became very apparent. One day things came to such a point that the count, losing his temper utterly, exclaimed: "One of my friends shall wait on you in the morning!" "Why all this unnecessary delay?" replied Herr von Bismarck, coolly; "in all probability you have a pair of pistols handy. Let us settle the matter immediately. While you get the things ready, I will write a report about the whole transaction, which, in case I am killed, I request you to forward to Berlin." Each set about his task. When Bismarck had finished his paper, he gave the sheet to Count Rech-

berg, and requested him to examine it. The count's passion had, in the meantime, given way to sober reflection. After perusing the report, he said, "What you have written is quite correct, but is it really worth while to fight a duel for such a reason?" "That is exactly what I wish to be told," said Bismarck, and the matter ended.

A young man, who travels for a New York Bible concern, was at a Toledo Hotel (says the *Blade*), and along in the afternoon, following the promptings, or rather the wooings, of the spirit, started back to the bar for a drink. He had just reached the door, when he was startled by an apparition in the sombre-clothed person of his employer, who had stopped over a day on a flying trip to Chicago, where Bible-houses find a large and attractive field. Seeing the employer, the young man unconcernedly walked on into the wash-room and began to lave his hands. The employer carelessly sauntered down the long corridor, round through the billiard-hall, and just as he entered the bar, again encountered his traveling employee, who, bowing politely, walked on into the billiard-hall and became absorbed in watching a game of billiards. But he kept an eye on his employer, and when he disappeared, returned to the bar for the coveted drink. Again he ran into the old man and proceeded on into the wash-room, where he again bathed his hands. The employer then took a turn watching the spinning ivory globes. Anon, the young man made another effort. The employer was again encountered. Then they changed places once more, the young man man watching the billiards and the old one washing his hands. The drummer then conceived and executed a grand coup. He called for his coat at the coat-room, and told the old man as they again passed in the bar, that he guessed he would go out and call on a minister whom he was working up into a Bible-buying mood. Then he walked around, came through the billiard-hall, and once more went into the bar. "Well," he said, smiling pleasantly, as he encountered his employer again, "forgot to wash my hands." Then he stole into the wash-room, peered around the corner of the wall until he saw the old man disappear, then he hastened back to the bar. The same inspiration had fired the old man, and they collided once more. Then they had to wash again. By this time their hands were white and soft, and their fingers beginning to shrivel up like a washerwoman's. Both were growing desperate, and the old man said, in a careless, off-hand manner: "Oh, by the way, Phillip, do you ever drink a glass of beer?" Phillip said: "Well, once in a great while." Then a great feeling of relief seized them. Distrust was metamorphosed into perfect trust and sweet confidence.

The Sultan of Morocco has three ears—two on the side of his head and one in Tangier.—The Prince of Wales has sent the infant King of Spain a Welsh rabbit, which follows the young monarch about wherever he goes.—There are grave fears of an insurrection in Spain, owing to the king having reached the age at which his sayings strike his mother as worthy of repetition. The strain upon the loyal subjects is said to be too great for them to bear.—King Humbert and the Pope are on the outs again, the former having requested His Holiness to send a Papal bull to the cattle show at Ischia.—*Life*.

The parson—"And you, Elvira, prom—" Durstin—"Hold on, there! Just because you are marrying us you've got no call to be so almighty familiar. This is Miss Williams so far, and don't you forget it!"—*Judge*.

New Yorker (to Chicago friend as they drive through Central Park)—"That is a statue of Burns." Chicagoan—"Oh, yes, we have heard of Byrnes out our way. Have you a statue of Captain Williams, also?"—*Time*.

Doctor—"Well, my fine little fellow, you have got quite well again. I was sure that the pills I left for you would cure you. How did you take them—in water or in cake?" "Oh, I used them in my blow-gun!"—*Ex*.

Abou Ben Adhem (to the angel)—"Why doth my name lead all the rest?" Angel—"Because we arrange them alphabetically."—*Life*.

Educational.

Mr. ALFRED KELLEHER,
Teacher of Vocal Music.

Desires to announce that he has resumed teaching. Class lessons of one hour of four of the same voice will be formed. Ladies' class for vocal and musical instruction and part songs Saturday, from 11 A. M. to 12 M.

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Spring term opens Monday, March 24, 1890. Young ladies specially prepared for Eastern Colleges. Particular attention given to pupils wishing to enter the higher grades of the public schools.

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Professor Samuel Adelstein will leave for Europe about the first of April on a four months' vacation. He will visit the principal cities of Italy—the home of the mandolin. Parties who wish to obtain a good, genuine, Neapolitan Mandolin, personally selected, will please address
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WILL OPEN IN THE NEW BUILDING,

1534 SUTTER STREET, cor. of Octavia,

On Wednesday, January 8th, 1890.

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\$75.00 to \$250.00 A MONTH can be made by working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1029 Main St., Richmond, Va.

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Pears' Soap
Fair white hands.
Bright clear complexion
Soft healthful skin.

"PEARS'—The Great English Complexion SOAP,—Sold Everywhere."

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN: My relations with all foreign powers are amiable and peaceful, but I am having more trouble with Henry of Battenberg than I expected.

The Senate of the United States has ratified the extradition treaty concluded between me and Mr. Blaine; and I would suggest that the salary of the Prince of Wales be raised from forty thousand pounds to fifty thousand pounds.

With my grandchild, the Emperor of Germany, the best of feelings prevail; and if Parliament could give my daughter-in-law, the Princess of Wales, a thousand pounds or so more of pin-money, I would take it as a great favor.

The difficulty with Portugal over my African territories has been happily settled; and I think it no more than right that Albert Victor, my beloved grandson, and second in line of succession, should have at least fifteen thousand pounds per year, for collars and cuffs come high.

All is serene just now between me and my dear cousin the Czar of Russia; but it occurs to me that my daughter, Helena Augusta Victoria, the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, should have ten thousand pounds a year instead of six thousand pounds; and I make the same suggestion regarding my other children who now receive six thousand pounds per year, namely—Louise Caroline Alberta, the Marchioness of Lorne, and Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodora, who married Prince Henry of Battenberg.

With France I am on excellent terms; and I think it might be a good idea to give each of the children of the Prince of Wales, say five thousand pounds a year, except Albert Victor, who ought to have fifteen thousand pounds. Albert Edward really needs this further assistance, for he positively can not save

any money on his salary, with such a big family to look after.

I and the Emperor of Austria get along smoothly; and if Parliament would give my dear son, the Duke of Edinburgh, thirty thousand pounds a year instead of twenty-five thousand pounds, I am sure the dear boy would take it—kindly.

With Italy I have had no friction lately; but an increase in the pay of the Duke of Connaught, similar to that suggested for the Duke of Edinburgh, would be thoroughly appreciated by your humble servant.

The cordiality which has existed between me and the King of Denmark is still vigorous; and the Duke of Albany, my beloved grandson, says he really must have at least ten thousand pounds a year.

With other potentates, too numerous to mention, I am on excellent terms; and if Parliament will oblige me by adding fifteen thousand pounds to my private purse, making it seventy-five thousand pounds, I think it would be no more than right. I work very industriously and times are very hard; India shawls do not come in as numerous as they did, and birthday presents to my children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren do cost a pile of money. Help a poor lone widow to keep the wolf from the door, my lords and gentlemen, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls!

—Judge. VICTORIA, R.

"M-m-y, d-d-dear, I-I-I love you! W-w-will you be—" began Mr. M. Pediment. "That will do," replied the proud beauty; "I do not care to be wooed on the installment plan."—Harper's Bazar.

Prisoner—"Yes, your honor, it is true that I was intoxicated last night; but I can explain all if your honor will give me a little time." His honor—"Ten days."—Puck.



"Oh! where shall rest be found?"
The worn-out mother sighs;
"Trousers to mend and stockings to darn,
Dishes to wash and butter to churn,
While my back feels to break, and head and heart burn,
And life is a constant friction."

The Summer came and went,
The matron no longer sighs;
Elastic her step and rounded her cheek,
Work seems but play, life is now sweet,
And the change was made in one short week
By Dr. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION.

As an invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system. For overworked, "worn-out," debilitated teachers, milliners, dress-makers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no sugar or syrup to derange digestion; a legitimate medicine, not a beverage.

As a soothing and strengthening nerve, "Favorite Prescription" is

unequaled and is invaluable in laying and subduing nervous excitability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms, commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

A Book of 160 pages, on "Woman and Her Diseases," sent to any address, in plain, sealed envelope, on receipt of ten cents, in stamps.

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. One a dose. Sold by druggists.

Colonel Knox, of *Texas Sifting*, is a shrewd, practical, and successful newspaper man, an advertiser as well as publisher. A *Journalist* representative recently asked him: "What did you mean by your statement at the Publishers' Convention last week, when you said that you did not think that the advertisement in the newspaper, 'top column next to reading matter,' was worth more than the same advertisement inserted 'run of paper,' as it is called?" "I did not say anything of the kind," he replied; "what I did say, was that I would not give twenty-five per cent. or any other per cent. more for special position than I would give for ordinary space, placed anywhere that the publisher might designate. If a man has not brains enough to write and display his advertisement so as to attract attention, and cause every reader of the paper to see it, he should not be an advertiser. He should drive a street-car mule, run a milk-cart, or edit the *New York Mail and Express*. The first requisite of a good advertisement is that it should attract attention. If you can not write your advertisement so that it will cause a reader of the publication in which it appears to pause and peruse it, you can not hope that the same advertisement by being placed next to an editorial or on the front page, or elsewhere, will cause it to be read. I realize from experience that the old-fashioned way of advertising, which consisted in distributing sample copies and displaying on the news-stand chromatic show-cards, was *passed*, and that the most profitable way to reach reading people is to advertise in publications that are read and digested by appreciative people. The paper I represent costs four dollars a year. What is the use of advertising a four-dollar publication in a fifty-cent medium? Why should we hope for profit if we present the merits of a four-dollar article to a fifty-cent man? Would you advise me to place a four-dollar machine in the *Army and Navy Journal*? Would you expect profitable returns from your advertisement of a four-dollar-a-year publication in a medium daily, weekly, or monthly that reached only shop-girls or laborers whose income would not average more than four, five, or six dollars a week? I advertise in papers that reach people who are able to afford the amount we ask for our publication. We do not spend money for fun. When I invest a dollar in advertising, I expect to get at least one dollar and a half in return. By that, I mean fifty per cent. profit on the investment. I believe in taking your own medicine. I prescribe advertising to my commercial friends and use the prescription myself."

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Jan. 1, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José...	* 12:45 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis...	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax...	5:45 P.
8:00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa...	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles...	11:15 A.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lone Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff...	5:45 P.
10:30 A.	Haywards and Niles...	2:15 P.
* 12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José...	* 3:45 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers...	* 6:00 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José...	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	2d class Ogden and East...	10:45 P.
4:40 P.	Stockton and Millerton, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa...	9:45 A.
4:40 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing, via Davis...	10:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore...	* 8:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and San José...	* 4:15 P.
5:30 P.	Haywards and Niles...	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East...	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Port Soud, and East...	7:45 A.
8:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East...	9:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

* 3:00 A.	Hunters' train to San José...	7:20 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz...	5:50 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz...	* 11:50 A.
4:15 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos...	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:25 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations...	2:30 P.
8:30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations...	6:12 P.
10:30 A.	San José, Way Stations, Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations...	5:02 P.
12:01 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations...	3:38 P.
* 3:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations...	* 10:00 A.
* 4:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations...	* 7:58 A.
5:20 P.	San José and Way Stations...	9:03 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations...	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations...	7:28 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. * Mondays only. ‡ Saturdays excepted.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., March 21, April 5, 20, May 5, 20, 30, June 4, 14, 19, 29.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket office, 212 Montgomery Street.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, San Francisco.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN

via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, October 13, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:
From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:20, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 4:50, 6:10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 5:05, 6:30 P. M.
From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 7:45, 9:20, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 4:55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50 A. M.; 12:00 M.; 3:30, 5:00 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6:25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:30, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:45, 10:35 A. M.; 12:45, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7:05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11:00 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12:25 P. M.
1:30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.
8:00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 6:15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tamales, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.
Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Point Reyes, \$1.75.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, March 17, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

Leave San Francisco.		DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.	
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:10 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:00 P. M.				6:05 P. M.
		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.		
7:40 A. M.				10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.		6:10 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
		Hopland and Ukiah.	6:10 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	6:10 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	8:00 A. M.		6:10 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
		Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Blue Lakes, Willits, Chato, Calpella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Litton Springs, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.75; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Guerneville, \$7.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Litton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 3:30, 5, 6:15 P. M.; Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 5, 6:20 P. M.

To San Francisco from San Rafael: Week Days—6:20, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40 A. M.; 12:15, 3:40, 5 P. M.

To San Francisco from Point Tiburon: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.; Sundays—8:40, 10:05 A. M.; 12:40, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.

On Saturdays an extra trip will be made from San Francisco to San Rafael, leaving at 1:40 P. M.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager, PETER J. MCGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt. Ticket Offices at Ferry, 222 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
Steamer From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1890.
Belgie (via Honolulu).....Saturday, March 22
Oceanic.....Tuesday, April 15
Gaelic.....Thursday, May 8
Belgie.....Tuesday, June 3
Oceanic.....Thursday, June 26
Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No. 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA City of New York. Saturday, Mar. 22, at 12 M.
Taking freight and passengers direct for Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Punta Arenas, and Panama.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama: City of Peking, Thursday, April 3, at 3 P. M. City of Rio de Janeiro, April 26, at 3 P. M. China, Wednesday, May 21, at 3 P. M.
Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & Co., Gen. Agt. Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.



STAGE GOSSIP.

Robert McWade is to revive "Rip Van Winkle" next week.

The Hanlons will continue their pantomimic fun in "Fantasia" for another week.

The "Casino" Company will sing "Erminie" during their first nights in town, "Nadja" being reserved for the second week.

The California Opera Company announces "Said Pasha" for next week, underlining it as the "last time in San Francisco."

Joseph R. Grismer, L. R. Stockwell, and Phoebe Davies are to be in the cast of "Forgiven," which will be revived next week.

"The Ironmaster"—one of the many versions of Ohnet's "Le Maître de Forges," of which others are "Claire" and "The Forge-Master"—will be given throughout the Kendals' first week.

The Kendal season is to last three weeks, in which time "The Ironmaster," "A Scrap of Paper," "The Weaker Sex," "Impulse," "A White Lie," and "The Queen's Shilling" will be played.

Emma Hanley, who is to be the Javotte in "Erminie" next week, was here with the first "Pop" Company six or seven years ago. R. E. Graham was here with the Colville Burlesque Company at about the same time. Louis E. de Lange, too, has been in San Francisco before.

During the Kendal season the local management has raised the price of seats to two dollars. This is not calculated to lead to the financial success of the engagement. Booth and Bernhardt are the only dramatic stars for whom San Francisco has been willing to pay an enhanced price. Even Coquelin and Hading did not draw when prices were raised.

The Kendal Company, beside the principals, comprises: Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Florence Coleman, Miss Claire Pouncefort, Miss F. Forbes Robertson, Miss Fanny Coleman, Miss Angela Cudmore, Miss George Martin, Miss Eva Graham, Mr. J. N. Wenman, Mr. A. M. Denison, Mr. Seymour Hicks, Mr. A. White, Mr. Herbert Cathcart, Mr. J. E. Dodson, Mr. Jno. Glendenning, Mr. Joseph Carne, Mr. E. R. Moyses, and Mr. H. Deane.

The local theatrical managers must feel humiliated when they think of the alleged programmes offered the public during the opera season. Those advertisement-swollen humbugs were blanket-sheets in size, making a bulky fist-full of more than superfluous paper, in which it took a being of more than ordinary persistence to find the cast. The local managers do pretty well in hiding their programmes in a mass of patent-medicine advertisements, but the opera people knocked them out.

The Teachers' Mutual Aid Society has engaged Mr. George Riddle to give a series of recitals at the Metropolitan Temple, to begin March 25th. The readings will be as follows: Tuesday, March 25th, 8 P. M., "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Saturday, March 29th, 3 P. M., "The Tempest" or Browning; Tuesday, April 1st, 8 P. M., selections from Dickens; Saturday, April 5th, 3 P. M., "Romeo and Juliet"; Wednesday, April 9th, 8 P. M., "A Blot in the Scutcheon"; and Friday, April 11th, 8 P. M., Miscellaneous.

Bill Nye was snowed-up in the mountains and did not arrive in time to deliver his talk on Monday night. His initial appearance on the platform in California was, therefore, made in Oakland. His humorous talks were varied with musical selections by Miss Ollie Torbett, violinist, Gustav Thalberg, tenor, and Frank Downey, pianist, the programme being received with much applause. On Thursday he made his first bow in San Francisco to a large audience. He appears again twice, this (Saturday) afternoon and evening, before leaving the city.

The New York Casino Opera Company comes from the New York Casino, whose boards have been trod by Lillian Russell, Marie Jansen, Pauline Hall, Fanny Rice, Francis Wilson, and other lesser lights. The New York Casino Opera Company is composed of the lesser lights; it is what is technically termed a "road" company, and comprises second-rate people from the New York company in the leading rôles and a lot of choristers from everywhere. The complete list of the company is as follows: Helen Lamont, Emma Hanley, Laura Millard, Genevieve Reynolds, Mamie Cherbi, Dolly Worth, R. E. Graham, Louis de Lange, Alexander Clark, Lloyd Wilson, Ross David, C. E. Graham, Steve Porter, H. Chatham, and W. Mariot.

SARASATE AND D'ALBERT.

How much more enjoyable a concert is than an opera to the truly musical soul! Operatic art is like a beautiful mosaic—a splendid whole made up of many disconnected pieces. If each piece is perfect, and fits its place without a flaw, we have one of the most magnificent spectacles to be had in this world of men; but if just so much as one piece is chipped, or discolored, or cracked, or ill-fitting, the whole is irrevocably marred. Opera, carefully finished in every detail, is a joy forever—but where are you going to see it thus perfected? It is an entertainment for emperors and kings, and popes and cardinal-princes, not for Thomas, Richard, and Henry. We here only see a sort of scaffolding of opera, a skeleton of opera.

We pay seven dollars to hear a great singer, and, as the house is half-empty, the great singer demonstrates his greatness and the privileges which that greatness gives him by getting into a bad temper and pouting through his part with princely indifference. If we have had our doubts as to this singer's greatness, they are now forever at an end—one but the very greatest of his kind would dare to give way to such pettishness. We retire humiliated having heard one grand voice, half-a-dozen mediocre voices, a good chorus in kilts, combine their talents for three hours in the elucidation of one of the most supremely and successfully idiotic stories which ever served as a peg upon which to hang sweet melodies. Has any one ever succeeded in discovering which Baby Azucena is supposed to have burned?

Next night we pay another seven dollars to hear a great prima donna in a favorite rôle. She, with a consummate amount of that quality which is known among the vulgar as "brass," cuts out most of her part. She sings, perhaps, one-third of the flute aria, evidently having it on her mind that even a seven-dollar audience may have too much of a good thing. What there is left is charming—the prima donna is charming, and decks her performance with such a wealth of smiles and bows that the cruel cutting of the score is overlooked. Still, the opera is so feeble, so infirm in its gray old age, that it can hardly stand on its feet; even this lovely prima donna, with her clipped and trimmed arias, can not infuse the spark of life into its poor old skeleton.

And beside her, and a good and artistic tenor, there are a dozen flaws in the mosaic. There is, in the first place, the story. A person whose mind is rational and calm in its judgment ought not to go to Italian operas—unless they go for their mental recreation and rest. They never can get past the story, or if, by a superhuman effort, they do manage to conquer it, they are immediately confronted by the tenor in a pair of boots such as the Marquis of Carabas, in the story, always wore after he became a cat, or the chorus in Spanish cloaks and low shoes. Even though "Io moro per te" may be sung with angelic sweetness, you can not get over the absurdity of the whole performance—Edgardo's nice thoughtfulness in transporting himself to a grave-yard to die, and the attitude of stoical indifference with which that Spanish-cloaked and white-stockinged band look down upon his expiring agonies.

Even suppose that an opera is excellently well done, it is at best a mongrel art—neither music nor drama. A great singer can never be a great actor, for the simple reason that no one can do two things at once. Time was when the Italians never acted at all—now, since the Germans have made a movement to introduce the dramatic element into their personations, the Italians have reluctantly followed in their lead. Tamagno's performance in "Otello" was said to show extraordinary dramatic ability. People said he could act as well as he could sing. But in what did his acting consist? In a good make-up, with eyes painted to look glaring, in a few impassioned gestures, in sitting huddled in a chair and glowering at Desdemona. It appeared great acting by contrast with his usual style of walking menacingly down on the footlights and singing fiercely with his hands hanging by his sides. They can not act and sing. One art must be sacrificed to the other. Many of the Germans act well and have a "method," but no voice. With the auditor, according to his nature, he will be influenced by the art most dear to him, yet will neither see nor hear it in its perfection. Should he love music, the spasmodic efforts of the singer to act will jar on him; should he worship the drama, the singer's sudden relinquishing of all dramatic effort with the commencement of an aria will snap his thread of interest.

Let him who loves music for music's sake hear it at a concert. Here he is at the fountain-head; here there is no "puss-in-boots" tenor, no diamonded, pearl-powdered soprano to drag his attention from the silver harmonies, no absurd, skinny ballet-girls, no ridiculous chorus, no dingy warriors in breast-plate and helm. Here, against bare walls, notes rise upon each other in tremulous sweetness and lingeringly fade, "diminished sigh on sigh." Here the performer feels himself free to give his soul to his performance, with no clogging thoughts of acting, or costume, or dramatic unity to hamper the flight of his muse. With the running of his fingers on the keys, the passing of his bow across the strings, his individuality is revealed to his audience through the medium the most sensitive and emotional in the world of art. Player and listener are enthralled—bound together by a thunder or a thread of sound.

Two more directly opposed musical temperaments than those of Sarasate and D'Albert could not easily be found—the one all poetry and sentiment, a child of light; the other all force and grasp and power. The difference extends to appearance, to stage manner even. Sarasate has the head of a poet, a picturesque dreamer. No practical, common-sense Northern race could have produced that ideally romantic set of features and expression. His genius is shown in his face. D'Albert, on the contrary, is a puzzle. It seems incredible that so strenuous a talent could set no mark upon its possessor. Yet, outside perhaps the broad brow, there is not a hint in his physiognomy that the brain hidden under that shock of brown hair was in any way more distinguished than the brain of any drawing-room dilettante.

Sarasate holds a unique position among the violinists of his day. He is the type of all that is artistic and poetic in the Latin people. His is an art refined, spirituelle, brimming over with delicate fancifulness, and, above all, the acme of plasticity. He possesses technical facility, which commences where the majority of even celebrated virtuosi leave off. No violinist heard here has shown anything comparable to the bird-like fluency of his harmonic playing, the amazing ease of his double stopping, the rounded brilliance of his staccato bowing. His art is consummate—it conceals itself. There is no visible effort; there is no effect of playing. Technically, he is universal. Difficulties do not exist for him. This is the most fluid talent in the world, and herein lies the source of his power.

Of sympathy and magnetism, he shares an equal part, and his gamut of emotional expression only stops short of the severe and heroic. His readings of Beethoven and masters of the intellectual phase of musical art, charm, as they always must, by the polished glaze with which every detail is finished. Yet they still leave the real qualities untouched, and his Beethoven becomes Beethoven à la Sarasate. His playing of these masters has not the masculine force of the playing of such artists as Wilhelmj or Ovide Musin. It is too agreeable, too evidently tuned to catch the lovers of sensuous sweetness with whom the severe, the heroic, the sublime are as Dead Sea fruits.

The whole art aspect of his performance is embodied in the quality of his tone. It is not much beyond the average in volume. Its charm lies in its liquid purity, its unvarying sweetness and sonority in passages either of finest delicacy or extreme power. Sarasate, as an artist, has no faults, but he has a limit which is clearly defined. In his own compositions, he is beyond criticism; then sentiment, structure, and rhythm fit him as the green sheath fits the bud of the rose. His individuality has something to do with the enthusiasm of his audience. They are captivated as well by his dignified bearing and modest confidence as by the effortless perfection of his technique and his flawless intonation.

What Wagner savagely calls "Greek serenity" is scarcely the style of performance to which Eugen d'Albert accustoms his audience. The piano is to him evidently not a thing by which he gains "the applause of listening senates," but a medium through which he interprets a world of emotions, beautiful or otherwise, in a style entirely original and individual. Once having made a grotesque bow, he dismisses his audience entirely from his thoughts and concentrates all his powers upon the task he has set himself.

His technique is of the completest. He follows no particular school. If he wants, he produces the same limply beautiful tone with three fingers on a note as easily as with one. He aims at effect—one means will serve him as well as another. For instance, his octave playing has the same supple brilliance whether produced by a stiffened forearm and wrist, or with ligaments flaccid in the easiest, most effortless manner. As with Sarasate, his technique is universal. In his own style he possesses a more marvelously beautiful tone—an enormous tone. Touch with him means more than the mere action of the fingers, their light or deep sweeping of the keys. He produces much the same result; at one moment huddled up like a gnome brooding on the piano, at the next appearing to throw the whole weight of his body upon the key-board. The two characteristics of his playing—after everything has been said of an inexhaustible technique—are the perfect singing qualities of his tone, and the infinite gradations he can make between an ordinary piano and forte. With all the almost spirit-like delicacy of Sarasate, he combines a depth of phrasing of which the Spanish artist is not master.

In rendering classics, his versatility is phenomenal. His individuality combines the poetic, the rapturous, the impassioned, and the grave. The only failure in his readings is in the heroic. His Beethoven, despite its sincerity and gravity, missed the crowning glory. To no man is it given to be universal. That artist who so lately drew heroic fire from the music of "Otello" could be at times nasal, false in his intonation, and a failure in poetic song generally. D'Albert covers a wider emotional and intellectual field than any artist this city has heard. True, he touches neither the heroic heights of Wilhelmj, nor the sensationalism of Henry Ketter, but between these poles he stands unrivaled. His scale, either in its Niagara-like power or delicacy and lightness of falling rose-leaves, always showed the same almost architectural perfection. A similar generous reasonableness accompanied him in his most impassioned, emotional flights.

With these two rare artists Mme. Berthe Marx, petite and charming, deserves more than passing mention. A method of the purest and a touch of the most delicate articulateness are united to gifts of sympathy and intelligence which place her in the ranks of first-class artists. Her genuine earnestness and subordination in the renderings with Sarasate were evidence of the best judgment and taste.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Mamma, what is a jag?" "I don't know, Tommy. Ask your father."—*Life*.

And so they were married: "Henrietta, will you marry me?" "I will knot."—*New York Times*.

"We never do things by halves in Boston." "No, by George. You do it by dimes and nickels."—*Epoch*.

"Was your uncle's will read yesterday?" "Yes." "What did he leave you?" "He left me out."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

Bridegroom (tremulously)—"You're not nervous, darling?" Bride (widow, firmly)—"Never was yet!"—*Boston Budget*.

Sunday-school teacher—"What is more to be desired than great riches?" Chorus of scholars—"Nothin'!"—*New York Herald*.

"I loved you once," he said, in a reproachful tone. "Well," she responded, "I don't want the earth. Once is enough."—*Washington Post*.

Mr. Threads (at the head of the stairs)—"Sylva, isn't it most time to retire?" Sylva Threads—"Yes, father. Please set the example."—*Puck*.

"Some gymnasts are too fresh," remarked Arnold, as he looked at an exhibition of tumbling. "Yes," added Constable, "and somersault."—*Puck*.

"What can Queen Victoria do with four dozen pairs of gloves a month?" "I'm sure I don't know. I hear she always handled Battenberg without 'em."—*Puck*.

Those stupid dinner-calls: Cholly Rattle—"How vewy fawchunate to find you in, Mrs. Grewsome. My sistah said you were almost certain to be out this evening."—*Time*.

"How do you account for the rank immorality of Chicago?" asked the New Yorker. "We have thirty-five thousand New Yorkers settled there," answered Mr. Laketown.—*Life*.

Samuel Minturn Peck tells, in the *Century*, how he "kissed her in the rain." There is no particular credit in kissing a girl who does not know enough to go in when it rains.—*Suburban*.

"Why, Henry," exclaimed one man to another, "how bald you are getting!" "Yes," answered Henry, absent-mindedly; "hut she's gone on a visit to her mother now."—*Ex*.

Gertie—"What a shocking fright that Alden girl is! Her costumes are outlandish." Florence—"No wonder. She dresses according to the fashion-articles in the Sunday papers."—*Life*.

"How did the colonists manage to exist the first winter after their arrival?" asked the teacher of the class in American history. "The Indians took hair of them," replied Freddy Fangle.—*Ex*.

Elsie (in astonishment)—"There's the moon in the day-time! Isn't that a joke on God?" Mamma—"Why, Elsie, what do you mean?" Elsie—"Why, He forgot to take it in last night."—*Life*.

"I hear," remarked Gilroy to a friend, "that you received an ovation at your lecture the other night." "Yes," replied the lecturer, "I did receive an ovation, but some of the ova were very stale."—*Time*.

"How do you manage to find your way across the ocean?" said a lady to a sea captain. "Why, by the compass. The needle always points to the north." "Yes, I know. But what if you wish to go south?"—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

"Awful accident at the museum." "What was it?" "The wild dog from Borneo got loose last night and ate up three-quarters of the ossified man while he slept." "Does the ossified man know it?" "No; they're afraid to tell him."—*Life*.

Miss Maida—"Papa compared you with Columbus to-day, Mr. Ludgate." Ludgate (encouraged and flattered)—"Really?" Miss Maida—"Yes; speaking about your new brokerage business, he said nobody knew just where you were going to land."—*Judge*.

"I will take a chance in the pincushion if you give me a kiss right here," said Shippen Clarke to the pretty girl who was teasing him at the fair; "will you?" "No," she replied; "but I'll give you ten for ten chances." As this was too much for poor Shippen's pocket-book, he jumped for the door, and pulled the door in after him.—*Puck*.

Miss Madison (of New York)—"How did you like the gondola your uncle sent to you from Venice?" Miss Calumet (of Chicago)—"We didn't like it at all. It was a dreadful black color, and was too slow for anything; but papa had it painted red and white, and put a naphtha-engine in it, so that it is very nice now."—*Yale Record*.

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A Trip to Europe.

A party of gentlemen is being formed to make an extended trip through Europe, starting from this city about May 1st. For all particulars, address S. H. Bigland, 39 Sutter Street.

— THE SECOND OF THE SERIES OF POPULAR concerts at the Unitarian Church takes place to-day at three o'clock. Ernst Hartmann, the eminent artist, will play Beethoven's Waldstein Sonata, Op. 53, which D'Alhert gave at his first concert; also selections from Chopin and Liszt. Mrs. J. M. Pierce and Mr. Robert Lloyd will assist.

— THE PACIFIC AUXILIARY FIRE-ALARM Company are placing boxes connecting buildings direct with the Fire Department. Their system is of considerable value to property-owners, as the insurance authorities regard it favorably and will receive application for a re-rating of premises wherever these auxiliary boxes are installed.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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Before a British lord, a French duke, or an Italian prince can become a citizen of the United States, the Revised Statutes require that he shall make an "express renunciation of any hereditary title or order of nobility" which he may have hitherto borne. Besides divesting his name of its tinsel, he is obliged to go into court with two citizens who are willing to state under oath that he is a man of good character. In addition, he must have lived among us at least five years and be ready to renounce allegiance to his sovereign, and swear that he understands, approves, and will support the American Constitution. We demand these sacrifices and proofs of respectability and intelligence ere we will share our citizenship with the foreigner; and there is a wide-spread sentiment, rapidly extending, which favors a much more searching inquiry into the character of the candidate for naturalization, and a quadruplication of the preliminary term of residence.

But if the British lord, the French duke, or the Italian prince comes to America, not for citizenship, but merely to marry one of our daughters, with a fortune thrown in, he is given both, and no questions asked. Absurdly and scandalously inadequate as is the examination to which the illiterate savage from the Irish bogs is subjected before he is endowed

with his "papers" and turned loose to swell the Democratic majority—except in Blaine years—it is a rigorous inquisition by comparison with the fervid, incurious welcome which is given the noble immigrant who applies for admission to the American family as a son-in-law. The title, which our law despises and reprobates, among us drapes the duskiest reputation in white, frees its owner from the obligations of the Ten Commandments, suspends for him the minor rules of conduct binding upon gentlemen, and serves at once as a social passport, a license to marry, and a check signed in blank drawn against a millionaire fool's bank account. A title is a good thing to have, and no doubt it serves useful purposes—social and other—in the countries where orders of nobility survive. But nowhere else on earth is a title, simply as a title, so valued and respected, as in the American Republic, which has recorded in its organic law its scorn of titles. Our lunacy of adoration for these gauds of monarchy, in such grotesque contradiction of our political declarations, provokes the laughter of the world. We can not get titles for ourselves, unless, like some of our successful San Francisco tradesmen, we go piously to Rome as plain Irishmen and come back, with lighter pockets, as Marquises or Knights of the Holy Ghost, in which case we appear, even to our fellow-republicans, as absurd as the breech-clouted, red-blanketed Indian who tops himself with a plug-hat. But since we can not get titles worth having for ourselves, we come as near to it as we may by purchasing them for our daughters. Within the past five years, these marriages between Americans and Europeans of rank have become frequent. The wretched consequences attending many of them appear to have no deterring effect. The nobleman who comes over here is treed instant, and those who stay at home are either hunted over Europe or stand doggedly by their titles andicker over the terms of surrender.

It is to be presumed that the father who gives his daughter and a barrel of money to a man, expects to derive some personal advantage from the transaction. In these cases, the advantage, if any, can be only social. It is amazing, therefore, to see the sort of people who are thus influenced. Who that knows Mr. Colis P. Huntington, for example, would ever have suspected him of a desire to shine in the gilded halls of pride and pleasure as the father-in-law of a prince? There is not in the business world a man with a harder head, a keener nose for a dollar, or one who is apparently less affected by sentiments due to tenderness of heart or gaudiness of imagination. Yet he has gone and done it—he who in the letters to General Colton, which gave him unexpected literary fame, animadverted so warmly on the folly of one painting himself red before ascending a pole where all might view him and envy his wealth and exaltation. Why should Mr. Huntington—who, in those same letters, spelled diamonds "dimints," with free republican simplicity—care himself to glitter in princely palaces and kingly courts? What rational satisfaction can a man of his mold extract from the kind of social recognition that will accrue to him as the holder of assessable stock in a prince? And such a prince! If the telegrams in the daily press during the last week regarding that nobleman have not caused Mr. Huntington to repent him of his investment, they have at any rate made his countrymen ashamed of it. If we are to believe these accounts—and under the frowning height of Mr. Huntington's wealth the newspapers may be trusted to remember the existence of laws against libel—the man is a cheat and a blackguard, who has made his noble name an advertisement of dishonor. Within the same period, the cable has brought us a companion portrait—that of Lord Mandeville. This noble also married an American, and he has deserted her to seek the more lucrative protection of a music-hall drab, who writes to the wife, in reply to a request for his return, that she is better able than her ladyship to support him. The wife herself is accused of being reduced to the extremity of advertising that she will, for pay, introduce Americans to English society—that is, to place her ambitious countrywomen in a position to equal her own success in snaring a titled husband. The Duchess of Marlborough, too, made a match which greened with envy the hearts of thousands of her sister Americans.

She bought a bestial creature who has trampled on her heart, if she had one, and made the name disgraceful. Miss Caldwell will, we trust, be equally happy when she has concluded her business satisfactorily with Prince Murat. Two continents have been taken into the confidence of this typical pair at each hitch in the negotiations over the price at which the noble suitor holds himself. We say that we hope Miss Caldwell will, as Princess Murat, be as happy as the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Mandeville, and others of our countrywomen who have traded their bodies and purses for noble husbands. Of course, not a few of these marriages have turned out well. There is no reason why a nobleman should not be a gentleman, and no reason why he should not fall in love with an American girl, inspire her with love in return, and marry her. But the nobleman who is bankrupt pecuniarily and seeks to marry a woman who is not of his rank and not of his country, but who is rich, is, in ninety-nine instances in a hundred, bankrupt in character. That is, he is a fortune-hunter. The woman who marries a fortune-hunter for his title, deserves to have him for a husband. She is not only a fool, but in essence something which polite usage will not permit type to say.

The women who do this thing, who so offend good sense and chastity, sin with their eyes open. They are the daughters of wealth, and wealth has presumably given them education, surrounded them with a luxury which should beget refinement of mind, and placed them in a station where they are free to make marriages of affection. But commonly they have fools for their fathers, and that accounts for much. And what, after all, does a title confer on an American girl that is worth having? It is seldom really received by the society to enter which she has sold her small soul. She is tolerated, perhaps, but she is always an intruder, always a parvenue. As for the slaughter-house millionaire of a father, who hoped that his daughter's clutch on the coat-tail of a title, and his own red grip on her skirt would lift both to the drawing-rooms of Europe's aristocracy, the line, happily, is generally drawn with stern firmness at him. But suppose both should be taken in with warmth of welcome, what then? The sort of social life these people crave is no better abroad than it is at home. Here the eating is quite as good, the music as sprightly, and the dancing-floors as well waxed. Possibly even these delights, in the more exclusive temples, are denied in America to the young women who hunt titles, and, by consequence, to their snob fathers and idiot mothers.

We have before us a volume, fresh from a New York press, which is an Eiffel Tower of significance. Its cover reads: "Titled Americans. A List of American Ladies who have Married Foreigners of Rank. Annually Revised. Illustrated with Armorial Bearings." This book—a hideous imitation of the British Bible, "Burke's Peerage"—gives the list it promises, and also another—a list of the English and Irish nobles who are yet unmarried and may be supposed to be within American range. We have no doubt that a large sale awaits this conspicuously well-earned insult to our republic. Its first list carries the record of some honorable, faithful, and happy marriages; but, for the most part, it is a roster of vulgar women, empty of heart and mind, and crazed with a vanity which has murdered modesty and the wish for honest wifehood and motherhood. It is more than that, for the list gives the names of the fathers of these women, their initials, we are pleased to see, often not being considered worthy of the space it would take to print them. Army officers, our only aristocratic caste, figure numerously; so do those of the Southern chivalry; but the bulk of the fathers are men who got rich in pork, trade, and speculation—ordinary American millionaires, whose accumulations have deprived them of patriotism and common sense, and cursed them with an ambition as preposterous, silly, and ignoble as satire itself could impute. These men are, in a sense—and a serious sense, too—disloyal to their country. Where a man makes his money, there he should spend it. The law does not compel this, but a moral obligation requires it. But for the existence of the community, no man could achieve wealth. He owes something, therefore, to the community in return for the opportunities it has afforded him. If we see a portion of

what we have all paid out for railroad freights and fares, or mining-stocks, or beer and champagne, beef, bread, and to-hacco, going into improvements which augment business and beautify the thoroughfares, or into mansions which dignify the city of our residence, or benevolently into schools, churches, parks, or museums, which increase knowledge and confirm our faith in the unselfish side of human nature, we feel that we have not drawn on our pockets in vain; but if wealth derived from us is given to worthless creatures to squander in Europe on dogs, horses, and ballet-girls, then we know that the square thing is not being done, no matter what may be said of the right of a man to do what he likes with his own. When reciprocity is thus refused, there should be reprisal. These men who find America good enough to make their money in but not good enough to spend it in, for whose daughters American young men are not eligible as bushands, and for whose aspirations only European society is sufficiently elevated—these men should meet the resentment of American society, if they happen to be worth it—they and their daughters, their wives, and their sons-in-laws, whether the latter be blackguards or gentlemen. The *Argonaut* is for a social hoycott.

The cost of running the government of the city of San Francisco last year was \$4,365,336.84, or, on an estimated population of 310,000, \$14.08 per person; the cost of the city government of Baltimore was \$4,986,235.21, an average of \$9.97 for each person, placing the population of that city at 500,000. The cost of government to each citizen of Baltimore is, therefore, something more than four dollars a year cheaper than it is to us, and this difference is emphasized when we examine the items of expenditure, the fixed expenses being less, the government expenses being proportionally greater. The first fixed expenditure is the interest on the bonded debt. The debt of Baltimore is \$30,736,561.63, that of this city is \$902,811.11, and as a consequence our payments for interest are considerably less than those of the former, the amounts being respectively \$954,064.70 and \$114,740. This difference is, however, not so much as it should be, for the rate of interest here is considerably higher. Baltimore obtains money at rates ranging from three to six per cent.; the bonds of San Francisco draw six and seven per cent. interest. The principal portion of the bonded indebtedness of this city has been incurred for permanent improvements and should have drawn less interest. For park improvements there are \$475,000 outstanding, drawing six per cent.; for schools, \$285,000 at seven per cent., and \$200,000 at six per cent.; for public buildings, \$514,500 at six and \$150,000 at seven per cent. The assessed valuation of San Francisco was \$241,119,410 real-estate and \$64,920,995 personal property, a total of \$306,040,405; the total assessed valuation of Baltimore was \$297,516,724, and of Boston it was \$764,448,400. The valuation is, therefore, slightly higher than Baltimore with an area ten square miles less and a population forty per cent. greater, while it is less than one-half of the valuation of Boston, which has an area four miles less than this city and a population about one-fourth greater. This difference in valuation is met by a considerably lower rate of taxation. The tax rate in Baltimore last year was \$1.90 for city purposes, that of Boston was \$1.34, while this city was confined to the dollar limit. San Francisco has 67 miles of accepted streets, Baltimore has 450 miles. The cost of repairing the streets of this city was \$128,169.39, or \$1,912.97 a mile. Baltimore paid for the same service \$203,465.40, an average of \$452.15 a mile. Boston, with about the same mileage as Baltimore, paid \$16,686.47, an average of \$1,630 per mile; considerably more than Baltimore and about as much less than San Francisco. The high rate in this city is, however, largely due to the fact that a great part of the work was for grading and paving streets, rather than for repairs to pavements already laid. The cost of street-cleaning per mile was as follows: Baltimore, \$590; Boston, \$986; and San Francisco, \$1,530. The work of lighting the streets also shows somewhat against this city. Baltimore has 7,182 gas-lamps, an average of 232 to the square mile; Boston averages 273, with a total of 10,104; and San Francisco has 5,249, averaging only 125 to the mile. Besides these gas-lamps, Baltimore has 600 electric-lights, Boston has 704, and this city 186. The cost of lighting the streets was: Baltimore, \$312,026.42, an average of \$40 per light; Boston, \$573,661.15, an average of \$53 per light; and San Francisco, \$252,474.99, an average of \$46. The police force of San Francisco numbers 405, and cost the city \$551,050.25, or an average of \$1,360.60 for each member. Expressed otherwise, there is one member of the force to every 864.8 persons in the city, and slightly less than ten to every square mile. New York, with very nearly the same area, has 80 to the square mile, and one to every 529.27 of the population; Baltimore has 23 to the mile, and one to every 567.38 of the population; Boston has 21 to the mile, and one to every 537.98 of the population. The cost per member of the police force in Baltimore is \$1,023, in Boston, \$1,443. San Francisco thus has fewer policemen to the square mile,

and fewer compared with the population than the other cities, while the force is more economically administered than that of Boston, less so than that of Baltimore. The same relative positions are maintained in regard to the fire department. The fire department of this city cost \$419,421.57; that of Baltimore cost a little more than half of this—\$269,481.04; and Boston a little more than twice as much—\$853,824.19. The number of school-buildings in Boston is 555; in Baltimore, 140; and in San Francisco, 71. This represents an average per mile for the three cities of 15, 4.5, and 1.6, respectively, and, averaged by population, 709, 3,570, and 4,500. This is not at all a satisfactory showing for this city, and averaged by the number of children of school age, the same deficiency is seen. Baltimore has one school to every 790 children, while San Francisco has but one to every 1,173 children. The cost per school in the three cities was: Baltimore, \$6,550.60; Boston, \$3,330.97; San Francisco, \$12,882.30. The number of enrolled children in the schools was: Baltimore, 46,521; Boston, 60,126; San Francisco, 42,626. This shows that a larger percentage of the children of school age is enrolled in this city than in the others, and the percentage of enrolled pupils who attend daily is nearly the same in all three cities. This indicates an efficiency of the school system of this city which counteracts somewhat the higher cost and smaller number of school-buildings. The salaries paid teachers in this city are somewhat higher than those paid in Baltimore. From these comparisons, we may judge somewhat of the economy of the government of this city. In almost every case Baltimore, a representative Southern city, is more economically administered than this city. And in nearly every case the government is more complete and efficient. This is the result of several obvious causes. The rate of wages is higher here than in the East, and this increases the salaries of officials as well as the wages of clerks and laborers. A considerable part of the expenses of this city are incurred for original improvements, a consequence of the fact that the city is still young. In Baltimore, these expenses were incurred and paid years ago. Baltimore receives a rental for the franchises of street-railroads, and charges telephone companies thirty cents per lineal yard for putting wires under ground; San Francisco receives nothing from these sources, and thus is obliged to increase its assessment in order that the tax levy, limited to one dollar, shall raise the necessary amount. Boston, on the other hand, is more expensively administered than this city. This results partly from the fact that its area for administrative purposes is greater than that of this city, because it is more thickly settled. But the expense of administration in Boston, compared with that of Baltimore, emphasizes the fact that Northern cities are more extravagant than those in the South, a consequence of the greater proportion of the foreign element.

When the subject of labor is suggested to the capitalist, he immediately has his vision vexed with the image of a lazy, red-faced agitator or a treacherous property-destroyer. When the rights of capital are mentioned to the laborer, his eye becomes fiery and fierce as he sees, in imagination, a rapacious Dives with his haughty foot upon the neck of Lazarus. This antagonistic attitude, which labor and capital have assumed toward each other, has given rise to the popular theory that they are essentially conflicting and inharmonious. The sea-saw theory that as the laborer goes down the capitalist goes up, and *e converso*, although the doctrine of Ricardo and other political economists, is an utter fallacy. True labor and genuine capital are essentially a unity, and have never, nor will ever, be found separated. Labor is the human effort directed to the production or maintenance of whatever is necessary, useful, and beneficial to mankind. Capital is that which supplies material, tools, facility, and opportunity to labor. Labor and capital, therefore, in essential combination result in the common well-being of society. Separate them and capital becomes useless private wealth, while labor becomes crippled and unproductive individual effort. The real conflict which is agitating the world to-day is caused by the unequal division of the profits of this coöperative copartnership. Capital has been given a vast artificial power of increase and accumulation not possessed by labor. Capital and labor are equally interested in having a just division of the products of their combined efforts. The law of interest—not only as applied to private loans, but as well to general investments—governs completely the rent and use of all property, and consequently the reward of labor. By increasing the rate of interest, both the principal and the interest have an increased power over property. The right to determine and fix the value of money in general, whether used by others or ourselves, belongs as much to the government as the right to fix the length of the yard or the weight of the pound. Such is our monetary system that we can form no correct idea of what the value of money will be in the public market at the end of a month, while in its more private and general use there is no regulation of its value at all. The Constitution of the United States, Article I, Section VIII, 5, declares: "The

Congress shall have power to coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of weights and measures." Money is, then, a legal creation. It is constituted a legal representative of property, a public medium for the exchange of products, and a tender in payment of debts. The popular theory that the value of money depends upon the material of which it is made is a great error. The value of money depends upon its power to represent value, and not upon the intrinsic value of its material—for no material can have an absolutely fixed value. The material must be invested with the attribute and function of money by the government, or it immediately finds its level as a common commodity, whose value will be determined by the law of supply and demand. If gold money be changed into an ornament, it is a gold ornament, not a money ornament. If silver money is converted into a spoon, it becomes a silver spoon, not a money spoon. The gold or silver by such change of form ceases at once to be a legal representative of value, and falls back upon its intrinsic value. A pound of sugar is no more valuable because weighed by a gold or silver pound-weight. The distinctive power of money is its legal ability to measure and exchange values. If the public systems of measures are just and uniform, they will equitably determine quantities and values, whether of land, labor, or commodities, but every variation from their legal standard is a fraud upon the public. The value of actual property, as measured by money, depends upon the frequency of its transfer. A given sum of money measures in a given time a given amount of property, as it passes from one individual to another. As money determines, at any given time, the value of the thing it buys or transfers, we see at once the necessity and obligation of the government to keep its power to measure and represent value just and uniform.

Some political economists declare that money is a producer of value—but nothing can be more false. It possesses no such power. Land produces by the multiplication of the seed sown—by the growth of additional quantities. Money can only accumulate things already produced. The interest on money, loaned or invested, does not grow upon the original amount, but must be paid out of other money received in exchange for property, products, or labor.

The almost unrestricted power of money to accumulate value is the secret source of the apparent conflict between capital and labor. The market value of a house or farm rises or falls with the rise or fall of its yearly rent. So the value of money rises or falls with the rise or fall of its rent or interest. As an instance of the wonderful accumulative power of money, a rate of interest of seven per cent. per annum will accumulate a sum equal to the principal loaned or invested in ten years. If the standard rate of interest is six per cent. and a man receives twelve per cent. for his dollar—while it retains the name of a dollar—it possesses twice its ordinary value, and exercises a power over property and labor equal to two legal dollars. The rate of percentage on money, whether in interest or profits, governs the rent and use of all property and the reward of all labor. With the present accumulative power of money, and the unequal and unjust division of the profits as between the man of money and the man of labor, the laboring class must receive less and less as its share of the net proceeds. If the laboring class works for a mere subsistence and the capitalist takes the whole surplus earnings, with which he buys more land and builds more houses—thus taking a still greater proportion from the laborer—then by this geometrical ratio of capitalistic increase a few rich men must inevitably come into the possession of the property of the many.

This question, now so difficult of solution, can only be satisfactorily settled by a general law or rule of proportion—making so much labor equal to so much capital—and impartially awarding to each his due share of all industrial profits. This principle, practically carried out to its legitimate consequences, would simply amount to general coöperation, which is the great fundamental law of all social life and national progress and prosperity.

The resignation of Bismarck emphasizes the fact that German history is about to enter upon a new epoch. The history and development of Germany have for thirty years been shaped by one man; he and Emperor William growing up side by side, carrying out together their plans for the consolidation of the German states with Prussia at their head, had so ready a sympathy with each other, and understood each other's motive so well, that conflicts could not exist. Bismarck has always been autocratic; he could not brook interference in carrying out his plans in his own way. It was inevitable, therefore, that when the present emperor ascended the throne there should be frequent friction. William the Third has ideas of his own, and they are radically different from those of Bismarck. Probably the most difficult phase of the political situation of the country is that presented by the Socialist movement. Bismarck has always endeavored to control the Social Democrats by force. His policy can

scarcely be considered successful, judged by its results. The Socialists have steadily increased in numbers. In 1871, they polled 125,000 votes. In 1874, their vote was 352,000. In 1877 the highest point was reached for a time, the vote being 493,000. After that it decreased slightly, until 1884, when it rose to 550,000. In 1887 it was 764,000, and this year it is 920,000. These figures would indicate that Bismarck's policy of repression has not been successful. And this is partly because Bismarck himself, in spite of his anti-socialist legislation, has really advanced the spread of socialistic ideas extensively. He has always believed in a strongly paternal government. But he differs from the Social Democrats in desiring this paternal state to be autocratic in form, and in demanding that he himself shall be the autocrat. But he is getting old, and the unbending will is not backed up by the old-time force. Opposition irritates him now more than it did, and he shrinks from the annoyances which come with the new state of affairs. For the young emperor believes in a policy of conciliation for the Social Democrats. He, too, would propose socialistic legislation, but it is the legislation demanded by the Socialists, not the development of a plan of his own, and in its enactment he would call upon the Socialists for assistance. Yet, strange to say, with all this striving after popularity, the emperor is, at heart, an ardent autocrat. He will allow legislation to satisfy the discontented, but it is a concession to them, which he may withhold or grant at his pleasure. It is not alone in his socialistic tendencies that the emperor has irritated Bismarck. They have repeatedly come into conflict, and it was rumored that the chancellor's resignation was presented some time ago, but withdrawn because of the result of the late elections. This result was both unexpected and serious. The Cartel majority, which numbered two hundred and thirteen at the close of last session, has elected only seventy-four candidates. This is a most serious blow to the government, and left them in the position of being obliged to bring about a coalition between their shattered Cartel forces and the Clericals, who, with ninety members, are the strongest faction in the Reichstag. The price of this was the repeal of the anti-Catholic legislation, for which the chancellor had worked so hard. The outlook was, therefore, not very encouraging for Bismarck, and he has put in a plea of old age—he is seventy-five—as an excuse for his retirement. Were this his only reason, his resignation would hardly have been followed by that of his son. The emperor now has things all his own way and may do as he pleases. He has appointed General Caprivi to the chancellorship. But as Caprivi has never distinguished himself, except in a military way, it is probable that the emperor proposes to direct things himself. At present, his particular hobby is the International Labor Conference, to which he invited the different countries to send delegates. The object of the conference is principally to try to devise some plan by which the demands of the laborers, as shown by the numerous strikes recently, may be acceded to. It is doubtful, however, whether much good will come of it, for the other countries represented are scarcely likely to agree to such legislation as Germany may be expected to propose.

The Presbyterians are, at present, very much agitated over the proposition to revise their confession of faith. The great body of the Presbyterian laity hail the new movement with joy. The ministers, however, clinging to the shattered shell of a dead doctrine, refuse to take a single advanced step in the grand and universal march of truth. It is to the credit of the younger ministers that they are in sympathy with the progressive movement. When we see men like Dr. William M. Paxton, of Princeton Theological Seminary, and Dr. John Hall, of New York, contending for the doctrines of reprobation, infant damnation, and the damnation of the whole heathen world, we are not surprised that skepticism is on the increase. The church or creed which teaches the ultrasupralapsarian view of divine grace—that infants are damned, congenitally damned, damned before they are born, and damned after they die, even if they live only a moment—is an enemy of true morality and civilization. Such a creed crushes out the finest feelings and sweetest sympathies of the human heart. To worship the God of such a creed is to worship cruelty and brutality. When we see men subscribing to this diabolical doctrine of infant damnation, and yet continuing to bring infants into the world, we can not resist the conclusion that they are insincere in their faith. Such a creed should not only be criticised and revised, but mercilessly pulverized. The constitution of a nation and the creed of a church are but the crystallization of the political and religious opinions of the people living at the time of their formulation. Living in the nineteenth century, with its increase of light and knowledge, we indignantly refuse to be governed by the seventeenth-century dogmas in either politics or religion. The stream of human history rolls continually forward, change following change. Taken as a whole, this process is a progress, an ascent from the lower and ruder to the higher and more comprehensive. Theories, doctrines, and systems wane and become extinct, but the race survives,

and all the material and moral good achieved reverts at last to mankind, who have eminent domain over the earth. So that much slips from the decaying hand of the present, but nothing is finally lost to humanity; much is outgrown, naught is wasted.

"Old Gabriel," an Indian, reputed to be over one hundred and fifty years old, died in this State last week. The *post-mortem* examination disclosed the fact that he had practically died from "organic atrophy," or the wearing out of important organs. This was evidently a case of death from old age, and would seem to fix the natural limit of human life at something more than double the allotted three-score-and-ten. It is very questionable, however, whether Gabriel was really one hundred and fifty years old. There is a record of the baptism of an Indian named Gabriel, but whether this is the same one may well be doubted. It is noticeable that these cases of extreme old age occur nearly always among semi-civilized people. Cases are continually coming to light of California Indians of extreme old age, and they suggest the question whether it is the mode of life of these people or an effect of climate which we also will begin to feel after a generation or two. Do we wear ourselves out before the natural time by our lives of restless energy? The problem of how life may be prolonged is always an interesting one, but unfortunately the information accumulated on the subject gives us but little light. Abstinence from alcoholic drinks is generally supposed to tend to longevity, yet not a few cases are recorded of persons who have lived to be over one hundred and have used spirituous liquors all their lives. Others have been users of tobacco in both forms without its having shortened their lives apparently. Vegetarians have reached a green old age, and so have eaters of meat; some have been heavy eaters, others light eaters, without any apparent effect on their longevity. A favorite theory is that long life is a matter of inheritance, that a strong constitution and long lives are found in families generation after generation. Yet as many cases of very long lives are found where the parents died young as where they reached old age. Nor is health through life an essential. Cases are recorded of centenarians who were sickly in youth, and who had delicate constitutions. Samuel Rogers, who lacked eight years of completing a century of life, declared that up to the age of fifty he never knew what health meant. Regularity of habits, of diet, even personal cleanliness (*vide* St. Anthony, who lived one hundred and five years), seem to have no influence. There is one fact, however, which seems to help us negatively. Geniuses never attain extreme old age, and it would seem that their fiery energy and irregular habits have a tendency to shorten life. The truth seems to be that none of these things will of themselves lengthen life, but that it is purely a question of temperament. One temperament requires regular habits, another is cramped and irritated by them; one requires stimulating drink or exercise, another requires quieting influences. But behind this is a characteristic that is found among all long-lived persons. Tenacity of life, a determination not to give up to disease or weakness, seems to be the true secret of longevity. Many a man dies before his time because he has not the will-power to fight against disease. With this tenacity of life other influences have but little effect one way or the other. But unfortunately, having found this fountain of youth, few of us can drink of the waters. Tenacity of life is born with some, others may acquire it to a limited degree, but to the greater number it is unattainable, and we may expect the centenarian to continue to be the exception, while the majority of men must be satisfied with their allotted three-score-and-ten.

There is a deep-seated conviction in the hearts of the American people that the public-school system is one of the most important features of our government; there is an equally deep-seated conviction in the hearts of the Roman Catholic priesthood that a liberal education is destructive of the influence of the church. In the Eastern States, the opposition to the public schools has been more active than it has been here, and has expressed itself openly in a demand, frequently repeated, for a division of the public-school fund in order to support the parochial schools at the expense of the State. Beyond and behind this is the dictation of the priests to their parishioners, demanding that the children of Roman Catholics shall not be sent to the public schools. The Prothonotary Apostolic in New Jersey recently warned the congregation of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Newark, that their children must be removed from the public schools under penalty of excommunication and a denial of absolution. The pressure of public indignation compelled a retreat from this extreme position, but it is a clear indication of the policy that would be pursued by the church unless restrained by irresistible public sentiment. The extremity of their opposition to the public schools was illustrated by a case that occurred in Plainfield, New Jersey. A widow was compelled by the church authorities to remove her son from the public schools, and when she applied for admission for him to the parochial school,

she was denied on the ground that the school was already full. The boy was, therefore, denied all education rather than permit him to be taught in the public schools. The gagé thus thrown down by the Roman Catholic Church has been taken up by the State. An amendment to the constitution is proposed, making it unlawful for any power—local or foreign—to use dictation or coercion in order to compel the attendance of children upon any particular school or to compel their absence from any particular school. This extreme measure has been rendered necessary by the action of the church authorities. The constitutional guarantee of religious liberty does not extend to permitting any religious denomination to deny or restrict the civil rights of its members. It is to be hoped that the proposed amendment will be adopted, and that the Roman Catholic Church may be made to understand that it must avoid all interference with the civil liberty of the citizens of this country.

San Francisco has been trying for several years to get a post-office that would be in some degree consonant with the importance of the city, but owing to the insufficiency of the appropriations, nothing has been accomplished so far. Judging from the manner in which San Francisco's appropriation has been limited, one would suppose that this branch of public business is conducted economically. But that this is hardly the case is proved by the fact that there are now before Congress over two hundred bills appropriating money for public buildings throughout the United States, some in towns of less than four thousand inhabitants. The amounts to be appropriated under these bills aggregate \$42,784,000. Of the different States thus favored, Ohio has fourteen bills; North Carolina, twelve; New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois, eleven each; Kansas and Massachusetts, ten each; Michigan and Wisconsin, nine each, and the others have less, ranging down to one for each of half-a-dozen States. California has seven, distributing \$2,100,000, as follows: San Diego, \$500,000; San Francisco, \$400,000; Los Angeles, \$350,000; Oakland and Sacramento, \$300,000 each; San José, \$200,000; and Stockton, \$50,000. Among the larger appropriations are \$2,500,000 for Kansas City, a city considerably less than one-third the size of San Francisco; \$1,500,000 for St. Paul, Minn., a city about one-fourth the size of this; \$3,000,000 to Chicago; \$1,000,000 to Indianapolis. Camden, Ark., a town of less than five thousand inhabitants, gets \$25,000, or a little more than five dollars for each man, woman, and child in the community.

In New York city the elevated railroads have been in the habit of deriving a considerable income from the use of the walls of their stations, for advertising purposes. The stations have been plastered with posters of every variety until they have become an eye-sore. The question of the right of the companies to use the stations for this purpose recently came before the court of common pleas, and has been decided against the companies. The decision is based on the well-known rule of law that the powers of a corporation are only such as are expressed in its charter, and that it can do only such things as are necessary and proper in the exercise of these powers. The elevated roads were given the right to use the streets to erect their roadway and for stations for the convenience of their passengers. The carrying of passengers is the object of their existence, and the use of the walls of stations for advertising is neither necessary nor proper in the carrying out of this object. It was purely by accident that the question came before the court, or so obvious a ruling would have been made before. In this case an advertiser contracted to have his advertisements placed in the stations, and then sued for a failure to perform the contract according to its terms. The court held that the contract could not be enforced because the action of the elevated road in leasing the advertising privileges was *ultra vires*, and the company had no power to convert the stations into advertising boardings. The decision applied only to the use of the walls of stations, but the same reasoning applies to the use of cars for similar purposes. The franchise of a street-railway company confines it to certain specific objects. The sale of advertising space on its stations or in its cars is not among them.

THE FAMILY OF OUR MINISTER TO AUSTRIA.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The following paragraph is from the *Brooklyn Eagle*:

Mrs. Fred Grant, who was a Miss Honore, of Chicago, is a very prim-natured woman, with the rigidest ideas of child government, and is, moreover, a very intense Catholic. She will not allow the girls to be taught anything that would tend to make them independent in thought or strong-minded in any way. Anything but the simplest rules of arithmetic is forbidden them to learn. They are taught no philosophy of any kind, not even natural philosophy, and can read only those books that are considered perfectly colorless and without danger. Music and languages they devote much time to, but they are never allowed to argue any point and must not question anything an older person says, while they are kept very strictly to their religious observances.

I wonder if it will seem to you, as it does to me, odd that in this age of progress, enlightenment, and education an American mother—or some friend for her—should parade in the public prints, as something worthy of notice or perhaps emulation, the fact that she is rearing her daughters in the manner stated in the article in question, and is it not another link in the chain of evidence establishing the allegation—which you have so often and so forcibly made—that ignorance and the Roman Catholic faith do and must, of necessity, go hand in hand?

Now that we are in possession of Mrs. Frederick Grant's peculiar views, and as it is quite likely that Colonel Grant will not prove an exception to the general rule of wifely influence, I fancy that the American people generally will look with grave apprehension upon any continuance of his public career after his mission to Catholic Austria is terminated.

Yours respectfully,
GENEVA, February 18, 1890.

A SIBERIAN TRAGEDY.

By George Moore.

Mme. Ardloff was a slender, blonde-haired little Parisian, who once used to dance lightly in the hall-rooms of the Champs-Élysées, and chatter gayly of the things of the boulevard; but she now no longer felt interest in anything. Paris was to her a vanished dream, Siberia an unchanging reality. Nine months out of every year of blank, mournful snows, white silence, extending from horizon to horizon; then a brief respite, when the fields caught flower, and color rushed through every valley and over every hill, and innumerable insects buzzed in the green underwood of the steppes—such is Siberia.

She had married Count Ardloff, the Governor of Tobolsk, to save her father from ruin; but this child of the asphalt thrived poorly in the desert, and her husband saw, and with fierce anger, that she could not endure her present life; saw there was nothing in common between them but the chain of marriage by which he held her.

"Scratch the Russian and you will find the Tartar." Nothing can be more true. Primitive races can but ape the sentiments and refinements of feeling which make bearable our lives, and Count Ardloff could not pass the gulf—the impassable gulf—the gulf made by centuries of civilization which lay between him and his wife. He could hold her to his bosom, but even then she seemed nearer to Vanca, a young Polish officer, than to him.

And yet no friendship could be purer; they were merely exiles who talked of their distant homes, their lost friends, and their abandoned dreams.

But such sentiments are little understood in Siberia, and ugly little rumors concerning Mme. Ardloff and young Vanca had begun to be whispered—the end of a phrase hissed slightly and a concluding smile turned somewhat serpent-wise—that was all.

Count Ardloff watched and waited, as suspicious and fierce as a wild cat.

He was a man about fifty, his beard was strong and gray, and he stood like a Hercules. Five years passed in Paris had lent him a disguise which, in his ordinary moods, perfectly enabled him to hide his Tartar character, and when she married him, the bright French girl little thought that a few glasses of champagne or a slight contradiction would transform the elegant gentleman on whose arm she leaned into a savage Cossack.

Now a fierce gleam shot from his eyes as they fell upon his wife, who, lying back in her easy-chair, sat languidly listening to Vanca's clear voice. It mattered not to the count what they were saying. He did not stay to consider whether they were planning an elopement or talking of the emperor. He merely hated her for appearing to be so intimate with one of his officers. She belonged to him; she was his property—a property he had acquired because it had pleased him to do so. What, then, did she mean by thinking of or concerning herself about any one else?

These were the count's thoughts as he took the cards that had been handed to him and shuffled them through his strong fingers. Some eight or a dozen gentlemen in the uniform of the Russian Army were grouped around him, a lady sat at the piano, and couples were seated under the greenery of the exotic plants with which the recesses of the room were filled. There was not much conversation, the interest of the company being apparently centered in the count. Every now and then some one passed across the room, and, after warming the cards for a few minutes, would cringingly murmur some words of adulation. Every phrase began or ended with "Your excellency," and was rounded off with a how.

But the count paid very little attention to his flatterers. When he had finished dealing, as he threw down the last card, he glanced again in the direction where his wife was sitting.

As she listened to the young Pole, her attitude grew more and more abandoned. He spoke to her of his past life, of a lost love; and the accents of regret with which he narrated his experiences reminded her of how she had suffered similar deceptions; of how her aspirations and glad visions had, like his, perished. They spoke of those sad, eternal truths which each pair of lovers fancy they alone have discovered, but which have moved all past generations, as they will doubtless move all those which are coming to birth, till man's soul has ceased to be what it is.

So absorbed were Vanca and Mme. Ardloff in the contemplation of the past, that they were only so much conscious of each other as each helped the other to realize their separate lives. The outer world had faded from them, and in the insinuating emotion which drew them together she leaned her hands over the edge of the chair, and, following the movement instinctively, he took up the glove she had laid down and played with it.

At this sign of intimacy, the count's eyes flashed vindictively, and he called to his wife, impatiently:

"Marie, will you order some champagne?"

Without answering, she told Vanca to ring the bell. Instantly rising, he complied with her request, and then, forgetting he had not returned the countess her glove, stopped to speak to a friend. His friend tried to warn him with a look, but, before a word could be said, the Pole had walked across the room, still twirling the fatal glove in his fingers.

He did this with a certain nonchalance that would have angered a better-tempered man than Count Ardloff. A grim scowl passed across his face, and he whispered something to an aide-de-camp, who stood near him. The officer left the room.

It was a terrible moment, full of consternation and silence; but before the unfortunate Pole had time to realize his danger two Cossack soldiers entered the apartment. The company gave way before them, withdrawing into groups and lines. Vanca had his back turned to them, and he still wrapped the fatal glove round and round his fingers. He stood as if lost in reverie, scanning a marble bust of the countess.

At last the stillness of the room awoke him, and, as the Cossacks were about to seize him, he turned. His frightened eyes met theirs; he started back precipitately; but, with a quiet movement, the soldiers laid hands upon him. In a low voice the aide-de-camp said:

"You are arrested by order of his excellency."

Dazed and bewildered, Vanca pushed the soldiers from him, and, stretching forth his hands, appealed to the count.

"How is this, your excellency?" he cried, wildly; "I am guilty of nothing. There must be some mistake."

Count Ardloff stood broad, tall, and vindictive, with the light of the lustre shining full on his high, bald forehead; an iron-gray beard concealed the lower part of his square face.

Vanca cried one more word of appeal, and then stopped puzzled.

Mme. Ardloff arose, pale and trembling, but her husband motioned her away.

The guests remained in rows, still as the figures of a frieze, and, at a sign from the officer, with a movement of shoulders, the Cossacks forced the Pole from the room. The scene was very short.

Immediately after, the count spoke of indifferent things, and glasses of champagne were handed round. Mme. Ardloff stared vacantly, unable to collect her thoughts; till, suddenly seeing the glove which Vanca had dropped, the reason of his arrest dawned upon her, and she trembled violently, and so agitated was she that she could scarcely say good-bye to her guests. The count, however, dismissed them rapidly, speaking all the while of the approaching summer, the number of convicts that had escaped from the mines, and the emperor.

When husband and wife were alone, the count picked up the glove and handed it to the countess, with an ironical smile, and, without alluding to what had happened, said that it was very late, and advised her to retire to her room.

She obeyed without answering.

She knew something horrible was going to happen, and, stupefied with fear, she mounted the staircase. He stayed behind to give an order, and, mastering her fears, she listened.

He was talking in the hall below to his aide-de-camp, and she heard him say that Vanca must be at once degraded to the ranks, and her heart beat with joy at the prospect of his escaping with so slight a punishment. Her emotion was so great that she did not catch the next phrase, and when she heard again, her husband was telling his officer to have all in readiness, that he would be at the barracks at nine next morning.

There was something strange in this, and Mme. Ardloff went trembling to her room. The shadows seemed livid and the lamp burned luridly, and oppressed with the horrors of the evening, she sat in the silence, afraid to go to bed.

Through the frozen window-panes she could see glistening the wide snows of the Siberian winter. Wearily she asked herself why she had been condemned to live in these impassable deserts. The howl of a dog broke the stillness of the night, and it sounded in her excited mind like the last dying cry of some poor one unjustly done to death. What was to become of Vanca? Why could not she save him? Save him! Was there need for that? Starting to her feet, she strove by an effort of will to rid herself of her terrors. Then, shaken with forebodings and regrets, she undressed; but a hundred fancies assailed her imagination and gave life to the figures on the tapestry, to the shadows on the floor, and, white, like a ghost in a tomb, she lay restless in her large bed.

Sleep fled from her, until at last she fell into a deep, dreamless torpor, from which, toward morning, she was awakened by a heavy tramping of feet in the corridor. A moment after her husband entered. He was attired in the Russian military cloak, and his hand was on his sword.

"Get up," he said, impatiently; "I want you to come out with me. I have ordered the sledge."

"Why should I get up at this hour? It is only just daylight, and I am very tired."

"I am sorry you are tired, but I want you to come to the barracks."

Remembering the order she had heard given over night, Mme. Ardloff turned pale at the mention of the word barracks. Twenty times she felt an indefinite desire rising up within her to throw herself into his arms and beg of him to be merciful; but he looked so implacable that her courage died away, and she feared that any interest she might show for Vanca would only still further prejudice his chance of escape.

Wrapping her long, blue-fox fur mantle around her, she told him she was ready. He looked to see if she had forgotten anything. Her handkerchief lay on the table, and as he handed it to her his attention was attracted by a *flacon de sel volatile*.

"We may want this," he said, and slipped it into her pocket.

"What do you mean?" she said, turning suddenly; "are you going to murder me?"

"To murder you!" he replied, laughing cynically; "what nonsense!"

And half pushing her before him they descended the staircase. She tried several times to resist him, but he got her into the sledge.

"To the barracks," he cried to the coachman, as he sat down beside his wife and arranged the rugs.

During the drive neither spoke a word. His face was clouded in a sort of sullen moodiness, and terrified she looked down the dazzling perspectives of the outlying streets. The barracks were situated at the further end of the eastern suburb. The horses cantered briskly, and soon a large building appeared. It stood alone; all round stretched the white expanse of the steppes; and the sledge passed a large gateway into the harrack-square, which had been cleared of snow.

The officer who was waiting to receive them, helped the count to descend. Mme. Ardloff was told to remain seated.

Immediately after, a trumpeter blew a call and a file of men marched to within a few yards of the sledge and formed themselves into a double line.

"Front rank, quick march," cried the officer. When they had gone eight paces, he cried, "Halt!" and then gave the order, "Right-about turn."

Vanca was then led forth. He walked between two soldiers. He was naked to the waist, and behind him came the executioner. He carried in his hand the barbarous knout, and over his shoulder dangled its seven cruel lashes.

In Russia, an officer of the army can not be flogged, but he can be degraded to the ranks in twenty-four hours. This is what happened in the present case. Vanca was now a common soldier, and was waiting to receive the fifty lashes to which he had been sentenced.

And the fashion of administering the knout in Russia is as follows: The condemned man is forced to walk between two files of soldiers; before him, holding a sword pointed at his breast, is an officer, who steps backward with a slow and precise pace, which regulates the strokes which the executioner administers. So terrible are the loaded thongs, armed at the end with sharp iron hooks, that at the tenth or eleventh blow even the most robust fall fainting to the ground. Sometimes, however, the executioner is merciful and kills the victim outright; but more often he is forbidden to strike with his full force, and the mangled being is carried to a hospital and cured of his wounds; and this is repeated until he has received his full punishment.

Such is Russia—and for Vanca all was now prepared; the soldiers stood in line, the executioner twirled his lashes, only an officer to lead the way remained to be appointed. It was for Count Ardloff to do this.

He looked around; there were half-a-dozen men standing around him, any one of whom he might have chosen. As he glanced from one to the other, his attention was attracted by a man who, from a doorway at the other end of the harrack-yard, was eagerly watching.

"Who is that man?" asked the count.

The man was called. It was Vanca's brother.

"What are you waiting about the doorway for?"

"I was waiting to see if your excellency would pardon my poor brother," replied the Pole.

"Pardon your poor brother," said Count Ardloff, with a bitter sneer; "I will show you how I pardon. Draw your sword and lead the way, and take care you don't walk too fast."

After one deep, questioning look, which told him that the Russian meant to be obeyed, he broke his sword across his knee, and said, as he hurled the pieces scornfully aside:

"Do with me as you will, but I will not serve a country inhabited by barbarians and governed by fiends."

Even the Cossacks exchanged glances of sympathy, and had they known the whole truth, it was not improbable that they might have revolted. Suffice to say, that for a moment Mme. Ardloff feared for her husband's safety. But his fierce brutality dominated his soldiers, and the elder Vanca was manacled and a heavy guard placed over him.

The scene that then presented itself was this: Two files of soldiers, Count Ardloff commanding, stern and implacable; one brother half-naked and bleeding, the other in irons; a pale woman with agony written in her face, wrapped up in furs, and a pair of horses munching in their nose-bags, unconscious of aught else.

The officer took another step back; the seven thongs whistled in the air, and again tore into red furrows the lacerated flesh. As Vanca staggered forward, his face convulsed with pain, his eyes fixed on Mme. Ardloff, and they asked, with a terrible eloquence, "Oh, why did you betray me?"

Her bands were clasped, and in her emotion, having lost all power of utterance, she strove to send forth her soul to tell him of how innocent she was. Then another blow fell, and the blood squirted horribly, and the flesh hung ragged. It was sickening, and from sheer horror and nausea Mme. Ardloff fainted. But it was her husband's intention that she should witness, to the end, the revenge he had so carefully prepared, and diving his hand into the pocket of her mantle, he produced the bottle of *sel volatile*. With this he quickly restored her to consciousness, and then she heard him saying:

"Awake, awake, for I wish you to see how I punish those who insult me."

Vanca had now received nine strokes. He was but a raw mass of quivering flesh. Helpless and faintly, like one in a nightmare, Mme. Ardloff strove to speak, until at last the words long denied her rose to her lips, but they came too late, and, mad with pain, the tortured man, with a whirling, staggering motion, precipitated himself on to the drawn sword, and fell to the ground a corpse.

This was unexpected. There were hurried words, and a trampling of feet, and a deep silence, but Mme. Ardloff remembered little. The imprecations the elder brother hurled after her as she was driven away sounded dim and indistinct in her ears during the long days of delirium which followed this double tragedy, for on arriving home, she saw her husband make out the order for Vanca's transportation to the mercury mines.

She pleaded and prayed wildly, but the count only smiled grimly in reply to her hysterical supplications. It seemed to her that the heaven should fall to crush, that the earth should open to receive, so inhuman a monster. She raised her hands, she screamed madly, her thoughts danced before her, faded, and then there was a blank; and during several weeks, for her, Time stood still.

Slowly her senses returned to her; slowly—through a dim mist, through a heavy torpor, that held her powerless and inert—they returned to her, and with them came the ghastly remembrance of a terrible crime. The subject was never alluded to. The affair was hushed up; but time could neither blot nor tear this cruel page out of Mme. Ardloff's life.

Her only consolation was the certitude that no pain was in store for her greater than she experienced, when, years after, in a ball-room at St. Petersburg, Count Vanca, an old man with long white hair, and a life's sorrow on his face, said to her:

"Madame, I hope your children are very well."

PARISIAN NOTES.

"Parisina's" Budget of Gossip from Lutetia.

Every year the conservative journals shed a few crocodile tears over the degeneracy of the times, in respect to the carnival. They can not bear to see any of the dear old customs falling into disrepute, and take it almost as a personal affront that the fatted heaves are no longer promenaded through the streets, crowned with roses, and their last hours made a burden to them; and they even regret the butchers, robed as Druids, and the shivering deities in the chariots, though, in times gone by, they might deride the sorry spectacle. Of course I was abroad on Shrove Tuesday, and found all the world on the boulevards. One is never averse to any excuse which may be found to wander thither. The maskers were certainly not the attraction, for they were dressed in the most miserable garments of tinsel cotton, and belonged, for the most part, to that horde of youthful reprobates of whom we see rather too much nowadays. They jostled the passengers and indulged in uncouth jokes as uncleanly as their persons. The sooner the carnival is swept away from the Paris streets the better.

Indeed, a broom is sorely needed that should sweep the boulevards and other haunts free of many nuisances. Every now and then the municipality takes the matter in hand, and a hundred or so of painted queans are hustled off to St. Lazare Prison, where they are shut up for a few weeks; but they soon get out again and begin at the old traffic once more, scandalizing God-fearing citizens and exciting the just wrath of *paterfamilias*. Formerly, this dirty work was done by a special body of police, who went about in plain clothes and were thoroughly acquainted with their duty; but of late another arrangement has been made, and it is the *gardien de la paix* who is commissioned to look after the morality of the city. Now, this has its drawbacks, because the *gardien* is often a faithful fellow enough, not overburdened with brains. Every one is canvassing an incident that took place last week, and of which poor Celine Montaland is the heroine. The charming and popular actress had been making purchases at the Louvre, when suddenly she was accosted by a *gardien* who told her peremptorily to follow him to the station-house. In vain she told him who she was—he would hear nothing; said he had been watching her and knew her tricks well enough. A crowd assembled. Some took part for her, others against. An overseer of the Louvre came out and tried to induce the *gardien* to listen to reason, as he knew Mme. Montaland well; nothing would avail, and the actress was dragged off, followed by the crowd. Can you imagine a more horrible position for any woman? Celine, who is by no means devoid of spirit—a woman who walks the boards is not likely to be very timid—put as good a face as she could upon the matter, and, finding the fellow obdurate, followed him, he triumphing in his stupid, blundering way and counting on being praised for his vigilance. But his triumph was a short-lived one. The commissaire immediately recognized the well-known actress of the Comédie-Française, and she was, of course, set at liberty at once. Perhaps, had the same adventure happened to a woman less *en evidence*, the matter would have been allowed to drop. But a *sociétaire* of the Français is an important personage, as you know full well, and the prefect of police himself went that night to the theatre to tender his best excuses to *la belle Celine* and to inform her that the *gardien* who had made such a frightful mistake had been dismissed the force. Of course there are those who declare that Celine dresses somewhat loudly and has an attractive way about her; but if every woman who uses pearl powder and rouge, who chooses to attire herself in becoming though somewhat eccentric raiment, and whom men turn to look at as she passes, runs the risk of being taken up for a *bona roba*, the world is coming to a pretty pass.

The Musée Grévin's last show is really wonderful. The famous exhibition has been chosen, of course, as a subject. The second platform of the Eiffel Tower is the centre-piece, and is really a perfect imitation. Next comes the Rue du Caire, with a background of Eastern shops brushed in, and in the foreground, wax figures familiar to the eyes of all who visited Paris last year—of the old Egyptian seller of sweetmeats, "Lakoum," among others, the Egyptian donkeys, and their still more amusing riders. What scapegraces those wild young donkey-drivers were! The whole of this motley crowd is wonderfully and uncomfortably life-like. The Javanese "Kaw-pong" has also been reproduced; and in this scene the pictures and wax figures are so mixed up that you regularly take a painting for a group and *vice versa*. Perhaps, however, the most clever is the grand stand, upon which all the well-known visitors of the exhibition are portrayed, looking at four Javanese girls dancing. There is the wax figure of the Shah, of Mr. Edison, of the negro king, Dinah Salifon, in his battered top-hat, and last, though not least in celebrity, I can assure you, Colonel Cody—"Buffalo Bill"—dressed in his wide-brimmed brigand's hat of gray felt. One of his troupe is also there, the bloodthirsty chief, Rocky Bear, who used to boast he had killed two hundred and thirty-five men with his own hand.

Talking of Buffalo Bill, a rather funny thing happened to him the other day at Naples. The first time his company showed off, he made a handsome sum; but, unhappily, two thousand and a few hundred francs' worth of bad bank-notes were among the lot. The astute Neapolitan *popolo* had outdone the cunning Wild-West cowboy, and, moreover, though he lodged a complaint, Buffalo Bill could get no redress.

The young Duke of Orleans is still living in the Conciergerie, and seems, too, to be getting on pretty well there. He does not want for friends; so much so, indeed, that it is hinted the préfet de police made a few gentle remonstrances, and professed to be rather uncomfortable at the stream of stanch Loyalists which continually filled his cell; accordingly, the duke receives now only a few intimates, among whom are M. Bocher, the senator, his father's secretary—who will be prime-minister, it is supposed, if the d'Orleans ever come back again—and the Marquis de Beauvoir; the feminine ele-

ment is not wanting either, for the Duchesse de Chartres, the prince's future mamma-in-law, and her daughter, Princesse Marguerite, entertain the prince, on an average, three hours a day, and transform his room into a floral bower with the armfuls of violets, etc., they bring. Letters, too, come pouring in, and round-robins, sent by divers groups of students, couched in most high-flown and flattering language; the youthful and hot-headed Duke of Orleans is, of course, likened to his gallant ancestor Henri the Fourth, of whose blood, I should think, there was but little left in the present d'Orleans family. The Comte de Paris's telegram arrived the other day, and it seemed to me was rather too full of praise for a juvenile escapade, which, patriotic though it may be, was, it must be confessed, rather rash all the same and injudicious. Besides having his vanity a little tickled, the prince has been also pretty well off, so far as bodily comfort is concerned; he dines and lunches well, though, of course, he has to pay right royally for it. The *restaurateur* wanted to make a good thing out of his princely client and charged accordingly—twenty francs for a rabbit and so on. What with two thousand francs for board and five hundred which he has distributed among the poor, I daresay the Comte de Paris will have a pretty long bill to pay for his patriotic heir. But he will not grumble, for the prince has put, and is still putting, the Republicans into somewhat of a fix by his little escapade. At present, his sentence has been confirmed, and it is said he will be taken to some fortress to serve his two years' imprisonment; however, he may still be released and conducted to the frontier, though M. Carnot and the prime minister, M. Tirard, seem to think the latter plan a rather risky one. Either of these two arrangements will, however, stop the unpleasant manifestations which are made in the prince's favor. The other day, a cartful of recruits—they do really go about in carts—stopped under his window, shouting "Vive le petit Conscri!" but the *gardien's* menacing fist soon sent these harmless manifestants away.

PARIS, February 24, 1890.

FROM TENNYSON'S NEW VOLUME.

Lullaby from "Romney's Remorse."
Beat upon mine, little heart, beat, beat!
Beat upon mine, you are mine, my sweet!
All from your pretty blue eyes to your feet,
My sweet.

Sleep, little blossom, my honey, my bliss!
For I give you this, and I give you this!
And I bind your pretty blue eyes with a kiss!
Sleep!

Father and mother will watch you grow,
And gather the roses whenever they blow,
And find the white heather wherever you go,
My sweet.

Far—Far—Away.

What sight so lured him through the fields he knew
As where green earth stole into heaven's own blue,
Far—far—away?

What sound was dearest in his native dells?
The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells
Far—far—away?

What vague world-whisper, mystic pain or joy,
Thro' those three words would haunt him when a boy
Far—far—away?

A whisper from his dawn of life? a breath
From some fair dawn beyond the doors of death
Far—far—away?

Far, far, how far? from o'er the gates of Birth,
The faint horizons, all the bounds of earth,
Far—far—away?

What charm in words, a charm no words could give?
O dying words, can Music make you live
Far—far—away?

A batch of letters was received in New York city last week from Puerto Cortez, Honduras, some of which had grown moldy. One had been sent from New York on May 27, 1884, and a second from New Brunswick, N. J., bore the post-mark date of May 29th of the same year. Another letter from the place was only one year in being returned to the sender, but in that case the man to whom it was directed was dead. The record for the journeyings of letters, however, is way up in the twenties. The most curious case of all was that of a package of gold coin sent by a New York firm to an address in China. The owner of the gold was not found, and the package began a journey in search of him. After an extensive trip from place to place in China it was forwarded to the South Sea Islands. It lay for months and even years in various offices, only to be sent out to another island. It got to the Philippine Islands, and then returned to China. At last it arrived in New York, and was delivered to the house which had sent it out twenty-five years before. Not a single coin was missing. The package had been broken several times and had been patched up with new paper and new strings each time. It is needless to say the person to whom it was sent never saw the gold.

The great Alsopp brewing establishment in England was, two or three years ago, turned into a stock company and capitalized for fifteen million dollars, that sum being paid to the Alsopp family for the property, the books of the concern showing a twelve per cent. profit on that sum. Now the dividends have fallen to five per cent. and threaten to go lower, and it is intimated that the Alsopp family were disingenuous with the stockholders.

Oliver Wendell Holmes makes this cold-blooded proposition in the *Atlantic*: "I think you will smile if I tell you of an idea I have had about teaching the art of writing 'poems' to the half-witted children at the idiot asylum."

The English *Congressional Record* (Hansard's) will hereafter put after the report of each speech the time that was occupied in its delivery.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Ralph Disraeli, a brother of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, has just resigned his place in the House of Lords as clerk of parliament, after being for forty-nine years in the British civil service.

Henri Rochefort still refuses to take rooms in London except from week to week, and will not learn the English language. He receives very few callers, and passes his evenings playing dominoes with a friend, M. Coureau, with half a crown a game as the stake.

Prince Albert of Monaco is said to intend to devote the one hundred and fifty thousand dollars per year that he gets from the gamblers to the completion of the cathedral and other public improvements. He is wealthy himself and has an enormously rich wife.

The Czar of Russia is now the largest land-holder in the world. Three weeks ago he purchased one single tract larger than the State of Texas. He has also bought in the lands of the Hohenlohe family, which they had inherited but were not allowed to occupy in Russia.

Panabokke Samastawikrama Karunatilaka Abhayawardhana Bhuwanasekara Jayasundara Mudiyansele Tikiri Banda Ratamahameya is the name of a Cingalese gentleman who has been appointed by Queen Victoria to a seat in the legislative council of the island of Ceylon.

The latest rumor is that another daughter of the Prince of Wales is to follow the example of the Duchess of Fife and marry out of royalty, the man of her choice being an English earl. It looks as though the Prince of Wales was getting some anchors out to windward.

Mlle. Clementina de Vere, the soprano, has accepted a position in Dr. Paxton's church, where she will receive four thousand five hundred dollars a year, or one hundred and twelve dollars and fifty cents each Sunday. This is the largest salary ever paid to a choir-singer in America or Europe.

Mme. de Mendonca, wife of the Brazilian member of the Pan-American delegation, talks politics, as well as weather, in the best of English. She is pronounced by strangers "a perfect type of Spanish beauty." Both her beauty and her English are indigenous, however, as she was born in Maine, of generations of Yankee ancestors.

Some of the well-known women of America who are studying designs submitted for monuments or memorials of deceased husbands are Emma Abbott, Mrs. General Grant, Mrs. General Sheridan, Mrs. General Logan, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Mrs. Wilbur L. Storey, and Mrs. Cyrus McCormick, of Chicago. All these ladies have expressed a preference for a shaft or equestrian figure.

The annual income of John D. Rockefeller, the founder and head of the Standard Oil Company, is said to be about six million dollars, which is equivalent to an accumulation of nearly seven hundred and fifty dollars an hour. Mr. Rockefeller is fifty years old. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and was modestly embarked in the produce business in that city before he literally "struck ile."

Emperor William, unlike his ancestors, is passionately fond of horses and is an excellent rider. The Hohenzollern family have always been indifferent horsemen. Frederick William the Third and Frederick William the Fourth knew nothing about riding, and the late Emperor William rode horses only which had been very carefully trained for him. The present emperor even trains horses himself.

M. Gounod, best known to the public as the composer of "Faust," but the author as well of a whole library of music, is a man of intense religious feeling. He has gradually become more and more ascetic in his habits, until he now lives almost the life of a hermit, and it is feared that he may deny himself the delight of further musical composition, as too worldly and self-indulgent an employment.

Mrs. Henry Draper, of New York city, is one of the most distinguished scientific women of the day. It was her habit to work in the laboratory with her husband, the distinguished physicist, assisting him in those experiments in astronomical photography which enabled him to announce, in 1876, his discovery of oxygen in the sun, perhaps the most original and brilliant investigation ever made in physical science by an American. After his lamented death in 1885, his wife continued his labors, becoming both member and correspondent of many learned societies.

"Robert Louis Stevenson," said an acquaintance to a New York *World* reporter, "is secretly bitten with the craze to search out buried treasure, and he has a real 'Treasure Island' somewhere in view. Mr. Knight, you know, the young English barrister who made the voyage from Great Britain to Rio in a small boat and described it in the 'Cruise of the Falcon,' has actually equipped a vessel and gone to the South Seas in good faith in search of an island on which, he declares, vast sums in gold coin were buried by pirates. Neither Stevenson nor Knight is insane—at least, I don't think they are."

The most famous of all *matadors*, the *espada primero* of the world, is Francisco Sanchez (alias Lagartijo). He now seldom appears, ten thousand dollars being the price demanded and secured in advance for each performance. He is a very great pet with the Spanish nobility, is very rich, and was the warm personal friend of the late King Alfonso. Other famous *espadas* are: Rafael Molina, Angel Pastor, José Gomez, Hermosilla, Juan Sanchez, and Luis Mazzantini. The latter is rapidly becoming the first Spanish favorite. He was destined for the priesthood by his parents, but ran away from the university. Joining a band of strolling musicians, he wandered for several years through the Spanish provinces, breaking many a fair lady's heart.

A NEW YORK BEAUTY'S WEDDING.

"Van Grynse" chats about Miss Mabel Wright and Fernando Yznaga.

The marriage of Fernando Yznaga to Miss Mabel Wright ought to be of some interest to San Franciscans, for it was in their most accommodating city that Mrs. Yznaga (No. 1) secured her divorce. She enjoyed the unique distinction of being a Smith. "The world," said Lady Mary Wortley Montague, "is peopled with men, women, and Smiths," but of the kind of Smiths to which the first Mrs. Yznaga belonged there are not many left. These Smiths always had the definite article prefixed to their name, to indicate to the socially obtuse that they were a superior brand of Smiths; in fact, the only brand of Smiths that circulated in society.

The ladies of the family were charming and gay, though not beautiful. But they possessed the *je ne sais quoi* du *charme*, which goes a good deal further than handsome eyes and a fine complexion. They had a weakness also for getting divorced and then being married again, which probably arose from the *besoin d'être aimé* which most women feel. W. K. Vanderbilt married the geni of the family. I believe I have mentioned before the Vanderbilt talent for marrying the right sort of women. Other millionaires went afield on a hunt for beauty and talent to sit at the head of their table and gladden their eyes and keep their brain bright. The Vanderbilts stayed quietly at home, and with unerring instinct carefully selected a domestic product of the very finest kind. No women in New York are more intelligent, more generous, more charitable, or more charming in their domestic relations than the Vanderbilt wives and sisters. The Knickerbocker aristocrats regard them as parvenues, and if this is the case, it is a pity there are not more parvenues in town.

W. K. Vanderbilt, true to the traditions of his blood, married the best of—a remarkable family. Fernando Yznaga married another. A count, with a long name full of vowels, married the third. The count and his name are now in the divorce courts. Mrs. Yznaga is married to a gentleman by the name of Tiffany, and her first husband is married to Miss Mabel Wright, the beauty.

A woman to maintain successfully her position in society as a beauty through four successive seasons, in the face of the rivalry of the annual battalions of buds, must indeed be something rare and radiant. This, Miss Wright has done. No dissentient voice has been raised in the chorus of admiration which she invariably provokes. She was as much a belle this winter as she was the first season of her appearance. She had not reached the stage in her career that Mme. Récamier knew had come when the *gamins* on the street no longer turned to stare after her. She is about twenty-three or four years old, very tall and slender, and showing that rarest type of beauty, the perfect blonde. Her wonderfully delicate complexion and masses of smooth, fair hair are perfectly natural. At the New Year's ball she was said to have been one of the few women whose coloring was faultless enough to stand the glare of those unfortunate electric-lights. During this winter she has appeared very seldom in society—at a few dinners and balls—the New Year's, notably, where she was the admired of the evening, in pale mauve, with a cockade of the same color in her shining hair, and at the opera on Wagner nights, where, sitting stately in the front of the box, she looked like one of the goddesses of the Norse mythology, or one of the Alruna wives, with their mysterious, deep eyes and long, straight, yellow hair.

Her appearance in society was quite romantic—like an English novel of high life. She was not in the swim. In fact, nobody knew anything about her until all of a sudden her name was on every tongue, and the fame of her beauty spread abroad. The New Yorker, who will run a mile to see a pretty woman, was delighted with her. Her appearance was not unlike Mrs. Langtry's, who suddenly made her bow to London society at a crush tea. She wore, the gossips say, a black dress and a shady black hat, from the shadow of which gleamed the loveliest blue eyes ever seen of the London chappies. From that her vogue began. Miss Wright began at Narragansett, where she had gone to see the world with her parents, a pair of worthy people of refinement and moderate means. Papa made and makes designs for carpets, and is sufficiently "well fixed."

Upon the horizon of Narragansett—a horizon of blue seas and curling waves, of long piers and iced drinks, of raking steam-yachts and brown-faced yachtsmen with big mustaches and white teeth, of moon-lit sands and vows which nobody intends to keep, and permitted kisses in shadowy corners, of short-skirted, black-stockinged mermaids sporting in the brine or lying flat on the sand in soaking dishevelment, of the Casino's broad balconies, cool and shady, of shaker-chairs drawn side by side, of her attractive head in its muslin hat against the shimmering sea, of her red lips closing deliciously upon the insinuating straw, of half-smoked cigarettes and half-empty glasses with ice and lemon-slices in the bottom, of the shining floor and the big brass band and the languid pulse of the drowsy waltz, of the fitting, bare-shouldered, filmy-clad figures, the laughter, the unfinished murmurs, the burning glances, the little squeeze out on the balcony, the little squeak that came after, the gay good-byes and low good-nights, the smell of the honeysuckle in the warm air, the short, ambrosial nights, full of stars and the booming of the restless sea, the long, blazing, luxurious, splendid days—upon this horizon burst the new star in all her blonde perfection.

In the following autumn, the new beauty found herself suddenly in the heart of the Four Hundred. Society, as the Begum says, "took 'er up." About her absolute introduction there are several stories. One is romantic. A young male member of the most exclusive set on earth loved her madly, in the true, old-fashioned style. He introduced her to his friends and sent her tickets to the Patriarchs. Never had the Patriarchs seen anything within their baronial halls—or rather Delmonico's baronial halls—quite so distractingly lovely. To the honor of the Patriarchs be it said, they and their female Patriarchs took the new-comer to their blue-blooded hearts

and kept her there. Meanwhile, the parents of the youthful lover "got on" to what was going on. They wished their son to marry where the money was in sacks and where the pedigree went back to the shepherd kings. They sent him to travel—a form of distraction which is said to be of great efficacy in all these cases of love's young dream. That is one story. Another is that the late "Jack" Travers, meeting Miss Wright at Narragansett, gave her, on her return to town, a breakfast at Delmonico's, to which he bid many ladies and gentlemen of the highest fashion and best taste. The great Ward himself unveiled his brow and shone upon this festivity. Having bent his gaze upon the beautiful stranger, he gave the nod, and from that hour on, Miss Wright's fame as a beauty passed over the face of the land.

The Yznagas are Cubans—Fernando being as dark as his bride is fair. The female Yznagas had no money, and married titles. They were beautiful, the most lovely and accomplished women of their day. Consuelo, the eldest, was one of that famous coterie which was technically known as "The Bouncers," and boasted among its members such glowing spirits as Miss Maggie Stevens, Miss Barlow, and others, who maintained an equally brisk pace. Her people lived in New York and entertained delightfully, the women of the family uniting with the Spanish dash and fire all that lazy charm of the Louisiana Creole. Miss Yznaga was clever, too. She sang like an angel, and when Lawrence Oliphant's "Tender Recollections of Irene Magillicuddy" came out—anonymously, if you remember—all the town accused her of being the authoress.

Presently, Lord Mandeville loomed upon the scene. Lord Mandeville is of the Montagues, and it is putting it mildly to say they are a bad lot. He will be Duke of Manchester some day, and his mother, the present duchess, a wonderful-looking woman for her age, is a gay old beauty who annually drops a good slice of her income at the gaming-tables at Monte Carlo and is a prominent figure at the big races. Even when Lord Mandeville came a-courting, he was not prepossessing. He had rough manners and "an eruptive countenance," like the eldest son of Maria Newcome. Since then, his manners have fallen many degrees and the noble Montague, in fact, has gone very much to the dogs. His high name figures in vulgar scrapes in company more entertaining than polite.

His wife manages to keep up with the procession on small means. She has a son—the future duke—and twin daughters. She herself has lost much of that delicate and patrician beauty which once made her the queen of "The Bouncers" and won the heart of a live lord. The awful fate which hangs over the Spanish beauty has overtaken her—she grows fat as the days drift by. She will soon be in the predicament which Lady Jane bemoaned: "There will be too much of me in the coming by-and-by." But there are some beauties which even the accumulation of fat can not destroy—the dark, silky curling hair, the fine, arched eyebrows, the slender, aquiline nose, with its delicately expanded nostrils, and the thin lips, with their proud curve. Fat or thin, old or young, she will never lose her patrician air or her gracious bearing.

Even a great beauty, married to a duke's heir, can have anxieties, and Lady Mandeville's are on the score of means. There was no question of money in the marriage—it was all love. Now there is a decided question of money. Lynx-eyed gossips have got up the story, which has been going the rounds of the papers, that Lady Mandeville ekes out her income by introducing Americans into good English society for a consideration. Such things have been. We have all heard of the professional chaperon of good connections, who will introduce young ladies into fashionable sets on the receipt of a tidy sum. Why should not the aspiring American, who goes over there bent on penetrating into the innermost circles, get some one to help him along? The proud Cuban, however, haughtily denies the insinuation. The hand of a Montague will never be sullied by such base dealings!

Her sister, Lady Lister-Kaye, also married an Englishman—a baronet—also for love. She is the domestic member of the family, and, though she has the entrée into everywhere worth going, likes life on her husband's ranch out West or at his country-place in England. A third sister is unmarried. This is the sprightly Emily, who once won fame by teaching the Prince of Wales how to play on the banjo. Fernando is the only brother. He, too, used to be poor, but when his sister-in-law married a Vanderbilt, he was put in the way of making money, and they say now has high upon a million to his fortune. So much for relating yourself, however distantly, with the progeny of the commodore. Mr. Yznaga and his bride have gone to Europe, where, by the way, Mrs. Yznaga No. 1 and her bridegroom are also touring around. How interesting it would be if they should meet! Could even the repose which stamp the caste of Vere de Vere survive such a *contretemps*? The sisters-in-law of Mrs. Yznaga No. 2 have it in their power to introduce the new bride to the London Four Hundred, who will then have the opportunity of seeing the prettiest American who has been in London since Miss May Brady went over there just two years ago.

NEW YORK, March 12, 1890. VAN GRYNSE.

Kate Vaughn invented the accordion skirt and the dance which Letty Lind made popular in America. Kate's husband will be Duke of Wellington one of these days. The present duke is the uncle of Kate's husband. This uncle was a venturesome chap in his youth. At one time—he could not have been more than eighteen then—he was in Constantinople, and he and a boy friend concocted a scheme to raid the Sultan's harem disguised as girls. The unfortunate youths were detected, and but for their illustrious pedigrees, they would have suffered death for their heinous offense.

Italian editors have tried hard to translate the words "Buffalo Bill." One of them makes it: "Compagnia Americana di Guglielmo Bufalo Occidentale Selvaggio" ("the troupe of William Buffalo Savage West!"). Another paper says: "Suo capo è Guglielmo il bufalo" ("its chief is William the Buffalo!").

LENTEN LYRICS.

Partiality.

But forty days we can afford,
To cease from dinner, dance, and revel;
This time's but "lent" unto the Lord;
The rest we give unto the devil. —Life.

At Church.

A gentle smile adorned her face;
Her robe the latest style expressed.
She knelt with most exquisite grace
Upon the velvet-covered rest,
And at the proper time and place
To Heaven her voice in prayer addressed.
I listened and her words so pat
Fleat a mingled smile and frown—
She criticised a neighbor's hat
And held her prayer-book upside down!
—Texas Siftings.

Across the Pew.

Across the pew, with complaisance
And eyes that with Love's sunshine dance,
My little sweetheart smiles at me—
She is the only saint I see;
The sermon passes in a trance.

The painted figures gaze askance,
Down from their glassy vigilance
On this our tender heresy
Across the pew.

Ah! little sweetheart, the romance
Of life, with all its change and chance,
Is but a sealed book to thee—
When opened may its pages be
As fair and sweet as thy bright glance
Across the pew.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Lenten Psalm.

That we've done wrong our conscience tells
When we to it attention give;
This monitor, that in us dwells,
Accuses us each day we live.

We seldom to its voice give ear,
Because it humbles all our pride;
But when the Lenten season's here
Its pleadings are no more denied.

'Then to its voice an ear we lend
And seek ourselves to purify;
The knee in humbleness we bend
In sackcloth and in ashes lie.

By penitence we wipe away
The errors past, and then begin
To open (after Easter Day)
Another big account with sin.

—Exchange.

At Lenten-Tide.

At Lenten-tide in modest gown
And dainty bosom bright and new,
With fringed lids turned coyly down
O'er eyes that rival heaven's hue;
With furs and frills in sweet array,
In yonder pew sits merry May
At Lenten-tide.

A single rose gleams from her lace
Pure as a flake of driven snow;
It casts athwart her queenly face
In conscious pride a tender glow,
Sweet type of innocence and love,
An angel message from above
At Lenten-tide.

With clasped hands and bended head
Upon the hard and chilly floor
She kneels while litany is said,
Nor rises when the chant is o'er;
But with a penitential air
The virgin kneels in silent prayer
At Lenten-tide.

A flood of peaceful nellow light
Streams through the oriel; unforbid
It clasps her angel fingers tight,
With sunbeam kisses soon they're hid.
Be still, my heart! fain would I dream
That thou art just a bright sunbeam
At Lenten-tide.

—Judge.

At an Afternoon Tea.

'Tis Lent at last, and with it, balls
And parties have been banished;
How speedily have "teas" and calls
Supplanted what has vanished!
Promptly to-day at five o'clock
I left my latest verses,
And sauntered forth "around the block"
To "tea" at Madame Purse's.

The glare of golden lights within
A glamour to the eye lent;
I entered. What a merry din!
For not a soul was silent,
I greeted Madame, spoke her fair,
Then, left to my devices,
Went flitting here and dithering there
In search of mental spices.

In vain my search: Where'er I went
The talk was wild and vapid;
Some spoke slow-honeyed compliment,
Some gushed in phrases rapid,
From one I heard of coming style,
From one of coming scandal;
One said she hated old Carlyle,
Another hated Handel.

Miss Pry laughed slyly at Miss Prim,
Miss Prim at poor Miss Pry laughed;
Miss Fride scorned both, *ad interim*—
Why marvel then that I laughed?

I heard a politician try
His colleague to disparage;
I heard a married lady cry
In sneer at love in marriage.

Around me thus flowed glibly out
Small *mots* and commonplaces;
Pique, pride, dissembled joy, and doubt
On fair and ugly faces.

And as the talk grew more and more
'Twixt gowns of bright and black cloth,
'Why is this called the time," I thought,
'Of ashes and of sackcloth?"

—Town Topics.

A Lenten Rondeau.

Through forty days, Alack! each year
They cloud the social atmosphere
And bid us for a time forswear
The joys for which we do not care.
The season's dead, for Lent is here.

'Tis well Lent comes to interfere.
A loud and clamorous career
We have endured 'mid crush and glare
Through forty days.

Now stillness reigns; each drops a tear
Upon the gay world's sombre hier;
The while my aunt, so fat and fair,
Of age two score, still hopes to snare
A worse half. She'll persevere
Through forty days.

—America.

VANITY FAIR.

"Social America: from a British Point of View" is being satirically discussed in one of the many society weeklies published in London. Of New York life after dinner, the writer says: "The section of the New York day occupied by dinner having come to an end, the early hours of the night are devoted either to social calls, or to the theatre or opera. The opera is the goal of social ambition, and from nine o'clock until half-past eleven, the plutocracy of Gotham show themselves and chatter in the boxes at the Metropolitan Opera House to the music of German and Italian masterpieces, while the *cachet* of social eminence is stamped upon the man who is seen to flit in and out of the greatest number of boxes on the first and second tiers. The struggling social star pays a dollar for admission to the house, and anxiously scans the boxes as they fill, to decide where he shall 'camp' for the night, then, having planned his progress, he pays visits until he is asked to remain somewhere, failing which he boards a five-cent car, and goes home or elsewhere. Those to whom the opera is an inaccessible heaven for the moment, go to the theatre in parties, either engaging a box or two or a set of seats in the parquet, which is let at a uniform price of a dollar and a half at the first-rate and a dollar at the second-rate theatres. Between the acts, page-boys run up and down the aisles, carrying trays of ice-water for the ladies, who are, during these intervals, left alone by the lords of creation, one of the hideous customs of the country being that which allows every man in the audience to go out during each *entr'acte*, whether he be accompanied by ladies or not, to smoke and have a drink. The result is that, at the end of the evening, a theatre smells like a badly ventilated bar-room. In America, the theatre is patronized, perhaps, more than anywhere else in the world. The comparative non-existence of home-life conduces to this end, and in a country where everybody goes to a theatre on an average of once or twice a fortnight, it is hardly surprising that long 'runs' are very rare. After the theatre, practically everybody goes to supper, the positives to small restaurants, the comparatives to some semi-Bohemian oyster-house, and the superlatives to Delmonico's, so that by the time a man has taken his party to dinner, theatre, supper, and home (which round of amusements is about the only way in which the New York bachelor can return hospitalities received) he is lucky if he is 'out of it' under fifty pounds. To go to supper after the play is *de rigueur*, and is in nowise compromising to the woman who goes to the theatre alone with a man, for the restaurants from Delmonico's downward, almost without exception, ignore the tête-à-tête carouse in the *cabinet particulier* of the old world. At Delmonico's particularly, it is absolutely impossible for a man to feed *en partie fine*, even with his wife, be he ever so well-known and constant a patron of the place. A man made a bet that he would dine alone with his wife 'upstairs' at Delmonico's. He was perfectly well known in the place as was also his wife, and they ordered a grand dinner for *four persons*—in a private room. At the specified time they arrived, waited an hour, and then, with a great show of indignation, ordered the dinner to be served. Not a bit of it! They were politely informed that it was against the rules, and were compelled ignominiously to betake themselves to the public restaurant."

The American habit of supping after the play is not common in London, except among the people of the theatre and the press and the semi-Bohemians, as all restaurants, public houses, and the like are closed by law at midnight. But the people of the theatres, who have had only a light repast before the play, need solid refreshment after their night's work, and to that end have been started numberless "supper clubs"—proprietary clubs which have all the distinguishing features of the restaurant, except absolute publicity, and yet evade the law. Below we give the advertisement of one of these clubs, printed in the same journal in which social America is discussed:

THE SUPPER CLUB.

12, PERCY STREET, BEAUFORT SQUARE, W.

"Desirous of proving, *urbis et orbi*, the morality of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's subjects, an Act of Parliament has decided that the said subjects should not sup after 12 o'clock P. M. Certain Clubs have been founded, and certainly not the least of these is the SUPPER CLUB in Percy Street. There, on payment of a small subscription, Members have the right to eat according to their fancy. Music is provided and Dancing is indulged in, for ladies are admitted, but no gambling is allowed. Ladies are eligible on certain conditions, viz., they must belong to the Musical or Dramatic Profession and must be accompanied by a gentleman."—*T. JOHNSON in Le Figaro*, April 3, 1889.

"The El Dolario, of Bohemia, to which Edmund Yates was the first to give his *cachet*, and which, by adopting the course suggested by me, has earned for itself peace with pleasure."—*The Hawk*, February 5, 1889.

Subscription for Gentlemen, £s 25. per annum.

PROFESSIONAL LADIES desirous of becoming honorary members should communicate at once (as the number will be limited) with THE SECRETARY.

Returning to our English critic of social America: "A ball in New York is a serious social affair, and rather takes the place of church-parade in the park on Sunday than being a gathering of young people to amuse themselves. It takes place either in a private house, or, as is more often the case, at Delmonico's, and is either given by a single individual or by a syndicate of the social leaders of the year. In the former case, it is usually preceded by an enormous dinner-party, whereat everything is cold except the champagne, and ends in a curious struggle for a supper at which everything is hot but the soup; in the latter, the social moth is attracted by the glitter of the gas to Delmonico's at about midnight, and leaves between three and four in the morning. Whether, however, at Delmonico's, or in the 'mansions of the great,' a ball in America presents the same peculiarities to the European observer, and those peculiarities are mainly two—the system of engaging partners and the eternal cotillon. America knows not the dance programme, or if it knows, will have none of it. You see a

lady of your acquaintance disengaged, you ask her to dance. Having done this, you have got to continue dancing with her till some one else asks her for a turn—then he is in the same position, and it takes an extremely bold man, and a foreigner at that, to drop a girl whom no one else seems to want to dance with, at her chaperon's side, and go in search of fresh fields and pastures new. This operation is known in the language of the United States as 'getting stuck with a girl,' and I have known timid men and strangers who have asked an unpopular or unskilled *danseuse* to honor them, to be glued to the side of that wearying female for the entire evening, amid the mingled commiseration and amusement of their fellow-men. On the other hand, however, you never get a chance of a consecutive ten minutes with a popular girl or a good dancer, much less with an heiress. The instant you stop dancing, she is whirled off by some other fellow, and, consequently, while one girl has ten partners for one dance, another has one partner for ten dances. The result is apparent to the observer in the rows of pretty wall-flowers who are either poor or 'not the fashion,' and in the serried phalanx of cautious young men who spend the evening 'holding up the doorway,' rather than taking the chance of 'getting stuck.'

"The independent position of the American woman is forcibly demonstrated in the manner of the acquaintances one makes under these and similar circumstances. You dance half-a-dozen times with a damsel; you like one another, and she asks you to call upon her; you do so—several times, maybe—without ever seeing her mother, or if you do run against her accidentally, you are not necessarily presented to one another. You call at a house and ask for Miss —, or Miss Maud —, as the case may be, and she entertains you in one room, while her sister entertains some one else in another, and her mother some one else in a third. She asks you to lunch with her, and you do so, while mamma lunches at Delmonico's, so as not to interfere with her daughter's arrangements. She gives a dinner-party to her friends, and her parents dine upstairs, and go to a theatre with the same benevolent object in view; unless, of course, they are invited to meet their daughter's friends, in which case they do so as if they were mere acquaintances of their hostess, like yourself, and had nothing in particular to do with the house in which you are already an *habitué*. If mademoiselle wants you to know her mother, she asks her to meet you, and then if you are 'satisfactory,' you come to mamma's parties as well—if not, you go on entertaining and being entertained by the daughter, for better or worse, until mutual weariness or aversion does you part.

"At balls, you spend an evening with your partner, and 'make a date' for supper, which is a serious meal, to which you sit down in state and select your pabulum from an elaborate menu, unless it be a 'scramble supper,' at which every man is for himself and Delmonico's, or some other caterer, is for you all, and at which you have to fight to the destruction of clothes, food, and temper, to secure, over the shoulders of the earlier comers, the outer shell of the whilom *vol-au-vent*, or the scorned leg of the desecrated duck. After supper comes, at all well-advertised balls, the cotillon, whereat, unless you be a friend of the leader, you have a weary and irritating time. There are gentlemen, the sole object of whose useless existences it is to lead cotillons, and whoever be the occupier of this envied and invidious position, he is the autocrat of the evening from supper-time onward, till you get disgusted with his airs, and leave. Save in the figures in which each lady chooses whom she likes by the presentation of a 'favor,' you may not stir from your seat, which is ticketed with your name and a number, save by his gracious permission, and unless you be one of his 'set,' the chances are that you take root where you sit. And this thing goes on till the last dancer drops dead or the lights are extinguished by the management. The cotillon affords naturally a great opportunity for the plutocrat to exhibit his wealth, and one which, as a rule, he eagerly seizes. At the balls of the *fine-fleur* of the plutocracy, the presents which are used as 'favors' reach the uttermost limits of extravagance; jeweled bangles for the ladies and gold cigar-cutters for the men, elaborately mounted bonbonnières and vinaigrettes, pocket-books and cigarette-cases, are 'provided by the management,' and an ordinarily astute young man can set himself up at a great American ball in Christmas presents for all his male friends. For everybody gives presents in America on the slightest provocation, at Christmas, New Year, on your departure, on your arrival, and on your birthday you receive a weird collection of more or less useful articles from all the people you have ever been civil to, and when the moment comes for redistributing them, you have to be most careful not to give them back to the original donors, though, in sooth, they have generally forgotten what they have given you. A popular young woman returns home from a cotillon like a victorious proconsul reëntering Rome, and next day she exhibits her trophies to her envious friends in the manner of the Indian brave who says: 'Wagh! Behold the scalps that I have taken!'

Women play an important part in Paris gambling, especially in the racing portion of it. This, however, applies chiefly to the lower classes. About one-third of the crowd on a suburban race-course is composed of the fair sex. And what women they are! culled from all the *bas fonds* of the pleasure-loving city—the sort of women who could lead a revolution, defend a barricade, and, with cheerful lightheartedness, set fire to a street of houses. They all bet, and when they lose, of course it is the fault of the jockey, or of the trainer, or of the owner, who gave instructions to have his horse "pulled." The better class of women do not gamble much in Paris. There are certainly innumerable clandestine roulette-keeps by *demi-mondaines* who have passed into retirement, and who squander their lives' earnings on the green cloth; but the police are very severe on these establishments, and they are quickly scented out and suppressed. The ex-sirens who preside over these gambling-resorts are a great

pest, and carry on their nefarious trade in much the same way as do the lower class of money-lenders in London. They find out the addresses of people whom they see at the races—people whom they suspect to be fond of a "flutter"—and then an invitation is sent to a little *soirée intime*. Of course, very often the invitation is thrown into the fire, but sometimes it is accepted, and it is needless to add that the victim next day bitterly regrets his visit. These roulettes are never held twice in the same apartment. The old ladies are very wary, and they change their venue with every fresh race meeting. Then, too, they have their touts—well-dressed men, who live at the best restaurants and frequent the best cafés—whose duty it is to ingratiate themselves with a likably looking stranger and inveigle him to these ladies' houses.

"The Honorable Lewis Wingfield," writing from London to a New York paper on marriages, says: "Of all grewsome marriages, the most ill-omened was that of the Duke of Norfolk—hereditary Lord Marshal of England—one of the noblest and richest of the nobility. In the middle of the ceremony the duchess's nose began to bleed, and one by one she had to borrow all the bridesmaids' handkerchiefs. And so it came to pass that, as she moved into the sunlight, there was a large stain of blood upon her breast, and each bridesmaid bore a bloody kerchief. All the old wives shook their heads and groaned. Something awful would come of it. And was she not tempting Providence, seeing that she was wearing the identical lace flounces which belonged to Marie Antoinette, while around her neck was the string of pearls given to the then Duke of Norfolk on the scaffold by Mary Stuart? And were not the omen-mongers right? With apparently all the world has to give tossed into her lap, she soon faded away, borne down by sorrow, for the heir she had given to the princely House of Norfolk was born an idiot, and an idiot the unfortunate child must remain—so say all the high and mighty dons of surgery." The Honorable Lewis apparently considers idiocy not a condition but a disease, and a surgical disease at that.

The ideal safety riding-habit has at last been invented. It consists of a well-fitted pair of riding-trousers, with a skirt, cut like a long straight apron, of Melton cloth, which in some mysterious way adjusts itself by the rider taking her seat, and has the appearance in the saddle of the conventional riding-habit. Another apron, fastened by a single button, can be detached and put round the waist behind, so that the lady dismounted presents no awkward appearance. The effect is said to be neither unfeminine nor ungraceful, while perfect immunity from the dreaded danger of being hung by the habit in case of a spill is insured. Still, in the event of minor accidents, if a lady were thrown suddenly, before she had time to adjust this back drapery, we fancy the situation would be somewhat embarrassing, and her sensations would correspond with those of Jo in the "Little Women" stories, when she went to the party with the back breadths of her dress burned out, and was obliged to stand with her back to the wall during the festivity. Another interesting occasion, somewhat trying to the average woman's composure, would be the mount before a party of friends or spectators in trousers and an apron. Still, half a dress is better than no dress at all, and if a woman has a fine figure, she can usually upon reflection persuade herself into feeling well clad in a girdle for an opera-waist, a frill for a bathing-skirt, and why not this, which may save her from a shocking death?

The cablegram announcing that an advertisement had appeared in some London papers which surprised society circles, to the effect "that a countess was prepared to present Americans at court during the coming season in consideration of five thousand dollars paid in advance," illustrates the Eleventh Commandment with promise, "the sin is in being found out." In 1883, when Mr. Grenville Murray, author of "Side Lights on English Society," "That Artful Vicar," etc., published his brilliantly satirical sketches entitled, "People I Have Met," he devoted his fifth paper to "The Chaperon." From it we extract the exposed countess's precedent: "Lady Selina Mizzle had many strings to her bow, which was indeed sadly in need of them, and perhaps the best of all these strings was that hung on to a wire which pulled the Lord Chamberlain. Lady Selina held certain documents which placed that permanent person of great authority at her mercy. She made a very good income out of her social position, though there was a brisk competition in the business of professional chaperon. She was obliged to live by her wits. Fortune she had next to none, but of intelligence she had a very fair share indeed. A fine, impressive woman was Lady Selina, with no nonsense about her. She dined out every day and gave letters of introduction in return. She also made a little by signing certificates of cure to certain vendors of patent-medicines, who advertised her as having been miraculously healed by these nostrums. She found many wealthy travelers worthy of her attention. 'I must get my court-dresses out of them now,' she said, curtly, to a poor relative, who lived with her, 'and so shall you, my dear. You must see Mme. Mauve about it, and say I shall expect a handsome commission on the foolish people I bring her.' It was a trade that required a good deal of shrewdness. Lady Selina had to pick and choose among her customers. There were no end of people who had acquired property and who wanted to show themselves in company where they could never feel for a moment at ease, or if not themselves, they were anxious to show their daughters. Then Lady Selina made her terms. The highest price she ever got in one lump was from the blooming wife of a great railway speculator, who paid her three thousand pounds sterling in hard cash, besides perquisites for the honor of her escort to a drawing-room. In ordinary cases, her terms were five hundred guineas. It must not be imagined that so great and brave a lady would condescend to ask for cash. Her poor relatives managed that part of the business, and she dealt entirely in filthy lucre. It was always politely understood that the cash was a voluntary contribution for the benefit of my lady's poor."

SEARCHING FOR GOLD LAKE.

By Dr. J. C. Tucker.

Following the trail beyond and along the now narrow shelf a dozen yards, what was my surprise to find it terminate at the dark entrance to a cave in the side of the cliff. At least, in comparison with the glare of the sun, the vast portals seemed dark. But as I stood gazing at them in amazement, the cavern lit up dimly in its interior as my eyes became accustomed to the subdued light. Hearing no sound, and fearful the boys had met with some casualty, I uttered a low and familiar cry, which was at once answered from the depths of the cavern with many repeating echoes. Then Frank's voice exclaimed, "We're returning," and in a few moments he and Will were by my side. Hurrying back to the animals, which we found all safe, we seated ourselves, Frank exclaiming: "Doc, we must stop here to-night. We must see more of this wonder-cave before we go on! After all, we may not go any further; or if we should, we may find a better way back along the Cascades. Do you see that, Doc?" And he held out his open hand, upon the palm of which lay a piece of fantastically formed gold, with particles of quartz adhering.

Taking it into my own hand, I found it to be a specimen of quartz gold, weighing nearly half an ounce—just such a looking chunk as those exhibited by Ballard. The gold was dull in color and the quartz iron-stained and decomposed. It was evidently from some seam heavily loaded with gold and long exposed to the air, which had decomposed the vein.

Our previous and only knowledge of gold, save that shown by Ballard, was the river-bed washing of scale or flake gold in which I had worked the summer previous. Dry or coarse gold diggings were then unknown. The triturated and irregular appearance of the placer gold, of course, caused us to adopt the theory that it had at some past time been liberated from a matrix and, by a convulsion of nature, scattered over the land. We were sufficiently acquainted with geology to understand its combinations with quartz, but until we looked with longing eyes upon the mass of gold lumps dumped from Ballard's mule, we had never dreamed of our luck leading us to the fountain-head of such wealth.

Frank had trodden upon this lump of gold upon the floor of the great cavern he had just left. They had but dimly viewed an immense cave, penetrated for about five hundred feet, when they found themselves beneath the opening in the roof, which had given a dim twilight to the interior. Excepting gleaming points in every direction, they could make out nothing definitely, and having only a few matches for light, they had deemed it prudent to return for more careful preparations to explore the interior.

This was what we had come for, and as we looked into each others' eyes, there was but one answer to the suggestion of Frank to camp there; with scarcely a word more, we unsaddled the animals regardless of the possible proximity of Indians.

Nor did we consult long as to our course of action. The sun was beginning to sink behind the western range of mountains, from which long shadows stretched out across the wide plain below, and, circling about the gleaming lake in the distance, gave it the appearance of a giant gem set in sombre tints. The cave must be explored before the light came up again behind the eastern range of mountains, upon the foothills of which we stood. We must not be trapped in the cave by Indians; sunrise must find us miles away and hidden, until we could resume our travel in darkness.

The mules were driven into the mouth of the cave and there tethered. Gathering enough fuel for a very moderate fire, we unpacked our cargo in a concealed angle of the cave, where the light could not be observed from anywhere outside. Here the floor was dry and sandy. The view from this point of the vast apartment was grand beyond description. Above the dark sides rose the roof, gleaming with a thousand rainbow reflections of light thrown back by crystalline formations. Small as was our fire, it seemed to be repeated by myriads of iridescent jewels, whose refracted rays, shining like a zenith of incandescent electric points, were lost in the unfathomable gloom of distance. Through the great opening in the perpendicular bluff, the sunset colors were gathering in the western sky. An aperture about fifty feet square, from the lower south corner of it, poured a stream of pure mountain water, which fell in a silver spray upon the plain beneath. It was a scene of enchantment, and to our youthful and wrought-up imaginations the Aladin's cave of our fortunes.

Our explorations, slowly and cautiously made by the weak light of a few burning twigs and matches, were pursued to the music of rushing waters and whirling wings. Thousands of unseen bats and birds cut curving lines through the dark, dull air, or went screaming out of the great front opening. The gleaming eyes of some wild beast for a moment glared at us as it slunk by in the darkness. We stumbled over a pile of human bones, and from beneath a wriggling snake went hissing into the shadows. It combined the grewsome horrors of a grave-vault, illumined by the brilliant beauty of a fairy cave.

Up to this point, the cave had been about one hundred feet wide, it now narrowed down to half that width. The ceiling continued as high, shafted and arched like St. Peter's dome. Stalagmites were here, pendant in picturesque, architectural droopings; while reaching upward toward them, the calcareous stalagmites clustered from the rocky floor. Great fissures in the sides alternated their inky shadows with iron-stained stratas, blue clay, and gray-wall casings. Then appeared a seam of dazzling white-crystalline quartz, shading off into prisms of blue, green, and yellow, and emitting a flood of diamond rays in reflecting our lights.

The crustaceous and irregular floor here made walking difficult, and, while slowly creeping on, we suddenly found our further progress arrested by a deep, dark gulf, running directly across the cavern. Sharp-edged and irregular, it was about five feet wide—a great rent or split of floor, sides, and roof. A white, sulphurous vapor, warm and steaming, slowly floated up from its unknown depths, while a seething,

bubbling noise indicated heat and water at some lower level.

I had just noticed the gleaming whiteness of another broad band of quartz running obliquely across the north wall, near the floor fissure, when Frank suddenly caught my arm and motioned toward it. We three had been creeping along abreast, and about six feet apart, each holding matches or burning sticks. Frank was nearest the north wall, toward which he now sprang with a cry of joy, waving his burning brand above his head. At once following him, we stood in utter amazement before the vein of quartz, which stretched diagonally across the side of the cave. It was fully ten feet wide, commencing with a sharply defined line of pure quartz, white as the mountain snow, without a sign of gold, and gradually becoming more opaque and stained by decomposed sulphurets, until, at its other edge, it was but a mass of discolored, disintegrated rock. It had given way through rottenness, and there lay upon the floor—tons of it. Eagerly holding our lights close to the pile, we found that of the fallen heap at least one-quarter was coarse gold.

It was the treasure found at last! There, upon the ground alone, lay in sight enough coarse gold to load twenty mules, while in the seam great flakes of dull gold told of its extended richness.

Eagerly we raked over the pile of decayed quartz, picking out the lumps of precious yellow metal, until we realized how important it was for us to act systematically and speedily. Then, hastening back by the failing light of our flambeaux, we at once prepared fresh bundles of dry sticks to light our immediate return to the vein. No time was to be lost. We resolved to pack part of our provisions on our backs, while with the mules, each carrying two hundred pounds of gold, we would take the return trail back to California. Traveling at night only, we might avoid Indians and those miners behind us, seeking also the "Gold Lake." At some future time in the summer we would return with a train of mules, and, should the find be still undiscovered by others, secure permanently this matrix mine.

Alas, for the fatal curse of gold! the avarice of man is the same upon the desert or in the city; he is ever willing to risk his life for the mighty metal. In the excitement of the hour, we ignored the fate of our predecessors, whose greed of wealth ended in death. But the thirst for gold was upon us.

We thought only to stagger away in the darkness beneath a deadly load, which we might keep in hiding while the sun shone and stealthily convey by night to safety. Will and myself were mere boys. City-bred—this was my first absolute hardship in the wilderness. Even the matured, border-experience of Frank, usually so cautious, succumbed to the greedy excitement.

Such were our gilded dreams and plans as we prepared flour-sacks and blankets to receive the gold. Then we returned to the vein, filled and lashed the sacks which were to be packed on the saddles, when the animals should be led up to the mine.

During the past few moments we had grown conscious of a gradually increasing humming noise, which seemed to assert itself above the many others made by birds, bats, or animals. Once or twice, during our excited and hurried packing of the gold, we had looked around in surprise at this uproar which rendered speaking almost impossible; now, there came a rumbling as of a heavy cart, driven over a stony street. As we sprang to our feet, the disturbance increased. The rocky floor beneath us cracked and perceptibly oscillated. A bluish vapor, through which shone a dim phosphorescent gleam, suddenly burst up from out the chasm, and with a sullen roar and splash, a geyser-jet of water was thrown up and fell into a great cavity, drained by the stream running through and out of the front cave opening.

In this pandemonium of sight and sound, our unattended and draught-blown lights had gone out, and we stood grasping each other in terror, not knowing but the entire cave was falling in. Frank had experienced slight earthquakes and had seen intermittent geysers, and his explanation assured us of the natural cause of the Hades-like commotion; but to us inexperienced youngsters the distant daylight shining through the front cave opening could not be reached soon enough. We wanted the open and sunlight just then, gold was not of the slightest importance, and we rapidly—for the difficulties encountered—found ourselves at the entrance.

The mules had broken loose in their fright and were outside cropping the grass. By this time the confusing and alarming noises had ceased, and reassured by Frank's quiet and intelligent explanation of the harmless character of the recurring flows, we secured the animals and led them back. But it was quite conclusive that we did not want to sleep in a vaulted bedroom with such a nightmare-snorter as that.

About four hours had passed since upon our arrival outside we had heard the noises Frank and Will's explorations failed to account for. Recalling this as possibly the last previous outburst of the geyser, we determined to test Frank's theory by waiting as long a period before leading in and packing the mules. Will and I thought we could afford the time. We did not care for gold which must be snatched from the yawning jaws of hell itself. To us, the gold seemed bait in a great, beautiful trap, with a hideous, hidden demon ready to seize and devour his caged victims.

Four hours passed, and as we stood again in the interior of the cavern, the increasing noises warned us of nature's approaching cataclysm. Standing nearer the entrance, we this time coolly observed the convulsive phenomenon. As if suffering the throes of parturition, from out the bowels of the cave came mingled groans, sighs, shrieks, and wailing sounds. There seemed no fearful noise omitted in the volume of agony expressed by the laboring laboratory in its pained efforts for relief. Birds, bats, rabbits, and coyotes made hasty exit from the now quaking cavern. Then came the terminating roar, the acme of earth-spasm. Lurid light and the sulphurous volume of vapor and water announced the Cyclopean birth.

Once more silence reigned within the cave, or was broken only by the soft beating of viewless wings and the silvery ripple of moving waters. Glancing around at the gleaming

crystals, viewing again the vast arches which swept across the lofty ceiling, groined and grooved in symmetry and strength, our alarmed pulses now quieted by the impressive solemnity of the place; it was with difficulty we recognized the sudden shifting of scenery, the turmoil of Dante's "Inferno," suddenly subdued to the peaceful quiet of cathedral cadence. But we quickly shook off all sentiment, remembering that if we did not wish to witness another natural circus, we must gather the gold, pack the mules, and be off.

It was done in less than an hour. It was no wonder that the old miner was thin, and said we would have to go through all sorts of dreadful things—including hell, death, and Indians—to get the gold! Our few remaining sleeping-blankets were covering the gold-sacks upon the mules' backs. Upon our own, we each carried a pack. The dog was the gentleman, he carried nothing. The greater part of the provisions, together with our tools, we "cached" in the cave, placing some heavy rocks above them.

A dense fog enveloped the entire country as we emerged from the cavern, and carefully strung along down the trail to the plain below. Our clothing was soaked with moisture, but it protected us from the keen eyes of Indians; and save the occasional striking of a mule's foot against a stone, there was little noise made to betray us.

Without molestation, we reached Cathedral Rocks two days later, after sunrise in the morning. It was not without great apprehension that we approached that stronghold in open daylight; both men and animals much distressed by overloads and rapid marching. We each carried about twenty-five pounds of provisions, besides our ammunition, arms, canteens, etc., and could scarcely drag a leg when we halted beyond arrow-reach of the rocks. As I was the least experienced in border knowledge, I was left with the mules and dog, while Frank and Will crept cautiously around the mound to reconnoitre. At last the signal came for us to approach—the coast was clear. Soon the weary mules were enjoying the much-needed pasture beneath the great square rock, while our camp was made between some fallen masses, which concealed us completely from view should any one approach.

A hearty meal of venison, and Frank, with the glass and dog, took the first four hours' watch upon the high rock. During that time, Will and I slept too deeply to dream even of our wealth. The frames only of our poor mule and that of the bear were left. Beasts and birds of prey had cleanly picked their bones. It did not look well for us that the Indian I shot had been removed. At noon, Frank called me, and my watch proved as uneventful as his own. At six in the afternoon, I had cooked the dinner, giving the tired men until the last moment to sleep.

As the setting sun's rays fell upon the—to us—distant magic cliff we had left behind us, the golden goal of our journey, we turned our faces toward his fading light, and started westward across the desert. From this point we left our old trail, Frank arguing that we should, by so doing, be less likely to meet miners or Indians going toward the "Gold Lake." There was a wider stretch of plain and mesa to cross in taking this route, but we yielded to his superior judgment. While few thefts, save of animals, occurred in those days when law and order issued only from the muzzle of a gun, we were really more apprehensive of meeting white than red men. Although no cargo was visible upon the blanket-covered backs of our mules, an experienced eye would at once detect something suspicious in the labored movements of animals bearing such seemingly light loads. Besides, there was less snow, with better feed and water, nearer the coast.

For nearly two weeks we skulked across the broken plain, traveling only at night and always with difficulty and pain. During the day we lay concealed, ever sacrificing our own comfort for a hidden pasture for our mules, upon whom limited feed and dead-weight burdens were fast telling. Traveling for one entire day without water, we reached late in the evening twilight a deep hollow long in view. There we had hoped to find a spring, and there—suddenly crossing an intervening ridge—we discovered quite a pool of still water. Upon the side we were on it was approached across a muddy, sandy shore. It was impossible to head off all of the mules, maddened with thirst, as they rushed for a drink. One escaped and floundered through the deadly quicksands to the water's edge, only to sink, struggling, to its pack before it could drink a mouthful. We succeeded in throwing a lariat over the pack, but the mule had not strength enough to lift itself and the gold, with all our pulling. Will sprang out along the line and was soon down to his belt in the treacherous sands. But for Frank's prompt command to cut and tie the rawhide rope under his arms, he would have sunk. It was all that we could do to pull him out endwise.

And now, we were three men and three mules, all weak, worn, and foot-sore. Creeping along, with our eyes turned toward the towering Cascade Range, we felt the burdens we bore growing heavier each hour.

We missed the kindly voice and acts of our leader, who was seemingly suffering and seldom spoke. We wondered afterward if a premonition of the coming sad event had cast its shadow before. Of ourselves, Frank seemed the weakest and most changed. While he did not complain, it was evident from his feverish impatience that his old enemy, malarial fever, was upon him. When we reached the eastern foothills of the Cascade Range, we were a party of skeletons—men and mules—and sank down at the first covered camping-ground. For two days we rested our overstrained muscles and energies, and then refreshed pushed on southward for California. We had frequently seen the camp-fires of probably both Indians and "Gold Lake" seekers, but always gave them a wide berth, more than once muzzling the mouths of the mules and dog, that they might not betray our proximity.

And now began our descent of the mountains, with but one more lofty spur to cross, when the snow-belt would be left above and behind. For some time we had been traveling less than ten miles a day, so weak now were our animals. The inelastic and excessive loads of gold pressing steadily upon their backs had, despite our care and watchfulness, chafed and internally injured the beasts. They were handicapped—over-

loaded—and yet Frank, with abnormal obstinacy, caused by the fever which consumed him rather than avarice, refused to "cache" any part of their cargoes.

We had nearly reached the summit of this last spur, or divide, staggering along in a blinding snow-storm, which constantly compelled the man in advance to search for the obscure trail in the drifting snow. Our own backs and limbs were wearied and aching with the loads they bore. The mules had gleaned but little sustenance from mountain leaves and twigs above the snow they had crossed for the three days previous. We were passing upon a trail narrow and rough, which led around the face of a steep mountain-side. It was little broader than our feet; on the inner edge, was the steep, jagged face of rock; on the outer, a precipice a thousand feet deep. Will was then in the lead, and after uncovering this at any time perilous path, called back for Frank to take the head of the foremost mule. Poor Frank, worn out and ill, at first irritably refused, but upon my going forward to do so, himself generously insisted upon taking this post of danger. Small and compact as were the deadly cargoes of gold, they repeatedly grazed rocky projections as the mules hugged the walls.

At the most dangerous point, just over the precipice, the head mule led by Frank slightly slipped its hind foot. With an oath and ill-judgment, unnatural to him at any other time, Frank dropped his rifle and jerked the halter-ropes he held. The animal threw up its head, while its worn and unshod feet slipped from under on the narrow frozen trail; the pack struck against the wall, throwing the poor beast's hind legs over the edge of the chasm. For a moment it clung with its forefeet to the abrupt edge, Frank vainly endeavoring to hold it up by unwisely pulling at the halter. Before we could speak, the taut rope caused Frank's feet to slide from under him, and with a despairing yell, our comrade and the mule went bounding down the perpendicular depth to certain death.

For a moment we were paralyzed with horror, then, driving the other animals around the dizzy point to a place broad enough, we lay down with just our faces over the edge of the precipice, and sought to learn the fate of our friend. As far as we could look downward into the cold chasm, each cruel projection, where their falling bodies had struck and wiped off the snow, was red with blood. At the bottom, where they had disappeared in the snow-drift, the edge of the snow was deeply encrimsoned. For half an hour we thus lay watching their grave, so suddenly and horribly made, consulting, with the hope of some rescue, alive or dead, of our friend and leader. There was no apparent way to reach the bottom of this dreadful hole, even in the absence of snow and ice. It was even more hopeless than the recovery of a man swept overboard at sea in a raging storm; and, with sinking hearts, we once more turned onward upon our trail.

Before starting, I blazed the bark of the nearest trees to indicate the spot where the disaster occurred, not that either of us sincerely thought it possible to rescue either the bones of our friend or his gold at some future time; but more because we felt we must do something to relieve our surcharged feelings. We made and bung a rude cross upon a projecting shrub on the wall where they went over, while sadly came back to me the touching lines of Byron's "Stranger's Grave":

"And save the cross above his head,
Be there no sign nor emblem spread,
By prying stranger to be read,
Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread."

Almost the first question asked one another in this then land of young representative men, was: "What State are you from?" Frank was from Maine. This was all we knew of our comrade killed. Like most border men, his nature exemplified the Spanish motto: "Los hechos me justifican." We knew him as honest, just, brave, and unselfish. Of his past he never spoke, and we never questioned.

We had now grown indifferent to concealment, and no longer traveled by night. Two more days of slippery, snowy mountain toiling brought us down into a green valley. In the descent we saw smoke below us, and in the night avoided a large Indian camp. The storm had ceased; for half a day we lay quietly in a sunny glen, strengthening ourselves and animals upon the limited fare we had. In the dusk of evening we mounted the next and last range, and looked down upon the distant camp of "Jim Crow's Diggins."

That night's meal consisted, for us, of a piece of bacon-rind and a slap-jack; that was the equal half of all we had left to eat. We reckoned it would take us two days' more easy travel to reach the camp. Before we had time to eat our supper, half-a-dozen naked Indians, one after another, lounged up to our fire and demanded "biscuit"—"no got eat." This was a bad fix. To refuse was to provoke their animosity; to give of our scanty fare was still more to deprive ourselves of much-needed food. We endeavored to explain we had no more, and we broke our "jacks" and bacon in half and divided with the squaws. They simply pointed to our packs, lying covered by saddles and blankets, and ejaculated "Heap!" We quickly put ourselves outside our morsel of supper, and, handing over the coffee-pot to the "big Injun," quietly slipped aside to secure our guns. We could not explain that our packs were not provisions, so we sat down upon them, with our guns handy. As the dirty devils stood around the fire and drank our coffee, we decided to start on that night, just as soon as they left.

But this did not occur until long after the moon rose, bright and full. Then, making as sure as possible that they all had left, we quickly resaddled, and bidding Box be quiet, again took up our weary tread.

Feeling convinced that we should be followed by the Indians and robbed, if not killed for our arms—much coveted by them—when we reached a lone tree in the midst of a small plain, a halt was called. We decided here to "cache" our gold, under cover of the shadow of the tree, and get into the camp as speedily as possible, returning with fresh animals to recover our treasure. We could see all around the clearing—there was no one watching. Wearily we dug, with a hatchet, a hole sufficiently deep to hold our packs; then carefully replaced the surface dirt and built our camp-fire over the spot.

Resting until sunrise, we mounted the mules and rode onward. Pausing upon the first ridge reached after starting, and looking back across the plain, we saw a dozen Indians running toward the tree we camped under, where the fire still smoked. Then they at once followed upon our trail. It was impossible for us to get away from the brutes, for the trail wound down the mountain and they would head us off. The best would be to get to open ground, and check them out of arrow-shot with our guns.

Riding as fast as we could push the exhausted beasts, we reached a long stretch of open park-like ground, covered sparsely by large trees. Selecting two of these, quite close together and surrounded with low brush, we "held the fort" behind the trunks. In a few moments the rascals came in sight. Their bows were strung with an arrow upon the string, a sure sign they meant fight. When they were within rifle reach, Will stepped out and motioned them back with his hand. They consulted together, and then one advanced alone. Again, Will motioned and called out for him to go back. It was the chief. Suddenly he raised his bow and quickly discharged the arrow, which fell ten feet short of Will's position.

This was a challenge—meant war, as the whoop uttered with the hostile act told; and still we did not fire. When we did, we wanted closer range and a chance to "bunch" them for my coarse shot. Trying another arrow with no better effect, the "big Injun" beckoned to his followers to advance, himself encouraging them by approaching many paces nearer. They all then stood together, and we quickly counted six bucks, two boys, and two squaws. The men for a moment stood all together, listening to their chief's talk.

This was our opportunity. Will had his own and poor Frank's rifle, and at the word from him, we let them have the guns in quick succession. When firing ceased, we saw four bucks upon the ground, while the other two were heading the boys and squaws in flight. Two of the bucks down, shortly after dragged themselves away under another tree; the other two never stirred again. Wishing only to be unmolested, we did not follow them up, but shortly after saddled our mules and slowly rode away. That evening we calculated we had made but four miles further—so utterly worn out were our beasts.

We were descending from an upland open, when with a startling yell, at least ten Indians dashed out of the timber behind us, and opened fire with their bows and arrows. One arrow struck into my animal and one into my blanket-roll, behind my saddle. Will was untouched, and instantly wheeled and fired, killing his man. By that time I had succeeded in getting my now fractious animal around, and my two barrels of scattering shot put the balance to flight.

The Indians, now more wary, however, followed us, holding back every time Will picked one off with his rifle. I succeeded in drawing the arrow from my mule's rump, but the flint barb remained, and the lamed animal could scarcely walk.

There was a piece of closely wooded ground ahead of us, and the Indians were again crowding up behind, evidently intending a charge in the undergrowth. We were upon a down grade, Will riding—myself walking and urging on the lame beast. Box, well trained, kept close to my heels. Suddenly we found the trail divided—each branch equally well worn. From the observations of locality made and points of the compass constantly consulted, I was positive the right-hand branch was our road, and took it. Will was last, holding back the Indians with his rifle—it carrying twice the distance of my shotgun. He took the left-hand branch, calling out to me his was the right trail.

Just at that moment, a couple of Indians, who evidently had run around and before us, jumped into the trail in front of me. An arrow whizzed past my ear as I dropped one Indian with my gun, and turning to give the other barrel to his companion, I found him flat with Box at his throat. Just then the devils behind charged up, but were again checked by a general firing upon our part. Meanwhile, the fellow under Box had pushed his knife through the faithful dog's heart and escaped in the brush.

Again the Indians were rallying, seemingly reinforced. Once more Will yelled to me to come on, and dashed down the trail he held—the left-hand one—out of sight.

There was no time for hesitation. I thought perhaps the trails reunited again down in the valley. Sufficiently confident my branch trended toward the camp to risk my life on it, and seeing between us Indians already turning into Will's trail, I sprang upon my mule and, by vigorous spurring, got him into a feeble run. Three Indians only followed me, and they kept at a respectful distance.

From the next divide I could plainly see "Jim Crow's Diggins," lying about six miles below. The three Indians now had disappeared. It was no longer possible to get my poor wounded animal off hobbling a walk. The sun was getting low, and as the trail took into a dense timber growth, I sprang off the mule and, leading him into the underbrush away from the trail, broke away on a foot-race a little on one side of the path. My hope was to throw the Indians off of the foot-prints. A good runner, in those days, strong, light and active, a steady jog brought me to the diggings in a few hours.

The trails did not reunite, and Will had not arrived in camp.

He never came in. The next morning, at daylight, I rode back over my trail and from the forks where we parted down the trail which Will took, twenty miles, at the head of a searching party of ten well-armed miners. As far as a mountain branch of the Yuba we found his mule's foot-prints and those of half-a-dozen Indians following. At the rapid stream, the Indian marks were found upon the other side, but went no further. They were wild and confused, evidently at losing Will's. Up and down the stream, upon both sides, we found nothing but the Indians' tracks. We fired our guns and shouted, but there was no answer.

In response to my offer of two ounces a day apiece for volunteers, and a heavy reward if found, four of the men remained three days longer with me on a faithful hunt for Will. We rode to the Indian *rancheria*, ten miles further on, to

which the trail Will took led. The Indians there were surly, but, for all that, we went through every possible hiding-place, looking for our friend. At the end, failing to find him, I offered the chief five mules, guns, and ammunition to find and bring him into camp.

But it was all of no use. My brave comrade never returned—never was heard of again.

For one month I remained in "Jim Crow's Diggins," and during that time hundreds of miners passed through en route to "Gold Lake." Keeping my own counsel, I never told where we came from, merely stating we had been working above in the higher mountain streams and driven out by Indians. At the end of that time, I purchased a good outfit mule-train, hired a man to help me, and returning to the "cached" gold, recovered and took it down to Marysville. In the "cache," I left a letter with my address. I deposited the half of the gold in D. O. Mills's bank, still hoping Will might get back to the diggings, where I left full particulars how to find me.

It was not until the following year that I gave him up for dead and sold his gold. Advertisements in the newspapers never found Will Stephens, of Kentucky. Inquiries in that State were equally unsuccessful in hearing of his family.

More peaceful, less adventurous pursuits engaged my attention for many years following upon the Pacific Coast. Professionally and politically active, it was at all times then, as now, easy to find me; but poor Will never came to claim his gold. Often, when the spirit of unrest was upon me, the desire to revisit that wondrous cave, with its untold wealth, came back. But with the wish returned a vivid recollection of the attendant horrors, and I as often deferred the trip.

Just after the first severe earthquake in San Francisco, in 1853, the following article, published in an Oregon paper, was copied in the San Francisco *Alta California*:

WONDERFULLY RICH DIGGINGS REVEALED BY THE EARTHQUAKE.—For some years a peculiar perpendicular bluff has marked a part of the Malheur Range, looking westward. It was a lone spur, the end of which had, at some remote period, slipped off, leaving a bald front with a great hole in it—a land-mark seen miles distant. The recent earthquake dislodged another section of this spur, precipitating thousands of tons of earth and stone down upon the plain below. Recently, some passing miner, observing quartz and water in the debris, tested and found pockets of coarse gold, surpassing in richness anything heretofore discovered. Hundreds of miners are now working there, all with unusual success. There is a tradition among the Indians that the spur had a great cavern in it, where lived a murderous devil, who made gold to entice miners, whom he destroyed. The Indians themselves never entered the cave.

Not much surprise is expressed at the close of Jubilee Jugin's career. He was very popular in London, not only because he spent a million and a half in two years, but because he was one of the most amiable, good-natured, and jolly of the celebrities of the English capital. His tall and rather bent figure and weak face were familiar sights in all the public places of London. His operations in Nice were worthy of New York's erratic Napoleons of finance. He would sign a check for a thousand pounds or thereabouts with the name of some well-known man and hand it to the banker. The bank would telegraph to their London agents to see if the name signed to the check was good. The answer usually came back by wire in a few hours announcing that any check signed by the name given would be accepted, the bank promptly received the check, and gave the money to the plunger. He took the money at once to the tables in Monte Carlo and played with it industriously. Five or six times he succeeded in doubling his money. Then he would go back to the bank and reclaim the check before it had been sent on to London. This was easy enough, as a regular tally of the trains on which the checks were sent was posted in the banking-house. One day the game went somewhat against the plunger, and the check got away to London before he could reclaim it. The following day he was arrested, and now he is serving a term of three months' imprisonment.

A letter signed Albert Edward Guelph was received by a New York florist recently. It came through Drexel, Morgan & Co., and it contained a check for one hundred dollars and an order from the Prince of Wales directing him to send two baskets of flowers, to the value of fifty dollars each, to two ladies whom he had met abroad, and who are now living on Fifth Avenue, near Central Park. The flowers were duly delivered. One basket was filled with lilies of the valley and maiden-hair fern, the other with pharleyensis ferns, and American beauty roses.

The Louisiana Lottery is said to pay Generals Beauregard and Early each ten thousand dollars a year for the use of their names as a guarantee that the drawings are honestly made. John A. Morris, of New York, the chief stockholder, is estimated to draw from the company an income of six hundred thousand dollars a year. A notorious negro politician of Louisiana lives in affluence at a costly hotel in New York city upon an income said to be derived in large part from his interest in the lottery.

Lack of work is so keenly and generally felt in the towns and provinces of Italy that the prefects and royal governors are issuing vigorous proclamations calling upon all owners of property to scrape up some kind of employment for the unemployed, who are literally penniless and at the door of starvation.

Switzerland proposes to hold at Lausanne, in June, a fair that will present specimens of all known alimentary substances, taking in bread, confectioneries, pastries, cooked dishes, vegetables, groceries, preserves, chocolates, and so on through all that the human stomach knows.

Scientific farming in Italy is to be undertaken this year by a company owning a capital of twenty millions of dollars. If the operations prove successful, the old wooden plow, pulled by oxen, that has held the field since before the Roman Cæsars, will have to go.

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Messrs. Pierson & Robertson have the pleasure of submitting to you the following prices, which guarantee superiority in Engraving and Material, at low rates.

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Each succeeding 100 Cards.....			1 75
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Reception Plate and 100 Notes.....	100 inside Envelopes.....	100 outside Envelopes.....	12 00
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No. 1 Reception Plate and 100 Cards.....			6 00
Each succeeding 100 Cards.....			2 00
No. 2 Reception At Home Plate and 100 Cards.....			7 00
Each succeeding 100 Cards.....			2 00
At Home Plate and 100 Cards.....			6 50
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THE FACTS

ABOUT

Stanley's Own Book

On March 10th, 1890, Messrs. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, the American publishers, appointed us the general agents for the Pacific Coast of the book now in preparation by Stanley, being a narrative of his last expedition into the interior of Africa to rescue Emin Pasha. THIS IS THE GENUINE NEW STANLEY BOOK, and the ONLY one.

Agents wanted everywhere. Subscribers should not allow themselves to be deceived, and those who may have been induced by misrepresentation and fraud to subscribe to a spurious book should not receive nor pay for it. Full particulars by mail upon application.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Bret Harte has written a new story, with the characteristic title of "A Sappho of Green Springs."

Bret Harte's new story, "A Waif of the Plains," will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. some time this month.

An exciting rumor comes from London to the effect that Mr. Henry James is dramatizing one of his own novels. Mr. James's work has never been found dramatic, even by his most ardent admirers.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce for early publication a large work on "Indigenous Flowers of the Hawaiian Islands," with forty-four plates painted in water-colors and descriptions by Mrs. Francis Sinclair.

A new novel by Mrs. Oliphant is coming from the press. It is recorded as an example of this lady's versatility that she once proposed to the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* that she should write the whole of one number, i. e., the serial story upon which she was then engaged, and five articles on different topics.

Concerning Mark Twain's copyright suit, the *Illustrated American* says:

Mark Twain is affording lots of fun at present to the American comic paragrapher. The developments in the copyright trial over "A Prince and the Pauper" were not all that the friends of Mr. Clemens could desire, and the controversy between Mr. House and himself has been carried into the newspapers. The best contribution was undoubtedly made by Mr. House in his letter to the *New York Times*, which was vigorous and trenchant. Mr. Clemens has been temporarily enjoined from producing the play.

A cable letter to the *New York World* says:

Emile Zola recently appeared at the American Consulate in Paris to give his evidence in the lawsuit which is being brought against the firm of publishers, Rand, McNally & Co., by another American publishing-house, to restrain them from publishing a translation of Zola's "Le Réve," and to sue for damages for the infringement of rights caused by such publication. It appears that after the appearance of the novel in question, an American lady, Mrs. Eliza E. Chase, secured from Zola the right of publishing the work in the English language, and disposed of this right to firms in London and in New York. Shortly afterward, Zola disposed of the American rights of "Le Réve" to the firm of Rand, McNally & Co. In his affidavit, he declares that Mrs. Eliza E. Chase had misunderstood him, and that he had only sold her the right to publish the book in England, whereas she claims that she acquired the right to publish it in the English language. It would seem that the misunderstanding was on Zola's side.

"Darkest Africa" is the not very attractive title Henry M. Stanley has selected for his forthcoming book on his latest travels in the Dark Continent. The work will not be on the market for some weeks yet, but the name is announced thus early to head off the insinuation book-agent in his endeavor to work off a lot of spurious Stanley literature before the authentic work becomes generally known. It will be issued in two volumes of about five hundred pages each, and will contain one hundred and eighty-two illustrations and sixteen maps. Charles Scribner's Sons will publish it, and the Pacific Coast rights have been secured by A. L. Bancroft & Co., 132 Post Street.

Taking the sale of books as the test of success, the most successful author in the United States, according to the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, is J. W. Buel. It says: "J. W. Buel has written fourteen books, the aggregate circulation of which exceeds 2,500,000 copies. His works are all of a religious or philosophical nature, and are sold on the subscription plan. The most popular is his 'Beautiful Story,' which has reached a sale within only 3,000 of 600,000 copies in less than two years. His last two works, 'The Living World' and 'The Story of a Man,' have both gone beyond 250,000 copies each, and are indorsed (?) by Mr. Gladstone and Bismarck. During 1888, Mr. Buel's royalties amounted to \$33,000, and this year they will exceed \$50,000.

The latest move in the "cheap-library trust" is thus outlined by the *Sun*:

John W. Lovell is buying right and left the plates for printing that are called the "competitive books," that is, for the cheap "12mo" editions of standard literature. Lovell has purchased the plates of W. L. Allison, by paying a certain sum down, the balance to be paid in installments covering eighteen months. The plates of the Worthington Company cost him twenty-two thousand dollars cash. George Munroe exacted for his enormous collection of Seaside Library plates fifty thousand dollars a year for three years, and one million dollars at the end of that time. His plates include not only the "competitives," but an immense number of which there are no duplicates in this country. Lovell has controlled Norman R. Monroe's plates for a year or so. He has also purchased the "12mo" plates of the Lippincotts, of Philadelphia, and of a number of smaller concerns. When Lovell gets control of all these plates, he can put up prices, as competitors would have to invest an enormous amount of money in manufacturing new sets of plates, and until they got as big a lot as he has, he could knock them out of the market by cutting prices below cost of paper and ink on books that they could make, and get square by showing up the price of books that they couldn't make. The most noticeable effect upon the retail book market is expected to be an increase of prices on sets of standard works, like those of George Eliot, Macaulay, Dickens, and Thackeray, and similar books that can now be bought for ridiculously little money.

New Publications.

"Christine, the Model; or, Studies of Love," by Emile Zola, is published in English translation in paper covers by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"The Belle of the Season," by Mrs. Harriet Lewis, is issued as the second American copyright novel in the Primrose Edition published by Street & Smith, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.00.

"Miriam, the Avenger; or, The Bride of an Hour," by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, is

issued in paper covers by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price 25 cents.

"Lady Baby," a novel of English life, by Dorothea Gerard, has been issued in the Franklin Square Library. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 45 cents.

"Five Weeks in a Balloon," by Jules Verne, translated by William Lackland, is issued as number nineteen of The Banner Library. Published by the Worthington Company, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 25 cents.

"The New World Book List" is a catalogue of a collection of Americana, made by William George's Sons, at the sign of the Cabot's Head, in Bristol, England. The list includes two thousand three hundred and forty-nine books, pamphlets, and maps, both new and old. Libraries and private collectors will do well to examine this valuable catalogue of valuable books. Published by the collectors, William George's Sons, Bristol, England.

An interesting little book has been compiled on the lore of eggs, by Anna Barrows. It is called "Eggs: Facts and Fancies about Them," and discusses the egg-aspect, so to speak, of chemistry, commercial statistics, history, magic, medicine, mythology, witchcraft, theology, literature, aesthetics, romance, and a variety of other topics, beside giving a number of recipes for the preparation of eggs as food. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.00.

"Unsatisfied" is the title of a story which purports to be "a masterpiece of realism," but which is rather a masterpiece of mediocrity in the new school where a spade is called a condemned shovel—though such an evidence of wholesome industry as that modest implement is passed over by the "realist" for the dirt the shovel should carry to oblivion. The story appears without the author's name, but is vouched for in a preface of fulsome praise by one T. T. Timayenis. Published by the Minerva Publishing Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

If the next generation is not perfect in health it will not be for lack of guide-books now offered to their parents and guardians. One of the latest of these is "Hygiene of Childhood," by Francis H. Ranken, M. D. He begins his introduction with the death-rate of children in large cities and closes with an appendix of mortality statistics, but between these two extremes he says much that is helpful and nothing that is not founded in common sense and a wide knowledge of his subject. "Diet," "Protection of the Body," "Importance of Pure Air," "Exercise," "Sleep," "School Hygiene," and "Purity" are among the chapter-heads. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, 75 cents.

The Rev. Howard MacQuary has written a book, "The Evolution of Man and Christianity," which he dedicates to Professor Joseph Le Conte, the author of "Evolution and Religious Thought," in gratitude for sympathy and assistance during the mental and spiritual struggle "which resulted in my emancipation from the thralldom of a crude and irrational Traditionalism." Mr. MacQuary believes that Physical Science, Biblical Criticism, and the Social Movement are forces which aim deadly blows at the miraculous features of popular Christianity and which will make imperative a reconstruction of Christian theology. An index is appended, which brings together the names of a considerable number of philosophers and theologians whom Mr. MacQuary quotes or discusses. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, \$1.75.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Edward Bellamy is to be editor in chief of the *Nationalist*.

A new high-class illustrated weekly is announced in London. *Black and White* is the title.

Shares in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which paid five per cent. dividends in 1848, are now returning a profit of one hundred and fifty per cent. per year.

Under a recent decision of the post-office department, "a premium list can not be admitted as a supplement to a publication when the same is mailed as second-class matter."

The announcement has just been made that the Philip H. Welch Memorial Fund has been completed, and the handsome sum of \$25,927.17 is the net result. As Mrs. Welch has declined to accept any money for herself, the fund is to be placed in trust for the education of her children.

George Augustus Sala, about a year ago, spoke very sharply in an article in the *London Telegraph* of some art criticisms written by Harry Furness, and the latter retaliated by alleging that Sala had once had an aspiration toward art himself, but had abandoned it upon the discovery that one of the figures in a picture he had painted was endowed with six toes. Mr. Sala sued for libel, and the case is about to come up in court.

A former member of the *Pall Mall Gazette's* staff has just returned to London from the United States,

after some seven months spent here as a working journalist. He is impressed with three great ideas:

"First, that the profession of journalist is harder in New York than it is in London; secondly, that the growth of trusts establishing a monopoly of articles of necessity is the most portentous peril that threatens American development; and, thirdly, that the Pope has far more power in the States than in any Catholic country in the old world. The papers are afraid to print a word to which the priests take exception."

Some Magazines.

Following will be found the tables of contents of some of the current magazines:

The *Nineteenth Century* for March—"The Report of the Parnell Commission," by Michael Davitt; "On Books and the Housing of them," by W. E. Gladstone; "A Battle Described from the Ranks," by Arthur V. Palmer; "Wallace on Darwinism," by the Bishop of Carlisle; "A Seventeenth-Century Prelate," by J. Jessop Teague; "On Justice," by Herbert Spencer; "Property," by Lord Bramwell; "Brain Work and Manual Work," by Prince Krapotkin; "A Working Man's Reply to Professor Huxley," by J. D. Christie; "Our Merchant Service," by Lord Brassey; "The Suppression of Rabies," by George Fleming; and "Capital—the Mother of Labor," by Professor Huxley.

The *Contemporary Review* for March—"Communism," by Emile de Laveleye; "Dr. von Döllinger," by Malcolm MacColl; "Results of European Intercourse with the African," by Joseph Thomson; "Was Jehovah a Fetish Stone?" by Andrew Lang; "Tithes," by A. Allanson-Peterson; "A Plea for the Publishers," by Rev. Dr. Jessop; "Anglo-Catholicism, the Old and the New," by Principal Fairbairn; "The Taxation of Ground Rents," a reply by J. Fletcher Moulton; "Reminiscences of a Church-Rate Struggle," by Mary Steadman Aldis; "Free Schools and Public Management," by E. Lyulph Stanley; and "The Four Oxford History Lectures," a letter to the editor, by Professor J. E. Thorold Rogers.

The *Cosmopolitan* for April—"The Fighting Forces of Germany," by Foulton Biegler; "The Enchanted Hase-Ball," by Sidney Cowell; "The Appendicular Vermiform," by Arthur Sherburne Hardy; "In the Land of the White Elephant," by Frank G. Carpenter; "Siena's Medieval Festival," by Anna Hampton Brewster; "A Flying Trip around the World," by Elizabeth Bisland; "George Washington's Last Duel," by Thomas Nelson Page; "Eaton Hall," by C. S. Pelham-Clinton; "Princeton University," by Professor Allan Marquand; "The 'Académie Julian,'" by M. Riccardo Nobili; verses by Emma P. Seabury and Ernest Whitney; and the departments directed by Murat Halstead, E. E. Hale, W. S. Walsh, and the editor.

L. Prang & Co., of Boston, have taxed the vast resources of their art-printing establishment for the Easter season, and have produced a very handsome lot of Easter cards, art prints on satin, Easter booklets, etc. Among the latter are poems by Rev. Charles Wesley and Joanna Bailey, as well as productions of less known rhymsters, and for their illustration such artists have been levied upon as F. Schuyler Mathews, Louis K. Harlow, Lucy Comins, William S. Tiffany, and Lisheth B. Comins. The illustrations are in monochrome, in colors, and even etched, and the covers are many of them hand-decorated.

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NOTES AND GOSSIP.

One of the interesting topics of conversation now in society circles is the forthcoming wedding of Miss Fair and Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, of New York. The latest news is that the wedding will probably take place early in June at the residence of the bride-elect's mother, Mrs. Theresa Fair, on Pine Street. Decorators are now at work renovating and embellishing the residence, and it will present a handsome appearance when the work is completed. Miss Fair's trousseau is being made in Europe under the supervision of Mrs. John W. Mackay, and, of course, it will be exceptionally elaborate. It is said that quite a number of the friends of Mr. Oelrichs will accompany him on his Western trip.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Stow gave a pleasant musicale at their home, on Pine Street, recently in honor of Miss Lee, daughter of Colonel Lee, U. S. A. Among those who contributed their talent were Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Campbell, Mrs. William J. Younger, Miss Jeannette Wilcox, and Mr. Henry Heyman.

A delightful *djeuner* was given by Mrs. Marriner-Campbell recently at her home on Turk Street, in honor of Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. Cass, and Miss Louise Cass, of Great Barrington, Mass. Musical selections were enjoyed afterward in the parlors.

Princess Engeliheff, who is here on a visit from Russia, was entertained at dinner recently by Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young at their home, 1919 California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Staples gave a dinner-party at their residence, on Taylor Street, recently in honor of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Bross, of New York, who are here on a visit. Dr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Yeaman were also present. Later in the evening, the Chinese theatre and other interesting places were visited.

In honor of Mrs. Locke Richardson, a charming lunch-party was given recently by Mrs. S. L. Bee, at the residence of Colonel F. A. Bee, on Pine Street. Covers were laid for twelve ladies, and a delicious luncheon was enjoyed.

The Parrott Dinner-Party.

An elegant dinner-party was given last Wednesday evening by Mr. Louis B. Parrott at his home on Franklin Street. The parlors were brightened by a tasteful decoration of La France roses, marigolds, and other bloom clustered in handsome vases, while in the dining-room calla lilies and acacia were used with pretty effect. The festal board was adorned with sparkling ware and a crescent-shaped centre piece, formed of red and pink camellias set in a bed of delicate ferns. A sumptuous menu was served, and the affair was made pleasurable in every way. Those present were:

Mr. L. B. Parrott, Mr. William T. Coleman, Mr. L. L. Baker, Mr. Gordon Blanding, Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, Mr. Honore G. Platt, Mr. George C. Boardman, Mr. W. Frank Goad, Judge John Hunt, Mr. Joseph A. Donahoe, Jr., Mr. Magee, and Mr. Donald Graham.

The Blair Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair gave a very pleasant lunch-party at her residence, 1315 Van Ness Avenue, a week ago. The table was garnished with a pretty decoration of buttercups, daisies, and marguerites effectively arranged among the rich service. The menu was elaborate and the hostess most delightfully entertained her guests. Those present were:

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, Mrs. A. P. Hotelling, Mrs. A. P. Hotelling, Jr., Mrs. Charles Mayne, Mrs. Holt, Mrs. Charles F. McDermott, Miss McDermott, Miss Elise Kelly, and Miss Jennie Blair.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent San Franciscans:

Mrs. John F. Miller and Lieutenant and Mrs. Richardson Clover, U. S. N., are passing the winter in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone were in San José during the early part of the week.

Mrs. William E. Dargie and Miss Dargie, of Oakland, have returned from a visit to Monterey.

Mrs. M. B. M. Toland will return from Los Angeles in a few days.

Mr. George Cheesman went to his ranch in Mexico last Tuesday and will be away about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan and the Misses Daisy and Ruth Ryan will occupy their Menlo Park villa about April 1st. Miss Ruth Ryan is convalescing after a severe attack of pneumonia.

Hon. Romualdo Pacheco is expected here soon from his ranch in Mexico.

Mrs. J. Poultny is occupying her new Eastlake cottage on Ashbury Heights.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Suto arrived here from New York early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Loughborough and family will be in San Rafael all of the summer.

Mrs. John P. Jones is entertaining Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Miss Louise Holladay, and Miss Maud O'Connor at her residence in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hill returned to the city from Madrone last Tuesday, and were accompanied by Miss Julia Peyton who had been visiting them.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering are occupying Hedgeside during the absence of Hon. and Mrs. M. M. Estee in Washington, D. C.

Mr. John Vance Cheney is seriously ill at his residence, 908 Sutter Street.

Sir Sydney and Lady Waterlow and Miss Hamilton have been visiting Napa Valley during the past week.

Mr. Andrew Jackson is in the city on a visit from the Napa Soda Springs.

General W. H. Dimond, and Mrs. E. R. Dimond, and the Misses Eleanor and May Dimond expect to occupy their villa at Menlo Park about the first of April.

Mrs. William E. Collier is in the city on a visit from Lakeport.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank are paying a visit to Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins will go to their Menlo Park residence early in April.

Mr. Mountford S. Wilson has returned to New York city

after a visit to Florida and Cuba, and is greatly improved in health. He is expected here in a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, *né* Mizner, are stopping at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Consul and Mrs. Denis Donahoe, Mr. and Mrs. Denis Donahoe, Jr., and Miss Rose Donahoe will be at San Rafael during the summer season.

Mr. Basil Heathcote and Mr. N. G. Kittle have been paying a visit to the southern part of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Miller, of Oakland, have been visiting Coronado Beach and the southern resorts.

Mr. W. Frank Goad will soon leave for the East and will return with his daughter, Miss Ella Goad, who is now visiting friends in Philadelphia.

Mrs. W. S. Hobart and Miss Alice Hobart will leave for Europe in about ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard will pass the summer months at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker contemplate devoting the summer to a European trip.

Mrs. Alexander Forbes, Mrs. Johnson, and Miss Forbes will occupy their cottage in San Rafael during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. LeCount and the Misses Ella and Susie LeCount will occupy the Hacienda at Sausalito during the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Wooster will pass the summer at the Napa Soda Springs.

Miss Joey Richardson and Miss Minnie Cluness, of Sacramento, are visiting Mrs. Albert Gallatin at her residence, 1840 California Street.

Miss Ada Richards is the guest of her sister Mrs. Charles Ray in Washington, D. C.

Miss Ada Butterfield is visiting friends in England.

Mr. Charles F. Mullins has returned home after a two months' trip to England.

Miss Lissak is the guest of Mrs. Hood at her residence in Guilicos.

Mr. Louis T. Haggin has returned to the city after a prolonged absence in the East and Europe.

Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Brigham will leave in May to occupy their cottage near Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis intend passing the summer at San Rafael.

Mr. Duncan Hayne went to Santa Barbara on Monday to remain a month or six weeks.

Misses Lucy and Adelaide Upson, of Sacramento, are visiting Mrs. Lucy Arnold in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker and Miss Fanny Crocker are enjoying a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. Henry Payot and his daughter, Miss Henrietta Payot, have gone to New York, and will be away about two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks leave for Europe March 23d, to be absent about six months. Park Commissioners Hammond and Austin arranged a four-in-hand driving-party in their honor one day this week.

Hon. Paul Neumann and Miss Neumann have returned from their Eastern trip, and are at the Palace Hotel. They will soon leave for Honolulu.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge and Mrs. C. J. Bailey will leave next month for an Eastern trip.

Colonel and Mrs. W. H. Chamberlain and Miss Celestine Preston are visiting Los Angeles.

Miss Mae Wickersham, of Petaluma, is the guest of Miss Maude Badlam.

Mr. and Mrs. Hilliard Judge will leave here in June to return to their home in New York.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Saturday Popular Concert.

The second of the series of Saturday popular concerts was given on the afternoon of March 15th, at the First Unitarian Church. An appreciative audience enjoyed the following programme:

Duet, "Boatman's Song".....Franz Abt
Mrs. J. M. Pierce and Mr. Robert Lloyd.
Piano Solo, Sonate Op. 53 (Waldstein).....Beethoven
Mr. Ernst Hartmann.
"Magic Song".....Helmund
Ballad, "In Thy Dreams".....Dudley Buck
Mrs. J. M. Pierce.
Piano Solo, Etudes Op. 10, Nos. 3, 5, 11, 12.....Chopin
Mr. Ernst Hartmann.
Song, "An Old Garden".....Hope Temple
Mr. Robert Lloyd.
Spring Song.....Reinhold Becker
Mrs. J. M. Pierce.
Piano Solo (a) Serenade.....Liszt
(b) Rigolotto.....Liszt
Mr. Ernst Hartmann.

The third concert will take place (Saturday) afternoon at three o'clock at the church, and an interesting programme will be presented by Mr. H. J. Stewart, organist; Mr. Hermann Brandt, violinist; and Mrs. W. C. Campbell and Miss Wilcox, vocalists.

Miss Marie C. Hyde, the music teacher, has recovered from her recent illness, and will be at home at 507½ Hyde Street, after April 1st.

ART NOTES.

"Western people don't know how to enjoy their money," said a New York man recently to a *Sun* reporter; "they may drink champagne, dress richly, and drive blooded trotters, but they simply gash at the idea of a man's spending, as many New Yorkers do, eighty or a hundred thousand dollars on pictures for his own home." There is more than a grain of truth in this. San Franciscans do buy pictures; but most of them buy on the strength of the artist's name, and only when they are in Europe—a little thing I picked up in Paris, they will say of a great painting that they bought in the *atelier* of a man of world-wide fame. But let the same picture be offered them here in San Francisco, and the chances are they will refuse it, even when it is cheaper by just so much as the foreigners add to the price of whatever they sell to "Californians, always of the most fabulous wealth." This idea is backed up by the sale of the Gump collection, which is to take place next month. Mr. Sol. Gump was asked recently, if he intended to stop importing first-class paintings to California. "Well, I don't know," he replied; "I have invested many thousands of dollars in paintings from the great studios of Paris, Munich, and Vienna, and—much of the money is in the same investment still. Of course, with my business connections in the art-centres of Europe, I can get pictures at a much less figure than the ordinary buyer, especially if he lets it be known that he is a Californian. But even when I offer my pictures here at less than most people can buy them for in the studio, there is nothing like the sale I would make in any Eastern or European city. In the East I can readily get my own prices for the pictures in my gallery, and if the sale in April does not exceed my present anticipations, I shall take the collection back East, and it is not probable that I will bring many more fine pictures out here."

The postage on a letter from the United States through England to India is five cents. The postage on a letter mailed in England for India is ten cents. On account of this, the English business public is making a big kick against the English postal department.

The Throat.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches," act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the throat.

EIFFEL RED.

The latest thing in stationery is dark shades of paper (to be written upon with white ink) among which the following are the most popular: Eiffel Red, Paper Noir, Clover Green, and Slate. For sale by

THE BANCROFT COMPANY

721 MARKET STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO,

22½ White ink, 25 cents per bottle.

EASTER CARDS

DOXEY'S

631 MARKET STREET

MISS MARIE C. HYDE,

Having entirely recovered from her recent long illness, will welcome her pupils and friends, after April 1st, at her residence, 507½ Hyde Street.

JAMES DE FREMERY & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO,

General Agents for the Pacific Coast.

THE BARTON & GUESTIER

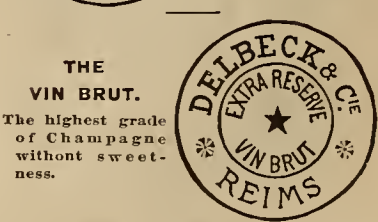
Clarets, White Wines, and Olive Oil.



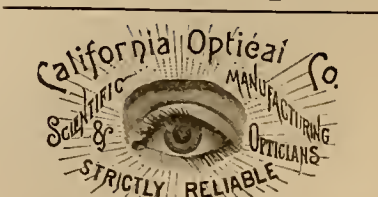
THE DELBECK CHAMPAGNES



THE
EXTRA DRY.
The perfection of a
Dry Wine.



THE
VIN BRUT.
The highest grade
of Champagne
without sweet-
ness.



317-319 KEARNY ST., bet. Bush and Pine.

Science has Conquered! Our system for testing and adjusting, to correct any error of refraction, is used on this coast only by us, and is endorsed by the leading authorities throughout the United States as the best known to science. A perfect fit guaranteed. EXAMINATION FREE. Our machinery and facilities are the best in the United States. Opera, Field, and V. Glasses. All kinds of Optical Goods repaired.

WE ARE NOW OFFERING SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS FOR SPRING.

New Designs and Colorings of
CARPETS.

New Patterns of FURNITURE,
"Our Own Styles."

Novelties in UPHOLSTERY
goods.

Sole Agents for the Welch
Folding-Bed.

PRICES MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

Carpets, Furniture, and Upholstery,

641-647 MARKET STREET.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiania, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Capital and Surplus.....\$4,694,805.04

Directors:
LLOYD TEVIS, President; JNO. J. VALENTINE, Vice-Pres't.
Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Charles Fargo, Geo. E. Gray, C. F. Crocker.
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.



26th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1890

Home Mutual Insurance Co.

No. 216 Sansome Street.

Capital (Paid up in Gold).....\$300,000 00
Net Surplus (over everything)... 244,884.41

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. L. N. SHEPARD
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY
GENERAL AGENT.....ROBERT H. MAGILL

London Assurance Corporation
Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720.

Northern Assurance Company
Of London. Established 1836.

Queen Insurance Company
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.
Of Hartford, Conn.

ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.
South-east corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

If our fathers and mothers had all married their first loves, where would we be?—*Life*.

"Oh, Lord! how you made me jump!" as the grasshopper remarked when he was first created.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

A Chicago publishing-house advertises a book on stenography as "the system adopted by the Recording Angel."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Jack Happy—"Have a cigar, Billy?" Billy Go-lucky—"No. I've given up smoking." Jack Happy—"Well, tell us about her."—*Puck*.

Bertie—"They—aw—said I could pass in at the stage-entrance, but I'm—aw—afraid I can't get me pawnts through."—*New York World*.

"If Britannia rules the sea," said Marlow, "there's one thing she ought to be made to do right off." "What's that?" "Put muzzles on the sharks."—*Life*.

"Do you believe, Mrs. Lockwood, that the office should seek the man?" "I most certainly do," replied Belva; "but—er—it's different with women."—*Life*.

"I should never have recognized this other photo of you, dear. It looks so care-worn and old." "Yes; that was taken when papa wouldn't buy me the Duke of Dirtwater."—*Life*.

"I don't know what to do with my son. He has failed in business and professional life and appears to be good for nothing." "Why don't you buy him a seat in Congress?"—*Life*.

Belle (suddenly)—"I'm afraid all this talk about students is rather frivolous for Sunday." May (easily)—"Oh, but they're all theological students, you know."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Agent—"I'd make you my janitor, only I must have a married man." Applicant—"Keep the place open for an hour and I'll fix that. It's easier to get married than to get a job."—*Epoch*.

"Oh, Sophy! I hear you kissed Mr. Rondo, the poet, in the conservatory last night." "Um-m-m?" "Tell me. What was it like?" "Well, he has a very pronounced literary taste."—*Puck*.

She—"Indeed, it's not an easy thing for a girl to get a husband." He—"Why, a pretty girl can make her choice of four out of every five men she meets." She—"But it's the fifth that she wants."—*Life*.

Merchant—"Your expenses were very high on your last trip, Mr. Mendall." His drummer—"Yes, sir; blamed high. I got snowed in with a poker game at Blue Cañon, and had to stay a week."—*Judge*.

"What a wonderful age of invention it is!" said Mrs. Peterson; "I see they are now making wire cloth, and I'll have some this very week to put a seat in Johnny's every-day trousers."—*Merchant Traveler*.

"This is where we cast our cannon," said the polite attendant. "How interesting!" said the sweet girl; "and where do you blow your great guns?" "I've heard a yachting friend of mine speak of that so often."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Mrs. Merritt—"I hear your daughter lost her place as type-writer. Did she make some mistake?" Mrs. Badger—"Yes; she fell in love with one of the clerks before she had given the boss time enough to take a liking to her."—*Judge*.

"What can you do?" asked the editor. "Well, I can't write, and I can't edit, and I ain't got no literary judgment; but if yer want a man that's all muscle to blame fer writin' libels, I'm the feller yer want—see?"—*Harper's Bazar*.

Servant (at sweet girl's boudoir)—"Mr. Nice-fellow is in the parlor, miss." Sweet girl (throwing down her novel)—"Horrors! And my hair is all down! Tell him he'll have to wait a little, as I'm in the kitchen helping mother."—*Life*.

Miss Rosbud—"Oh, well, you must not blame her; she is one of the period." Bronson—"Period! She a girl of the period? She doesn't know what a period is. Why, she never stops talking except with an exclamation point."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Mrs. Brown—"Johnnie broke a pane of glass, but as he told me about it at once, I gave him an apple." Mrs. Cobwigger—"That will teach him a great lesson." Mrs. Brown—"I'm afraid not. As soon as he had eaten the apple he went and broke another window."—*Epoch*.

She—"And just think of it, I learned to swim last summer, and actually became an accomplished floater." He—"Weally! Well, I nuthin mention that to paw. I heard a man that ath he wath going to wun for offith nexth fall, he must be on the lookout for floaters."—*Harper's Bazar*.

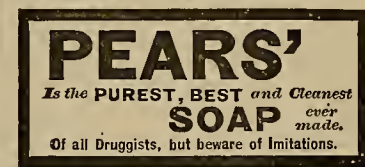
She—"I have always supposed the fashionables endeavored to keep their numbers down as low as possible, but now I see the 'Four Hundred' have been increased to Fifteen Hundred." He—"The Wall Street men made 'em. As soon as they got control, they proceeded to run society according to

business principles, and, of course, the first move was to 'water the stock.'"—*Life*.

Yabsley—"I suppose that married life is really more happy than the life of a bachelor." *Wickwire*—"Yes; I guess it is. Still, there's room for improvement. I believe it would be more of a success if she would pay a little more attention to what I say and not quite so much to what I do."—*Terre Haute Express*.

Pretty girl—"I called in reference to your advertisement for a type-writer." Cautious bachelor—"I advertised for a young man." "Yes, I know, but I was in hopes I might do." "H'm! Can you cook?" "Cook? Why, yes." "Good house-keeper?" "Oh, yes." "Fond of society?" "No, I seldom go out unless obliged to." "Take that desk there, please."—*New York Weekly*.

Mr. Wayback—"Yes, sir, I like that thar statcher fust rate. What did you say the name was?" Dealer—"It is a very fine cast of the 'Greck Slave.'" Mr. Wayback—"Thar's only one objection. My wife's so tarna religious that she don't like things o' this kind. Now, if you could have a white-stone petticoat carved out and fitted onto the 'Greck Slave,' darned if I wouldn't buy her and risk it."—*America*.



This Label is on the Best RIBBON Made.

IVERS & POND PIANOS

The finest and most popular instruments before the public.

ONE HUNDRED of these pianos purchased by the great New England Conservatory of Music, and in daily use at that institution. Don't fail to examine these pianos which are creating such a furore among our best musicians. For full information about lowest prices, terms, etc., write or call on

KOHLER & CHASE, Gen'l Ag'ts,
137 & 139 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

— FOR —
WALL PAPER,
WINDOW SHADES,
and CORNICE POLES

— GO TO —
G. W. CLARK & CO.
653 and 655 Market Street.

GEORGE GOODMAN,
— PATENTER AND MANUFACTURER OF —
ARTIFICIAL STONE
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Office, 307 MONTGOMERY ST.



Educational.

Mr. ALFRED KELLEHER,
Teacher of Vocal Music,
Desires to announce that he has resumed teaching. Class lessons of one hour of four of the same voice will be formed. Ladies' class for vocal and musical instruction and part songs Saturday, from 11 A. M. to 12 M.
2324 Clay Street, San Francisco.

MISS GILBERT'S SCHOOL

2501 FILLMORE STREET.

Spring term opens Monday, March 24, 1890.
Young ladies specially prepared for Eastern Colleges. Particular attention given to pupils wishing to enter the higher grades of the public schools.

NEAPOLITAN MANDOLINS.

Professor Samuel Adelstein will leave for Europe about the first of April on a four months' vacation. He will visit the principal cities of Italy—the home of the mandolin. Parties who wish to obtain a good, genuine, Neapolitan Mandolin, personally selected, will please address
Music Studio, 1009 Sutter Street.

Mme. B. ZISKA, M. A.,

Having returned from Europe, is prepared to receive a very limited number of young ladies for advanced course of private instruction in French, German, and English. Foreign languages and literature a specialty.
A class in drawing and penmanship, under direction of Mr. Carl Eilenschimmel.

1606 California Street.

MISS LAKE'S Boarding and Day School for Girls

WILL OPEN IN THE NEW BUILDING,
1534 SUTTER STREET, cor. of Octavia,
On Wednesday, January 8th, 1890.

MISS M. LAKE, Principal.

ST. MATTHEW'S HALL SAN MATEO, CAL.

A SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR.

REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER, M. A., PRINCIPAL.

VAN NESS SEMINARY.

A Day and Boarding School for Young Ladies
1222 PINE STREET, S. F.

Under the ownership and direction of DR. S. H. WILLEY, aided by an able corps of teachers.
The next term opens January 6, 1890.

THE LARCHER SCHOOLS

— OF —

LANGUAGES

SAN FRANCISCO, OAKLAND,
FLOOD BUILDING, HAMILTON HALL,
And BLAKE and MOFFITT B'ldg.,
SAN JOSE—RUCKER BUILDING,
EDWARD LARCHER, Principal.

THE CALIFORNIA Savings and Loan Society

CORNER OF EDDY AND POWELL STS.

Savings Bank deposits received, and interest paid on same semi-annually, in January and July. Rates of interest for last term: 5.58% on term deposits; and 4.65% on ordinary deposits, free of tax. Deposits received from one dollar upwards. Open Saturday evenings.

ALASKA

COMMERCIAL COMPANY,

No. 310 SANSOME STREET.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FURS

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

UNION BLOCK,

202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco.
Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co., Pacific Steam Navigation Co., The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co., The California Line of Clippers from New York, The Hawaiian Line, The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited, The Baldwin Locomotive Works, steel rails and track material.

(Established 1854.)

GEORGE MORROW & CO., DEALERS IN HAY AND GRAIN

PRIVATE TRADE SOLICITED.

No. 30 Clay Street, - - San Francisco

A MENAGERIE AFLOAT.

Elephants, Monkeys, and Humans on the Pond.

Barnum's great show recently sailed from London on six steamers of the Anchor Line, the bulk being on the *Furnessia*. In a cage between decks were eighty-five specimens of the monkey tribe, ranging in variety from the strawberry striped baboon of Central Africa to the prehensile-tailed simian of Borneo's bamboo forests. In their wild glee at departing from the fogs and rains of merry England, they shrieked, chattered, and raised such a deafening racket that the aged black bear in the adjoining cage was reduced to the verge of nervous prostration. Suddenly the bow of the ship went up in the air and quite as suddenly the stern went down. The movement was repeated. It assumed a regularity. There was a lull in the chattering, and, overcome by surprise, a venerable ape fell off of his perch and barked his ancient nose. His mishap failed to arouse a single satirical screech. Silence reigned in the cage, and one by one its occupants crept away into shady corners or hid beneath the straw. Before half an hour had passed, every one of them was as seasick as it is possible for the ordinary museum monkey to be, and for the next three days that cage held the saddest collection of simians upon the face of the globe. All of the other animals were unaffected by the motion of the boat, and both the elephants and horses soon learned to swing in unison with it.

Among the animals between decks, near the stern, was an extremely depraved young elephant, named Hat. Next to his box was that of a gentle giraffe, in whose rations were included a peck of carrots—a vegetable of which Hat was extremely fond. Day after day, he made futile attempts to rob the giraffe when the keeper was not looking, but met with constant failure. One afternoon, Hat's temper gave

way, and coiling his trunk about the giraffe's neck, he gave a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether. Had his victim possessed a less elastic neck, his career would have ended then and there, but it slowly stretched until a crowd of keepers bad stuck enough pitchforks into Hat to induce him to let go. Half-an-hour later, his little red eyes espied a wire running along the beams above his box, and reaching forth his trunk, he gently pulled it. It gave. Then he pulled it a number of times. The vessel stopped and began to go backward at full speed. Down from the deck above floated vague sounds of profanity, and then an officer popped through the hatchway and caught Hat still engaged in ringing up signals in the engine-room, with which the wire connected. The prodding that he received rather crushed his playful spirit for the remainder of the voyage.

There is a waiter on the *Furnessia* who is in a fair way to develop acute melancholia. The two tables upon which he waited were filled by the ballet-girls engaged by Imre Kiralfy in London, and every nationality, except the English, was represented among them. When the first dinner was served, the waiter, who is a plain and guileless cockney, came jauntily forward to take the orders. Totally ignoring the bill of fare, each girl started in to tell him what she wanted, and for the next ten minutes the Tower of Babel was a desert of silence compared to that dining-room. The waiter fled in quest of the captain, who came down and quieted the incipient riot. The use of the bills of fare was explained in pantomime and the diners were instructed to make known their wants by pointing out the dishes. The first girl who tried it, designated pickled oysters and ice-cream as her choice, a second drew a pencil through the names of four different kinds of soup, motioning to the waiter to bring them, and when the third diner selected Canada mutton and strawberry-jam, the waiter gave it up in despair. After a long series of object-lessons, the girls learned to give their orders in compound-fractured English, and the burden upon the brain of the cockney servitor was lightened a little.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADEROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
NOTE: PHOTOGRAPH OF **HARTSHORN'S** LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN'S

The representations of advertisements may be taken generally as honest and truthful, for no wise dealer seeks to draw customers by false pretences. He must have on his counters exactly what he advertises to sell, and he must sell it at exactly the advertised prices. Otherwise his advertisement does him more harm than good. It may bring him in ephemeral trade, but the larger the trade is the worse it will be for him in the end. His deceived customers will make for him an evil reputation for dishonesty. Therefore, ordinary sagacity prompts the dealer to tell the truth about his goods when he advertises them in the newspapers.

When a large house advertises bargains, it may be assumed that bargains they are. The quicker their sales, the more rapidly they turn over their money, the more successful such dealers are, and to get speedy sales they must tempt purchasers with as low prices as they can offer. The larger the trade they can attract by advertising, the better it is for each individual purchaser, for the greater the volume of their business, the smaller can they fix their average profit.

This is the great advantage of advertising. It makes the business known, and by multiplying the number of customers the dealer obtains the means of attracting more. He has more money to expend on his stock, can improve the opportunities which come so frequently to the cash buyer, and can make his margin of profit smaller. The whole success of the great retail-houses has been built up in this way. There are few of them which have not had their entire development within very recent years, before which they were little haberdashery shops, with a neighborhood trade only, or they had no existence at all. There is not one of them which does not owe its success to advertising.

So far from having been completed, the development of advertising is still in its early stages only.—*New York Sun.*

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Jan. 1, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José...	12:45 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis...	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax, and...	5:45 P.
8:00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and...	6:15 P.
	Santa Rosa...	
8:30 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles...	11:15 A.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff...	5:45 P.
10:30 A.	Haywards and Niles...	2:15 P.
* 12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José...	* 3:45 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers...	* 6:00 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José...	9:45 A.
3:30 P.	ad class Ogden and East...	10:45 P.
4:00 P.	Stockton and Milton, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa...	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis...	10:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore...	* 8:45 A.
* 5:30 P.	Niles and San José...	* 4:15 P.
	Haywards and Niles...	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East...	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East...	7:45 A.
8:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East...	9:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

† 3:00 A.	Hunters' train to San José...	7:20 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz...	5:50 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz...	* 11:50 A.
4:15 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos...	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:25 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations...	2:30 P.
	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations...	6:12 P.
10:30 A.	San José and Way Stations...	5:02 P.
12:01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations...	3:38 P.
* 3:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations...	* 10:00 A.
* 4:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations...	* 7:58 A.
5:20 P.	San José and Way Stations...	9:03 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations...	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations...	7:28 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Mondays excepted.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., March 21, April 5, 20, May 5, 20, 30, June 4, 14, 29, 29.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M. every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket office, 214 Montgomery Street.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, San Francisco.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN
via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, October 13, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:
From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days) 7:30, 9:20, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 4:50, 6:10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 5:05, 6:30, P. M.
From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 6:10, 7:45, 9:20, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 4:55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50 A. M.; 12:00 M.; 3:30, 5:00 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6:25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.
From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:30, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:45, 10:35 A. M.; 12:45, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7:05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11:00 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12:25 P. M.
1:30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.
8:00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 6:15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tamalpais, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.
Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Point Reyes, \$1.75.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, F. B. LATHAM,
General Manager, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, March 17, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

Leave San Francisco.		DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.	
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa.	6:10 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:00 P. M.		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Liton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.		6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	6:10 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Guerneville.	6:10 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:10 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Lake, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Blue Lakes, Willets, Calito, Calappa, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Litton Springs, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.60.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Litton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.
From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 3:30, 5, 6:15 P. M.; Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 5, 6:20 P. M.
To San Francisco from San Rafael: Week Days—6:20, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40 A. M.; 12:15, 3:40, 5 P. M.
To San Francisco from Point Tiburon: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.; Sundays—8:40, 10:05 A. M.; 12:40, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.

On Saturdays an extra trip will be made from San Francisco to San Rafael, leaving at 1:40 P. M.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager,
PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
Ticket Offices at Ferry, 222 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

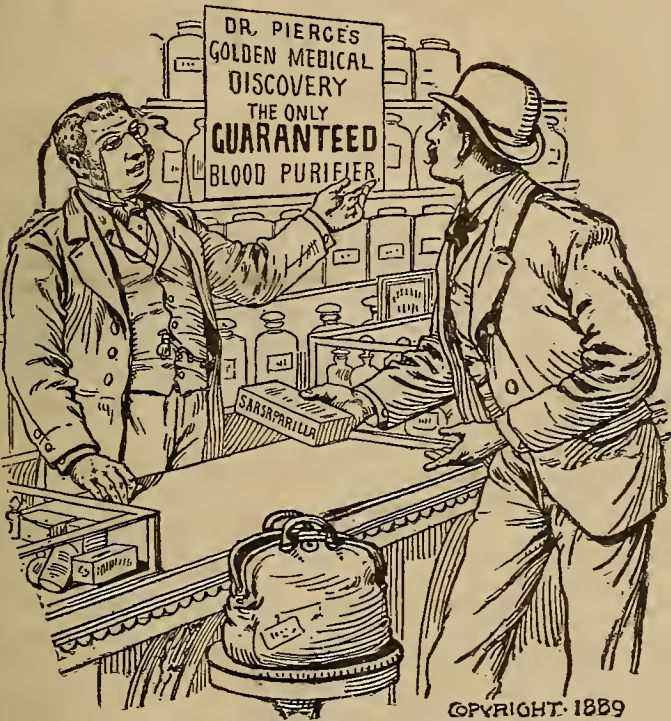
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1890.
Belgie (via Honolulu).....Saturday, March 22
Oceania.....Tuesday, April 15
Gaelic.....Thursday, May 8
Belgie.....Tuesday, June 3
Oceania.....Thursday, June 26
Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No. 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

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City of New York. Saturday, Mar. 22, at 12 M.
Taking freight and passengers direct for Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acapulco, La Libertad, La Union, Punta Arenas, and Panama.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:
City of Peking, Thursday, April 3, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro, April 26, at 3 P. M.
China.....Wednesday, May 21, at 3 P. M.
Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

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WILLIAMS, DIMOND & Co., Gen. Agents,
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TALK IS CHEAP,

but it will only take a minute in which to state a few facts, that, if heeded, will prove invaluable to many. It's well-known that the press teems with advertisements of sarsaparillas and other liver, blood and lung remedies, for which great claims are made. They are generally represented as *sure cures*. But there is *one* medicine, and *only* one, the claims for which as a cure for all lingering diseases arising from Torpid Liver or Biliousness, or from impure blood, are backed up by a positive guarantee! If it don't do just as represented in *every* case, the money paid for it is promptly refunded.

This peculiar method of business, it will readily be seen, would bankrupt the manufacturers of the ordinary medicines in the market. Only a marvelously efficacious medicine, containing the most positive curative properties, could sustain itself under such trying conditions as these.

This peculiar medicine sells beyond all others throughout the civilized world. And why should it not? "Talk is cheap," but when it's backed up by a positive guarantee, by a house of long established reputation, for honesty, integrity and sound financial standing, then *words* mean *business*! And that's just what the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., mean in guaranteeing their Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to do all that it is recommended to do, or refund the price paid for it.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery checks the frightful inroads of Scrofula, and, if taken in time, arrests the march of Consumption of the Lungs, which is Lung-scrofula, purifies and enriches the blood, thereby curing all Skin and Scalp Diseases, Ulcers, Sores, Swellings, and kindred ailments. It is powerfully tonic as well as alterative, or blood-cleansing, in its effects, hence it strengthens the system and restores vitality, thereby dispelling all those "tired feelings" experienced by the debilitated. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands.

CATARRH IN THE HEAD,

no matter of how long standing, is permanently cured by DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY. 50 cents per drugists.



George Ohnet, the despised of Jules Lemaitre and the sprightly "Gyp," holds a similar place in literary France to that once occupied in this country by the late E. P. Roe. Only a raw and uncultivated taste can enjoy his work—but tastes of this kind are so much commoner than tastes highly trained that George Ohnet, execrated though he may be by the children of light, enjoys the highest popularity among the great class which is what Howells severely terms "esthetically idiotic."

Neither as a book nor as a drama is "The Ironmaster" particularly artistic. There are none of those fine shades and nice feelings in it, those hair-drawn delicacies and fragibly perfect intricacies which make a good French play the crowning glory of the modern drama. "The Ironmaster" is crude, most un-French in its square simplicity and the artless openness with which it presents its straightforward story. Nevertheless, it is interesting. With all its almost rustic lack of polish it is a good, healthy, sound story, worked out by a set of figures so roughly blocked that they are almost types of classes, yet each class is individually amusing—the baughty aristocrat, proud of her high lineage and her lofty name, the man of the people, equally proud in his own way of his humble origin and his honest toil, the shifty duke, who is not proud of anything at all, and only wants to get out of an uncomfortable position with as little fuss as possible and to have as good a time as circumstances will permit.

But they are interesting—especially Claire. She is a pet type with all the novelists and dramatists who work for the moral good of their audience. She is the incarnation of pride—pride of birth, pride of race, pride of blood and position, and that individual pride which enables its possessor to smile scornfully on its enemies. She was of the class who, during the Terror, went to their death with a firm step and a cold, calm expression, defying their executioners up to the scaffold. The people about her remark that she will break but never bend, and her unwavering spirit gives her the power to crush down every emotion and to present a face like marble to those who seek to triumph over her. At the same time she is ill-regulated, selfish, turbulent, passionate. All the fine forces of this deep-feeling and generous nature have grown up in rank uncultivation, choked with weeds, straggling, imperfect, unfruitful—"the whole some flower and poisonous grew together." Claire is a spoiled child with magnificent capabilities.

To the elucidation of this faulty, tempestuous, Gallic form of remarkable female, comes Mrs. Kendal, a lovely English woman, with the head of a Madonna, the gliding step of one who has never trod anything harder than a deep-piled carpet or the rich grass of English lawns, the voice of a pigeon cooing in the eaves, and the gracious gracefulness which only comes after a long acquaintance with fine, large drawing-rooms, and splendid ladies, and courtly men, and all the other extravagant luxuries of the gay world. Mrs. Kendal is English—as English as Rotten Row, and primroses, and cricket, and pleasant voices, and cold-blue eyes. She can not help making Claire English, which would be charming, of course, if they did not keep on talking of *francs* and *dots*, and *châteaux* and *vicomtes*, and Paris and other delightful things which are peculiar to the far side of the channel. Her Claire is a Vere de Vere, not a De Beuprès. Her pride is the cold, self-contained pride of the British noble, not the more passionate, enthusiastic, excitable pride of a member of the *haute noblesse* of France. Her broad, sombre anger is English, not the choking, wild anger of a nation which is notoriously the most excitable in the world.

Jane Hading was a French Claire, and though comparisons are said to be odious, like a good many other odious things, they are sometimes interesting. Take the French Claire of Mme. Hading and the English Claire of Mrs. Kendal and see the difference. Mme. Hading's personation was eminently youthful, that is to say, suggested the uncontrollable enthusiasm of a very young person—fiery, excitable, unreasonable, turbulent, ill-tempered, and at times distinctly flashy and meretricious. Mrs. Kendal is never meretricious; her art is perfect, so quiet, so unobtrusive, so evenly balanced, and so true. But she does not give her audience the impression that Claire is either very young or as wildly unreasonable as she undoubtedly was. Mrs. Kendal's Claire—apart from her appearance, which, though lovely, is almost maternally—is a matured woman, in whom, it would seem, her faults were now fixed forever. She has the repose, the self-control of an older woman. When Athenais tells her of the duke's faithlessness, her frowning is wonderful. We have never seen on the Faldwin stage anything more delicately artistic than this. But did it suit the character as well as Jane

Hading's wild outburst, followed by a rigid calm? In that one moment, Mrs. Kendal's Claire appeared a woman past her youth, who has learned by numerous encounters how to hold her own and fight her adversary with all the weapons permissible in good society.

Of the two, the English Claire is the more attractive, the more agreeable, the more artistic, and the more lady-like. Mrs. Kendal could not be otherwise than lady-like. But was Claire, though she may have been the daughter of a hundred De Beuprès, so extremely lady-like and sweet? She was, undoubtedly, at heart truthful and honest—her treatment of the unfortunate Ironmaster was brutal in its truthfulness. But such a character as hers required years of training before it came to be so sweet and lovely and agreeable. Jane Hading was irascible and imperious and almost rough at times, and this all helped to add to the impression of youth, of irrepressible vitality, of unconquerable spirit, of iron will, of exasperated selfishness, of passionate affection.

The great charm of Mrs. Kendal, like that of Ellen Terry, is apart from her acting and lies in her potent individuality. Both these gifted English women are possessed of that indescribable, irresistible power of attraction, which is called indifferently fascination, magnetism, charm, sympathy. They win you at once. They carry you with them over unbelievable obstacles, and though everything may be against them, you are still loyal, you know all will come out right at the end. Mrs. Kendal could not act in a play where anything would come out wrong. She is made to represent triumphant virtue, which, though persecuted, is eventually righted and made happy. This soft, attractive, tender woman is the ideal domestic angel that illuminates the hearth. But there is something too maternally—one might say motherly—in her air and appearance to make her thoroughly triumphant in very young parts. She has the repose, the self-poise, the quiet confidence of a woman past her first youth, and quite sure of herself. Her beauty—for she is beautiful—in a way, is mature. Her statuesque head, with its shiny coil of fair hair, full throat, and stately shoulders, might serve as a model for the matron Juno, but not for the young Diana. But, oh! how pleasant it is to see some one act who is not only an actress but a lady, whose voice in fiercest anger is never coarse or rough, whose actions and gestures are as natural as they are graceful, who spreads a refined atmosphere about her and makes us forget the great princesses and duchesses and queens we have seen, whose manners and style suggested that they had begun life as waitresses in restaurants or "lady-helps" in hotels.

Mrs. Kendal is gentlemanly and stiff. One can not judge of his capabilities from seeing him as Philippe Derblay, for all that is required of the Ironmaster is to be as repellent as he knows how. He is one of those men whose nobleness and irresistible charms we must take on trust. When every one goes about saying "Philippe is so noble," we are induced to believe them, whatever our private opinion of Philippe may be. In the second act, Mr. Kendal was a little too terrible in his righteous wrath. He has been duped and wronged in the meanest, most despicable manner, and naturally he was infuriated, but there was something in Mr. Kendal's acting which suggested a positive hatred of Claire. He seemed as if he wanted to sweep her from the face of the earth. His Ironmaster throughout was stern and hard and severe; even in the one moment of love-making, before he learns bow she has deceived him, he was repressed and almost cold. The attitudes of both Claire and her husband are very French; even if the play had been set in English surroundings, its French origin would have been obvious. In the hands of two such essentially English people as Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, the hero and heroine appear almost extravagant in an aggressive Frenchness which can not be eradicated.

The company is good, not unusually excellent. There is a pretty Miss Vanbrugh, with long eyes and an agreeable laugh. In her gay moments, Miss Vanbrugh is charming; it is only when she gets serious, and begins to talk about such weighty subjects as duty and marriage and proper pride, that she permits a gentle sing-song intonation to creep into her remarks and mar their point. There are a good many agreeable actresses who do this. It seems to be a tradition of stage-training, when the conversation enters upon subjects either serious or pathetic, to tilt and drop the voice at regular intervals as though it were exercising on a vocal see-saw. In real life, when people are talking on solemn subjects, they do not allow their voices to indulge in these antics. It is the tone of the voice that is as sensitive in responding to the varying emotions as the sea is in reflecting the color of the sky. Few of the even great artists seem able to tune the tone of their voices to the pitch of their emotions. Mrs. Kendal does sometimes, Sarah Bernhardt often, and the great Salvini is as perfect in this department as he, and he only, is in every department in connection with his art.

The two Moulins—father and daughter—are an interesting pair and were well done—the father a little exaggerated, the daughter good. To an American, people of this class, looking and acting as the Moulins do, must always seem rather an exaggeration. Miss Moulins, if she had had the chance to be born on this side of the Atlantic, would, by the

time she reached the age at which she is presented to us in "The Ironmaster," have been one of the most elegant, most fashionable, most charming of women. She would have dressed in perfect taste, she would have known everything, and she could have taught the De Beuprès the latest in manners, especially if the way they received her and her father was a sample of their style of deportment. Had her father been as impossible a person as he was on Monday evening, she would have gently but firmly set him in the background, and kept him there with a band which, though soft, had an iron grip. The Athenais shown us by both the French and English companies must perform appear to us a crude exaggeration, high-colored and flashy, in order to mark the contrast with Claire. The play, however, is a European play, and from that point of view Athenais, with her green-snake parasol and cockatoo hat, is a perfectly natural and plausible figure. In the good old country, it is said that it takes three generations to make a gentleman, two to make a lady—the perceptions of the female being so much quicker on all matters social. Under this head we could give the good old country points. *Vive la république!* G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

M. B. Curtis will revive his first success, "Sam'l of Posen," next week.

"The Gascon," which is announced as a new comic opera by Von Suppé, will be produced by the California Opera Company next week.

The Kendals will be seen in "A Scrap of Paper" on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings and at the Saturday matinée, and in "Impulse," their new play, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings.

"Nadji" will be presented by the Casino company next week. This pretty opera has never been given in this city, though it is two years old in New York; but odd bits of the score have been brought here by the farce-comedy companies, and the Nadji costume has been made familiar to us by the same theatrical free-lances.

Joseph R. Grissner and Phoebe Davies will produce "The Tigress" next week. They relied on this play, last year, to draw good audiences in case "Editha's Burglar" and "Boodles' Baby" proved unsuccessful, but the latter were received with such unexpected approval that "The Tigress" had no chance to prove its good qualities.

James O'Neill will be here next week in "Monte Cristo." Two years ago and more it was said that he had amassed a fortune of a quarter of a million, was tired of Edmund Dantes, and would show the world what he could do with the legitimate. How big a hole he knocked in the fortune and how long it took him are buried in oblivion, but the fact remains that he is on with his old love again, and is making another pile with Duinas's story of unbounded wealth.

George Riddle, the popular reader, has been engaged by the Teachers' Mutual Aid Society to give recitals at the Metropolitan Temple, as follows: Tuesday, March 25th, 8 P. M., "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Saturday, March 29th, 3 P. M., "The Tempest" or Browning; Tuesday, April 1st, 8 P. M., selections from Dickens; Saturday, April 5th, 3 P. M., "Romeo and Juliet"; Wednesday, April 9th, 8 P. M., "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon'; and Friday, April 11th, 8 P. M., miscellaneous.

Mrs. Kendal rejoices in three names—Kendal, the stage-name by which she and her husband are most widely known; Grimston, her husband's real name; and Robertson, the name with which she was born and under which she gained her first fame on the stage. Her great-aunt was the celebrated beauty, Mrs. Bruton, who became Countess of Craven, and Sir William Robertson, a Conservative M. P., is her cousin. Mr. Kendal, too, has aristocratic connections in the family of the Earl of Verulam.

When one goes to the theatre, one wants to know the name of the play, the cast of characters, the titles of the *entracte* music, and, if one be a collector of programmes, the name of the theatre and the date. The name of the manager might be added, for each manager deals chiefly in one particular line of show; the local manager, too, may acquire a reputation for careful or loose management of the company and theatre, which will serve as another index for the theatre-goer; and some morbidly curious persons may have an interest in the name of the orchestra-leader. But why the man in the ticket-office and the ushers, the gas-man and the wig-maker, the door-keeper and the call-boy, should be blazoned forth on the programme, no one who is not in the business has ever been able to discover. Nor is one able to discover without difficulty the programme itself, imbedded as it is in advertisements of chop-houses, patent-medicines, and liver-pads.

For Malaria

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Dr. E. G. DAVIES, DeSmet, Dak., says: "I have used it in slow convalescence and prevention from malarial diseases, where the drinking water was bad; I believe it to be beneficial in preventing summer complaints; also one of the best agents we have to rectify the bad effects of the drinking water upon the kidneys and bowels."

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Important Event!
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Extraordinary Terms!
Magnificent View!
Choice Location!

THREE CABLE LINES—POWELL, CALIFORNIA, AND PACIFIC AVENUE;
STEAM CARS TO GOLDEN GATE PARK AND CLIFF HOUSE.

It stands without a rival for marine view, commanding the grand view of the Golden Gate (entrance to our unequalled harbor); all steamers and sailing vessels paying tribute to the beauty of the scene; the islands of the harbor, with the grand, sublime hills of Marin, Napa, Solano, and Contra Costa Counties, as a background to a picture not excelled by any spot on this globe; also overlooks the grand Presidio Reservation Park, where can be seen active military life every day in dress-parade drill and other military movements; also free music from the Presidio Military Bands.

A very thorough and scientific system of sewerage is now being studied out, whereby, with the natural drainage (the elevation being so commanding), a first-class system of sewerage will be established.

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LOOK AT THE TERMS!
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Yabsley—"Wickwire, we have just been discussing the question whether married women really do go through their husband's pockets. Does yours?"
Wickwire—"Of course I can only give you my experience, and that is she doesn't. When she gets to the bottom of them she stops."—Terre Haute Express.

Out West a "cousin once removed", has rather a mortuary significance.—Harvard Lampoon.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is said that upon one occasion Mr. George Ticknor, the well-known authority upon Spanish literature, happened to sit beside Mr. Choate in the courtroom when the latter was bending his brows over a bit of his own manuscript which he evidently found it pretty hard to decipher. "Mr. Choate," the other said, "I have a manuscript at home of which the writing closely resembles yours." "Ah," Mr. Choate responded; "who wrote it?" "Philip the Second of Spain." "Ah!" said Mr. Choate again; "great man, Philip the Second." Then he added, with that twinkle in his eye which was so irresistible, "Great man; much in advance of his time."

There is a Chicago man who once owned a large tract of land on the city's site, and his sales of real estate long ago made him extremely rich. "Yes," said he one day to a friend who had known him in his boyhood of poverty, and who was congratulating him on the luxurious home in which he is spending his declining years; "yes, I've got about everything now that a man expects to have on this poor earth of ours. But I've often thought what a struggle I had sometimes to get my price for building-lots, back in the early times. Sometimes I feel pretty sure that if I'd hung on to my price in two or three trades, instead of giving in, why, it's more'n likely Chicago'd never have been built at all!"

A Scotchman, who had been employed nearly all his life in the building of railways in the Highlands of Scotland, came to the United States in his later years and settled in a new section on the plains of the far West. Soon after his arrival, a project came up in his new home for the construction of a railroad through the district, and the Scotchman was applied to, as a man of experience in such matters. "Hoot, mon!" said he, to the spokesman of the scheme; "ye canna build a railway across this kentry!" "Why not, Mr. Ferguson?" "Why not?" he repeated, with an air of settling the whole matter; "why not? And dinna ye see the kentry's as flat as a flure, and ye have now place whatever to run your toonells through?"

The last Prince of Orange but one was, as every one knows, famous in Paris for his extravagance and eccentricities, and called by his familiar friends "Citron." One day he came into Bignon's to breakfast, and found Prince Joseph Lubomirski seated there. "Good-morning, Citron," called out the prince. "Good-morning, Mirski," replied his royal highness. "I beg your pardon," exclaimed Prince Joseph, highly offended; "but my name is Lubomirski." "How do you make that out?" inquired the Dutch heir-apparent, with a merry twinkle in his eye; "it's impossible! *Vous n'etes pas lu*—nobody reads your books. *Vous n'etes certainement pas beau*—you are certainly not handsome. You are, therefore, nothing but plain Mirski!"

There was to be a review of a regiment of Lanarkshire militia when the commander of the forces in Scotland was General Viscount Melville. The militia colonel was not a veteran. However, the review proceeded, but very slowly, for the colonel had to read the word of command from a paper which he did not even try to conceal. Lord Melville dashed about in a frenzy. At length the last manoeuvre and final blow came. The regiment form square. "Make ready, present, fire!" was the word of command. Not a sound but the click of the locks. "Colonel, what does this mean?" shouted the general. "They have no powder," replied the colonel. "No powder, colonel, for a field day!" "The fact is, general, sometimes the horses don't stand fire; mine is very fidgety, and I thought it just as well the review should go off without an accident."

The question of adjournment was under consideration (says the New York Tribune), and General Butler had stepped over to Mr. Randall's desk for a private consultation. Butler favored a Sunday session. Randall opposed it. "Bad as I am," said Randall, "I have some respect for God's day, and I don't think it proper to hold a session of Congress that day." "Oh, pshaw," responded Butler, "doesn't the Bible say that it is lawful to pull your ox or ass out of a pit on the Sabbath-day? You have seventy-three asses on your side of this House that I want to get out of a ditch to-morrow, and I think I am engaged in a holy work." "Don't do it, Butler," pleaded Randall; "I have some respect for you that I don't want to lose. I expect some day to meet you in a better world." "You'll be there as you are here," retorted Butler, quick as thought, "a member of the Lower House."

In the summer of 1879, a grizzly bear entered the inclosure where Alexander Bain's house stood, in Jacksboro', Texas, and helped himself to a quarter of venison that hung near the door. A few feet away a little boy had fallen asleep on a pile of wood, while his still younger sister was playing at his feet. Seeing the little girl move, the bear went up to her and sniffed her over. "Nice doggy!" said the child, fearlessly; "oh, Freddy, wake up an' see the big doggy!" At the moment the little fellow opened

his eyes, the grizzly was nosing about his head. He started up and slapped it in the face. The animal good-naturedly retreated, perhaps amused by the innocent bravado of the little man, whom it could have crushed with a blow of its huge paw. The bear trotted off toward the fence, closely followed by the boy. His mother's attention was at that instant attracted to the scene. As the bear was squeezing through the fence, the boy raised his foot and dismissed it with a kick. Her terror may be imagined.

Gambling in the present day, though perhaps more wide-spread, is not to be compared with the frantic excess to which it was carried by our forefathers; nor was this only in the upper circles of society (says James Payn). In the Times for April 17, 1812, there is an extraordinary example of it. One Croker, a constable, comes on the Hampstead Road upon two men on a wall, the tallest of whom is suddenly tied up and hung to a lamp-post by his companion; before the officer could run up, the handkerchief by which the man was suspended gave way and he came to the ground, black in the face. Upon his recovery, both men inquire with much indignation why they are interfered with. They had been tossing for money and afterward for their clothes, and they then tossed up which should hang the other. The short man won; but if he had lost would, he said, have submitted to his fate as obediently as the other had done. A bet was a bet, and no one but a scoundrel would think of disputing it. The action of the constable was a gross interference with the liberty of the subject.

"Apropos of theatrical discipline, I was the lord mayor," said Will A. McConnell to a Chicago Mail reporter, "and I came on with the staff, you know, the citizens following. As I was crossing the stage I saw a hole, and at the next step I plunked the staff in it and fell with a flop. It was the only thing in the performance that got a laugh, but Barrett didn't appreciate it—didn't like it at all. No, sir. Discharged me for it. Used to do that right along. First time he 'fired' me was when, as a grave-digger in 'Hamlet,' I went down in the grave and took off my doublet and eight vests, one after the other, before I began digging. It made a great hit and had the house in roars, but—would you believe it?—Barrett kicked and discharged me. Then I tried something else. When the other fellow had brought me a stoup of ale I took a pull at it and set it down over by the left stage-box, which was occupied by four young fellows. Then I took two or three steps and stopped, looked around dubiously at the fellows in the box, and went and took the ale away to the back of the stage, still looking at them distrustfully. Good stage business, wasn't it? And it caught on, too, but Barrett never could appreciate those good things, so he fired me again."

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— A. WILLIS LIGHTBOURN WILL LECTURE FOR the Ladies' Society of the Christian Church, Twelfth Street, near Howard, on March 27th. Subject: "The Mistakes of Ingersoll."

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REAL ESTATE NOTES.

McAfee, Baldwin & Hammond have issued catalogues of the property to be sold by them at auction on April 17th. It consists of forty-seven business and residence lots in Outside Land Block 387, situated at the terminus of the Park branch of the Ferries and Cliff House Railway, and fronting on the Park.

The sale of Park lots at Easton, Eldridge & Co.'s salesrooms last Tuesday was very successful. Fifty lots in Sunset Heights Block 657 were sold. The corners, 32x100 feet in size, sold for \$1,300, \$1,400, \$1,400, and \$1,500. The lots on H Street went for from \$840 to \$925; those on I Street, from \$650 to \$790. The lots facing Seventeenth Avenue brought \$550 each, and those on Sixteenth Avenue averaged \$650 each. The entire block brought over \$35,000; the owner paid \$8,000 for it in 1887.

Tevis & Fisher report sales made this month footing up more than \$150,000. The firm has sold for \$14,000 the north-west corner of Lyon and Washington Streets, also the south-east corner of Washington Street and Central Avenue for \$13,750.

Citizens and property-holders are moving in favor of the opening of Turk Street to First Avenue, and eventually to the ocean.

McAfee, Baldwin, & Hammond have sold the house and lot, 40x90, on the north line of Fulton Street, between Steiner and Pierce, for \$11,000. The property was sold by Captain Charles M. Goodall to J. C. O'Connor.

The Green property on the north side of Market Street, between Stockton and Powell, has been sold to Mrs. Annie Donahue for \$325,000. It was sold to H. Liebes a few months ago for \$260,000. It fronts 61.11 on Market and 112 on Ellis. Depth, 90 to 131 feet.

An important sale of residence lots on Presidio Heights takes place next Tuesday, at twelve o'clock, at the salesrooms of Easton, Eldridge & Co., 618 Market Street. The offering includes 150 residence lots and 10 fifty-varas, thus affording scope for all purses. The property is located between Central Avenue on the east and First Avenue on the west, California Street on the south and the Presidio Reservation Park on the north; fronting California, Sacramento, Clay, Washington, Jackson, Cherry, Maple, Spruce, Locust, Laurel, and Walnut Streets and Pacific Avenue. Three cable lines tap the property—the Powell, California, and Pacific Avenue, while the steam-motor line to the Cliff House is adjacent. It overlooks the Presidio Reservation, the bay, and the Marin County shore, making one of the finest views in the world.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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If St. Patrick, engrossed as he is in his wearing and essentially immoral occupation of using his influence to save Irishmen from the just consequences of their sins, has time to cast a haggard eye earthward, he must feel under his feathers the smart of an angry regret that it is not within his power to inflict upon San Francisco the snakes which he evicted from down-trodden Erin. The way in which the Irish of this town have gone hack on him is enough to make the ichor boil in his quills. New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and every other important city of the United States pays him the honors to which he is accustomed; but here, in this American municipality, his birthday is treated with almost as little respect as that of George Washington. Once, as St. Patrick well knows, this was not so. Up to within a dozen years back, the Irish were given to turning this town upside down on the seventeenth of March. Their parade, with its brass bands, green flags, holy banners, and plumed and sashed horsemen was as long, noisy, and gaudy as a Fourth-of-July procession. The governor, the mayor, the supervisors, the judiciary, and all American officials whose fear of scorn and ridicule was not so great as their dread of the Irish vote, swelled the turn-out, and from their livery-stable chariots howled diligently to the green-skirted, shamrock-decked, handkerchief-waving servant-girls thronging the sidewalks. A line of harouches hore grandly the red-faced, beefy clergy, blinking in the sun-

light. Nobody with political ambition dared refuse an invitation to join the show, and all the politicians were invited. The Irish office-seekers pulled wires, spent money, and fought with their fists and shillalabs for the honor of being grand marshal, as the person who achieved that distinction was invariably nominated for sheriff by the succeeding Democratic convention. The "literary exercises" were held in our largest hall. The best of our poets read their verses there, and the orator of the day was always a man of prominence. So was the chairman. The actors and singers of our principal theatres volunteered their services. Business was suspended throughout the city. When the formal ceremonies were ended, seven-eighths of the Irish population got drunk, and went to bed in the triumphant belief that the British lion had been cowed and the Americans taught to know their place. The newspapers prostrated themselves before the Irish idol, and made sacrifice in the form of abject editorials and a terrific waste of space in describing the details of the splendid celebration.

That was the sort of a St. Patrick's Day we used to have in San Francisco. How is it now? The glory has departed; it is gone, all gone, never to return. But for the newspapers—which are slow to rid themselves of bad habits—San Francisco would scarce have known that the seventeenth instant was anything more than an ordinary, unholy Monday. There was no procession, and the only circumstances that might have struck the casual observer as out of common was the number of men with large jaws and small foreheads who reeled by him on the street. To be sure, there were "observances," but not one Irishman of note took part in them. Those who did so were all small Potatoes. The large, rich, hulbous Potatoes of the glorious past gave St. Patrick the cold shoulder. Thomas R. Bannerman was "President of the Day." Who is Thomas R. Bannerman? The poet was Richard E. White. Who ever before heard of Richard E. White? The orator had to be imported from New York. He was advertised under the name of "Colonel John O'Byrne," and, judging from the grewsome portrait of him printed in the ever-faithful *Call*, the colonel's mug is not a heauteous one. The minor theatres and the dives were raked to find people who would consent to carry the artistic hod for the entertainment of the laborers and domestics who attended the "literary exercises." The Knights of St. Patrick had a banquet in the evening, and were reduced to listening to a speech from Dr. O'Toole. Archbishop Riordan was ashamed to be seen there, and sent a diplomatic letter of regret.

St. Patrick has the *Argonaut* to thank for this change. Nevertheless, we must confess that though we have caused him to lose his grip in California, St. Patrick seems to have got ahead of us in France, where he has made a famous and powerful friend. There appeared in the New York newspapers of the seventeenth, an elaborate interview by cable with Marshal McMahon, who informs the world that one of his names is Patrick; that three months before his birth, his saintly namesake appeared to his mother in a dream, wearing a large and gaudy halo, and prophesied his future greatness; that he was created senator only two months after St. Patrick's Day; that only seven months before St. Patrick's Day he was made a colonel; that but a few weeks previous to St. Patrick's Day he was given command of the Second Corps of the Army of the Alps; that he was elected President of France three months after St. Patrick's Day; and, finally, that it was actually on St. Patrick's Day itself that he returned to France, in 1871, after signing the peace with Germany—a coincidence which, it is to be presumed, fills every French heart with pious joy and reverent wonder. In the consciousness of triumphs such as these, St. Patrick may think he can afford to fold his wings about him and gaze at the editor of the *Argonaut* in haughty scorn. Let him. On our side, we can point with a flawless satisfaction to the fact that we have freed San Francisco from the annual absurdity of a St. Patrick's Day celebration—from a bullying display of the political strength of the Irish. We rejoice that we have liberated American officials, and Americans who aspire to office, from the need of making a grotesque and groveling exhibition of

themselves, which amused, exasperated, or humiliated their fellow-Americans, according to temperament. We felicitate ourselves on having made sensible, respectable Irishmen—Irishmen who are in commerce, hanking, or the professions, and who have a social position to maintain—ashamed of the St. Patrick's Day folly. In their hearts we know they are grateful to us for the service we have done them in ridiculing out of existence the old-time procession and all-round Milesian dehauch. If there is any annoyance felt in the other world over what we have done, we are pretty sure it is not in that section of it where good Irishmen believe, and the *Argonaut* trusts, St. Patrick is a leading citizen.

In a recent paragraph, an Oakland journal says: "In view of the many fatal accidents on the tracks and trains in this city, it is not improbable that an ordinance will shortly be introduced in the city council regulating the speed of trains within the city limits. The trains, particularly on the narrow-gauge and the First Street broad-gauge, dash through the crowded streets of the city at a high rate of speed. Accidents are of almost daily occurrence. Five persons have been killed at railway crossings in Oakland within five weeks—February 14, Olef Nelson; March 14, Miss Jennie Clymer; March 20, John Myer; March 21, G. S. Moore; March 25, John Brown." Ordinances "regulating the speed of trains" will not cure the evil. Chicago tried that, but during the past year one hundred and ten persons were killed at railroad crossings in Chicago. The Southern Pacific Company has under consideration plans for a hay-shore line southward from this city, which will give a better grade than that of the present road, and will thereby considerably decrease the running time between this city and the towns of San Mateo and Santa Clara counties. A further advantage which will accrue to the public from the change will be the avoidance of the long run crossing some of the principal streets of San Francisco, and constantly menacing the passers-by on these streets. The road now runs more than two miles through the city limits, and for the greater part of that distance it crosses the streets at grade. The buildings and fences on both sides of the track prevent an approaching train being seen until it is almost at the crossing, and it is wonderful that more accidents have not occurred. The change of line will carry the track through a portion of the city not so thickly settled at present, but it will be only a few years before the same danger will be found to exist along the new line, and it is a good time now for the city to adopt some fixed policy to minimize the danger of railroad crossings. Three plans are open for adoption. There may be gates huilt at all the railroad crossings, to be closed on the approach of a train and opened after the train has passed, or flagmen may be stationed at each crossing to warn pedestrians and passing vehicles, or there may be a separation of grades, the street passing either above or below the railroad. The first two plans are generally found to be insufficient, while the third has the disadvantage of entailing a heavy expense upon the railroads and upon the property-owners. The city of Chicago is just now struggling with this problem, having made the mistake of postponing its settlement until the interests involved have become very great and the expense of a change of grade is serious. Costly buildings have been erected and improvements have been made which would be damaged by a change of the street grade, while a sufficient change in the grade of the railroads would require the reconstruction of several miles of track, owing to the limitations of grade on a railroad. In Connecticut and in Massachusetts, the law provides for a separation of the grades upon petition either by the town or city, or by the railroad company. A judicial investigation is had as to the necessity of the change, and if the change is considered desirable, the expense is apportioned between the town or city and the railroad company, according to the equities of the particular case. The draft of a similar law was presented by the board of railroad commissioners before the legislature in New York, but was not adopted. In 1887, an attempt was made in Connecticut to do away with all grade crossings by requiring that the board of railroad commission-

ers should condemn not less than two per cent. and not more than five per cent. of the grade crossings each year. The expense of the change of grade was to be divided between the railroad companies interested and the State. The former was to pay thirty per cent. of the expense and three per cent. additional for each one per cent. on the capital stock paid in dividends. The rest of the expense was to be paid by the State from a fund created by setting apart ten per cent. of the amount received from the railroads for taxes. The bill unfortunately failed to become a law. In Massachusetts, permission to cross a highway at grade must be obtained from the board of railroad commissioners. Of course, to refuse such permission in all cases would be a hardship, because many of the smaller roads could not be built for many years were they required to incur this additional expense of construction. But as traffic on the railroad and on the highway increases, the danger of accidents increases, and, at the same time, the expense of a change of grade becomes greater. On some of the crossings the public is protected by gates or flagmen. Of the 2,229 crossings in Massachusetts, 855, or thirty-eight per cent., are so protected. In spite of the increased number of protected crossings, the number of accidents at crossings has gradually increased—through increase of traffic, doubtless. For the last ten years the average number of accidents in Massachusetts, at crossings, including injuries as well as fatal accidents, was forty-three, while the number during 1888 was fifty-nine. The average for 1873-4-5 was twenty, that for 1886-7-8 was forty-seven. The increase is, of course, due to the increase of travel on the highways and the railroads, but it indicates that the use of gates and flagmen is not equal to the task of preventing accidents. In view of the experience of these other States, it would be wise here—in San Francisco and Oakland, at least—to take time by the forelock, and adopt a system that shall prevent such accidents. Owing to the peculiar geographical position of this city, only one line of railroad now enters the city. But as railway travel increases, others will be seeking terminal facilities here, and the time for adopting a fixed policy is before the construction of such roads. The expense of separating the grades and requiring the railroads to enter the city through sunken ways, or over elevated roads, under which the traffic of the streets may pass, will be comparatively slight when made a part of the cost of original construction. But, after the roads have once been built, the expense will be considerably increased. As it is, the cross-city line is a continual menace to the public passing beyond it, and there should be some provision made for placing gates, or at least flag-men, at the crossings, to decrease the danger as far as possible. The Western Addition is becoming filled up, and already the tide is setting toward that portion of the city lying beyond the railroad track. And as that portion of the city becomes more thickly settled, and the traffic on the streets crossed by the track becomes greater, the danger of accidents will be correspondingly increased. Measures can not, therefore, be taken too soon to avert the danger as far as possible, and secure safety of life and limb to residents in that part of the city.

"Thoughtful men do not to-day fall down before the State-school system as before a fetish blindly to be worshiped," writes in the *Forum* the Rt. Rev. B. J. McQuaid, Bishop of Rochester, N. Y. This Irish Catholic prelate is quite right in his statement. The State-school system is not something to be worshiped, blindly or otherwise, but it is a thing to be guarded with sleepless, wide-open eyes against the conspiracy for its destruction in which the Rt. Rev. McQuaid and his church are engaged. The manifestations of this conspiracy take many forms. The Pope's order of two years ago that every parish in the United States support a Catholic school was a command which the church is doing its best to obey. The more ignorant and injudicious priests fling their brogue at the public schools from the pulpit; better-educated and craftier clergymen, like McQuaid, assail them in the magazines, veiling their intolerance in the polite phrases of temperate discussion. The parochial schools are going up without cessation, and every means, frank and hidden, are being employed to fill them. So serious have been the results of this poisonous warfare upon the rational education of the young in New Jersey, that a constitutional amendment has been proposed there which would prohibit "any local or foreign power from compelling or preventing the attendance of children upon any particular school." This is in defensive response to the action of the Catholic hierarchy in making it obligatory, to the extent of their power, on the laity to remove their offspring from the public schools and hand them over to the priest and nun-taught schools of the church. And while the priests are inveighing against the State's system of education as the parent of all irreligion and vice, and herding Catholic children into their own schools by threats of eternal damnation hurled at their superstitious parents, Archbishop McQuaid writes to the *Forum* and complains, with the meek air of a martyr, that his people are being wronged by the State, which offers free tuition to their progeny, but refuses either to

permit Catholicism to be taught in its class-rooms or to divide the school moneys with the Roman Church! "They (the Catholic Church) simply ask for their own money, unjustly taken from them for the education of the children of infidels and evangelicals," Mr. McQuaid has the calmness to assert. He says Catholics are barred from the schools because they are "godless"—that is, they do not teach the infallibility of the Pope and other Catholic doctrines. The Mormon citizen could, with equal truthfulness, pretend that his children are barred because the State declines to teach that polygamy has the sanction of divine revelation. "The double taxation to which parents are subjected," pleads McQuaid, "is irritating, unjust, and cruel." In that case, the church can come to the rescue by relieving the parents of the greedy and needless tax which it itself imposes. The contention that it is unfair to tax Catholics for the support of State schools, which are open to their young, is as reasonable as would be a whine from the Democrats at being taxed to support the general government because they are not in power. If the State holds out a dollar, or any other good thing, to the citizen and he rejects it unless it first be sprinkled with holy-water, he puts himself on all-fours with McQuaid and McQuaid's church in their attitude toward the public-school system.

In San Francisco, the Catholic conspiracy against American education for the children of America is as active as it is in New Jersey. Its work is being done with less openness and noise here, however, than in some other portions of the country. The progress which the parochial schools are making is not blazoned in the statistics of education published by the State. It is the policy of the church in California not to boast of its achievements in this field of effort. On the contrary, it exerts itself to conceal, so far as it is possible, the growth of its schools. It submits no reports to the State or city authorities, and the circumstance that a very large proportion of the small politicians employed to take the annual school census in this city are Irish Roman Catholics, accounts in great measure for the scandalously inaccurate, utterly worthless, and, we believe, intentionally misleading figures returned from year to year. No separate statement of the number of parochial schools and the attendance upon them is ever made. They are lumped with "private schools," which include everything from the needy old dame's half-dozen pupils in her living-room to the fashionable young ladies' seminary. The only statistics from which any light is to be derived, even by inference, are the public-school records of enrollment and attendance. Here they are for the past ten years:

Number enrolled.	Average daily attendance.	Number enrolled.	Average daily attendance.
1880—38,330	28,150	1885—43,205	32,183
1881—40,187	29,092	1886—43,140	32,146
1882—40,752	29,435	1887—43,311	31,316
1883—40,722	30,827	1888—42,330	30,191
1884—41,942	31,578	1889—42,626	31,609

The population of San Francisco in 1880, according to the Federal census, was 234,144. The percentage of children enrolled was 16.36+, and the percentage of attendance 12.02+. In 1889, the population was estimated at 310,000. In that year the enrolled percentage was 13.75+, and the attendance 10.96+. What caused this falling off? What caused the number of pupils to be fewer in 1886-7-8-9 than in 1885? Last year there were 639 fewer children enrolled than in 1885, and only thirty-one more pupils sat in our public schools than in 1884. Yet San Francisco is a rapidly growing city. There is no means of getting at the total number of children of school age, for the reason, as explained, that the figures of the school census are worthless. Those relating to "private and parochial schools" are at once inconsistent with themselves and wildly at variance with probability. For example, the report for 1886 puts the number of these pupils at 9,289, an increase of 2,881 over the year previous, and next year a decrease of 4,154 is gravely recorded. Annual statistics such as these are as worthy of belief as the yearly miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. We repeat that we believe the Catholic Church in this city studiously conceals from the public the extension of its parochial-school system. The majority of the children drawn away from our public schools disappear in the schools of the church. Recently the Catholics have gone in for direct competition. They have built and opened schools near the Columbia, the Cleveland, and the Spring Valley Grammar, greatly affecting the attendance upon them. The purchases of school furniture made by the church are said, by those whose business informs them, to be larger than those of our board of education. Not long ago, Archbishop Riordan gave one order for fifteen hundred desks and seats. The census marshal reported that in 1889 8,013 children attended church and private schools—"an increase of 240 over the previous year." We venture to say that if the truth were known, the church's army of scholars is twice as large as that total. That the conspiracy against free education is working here with all the strength of a rich, zealous, and unscrupulous organization, every man and woman concerned in the management of our public schools knows. Fear of the political power of the Roman Church—which is great

enough to dictate the discharge and employment of teachers, and to elect or defeat candidates for seats in the board of education—imposes silence on prudent lips. This is why there is not an outcry from the school authorities and the teachers in protest against a movement which is keeping our schools stationary; and this, also, is why the public has held back from it the facts which would alarm it to action.

We do not think highly of the proposed New Jersey amendment, for the reason that it does not strike us as practicable. Could we have our way, we would, without hesitation or scruple, close every Catholic parochial school in America. We should leave every other sort of religious school open, for the Catholic is the only church which inculcates as a doctrine disloyalty to the Government of the United States. It has the Pope's authority for teaching that his decrees are to be obeyed whenever the constitution and statutes of the Federal Union and the several States happen to conflict with them. The parochial school is, therefore, a hatchery of possible rebels and a menace to republican government. Since, in the present condition of our laws, these nurseries of potential treason can not be closed, they should at least be put under rigorous State supervision. The next California legislature (which will be Republican) ought to enact:

1. That Archbishop Riordan be compelled to submit an annual sworn report to the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, giving the number of parochial schools in California and the number of pupils enrolled.

2. That Archbishop Riordan be required to submit for approval to the board of education in each district where parochial schools are maintained, the list of studies therein, and the text-books used.

3. That nothing be taught in such schools which shall attempt to justify denial of the supreme temporal authority of the Government of the United States.

We hold that the legislature has full constitutional power to enact these provisions into a statute, and to take measures for enforcing them. The State has a legal, an inherent right to protect itself against teachings which are disloyal and destructive. That the next legislature will have the courage, the good sense, and the patriotism to do anything of the kind, we have not the slightest expectation. The Catholic Church is in politics, and it is in politics for its own interest. It would no more permit the legislature to bring its schools under proper restrictions than it would allow the election in San Francisco of a board of education pledged to appoint no more Roman Catholic teachers to the public schools until the Roman Catholic Church ceases to be an enemy of the public-school system. Yet that would obviously be as fair a safeguard as it was to put Federal instead of Confederate officers in command of Union troops.

Nothing will ever satisfy the Catholic Church short of the abolition of State education. It does not tell the truth when it asserts that it wishes to teach only its own children, and to be freed from any share of the expense of teaching the children of non-Catholics. Grant the church that, and it would press on with eager hands for what remained. It sees in the atmosphere of the secular school-room the germs of a kind of knowledge which is a foe to superstition—it detects a modern mode of thought that renders the mind trained in it incapable of surrendering itself, without an impulse of revolt, to the authority of the church, which gives not reasons but commands. The purpose of the parochial school is to fit to the eyes of youth Papal glasses, which will distort the facts of history and science—its purpose is to bind and bias the mind, to put it permanently out of tune with the spirit of the time, and to cause it to blink through life in a mediæval twilight. The parochial schools, and after them the Catholic colleges and universities, can not turn out educated men in the sense that our public schools and higher secular institutions of learning do, since an important part of a modern education is a knowledge of the errors and crimes of the church, in the time when it owned the world and chloroformed civilization. The church is entirely correct, therefore, in viewing State education as a mortal enemy. It knows that in fighting the public schools it is battling for its own life. Its contention that they are "godless," means simply that truth and the development of the power to think are anti-Catholic. It is not hostile to our schools because there is any one thing taught in them on which the church can lay its moldy finger and say that it is not true. It is the imparting of knowledge raw that it objects to. The church insists on being permitted to serve up knowledge for tender minds in a stew of doctrine, fable, and lying history. Moreover, the collection-plate is not passed in the State's schools.

"Defend the public schools" is a call to which the overpowering majority of the citizens of the United States respond with willingness whenever or wherever danger to them is made apparent. This defense should no longer be restricted to a mere repulsion of attack; there ought to be a counter-charge upon the enemy, whose strongest position is in the parochial schools. And in all the Union there is nowhere

greater necessity for such a charge than in San Francisco, where these spawning-ponds of aggressive ignorance and disloyalty are spreading swiftly and rotting the vitality of the schools which the people have set up to insure enlightened and patriotic citizenship in the time to come.

The most striking indication of the anxious manner in which the resignation of Bismarck from the chancellorship of the German Empire is being regarded by European nations, generally appears in the paralysis which has attacked their business communities. The values of securities upon the great continental bourses of Berlin, Paris, and Vienna were sympathetically depreciated to an extent that has had no parallel since the Franco-German war. People were suddenly brought face to face with a new and untried condition of things, and the effect of the shock was naturally first and most felt in the most sensitive quarter of the social economy, namely, those fluctuating securities which depend for their value upon settled political conditions. The strong grasp of Bismarck gone from the helm of affairs in Central Europe, a young emperor, credited with military aspirations, at the head of the best-disciplined and equipped army in the world—the situation did not certainly afford much encouragement to those whose means of subsistence depend upon permanent values. The reason assigned for the chancellor's resignation was that he could not accede to a proposal made by Windhorst, the leader of the central or clerical party in parliament, to restore certain property to the ex-King of Hanover. Windhorst has been a political thorn in the side of Bismarck for many years, and inasmuch as he controls the powerful South-German Catholic vote in the Reichstag, he practically holds the balance of power in that assembly, and can dictate terms for his support upon any but the most popular measures. The dismemberment of the Kingdom of Hanover and its absorption by the Kingdom of Prussia made one of the *coups* of Bismarck on the unification of Germany, and he naturally dislikes the partial undoing of an act which originated with himself. Bismarck has political enemies outside as well as inside of Germany, not the least of whom is the royal family of England. His action in demanding restitution of the private journals of the late Emperor Frederick has not been forgotten. The present emperor's mother, too, is said to be regaining her ascendancy over him; at any rate, they are on much better terms than is commonly believed. The deposed King of Hanover, otherwise the Duke of Cumberland, is a near relative of Queen Victoria; the Vatican is known to be very desirous of maintaining a close *rapprochement* with England. It is quite within the sphere of Papal intrigue to make a bid for friendly relations with the Crown of England by secretly assisting a near relative of that crown, and it is not by any means improbable that Dr. Windhorst may be acting under direct inspiration from the Vatican. Nor has the Roman hierarchy forgotten the persistence with which Bismarck opposed all church supremacy in Germany, and the manifest unwillingness with which the least concessions in this respect were wrung from him. This parliamentary defeat, however, if it was a cause, was not the only cause which prompted Bismarck to the step he has taken. It was not in his nature—it would have been a recantation of all the principles of his life—to have given his adhesion to the young emperor's new theories upon labor reform, nor could he have consistently held the office of chancellor while ideas were being promulgated and a policy framed contrary to his sincere convictions of what was beneficial to the prosperity of his Fatherland. It was, moreover, a wise and politic measure, so far as he is personally concerned, to retire from public life when he did. He will thus escape the odium of having participated in a policy in which he foresees nothing but disaster, if such disaster arrives, and can then resume his old position with the renewed confidence of his fellow-countrymen and a stronger hold upon imperial and parliamentary support than ever. As for the labor conference in Berlin, it is entertaining and seeking the solution of one of the most vital and paramount questions of the day. It will be interesting to observe whether any good results from it, and whether it will be found possible to adjust any binding relation between employers and employed, fair to both, under a paternal monarchical government such as Emperor William desires and claims his own to be.

The Supreme Court of the United States handed down a decision on Monday last which is likely to have an important effect upon the controversy between the board of supervisors and the Spring Valley Water Works. The decision was rendered in the celebrated "Granger Cases," going to the Supreme Court on appeal from the supreme court of the State of Minnesota. The board of railroad commissioners in that State, acting under the authority conferred upon them by the constitution and laws of Minnesota, attempted to regulate railroad rates, and attempted to fix those rates so low that there would be no profit left to the railroads after paying their running expenses. In Wisconsin, some years ago, when a simi-

lar condition of affairs existed, the railroad companies simply ceased operations. They would not continue to operate their roads at a loss, and the people of that State soon modified the law. In Minnesota, the railroad companies have opposed the attempt to fix unprofitable rates, and the case was carried into the courts. The decision of the Supreme Court was delivered by Justice Blatchford, and holds that the reasonableness of rates for transportation is a question for judicial investigation, requiring due process of law for determination. The power conferred upon the railroad commissioners to fix rates extends only to fixing such rates as shall be reasonable and proper, considering the equities on both sides. If the company is deprived of the right to charge reasonable rates—such rates as shall leave some profit after the expenses of operation have been defrayed—it is deprived of the use of its property, and it is a question for the courts to consider whether it has been so deprived of the use of its property. To deny a corporation—or an individual—the right to make a reasonable profit from the use of its own property, is practically to confiscate that property, and refusing it an appeal to the courts is to confiscate the property without due process of law. The bearing of this case upon the questions involved in the case lately decided by the supreme court of this State, in which the Spring Valley Water Company was defendant, is obvious. It will be remembered that in that case the supreme court sustained the water company, on the ground that it appeared that the water-rates had been fixed by the supervisors without any investigation to enable them to determine what rates would be just. The question whether the court would have jurisdiction to review the ordinance, had such a previous investigation been had, was expressly reserved by the court on the ground that it did not necessarily come up for decision. But this decision of the United States Supreme Court is directly in point and settles the question at once. The supervisors may fix the water-rates, but they must fix reasonable rates. Should the water company be dissatisfied with the rates so fixed, it may appeal to the courts, and if the court arrive at the conclusion that the rates are unreasonable, the ordinance may be set aside. The decision is binding upon the supreme court of this State, for the question involved is one arising under the United States Constitution, and an appeal will lie to the Federal court from any decision inconsistent with it. There is cause for congratulation in the fact that this decision has been rendered just at this time, for it will not only save expensive litigation that might have been entered into, but it will restrain the supervisors in the future from going to extremes in response to popular clamor. It is for the purpose of doing justice to all parties that the power has been given to the supervisors, not for the purpose of crippling the water company. Justice Bradley's dissenting opinion was based upon a dangerous principle. He held that there must be a final tribunal somewhere to decide every case, and as the fixing of rates was a legislative, not a judicial, function, the legislature should be the final judge in this case. A legislative body is seldom a safe body to trust in such a case. It is too near the public not to be influenced by temporary excitements, and the sobering, restraining influence of the judiciary is sometimes necessary when the demands of equity are not complied with. The judiciary is the conservative power in the government, and its good influence is often felt, as it was in this case.

Suppose you could go to New York by rail for ten dollars—to Chicago for ten dollars—to Omaha for ten dollars. Why not? Would it not be better than paying one hundred dollars to New York—eighty dollars to Chicago—sixty dollars to Omaha? The government carries a sealed letter to New York for two cents—to Chicago for two cents—to Omaha for two cents—to Oakland for two cents. What it may lose on the long haul, it makes up on the short. Why can not transportation companies do the same? Why not buy railway tickets as you do postage stamps? Does all this seem absurd? Yet a European country has adopted a similar plan, and it is spreading throughout Continental Europe. True, the daily papers have said nothing about it. But their European cablegrams are almost invariably rubbish. Does a Viennese tinker stab his trull—under circumstances of sufficiently shocking brutality, be it understood—the news is flashed beneath the ocean to the waiting Western world. But let a great railway revolution take place in the same monarchy, and the able editors of our great dailies ignore it.

The change to which we refer is a novel system of railway charges which has been in operation in Hungary for a little more than six months. The experiment, though radical, has apparently been successful. Passenger-rates on a majority of the Hungarian roads are no longer based upon the cost of service, or upon what the traffic will bear, or even upon the mileage. The rates are regulated according to the "zone system." This system had been advocated by economists in Austria and Germany for some years, but none of the railroad companies were inclined to take it up. The state railroads of Hungary, however, had been doing badly under the old sys-

tem—the earnings fell from \$1,300 a mile in 1887 to \$1,000 in 1888, and the government felt that matters could not be worse than they were.

The zone system of charges is based upon the theory that there are two classes of passenger traffic which can be increased in volume—the passengers traveling a very short distance and those going a very long distance. The former are generally provided for on railroads by commutation rates, the latter have not received attention heretofore. A further point advanced by the advocates of the zone system is that where the cars are not occupied to their full capacity, an increase of traffic necessitates only an infinitesimal increase of expenses. The advocates of the system, therefore, proposed three zones—a short zone, a long one, and a medium one. The Hungarian railroads extended the idea somewhat by issuing two classes of tickets, those for zones, and those for short distances. In the latter class were two tickets, one carrying the holder to the next station, and sold for 5 cents, 7½ cents, and 15 cents, for third, second, and first-class, and another carrying the holder to the second station for 7½, 11, and 20 cents for the three classes, respectively. These tickets are good between any two contiguous stations without regard to the actual distance, and are sold in bulk at five and ten per cent. discount. The zones are fourteen in number, the circles being drawn about ten miles apart. The fourteenth zone includes all distances of 140 miles and over. The rate for the first zone is very low—less than seven-tenths of a cent a mile for the lowest class, and one and six-tenths cents for first-class express—and increases more than in proportion to the distance through the different zones until the rate at the fourteenth ranges from one cent to two and one-half cents per mile for the hundred and forty miles. Beyond this, the rate again decreases, owing to the fact that any additional distance is not charged for. Thus a trip of several hundred miles may be made for the same price as one of one hundred and forty.

This innovation went into effect August 1st of last year, and was introduced on the state lines—about one-half of the total mileage of the country. Two private companies have since adopted the zone system. During the first month of the new tariff, the number of passengers carried on the state lines was increased half a million, and the passenger receipts were increased about one hundred thousand dollars.

At present writing the report of the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Commerce is just to hand. From this report, it appears that the passenger receipts of the Hungarian railways for 1889 were 52,153,105 florins, an increase of nearly a million of florins over those of 1888—this in the face of a reduction of rates equal to more than fifty per cent. The new system was in effect during only five months of 1889. This extraordinary reduction and extraordinary increase have excited the amazement of the railway world. Several foreign railways have sent representatives to Hungary to examine into the results of the change, and report on them.

The mysteries of the human mind are many. Its powers of projecting a distorted image of itself on the background of vanity are amazing. The thief whose pal has skipped with part of the joint swag muses on the dishonesty of his fellow-man, and rails at the race. The convicted murderer, awaiting the scaffold, falls a-weeping as he reflects on the hard-heartedness of humankind. These things are so frequent as to excite no surprise. But an affair recently occurred in Southern California which had some odd features. The affair was the killing of E. C. Gresham by P. C. McConkey, the latter having discovered that Gresham was his wife's paramour. There is nothing at all odd about this—such triune comedies are as old as the race. But the curious part of the affair was a letter found on the dead man's body—a letter from his leman. The adulterous wife had heard rumors concerning her paramour's lewd life. She writes to him:

It is with cheeks of flame and a great load upon my heart that I begin this letter. . . . Oh, Mr. Gresham, the knowledge has come to me that you are not moral, and the blow nearly kills me. You, whom I thought so pure, so truly noble! . . . Is it possible that there is no such thing as a virtuous man? I begin to think so. My face burns with shame and indignation when I think of you being in the society of those wretched beings, who call themselves women, then come to me with smiles for the kisses that you know come from a pure and loving heart. . . . You ought to have had enough respect for me to have kept you from those evils. Forgive me if I speak plainly, but it seems necessary to do so under the circumstances. I could not tell you these things face to face. My womanly feeling would not permit it. It seems different to tell you on paper. . . . The world is too one-sided. Men expect the love of pure women, and yet pollute themselves to the greatest depths of evil. I sincerely hope and pray that what I have heard is not true.

The devil himself must have laughed when the woman penned that letter. A married woman, a wife and mother, who is false to her husband, to her children, to her sex, and to herself, sits down and reads her paramour a lecture on morality. "Morality" means, according to her code, fidelity to her. And this woman speaks of "those wretched beings" as if they would pollute her skirts by a mere touch. Yet she who wrote was worse than they. For the unmarried woman who is unchaste is a bawd; the married woman who is unfaithful is a bawd; and the married woman who, like this one, blasts an honest man's life and defiles his home, is worse than the bawd who plies her calling as a woman of the town.

THE FROZEN RIVER.

A Midnight Race on the Ice.

Far away, where the mighty Vistula rolls its turbid waters through widely extending plains and primeval forests, the shades of which are seldom trodden by the foot of man, and where the wolf and the savage bear hold undisturbed sway, was a little island of some four acres in extent, where an extrovert of Russian cavalry had pitched his tent, after quitting the service on account of a wound that he had received on the terrible day of Balaklava. Ivan Ipanoff was a tall, powerful man of thirty years of age, whose injury had not been of so serious a nature as to prevent his cultivating the land which lay around his snug log-cabin and using his rifle with unerring dexterity against the savage denizens of the forest, which roamed at will upon the banks on either side of the stream. When he had amassed a sufficient quantity of skins, he would load them upon a hand-sled and proceed to the town of Pettikoff, some forty miles away. After a few days' carouse, he would return with the sled filled with necessaries and a few luxuries to the cottage on the island, where his aged mother, Rizma Ipanoff, uneasily awaited his return.

Rizma's head was filled with all the weird legends of the supernatural dwellers in the plains and forests, and she was always in deadly terror lest her son might fall into the power of some of the terrible creatures who haunted the solitary place where he had taken up his residence. She dreaded the fair, green-clad women who were to be met with in the forest glades, who, with alluring gestures, invited the wayfarer into some sequestered spot and there rent him limb from limb; the hideous creatures, half wolf and half human being; the spectral hunter, who scoured the plains at midnight and endeavored to tempt the belated peasant to traffic away his immortal soul for certain advantages in this world, only to be purchased by everlasting perdition in the next. But, more than all, she dreaded the strange forms which haunted the river, and of whom the superstitious rustics spoke with bated breath.

But Ivan Ipanoff, during his military career, had lost a great deal of the belief in the tales he had imbibed during his boyhood, and to his mother's intense horror would, as he sat smoking his pipe, cast doubts upon them.

One night, as Ivan was cleaning his gun and his mother occupied with her distaff, the old woman abruptly said:

"Ivan, my dear boy, my heart is very sad concerning you."

"And why should it be so, mother?" returned the man, drawing the cleaning-rod out of the barrel of his piece and gazing upon the old woman's excited face with some surprise;

"surely, I have done nothing to vex you?"

"Ivan," answered the old woman, "you have changed greatly and have become such a terrible unbeliever that I fear some great evil will come upon you. When you were a child, you used to press close to my knee in terror when I told you of the strange unearthly beings who were sometimes to be seen in the plains, the forests, and by the river, but now—"

"But now," interrupted her son, "I am a man, and do not give full credit to all those silly tales. Are you grieved, mother, that I am no longer a poor, weak child?"

"When you have lived in the world as long as I have, son Ivan," replied the old woman, a little nettled at her son's remark, "you will know better. But it is not that about which I desired to speak to you. I suppose that you will be going to Pettikoff soon?"

"Well, mother, you see that I should like to get another bear-skin or two before I take the sled to the town, and there are the tracks of two fine bears on the right bank, and that is the reason why I am cleaning up my gun. You are surely not afraid of my going after the bears?"

"There are more dangerous creatures than bears, son Ivan," returned the old woman, sententiously; "and I know well enough why you wish to delay your visit to Pettikoff for a little longer."

"And what may that reason be?" asked the man, a deep flush rising to his sunburned cheek.

"It is because the band of the gypsy Conradin has not yet arrived in the town," replied the old woman, casting a keen glance at her son.

"Why should I want to see Conradin and his gang of thieves?" answered Ipanoff, affecting to be busily engaged over his gun.

"No, but you wish to see his daughter Olga," said his mother, rising from her seat and taking up her position in front of her son. "Ivan, a gypsy sorceress is no fitting mate for an honest man. Do you not know that the wandering Bohemians have no religion, and that the girl Olga deals in all kinds of unholy spells and incantations? Ivan Ipanoff, you have been a brave soldier, and have shed your blood for our father the Czar; think you that you ought to bring such a bride to our home? Better consort with one of the green women of the forest; she will but rend you to pieces within the hour, and that will be a more merciful fate than you will meet with at the hands of Olga Conradin."

"Mother, you are blinded by prejudice," answered Ivan, hotly; "I grant you that Olga is wild and willful, but she does not deal in the dark arts."

"Does she not?" replied the old woman, bitterly; "have you forgotten young Alexis Ivanovitch, who was drowned last year as he was coming home from a visit to the gypsy fiend?"

"Olga never cared for him," answered Ivan; "besides, Alexis was always too fond of vodka, and it was after a deep carouse with Conradin that he met his fate beneath the waters of the Vistula."

"Be it so; but tell me where the body was found—was it not entangled in the rotting timbers of the wheel of the old mill which stands upon the river's bank, half-way between our home and Pettikoff?"

"When a man is soaked in vodka he can fall into the river as easily at one spot as at another," returned the young man, carelessly.

"And how about the young Polish gentleman, Paul Ladislas

Skyrnecki, who came into these parts to shoot?" persisted the old woman.

A darker flush than before rose to the young man's face, as he answered:

"Ladislas Skyrnecki was an insolent coxcomb, and taking advantage of Olga's position he persecuted her with unwelcome attentions and odious proposals, in which he was aided and abetted by that old villain Conradin."

"Indeed!" answered his mother, with a sneer; "then how is it that the girl still wears the rich coral ornaments and the massive Turkish bangles which he gave her?"

"All women are fond of finery," replied Ivan, half apologetically, "and if the young man was fool enough to give her trinkets, she was right to punish him by keeping them and sending him about his business."

"About *his* business," repeated the old woman; "say rather about *hers*. Do you recollect what became of the Pole?"

"He lost his way in the forest and died from cold and exhaustion," replied Ivan, uneasily.

"But where, son Ivan, where was he found?" exclaimed his mother, throwing up her arms with the air of an inspired Pythoness; "was it not beneath the walls of the same water-mill, and were not the imprints of long bony fingers visible upon his throat, showing the death that he had died?"

"I believe that there was some such idle report," answered her son, rising from his seat and placing the gun upon a rack; "but you surely do not think that Olga's delicate fingers could have given him such a grip as that?"

"If not hers, it was her master's," returned the old woman, mysteriously; "have you never heard of people who have sold themselves to the powers of evil, and who receive from them all they want, upon condition of paying tribute to them of a human soul at fixed seasons? Alexis Ivanovitch and Ladislas Skyrnecki both died in mortal sin, and so Olga kept her faith with the devil."

Ivan Ipanoff burst into a loud laugh. "Poor Olga," said he, "who goes wandering about from town to town with her old vagabond father and his blustering crew of horse-dealers and mountebanks, has not met with very liberal treatment at the hands of the evil one. I bad thought that the fiend had been a better paymaster."

"Has she not youth, health, and radiant beauty," replied his mother; "what can woman desire more?"

"There, mother, there," returned Ivan, soothingly; "we have got upon a subject upon which we are never likely to agree, and you are as unreasonable in your prejudices as I, perhaps, am in my love for Olga Conradin."

"And you will marry her and bring her back—vile sorceress as she is—to the home of your mother, to the home of a woman who has never yet failed in one of her religious duties. Answer me, son Ivan, is that your intention?"

"If you insist upon a plain answer to a plain question," replied her son, doggedly, "I am going, upon my next journey to Pettikoff, to ask Olga to be my wife, and, if she consents, I shall bring her home with as little delay as possible."

The old woman staggered back as though the muscular arm of her son had dealt her a heavy blow, then, falling upon her knees, she raised her clasped hands to a roughly painted picture of St. Michael, which, with its nimbus of gilded copper let into the canvas, hung upon the whitewashed wall of the hut.

"Hear me, blessed St. Michael," cried she, in accents of fervent entreaty; "my son has turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of the mother who bore him; he has turned his back upon our holy religion, and given himself over, body and soul, to the wiles of a pagan sorceress. Hear me, I entreat, blessed St. Michael; sooner than that he should bring this daughter of Satan home, may the red plague smite him, and may the flesh drop from his bones at the very spot where he is standing, defying alike his God and his mother."

"Mother!" cried Ivan, horrified at the intensity of his mother's burst of frenzied passion; "are you beside yourself? What have I ever done to deserve this terrible curse?"

"The curse will only come at your own calling," answered Ivan's mother, who seemed to have partially recovered her calmness.

"Then let it come!" exclaimed the man, his fury, which had long been smouldering, breaking forth in its turn; "nothing shall turn me from my purpose, and, bark you, I want no grumbling mother to make my Olga unhappy. If you can treat my wife as she should be treated, stay here and welcome, but should you refuse to act in a reasonable manner, there is the hospital at Pettikoff for the old and indigent, and I shall not grudge the expenditure of a few roubles out of my savings to place you there out of harm's way."

"Listen! Holy St. Michael," murmured the old woman, making no direct reply to her son, but turning once more to the pictured saint upon the wall; "he renounces his mother, and will pursue his evil course to the end."

For an instant she paused before the pictured saint upon the wall, and then, wringing her hands in the extremity of her despair, she passed into an inner chamber, and her son heard the clash of the bolt as she shot it into its socket.

For many hours, even until the long winter night had passed away, Ivan Ipanoff sat moodily smoking his pipe before the stove, turning over his resolution in his mind, but at last, with the air of a man who had come to a resolve, he rose to his feet, packed the hand-sled, fastened his skates upon his feet, and without bidding his mother farewell, went quickly over the frozen snow to the river, and in a few minutes the ring of his skates could be heard as he sped along the waters of the Vistula upon his way to Pettikoff and Olga.

The heart of the expectant lover grew suddenly chill as he neared a portion of the river which recalled to him the terrible malediction with which his mother had threatened him. There was a small promontory reaching far out into the centre of the stream, and upon the extreme point of it stood a wooden building, which was fast falling to decay. The huge logs of which the walls were composed gaped with wide crevices, and were covered with a thick growth of mosses and lichens, now coated with a crystal covering of frozen snow.

Several of the boards of the heavy wheel had rotted away, and the roof had fallen in in many places; but the windows were all securely boarded up, and the door seemed massive enough to resist a battery of artillery. The garden, which had once existed behind the mill, was now nothing but a snow-covered desert, with a few gaunt, leafless shrubs forcing their heads through their white winding-sheet, and waving gently backward and forward in the breeze. A few blackened, rotting timbers stood in quaint shapes above the snow, and a flight of shattered wooden steps, now veiled by a patch of fungus of blood-red hue, led from the front door to the water; and as Ivan gazed, he remembered, with a shudder, that it was upon these very steps that the body of Ladislas Skyrnecki had been found, with the marks of a violent death indelibly imprinted upon his throat.

Ivan could not refrain from casting a look of horror at the ruined mill, but very soon he put on an extra dash, and the ring of his skates mingled with the refrain of a jovial drinking-chorus as he glided away faster and yet faster in the direction of Pettikoff. The sled, in spite of its load of skins and the forest produce which was piled upon it, moved easily enough, and Ivan Ipanoff felt scarcely any fatigue as he came to a halt before the heavy line of piles which protected Pettikoff from the incursions of the Vistula. The commercial part of his business was soon arranged, and, with a small bundle of greasy rouble notes secured in the breast of his coat, Ivan left the main thoroughfare of the town and dived into a maze of narrow, dirty streets, with which he seemed to be well acquainted. After about ten minutes' brisk walking, he stopped at the door of a low drinking-shop, and after exchanging a word or two with the proprietor, a squalid-looking Calmuk, he passed into a court-yard at the back and knocked in a peculiar fashion at a door which faced him. The summons appeared to be understood, for in a few seconds the sound of the withdrawal of bars and bolts was heard, and as the door was thrown open, Ivan passed into the interior of the building, which presented a strange scene.

A long, low-roofed room, rank with the combined odors of quass, vodka, and inferior tobacco. A few oil-lamps burned at one end and made the obscurity of the other portion of the chamber more palpable. There was no furniture, except one or two rough benches, and heaps of dirty blankets near the great white stove showed where the occupants of this choice abode took their rest; a few rifles were hung from pegs on the discolored walls, and a chintz curtain, which had once been of gay color and design, but which was now soiled and indistinct, hung across the end of the room.

A little dark man, with a villainous expression of countenance, advanced to greet the new arrival.

"Well, my *busnee chal*," cried he, extending a dirty hand toward Ivan, "and so you have come to have a talk with your Romany friends. They are always glad to see you."

"How are you, Conradin?" returned Ivan, for it was the leader of the gypsy band who had advanced to greet him; "and how goes it with you?"

"But badly, friend Ivan, but badly," answered the gypsy, with a rapid movement of his hand; "the police are very hard upon us. But come, my liberal rover of the forests, shall not the sparkling liquor flow, not sour quass or common vodka, but the brandy which fires the blood and the brain, and makes us forget our cares and troubles for a time?"

"As you like, Conradin," returned the young man, and, extracting a ten-rouble note from the bundle in his breast, he handed it to the gypsy.

Conradin snatched the greasy piece of paper and held it up to one of the lamps, and then, with a grin of satisfaction upon his face, was about to leave the room, when Ivan placed his hand upon his arm and arrested his progress.

"And Olga," asked he, timidly; "how is she, and where is she at present?"

"The girl is right enough," answered the gypsy, impatiently; "but as queer as ever; she might make a heap of money by going out and dancing at the houses of the young nobles, as she used to do before; but no, she prefers wandering about, no one knows where. I can guess, however, where she was last night, for she took her skates, and was away for a couple of hours, and when she came back told us of your intended visit. Of course she went to meet you. Ivan, my dear young friend, do you think that if I had not every confidence in you, that I would let you meet my handsome girl?"

"But where is she now?" broke in Ivan, impatiently.

"Behind the curtain, prinking herself out for some one, whose name I can guess. Wait here while I go for the elixir of life, and be sure that she will not be long in making her appearance."

He disengaged his arm from the young man's clutch and darted through the doorway.

Ivan, left alone in the dimly lighted room, made an involuntary step toward the curtain, but, as though recollecting himself, stopped abruptly and whispered, softly: "Olga, I am here; will you not speak to me, Olga?"

The curtain was torn aside and a figure appeared which caused the young man to recoil in wonder and admiration. It was the figure of a girl of two-and-twenty years of age tall and well formed; the swarthy cheeks, white teeth, and glittering eyes were tokens of her gypsy descent, while her luxuriant raven hair was plaited in long tresses and adorned with sequins in a strange and fantastic manner. Her arms were bare to the shoulder and adorned with gold bangles and a slight cloud rose to Ivan's brow as he fancied that these might be the gifts of the ill-fated Pole, Ladislas Skyrnecki. She was dressed in a strangely cut tunic of some soft, clinging, black material, quaintly slashed with crimson; the skirt hardly fell below her knees, and disclosed her shapely limb clad in hose of crimson silk, embroidered in gold. A silver chain-girdle adorned her waist, and from it depended a cruel looking carved dagger, evidently worn more for use than for show. This strangely beautiful apparition stood for a moment motionless, then, with a light and graceful bend caught up a stringed instrument of curious design, and, striking a few cords, began one of those graceful Gitana dances as remarkable for the grace of their steps as for the air c

voluptuous sensuousness which they seem to possess. Backward and forward she swayed, still drawing the same wild witch-notes from the instrument, her whole frame quivering and vibrating to the music and her eyes blazing with a fire which seemed to penetrate to the soul of Ivan Ipanoff.

All at once she paused as suddenly as she had begun, and dashing the lute upon the ground, exclaimed: "And, bas the hunter of the forest no words in which to praise the poor Zingara's dance? Great nobles were not so scant of their plaudits, and have offered her much gold to grace their revels."

"Olga," cried Ivan, recovering himself from his momentary bewilderment, "you are always enchanting, but to-day you are beyond everything. Why have you adopted this strange costume?"

As he spoke he drew closer to her, and, encircling her waist with his arm, endeavored to press his lips to hers.

Without withdrawing herself from his embrace, the girl bent backward and withdrew her ripe, red mouth from the attempted caress.

"Not so fast; not so fast," exclaimed she, with a light laugh; "talking comes before kissing. You asked me how I knew that you were coming. Why, as I glided upon my skates down the river last night, the whole forest seemed to be whispering, 'He is coming—Ivan is coming.' Do you never hear strange noises in the forest—curious murmurs that seem to tell you what is going to happen? Have you never seen strange sights when you have been waiting for the wild beasts?"

Ivan shuddered, but shaking off a vague feeling of inquietude, he answered, "And when did you know of my coming, sweet Olga?"

"The fiend of unrest came on me last night," replied the girl, "and so I bound on my skates and went as far as a favorite spot of mine, the deserted mill on the river bank—"

"Surely you never went alone to that weird and desolate spot," exclaimed Ivan, a chill pervading his veins; "why, it is—that is, they say—"

"What do they say?" asked the girl, with a flash of her dark eyes, as her lover paused.

"That it is the haunt of the demons of the waste," replied Ivan, "and that fearful sounds are heard to issue from it; besides, it is not a spot that I thought you would have ventured near since—since—"

"Since the body of that hot-headed young Pole was found there," interrupted the gypsy; "I rather think that I ought to be grateful to a spot that had freed me from his persecution. But yours are but foolish prejudices, and I know whence you have derived them. They come from the old woman who sits alone all day in the hut on the island, spinning at her wheel, and trying to keep her son away from Pettikoff—from the old woman who knows so much of the evil spirits of the stream and wood that one might well suppose that she was in constant communication with them. You have heard all these idle tales, Ivan Ipanoff, from your mother. Yes," continued the young girl, with increasing vehemence, as she wrenched herself away from her lover's clasp, "and you have come here to-day to ask me to be your wife, to leave all my amusements and admirers, to quit my life of gayety and excitement, and to immure myself in a lonely hut with an old witch who hates me so that she would poison me before I had been three weeks under the same roof-tree."

"Olga, you wrong my mother," pleaded Ivan.

"I would do much for the man I loved," continued Olga; "and I would not shrink from a solitary forest life with him, but I will not risk his and my happiness. Listen—listen to me, Ivan! Am I not right, did you not come to-day to ask me to be your wife?"

"I did, dearest Olga," answered the forester.

"Then you must choose between your mother and me!" replied the gypsy; "I will not submit to her prejudices, and if you will, why, you can relinquish me; but should you elect to act like a man and not to be tied all your life to an old woman's apron-strings, are there not hospitals and houses of refuge where old people can end their days?"

Ivan marveled at hearing almost the same suggestion drop from Olga's lips as he had made to his mother in an access of passion. The idea no longer seemed so horrible.

"Choose," resumed she; "my father will soon be back again, and we have all our arrangements to make."

"Olga, I can not live without you!" answered the young man, passionately.

"But how could you get on with me? You have been brought up a member of the Greek Church, whilst I—well, I am of the religion of my race."

A fatal glamour was swiftly stealing over the young man, and he felt that no sacrifice was too great which would enable him to win the beautiful gypsy girl.

"As a soldier, Olga," replied he, "I had not much time for religion, and as a hunter of beasts, still less. As for my mother, she must go, as you say, to the hospital; as for my faith, I will cast it aside for a kiss from those sweet lips," cried the infatuated young man.

"Take it, then, and remember that now you are mine, body and soul," murmured the Gitan, and flying into his arms, she glued her lips to his in one long passionate kiss.

"Hush," said the girl, suddenly gliding from his arm with the sinuous grace of a serpent, "my father is coming; I can hear his steps crossing the yard. He will not lose me—he will never consent to our union. We must fly. Meet me to-night at the ruined mill!"

"At the ruined mill!" cried the young man, startled from his dream of happiness.

"Yes. I will skate up to the mill. Meet me there at midnight, and we will speed onward to our future home," whispered the girl. "One more kiss to seal the bargain—quick, my father's hand is on the latch."

Again pressing her lips upon his with a burning caress of passion, the gypsy glided behind the curtain. At that instant, Conradin entered the chamber, bearing three large flasks of corn-brandy and followed by four other gypsies of as villainous appearance as himself.

"Ha, ha! all alone, my hunter of the forest," cried he;

"so the pretty bird has flown away. Never mind; when woman deserts us, drink remains. Sit down! sit down! and, by Satan's horns, we will have a carouse to-night."

The other gypsies uttered a faint cheer, and in a moment several metal drinking-cups were procured, one of the flasks opened, and drinking began in right-down earnest.

Ivan Ipanoff, like a true Russian, could drink long and deeply without the liquor mounting to his brain, but the gypsies sang, screeched, and quarreled over their liquor, and their excitement caused the potent spirit to do its work the quicker. The revelry was at its height when Ivan felt a slight touch upon his shoulder, and, turning round, saw Olga standing behind him. She had thrown a long gray cloak over her strange costume, covered her raven tresses with a tall, pointed cap of the same material, and drawn on a pair of fur-lined boots. Her skates were dangling in her right hand, and Ivan felt her warm breath upon his cheek as she whispered: "Follow me in an hour, and then you are mine forever."

With a warm pressure of the hand she glided away, and the young man, by an involuntary movement, started to his feet as though to follow her, but she restrained him by a gesture, and slipped through the door with scarcely a sound. Her father and his boon companions had not noticed Olga's movements, being engaged in a violent discussion regarding the state of the frost. Conradin at last appealed to Ivan.

"You know all the signs and changes, my brave forester," said he; "how much longer is the ice going to hold?"

"About three weeks, I should think," answered the young man.

"Three devils," retorted the half-intoxicated gypsy; "I tell you, my lad, that if you do not get back to your hovel on the island by to-night, you will have to try some other path than the river one."

"Nonsense! do you mean to say that an unexpected thaw is coming on? There were no signs of it as I glided down the stream," returned Ivan, contemptuously.

"Did you say 'nonsense'?"—then you mean that I am a liar!" roared the gypsy, with a sudden burst of ferocity, and snatching up a heavy goblet, he hurled it at his guest's head. Drink, however, renders the hand unsteady, and the missile struck one of the other gypsies on the forehead, cutting the skin slightly. In an instant all was uproar, knives were drawn, and in the chance *melée* which ensued the lamps were extinguished and the chamber plunged into total darkness. Avoiding the inebriated combatants as best he could, Ivan felt for his skates which were hanging upon a peg driven into the wall, and in his search he detached some object, which fell, with a slight noise, upon the floor.

Peace had been by this time restored, one of the lamps was relighted, and the late combatants, one of whom had received slight cuts, were exchanging a tipsy embrace. The light enabled Ivan to discover his skates, but as he moved forward to detach them from the wall, he felt some object beneath his foot, and looking down, he saw that the object was a crucifix which he had thrown down, and that he was trampling the image of the Saviour beneath his feet. At any other time, Ivan would have felt deeply shocked at this unconscious desecration of a sacred emblem, but his thoughts were so firmly fixed on Olga, that, with a muttered oath, he kicked the cross on one side, and, taking down his skates from where they hung, left the room without being noticed by his host or his boon companions.

Directly he emerged into the open air, he was sensible that a great change had taken place. The night was sensibly warmer, and he began to think that after all Conradin might be right as to his prophecy regarding a thaw. Going down to the water's edge, he strapped on his skates, and was putting up the collar of his heavy coat when his fingers caught in a cord round his neck, which he remembered sustained a small cross which had been placed there at his birth. Some feeling which he could not account for seemed to urge him to throw it aside, but thrusting the cross back beneath his shirt, he grasped his iron-shod staff in his hand and struck out into the centre of the stream. As he got farther up the river, he noticed that there was a good deal of moisture upon the ice, and that here and there small pools of water had formed upon its surface.

It was getting on for midnight now, and as he began to leave the open country behind him and draw nearer to the forest land, the thick masses of leafless trees shut out the moon and threw grisly shadows upon the snow-covered ice. Once or twice a shrill cry rang through the stillness of the night, which might have been that of the prowling lynx, but sounded much more like that of a soul in mortal agony. A light breeze had arisen, which rasped the bare branches of the trees against each other as though an army of skeletons were in motion, and occasionally Ivan felt so certain that he was being followed, that he checked his speed, and turning round, gazed down the river. Nothing, however, was to be seen, and striking his staff upon the ice, the ring of his skates sounded merrily through the night.

He had not far to go now before he reached the trysting-place where love and Olga awaited him. The wood was now much thicker, and all at once he was sensible of a something which was floating in front of him. It was the indistinct figure of a man, bloated and swollen, as though it had lain for some time beneath the waters of the stream. Ivan felt his blood chill and his hair bristle upon his head, for in the discolored features he recognized the man—Alexis Ivanovitch—of whom his mother had spoken during their last conversation. The figure still floated by his side, keeping pace with his every stride, and from it appeared to issue a faint unearthly voice.

"Go back, go back!" it said; "death and destruction are before you!"

With a cry that he could not restrain bursting from his lips, Ivan bent forward and exerted his utmost speed to distance the spectre, and in this he succeeded, for in a few seconds the appearance vanished.

The river soon took a bend, and as he swept round it at the top of his speed, he saw the figure of a man standing in his path making frantic gestures to him to turn back. Unheeding this, Ivan pursued his headlong career until he came within a few yards of the figure, when, to his surprise, he

recognized the fair hair and blue eyes of the young Pole, Ladislav Skymnecki, with his face bleached and distorted by his terrible death. The spectre uttered no sound, however, but still waved his hands with a motion of entreaty.

With his teeth firmly set, and with a feeling of desperation moving him, the young man dashed onward and seemed to pass entirely through the apparition, and turning backward, saw the spectre still there, with its hands raised high above its head with a gesture of mute despair.

A feeling of terror shot through the young man's heart, but the thought of the beautiful gypsy nerved him, and once again he sped upon his way. He could see the dark mass of the old water-mill looming black against the snow, and knew that a few more minutes' exertion would enable him to reach it. All at once, to his extreme surprise, a host of sbling lights seemed to shoot up from between the rafters of the ruined roof and spread themselves all over the building like a mass of fiery insects. The closed-up windows seemed to glow with a lurid fire, and a strange and confused murmur of many weird voices joining in an incantation, from the words of which he could not make any meaning, rang out in the still night. For a moment, he paused at the strange and unexpected sight, and then muttered between his clenched teeth: "If I had to face hell itself, and all its fiends confronted me, I would dare them for Olga's sake."

Again he sped on, and in a few seconds came to the foot of the broken steps, and halted in front of the door. The infernal discord inside was as loud and deafening as ever, and as he glanced fearfully about him, the door flew open and the figure of Olga appeared upon the threshold.

She was as beautiful as ever, but there was a lurid look in her eyes which he had never seen there before.

"So you have come, most faithful of lovers," said she; "come to join the happy band that wander over the ice and snow; come to give up your soul to our great master and your body to the fishes of the Vistula; come to give me another year's health and beauty and power to enjoy all the pleasures of life. Poor fool, did you think that I would condescend to share the hut of a miserable peasant? But come, you are mine now, for you yielded to temptation and are lost forever."

A wild burst of laughter rang out from the interior of the mill, and there was a strange rattling sound, which filled the heart of the forester with dread. With all her earthly beauty gone, and her features changed to those of a demon, Olga sprang down the steps and clutched Ivan by the throat. For a moment the pressure was so intense that he thought he must have fallen to the ground, but with a powerful effort he wrenched himself away, and wheeling round, darted off with all the speed that he was capable of in the direction of his home on the island. With a cry of disappointed rage the gypsy started in pursuit, and the ring of the two pairs of skates sounded loud and clear above the din and revelry of the old mill. Another strange sound was heard, and Ivan, glancing over his shoulder for an instant, saw a troop of skeletons, with fiery eyes, passing through the doorway and following in pursuit, with a loud rattling of fleshless joints. But horrible as this sight was, there was one yet more terrible, and one which made the young man strain every nerve and sinew to increase his speed—and that sight was the figure of Olga Conradin, her half-closed lips showing the pearly teeth set firmly together, her eyes gleaming with satanic fire, and her bands extended, with their fingers bent like the talons of a bird of prey, as though eager to grasp their intended victim. She was only about ten paces behind the forester and was making every effort to gain upon him. Onward sped the hideous chase—the hunted man, the girl-fiend, and the grisly troop of skeletons, sweeping along like some terrible phantasmagoria of nightmare. Suddenly Ivan heard, further up the river, a loud report like that of a cannon, and his overstrained brain refused to perform its duty and to tell him the cause of it. Olga heard it, too. It was the breaking ice.

"I have you now, fool," panted she; "did you think to escape me? No, you are mine, soul and body, like Ivanovitch and Skymnecki."

She redoubled her efforts and gained two paces on the distance between them. All at once, Ivan saw a dark, black band, of some twelve feet in width, stretching across the river, and could hear the sound of bubbling waters. In an instant he divined that the ice had begun to break up and that he was lost. He felt for the cross that was round his neck, and, drawing it out, commended himself to St. Sergius and St. Alexander of Nevskoi in the perilous attempt that he was about to make to leap across the yawning chasm.

But Olga was upon his track. With a sudden spring forward she managed to place her hand on his shoulder.

The touch of the beautiful fiend thrilled the young man with dread. He almost fell to the ground; but, as if filled with a sudden inspiration, he touched the fingers which clasped him with the little cross, and, with a fresh invocation to the saints, sprang across the terrible whirl of waters and broken ice.

When the cross touched her, Olga uttered a yell of terror. Her hand dropped by her side and she stumbled forward into the black waters which filled the yawning chasm.

Ivan's leap was a successful one, though he fell on his hands and knees. As he rose to his feet, he cast one look behind him and saw Olga struggling in the icy waters, while the hellish chase of grisly skeletons disappeared. Without venturing upon another glance, Ivan Ipanoff sped onward and in about an hour arrived at his island home, drenched with perspiration, and with a face white as marble.

"Have you anything to say to me, son Ivan?" asked his mother, advancing to greet him.

"Only to entreat you to pardon me, and to believe that I will be a good son to you for the future," answered the conscience-stricken man.

The only reply his mother made was to kiss him fondly, and taking the cross, which he still grasped in his right hand, she fastened it once more round his neck with a fresh piece of cord.

GILBERT CAMPBELL.

GOTHAM IN LENT.

"Van Gryse" on the Fashionable Diversions of the Lenten Season.

The town is as dull as only New York can be in Lent. People talk the World's Fair, and swear at the penitential season of Lent, and pray, and eat fish. The good girls abstain from candy and the matinee, and the good boys have sworn off top-hats, as theirs look pretty seedy.

Everything, in fact, looks seedy just now. It is the great recuperating time for both health and costumes. There is not a really swell get-up to be met with on the avenue. Every one looks shabby and is laying low for a great outburst on Easter. Then there will be a fine blossoming of artificial flowers and small flat bonnets, with strings coming out of the back and crossing over two neat, sleek, brown braids held up with gold pins. Even the opera—which is the place to go and see the fashions, and where all the smart, poor girls, like Kitty, get points—is no longer enlivened with joyous hox-holders, in gorgeous raiment. I was there at "Lohengrin," a short time ago, and every one looked very defripped. The women's necks were full of bones, and their clothes were all drooping and soiled. Those who sat with their backs to the house—as most of them do to enjoy the better delights of conversation with men in the back-ground—presented to the eyes of the orchestra a pair of thin shoulder-blades, a good deal squeezed, and a light-silk bodice quite grimy about the seams.

Meantime, the Lenten dissipation continues with dogged, despairing determination. Women let a good deal of their superfluous vitality loose in sewing-classes. It is a desolate form of entertainment, where the women come early and sew and fight, and the men come late in dress-clothes, and play "Boston" and cock-fights. The sewing consists of making garments for worthy poor—night-gowns and aprons and things, out of blue-checked stuff. Some superior female being cuts the things out and pins them together in the way they should go. Then the ladies sew according to the pins, sitting round in a circle, with their gloves off and their rings shining, and their hands moving at the rate of four stitches a minute.

At the informal ones, "the fellows" appear on their way up from down-town in business-clothes, and all agog for a little mild flirtation and scandal. The circle breaks and an air of liveliness immediately permeates the apartment. Young ladies of the "barpooner" variety—which does exist, even in the best society—capture their victims and sit behind screens and under palms and on divans, leaning back comfortably, with their knees crossed, a vision of slim, black ankles emerging abruptly from a fluff of white skirts merely adding piquancy to the reclining figure. A butler, with a large tray, makes a perilous way through the press of now vociferating females, their high chatter broken by rich hax laughs from amused men. The butler, appearing at their elbows, offers to their speculating eyes little red cups of bouillon, with little gold spoons, and thin sandwiches folded over and not trimmed on the edges.

Over in one corner against a bronze-brown curtain, with—above a gray-green wall—a row of blue-and-white china things and a big bronze dragon, steams the samovar. A lady, in a pale-green crêpe jacket, presides over this. A mirror, set into the wall behind her, reflects her moving figure, her bending head, with close-rippled brown hair rolled low in the back, her hand, the sleeve drawn back from a round, white wrist stretched out among the tea-cups, her pointed fingers daintily picking the lumps of sugar out of the cut-glass bowl. The colors in this corner are so well chosen, one suspects her of being artistic in her tastes. The light strikes yellow glints and patches on the samovar's surface and glides over the glaze of the cups and on their transparent brown contents, in which floats a slice of lemon and wherein one may savor a dash of rum. A cloud of steam—pungent steam—permeated with the delightful perfume of the tea and the rum, rises and blurs the glowing surface of the mirror and hovers about the head of the green-jacketed divinity.

Then in the evening there is badminton. Were it not for badminton, it is dreadful to think of what would happen to the Lenten devotees. There are two clubs for it now, one of which meets at Neilson Hall, a place on Fifteenth Street. The game—it is just like tennis, only it is played indoors and with a shuttlecock instead of a ball—is ages old. It dies and then is revived, like M. Valdemar in that horrible story. They used to play it years ago in India before tennis took possession of the British mind. The Briton, true to the national instinct which makes him run about in the blazing sun until he is nearly cooked, found it a most appropriate game to the torrid heats of India. He wore white linen and a cork helmet, with a pugaree round it, while his partner—the lady—wore white flannel blouse and skirt, and very little else. But badminton out-of-doors in India and badminton indoors in New York, are quite different things. Here it is *en regle* for the man to wear a dress-suit, for evening games, of course. And after a game or two, his collar and shirt-bosom melt and he looks as unhappy as he feels.

But he can not complain. No one ever complains at decrees of fashion. A New York man of any *ton* spends his evenings in his dress-suit. He puts it on after six as regularly as his sister puts vaseline on her lips when she goes to bed. He has not reached the stage of the Frenchman, who will wear a dress-suit at any afternoon festivity, but, perhaps, he will get there by-and-by. The women, too, are inaugurating some changes in the matter of dress laws. After the gas is lighted, always a low neck, but never by daylight. Even professionals appearing on the stage in afternoon concerts or recitations wear high necks and bonnets in the English style. At afternoon receptions and teas, the hostess and her assistants are all in handsome, light-colored dresses, but covered to their chins. And, five years ago, there used to be a grand display of jewels and shoulders at affairs of this kind. Now they wear a distinctively afternoon costume, just as a man would wear a Prince Albert coat.

Beside such secular dissipation as sewing-classes and bad-

minton clubs, there are the religious dissipation. This Lent, New York has had a religious upheaval. Church-bells go ding-donging all over town every afternoon. All the spires of the city send out a warning hrozen voice through the thin sunny afternoon air, which has a promise of spring about it that warms old blood and sets young blood dancing. The new spires of the cathedral are finished, and they are the most beautiful things of their kind you ever saw, piercing up into the blue-like points of frost-work. Inside the cathedral all is hushed and dim and solemn, with a rumbling of deep mystic music and a low chanting of soulful voices. Through the dusk, figures pass, sweep up the aisles with a rich rustling of trailing velvet and furs, kneel, rise, depart, vanishing between the pillars, pausing to droop before the altar of a favorite saint, with bowed head and a graceful sweep of soft draperies, the eternal light in the brass lamp above falling on a coil of rich hair, a piece of white neck above the collar of fur—there is no religion as becoming as the Roman Catholic.

The Episcopalians are less picturesque, but deeply in earnest. All their churches are full, especially St. George's, where Dr. Rainsford—the ladies' pet—holds forth. He is a very remarkable man—eloquent, practical, brilliant. I think he is an Englishman, and ten years ago came to New York from Canada, where all his female parishioners were in love with him. He is a very human sort of man—not an ascetic—fond of a good time—a permissible good time, and particularly fond of all forms of hunting and shooting. His parish nearly had convulsions some time ago, when he was arrested and fined for killing quail out of season. But he does an immense amount of good, and wields a singular influence over all those who come within his reach. His church is now the most fashionable in New York, and represents more millions than any other of the sacred edifices. It makes you feel rich to go there. The hishop in Grace Church, which always looks like an extra large wedding-cake, expostulates in his gentlemanly gentle way with a most high-toned congregation. The bishop is still a handsome man, though *passé*, with his iron-gray hair and his clerical cut of features. The hishop is a good man, of a good family, but not above his little weaknesses. One was always to have stupid curates, beside whom the bishop was a soaring spirit. One day, a curate got in who appears to have been emulating Brutus in Roman history, for no sooner was he firmly established than he cast aside all disguise and stood confessed as a young man of remarkable eloquence and intelligence. It was a bad quarter of an hour for the hishop when he realized what had occurred.

Meantime, down-town the Christians are raging together as the heathen did when David wrote the Psalms. Phillips Brooks has been regenerating the business-men by a series of afternoon discourses at Trinity. The old church was jammed to the doors and almost entirely by men, who sat enthralled by the Rev. Brooks's "tongue of fire." New Yorkers are undoubtedly irreligious as a class, but they are not scoffers. They are quite willing, in fact, anxious to be converted. The women, of course, are all religious. In the first place, it is the correct thing to be so; in the second place, no woman who is not will receive social recognition; in the third place, Eastern men are very chary of marrying a woman who is known to have no religion. The average female needs it as a balance-wheel. Without it there is no knowing where she may break out. New York women without religion are always looked upon askance as either blue-stockings or Lotharios. And it would be difficult to say which reputation they would dislike the most. On the other side of town, on Grand Street, there is more religious revival. There Moody—the Moody-and-Sankey Moody—has been "raising Cain" with a similar course of lectures to a similar style of audience—businessmen. Not the swell men of Wall and Broad Streets, but the clerks and shop-boys and small proprietors of that slice of the town. We all ought to be very good after this.

The last of the dissipation of this season—female dissipation, that is—are the physical-culture classes which are springing up like mushrooms all over the town. The girls all spend two or three mornings of the week at these places, exercising and developing the reluctant muscle and brawn. There is a perfect craze for it, as violent as the craze for Ceramics a few years back. The largest and most thorough class is that at the Berkeley Athletic Club—a man's club where the women have the rooms several mornings in the week. It is quite difficult to get admission to this club—applicants have to be proposed by two members of the club and have to give references. Beside this, so I am informed, it is necessary to give a detailed account of the exact proportions of the applicant and answer a number of questions of the most embarrassing description, but New York beauties are prepared to do anything to get some natural padding where none exists.

I saw some of the admission charts the other day and they were very amusing and certainly very thorough. Every square inch of the applicant's body is measured and the measurements put down—thus to see what particular muscles need development. On the back of the chart is printed a list of diseases of the most appalling length, the applicant to check off any that she may have had. Thus when she is admitted the instructress is supposed to know her within and without, and the course of exercise through which she passes is regulated according to the measurements on the chart and the checked-off illnesses. The system is certainly thorough, and supplemented by a course of badminton of winter evenings and tennis of summer afternoons ought to develop the slim New Yorker with her little waist and her narrow hips into a female Hercules.

Fencing is a great favorite, principally though to keep down avoidupois and make the body supple. Mrs. Langtry tried fencing to keep down her weight and found it answered splendidly. Mrs. Potter tried it to accentuate still further that astounding limberness of hers, which enables her to throw herself about as if she were as boneless as an oyster. Now all the girls are trying it. They wear blouses and gaiters and big, baggy trousers, like divided skirts gathered round the knee. Some one of the particular ones wear skirts, too, and they all insure themselves against accidents with masks and padded cuirasses.

VAN GRyse.

NEW YORK, March 19, 1890.

LATE VERSE.

The Lover's Song.

When winter hoar no longer holds
The young year in his gripe,
And bleating voices fill the folds,
And blackbirds pair and pipe;
Then coax the maiden where the sap
Awakes the woodlands drear,
And pour sweet wildflowers in her lap,
And sweet words in her ear.
For Springtime is the season, sure,
Since Love's game first was played,
When tender thoughts begin to lure
The heart of April maid,
Of maid,
The heart of April maid.

When June is wreathed with wilding rose
And all the buds are blown,
And O, 'tis joy to dream and doze
In meadows newly mown;
Then take her where the grayling leaps,
And where the dabchick dives,
Or where the bees in clover reap
The harvest for their hives.
For Summer is the season when,
If you but know the way,
A maid that's kissed will kiss again,
Then pelt you with the bay,
The bay,
Then pelt you with the hay.

When sickles ply among the wheat,
Then trundle home the sheaves,
And there's a rustling of the feet
Through early-fallen leaves;
Entice her where the orchard glows
With apples plump and tart,
And tell her plain the thing she knows,
And ask her for her heart.
For Autumn is the season, boy,
To gather what we sow;
If you be bold, she won't be coy,
Nor ever say you no,
Say no,
Nor ever say you no.

When woodmen clear the coppice lands,
And arch the hornbeam drive,
And stamp their feet, and cbafe their hands,
To keep their blood alive;
Then lead her where, when vows are heard,
The church-bells peal and swing,
And, as the parson speaks the word,
Then on her clap the ring.
For Winter is a cheerless time
To live and work alone;
But what to him is snow or rime,
Who calls his love his own,
His own,
Who calls his love his own?
—Alfred Austin.

In Westminster Abbey.

"The Southern Transept, hardly known by any other name but Poets' Corner."
—Dean Stanley.

Tread softly here; the sacredest of tombs
Are those that hold your Poets. Kings and queens
Are facile accidents of Time and Chance.
Chance sets them on the heights, they climb not there!
But he who from the darkling mass of men
Is on the wing of heavenly thought upborne
To finer ether, and becomes a voice
For all the voiceless, God anointed him:
His name shall be a star, his grave a shrine!

Tread softly here, in silent reverence tread.
Beneath those marble cenotaphs and urns
Lies richer dust than ever nature hid
Packed in the mountain's adamant heart,
Or slyly wrapt in unsuspected sand—
The dross men toil for, often stain the soul.
How vain and all ignoble seems that greed
To him who stands in this dim cloistered air
With these most sacred ashes at his feet!
This dust was Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden this—
The spark that once illumined it lingers still.
Oh, ever-hallowed spot of English earth!
If the unclashed and bappy spirit of man
Have option to revisit our dull globe,
What august Shades at midnight here convene
In the miraculous sessions of the moon,
When the great pulse of London faintly throbs,
And one by one the stars in heaven pale!
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in April Atlantic.

Dawn and Dusk at Karnak.

Out of the dim, mysterious dawn he came—
The sun-god—the Osiris—clad in folds
Of woven flame; and all the hideous shapes
That lurked along the margin of the night—
Star-dimmers, and the gnomes who blot the moon
And steal the ore of sunset—imps whose veins
Scarce pulsate with their currents of thin dew—
Fled at his glance; while he, through tumbling haze,
Winged slowly up into the billowy sky.

The golden scarabeus of the day
Down the bright west crawled softly; and the faint
Inscriptions faded; and a small, pale cloud,
Brushed by the great sun-beetle's wing, flushed red
And swam, a lotus petal, in the blue.
And Karnak, that a long December day
Had lived again within our reverent hearts,
Fled like a dream; and naught remained with us
Save deepening shades beneath slow-clustering stars,
And one dark monolith against the night.

—Charles Henry Luder in April Scribner's.

Cameos Cut from the Clouds.

Clouds that when the moon is breaking
Hover round the waking Earth,
Are the swaths of her dawning,
Garments that enfold her bird,
But when they roll down at evening,
Letting twilight draperies fall,
Whipping silent midnight round her,
Then they are her shroud and pall.

Clouds at evening, dull and gray,
Symbols are of the cold day,
Whence the soul hath sped away.
But when tinged with dawning light,
Cloud and Clod alike is bright,
Thro' the Sun—the Spirit's might,
—Julia Clinton Jones.

VANITY FAIR.

Miss Mahel Jenness will soon appear in Central Park riding astride her horse like a man. She made her first appearance as an equestrienne in the hifurcated skirts recently at the West End Riding Academy, accompanied by half-a-dozen female sympathizers in the cause of dress-reform. She experienced no difficulty in mounting her horse man-fashion. She was dressed in a trim, close-fitting habit of green silk, with plaited waist and skirts. On the street no one would have supposed the skirts were hifurcated, the edges of the two overlapping perfectly. Within each skirt was a well-fitting trouser-leg, about which the loose plaited outer garments hung in graceful folds. The lady spectators sat upon the balcony after the ring had been cleared, and no man was admitted except Miss Jenness's riding-master. A handsome, thorough-bred saddle-horse was led out. The young woman, taking the two sets of reins in her left hand and the whip in her right hand, placed both together on the pommel of the man's saddle, and sprang into an upright position, resting her whole weight on her hands. The same second her right leg was thrown over the horse's back, the skirts separating, and she sat erect and sure of place. At a touch of the whip he started off about the tan-hark area at a canter. This he presently exchanged for a trot, and his rider rose gracefully in the stirrups each alternate step. Seen from either side, she looked like an ordinary woman riding mounted on that side from which the view was bad. It was only when she was coming toward one or going directly from one that the unusual impression was given of there being two ladies mounted on opposite sides the same horse, of whom the head and body of but one was visible. After her ride, she said to a reporter: "That was not my first attempt at riding astride a horse, but it is the first time I had tried it with the bifurcated skirts and with a man looking on. I was fond of fast and dashing riding, but I soon became convinced that this system of exercise as practiced by women was all wrong. I found that the task of rising to the motion of the horse all fell upon the left leg. Then I made up my mind to ride one day upon the right side of the horse and the next upon the left, thus alternating the benefits of the exercise. But when I found an erect posture impossible to a woman with a side-saddle, and calculated the dangers of spinal curvature, I made up my mind to throw off all disguises, hestride my horse, and ride erect like a man." Miss Jenness said that the habit she wore at the academy was too much like an ordinary street-dress for public riding, and so she was having a new costume made, with a waist after the conventional riding-habit style. She said the principal difficulty most women would experience riding in the new fashion would be in the lack of strength they would discover in the muscles of their knees and thighs, by which muscles men keep their hold upon the horse. She thought men's saddles were perilous, being utterly without those guards and pommels to which women are accustomed. She suggested that for beginners a new saddle should be made with knee-guards on both sides. She favors riding astride the horse by women, not only as being more beathful, but also more graceful than the old style. She argues that with the right knee doubled up in front of her, after the side-saddle mode, a woman's skirts are drawn up into an awkward bunch in front of her. The skirts of the new riding-habit will reach only to the tips of the toes, but they will float gracefully and unhindered on either side the cantering steed.

The query "What are the qualities in women which men most admire?" is thus answered by the *Ladies' Journal*: "Men like, in the first place, amiability in a woman. They like a pleasant appearance. They like the doing of little things that are pleasant to them. They like the courtesy of the fireside. They like women whose lives and faces are always full of the sunshine of a contented mind and a cheerful disposition. They like an ability to talk well and a knowledge of the virtue of silence. They like a disposition to speak good, rather than evil of every human being. They like sympathy. They like a knowing how to grow old gracefully. They like knowledge of how to dress well, which, hy-the-hye, does not mean conspicuously. Men are most attracted by good material, plain draperies, and quiet colors; not by showy colors or designs. They like intelligence, but they prefer that the heart should be stronger than the brain. They like a companion—a woman who has sufficient knowledge of the world and its ways to talk well with them, who is interested in their lives and their plans and in their hopes, who knows how to give a cheering word, or to listen quietly and by a tender look express the grief which the heart is feeling. They may sometimes say that children are a bore and a nuisance, but a man shrinks from a woman who openly declares her dislike of them. A man expects the maternal instinct in a woman, and is disappointed if he does not find it. They like women to be affectionate—there never was a man yet, no matter how stern, no matter how cold, no matter how repulsive as far as his own feelings were concerned, who did not like a loving squeeze of the hand, or a tender kiss from the woman nearest to him."

The same authority then sums up what women like in men, in this wise: "Women like manly, not lady-like men. They like honesty of purpose and consideration. They like men who believe in women. They like their opinions to be thought of some value. They like a man who can be strong as a lion when trouble comes, and yet, if one is nervous and tired, can button up a shoe, and do it with an amount of consideration that is a mental and a physical bracer-up. They like a man who is interested in their new dresses, who can give an opinion on the fit, and who is properly indignant at any article written against women. They like a man who knows their innocent weaknesses and caters to them; who will bring home a box of candy, the last new magazine, or the latest puzzle sold on the street, that will do more than his duty in entertaining everybody for the whole evening. They like a man who is the master of the situation—that is, who has brain enough to

help a woman to decide what is the best thing to do under any circumstances, and who has wit enough to realize when one of the fairer sex is slightly stubborn that persuasion is more powerful than all the argument in the world. They like a man who likes them—who does not scorn their opinions, who believes in their good taste, who has confidence in their truth, and who, best of all, knows that the love promised is given him."

A fortnight ago a paragraph in this department discussed the unauthorized use and even sale of photographs by photographers, amateur and professional. The legal aspect of the question is pointed out by two correspondents of the *Nation*, who instance a Canadian case where "Mr. Justice North held that where a person is photographed in the ordinary way, the photographer has no right to dispose of or exhibit copies of the photograph, and if he does so, an injunction will lie at common law for breach of contract." The other correspondent tells of "A prominent photographer of Minneapolis, who was recently arrested and heavily fined for selling a dozen photographs in his possession to a saloon-keeper who used them to decorate the walls of his saloon. The judge decided that such proceeding was a gross breach of contract on the part of the photographer."

Speaking of the Montevideo ladies, Frank Vincent, a recent traveler, says that short dresses are worn in the streets—granting a liberal display of very small and high-heeled French boots—with hats and without cloaks, and that the fashion seems to run altogether to the bustle, accompanied with great puffs calculated to make a Japanese girl die in envy. "I have frequently seen these posterior appendages projecting quite two feet from the body, and have wondered they were not utilized as hundle or wrap carriers. Every country, however, has its own standard of taste and fashion. In Valparaiso and Santiago it is the spray of feathers and top-knot of artificial vegetation which marks the best society; in Montevideo it is the bustle, which, by its greater or lesser superficial area, distinguishes the patrician from the plebeian. The graceful lace mantilla, with the dignified black embroidered crêpe or silk shawl, is all unknown, the most extravagant French fashions having taken its place. The men show no better taste. Just at this period it is a question whether they are endeavoring to trim their shoes or their heads to the sharpest point."

A serious proposition was recently advanced in the *New York Tribune*, and plausibly maintained, to the effect that courtesy among men is declining in this country. The alleged decline was held to be due in large part to the agitation for a more general recognition of the equality of women in industrial opportunities and in civil and political rights. The fact of the decline is inferred from the behavior of men in public conveyances and in public places. It cannot be denied (comments *Harper's Weekly*) that much travel upon the elevated railroads in New York does reveal a notable lack of the instinctive politeness for which the American has been renowned. Elderly women, and women and girls with bundles and evidently tired with labor, are allowed to stand, while men of all ages and even boys sit carelessly indifferent. Yet there was a time, not very remote, when a woman would not have been suffered to stand in an omnibus. As there is no essential change of conditions, the fact is proof of the decline, at least of a local decline, and the consequences are worth considering. If a youth sees that his lack of courtesy, for instance, in not offering his seat to a woman in the car is regarded as a matter of course and justifiable, the first and costly step is taken. All other similar courtesies, the nameless graces of deference which make the intercourse of the sexes charming, will naturally disappear, and the distinction of the American vanishes, that every solitary woman seemed to travel under the chivalric protection of every man in the country.

A rather amusing illustration of the eagerness of woman-shoppers for bargains was witnessed in a Brooklyn store recently. In the Sunday papers an advertisement of a sale of silks was printed, which was intended to announce that they would be sold at fifty cents per yard, the original price being one dollar. Through some typographical inadvertence, the advertisement read that the silks would be sold at five cents a yard, instead of fifty. The women in Brooklyn spent a restless Sunday night for fear they would not waken early in the morning to take advantage of the generous offer. One lady cautioned her husband to call her early, and murmured, as she drifted into dreamland: "I'll buy two pieces of that silk, 'twill be so nice for linings." Early the next day, before the clerks of that department arrived, the women stood in line waiting grimly for the opening of the sale. The different expressions of disgust, disappointment, and mortification on their faces may be better imagined than described as they turned and filed out of the store again, leaving the embarrassed salesman alone with his confusion and his bargains.

A New York paper says: "Those odd flat hats of shiny substance, like jappanned iron, which the women began wearing early last fall, were very swaggy then, but now they are to be seen far over on the east side. The Fifth Avenue girls have given them up, but they are coming into vogue among other sets, and the makers say the sales are still good."

The trial of the suit brought against Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer by Mrs. Frenzel, who claimed to have been the real inventor of the Récamier preparations, covered several weeks and filled more than two thousand type-written pages with the testimony. Stephen H. Olin, Mrs. Ayer's counsel, said, in summing up: "The case is a scandalous and audacious effort of a discharged employee to blackmail and injure a kind and generous employer." Referee John B. Pine, in directing judgment for the defendant, stated: "It must be taken as proven that the original cream was purchased and obtained by the defendant in Paris, and that it was accompanied by a

formula or rule, and it is conceded that the defendant suggested and manufactured the cream as well as the balm, powder, and other toilet preparations. . . . The plaintiff had failed to make out her case. I must, therefore, direct judgment for the defendant." Mrs. Frenzel's claim to having invented or suggested the Récamier preparations is thus squelched.

Women in riding toggery are now so familiar in the up-town streets of New York, that they no longer attract attention. Some of them do not even bother to wear wraps, but walk nonchalantly along clad only in their tight-fitting cloth habits, varnished hoots, and high hats. There was a time when a woman in this sort of attire would have attracted a great deal of notice, but even the errand-boys do not turn to stare at the square-shouldered and athletic-looking girls who swing about town in their riding-habits. They drop in on one another, stop to luncheon, or take a cup of tea after a ride exactly as they would in the country. The populace is slowly but surely becoming educated up to the manners and habits of the riding set of New York girls.

Very few tastefully dressed women have I seen (writes Eugene Field from London to the *Chicago News*). The ladies here wear costly toiles of an evening, but they have an appearance as if their fine things had been shot on to them out of a cannon. They display their jewels with a generosity that is simply vulgar. It is not unusual to see ladies at the theatre with four or five diamond brooches up and down the front of their bodices. As a class the harmaids are splendid-looking creatures—red-cheeked, ample breasted, and with magnificent hair. Among the house-servants, too, fine specimens of physical beauty are frequently to be met with, but the women of the upper classes are disappointing in appearance, and in movement they are, contrary to tradition, awkward; the English woman either swaggers or shuffles. Yet the English women are said to be singularly robust. Dr. Peter Mc-Swinny, surgeon of the Inman steamship *City of Chicago*, tells me that there were among the passengers of that ship, bound for New York several years ago, a large contingent of the Wilson Barrett dramatic troupe. One day, for the purpose of wearing away the time, it was suggested that a certain number of the Englishmen aboard pull a tug-of-war against an equal number of the Americans aboard. The proposition met with general approval and the contest took place, the Americans making a very poor showing against their sturdier cousins. Thereupon the young women of the Barrett company—there were about a dozen of them—challenged an equal number of the American gentlemen to a tug-of-war, and the challenge being accepted, the way those girls yanked those men over that deck was outrageous to a degree.

"I called upon the wife of the Vice-President, a woman of good family and breeding, enjoying high position and great wealth for the most of her life," said a well-known diner-out to a *Washington Post* reporter. "What did she wear? A rich and simple gown of dark velvet, buttoned to the throat and covering her arms to the wrists, a toilet suited to any lady to sit in her own drawing-room of an afternoon to receive one, forty, or three hundred callers. The sunlight came through her western window, and daylight brightened the rooms until it was dark enough to light the gas. A young woman, in a pretty afternoon or house-dress, sat at the tea-table, visitors came in their cloth and velvet and furs, honneted and gloved. I called at another official home on another day, which shall be nameless. The curtains and blinds of the lower windows were so tightly drawn that I feared the carriage might be there for a funeral, or that I had made a mistake in the house or day. The drawing-room was a blaze of gaslight, and the hostess wore the same light satin and embroidered gauze gown that I had met her in at a ball a few nights before. Plainly, she had an evening-dress, but no fresh or suitable afternoon-dress, and she did not know any better than to advertise the fact. At sight of a man and obedient to a wave of the hostess's big feather fan, her troop of assistants came in from the dining-room. It was only a little past three o'clock in the afternoon, but every girl of them was in full evening-dress. No modification could have been made if they had been going to a ball seven hours later in the day. Ugh! the effect was awful. Collar-bones and shoulder-bones, and the texture of the skin and the coating of powder, told horribly in the searching cold light of a winter afternoon. The front door opening and shutting sent draughts of cold air sweeping over those uncovered shoulders, and there is something besides fish-sauce on which sunlight should never be allowed to fall. Now, all of those girls had come from small towns where society is not organized up to the formal and elaborate scale of great cities; where the men more often wear the frock-coat to their little tea-parties and card-parties; where the girls only have every-day street-dresses and best dresses, which serve for church on Sundays and society during the week. When they come to a larger and more formal society, with its halls and hall-dresses, the décolleté dress fills the place of 'best' dress in their minds, and is worn on every festive occasion by day or by night. I discussed this subject with one senator's wife, who agreed with me that it was the crudest feature of Washington society. 'If you men would only protest more and make game of these girls, we might stop it soon,' she said; 'if a girl comes to spend the afternoon with me and meet my visitors in a low-necked gown, I never ask her again. And do you see this?' she asked, sliding open the drawer of a fancy table, filled with a tangle of silk fringes; 'those are little crêpe shoulder-shawls that I keep to cover up such undressed creatures with. I take one and tie it on her, sweetly saying: 'I'm afraid you will take cold in my chilly rooms, dear, and you must keep this as a souvenir of the day.' They don't dare protest or take it off after that, and as I never give two crêpe shawls to the same girl, it is not an expensive thing to do. I have talked with Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Morton about it, and they applaud my little shawl trick, and are as decided as I am that the low-necked girl must go—and put more clothes on until it is the hour for the dinner or the ball.'"

THE LATEST FAD IN PARIS.

"Parisina" on the Slang Phrase which has Created a Play.

Everything nowadays that is exaggerated—*outré*—in society, fashion, literature, art, is termed *fin-de-siècle*. Doubtless this last decade of the century is no better than it should be. Yet I hesitate to set it down as much worse than its predecessors. True, there are many unhealthy influences at work, books are written that it is a shame to publish, plays are acted that ought never to appear on any stage, pictures are painted and exhibited that should never have left the studio, subjects are canvassed in drawings more befitting the smoking-room or the pages of a medical treatise, and the love of luxury, excitement, scandal—new sensations in any shape—is becoming with many an absorbing passion which warps the warmer sentiments and fosters that neurosis which is the dominant malady of the age. But these things have always existed more or less, only their existence was not proclaimed quite so loudly, and many of the manias classed as *fin-de-siècle* are harmless enough. As for instance, the new vocabulary so enameled with English words that to the uninitiated it is hardly comprehensible, and the fashionable slang that converts all manner of substantives into adjectives. Frenchmen have hitherto always been accused of a want of interest in everything that was not French, of a lack of curiosity respecting other nations; it is not such barm, therefore, that they should suddenly evince an admiration for something beyond themselves and their own nation, or even that they should be at last the prey of a restless demon that shall shake them out of their laziness and their vanity. These things do not matter a jot. The worst feature of all is the marked degeneracy in the nobler sentiments. "*Le flirt*" has ousted love in the world, whereas sordid interest on the one hand and vanity on the other regulate the *soi-disant* affairs of the heart. Your true *fin-de-siècle* does not choose his mistress for her beauty, sometimes not even for love; he takes her because she is the fashion; because, by possessing her, he will become the envy of other men; because she can dress well and will do him honor, as honor is counted in the clan to which he belongs. And when he marries it is to make an edifying end, to restock his empty coffers, to provide an heir for his name and much-indebted estates. This is the man-about-town, the sporting man, the member of a fashionable club, who takes a part in a review written by one of themselves, or transforms himself ever and anon into a clown or circus-rider more proud of his thews and sinews than of his pedigree; who plays high, *par genre*, not for the sake of the excitement of gambling, and loses or wins with equanimity.

A very different man is the *fin-de-siècle* of the literary world, who generally wears his hair long, writes his own verses—the more obscure and unintelligible the better; who haunts the society of women, yet professes to hold them in contempt—which does not, strange to say, make him the less welcome in fashionable drawing-rooms or boudoirs *à la mode* (two widely different centres); whose conversation is frequently the reverse of proper, and could not be tolerated were it not for a certain ambiguity of expression which throws a veil over some of his meaning.

There are more points of contact between this fellow and some of the *femmes du monde*, who claim the privilege of being a *fin-de-siècle*, than between them and the men of their own class. She is infinitely bored; she seeks from morning till night in the hope of finding a cure for her ennui, and does not succeed. Having impaired her digestion by highly seasoned viands and unwholesome diet generally, she has recourse to syrup of ether, and, worse still, to morphine; reads the worst literature of the day, and likes her novels as highly spiced as her food. She is extravagant, fond of dress, greedy of admiration, has black circles under her eyes, and one child at most in the nursery. The *demi-mondaine* of the new school, on the other hand, looks to the main chance, and hoards her ill-gotten gains that she may retire and live comfortably on the proceeds—even buy herself pseudo-respectability by marriage with some needy financier or some youthful struggle-for-lifer. Thus are the parts reversed. Vice has nowadays a big balance at her banker's, whereas virtue dissipates her patrimony and ends her days in a *maison de santé*.

A dramatist was sure to take up the *fin-de-siècle* and coin money and reputation out of it. The stage is the mirror in which all the plague-spots of modern life are reflected, and its influence is great in spreading the contagion. Immense is the success of the new piece at the Gymnase. After "*La Lutte pour la Vie*," "*Paris, Fin de Siècle*," and Blum and Toché's production promises to keep the boards longer than Daudet's comedy, which was wicked and painful, whereas its successor is wicked and amusing.

The curtain rises on a scene in one of the principal Parisian restaurants. A gay party of bachelors are at breakfast—a company of *fin-de-siècle* of different denominations. Here is Alfred de Mirandale, a *blasé* and a skeptic; a modern Don Juan, the Duc de Linarès; La Fauchette, a *décafé*; La Faloise, a bore; Rivolet, and finally the hero, a dreamy Breton, not much in his place among all these latter-day sinners. In the course of the conversation, we learn that the duke is in communication with the principal dress-makers and milliners of the capital, who inform him whenever one of their charming customers is deeply in their debt, when he offers to settle the little bill—a decidedly novel way for a man to ingratiate himself with an unlimited number of fair ones. We are informed that De Mirandale, although the lover *en titre* of Judith Fripiet, contemplates marriage; is, indeed, the affianced husband of Mlle. Berthe de Boissy-Godet, whom he has heard much of, but has never seen—has never bad the time. It appears that La Fauchette is utterly used up in health as well as in fortune, that Rivolet professes ultra-radical opinions with the praiseworthy intention of bothering "the governor," and that La Faloise has traveled for the purpose of having something to talk about, and has only succeeded in filling his conversation with geographical details which he inflicts on all his hearers without compunction. Even the butler in attendance is a *fin-de-siècle*; when the *dîné* is concluded, he will go off to

his club, the Petit-Mazas, and, in the meanwhile, is ready to put the client up to a good thing for the next meet, or to amuse him with the latest bit of scandal.

Senator Boissy-Godet—the father of the fair Berthe who is to be married to De Mirandale—has a Napoleonic way about him. He is discovered dictating to a secretary, with his hands behind his back; moreover an irascible fellow, who spends his time in the Upper House in interrupting and burling invectives at his colleagues. His wife, the marquise, is a thorough *fin-de-siècle*, wild after pleasure, and occupies her leisure in presiding over fourteen societies. The two meet once a week or so. The daughter of this couple has been brought up in a convent, whence she has just returned with very decided ideas on marriage—prefers an old husband immensely rich. As a set-off to the scene at the restaurant, there is in the second act a scene between four female characters—the Marquise de Boissy-Godet, who preaches nineteenth-century morals while trying on a harlequin's cap, in which she is to appear at the Bal des Arlequins; Claire de Chancenay, the widow, who wears heliotrope velvet, embroidered with silver and gold, as half-mourning for the departed Chancenay; the lively Mme. des Epiglottes, *très fun*, as they say here now; and the languishing Mme. de Val Chevette, an advocate of suicide. The farthest gone in *fin-de-siècle* is Claire, though the marquise is forever on the move, Mme. des Epiglottes always laughing and flirting, and Mme. de Val Chevette, saturated with the poetry of the *décadents*, longs to put an end to her life if she only could make up her mind which is the best way.

Claire is devoted to her liberty, and when Roger appears on the scene and timidly confesses his love, she does not say no, but she bargains for a year more of her present delightful life.

Perhaps the reader is wondering when I am coming to the plot. Well, to tell you the truth, there is, so to speak, none. Very "fun" this—very *fin-de-siècle*. Roger's small attempt at love-making is the only sentimental bit in the whole four acts, the dramatic incident of which is a duel. Yes, there is a duel—duels are very much the fashion just now. In the latter part of the third act (I will tell you presently about the first half), during the Harlequin Ball—got up by that mad-cap, Mme. des Epiglottes, for the benefit of one of the societies patronized by the marquise, perhaps that of the Vierges Intransigeantes—the Duc de Linarès becomes very pressing in his attentions to Claire. Something he murmurs about being always at her service, as heretofore, strikes her as queer, and she begs him to explain himself. It appears that, instead of a usurer of whom she believes she borrowed the money necessary for the payment of a dress-maker's bill, it is the duke who has supplied it. Claire is indignant, and Roger, appearing on the scene, demands satisfaction of M. de Linarès for his impudent behavior to his *fiancée*. A duel is inevitable. It is fought in the fourth act. Of course Roger wounds his antagonist, Claire relents, and an immediate marriage is decided.

The first scenes of the preceding act are laid in the gorgeous apartments of Mlle. Judith Fripiet—a *demi-mondaine* of the new school, intent on making a goodly pile. Alfred de Mirandale, as you know, is the *protecteur en titre* of this young woman with a stern eye to the main chance, who dresses like a bouri, and only cares for her lover's money-bags; but as he is going to get married and "make an end," as he calls it, he thinks it wise to get out of her clutches first. I told you he was a skeptic, and he rates his mistress at her true valuation. There is no quarrel—they understand each other too well for that, and besides, Mlle. Fripiet is quite the vogue and she may throw the handkerchief to any one of the eligible men who crowd her boudoir. Later on in the play Mirandale comes across Berthe, and they, too, make a match of it.

This rapid sketch of Blum and Toché's play is very far from doing justice to it. The dialogue is full of spirit from beginning to end. Lots of sharp things are said, and some wicked ones, too, though you must be born and bred a Parisian to understand them, sometimes. I do not say it is absolute wit, but it is a very clever imitation thereof. As for the conversation over the breakfast-table, it is most amusing, and the women's chatter is inimitable. What a thoroughly modern scene is that of the Bal des Arlequins, and the *farandole* led by Alfred de Mirandale, in his scarlet coat, up and down the staircase of the opera. The toilets are exquisite, of that you may be sure, and really it is difficult to say which of the ladies dresses best, though I think the palm must be given to Claire and Judith in this matter, albeit Mme. des Epiglottes looks particularly charming in her costume of Arlequine. Berthe, in her boarding-school get-up, is used as a foil for the other ladies; before she meets her betrothed, however, she appears a little more elegantly attired; but the bridal-robe and orange-blossoms remain in the wings.

Now, you must not judge modern Parisian society from that phase of it here described. All the world is not *fin-de-siècle*—far from it; and though the originals of the characters in the play exist—of that there is no doubt—they are not the only modern fashionables to be met with in the *monde* and out of it.

PARISINA.

PARIS, March 7, 1890.

Usually the newspapers are wrong in the title they give to the Kaiser, but one would expect more accuracy in a queen's speech. Yet even there he is called Emperor of Germany, which he is not, his proper title being German Emperor. There was at the creation of the empire a good deal of discussion on this point, and though it seems a distinction without a difference, patriotic Teutons regard it as a matter of much importance, just as Frenchmen did in the case of Napoleon the Third, who was Emperor of the French, not of France.

The Ameer of Afghanistan, it is said, is about to begin grape culture on an extensive scale, and has sent to Europe for experts to instruct him in the art.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Princess of Wales was offered recently five thousand dollars by an American magazine for one hundred words.

Dr. Brown-Séquard is not discouraged by the sudden collapse of his life-elixir sensation. He is still engaged in manufacturing the elixir, and professes boundless faith in it.

Mr. Latortue (Anglice "turtle") has been appointed Minister Plenipotentiary of the Haytian Republic to the Court of St. James. He is a full-blooded negro, the first accredited to that court.

The Czar, upon receiving the report of a recent duel between officers in the army, said: "Duels in the army are absolutely necessary, and I desire that reports of such escapades shall not be brought to my notice."

Some inquisitive Paul Pry has discovered, or says he has discovered, that D'Oyly Carte's real name is not D'Oyly Carte, but Doyle McCarthy. Its adoption has, perhaps, aided Mr. Carte-McCarthy on his march to greatness.

The Prince of Wales, when going on a journey, always takes along whole boxes of hats and huge trunks of dress-suits, morning-coats, and other changes. He makes a point when visiting of not being seen twice in the same coat.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis writes that her daughter, Mrs. I. A. Hayes, of Colorado Springs, and her husband have changed their little son's name to Jefferson Hayes Davis, "so that there shall be one to bear the beloved and honored name of his own blood."

The will of the late Duc de Montpensier disposes of forty million dollars, to be divided between his wife and his son and daughter. It is said, however, that the duchess intends to go into a convent and leave the whole fortune to be enjoyed by the two children.

The regular monthly receptions which, for the last two months, Mrs. Cleveland has been holding at her house on Madison Avenue are now discontinued. At these receptions, many of the visitors were strangers and came uninvited, having a livelier sense of curiosity than of propriety.

The new Duke of Aosta has the photographic hobby, but, as he is worth about six million dollars, he can afford to indulge it. They say he has long been the terror of the ladies of the royal household on account of his pocket-camera, with which he would "get them" in situations or positions rather devoid of grace and repose.

Queen Victoria has written two books which have never been published. They are volumes of travel, and recount her impressions of various places on the continent. She has been so annoyed at the criticisms of her published works that she has refused to have these manuscripts put into print. They will be published after her death.

The Duke of Fife is to preside at Stanley's first lecture in London. All the seats have been sold, although the lowest price was five dollars. Stanley is to receive five hundred dollars for the lecture, and the Polytechnic Institute, at which it is to be delivered, expects to make from three thousand five hundred to four thousand dollars from it.

Miss Julia Schreiner, the new beauty of New York fashionable society, is a niece of the late William Cullen Bryant. Her father was a German merchant in New York, but she has spent most of her life in Paris. She is an accomplished young woman, who paints well, sings well, embroiders well, and speaks several modern languages. She is six feet tall and beautifully proportioned.

Mrs. Delia Parnell, the mother of the Irish leader, and a woman of refinement, lives in destitution in the old family mansion at Ironsides, not far from the village of Bordentown, New Jersey. The estate of about two hundred and sixty acres is heavily mortgaged, and the buildings are all marked with decay. Within the mansion are the same evidences of poverty, and for weeks at a time the past winter the aged woman has from necessity done without a fire. The kindness of friends alone has saved her from starvation, while the proceeds of a theatrical benefit, given in New York not long ago, helped to pay off accumulated debts. Mrs. Parnell's father and grandfather were both officers of high rank in the United States Navy, and Governor Abbott and other friends are now seeking to obtain for her a much-needed pension.

William Waldorf Astor was born in New York city in March, 1848. His mother was Miss Gibbs, a daughter of a rich South Carolina merchant, and Mr. Astor was her only child. He is the direct lineal descendant of the first John Jacob Astor who founded the fortunes of the family. William Waldorf Astor is the great-grandson of the original John Jacob Astor, his father having been the eldest son of William B. Astor, who in turn was the eldest son of the family's founder. The only remaining member of the second generation of the Astor family is William Astor, who is now abroad, and who is the husband of the Mrs. William Astor who, since the death of her sister-in-law, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, has been the acknowledged leader of New York society. For the sake of Miss May Paul, of Philadelphia, Mr. Astor turned Benedict. Three children are the result of the union—John Jacob, the eldest son, now twelve years of age, being the heir presumptive. Mr. Astor is six feet tall, broad of shoulder, robust of limb. Mr. William Waldorf Astor is said to have become by the death of his father the inheritor of one hundred and fifty million dollars and the richest private citizen in Europe or America, except the Duke of Westminster. Indeed, the Astor millions would have outweighed the Grosvenor millions had not the hundred-year leases of the Westminster property in London lately fallen in and been renewed at a great increase of values. The *Chicago Tribune* says: "W. W. Astor thoroughly appreciates the fact that he is now head of the house, and he will be Willie Waldorf no longer. One of the first things he did was to order a supply of visiting-cards simply inscribed, 'Mr. Astor.'"

VOICES OF THE BALL.

JUST BEFORE IT.

The Gentlemen's Room—I can't waltz a little bit—so they naturally asked me to lead the german—he's a regular cad, and goes with those like him—great friend of mine, we're always together—she's promised to save me three dances—for she hates me like poison—and, of course, I'll introduce you—being a perfect stranger to the girl—and if I'm cut out this time, it'll be because—they've put too much water in the punch—Miss Gilders has something like two millions—freckles, I tell you, though she hides them pretty well—yes, I'm completely gone on her—and I mean to show it by keeping away from her all the evening.

The Ladies' Room—She's been at that mirror fifteen blessed minutes; does she think she's the only woman here who—wears powder half an inch deep, my dear—and owns a vast estate—trimmed 'round the edges with Chantilly—first cousin to—the glide polka, which is my favorite—you can't imagine how aristocratic and exclusive she is—for she came in the horse-cars, truly she did—he always steps on one's toes—I think it makes him very fascinating, doesn't you?—and flatters charmingly, Julie says—actually told her she was no lady—they say he writes poetry—so he's generally shunned—Mr. Bouncer is waiting for you—intoxicated as usual, I'm afraid—the orchestra is perfectly splendid; it always—lightens up my ruffles better than anything—hurry, can't you, Kate? (And the room gradually clears.)

JUST AT THE HEIGHT OF IT.

(Everybody all smiles and perspiration, full of happiness and longings for supper.)

Ingenious Youth—I've been presented to fourteen different girls, and, as I can never remember names or faces, I've distinguished them by describing their dresses—great scheme! Let's see. (Consults card.) "1. Red bodice, black skirt"—all right. "2. Green dress, with lace fakement on it"—correct. "3. White, with pearls"—all right again. "4. White, with pearls"—what does this mean? "5. White, with pearls"—oh, hang it, there are six of 'em described this way, and more than thirty in the room dressed in that style. What on earth am I going to do? (Can not find out, and consequently makes six fair enemies.)

Maneuvering Maiden (to undesirable young man)—Oh, Mr. Chumpford, is this your dance? Only see! By some accident your name has been almost erased, and Mr. Golightly has written his over it. So sorry! Some other time, perhaps. (And the victory-grinning Golightly whisks her away.)

Perplexed Person—Here I've put my own name on my order instead of some girl's—what a mess! Ah, I have it! I'll keep watch when the dance comes and take out anybody I see scowling savagely at me—she'll be the right one! (Is triumphantly successful.)

Fractious Being (in square)—For heaven's sake, not here—the other side! Goodness, no; you ought to have waited! Your right hand—your right—your right—cross over—not yet, I say—now, why don't you go? Step behind me, of course. Oh, dear, be quick. There it is again, another mistake. (Thus constantly.)

Censorious Gazer (feet idle, but tongue active)—It may be perfectly right, but they've danced together four times, to my certain knowledge. I think her brother, if she has one, ought to see to it. That's who he is? Oh! Well, it shows how scarce partners are with her, doesn't it? Besides, he dances very awkwardly, I'm sure, and she's sickeningly affected. How can Mrs. Hantmade let her daughter associate with that young man! He looks frightfully dissipated. Officer of a Christian Association? Oh! Adds hypocrisy to his other sins, then, does he? Mercy! Did you hear that couple? They called each other "dear," upon my word! Husband and wife? Oh! They're too affectionate, really, to love each other, I'm positive. Noted for their sincere devotion? Oh! Any way, I'd keep it to myself, if I were they. (So on, with neither cessation nor charity.)

Mr. Whirlton and Partner, and Mr. Spinner and Partner (revolving in eccentric, interesting orbits, collide with great force)—

Whirlton	{	Pardon, old	{	Duffer!
Spinner	{	Ouch!	{	Fool!
W.'s Partner	{	Excuse me,	{	Gawk!
S.'s Partner	{	Uh!	{	Stupid!

JUST AFTER IT.

The Gentlemen's Room—Jove, how warm I am! that last waltz was a pipe-opener—did you notice the girl in blue—tremendously rich—father failed last year, that accounts for it—I tried to be as courteous as I could—"get out of the way, will you?" was my remark—she said she liked me as a friend—but didn't care to dance with me—I had an immense time with her—for she treated me like a dog—and said, in a very modest, timid way—give me a cigar, old fellow—and Miss Beauté whispered to me quite affectionately—"you ought to learn to dance before you go to balls"; that's what she said—thanking me over and over again because I—tore her train half off, so that she had to go home—then I took her bouquet—put three large spoonfuls of salad-dressing on it—and with a plate of strawberry ice in my other hand—I made a declaration of love right on that very spot.

The Ladies' Room—And he said, in the most poetical way—I simply loathe cotton-seed-oil—so very inattentive as he was; why he only brought me—half a fowl, four glasses of wine, and a dozen macaroons—and only think what a lovely compliment he paid me—"she's the plainest woman I ever saw in my life," he said—and I danced every dance, except—seven successive numbers, not being able to get a partner—she almost fainted—with her face perfectly crimson—for, since they never looked at each other once—I'm sure they're engaged—and I shall tell him, without regard to his feelings, that—he's a perfect darling—oh, how I've enjoyed myself—not a man came near me the whole evening—good-night—good-night—good-night—good-night.—*Manley H. Pike in Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

OLD FAVORITES.

The Monks of Basle.

I tore this weed from the rank, dark soil
Where it grew in the monkish time,
I trimmed it close and set it again
In a border of modern rhyme.

I.
Long years ago, when the Devil was loose
And faith was sorely tried,
Three monks of Basle went out to walk
In the quiet eve-tide.

A breeze as pure as the breath of Heaven
Blew fresh through the cloister-shades,
A sky as glad as the smile of Heaven
Blushed rose o'er the minster-glades.

But scorning the lures of summer and sense,
The monks passed on in their walk;
Their eyes were abased, their senses slept,
Their souls were in their talk.

In the tough grim talk of the monkish days
They hammered and slashed about—
Dry husks of logic—old scraps of creed—
And the cold gray dreams of doubt—

And whether Just or Justified
Was the Church's mystic Head—
And whether the Bread was changed to God,
Or God became the Bread.

But of human hearts outside their walls
They never paused to dream,
And they overthought of the love of God
That smiled in the twilight gleam.

II.
And these three monks went bickering on
By the foot of a spreading tree,
Out from its heart of verdurous gloom
A song burst wild and free—

A wordless carol of life and love,
Of nature free and wild;
And the three monks paused in the evening shade
Looked up at each other and smiled.

And tender and gay the bird sang on,
And cooed and whistled and trilled,
And the wasteful wealth of life and love
From his happy heart was spilled.

The song had power on the grim old monks
In the light of the rosy skies;
And as they listened the years rolled back,
And tears came into their eyes.

The years rolled back and they were young,
With the hearts and hopes of men,
They plucked the daisies and kissed the girls
Of dead dead summers again.

III.
But the eldest monk soon broke the spell;
"Tis sin and shame," quoth he,
"To be turned from talk of holy things
By a bird's cry from a tree.

"Perchance the Enemy of Souls
Hath come to tempt us so,
Let us try by the power of the Awful Word
If it be he, or no!"

To Heaven the three monks raised their hands;
"We charge thee, speak!" they said,
"By His dread Name who shall one day come
To judge the quick and the dead."

"Who art thou? Speak!" The bird laughed loud,
"I am the Devil," he said.
The monks on their faces fell, the bird
Away through the twilight sped.

A horror fell on those holy men,
(The faithful legends say.)
And one by one from the face of earth
They pined and vanished away.

IV.
So goes the tale of the monkish books,
The moral who runs may read—
He has no ears for Nature's voice
Whose soul is the slave of creed.

Not all in vain with beauty and love
Has God the world adorned;
And he who Nature scorns and mocks,
By Nature is mocked and scorned.

—John Hay.

The law courts at Tiflis have before them the suit of a man to recover from a professional assassin the sum of one hundred and sixty-five dollars. The man hired the assassin for seventy-five dollars down to kill an enemy, and promised seventy-five dollars more when he should receive proof of the death in the shape of the enemy's ear. The assassin brought around an ear and received the seventy-five dollars, with fifteen dollars added for a tip. A few days later, the man met his enemy, alive and entirely whole as to his ears, upon the street. An investigation showed that the assassin had also received one hundred dollars from the enemy as a reward for having betrayed the plot to him.

DYED.

In the fiftieth year of its age, of scarlet fever, Patti's hair.

—Life.

William Benjamin Rowland, a cartman, recently died of phthisis at a London hospital, and when the doctors made a *post mortem* they found a steel knife-blade run into his skull for an inch and broken off there. It had been there so long that the bone had healed over the spot where it had entered.

THE INNER MAN.

"Tea" at Afternoon Teas.

A long-lost cousin, who has lived in China for the last twenty years engaged in the tea-trade, came home last fall, and was dragged on to Washington by some female relatives. They took it upon themselves to entertain him. Of course his training in teas caused him to watch critically the processes gone through with at the different tea-tables, and to examine the infusions offered the afternoon caller.

"Well, it is wonderful how these people live here," said he, to a Washington *Post* reporter, "after you know what awful slop and stuff they drink. It is a marvel that they have a sound stomach or nerve among them. Hundreds of these women go around from house to house every afternoon and drink three and four cups of the worst tea in the market. If it is not Oolong, or the more deadly Amoy Oolong, it is straight green tea, or sometimes green and Oolong mixed, and not the first crop and quality at that.

"Now, here's the way they do it. The tea is kept in any sort of a loose canister or caddy instead of air tight, so that half of its strength and aroma are gone before they touch the leaves of the tea-pot. A pretty girl in a pretty gown is put down before the tea-tray and straightway dumps enough tea into the tea-pot to serve for a dozen persons. Sometimes the water in the kettle is boiling, and sometimes it is not, when she fills the tea-pot up. From the one pot of tea she pours all afternoon, putting fresh leaves in on the stale ones, until the tea is nearly filled up with leaves and the stuff poured out is as deadly as Jersey lightning.

"At one place where we called they asked us if we would have tea, and the young woman walked over to a side table where a brass tea-kettle was simmering over a spirit-lamp, and actually poured the tea from that zinc-lined kettle that had been boiling no one knows how long. It was something more deadly than strychnine.

"At another house a girl in a very fetching red gown asked me if I would have Russian tea.

"What is that?" I asked; "I did not know tea grew in Russia."

"Oh, it's just tea with lemon in it."

"So that makes it Russian? Well, pray tell me what kind of tea it is when it has cream and sugar in it?"

"That must be English tea."

"At the next place a pretty thing with blue eyes asked sweetly:

"Won't you have some samovar tea?"

"What in the world is that?"

"Oh, it's made in a samovar, like the Russians make it."

"Shades of Dharma!"

"At still another place, a young woman crushingly informed me that it was real Russian tea that she was pouring. A friend had brought it to her from St. Petersburg. The tea-caddy stood uncovered, and the long, greenish-colored leaves gave the quality away at the start; but I took my cup and moved back to make room for others. It was the rankest, nerve-rackingest of Amoy Oolongs, and no more like the delicate tips of black tea that we send from Keemun and Hankow for the camel-trains to take over to Russia than the stuff you get at a railroad restaurant in America is.

"At one place, I was given the chair beside the girl who was pouring tea.

"You're not drinking that tea?" said the young woman, after a few minutes.

"N-no, it's a little too green for me."

"It's what? You mean you want more sugar?"

"No, it's too green a tea, too stimulating to my nerves after all this excitement of afternoon calls."

"Hush! You'd better drink it and quiet them. Maybe you like English breakfast tea."

"What is that?"

"Why, English breakfast tea, of course. Didn't you ever hear of it?"

"No, I can't say that I have, by that name. Is it a green or a black tea? And do the English drink anything different at breakfast from what they have in the afternoon?"

"Are you guying me?" asked the young woman; "I don't like tea myself. I think it looks awfully silly and grandmotherly to see a man waddling a tea-cup and drinking such stuff. Just reach me those peppermints, won't you? And then you can pour yourself a glass of sherry. That's probably what you want."

"Admirable girl!"

"Another little thing that you will notice at Washington tea-tables is that they seldom pour the tea into tea-cups—the regular, broad, low, conventional tea-cup. It is generally some little, narrow, tapering cup, meant for after-dinner coffee, that they use, even in houses where everything is on a lavish scale. The ridiculous little cup and the tiny spoon, that is good only for stirring, spoil all one's association of ideas, and it doesn't seem like tea when it is handed one in such cups."

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NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Mrs. O. C. Pratt gave an elegant dinner-party at her house on Sutter Street, on March 23d, in honor of Judge and Mrs. Deady, of Oregon. The table was exquisitely decorated in tones of pink and white by the arrangement of La France roses, peach and apple-blossoms, trailing vines, and maiden's-hair ferns. The beautiful effect was enhanced by the soft light from wax tapers, set with pink-silk shades. The menu was bounteous and the evening was passed most delightfully.

Dr. and Mrs. W. August Bryant, *né* Perry, will receive on Wednesday in April at their home, 879 Post Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Ford gave an informal reception recently at their residence in honor of Sir Sidney and Lady Waterlow. About twenty-five intimate friends were invited, and they passed the hours pleasantly listening to musical selections rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Campbell and in conversation, and the enjoyment of a delicious supper.

Mrs. Horace Davis gave an enjoyable lunch-party last Tuesday at her residence on Bush Street. Covers were laid for twelve ladies at a table that was handsomely decorated with American Beauty roses, while the favors were also clusters of lovely roses.

Sir Sidney Waterlow visited several of our public schools last Tuesday morning, accompanied by Mrs. Kincaid, who recently dined at Mr. and Mrs. Head's residence with Sir Sidney and Lady Waterlow. In the afternoon, he visited the University of California, where he was entertained by President Horace Davis.

"The old Minuteman house at 60 Fifth Avenue has recently been purchased by Mrs. Hopkins-Searles, who, as the widow of Mark Hopkins, the rich Californian, inherited many millions. Mr. and Mrs. Searles are having the house magnificently decorated, and they propose to entertain in grand style next winter. Mrs. Searles, it is said, will introduce several California girls into New York society, and their advent is anticipated with breathless anxiety, especially by some of our impecunious youths. The San Francisco girl has hitherto been looked at somewhat askance by the fashionable New Yorker, but just now she may be said to be the popular fad. The engagement of Mr. Hermann Oelrichs to Miss Tessie Fair is said to be the cause of this sudden boom in the fair Californians."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

The Head Dinner-Party.

Sir Sidney and Lady Waterlow were entertained at dinner last Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Head, at their residence on Taylor Street, and fourteen other friends were invited to participate in the pleasures of the evening. Elegant service adorned the dining-table and among the glistening were fragrant violets, wild hyacinths, snow-drops, and ferns were arranged in harmonious groupings. The hospitality of the entertainers was bountiful and they made the affair one of much pleasure. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Head, Sir Sidney and Lady Waterlow, Mr. and Mrs. L. Baker, Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Brigham, Mr. and Mrs. Henry MacLean Martin, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ford, Miss Anna Head, Miss Alice Hamilton, Dr. Sidney Hixson, and Mr. Alfred Wheeler.

The Montague Lunch-Party.

A very pretty affair of the past week was a lunch-party given, last Thursday, by Mrs. Louis F. Montague at her residence, 2002 Pacific Avenue. It was given in honor of her cousin, Miss Ethel Phelps, who is paying a short visit to this coast, and was delightful in every particular. Eight young ladies were invited to meet Miss Phelps, and they were all assembled in the dining-room early, in very becoming toilets. The ornamentation of the table consisted of beautiful, long-stemmed La France roses, prolific with perfect foliage, tastefully arranged. The name-cards were of rice-paper, hand-painted with Chinese figures, and having the name and date in Chinese lettering, in addition to the greeting "Good Luck." A delicious repast was provided, and the afternoon was very pleasantly passed. Those present were:

Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Miss Ethel Phelps, Miss Clara Lincoln, Miss Ethel Lincoln, Miss Kittie Spiers, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Kittie Mitchell, Miss Julia Crocker, and Miss Etta Weaver.

The Forbes Dinner-Party.

Mrs. A. B. Forbes gave a charming dinner-party last Tuesday evening at her residence, 725 Sutter Street. Covers were laid for twelve, and the decorations were of buttercups which brightened the centre of the damask in a generous array and were also effectively arranged among the elegant service. The menu was bounteous, and the after-dinner hours were as pleasant as those passed at the festal board. Those present were:

Mrs. A. B. Forbes, Mrs. Johnson, Misses Forbes, Mrs. Dora Boardman, Miss Adele Perrin, Mr. John Moseby, Mr. Waterworth, Mr. Arthur Lee, Mr. William Fisher, Mr. Samuel Boardman, and Mr. William Forbes.

Whitney Dinner-Party.

Mr. George E. Whitney gave an elaborate dinner-party last Tuesday evening complimentary to Judge Matthew P. Deady and Hon. Paul Neumann. The table decorations were in admirable taste, and the following menu was enjoyed:

Huitres d'Est en Coquille; Hors d'Oeuvres—Amandes Salées, Salade de Crevettes en Bellevue, Canapé de Caviar,

Strasbourg Pâté, aux truffes, Soufflée à la Reine Victoria; Potage—Consommé de Volaille en Tasse; Poisson—Turban de Merlans à la Vatel, Pommes en Surpris; Entrées—Ris de Veau glacé, à la Maintenon, Terrapin à la Maryland, Suprême de Volaille à la Laculais; Légumes—Asperges en Branche, Hollandaise, Haricots Verts, sautés, Artichauts à la Barigoule; Punch, Parfait Amour; Gibier—Bécassines sur Canapé à la Meyerbeer, Celery Salad; Dessert—Omelette Soufflée, Crème Glacée, Gâteaux Assortis, Café, Fromage, Fruits, Pousse Café, Cognac; Fins—Sauternes, Sherry, Chablis, Château Beycheville, Pernier-Jouet.

Those present were:

Mr. George E. Whitney, Judge Matthew P. Deady, Hon. Paul Neumann, Chief-Justice Beatty, Judge Joseph P. Hope, Hon. Samuel M. Wilson, Hon. George C. Perkins, Mr. Thomas P. Bishop, Hon. S. G. Hilborn, Mr. George Wilkinson, LL.D., General John T. Cutting, and Hon. S. W. Holladay.

The Crocker Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker gave an elaborate dinner-party recently at their California Street residence in honor of Sir Sidney and Lady Waterlow. Beautiful decorations graced the table among the rich service, and a sumptuous menu was served. Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Sir Sidney and Lady Waterlow, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Head, Mrs. M. B. Buford, Miss Anna Head, Miss Alice Hamilton, Miss Newlands, Dr. Hixson, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. J. Brett Stokes, Colonel Henry Thornton, Mr. Valentine Gadesden, and Mr. Colin M. Smith.

The Fair Dinner-Party.

A delightful dinner-party was given by Mrs. Theresa Fair recently at her home on Pine Street. The table was prettily decorated with masses of white and purple violets, and the favors were clusters of fragrant blossoms, tied with wide silk ribbons, which were adorned with the name of the recipient hand-painted. After enjoying the elegant repast, the guests were entertained by selections from the orchestra and by conversation until a late hour. Among those present were:

Mrs. Theresa Fair, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Sherwood, Miss Fair, Miss Jennie Blair, Mr. J. Brett Stokes, and Mr. Preston Hix.

The Miller Lunch-Party.

A delightful lunch-party was given in honor of Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow recently, by Mrs. H. M. A. Miller at her residence on Pine Street. There were twelve ladies seated at the table, which was prettily decorated. The light from waxen tapers glowed upon baskets of bright-hued buttercups which graced the centre, while tall lamps close by, having shades of yellow silk, furnished further illumination to the dining-room, from which the sunlight had been excluded. The favors were attached to each chair, and were in the form of baskets filled with buttercups and fine grasses. The name-cards were artistically designed and bore, besides the monogram of the hostess, the name of each guest in hand-painted letters and a spray of flowers and delicate foliage. The delicious repast was followed by music and conversation in the handsomely decorated parlors. Those present were:

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Ricardo M. Pinto, Mrs. Henry L. Tatum, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. P. McG. McKee, Miss Fair, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Lillie Brush, Miss Kate Jarboe, and Miss Urmy.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent San Franciscans:

Sir Sidney and Lady Waterlow, Miss Alice Hamilton, and Dr. Sidney Hixson will leave for April 7th for New York, and on April 12th will sail from there for England.

Mrs. John McMullin and Mrs. William Wayne Belvin are visiting Casa Blanca, their ranch near Stockton.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Follis and family left last Wednesday for the East. Mr. Follis will return in about seven weeks, but Mrs. Follis will remain East until July, when she will return with her two sons, who are now at Harvard.

General W. H. Dimond, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dimond, and the Misses Eleanor and May Dimond will go to their residence at Menlo Park in a few days.

Mrs. Fred L. Castle, Miss Eva Castle, Mr. Arthur Castle, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks, and Mr. Joseph Livingston have arrived in New York city. They will soon sail for Europe.

Mr. J. P. Hale has gone to England to attend the wedding of his daughter, Miss Josephine Hale.

Mr. W. Frank Goad has gone East on a brief trip, and will bring his daughter, Miss Ella Goad, with him when he returns.

Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, *né* Jennings, are comfortably domiciled in their cottage at Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hort are paying a visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. Richard R. Wallace, of Fresno, is visiting his parents, Judge and Mrs. W. T. Wallace.

Mr. Volney Sading is expected to return to-day from his trip to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head will not go to Europe this summer, but will pass the season at Monterey.

Miss Virginia Hanchett is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. B. Wright, at her home in Sacramento.

Mr. George Kroepelin has returned from a visit to Del Coronado and other Southern points.

Mrs. John S. Bugbee and Miss Bugbee will go to Alaska in a few weeks to join Judge Bugbee who is in charge of the judiciary department of the Territory.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Cook will occupy a cottage at Sausalito during the summer.

Miss Adele Martel and Miss Alice Mullins left last Tuesday to pass a week at the Martel villa, near Mountain View.

Dr. Elizabeth Sargent went East a week ago, and will return about the middle of June.

Miss Ada Sullivan, Miss Maud Smith, Miss Mary Sheehy, and Miss Day have been enjoying a week's visit to Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence at her home in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Edington Detrick, of Portland, Or., are visiting Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Tucker at their home in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker are entertaining Mrs. M. B. Buford, of Promontory, U. T.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann departed for Oonalaska, on the steamer *Dora* last Wednesday, and will be away about six months.

Mrs. M. B. M. Toland, has returned from a prolonged visit to Los Angeles.

Miss Rose Rich has arrived safely in London.

Mrs. Richard H. Savage is expected to return from New York in a few weeks.

Mr. George A. Pope and Mr. Samuel G. Buckbee left for an Eastern trip last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Tallant will leave in May to make an extended tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dean and Miss Dean, who have been

passing the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton, will soon go to Oakland to remain there during the summer months.

Judge and Mrs. Matthew P. Deady will return to Portland, Or., in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins will soon occupy their villa at Menlo Park.

Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Hanlon will leave in about a week to make a tour of the Eastern States.

Mrs. Robert F. Bunker and Miss Ella Bunker have returned to New York after a prolonged European tour. They are expected here soon.

Mr. J. Fred Burgin, Jr., will leave soon for an Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. David Wilcox will pass the summer in Oakland after having been at the Hotel Pleasanton all winter.

Miss Laura McDonald returned to the city last Tuesday after a pleasant visit to friends in the Santa Clara Valley.

Hon. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid arrived in New York from Paris early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss, who have been passing the winter in Washington, D. C., will return home on March 30th.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Lincoln and Miss Clara Lincoln, of New York, are here on a visit. They recently visited Monterey in company with Mr. Jerome Lincoln and Miss Lincoln.

Colonel C. Fred Crocker is paying a visit to Northern California and Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht will leave in a few days for the East, where they will remain until May 7th, when they will depart for Europe to pass the summer there.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and the Misses Carrie and Emma Childs have returned to Los Angeles after visiting here for several months.

The Misses Carroll have returned to Sacramento after a prolonged visit to friends here.

Mrs. Mark L. McDonald came down from Santa Rosa last Wednesday to see the Kendals.

Miss Florence Cassens returned to London on March 23d, after passing the winter on this coast.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey will pass the summer at San José.

Mr. Daniel M. Hanlon has recovered from his recent attack of pneumonia.

Mr. Fred L. Moody and Miss Eda Moody have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood are enjoying a visit to Del Coronado.

Mrs. Seymour Manning is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dunne, Jr.

Miss Julia Ortiz left recently for Europe, and will be away several months.

The Misses Florence and Grace Pierce, of Santa Clara, who have been East most of the winter, are expected home in a couple of weeks.

Miss Mamie Masten, of Oakland, has gone East to make a prolonged visit with friends.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and naval people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., and Miss Cecilia Miles, have returned from their trip to Washington, D. C. En route they stopped at Los Angeles meeting Mrs. Miles and Mrs. Wilson who returned here with them.

Lieutenant H. B. West, U. S. N., will soon leave on a brief Eastern tour.

General and Mrs. A. J. Perry, U. S. A., and Miss Josephine Perry will soon leave for New York.

REAL-ESTATE NOTES.

The auction sale of Presidio heights property, held on Tuesday last by Easton, Eldridge & Co., was most successful. The property included portions of twenty-two blocks lying west of Central Avenue out to First, and between California and Pacific Avenues. The fifty-vara on the north-west corner of Laurel and Clay went for \$11,500; north-west corner Locust and Washington, 37.6x127.8, for \$4,050; nine lots on Washington, between Spruce and Maple, for a front-foot rate of nearly \$124; fifty-vara, north-east corner Washington and Walnut, \$16,250, the corner at the rate of \$135, and the inside at \$110 to \$115. Between Spruce and Maple, on Washington, eleven lots brought \$15,820, the rate being about \$80 for inside lots and \$135 for the corner. On Jackson, between Walnut and Laurel, the inside rate was \$80 and the corner \$95. Clay Street lots brought, near Walnut, \$73 for inside and \$77 for corner lots; near Locust, the front-foot rate inside was \$62 and \$75 for the corner. On Sacramento, near Central Avenue, a rate of \$75 was obtained, and near Spruce and Maple, \$50. The California Street lots brought \$46, near Laurel, for the inside lots and \$65 for the corner. The total proceeds of the sale were \$278,000.

James G. Fair has purchased the three-story brick building on the south side of Montgomery, between Pine and Bush, for \$65,000.

The lot 412.6, on the north side of Vallejo, between Fillmore and Webster, has been sold for \$65,000.

McAfee, Baldwin, & Hammond announce a choice Park block at auction on April 17th. The property is at the terminus of the Powell Street Road.

CONSTANT READER—St. Patrick, according to "Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary," was born at Bannevan, a small village in Scotland, about the year 372 A. D. A. is wrong.

LUCKY CARTER.

The Janitor at the Nevada Block Wins Five Thousand Dollars.

The winner of the one-twentieth portion of ticket 44,138 in the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, amounting to \$5,000, is a resident of this city. He is employed as a janitor in the Nevada Block, is as pleasant a colored man as one could wish to meet, and thoroughly deserves his luck.

When questioned by a reporter, George B. Carter, for that is his name, stated that he had been purchasing tickets in the Louisiana State Lottery for the past two and a half years, buying five coupons every month. He admitted that he had been a very lucky man, having won small prizes over and over again, and he felt sure that one day he would make just such a haul as he has made.

The money was paid to him very promptly through the Nevada Bank, and thus far remains intact. He still maintains his position as janitor and has no intention of giving it up. As soon as the weather thens up he will invest his capital in city real-estate. He has a large family to support and his hands. The conversation was held with the winner of the prize as he was busily engaged cleaning out one of the many offices under his care. Success has not turned his head, and all of his fellow-workers speak well of him as a hard-working, good-natured, honest, and respectable man, none of them begrudging him his good fortune.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle*, March 31st.

A FEW OF THE BEST

RECENT BOOKS!

DILKE'S PROBLEM OF GREATER BRITAIN... \$4.00
THOS. JEFFERSON ON PUBLIC EDUCATION, by John C. Henderson... 1.75
APPRECIATIONS, WITH AN ESSAY ON STYLE, by Walter Pater... 1.00
EVOLUTION. Popular lectures and discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Association... 2.00
PALFREY'S HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND. Vol. 4... 4.00
WHAT I REMEMBER, by T. A. Trollope. Vol. 2... 1.75
THE BIBLE AND MODERN DISCOVERIES, by Henry A. Harper... 4.50
GOD IN HIS WORLD. An Interpretation... 1.75
HEARN. TWO YEARS IN THE FRENCH WEST INDIES... 2.00

THE BANCROFT COMPANY

721 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

JAMES DE FREMERY & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO,

General Agents for the Pacific Coast.

THE BARTON & GUESTIER

Clarets, White Wines, and Olive Oil.



THE DELBECK CHAMPAGNES



THE EXTRA DRY. The perfection of a Dry Wine.

THE VIN BRUT. The highest grade of Champagne without sweetness.



DR. POSEY,

HAS REMOVED HIS OFFICE

— TO —

40 1/2 GEARY ST., BET. KEARNY AND DUPONT

Eye, Ear, Throat, Nose, and Gullet.

LADIES

Who Value a Refined Complexion

MUST USE

POZZONI'S

MEDICATED

COMPLEXION

POWDER.

It imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations, and makes the skin delicately soft and beautiful. It contains no lime, white lead or arsenic. In three shades: pluk or flesh, white and brunette.

FOR SALE BY

All Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers Everywhere. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

THE BANCROFT COMPANY

History Building, San Francisco.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS FOR HENRY F. MILLER & SONS The first choice of the great artist

WE ARE NOW OFFERING SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS FOR SPRING.

New Designs and Colorings of
CARPETS.

New Patterns of FURNITURE,
"Our Own Styles."

Novelties in UPHOLSTERY
goods.

Sole Agents for the Welch
Folding-Bed.

PRICES MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

Carpets, Furniture, and Upholstery,
641-647 MARKET STREET.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiania, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Capital and Surplus.....\$4,694,805.04

Directors:
LOYD TEVIS, President; JNO. J. VALENTINE, Vice-Prest.
Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Charles Fargo, Geo. E. Gray, C. F. Crocker.
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.



26th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1890

Home Mutual Insurance Co.
No. 216 Sansome Street.

Capital (Paid up in Gold).....\$300,000 00
Net Surplus (over everything)... 244,884.41

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. L. N. SHEPARD
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY
GENERAL AGENT.....ROBERT H. MAGILL

London Assurance Corporation
Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720.

Northern Assurance Company
Of London. Established 1836.

Queen Insurance Company
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.
Of Hartford, Conn.
ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.
South-east corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A church choir, in a neighboring town, a few Sunday ago (says the Boston *Gazette*) were singing: "A charge to keep I have," to the music of the "Prima Donna Waltz." A lady, observing that a stranger in her pew had no hymn-book, politely handed him one. "Thanks," said the gentleman, with great suavity; "I seldom use a libretto!"

The *Daily Telegraph* has adopted peculiar views on the efficacy of prayer, if the following paragraph from "London Day by Day" is to be taken as a criterion: "Earl Sydney's illness became very acute on Sunday. Prayers were offered on his behalf at the churches and places of worship at Sidcup, Foot's Cray, and Chislehurst. Lord Sydney, however, on Wednesday appeared much improved." The "however" is good.

Baron Dowse, in giving judgment in a case of alleged libel, which turned mainly on the omission of the word *not*, said "mistakes often occurred in newspapers." An instance arose in reference to himself. Addressing a Cork jury, he quoted that well-known line from Tennyson's "Locksley Hall": "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." What was his horror when he found himself reported in a local paper as having said: "Better fifty years of Europe than a circus in Bombay."

Bushyhead, the Cherokee chief, who was spending a few weeks in Washington this winter (says the Washington *Critic*), was met on the street by an old acquaintance. "Look here, Bushyhead," said the white man, "I believe you are up to some mischief. What are you staying in Washington so long for?" "I am here for my people," said the Indian. "What are you doing for your people?" The old chief drew his friend aside, and affecting the manner of secrecy, said: "I am lobbying for Senator Morgan's scheme to send the negroes back to Africa." "What have your people to do with that?" "Why," said Bushyhead, "when we have succeeded in deporting the negroes, then we will introduce a bill to deport the white people. That will put the country in the hands of its rightful owners."

A traveler in the Southern States tells this story: On the way to Jacksonville our train stopped for a long time at a little station near the woods, and we began to look about for diversion. Close by the side of the track, opposite the station, was a patch of corn, an exceedingly thin and sickly looking crop. A tall, gaunt boy, of about sixteen years, was lazily hoeing and weeding between the rows. "Look at that wretched crop!" said a Northerner; "dirty seed, poor soil, baking sun, hoe culture; not even a plow to stir the land deeply, or a cultivator to weed it quickly and often. The weeds will have choked the southern half of the crop before that lazy fellow gets the north end clear. Boy!" he called; "young fellow! It seems to me your corn is rather small, isn't it?" The boy looked at him for a moment, and then replied: "Yes, mister; pop planted the small kind." "Oh, is that so? But it's rather yellow, isn't it?" "It is, mister," said the boy; "pop planted the yellow kind." "Well," said the Northerner, rather testily, as some one uttered, "it's evident that you won't get more than half a crop." "You're right, mister," drawled the boy; "just half a crop. Pop planted it on shares."

The following incident, which is vouched for as fact, is of a judge who had a very lofty idea of his own legal capacity, and was at the same time anxious to sustain the dignity of his court. A "shooting case" came before him. There was no direct evidence as to the perpetrator of the murder, but the individual arrested was well known, and, indeed, confessed the deed. When brought into court, the judge cautioned the prisoner not to commit himself; that he must remember his rights as a free citizen, and that, above all things, he must not interrupt the proceedings of the court. After this friendly warning, the judge proceeded to state that he, the prisoner, was accused of having, on such a date, shot the deceased. Upon this the prisoner broke in: "Wal, an' so I did." The judge was annoyed at the interruption. "Hold your tongue, sir!" he exclaimed; "haven't I told you not to commit yourself, nor to interrupt me? I shall commit you for contempt of court if you do so again!" he added, sternly. He then repeated the accusation, upon which the prisoner again broke in: "I have told ye afore that I killed—" The judge's indignation was intense at this second interruption, and he demanded: "Mr. Sheriff, what is your evidence?" "I have nothing but circumstantial evidence, your honor, and the prisoner's own confession." "Then," said the judge, "I discharge the prisoner on this accusation, but commit him for contempt of court."

Outside a well-known and fashionable hotel in Dublin, an Irishman, called Mickey, used to hang about and earn a few coppers by running messages and helping to remove the luggage from the cars as they drove up (says the New York *Ledger*). Mickey was much more celebrated for his inebrity than his

sobriety. One day, the celebrated George Peabody (the renowned American philanthropist) arrived. Mickey was just able to stand, but, determined not to lose his opportunity, addressed the great philanthropist. "Long life to you, Mr. Paybody (hic)! God bless you, Mr. Paybody (hic)! I hope you'll think of a hard-working boy, yer honor (hic)." Mr. Peabody saw the state Mickey was in, and said: "I am staying here for a few days, and, if you keep yourself sober during that time, when I leave I will give you five pounds." This was too much for Mickey's nerves; he traded on the promised fiver and spent half his days in the gutter. The time arrived for Mr. Peabody to depart, and he had just seated himself on a car, when Mickey ran up and cried: "Mr. Paybody, yer honor, you promised me five pounds when you left!" "I did," answered the good man, "and should have kept my word had you been sober; but you have been drunk the whole time I have been here; I shall, therefore, give you nothing." The car was just on the move when Mickey yelled out: "They call ye Mr. Paybody, do they? Mr. Paybody be blest! By my sowl, they ought to call ye Mr. Pay-nobody!"

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A German Mother Goose.

Old Bismarck fights with Billy,
And Billy fights with Biz.
Of Biz 'tis very silly,
And what a fool Bill is!

—Puck.

Footprints.

Lives of bankers oft remind us
We should make our sneak in time,
And in skipping leave behind us
Footprints to no other clime.
—Oil City Blizzard.

A Wail of Toe.

A little core on a maiden grew,
Listen to my wail of toe,
Caused by the pinch of a too tight shoe,
Instead of a three, a number two,
It grew, it grew,
Listen to my wail of toe.

As time went on (as time will do),
Listen to my wail of toe,
The corn waxed red—the maiden blue,
'Twas ten times worse than the grip (kerchew),
Too true! Too true!
Listen to my wail of toe.

She had a seat in the end of the pew,
Listen to my wail of toe,
And a man with another seat in view
Put his cowhide-boot on her kangaroo,
Oh, woe! Oh, woe!
Listen to my wail of toe.

—Washington Post.

New Songs from Old Texts.

This is the place! Stand still, my steed,
Within here, for a nicked,
Thy master may allow some grog
A-down his throat to trickle.

And the night shall be filled with music
And the devil will be to pay
If I fail to carry a seal-skin
With me to my house to-day.

The day is done and the darkness
Comes down like a booting owl,
And the hired girl glides outward
To indulge in her usual prwl.
I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for taking it, if I dare—
A nip from the bottle, black and square,
As it beckons to me from the sideboard there?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!
'Twas long before Magoozleman
Pursued me with his bill.

Here's ace-high for those who love me,
And a smile to liquidate,
And tho' Sally will reprove me
I will not be home till late.

If I don't drop in the well
I will fill up to the brink—
It's the same old tale to tell:
Let us take another drink.
—New York World.

Nature's Work.

Auld Nature broods, and says the duds
Her no-blest work she chases, O!
Her 'prentice han' she tried on Man,
And then she made the asses, O!

—Puck.

To a Bald Man.

If by your hairs your sins should numbered be,
Angels in heaven were not more pure than thee.
—Puck-Me-Up.

The Milkman.

"Where are you going, my lusty man,
With the bucket of chalk and the big tin-can,
Down the path that leads to the brook-swept glade?"
"I'm going a-milkin', sir," he said.

—Washington Post.

Educational.

Mr. ALFRED KELLEHER,
Teacher of Vocal Music,

Desires to announce that he has resumed teaching. Class lessons of one hour of four of the same voice will be formed. Ladies' class for vocal and musical instruction and part songs Saturday, from 11 A. M. to 12 M.
2324 Clay Street, San Francisco.

MISS MARIE C. HYDE,

Having entirely recovered from her recent long illness, will welcome her pupils and friends, after April 1st, at her residence, 507½ Hyde Street.

PROF. DE FILIPPE'S simplified and practical method of French and Spanish.
THE BANCROFT CO.

MISS GILBERT'S SCHOOL

2501 FILLMORE STREET.

Spring term opens Monday, March 24, 1890.
Young ladies specially prepared for Eastern Colleges. Particular attention given to pupils wishing to enter the higher grades of the public schools.

Mme. B. ZISKA, M. A.,

Having returned from Europe, is prepared to receive a very limited number of young ladies for advanced course of private instruction in French, German, and English. Foreign languages and literature a specialty.
A class in drawing and penmanship, under direction of Mr. Carl Eischschimmel.

1606 California Street.

MISS LAKE'S

Boarding and Day School for Girls

WILL OPEN IN THE NEW BUILDING,

1534 SUTTER STREET, cor. of Octavia,

On Wednesday, January 8th, 1890.

MISS M. LAKE, Principal.

ST. MATTHEW'S HALL
SAN MATEO, CAL.

A SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR.

REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER, M. A., PRINCIPAL.

VAN NESS SEMINARY.

A Day and Boarding School for Young Ladies

1222 PINE STREET, S. F.

Under the ownership and direction of Dr. S. H. WILLEY, aided by an able corps of teachers.
The next term opens January 6, 1890.

THE CALIFORNIA

Savings and Loan Society

CORNER OF EDDY AND POWELL STS.

Savings Bank deposits received, and interest paid on same semi-annually, in January and July. Rates of interest for last term: 5.58% on term deposits; and 4.65% on ordinary deposits, free of tax. Deposits received from one dollar upwards. Open Saturday evenings.

ALASKA

COMMERCIAL COMPANY,

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FURS.

Good
morning
Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

A Hungarian law-suit has just been settled after having been in the courts for four hundred and seventy years.

A Spaniard is said to have recently taken out a patent upon a process by which grasshoppers are to be made into soap.

A Swiss savant has conceived the idea of reducing cow's milk to a dry powder, which can be shipped the world over. A company has been organized in Switzerland for the manufacture of this milk powder.

The Nizam of Hyderabad is about to appoint women commissioners to take testimony in the harems. They must possess a knowledge of law and of the Urdu, Persian, Arabic, and English languages. They will receive a handsome salary and a guarantee of employment for a term of years.

Upon the death of the Italian Prince Amadeus, the lottery offices in Vienna were besieged with tickets bearing the number forty-seven, which, according to the lottery dictionary, signifies "death of a prince"; forty-seven came out, and the players won several millions of florins from the imperial treasury.

The English Army and Navy is being outraged by the sight of men in the uniform of the highest officers parading about the streets of London at the head of processions of sandwich-men, advertising soap, and it is found that there is no law to prevent any one from wearing any uniform, except that of a policeman.

An autograph letter of Richard the Third was sold in England recently for about five dollars and twenty-five cents per inch of surface. It was written at Barnard Castle, in Durham, August 4, 1480, or about

three years before the crook-back Duke of Gloucester, then constable and admiral of England, came to the throne, and is described as "slightly tinged and torn, but written in a small, clear hand, pasted on a clean sheet of white paper, and inclosed in a glazed oak frame."

The snail is blessed with very great powers of vitality. A case is recorded of an Egyptian desert-snail which came to life upon being immersed in warm water, after it had passed four years glued to a card in the British Museum. Some specimens in the collection of a naturalist revived after they had apparently been dead for fifteen years, and snails frozen for weeks together in solid blocks of ice have recovered on being thawed out.

It is curious to note the difference in a clock face, as rendered in a modern photograph, when compared with a similar object in an ancient one. In the days of the calotype, when the exposure for, say a church was, perhaps, from a quarter to half-an-hour, both the hands of the clock were blurred, the minute one being quite lost through its movement. In the colodion days, the hour-hand was sharply rendered, but the minute-hand was much blurred. In the modern negative, both hands of a church clock are rendered with equal distinctness.

An engine-driver on a Scotch railway has noticed that hawks of the merlin, or "stone falcon," species fly close behind the train, near the ground, partly hidden by the smoke. As the cars thunder along through the fields and meadows, small birds fly up in clouds, and while they are bewildered and frightened, the merlin dashes among them out of the smoke and easily secures its prey. Should it be unsuccessful, it returns to the wake of the train, and awaits the starting of another bevy. The engineer affirms that the hawk has no difficulty in keeping up with the swiftest express-train.

The average man will say, off-hand, that daily paper is more effective than in any other issue of the week. He argues that the Sunday paper is larger and the people have more time to read on that day. Does he read the paper more thoroughly Sunday than on any other day?

Think a moment. Who is it that berates the Sunday paper for being so voluminous, for having such a "raft of advertising"? Who is it that complains at there being such a mass of reading matter that he can only find time on Sunday to "skim it"? In what day's issue is it that he has missed seeing some matter of news, of which he would never have known had not a friend referred to it? The Sunday issue, generally. And is it probable he will take to reading advertisements when he has only time to "skim" the reading matter? Hardly. In expressing the opinion that the Sunday issue is the best for advertising purposes, he simply voices common opinion on a matter to which he has given little or no thought. Successful business-men profit by discovering the errors of common opinion.

Our friend has probably outgrown the habits of his grandfather, who read every hand-bill that offered. Now the hand-bill is the chestnut in advertising. People notice novel and artistic effects. The word "Tricycles" in an advertisement may not attract attention; substituting a picture of the vehicle, surrounded by an attractive figure, may effect a sale. The word "Tricycle" does not explain how a woman can comfortably ride the machine; the picture illustrates the comfort of the position of the rider, and shows that the skirts are kept clear of the wheels and gears. "Pears' Soap" is good soap; "Good-morning, have you used Pears' Soap?" is more attractively advertised, hence it is better advertising.

JOHN JONES, DEALER IN BOOTS AND SHOES, 40 Main St., Brownstown, tells the public where they may procure footwear, but Jones has no possible chance—everything else being equal—of competing against

A CHILD'S KID Spring-heel button boot, sizes 9 to 11, only 75 cents. Ladies' French Kid button boot, some in very narrow widths, a stylish shoe, only \$2.25. We have sold this shoe for \$4. THOS. THOMPSON, 41 Main Street. Open Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday evenings. Make your retail advertisement specific, and, above all, "keep everlastingly at it."—Allston C. Ladd.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Jan. 1, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 12:45 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax.	5:45 P.
8:00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and San Jose.	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Los Angeles, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles.	11:15 A.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lone, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	5:45 P.
10:30 A.	Haywards and Niles.	2:15 P.
* 12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 3:45 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	** 6:00 A.
3:30 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Stockton and Milton, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa.	10:45 P.
4:30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis.	10:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and San José.	* 4:15 P.
5:30 P.	Haywards and Niles.	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	7:45 A.
8:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

† 3:00 A.	Hunters' train to San José.	† 7:20 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	5:50 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	* 11:50 A.
4:15 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:25 A.	[San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.]	2:30 P.
8:30 A.	[San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, Santa Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.]	6:12 P.
10:30 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:02 P.
12:01 P.	Centerville, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3:38 P.
* 3:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	* 10:00 A.
* 4:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 7:58 A.
5:20 P.	San José and Way Stations.	9:03 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	[Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.]	† 7:28 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ** Mondays excepted.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., March 21, April 5, 20, May 5, 20, 30, June 4, 14, 19, 29. For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M. every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket office, 214 Montgomery Street. GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, San Francisco.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Comencing Sunday, October 13, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows: From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:20, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 4:50, 6:10 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 5:05, 6:30, P. M. From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 7:45, 9:20, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 4:55 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50 A. M.; 12:00 M.; 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 6:25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip. From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:30, 4:05, 5:30 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:35 A. M.; 12:45, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7:05 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11:00 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12:25 P. M. 1:30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. 8:00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 6:15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate. Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tamalac, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00. Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Point Reyes, \$1.75.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Comencing Sunday, March 17, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

Leave San Francisco.		DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.	
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:10 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:00 P. M.				6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Liton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	6:10 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.			6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	6:10 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	6:10 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.		Sonoma	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:10 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skags Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Blue Lakes, Willits, Cabot, Calpella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Litton Springs, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Guerneville, \$8.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Litton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 3:30, 5:15 P. M.; Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 5, 6:20 P. M.

To San Francisco from San Rafael: Week Days—6:20, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40 A. M.; 12:15, 3:40, 5 P. M.

To San Francisco from Point Tiburon: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.; Sundays—8:40, 10:05 A. M.; 12:40, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.

On Saturdays an extra trip will be made from San Francisco to San Rafael, leaving at 1:40 P. M.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager. PETER J. MCGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt. Ticket Offices at Ferry, 222 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1890. Oceanic ... Tuesday, April 15 Gaelic ... Thursday, May 8 Belgic ... Tuesday, June 3 Oceanic ... Thursday, June 26 Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. Call on plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco. For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No. 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent. GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA

Acapulco ... Thursday, April 3, at 12 M. Taking freight and passengers direct for Marazan, Acapulco, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acapulco, La Libertad, Corinto, Punta Arenas, and Panama.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:

City of Peking, Thursday, April 3, at 3 P. M. City of Rio de Janeiro, April 26, at 3 P. M. China ... Wednesday, May 21, at 3 P. M. Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. WILLIAMS, DIMOND & Co., Gen. Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.



HEALTHY OFFSPRING

are only begotten of healthy mothers. How important, then, that the health of the future mothers of our land should be carefully guarded. Our girls need the tenderest care as they are entering upon womanhood. At this critical period of their existence it often happens, through neglect, that the seeds of distressing ailments are sown, which afflict them in after years. As a regulator and promoter of functional action at this important stage, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a most reliable agent for building up the strength and system and establishing the proper functions. "Favorite Prescription" is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded, by an experienced and skillful physician and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For all those peculiar weaknesses, "bearing-down" sensations, weak back, displacements, as prolapsus, anteversion, retroversion and kindred ailments, it is specific. The only medicine for woman's peculiar diseases, guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded.

A Book of 160 pages on Woman, Her Diseases and their Self-cure, mailed, sealed in plain envelope, on receipt of ten cents in stamps.

Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. One a dose. By druggists.



"Nadji" as a comic opera ought to be a success, for there is not a person in the whole company who can sing. There is nothing to detract attention from the supreme stupidity of the libretto, the inconceivable inanity of the story, the incompetency of the company, and the good clothes of the ladies. All the component parts of comic opera are there—a soprano who can not sing, a tenor who is not any more a tenor than he is a basso, a funny man whose appearance superinduces a tendency to soothing slumber, a soubrette with a piquant face and a little, squeaky, talking voice, a few grisly jokes on the mother-in-law question, two or three intoxicated men, a wife detested by a gayly disposed husband, an old man in love with a dancer, and a chorus all angles and rice-powder.

The motif of the piece appears to be the tendency of male humanity to fall in love at cross purposes. All the men in "Nadji" seem to resemble Milton Perkins, of whom the poet wrote: "The female of his species brought the noble Perkins low." They all cherish an ardent affection for some lovely being, either princess or ballet-dancer. The Margrave loves Nadji, and the Count loves Nadji, yet the Count must marry the Princess, who, in her turn, loves an Hungarian patriot, who seems, as well as one can find out, to be masquerading in a disguise, the upper half of which suggests the costume of Rhadames in "Aida," while the lower half proclaims the Hungarian patriot to be a tight-rope dancer in his *heures perdues*.

Besides these there is a man called Faragas, who has something to do with the Hungarian patriot, and who also—this on his own account—appears to be searching for a long-lost infant, a princess, and a long-lost wife, who was reft from his arms some thirteen years previously. Faragas says that he is glad she is gone, and yet he hunts for her assiduously. He is altogether an incomprehensible sort of person, this Faragas. After watching him for some time, you realize that he is the funny man. He makes this known by interlarding his conversation with that form of humor known as "gags" and topical allusions. In this the Margrave vies with him, and comes in a good second. The Margrave's remark that when Nadji looks at him her "glance goes straight through him and buttons in his back," gave the Margrave the lead until Faragas, warmed to the occasion and with a neat allusion to the site of the World's Fair at Chicago, took first place again and held it valiantly with a rattling fire of gags, the mingled vulgarity and audacity of which are unique even upon the boards of the Bush.

The Princess's chaperon, Angelia, is, of course, the wife of Faragas. Angelia is humorous, too, mainly because nature dowered the lady who enacts that part with more avoirdupois than is generally deemed beautiful. When she comes in, she executes an airy leap, and when men are about, she languishes coyly at them. And all this, which is meant to be funny, is but a weariness of the flesh. Can it be possible that there are people who find this sort of vulgar absurdity amusing? Who think it laughable when an old and very stout woman comes in in a ridiculous, meaningless dress with a sea-gull on her head and jumps suddenly and violently up into the air? Some one, George Eliot, I think, says that a difference in a sense of humor is one of the most trying tests of friendship. It would certainly be irritating to go to "Nadji" with a person who laughed at Angelia and found Faragas funny. That would be the time to speak of the crackling of thorns under a pot.

It seems to be as impossible to have a comic opera without some one getting drunk as it would be to have the tragedy of "Hamlet" with the melancholy Dane left out. In "Nadji," the two funny men are seized with sudden inebriation in the middle of the second act, and they talk—good heavens! how they talk! It seems as if it was never coming to an end. They are like the sheeted dead that "did squeak and gibber in the streets of Rome." The audience listened patiently, with dumb resignation; the house was very warm with all the doors shut; Faragas told how his wife put up the chain on the front-door one night and he could not get in, and the minute-hands of watches went slowly, slowly round to half-past ten. Once Faragas, as it were, broke loose, cut himself out from the restraining influences of the dialogue of "Nadji" and reveled in a sort of private specialty performance on his own account. He impersonated a woman doing up her back hair, and then sang that song of "The accent on." These were a great relief, giving the audience time to recuperate and replenish their nerve-cells against the subsequent strain. Both specialties appeared very good; whether by contrast with the surrounding

dialogue or from their own merits, is something not to be decided upon in a hurry. At least, Faragas has the unique honor of doing the only thing in the whole performance which was in the least degree amusing, also of being the perpetrator of some of the oldest, vulgarst jokes that ever cast a gloom over a comic opera.

The two ladies, Miss Lamont and Miss Hanley, are bright spots in the darkness. In a uniformly good performance, their refulgent glory would not be quite so dazzling, but like Faragas's specialty acts, they shine by contrast—a little candle will shed a large light in a dark room. These two ladies glimmer as gems from the brass setting "Nadji" offers them. They are both fairly pretty, which goes a great way in a comic opera. Neither of them has any voice, which does not matter in the least, for the person who expects an opera-house singer to have a voice must, indeed, be a hayseed. They do not act well at all, but, of course, that is a mere detail, and their voices and manner of speaking are not such as would commend themselves to a professor of elocution. But they are pretty and wear good clothes—this, apparently, in the mind of Rudolph Aronson and his minions, is good enough for a San Francisco audience at one dollar a head.

Some writer says that all faces show either a reminiscence or a prophecy. In the case of these two ladies, Miss Lamont's face shows the reminiscence, Miss Hanley's the prophecy. And they are both pretty faces. Miss Lamont is the princess, and is supposed to be an elevated, soulful sort of being, in love with the tight-rope-dancing patriot. Her costumes are as varied as they are lovely, and the programme says are made by Worth. This gentleman, at the time of their construction, must have been under the cloud of a temporary aberration, for to make an Austrian princess appear in short skirts and little jack-boots, with tassels on the top, is something that Worth in his lucid intervals would never have permitted. In a bridal-dress and a sort of conventionalized dressing-gown Miss Lamont is, indeed, lovely—one has to mention these things for the very good reason that there is no other point in her performance which one can lay hold of. It is unpleasant to say that a pretty and charming lady sings remarkably badly and does not act at all.

Miss Hanley does not sing either, but she acts a good deal; in fact, she acts all over. She makes gestures with her feet, and this of course is all right and just as it should be, for she is the première danseuse at the opera. And she acts immensely with her voice—such a squeaking, chattering voice as it is! Opera-bouffe soubrettes seem to think it is the correct thing to squeak this way. No one knows what it is intended to indicate, but there is a sort of suggestion about it that it is meant to be irresistibly fascinating. When one of these little creatures comes in, with her attractive, piquant face, nicely blackened eyes, little mincing, waggling walk, and breaks into her high, shrill chatter, all her charm immediately goes. "Her voice was ever low and sweet, an excellent thing in woman." What would have been King Lear's feelings if he could have heard Miss Hanley? The Nadji dress becomes Miss Hanley. It was here first that the idea arose of the entirely black-ballet costume—black even to the little capote and the wisp of handkerchief—which has been adopted since by all sorts of strolling players in vagrant companies. It is as effective as it is becoming, and Miss Hanley presents a charming appearance in her rigid black skirts, from which her slim black waist rises with startling smallness. Her attendant coryphees look rather unhappy and cold, recalling one of Faragas's expiring and despairing jokes, in which he likens the average ballet-dancer to a white parasol with two pink handles. The one pretty song sung by Nadji is when, on her entrance in this dress, she breaks forth into the gavotte from "Mignon," which is always delightful.

The opera itself, as far as one can judge by the inadequate way in which it is rendered, is singularly wanting in melody and motive. Certainly the dialogue is dull. If "Nadji" had a fine run in New York there must have been some geniuses in the cast, there is no other way of accounting for it. A man like Frank Wilson, or a woman with all the bewitching prettiness of Marie Jansen, could make almost anything a success, and two or three such, taking hold of "Nadji," might breathe some life into its fibreless body. As performed now at the Bush, it is simply a bore. Rudolph Aronson ought certainly to be able to send out a better company. A few inferior performers are gathered together, call themselves the Casino Company—when if they ever acted there it must have been to summer audiences or in fourth-class parts—and with all the prestige of the real Casino Company behind them travel Westward, heguling the artless denizen of the great West into the idea that he is witnessing the same company which nightly delights dudedom under the light of the big Moorish lantern.

G. B.

Mrs. Potter is in Australia and is said to be making a great success of "La Tosca." Probably "La Tosca" is making a great success of Mrs. Potter. Kylie Bellew is still with her. E. G. Gilmore gave up his scheme of making a star of Mrs. Leslie Carter, the Chicago divorcee who paid Bellew twenty-five dollars a lesson for instruction in the dramatic art, but another manager, one Price, has announced his intention of treating the pulchre to a chance to see and hear her.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Black Hussar" will be given by the Casino Company next week, which concludes their engagement in this city.

The Grismer-Davies' Company will revive "The Burglar," the dramatization of Mrs. Burnett's little sketch, which was so popular during their engagement in town last year. Little Mabel Bowman will play Editha again, and the cast generally remains much as it was before.

Edward Everlasting Rice's perennial burlesque of Longfellow's poem, "Evangeline," will be here next week. There are probably one or two new songs and specialty acts in it, and the costumes and chorus will doubtless sustain the manager's reputation as an artistic stage director and an impeccable *impresario* of legs.

Next week is the last of the Kendals' engagement. They will play "The Queen's Shilling" on Monday and Tuesday evenings and at the Saturday matinée; "The Weaker Sex" on Wednesday and Thursday; "A Scrap of Paper" on Friday; and a "grand farewell performance" on Saturday evening. This last is somewhat indefinite, but it probably includes a speech from Mr. or Mrs. Kendal or both.

One of the programmes recently given to unoffending play-goers in this city consisted of twelve pages, amounting to one thousand two hundred and ninety-six square inches of space. Of this, forty-five square inches—only four per cent. of the space—was devoted to the cast and other information about the play. The remainder was advertisements and worse—almanac jokes. Are programmes intended for the information of the patrons of the house or for the immediate and petty profit of the management?

"A Dark Secret," a tank drama, is to be revived next week.

Harry Davenport, a brother of Fanny Davenport and himself a pleasing and promising young actor, was married this week to Isabella Archer, with whom he has been acting in the Grismer-Davies Company. Sidney Drew, son of Mrs. John Drew and brother of John Drew, of the Daly Company, and of George Drew Barrymore, played the same rôle in "The Burglar"—the young lawyer who secretly marries his uncle's ward—in the East last year, and set the example to Mr. Davenport by really marrying the ward of the play, Gladys Rankin. The two young men look much alike, and act much alike, on and off the stage.

In spite of crowded houses on Patti and Tamagno nights, Messrs. Abbey and Grau say that their expenses amounted to one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars for their two weeks in this city and that their receipts fell short of that sum by more than twenty thousand dollars. But Mme. Patti did not suffer financially; she had insured herself against that in her contract. She is a child in everything but the care of her voice and the increase of her fortune. When she gets back to England, she will give two concerts in London before she goes back to Craig-y-Nos or the continent to rest for a time before entering upon a three years' contract, which begins with a tour of Scotland and the English provinces.

W. H. Crane, who has been playing "The Senator" for more than two months already in New York, is to continue there until May, and then will come to this city for a short season.

Ida van Sieten, a plump young woman with large and limpid blue eyes, is another Oakland girl who has made a success on the stage. She is with Mme. Rhea in Washington.

There has been a pretty tempest in a tea-pot in New York theatrical circles. A small club of actresses recently gave a reception to Mrs. Kendal, and the *Sun*, reporting it, said the name of the organization was "The Society of Young Girls of Pure Character on the Stage," and gave the membership, the list including Miss Eleanor Tindale, Miss Alice Fisher, Miss Effie Shannon, Miss Vida Croly, Miss Kittie Cheatham, Miss Sara Chalmers, Miss Crossman, Miss Selina Fetter, Miss Dorothy Dore, Miss Jean Gordon, Miss Nannie Craddock, Miss Marian Russell, Miss Alice King Livingston, Miss Rockman, Miss Annie Story, Miss Maud Banks, Miss Lizzie Hudson, and Miss Jane Stuart. Half New York was discussing the organization next morning; some praised the bravery of the young champions of their sex and profession; others sneered at it as a bolier-than-thou mutual admiration society, and wondered if the name fitted all the members in all respects as closely as "young girls" fitted two or three who would be glad to own to thirty summers. Then the *Sun* explained, the next day, that the real name of the club was the "F. A. D." Club, the letters being the initials of the organization's high aims, viz: fencing, athletics, and dancing. But the fact remained that one of the requirements for membership is "simply that a girl must belong to the profession and be a nice girl; you know, a good girl, respectable, and one who is careful of her reputation," as explained by Vida Croly; and the members suffer a constant succession of chills and fever as they meet the sneers or smiles of their fellow-actresses.

ART NOTES.

The eighteenth annual meeting of the San Francisco Art Association was held last Tuesday evening in its rooms, 430 Pine Street, Mr. L. L. Baker presiding. The annual election of officers had been held that day, and the announcement was made that the following directors had been elected: Mr. William Keith, Mr. George H. Hoppes, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Edward Bosqui, Mr. D. P. Belknap, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. E. E. Potter, Mr. Frederick W. Zeile, Mr. John I. Sabin, Mr. William H. Crocker, and Mr. M. H. Hecht. The reports of the secretary, Mr. E. E. Potter, and the assistant-secretary, Mr. J. R. Martin, were read, resulting in the information that there were 257 life members in good standing, 131 other life members, and ten honorary members; that the estimated value of the property of the association was \$70,000; that the financial balance was \$534.67; and that the scholars in the School of Design were making creditable advancement. An amendment to the by-laws, providing that delinquency in the payment of dues for more than six months, unless for good reason shown to the directors, shall cause the forfeiture of the membership of the delinquent, was adopted. The annual report of President L. L. Baker was then read and placed on file. It was as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The San Francisco Art Association for many years has been kept alive by the generous subscribers to its support, of both life and contributing members; by the devotion to its interest of many of our citizens, both artists and lovers of art. Its School of Design is constantly developing profitable talent in our community, as well as cultivating taste for works of art, and enabling all to receive its benefits and to see more in nature's works, the pictures of the Great Creator.

The benefits of the teaching can not be enjoyed without money. Instructors of ability must be employed at great annual expense. To pay for this, tuition must be charged, and but ten pupils can be taken who are unable to pay. If some of our able and interested friends would endow the association with scholarships of such sums as would pay the annual tuition in interest of six per cent. per annum (from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars for each scholarship), many who are now desirous of joining the school, and can not for want of means, would compete for such advantages. The money thus contributed could be deposited in some savings institution, the income only to be used for the specified purpose, but in the event of purchasing property for an art-building for the association, the money could be thus invested and the scholarships kept up from a rent fund. The association has been looking for some generous giver, devoted to art, to furnish at least a nucleus for a building fund. Many think that it is time that this association should find some more suitable place, and that it should have a building both ornamental and suitable for its purposes, but we are yet looking for the funds to accomplish the desired purpose.

The association would add to its usefulness by increasing its membership. There are hundreds in this country who could conveniently contribute one hundred dollars for life membership or twelve dollars for annual membership, and an effort should be made to secure such subscriptions.

Our elegant, select, and enjoyable Mardi Gras ball, after all expenses were paid, netted about six hundred dollars for the treasury. Other unusual entertainments on the same evening, together with the inclemency of the weather, militated against full attendance.

There are other art schools in this city deserving of kind consideration. Many artists have students receiving instructions in their studios. There is room for all, and all tend to assist in stimulating a desire for cultivating knowledge of their teaching. The work should not engender unpleasant feeling, but efforts should be made by all to secure an Art Association building that will be creditable to art and to the artists of San Francisco, where studios for private instruction could be obtained, as well as choice apartments for exhibiting their works, and where suitable rooms would be secured for the School of Design.

Since our last annual meeting the association has been increased in accordance with a resolution passed at a former meeting of the association. Under the law of the State it becomes necessary that a majority should vote at the election of officers. Proxies have been called for to secure a sufficient number of votes, but this will not deter members from voting in person when attending any meeting of the association.

After having devoted more than three years to the interest of the Art Association in its board of directors, I have felt that it would be right and proper for me to decline a re-nomination, and give opportunity to some other gentleman to take my place, but my desire is and will be for the continuance of its present prosperity and the continuance of the good work of its School of Design.

An amendment to the by-laws, which provides that anybody desiring to establish a scholarship in the School of Design may do so upon the following conditions, was posted: For drawing, \$1,000; for painting, \$1,250; for life class and benefits of the institution, \$1,500.

Mr. L. L. Baker, the retiring chairman, then offered the following:

I will subscribe \$1,000, payable in one sum or in quarterly installments of \$250 each, provided subscriptions for the same object can be obtained to the amount of \$10,000. Failing to secure the full amount of \$10,000, my subscription shall become canceled and void. If \$15,000 is obtained, I will add \$500 to my first subscription, all to come under the provisions of the amendment to the by-laws covering scholarships.

Mr. Baker was tendered a vote of thanks and the offer was referred to the board of directors. The new directors met Friday night.

—THE GUMP COLLECTION, WHICH IS TO BE sold at auction next month, is undoubtedly the finest ever offered for sale in this city. It comprises paintings from all the leading modern schools, and is especially rich in the works of the Paris and Munich ateliers. Among the most famous painters who have been levied upon for these canvases are: Diaz, Julien Dupré, Jeanne Kongier, Debat-Ponsan, Haquette, Lesrel, Ballavoine, and Zuber-Bühler—artists whose fame grows daily and whose canvases are a good investment, even from a purely speculative point of view. Eastern dealers, whose patrons appreciate that fact, have made tempting offers to have the collection taken East, but the Messrs. Gump have determined to try San Francisco first; and it will be a pity, indeed, if the majority of these canvases do not find their way into the public and private galleries of the city. The collection is to be exhibited for a few days before the sale, when it will be noticed at length in these columns.

The Grismer-Davies company will play "Rose-dale" during the fourth and last week of their engagement in town.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Old ocean—"I had a swell breakfast this morning." Wandering wind—"What did you have?" Old ocean—"Rolls."—Puck.

"What are you going to give up for Lent, Miss Rosebud?" asked Charley de Bohre. "You," replied the young woman.—New York Sun.

"Isaac," said Jacob, "do you consider marriage a failure?" "That depends. If you marry a rich girl it is better than a failure."—The Jester.

Jay Gould may be a bold, bad man, but it is to be written to his credit that he has never yet purchased a seat in the United States Senate.—Sioux City Journal.

Lady—"Pardon me, sir, I fear my foot trod upon yours." Gentleman—"No apologies, madam. I wouldn't mind a little thing like that."—Pretzel's Weekly.

The tailor-made girl is said to be going out of fashion. Perhaps it is just as well. The ready-made girl is good enough for anybody.—Merchant Traveler.

"How easily a baby is amused!" "Yes. Why, I spent an hour opening and shutting the register for Johnny this morning, and he cried when I stopped."—Harper's Bazar.

He is a public man, prominent in his own country, and yet he confesses that the world will go on as well after he leaves it. His friends fear he is losing his mind.—Philadelphia Times.

Mr. Grump (to trembling tramp)—"It's surely whisky, my man, that has brought you to this dreadful state of nervousness." Tramp—"No, sir; it's the want of it!"—The Jester.

Rafferty (at six p. m.)—"Wid half tb' front rank in tb' hospital, two Orangemen in the morgue, an' ivory bone av me achin', it's tb' dacintest Parthrick's Day since 'sixty-wan."—Judge.

First anarchist—"Have a beer?" Second anarchist—"No." First anarchist—"You're not sick, are you?" Second anarchist—"No, but they tell me that beer works."—New York Sun.

Tolliver—"Which shall it be, Ethel; the diamonds or a brougham? I can't give you both." Mrs. Tolliver (hesitatingly)—"I think I'd like—well—one of the ear-rings and a dog-cart."—Judge.

First messenger-boy—"I hear Cully is goin' to be expelled from the Messenger-Boys' Labor Union." Second messenger-boy—"What's he done?" First messenger-boy—"He was caught runnin'."—Puck.

Dilby—"Will you consent to the marriage of Katie and I, Mr. Fogg?" Old man—"Well, I'll see about it." Dilby—"Tbanks; God bless you. Katie said you'd see all about the arrangements and so forth."—Light.

Actress (to interviewer)—"So you want the facts of my life? Well, to begin with, I was born at Newark, New Jersey." Interviewer—"I guess I'll soften that down a little. I'll just say that you were born abroad."—Light.

A young man led a blushing female into the presence of the Rev. Dr. Carpenter. "We want to be married," he said; "are you the Rev. Mr. Carpenter?" "Yes," replied the genial minister, "Carpenter and joiner."—Munsey's Weekly.

First young America—"Why wasn't yer up to de fire las' night, Chimmy?" Second young America (extremely disgusted)—"I was; but, just my luck, it was put out de minit I got dare. I allus was a Jonah on a fire, anyhow."—Harper's Bazar.

"George," said Estelle, with a shy smile, "your glove is all ripped. You ought to have some one to keep them in repair, and sew buttons on your coats." "You wouldn't like to—to be a sister to me, would you, Estelle?" said George.—Harper's Bazar.

Dr. Cockshure—"My good sir, what you want is thorough alteration of climate. The only thing to cure you is a long sea-voyage." Patient—"That's rather inconvenient. You see, I'm only just home from a sea-voyage around the world."—London Punch.

Lawyer—"Do you understand the nature of an oath?" Colored witness—"Sah?" Lawyer—"Do you understand the nature of an oath, I say?" Colored witness (impressively)—"Sah, I have druv nules in Louisiana for nigh onto forty year."—Somerville Journal.

James—"Hullo, De Forest; how's the world usin' ye, me boy?" De Forest—"Now is the winter of our discontent. Bad, bad, Jimmy. I'm playing Buckingham in 'Richard' at fifteen a week. But, anon, what cheer with you?" James—"Hippopotamus in the 'Tin Hippopotamus' at two hundred. Come and dine with me."—Harper's Weekly.

Time, 10.30 P. M.: He (about winded, and wishing to say something so as to prolong the time)—"Agnes, how much do you weigh?" She (of light weight)—"Oh, I don't know." He—"You are nothing to lift; let—!" She (sotto voce)—"Thanks." And the darkness congeals slowly but surely around them.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Van Ness Seminary Musicales.

About two hundred guests assembled in the parlors of the Van Ness Seminary last Monday evening, at the invitation of Dr. and Mrs. S. H. Willey and the ladies of the seminary, to enjoy a musicale given by the instructors and pupils there. The audience was a fashionable one, and the musical numbers were listened to with marked attention, the participants winning well-deserved applause. The programme was as follows:

Pianoforte duet, "Moresville," Mendelssohn, Miss Robertson and Mr. H. J. Stewart; pianoforte solo, mazurka, Op. 7, No. 3, Chopin, Miss Aimee Newman; song, "Just as of Old," Pease, Miss Sanborn; pianoforte solo, nocturne in F minor, Chopin, Miss Gilbert; vocal solo, "Sognai," Schira, Miss Clark; pianoforte solo, serenade, Jensen, Miss Eshman; violin solo, "Turret Chimes," Blumenthal, Miss Jeannette Wilcox; pianoforte solos, (a) Solfeggietto, Each, (b) Dance Caprice, Ed. Greg, Miss Jessie Younger; pianoforte duet, "Nordisches," Scharwenka, Miss Eshman and Miss Gilbert; song, "Serenade Española," Burghmuller, Mrs. Mariner-Campbell; pianoforte solo, (a) Sonata, Op. 143, Heller, (b) Legende, Scherzo—finale, Miss S. B. Walt; pianoforte solo, Valse Impromptu, Raff, Miss Robertson; song, "Let me Love Thee," Ardit, Miss Jeannette Wilcox; pianoforte duet, ballet music, "Fenamos," Rubinstein, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Stewart; song, "The Bell Rings," Mr. Walter Campbell; pianoforte solo, "Valse de Concert," Wieniawski, Miss Clark. Musical director, Mr. H. J. Stewart, M. B.

Piano and Organ Recitals.

On Monday and Tuesday evenings, two dramatic piano and organ recitals were given at the First Congregational Church by Mr. Alvah-Glover Salmon, pianist, Mr. Samuel D. Mayer, organist, and Miss Jennie Couthou, recitationist. The programme at the first concert was as follows:

"Marche Romaine," Gounod, Mr. Mayer; "Out o' the Fire," Will Carleton, Miss Couthou; (a) mazurka, No. 3, (b) romance, No. 2, (c) caprice, No. 1, A. G. Salmon, Mr. Salmon; (a) "Rock of Ages," (b) selected humorous recitation, Anon, Miss Couthou; (a) prelude, Each, (b) fantasia-polonaise, Op. 105, Raff, Mr. Salmon; "Virginia," Lord Macaulay, Miss Couthou; improvisation, Mr. Mayer.

At the second concert the following selections were presented: "A Close Call," Baynes, Miss Couthou; (a) mazurka, No. 2, Godard, (b) gondoliers, Op. 41, Moszkowski, (c) Etude, Gilder-Salmon, Mr. Salmon; traumelei and romance, Schumann, Mr. Mayer; (a) "Trouble in the Amen Corner," Harbaugh, (b) selected humorous recitation, Miss Couthou; (a) nocturne, Chopin, (b) two folk songs, Grieg, (c) pasquinade (by request), Gottschalk, Mr. Salmon; scene from "In-gomar," Lovell, Miss Couthou.

Saturday Popular Concert.

The third of the series of Saturday popular concerts given at the First Unitarian Church took place on the afternoon of March 22d, and was fully as enjoyable as those which preceded it. An appreciative audience was entertained by the following programme:

Sonata in E minor for organ and violin, 1. adagio, 2. allegro, 3. andante, 4. allegro, Bach, Mr. Hermann Brandt and Mr. H. J. Stewart; vocal solo (organ accompaniment), "The Worker," Gounod, Mrs. W. C. Campbell and Mr. H. J. Stewart; andante from Ninth Concerto (organ accompaniment), Spohr, Mr. Hermann Brandt; song, "Perche," Elfr. Alfr. Jeannette Wilcox; organ solo, sonata in F minor, 1. allegro moderato, 2. adagio, 3. andante recit., 4. allegro assai vivace, Mendelssohn, Mr. H. J. Stewart; vocal solo (violin obligato), "Give My Love Good-Morrow," Macfarren, Mrs. W. C. Campbell and Mr. Hermann Brandt; song, "Let Me Love Thee," Ardit, Miss Jeannette Wilcox; organ selections, (a) Cantilene, (b) Grand Chœur, Salomé, Mr. H. J. Stewart.

The fourth and last concert will take place this (Saturday) afternoon at the church, and an exceptionally interesting programme will be presented.

Mr. Sigmund Beel, of Oakland, who, for more than six years, has been studying music and the violin at the Berlin Hoh-Schule, under Herr Joachim, will return to his home early next week. For two years he has been giving concerts through Central Europe. A banquet and a grand reception concert will be tendered him in Oakland at an early date.

The Ladies' Orchestra, which meets at the residence of Dr. J. C. Tucker, of Oakland, under the leadership of Mr. Henry Siering, intends giving a charitable concert in the near future.

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—THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMER "ACAPULCO," sailing from this port April 3 for Panama, will make a special call at Tonala, in addition to the other way ports advertised. The City of Peking, of the same company's China line, will sail Saturday, April 5, at 3 P. M., instead of on April 3.

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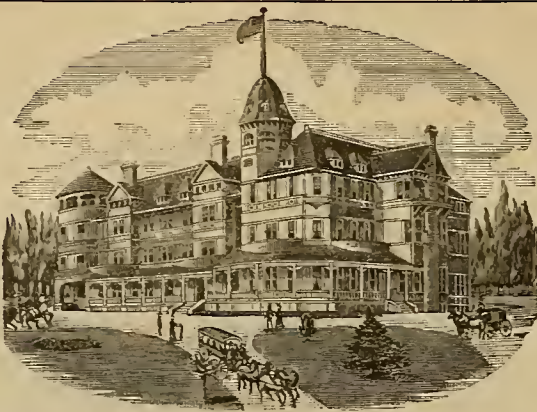
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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Even three months' absence traveling without the boundaries of California is an agreeable relief from the vexations which accompany the editorial life—abstention from the habit of reading newspapers, from the always abortive endeavor to form the world by pointing out the crimes and follies of an redeemable human nature, is a most grateful release from those lesser annoyances which in their aggregate form the serious burden of life. For twelve long weeks we have read no journal, we have sought no information concerning the vents which interest the world and challenge the attention of the public. That it has rained in California, we have been informed from the conversation around us; that Bismarck has been removed from the position of chancellor to the empire he has created and been driven into an honorable exile from all that interests him in his native land by the successful intrigues of a band of Jesuitical conspirators who surround the Vatican at Rome, comes to us as malaria steals through the atmosphere; we learn of it as of the approach of a deadly contagion; it comes in the whispered fears of wars, of panics on the bourse; we see it in the pale faces of all who have anything to lose, anything to dread; we hear it in the movement of armed battalions preparing for

the march and bivouac, in the clamor which disturbs the navy-yards of Europe, preparing their great iron-clads to hold themselves in readiness for action. Catholic Rome has won a victory over Protestant Germany; the monk in his black gown has outmaneuvered the statesman who consolidated the German states into the German Empire; the warriors who gained their victories at Gravelotte, Woerth, and Sedan; who made their triumphal march into Paris. It is a victory over the French Republic, over the Italian Government, over the German people, over the Protestant world, and its influences will be temporarily apparent in this land of godless schools and of a constitutional government which has no God in it. Whether this victory of Jesuits within the Church of Rome will be attended with all the direful calamities expected to result from it, will depend upon the sense and courage of that overwhelming majority which, in every community upon the civilized earth, will have the boldness to arrest the ambition of the only Christian church that has the courage to claim universal dominion and the organization which justifies its assertion.

Rain in California and the chance of a war in Europe ought to give us added millions of cents of wheat and an improved grain-market in Liverpool. We have eighteen hundred acres of wheat and one hundred acres of flax growing in Tulare County. Let us thank God for all his promised blessings.

Our visit in the city of Washington—our trip through the great cities of the North-east—our visit to the Dominion of Canada and our journey by the Canadian Pacific Road from Quebec through Montreal, Ottawa (the capital), and Winnipeg to Vancouver, the terminus, on Puget Sound—from walled Quebec, the dullest of old historic cities on the American continent, across a hemisphere robed in its garment of snow—across broad and fertile plains, where once the buffalo made his summer pilgrimage—through primal forests—over ice-bound rivers, that when the summer's sun unlocks them from the cold embrace of winter, will set the salmon free to hunt his spawning-beds and disclose the fresh-water speckled trout that with his head cut off, disemboweled, and ready for the gridiron, will weigh nine pounds—through the grandest mountain scenery from Bamf for a thousand miles westward to Vancouver, the two-year-old miracle emerging from the pine forests that now leave their stumps standing in streets where a city is growing with blocks of stately buildings, with busy wharves, with an increasing overland and Oriental commerce, the most busy and active and promising city that lies northward of the American border-line.

We arrived in San Francisco by way of Victoria, through the crazy land which margins the beautiful waters and surrounds the most attractive inland sea on earth. Everybody in the new State of Washington is in a lunatic condition. Passing so hastily through it and stopping only at Port Townsend, Seattle, and Tacoma, we have no sufficient data upon which to base an opinion how much of the phenomenon we observed is traceable to honest and innocent intellectual aberration and how much of it is chargeable to speculative, culpable, gambling greed. The line which marks the debatable ground is altogether indistinct. Every man, woman, and child whom we had the good fortune to encounter is impressed with the belief that Puget Sound is the great port of Eastern commerce; that through the Straits of San Juan de Fuca the Oriental trade which has builded the great commercial emporiums of Venice, Lombardy, Spain, Holland, England, and Portugal is destined to build great cities comparable to London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and Amsterdam; that upon their busy wharves are to be laid the silken bales of the Orient, mats bursting with Indian productions, dye-stuffs from Pacific islands, all the treasures from the far lands, all the merchandise from Australia, from Japan, from the western coasts of South America and the United States, and all the trade of the American continent which lies west of the Valley of the Mississippi. Just where this great city is to be located is the only point upon which public opinion is not agreed; whether it is Port Angeles, Anacortes, Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Puget, Centralia, or some as yet unknown location where the bluff coast meets the unfathomable waters of the sound, there are so widely divergent opinions that the shores of this most attrac-

tive inland sea are crowded with embryo cities, to the extent that every farmer bordering upon the sound has a city for sale in the hands of some confident real-estate operator, and every man in the territory adjacent is gambling in town-lots. At the time we succeeded in passing through the new State, every citizen in it was wealthy in anticipation and happy in contemplating the fortune he was confident that he would realize at a time not distant. We had seen the result of the boom in Southern California. We had observed how easily some men lose their heads in their greediness for gain. We had seen the disastrous results attending all the booms which have advanced the prices of real-estate in California. We have witnessed the cruel disappointments which have come to families. We have seen families reduced from circumstances of ease and comfort to conditions of poverty and distress, and our judgment is at fault if the community which surrounds Puget Sound is not preparing itself for results as disastrous as those which have visited all other places in the West where real-estate has been subjected to inflated and speculative values. The Puget Sound country has an advantage over our southern counties, because its resources are more abundant. It has a climate next in comparison with that of California. It has a harbor sufficient for the accommodation of all the commerce it anticipates. Its soil is better adapted for general grain-growing than any part of California. It is almost equal to that of Oregon. It has coal—bituminous—in inexhaustible quantities. It has forests of timber that will survive the generation which is now wantonly wasting it. It is not devoid of minerals. Its fisheries will endure so long as the tides of ocean ebb and flow, and if the people would cease to gamble in town-lots, and encourage the emigration of people who are able to buy agricultural lands at a reasonable figure, and willing to work them with their own hands, Puget Sound will some time realize in part the dreams in which its present lunatics indulge themselves.

We came from Portland, Or., on the first train that the happy accident of a landslide made possible for safety. Oregon is, in our judgment, the best all-round State upon the Pacific Coast. We congratulate the country for the landslide, because it gave employment to twelve hundred men for nearly two months, and we regard such dispensations of nature with great philosophy—where happening to friends. It is a mode of distributing the gains and accumulations of our wealthy corporations altogether more healthful to the moral welfare of those who become the recipients of charity than the means which became necessary in procuring labor for our Golden Gate Park. Charity should never give soup when it can be earned by necessary labor. We look upon the calamities which provide compensating labor to the industrious and deserving poor as the special providence of a wise and beneficent Creator. We own no stock in the Oregon and California Railroad Company.

We have intentionally omitted from our sketch all recognition of the personal attentions which we have received from many persons occupying eminent positions in political and social circles. We were vain enough to believe that they were offered us in no hope that we would describe their homes, their domestic circles, or their entertainments in our columns. We have enjoyed a delightful and luxurious recreation from labors not uniformly agreeable. It has been to us a mental rest-cure. We had earned, as we thought, a vacation after thirteen years of almost uninterrupted labor at the editorial desk, and we have returned to our duties with something of moral rehabilitation—the world is not so bad as when we contemplate it through the deranged vision of dyspepsia. It is an impaired digestion which sometimes presents the evils of life distorted and enlarged. Perhaps it is not true that the past generations have been better than the present; perhaps the sense of patriotism, the principles of integrity, and all the other qualities that give tone to the moral nature, were not more highly prized in the times gone by than in the present; perhaps the statesman of the olden time did not love his country better nor serve it more faithfully than the men of the present generation; perhaps soldiers never laid down their lives with more of patriotic devotion to the land of their birth than those who fought on either side of

our civil conflict; perhaps the men in earlier ages of religious controversy were never more sincere and honest in the expression of their views than those who so widely differ in this period of doctrinal diversions; and may it not be possible, in this age of free thought and intellectual emancipation, that men who profess belief in no dogmatical creed may be as wise and as good as those who are driven to chariots in the narrower arenas of church discipline? We are cured of the idea that all men are dishonest who are ambitious to figure in public life. We have seen our capital at Washington; we have visited the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada at Ottawa. We have been dined and wined in both capitals—at the White House with President Harrison in Washington, at the Government House with His Excellency Lord Stanley of Preston at Ottawa. We have visited the legislature and the courts of the capital of the United States and of the Canadian Dominion. We have not been unobserving of the public men or manners of this great English-speaking hemisphere. We have been observant of the Pan-American Congress. We have personal knowledge of our senators and members of Congress from California, Oregon, Nevada, and the new State of Washington, and, as we observe them, they are men of great industry, integrity, and honorable purpose. We found Senator Stanford, with a bureau of working secretaries, answering, with promptitude, every letter received by him. Senator Stewart is the bardest worker in the Senate of the United States. Senator Hearst is not an idle or indifferent man, but exerts a marked influence in the political counsels of his party. Senators Jones and Stewart, of Nevada, rank among the ablest senators of the older States, the peers of their ablest men. Messrs. Dolph and Mitchell, of Oregon, have taken high positions in the United States Senate and maintained them with dignity and ability. Senator Squires, of Washington, and his colleague, Senator Allen, have actively and intelligently entered upon their duties. Messrs. Morrow and McKenna hold first-class rank in the House of Representatives, and both of them are esteemed as able, eloquent, and industrious workers in the legislative field. Mr. Clunie has, for a new member, taken high rank, while Mr. Vandever, of the southern district, holds the position to which former service in Congress and great military ability, displayed in military service, so deservedly entitle him. We are afraid that our estimate of public service in this direction has taken color somewhat from impressions derived from the California legislature. Our estimate of the President and his Cabinet has not rendered us enthusiastic for the renomination or reelection of President Harrison. Perhaps we overestimate the probabilities of the nomination of ex-President Cleveland by the Democratic party, and concede his election if it comes between him and Mr. Harrison.

Before the editor of the *Argonaut* had any intention of visiting the national capital, favoring the passage of a law for the unlimited coinage of silver, Governor Stanford, of California, had introduced the following preamble and resolutions, upon which, by unanimous consent of the Senate, he had leave to speak. We quote the resolutions and address as printed in the *Washington National Review* of March 22, 1890:

Monday, January 10, 1890.—Senator Stanford, of California, submitted the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, The United States Government is alone authorized to make money which shall be a legal tender, whether it be by stamp upon paper, silver, or gold; and

WHEREAS, The value of the three commodities, when used as money, depends entirely upon the stamp of the government making it legal tender; and

WHEREAS, It has been found that the money advanced by the government upon its own bonds to the holders thereof has furnished the best and most acceptable currency, through which to-day in our country most of the exchanges are made; and

WHEREAS, The present stringency is largely due to the retirement of government bonds which have been so largely the basis of our circulating medium; and

WHEREAS, It is of great consequence to national and individual interests that credit should be established, where merited, as far as is safe and practicable; and

WHEREAS, The government can do this abundantly, without risk to itself, upon much of the property of the country, as it is now doing upon its own bonds, on which it is paying interest; and

WHEREAS, Loans upon a property basis would furnish all the money needed, without cost to the government, and a fair interest paid by the borrower would give to the government for the use of its credits in bills a large income; therefore be it

Resolved, That the committee on finance be instructed to inquire what relief may be furnished by the United States Government, and particularly whether loans may not be made by the government upon mortgages deposited with it upon real-estate, independent of improvements, at such rate and to such an amount only as it will make the security to the government perfect, the government to receive some small rate of interest, from one to two per cent., ample compensation for the use of its credit, and to prevent the undue applications for loans beyond the needs of the country. And the government, as further restraint and provision against an over-issue (if such a thing be possible upon perfect security, where the interest is very slight), shall provide to call in a percentage of its loans, from time to time, upon reasonable notice, as it may deem necessary, at its own discretion, for the welfare of the nation.

Which having been read, the senator asked unanimous consent to submit a few remarks to accompany the resolution, which being accorded, he spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT: From the earliest civilization, there has existed in all countries a need of some commodity that will stand as the representative of values through which exchanges can be made without the commodities themselves being passed from hand to hand.

In process of time, gold and silver came into use for this purpose of

equalizing exchange, and to-day, when stamped by responsible governments, these metals have a value as money far beyond any possible value they might have were they only used in the arts. But it is obvious that their value as legal tender depends as much on the government stamp as does the paper which is stamped by the government and made legal tender. Money becomes valuable as it stimulates industry and facilitates the exchange of the products of man's labor. Property itself is valuable according to the uses to which it is applied. Thus, supposing a man's wages were one dollar a day, one hundred dollars would employ one hundred men one day; but could the product of the labor of those one hundred men be immediately utilized, the one hundred dollars might give employment to one hundred men every work-day in the year.

The government bond is valuable to the holder on account of the interest it earns. As an energetic factor in the transactions of men, it only amounts to the percentage which it draws, but when the bondholder, by depositing it with the government, receives back ninety per cent. in government bills, ninety per cent. of its value becomes energized into an active commodity, giving possible employment to the energies of the country. In like manner, if the farmer were able to borrow from the government without interest a certain amount of its bills, giving his farm as security therefor, to that extent his land would become an active force and he would be enabled, while giving employment to the extent of the money loaned him, to improve his farm and increase its value to the full amount of the loan. Thus the government loan would be doing a double duty. Nor do the activities of this money terminate with its expenditure by the farmer; those who have received it, in their turn, will make use of it as an energizing factor in the forces of life to an indefinite period. As money employs labor, it brings to life a continuing force, labor begetting labor as certainly as its fruits are valuable. Another way by which we can appreciate what money actively used may perform in the settlement of balances is to be found in the value of commodities produced and exchanged compared with the amount of money in circulation.

I may here make use of the familiar illustration of a dollar going the round among twenty men, each of whom owed a dollar to his neighbor, paying twenty dollars of debts and returning to the pocket from which it started. This is a small illustration and would be equally illustrative for a greater number of men and a greater amount of debts.

How far the boundless resources of our country shall be put into activity depends not only upon the active industry of our people, but upon the power necessary to induce that industry, and it should be the fostering care of the government to see that such industry receives every encouragement.

An abundant supply of money means to individuals of capacity a field for the use of their abilities in prosecuting their various callings of life, and will be particularly valuable to associations of individuals by affording them facilities for obtaining capital for the transaction of every kind of business.

An abundance of money means universal activity, bringing in its train all the blessings that belong to a constantly employed, industrious, intelligent people.

If these proposed loans could be made by the government without risk, I do not think that there would be any serious obstacle in the way of the accomplishment of the object of this resolution. In my opinion ample protection would be afforded the government if it limited its loan to one-half or one-quarter the assessed value of the property given as security, and upon the appraisal of government officers especially selected for that duty.

Abundant and cheap money places the power in the hands of the industrious and enables combination of labor that would produce ample competition and prevent anything like an oppressive monopoly. This, combination has always done when not accompanied by any special privileges. Cheap and abundant money means cooperation of labor to an extent heretofore unknown, and with all its consequent advantages. Its abundant supply and possible activities would be one of the great means of employing labor and controlling and utilizing forces at man's disposal, and would go far toward aiding his intelligence toward realizing his highest destiny.

It seems to me that the great thought of humanity should be how to advantage the great multitude of toilers, increase their power of production, and elevate their condition. We know that a great improvement is within the provisions of Providence, and in the prosperity of the masses of the people the prosperity of all is assured.

Man is the rightful heir to peace and prosperity, and very much depends upon the intelligence of governments to represent the associated capacities and interests of the whole. To me, one of the most effective means of placing at man's disposal the force inherent in the value of property, is through furnishing a bountiful supply of money based upon unquestioned and secured values.

The recital of the fact which opens this article would have been unnecessary if to the writer had not been attributed the suggestion of the financial scheme to the senator, who is alone responsible for it. The editor of the *Oregonian*, in an article printed in that paper one day last week, affected to believe that Senator Stanford had borrowed "his scheme for setting up a real-estate loan-agency in the Treasury Department and lending the money of tax-payers to the farmers of the country at a nominal interest" from the editor of the *Argonaut*. He will correct this statement when he understands the fact that Governor Stanford is alone responsible for a financial measure so safe and so practicable as the one he has had the courage to introduce into the Senate of the United States. The writer wishes that in conscience he could claim the authorship of a financial reform so healthful as that which recognizes a duty in Congress to take from the creditor class the benefits of a financial system and transfer them over to the debtor class; to take from the idle, speculative adventurers of the gambling class the privilege of national banking, and confer it upon the industrious and toiling class, who till our farms and work at our productive industries. Why the Government of the United States should sell to a wealthy syndicate a hundred-thousand-dollar bond bearing four per cent. interest per annum and authorize it to issue ninety per cent. of currency—which the government guaran-

tees at eight per cent. per annum, and thus cinch the farmer, who pays nearly all the taxes—is a problem which is inexplicable upon any other hypothesis than that the financial system is so complicated and mysterious a scheme that only the money-lender and usurer can understand or explain it. If a government debt printed upon paper is a more tangible or valuable security for the issue of a paper currency than farming lands with their improvements, or brick buildings, upon which municipal governments depend for nearly all their taxable incomes and the larger part of their annual revenues, we are unable to understand the reason why. If money stamped upon a metallic disk of gold or silver is of any more substantial value than the same obligation stamped upon leather or printed upon paper which represents all the taxable wealth of the country which guarantees its redemption in lawful money, we can not understand that. That gold and silver have an intrinsic value we fully appreciate, but when the money value of metals is contrasted with the vast volume of credits which attend the transactions of sixty millions of people, the proposition of real value is altogether too insignificant to cut any figure in the great clearing-house of the nation's commercial transactions. Instead of lending to rich men and wealthy usurers, that they may loan the nation's credit to the class of industrious laborers who till the farms they occupy, and to mechanics who do the work of the nation, we would lend them their own money from the national treasury, at nominal interest, upon their own landed property, and pledge national credit for the redemption of all money loaned. When this country shall have become too poor to pay its obligations, a financial chaos can not add any serious discomfort to the situation. If ruin shall overcome the tax-paying majority, it will not be a serious calamity if the tax-eating minority shall have become involved in the same disaster. When the United States shall have met with such a calamity, it will be time to inaugurate the jubilee of universal distribution of property, and the liquidation of all obligations for the payment of debts. The government has a wealth which justifies unlimited credit, and if it will adopt the idea of Senator Stanford when its national bonds are called in, it will find, as does France, that its own people may become its creditors to any extent which a national crisis may create for it a borrowing necessity. Governor Stanford is correct when he says that money borrowed at a minimum rate of interest and expended upon the land would become an active force, increasing the business activity of the community in which the land is located, and increasing the security by improving the land upon which the money is loaned. If the nationalization of landed estates should result from the advancing of money upon landed property, it may be a question whether the realization of the doctrines of Bellamy may or may not be disastrous to the welfare of the community. The financial question introduced by Senator Stanford has become the subject of serious consideration, and its investigation will not be silenced by the criticisms of the class which lends money at usurious rates or sneers at the motives of the senator who has had the courage to propose the new plan of national currency.

Governor Stanford's address in the Senate of the United States is pregnant with enough ideas to justify the writing of a score of editorials, and we think it within the capacity of a majority of readers of the *Argonaut* to give them intelligent consideration. We think the majority of our readers are generous enough to withhold any unjust criticism of his motives, and to give to his financial views such weight as they are entitled to upon their merits. Let it be remembered that the whole financial system, not only of our government, but of the civilized world, has fallen into the hands of a few; that it has been administered in the interest of a class. Bankers and money-lenders have come to be uniformly considered as alone having the privilege to regulate the financial system, and are the only people to be consulted on questions of currency. Wall Street and the great corporations, millionaires, and wealthy syndicates seem to have monopolized all questions of finance. The agricultural, manufacturing, and mechanical laborers who must do all the work of the country and supply all the productions which compose the wealth of the nation, are entirely ignored when the legislative councils, which they elect, come to consider a financial question. The class which rents money for hire to those who endeavor to use it profitably and who risk it upon the chance of harvests or who invest it in aid of their labor and skill, are guaranteed by the government against loss, while the toiling borrower must take all the risk of bad seasons, bad markets, and business misadventures. Governor Stanford is making an honest effort to reform this glaring wrong, and to introduce a financial system which shall do justice to the industrious and venturesome working borrower, without doing any injustice to lenders. The scheme is entitled to impartial and honest consideration. It will, we think, be well for the creditor class to consider it fairly, and not leave the solution to the great majority who have the desire to borrow rather than the ability

to lend. The *Argonaut* will give this question further consideration.

Whether the generous people of San Francisco have acted wisely in giving employment to unoccupied laborers, may be open to reasonable doubt. To draw a correct line between impulsive generosity and the healthful rule that ought to govern temporary relief to the unemployed, is sometimes difficult. It is difficult to ascertain who are deserving and who are not. It is not always easy to determine who are employing themselves honestly in securing wages for deserving men, and who are acting upon demagogic lines for the selfish advancement of their own ambition. In a climate like that of California, where farming and mechanical labor is always attainable by deserving men at remunerative prices, there never ought to be any approach to destitution by men who are temperate and able and willing to labor, and there would not be if the very easy conditions of life did not lead to careless improvidence. The man who can work three hundred days in a year ought to have pork in the barrel, flour in the sack, and potatoes in the bin for a rainy day. In countries where there are five months of inclement weather, and where the wages of labor do not equal those paid in California, a more severe economy protects from a bread famine. Agitators are chargeable with stirring up these excitements, and politicians who desire nominations for office make them the opportunity of bidding for votes. Hundreds of men, well provided for upon farms, have been induced to abandon their employment because of work provided in excess of country rates of labor by the generosity of San Francisco citizens. This acts injuriously upon the farmer and his working-men. The persons who telegraphed to Washington the blazing lie that men were suffering and starving in California for bread, and officials who act upon such impertinent misrepresentations, lack sense if they do not lack integrity. We have seen processions, bearing banners, proclaiming the destitution of their ranks, a large percentage of whom had deposits in savings banks or owned real property, and many of whom were smoking cigars and stopping at beer-saloons for drinks. Such things as these murder the spirit of humanity which dwells in almost every human heart. Charity is a great virtue only when wisely administered. If labor encourages demagogues to cry the too-frequent coming of the wolf of famine, it may be unheeded when its gleaming fangs have fixed themselves in the quivering flesh.

One of the pleasant incidents of our Eastern trip was in meeting with an old friend and former associate in the establishment of the *Argonaut*, Mr. Frederick M. Somers, of New York. He is now the proprietor of *Current Literature*, an eclectic magazine of high standing, which has already attained a large circulation throughout all of the States, and reached the eminently satisfactory position of having become largely remunerative. No literary venture can reach the summit of complete satisfaction till it has attained a paying position. This intellectual height *Current Literature* has attained, and Mr. Somers finds himself in the enjoyment of a property which it is a pleasure to manage and a profit to own. We congratulate him upon the success he has so worthily achieved. The establishment of a successful journal or a money-making magazine is one of the most difficult labors that are accomplished in the city of New York. It requires a combination of rare talents. No man can successfully direct a great journal nor find himself in possession of a profitable magazine unless he possesses exceptional qualifications and unites faculties that are rarely combined in the same person. The successful man of affairs is not usually literary, and the literary man is not usually fortunate in business ventures.

One curious result of the recent conversion of British consols was the discovery of a large amount upon which interest was unclaimed, and some for the principal of which there were no owners at all. Hundreds of stockholders are dead. Many persons were reminded by the notices that they were owners of stock which they had been too careless to claim or many years, while others were made aware, for the first time, that they had money in the funds. There is now in the Bank of England a sum of £7,849,755 due to stockholders, unclaimed. This sum was credited to 10,900 accounts, which included more than forty holdings of over £10,000, the holding of one individual in consols and reduced threes mounting together to £187,598.

The *Almanach de Gotha* is over a century and a quarter old. When it was first issued, among its collection of sovereigns written up, there were only three republics, Switzerland, San Marino, and Andorra, while to-day, out of its total of fifty-eight states mentioned, twenty-six are republics.

Germany ascribes the origin of our late scourge, the "Russian" influenza, to the decomposed bodies of the six million Chinese victims of the Hoang-Ho floods.

An order is before the Boston school board providing that teachers of nine years' constant service shall be allowed a vacation of a year at half pay.

POLITICAL ACROBATICS.

"Cockaigne" on Gladstone's and Churchill's Feats in the Ring.

The complacent effrontery and wholesale disregard of glaring facts which invariably distinguish the actions and utterances of the Gladstonian politician have never, since the birth of the nondescript party which gives him his status in English political life, been more startlingly exhibited than in the actions and utterances of some half-dozen of the prominent adherents of the "Grand Old Man's" Irish separation policy, during the short period which has elapsed since the report of the Parnell Commission was filed. The audacity with which they claim a complete acquittal of the men who compose the Irish party would be astounding, but for the fact that nobody is astounded at anything they say.

With the wily tact which at all times distinguishes their methods, they are now endeavoring to lead the mind of the country away from those portions of the judges' findings which declare it as an established, proven fact that Parnell and his followers were engaged in a criminal conspiracy, having for its object the establishment of Ireland as an independent nation; and are striving to direct public attention solely to the demolition of the Pigott letters, whose forgery was proved some months ago, had been then talked to ribbons from one end of the kingdom to the other, and whose ultimate decree as forgeries has been regarded ever since as a foregone conclusion on the part of the commission. These Gladstonian statesmen regard the whole thing as a pleasant surprise, a startling discovery, a sudden vindication. Knowing full well, with all the rest of the world, as well as with their own countrymen, that the commission could not have decided otherwise, they strike an attitude of injured innocence and cry: "Lo! I am exonerated! Let the whole world hear and rejoice with me!" At least that is what they say in behalf of their allies. Not that Mr. Parnell was not spoken for himself. Directly after the report was received by the House of Commons, he delivered himself of a speech in which his complaining whine might have passed current for the gentle cooing of the sucking dove, but for the distant hiss of the serpent which would make itself known. Parnell posing as a martyr is a pretty sight at all times, but never was it so pretty as the other day. Had he not just been adjudged a party to unlawful boycotting and criminal conspiracy, the picture would have been decidedly prettier.

Gladstone's speech in support of his amendment to the vote of ratification of the commission's report, was, of course, a grand oratorical effort, the like of which is seldom heard within the Common's walls in these days of simple and straightforward language. But every one knows that he is a grand orator and no one is surprised at his oratory. The only wonder which can exist in regard to his speeches arises from a realization of his great age, and that a man of eighty is capable of talking on his feet for nearly two hours without showing fatigue. Were his oratory and his talent and his learning and his genius employed in a more praiseworthy work than an endeavor to make the worse appear the better cause, one would be filled with admiration for his enormous mental power and vast physical strength. How the old fellow can keep on as he does, in the face of a continuous and unmistakably antagonistic expression of popular opinion, is simply astounding. He must have the skin of a rhinoceros.

But the "Grand Old Man" rather encountered a Tartar the other day in no less than Professor Tyndall. The professor was reported to have said in a speech somewhere or other—it does not signify where it was—that Gladstone had called Mr. Pitt a blackguard. With that *cacoethes scribendi* which possesses Gladstone quite as much as his *cacoethes loquendi*, he at once sat down and wrote a note, "as he had often done before," to Tyndall, demanding his authority for the statement. Accustomed to a weak and apologetic response, what was Gladstone's surprise to find his request answered by a straightforward, without-gloves letter from Tyndall that must have made the grand old head swim, and filled nearly a column and a half of the morning papers. Such a raking and a shaking, such an overhauling and ventilating, I do not suppose Mr. Gladstone has been the recipient of these many years, and he has had many from different sources. The others, however, have, in the main, been from speech-making politicians, whose utterances are usually to be taken *cum grano salis*, as being actuated by purely political motives. What Lord Randolph Churchill, or Lord Hartington, or Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, or Mr. Chaplin, or Colonel Sanderson, or even Lord Salisbury may say of him, at him, or to him, he can affect to treat with a smile of unconcern. "The world will know they are only my political opponents, so it can't signify," he can safely say to himself, over his cup of tea with Mrs. G., in the snug library at Hawarden. But Professor Tyndall is a horse of another color.

I do not in the least know if this letter has been published in the American papers, either in whole or in part. It ought to be if it has not been, that Gladstonian sympathizers may see, from the pen of a logician, the true character (as judged by his acts and words) of their hero. Unlike the rambling rhetoric and burning eloquence of the political speech-maker, the sentences are cold and clean-cut, clear and concise, and put down in the unvarnished language of a logical mind, accustomed to calling a spade a spade and the use of words which only mean what they say. I wish there was space in my letter to give a few extracts. I will content myself with his conclusion:

I will take leave of you by saying that in sterner and more patriotic times, a statesman found guilty of this unmeasured impeachment of his country—this wholesale delivery of her character and her interests into the hands of her enemies—would assuredly have received the reward deemed righteous by Carlyle, and "lost his traitorous head."

Gladstone's reply is thoroughly characteristic. Tyndall, having quoted a speech of Gladstone in 1856, in which he characterized the union with Ireland as a "splendid exception" to the failure of Pitt's legislative progress, cites speech after

speech since 1886 in which the union is denounced by the "Grand Old Man" in language the most bitter and crushing. To this Gladstone answers:

You have spent your time in a study of some among [mark the mock humility!] my many political delinquencies, and have proved that thirty-three years ago, when my contact with Irish questions was limited to those of religion and finance, I shared the general ignorance and gave utterance to the then classical opinion of Englishmen about the union. I sincerely thank you for setting out at so much length the language in which, ever since making the union a subject of special study, I have endeavored to set forth its true character.

As usual, I was wrong; I am right. And now note the maudlin sentimentality of his finish:

My only desire is to meet you on the terms on which, long ago, we stood, when under my roof you gallantly offered to take me up the Matterhorn, and guaranteed my safe return.

Could anything be more pitifully weak? It is like the schoolboy's reproach: "That's all the thanks I get after letting you play with my top." If Gladstone's every act were in keeping with such charming simplicity, it might do. If he were accustomed to reply personally to every shaft hurled against him, we could understand the gentle, pleading tone which overlies the covert sneer of his reply. But, as with everything else with which he has to do, you can never get a square, fair hold of him. He will either bully or cringe out of a corner. If he can not carry his point with a high hand, he will with a low one. His answer to Professor Tyndall is an instance of the latter tactics. Tyndall is too big a man for even Gladstone to ignore, and as he must reply to him, and can not dismiss him with a bit of bluster, why the grand old sails are trimmed for the opposite tack.

Lord Randolph Churchill's latest political somersault is still the talk of the clubs. No one, of course, is surprised at anything Lord Randolph does. What would be surprising in the case of any one else, attracts no notice to him. The fact is, in order to get spurred up to the requisite pitch of enthusiasm for one of his spasmodic outbursts of indignant rhetoric, he first has to get in a rage at somebody or something. At different times in his career he has had various red flags self-shaken in his face. "Gladstone" used to be a favorite subject for him to rave about; "Chamberlain" was another. Lately, since his retirement from the councils of the nation as chancellor of the exchequer and leader of the House of Commons, he has occupied more or less of a retired position in politics—a back seat; in other words, a back seat which has been getting further back and nearer the wall every year. Lord Salisbury has been able to get along without him, and to carry on the government in spite of the deprivation of Lord Randolph's advice, which his voluntary resignation from the cabinet caused him. This does not suit "his young lordship"—as Mrs. Burnett calls little Lord Fauntleroy. He finds first, that his desertion of Lord Salisbury did not result in the resignation of the ministry; and, second, that he has become a sort of hanger-on of the party without place, position, or recognition, and far without the circle occupied by a lot of old-time political opponents, such as Lord Hartington, Sir Henry James, and Chamberlain. It is irritating, no doubt, for Lord Randolph Churchill has certainly done the Conservative party great service when these very Unionists, who are now ousting him, were doing their utmost to break the Tory party up. But he has only himself and his hot temper to blame. Naturally he is angry at the position he has got himself into, and must vent his spleen on something. Just now his red flag is Lord Salisbury's government. He is angry with Lord Salisbury for ignoring him; angry with the Unionists who have superseded him and thrust him into the background. He is not half such a big man as he was. Where it used to be Lord Randolph Churchill here, and Lord Randolph Churchill there, and Lord Randolph Churchill everywhere, it is Lord Hartington, and Mr. Goschen, and Mr. Chamberlain, and Sir Henry James. He finds himself nowhere. Of course he blames Lord Salisbury chiefly for this. And the best thing he can do is to give Lord Salisbury a shot whenever he can—so he thinks.

We have not heard from him for some time, and people were almost beginning to ask, not what has become of Lord Randolph Churchill? or where is he? or has he retired from politics? but "Wasn't there once a Tory statesman called Randolph Churchill? Seems to me I've read about him somewhere." So the missing and "neglected flow'et" thought he saw a chance to let the world see he was still in the country, and in the debate on the Parnell Commission Report he put himself in evidence again. Under the guise of an indignant protest against the constant breaches of constitutional law which the Union party are said to make, he gets in the following bit of impassioned oratory which will serve as a fair sample of the underlying tone of the speech. One could almost fancy that Labouchère was the speaker:

Nemesis has overtaken the government. What is the result of its upheaval of the British Constitution? What has been the one result? Pigott. (Loud opposition cheers.) What has been the result of this mountainous partition? A thing, a reptile, a monster—Pigott. (Loud cheers.) What has been the result of this deliverance? With all your skill and all your parliamentary instruments—a ghastly, bloody, rotten Pigott! Pigott! Pigott! (Laughter and cheers.) And, sir, we are asked to approve the conception and birth of Pigott. That is the Nemesis that has overtaken the government, and will always overtake it when it departs from constitutional practices. Why do I bring these matters before the House of Commons? (Ministerial cries of "Hear, hear.") Yes, there are lots of high-minded and chivalrous persons who not long ago were my friends who are much more likely to impute to me than to openly assert that I am animated by every vile motive—who possibly might even bring a Pigott to work against me. (Loud opposition cheers.)

I should fancy that long ere this he must be heartily and sincerely ashamed of himself. It doubtless places poor Lady Randolph in rather a trying position. As an American lady, I do not think she has ever had exactly a bed of roses at all times among the jealous-eyed aristocrats who surround her in society. It is not unlikely that her husband's anti-government sentiments may be attributed to her secret advice, because she is an American, which would be most unfair. Then she is a great Primrose Dame, and has been specially honored by a decoration from the queen as one of the ladies of the Knightly Order of the Crown of India. I often wonder how she must feel about it all.

LONDON, March 15, 1890.

COCKAIGNE.

THE FACE ON THE FAN.

A Story of Love and Tragedy in Old Japan.

On a certain street in Nagasaki, called "Homo-to-sits" (Blossoming of the Apricot-Tree), live nearly all the fan-painters. The fan plays a great part in Japanese life; it is as necessary an article of toilet with the men, women, and children of the nobility as gloves are with us, and you seldom see any one, who makes the slightest pretense of belonging to the respectable classes, without a fan sticking in the silk-lined folds of the dress. For this reason, the fan-painters in that wonderful Island Empire of Japan form a numerous and respected class, and their work is very highly regarded. In spite of this, however, the fan-painters are not allowed to invent for themselves, the patterns and subjects to be represented having been the same since ancient times. The value of the painting consists, according to the people, principally in the delicacy and cast of the colors and in the fineness of the drawing with which these long, well-known, unchangeable types are executed.

For some time past, in the fan-merchants' stalls, which are decorated with bright tapestries and winged-serpents' heads, fans had appeared which no longer showed on the main leaf birds, landscapes, caricatures of fat Chinese priests, and similar objects, executed with great flourishes, but, instead, the figure of a young woman clad in costly silks, with the glass-flower ornaments of a noble lady in her hair, and with strikingly beautiful and wonderfully well-painted features.

At first, there was almost a small revolution over this innovation, which was contrary to custom, violated the ancient and holy traditions, and shocked all the Japanese ideas of art. Stormy meetings were held before the stalls, made up mainly from the caste of fan-painters. They, who could paint only in the old-fashioned way, feared the comrade who had taken this new direction, and thereby threatened to overthrow their whole business; they felt certain that this painter would not be content with this one picture, and dimly suspected that he meant to elevate their traditional trade to an art, and if this new custom should win the day, it would be the death-blow of the entire caste. They felt this all the more, as just at this time the influence of the West, like a breath of distant spring, was beginning to make itself strongly felt in the thoughts and feelings of the cultivated Japanese. The inquisitive Japanese people soon noticed these meetings and the cause. At first they were startled at the novelty, then mocked at its author, till finally the painting itself and the beauty of the figure pleased them and, in the turn of a hand, the whole stock of fans was sold off, and the demand became so great that the fan-merchant had to close his store, through fear of being plundered.

Very soon competition arose; fans with the beautiful picture appeared in the stores of all the other fan-merchants, but the sharp-sighted Japanese folk soon discovered that the painting came from a less artistic hand; there was wanting the peculiar charm of color as well as the intimate acquaintance shown with the subject which the original fans possessed. At any rate, all stormily demanded, at the first store, fans from the hand of that artist who had painted the first ones. Naturally the merchant was unable to meet the demand, and the fans soon rose to a fabulous price. The merchant cleverly kept secret the source of his supply, and it gradually happened that the interest of the people in the fans was soon turned toward the mysterious painter. All of the seventy-seven streets in Nagasaki tried to discover this singular man who had dared to introduce such a novelty and had painted these wonderfully beautiful *no-gis*. But all questions and searches were in vain, the mysterious painter was hidden by an impenetrable veil.

All this time, while the Street of the Apricot-Tree was crowded with thousands of curious, spying people, the mysterious painter, separated only by a thin board wall from this crowd, was sitting in his work-room on one of those thick straw mats, which, contrary to the Chinese custom, constitutes almost the entire furniture of a room in Japan, before a low painter's table about a foot high, and painted with wonderful rapidity his costly wares.

According to the Japanese idea, he was not a handsome man, for his eyes were not sufficiently oblique, his face was too narrow, and he lacked that greatest of Japanese adornments—the eyebrows shaved to an almost invisible line; on the contrary, this painter seemed to prefer to leave his particularly heavy, bushy eyebrows just as nature had created them. There he sat on the floor, in one hand a brush, more brushes in his mouth, and near him his color-pots, while he finished fan after fan, listening thoughtfully to the noises of the crowd outside.

As, in spite of all effort, the people were unable to find the painter, they began to look for the model. They guessed at all the known beauties of the city, passed in review mentally all the noble ladies in the entire empire, and, indeed, for several weeks, every Japanese lady became the object of a very critical examination; the model, however, was as hard to find as the painter. In the rosy color of her face, her bright, dark eyes, the rich blackness of her hair, and the wonderful purity and clearness of her brow, there was not one Japanese beauty who could compare with the portrait on the fan; and that it was a portrait, no one doubted, for the picture was too individual, even to the minutest details, and seemed also strangely familiar. All this mystery naturally stimulated the desire to possess the new fans, and the industrious painter, Minto Tokijia, became, in scarcely three months, a rich man.

The painter was, however, remarkably careful to let no one know of his increasing riches. He was a peculiarly absorbed man, who read much and thought much, and was very much less companionable than his countrymen. Singularly enough, he did not place his earnings with the native merchants at interest or store them, but carried them secretly to the Dutch factory, which, separated from the city by a strip of water, lay on the island Desima and was connected with Nagasaki by a narrow bridge on which were posted notices forbidding the Japanese to cross into the strangers' territory. Every week,

late in the evening, Tokijia carried his earnings, in the shape of bales of costly silk crêpe, to the strangers, and always wore on these trips the dress of one of the company's common sailors. With this secret expedition the painter combined a more delicate adventure; till shortly before sunrise, he remained at the factory, then passed stealthily far out beyond the city to the dunes, where lay the lonesome quarter of the *Jetas*.

Here lived, in several rows of small houses, the pariahs of Japan—the flayers, tanners, leather-workers, and executioners. While the men are busy with their occupations, the girls and women are *Onadious*, that is, public beggars. By their appearance, however, they do not show this; on the contrary, these *Onadious* are particularly neat, tastefully and prettily dressed, and earn their living by singing and playing on the streets and before the houses. As a matter of fact, the caste of the *Jetas* is universally considered the most virtuous and strictest-mannered of all the Japanese classes, and their women are distinguished above all other women of Japan by their extraordinary beauty. Their features are finer, the color of the skin brighter, clearer, and more rosy, their eyes are wonderfully deep and beautiful, and their bearing is full of natural grace, delicacy, and dignity. In spite of all this, the people of this caste are so despised and abhorred by the Japanese that the mere accidental touch of one of them—even brushing against one of them on the street—is considered an evil contamination, from which the unlucky man must be immediately cleansed by careful washing in sea water. At times it even happens that persons who have become so polluted rush like crazy people through the streets of the city and spring into the sea, in order to free themselves as quickly as possible from this clinging disgrace.

In their dress, the *Onadious* are not especially distinguished from the other Japanese women, except that they are not allowed to wear the smallest piece of silk; the poorest Japanese woman, even if the rest of her clothes be in rags, fastens her belt and collar, at least, with a piece of silk ribbon, but the smallest piece of silk cord would mean death to a *Jeta*. Furthermore, the ordinary, flat straw hat of the Japanese must be worn very much larger by the *Jetas*, so that the brim may be turned down, and no *Jeta* is allowed to appear in public without one of these hats.

Singly, or in twos and threes, these poor, beautiful creatures wander through the streets of the Japanese cities, a lute under the arm and a wooden plectrum (ivory is also forbidden them) in the hand, and stand, singing and playing, before the houses or in the public squares. Their receipts are always good. The people throw the money to them from a distance, and with graceful courtesies and smiles these beautiful girls, with their half-gloved hands, pick up the gifts; no one places the alms in their hands, for that would be pollution. It is also a horrible thing for a *Jeta* to set foot on the threshold of a house; the sill would be immediately removed, and the door and doorposts burned. Out on the dunes, far beyond the city, the *Jetas* are forced to live, and thither Tokijia turned his steps to-day, as he had often done before.

He seemed to be expected, for no sooner had his form passed the last turn in the dunes than a little staff, hung with flowers, and which had been standing on one of the sand-hills, disappeared, and shortly afterward a girl passed slowly along the beach, as if looking for mussels. It was the original of the picture on the fan. Soon Tokijia found himself beside her, and after a short, friendly greeting the two sat down upon the beach and, hand in hand, gazed silently upon the motionless sea.

The ocean lay before them, smooth as glass, but looking dull and pale-blue in the morning light; only a number of rocky islands, covered with brightly painted pleasure-houses, which looked as clear and light as if they had been carved from ivory, broke the dull, silent monotony. Silence also oppressed the lovers, each seeming to have something heavy on the heart.

On the distant horizon the rising sun had cast his reflection upon the clouds, which seemed to throw a rose-colored gleam across the sea. Tokijia gazed for a while eastward, and then, in his earnest, sonorous voice, began to speak:

"Red is the color of joy, Kitauri, and yet you regard it with sorrow. See, he says to us, with happy smiles, over where he rises lies our hope; over there are mighty countries, full of clever, learned people, where those who can be happy together are not torn apart forever and given over to eternal shame because of the foolish laws and silly creed of a whole nation. Kitauri, I am firmly resolved to take you away with me; we are rich enough now to be able to live over there."

"Oh, but it is so pleasant to stay in one's own country!" answered the girl; "I have been so happy so far."

"And are you so no longer?" asked the fan-painter.

"I am, but in a different way, more deeply happy, but yet with deeper sorrow, and this on your account, for am I not forever one of the abominated?"

"In the eyes of these fools here, Kitauri—over there, where the sun rises, you will be happy without this thorn in your heart."

"May a *Jeta*, who has learned to love—and ah! so dearly love—one out of her own caste, ever be happy?" asked Kitauri; "you will never be able to lift me to your level, but, through your connection with me, will sink down to us and also become an abominated one."

"That could only happen in this land of fools," answered the fan-painter, gloomily; "over there they would hardly believe us if we told them about the *Jetas*, they know nothing there of people like the *Jetas*."

"Is that true?" asked Kitauri in alarm; "strangers do not always tell the truth—with me it does not matter, but suppose you were far away and became an outcast—in a foreign land and an outcast, that would be terrible! Ah! I fear the great ugly men who do everything with fire and with engines that groan and sigh and shriek like evil spirits; they say that in their country they ride as swift as the wind over land and rivers in fire-wagons, and that at night they can light the air so that it becomes as clear as day. They seem almost like evil spirits."

"They are clever men, Kitauri, and merely make use of

the forces of nature; I understand their talk, and am learning to read in their books. They have much knowledge, and with them lies our happiness. But, if you fear to go to this distant land, do you doubt that I would hesitate for one instant to join you and become one of you? I defy this infatuated people, and laugh at their contempt as at their praise. We need not trouble ourselves about them, what they say or what they think; we can build houses and lay out gardens by the dunes, handsomer than those on the inland, and that great, howling people can not keep the sun from shining on us or the little plants from thriving in our garden."

"You a *Jeta*!" cried Kitauri; "I would never permit that—it would be your death. Do you not know how the son of the Nippon bridge-builder joined the *Jetas*, also on a girl's account, and how, in less than a year, he languished and died through the misery and unhappiness of being a *Jeta*? I would rather die than permit you to become an outcast like us."

"The builder's son was weak-spirited, like all the others," murmured Tokijia, scornfully; "it is this very unhappiness that I despise," and with bent brows and thoughtful look, he gazed out over the sea where the sun, like a flaming, giant disk, bright and clear, had risen in the pale-blue sky. He gazed long at the flaming orb, then his eyes fastened on the peculiarly isolated and, in this light, dark, broad Japanese figures on the islands, forming, with their dark-green foliage, a strange contrast to the golden background. "Oh! that we must give way to them!" he cried, springing up suddenly, while his eyes blazed with scorn; "but, for your sake, I will go. Get together everything you love and care to keep in remembrance of your home, and prepare yourself for a long voyage. The news of our departure can be broken suddenly."

Kitauri looked thoughtfully at the man beside her, who, for love of her, was about to undertake so much; she seemed still to have something on her mind. The sea, however, was now becoming covered with skiffs and freight-boats of all sorts; fishermen and sailors were strolling toward the beach; the coast-guard, with their pointed hats and lilac-colored coats, could be seen in the distance, going the rounds, and so the lovers were forced to part.

On the third day of the third month the festival of *Onaga no Leki* (the Peach-Blossoms), the second greatest festival of the year, is celebrated. It is a woman's festival and its object is, in a cheerful and pleasant manner, to teach all the marriageable daughters everything that is necessary for the fitting out of a new household. In the room of state in each house which is blessed with marriageable daughters, a large table is set up and decorated with costly silks of the most brilliant colors. On this table is built a small model of the emperor's household, with all the necessary people, whose clothes are copied even to the minutest details, and the expression of whose faces is life-like. By the side of this stands the model of a citizen's house—fully fitted with kitchen, wash-room, sleeping, living, state, children's, and servants' rooms, and everything that is necessary to the establishment. The marriageable daughters, in holiday attire, are led around the table by their parents, and everything important to their future is explained to them, generally in witty verses. The second part of the day is a regular national visiting day, parents and children calling on their acquaintances, seeing the tables, and exchanging jokes. The day closes with a picnic on the banks of the brook in the little forest just outside of the city. There the families spread themselves out on the green banks, drink tea and *sake* (rice brandy), gossip, smoke, and make verses. This, originally a special feast, is called *Mono to Lits*. Naturally this festival, although pleasantly disguising the fact, has a somewhat wider aim, that is, to bring together the young men and girls of those families which are friendly, that they may meet and act cheerfully and without restraint, as if at home. That the *Onaga no Leki* fulfills the hopes which are built upon it is shown by the increased number of marriages and betrothals which take place shortly after the festival.

On this day an innumerable crowd of brightly dressed girls and women swarmed through the lightly built and gayly decorated houses of Nagasaki, and the festival seemed an exceptionally lively one; it took place just three days after the meeting of Minto with Kitauri. The brilliant stream of gossiping, joking people kept pouring through the streets, and the stir of the festival was felt even in the secret work-room of the fan-painter.

Minto lived with his mother in a neat little house near the middle of the Street of the Apricot-Tree; his father had been dead some time, but the widow had, besides her son, three grown-up daughters, and, on their account, the Festival of the Peach-Blossoms interested her also. She had already arranged for her girls a magnificent table, with the finest of house-models on it. The three girls had put on for the day yellow-silk skirts, over lilac-silk ones embroidered with flowers, then light-pink, and lastly peach-blossom striped over-skirts; each dress shorter than the other, and the different colored collars standing out in front, so that each stood out above the others. They had been hovering about the table, and now received the crowd of guests who to-day streamed through the house of the widow.

The widow watched her daughters anxiously and hopefully, but she had for the day a separate and deeper purpose, which concerned her beloved son Minto, who had been, since his early youth, promised to the daughter of a tea-chest-maker, who lived on a neighboring street. She, who was called Ni-to-li, was a charming, refined, and beautiful girl—amiable, cheerful, and loving, as most Japanese women are, and the painter had, until quite lately, seemed well pleased with his future wife. At the time the betrothal was celebrated, Ni-to-li lacked but one year of the marriageable age, and to-day the time was up; the widow hoped to bring the matter to a conclusion on this happy day, by publicly announcing the wedding in their family temple. She was, for reasons that will soon appear, particularly anxious as to the result of this festival, for she had noticed that, for several months, her son had withdrawn himself more than ever from society, and always bolted himself in his room, where he

worked and painted secretly night and day, but locked his finished work carefully in an iron chest. At the same time, with this complete retirement from the outer world, his mother noticed that Minto behaved very coolly and formally to his betrothed; he even avoided her completely, and seemed unpleasantly moved when meeting Ni-to-li, who loved this earnest, speculative painter with all her heart. The widow Tokijia—who saw with astonishment this change in her son, who, to be sure, had always been grave and thoughtful, but had never shown himself so misanthropical and, in particular, so cold to his betrothed—tried hard to discover the reason. Minto, however, who saw himself watched, tried with all the caution and craft of which he was capable to frustrate this design of his mother, and succeeded so completely that the widow had not the slightest suspicion that the mysterious fan-painter was sitting in the back room of her house, and was no other than her own son. She herself had bought one of the costly fans at a very high price. On this happy day, however, the mother hoped much from the Peach-Blossom Festival, and had invited Ni-to-li to be her guest for the entire day, while she relied mostly on the picnic by the brook. Ni-to-li had accepted with joy, and was now sitting with the widow and her daughters on the straw mat, while they all drank tea from pink-colored cups, ate candies with figures of peach-trees printed on them, and told stories.

The most important person to the little circle was missing, however, and the mother and her future daughter-in-law could hardly hide their impatience while waiting to see the son of the house step from his room and take part in the festival. Minto had already kept them waiting two hours, and no sound came from his room to show that he was there; there he sat, however, deep in the study of a book, which was printed in curious letters, not in rows from top to bottom but from left to right; he read and read, and almost caused those who were anxiously waiting for him in the next room to despair. The widow did not dare to go to her son's room and call him, while Ni-to-li's lips kept growing paler under the bright metallic lustre, while with the rim of her fan she secretly wiped away the tears which she could not restrain.

While all this was going on at the fan-painter's house, something happened on the Street of the White Tea-Blossoms which is of great consequence to this story. There, before one of the principal temples to the gods of field-fruits, many pious believers were burning their little smoke-sticks, while the priests shot arrows into the air in order to keep off the evil spirits. Suddenly there was a loud scream, one of the priests had, unluckily, struck with an arrow the hat of a passing *Jeta* and knocked it from her head. This, in itself, was such a terrible desecration that it would probably cost the priest his office and the temple its sanctity; but the excitement was greatly increased, for suddenly the rumor spread through the crowd that this *Jeta* was the perfect image of the celebrated fan-picture—none other could have served as model to the painter; this was the face, so strangely familiar; this outcast—this abhorred, detested, infected creature—the beauty of the fan! A wild, raging tumult now ensued, swelling every instant. The temple, lightly built of wood, with walls of carpet, was immediately torn down, the priest disappeared and was never again seen. The crowd grew and grew; the police, with their shark-skin whips with which they ceaselessly hammered the heads of the people, were unable to master the ever-growing mob. The excitement soon developed a riot; the news that the picture of the beautiful girl on the fan was that of a *Jeta* spread like wild-fire through the crowded streets.

An unheard-of insult had been offered the people; all owners of these fans had become polluted, and had even carried the picture of a *Jeta* next to their hearts, for the fold in which the fan was carried was over the heart. They tore the fans to pieces, burned them, threw them into the sea, seemed as if driven to despair, and not to know what to do to cleanse themselves from this terrible stain.

Meanwhile, the rage of all turned against the painter who had dared to do this unheard-of thing. Naturally, he must live in the Apricot-Tree Street, and there the ever-increasing, raving, yelling, cursing crowd rolled, the *Jeta* in their midst. A thousand voices threatened her with instant death if she did not reveal the name of the painter. This poor creature—it was Kitauri, whom an unlucky chance had caused to pass by the temple—behaved, after the first shock, with wonderful calm; she smiled at all the threatening words that raged about her, and simply said: "Strike me dead, it would be the happiest thing that could happen to me. From me you will never learn the name of this painter, even if you tear me into little pieces." She tried to get out of the crowd, in order to get away from the fan-painter's street, but, in spite of the fact that every one drew back in horror and a terrible pressure ensued whenever she turned to one side or the other, still the crowd of people was so great and so densely packed that she could gain only a few steps and was forced to follow in the line of their march, her heart heavy with forebodings and anxiety.

As they reached the fan-painter's street, the rage of the crowd passed all bounds. They tore down and destroyed the houses, while the inhabitants were forced to flee for their lives, many of them escaping in boats on the sea. Howling, yelling, and cursing the painter, the crowd had almost passed his mother's house, when, as often happens in such cases, but no one knew why, the crowd came to a sudden halt. The wild, dense, closely crowded mass of people surged to one side and then to the other, several of the lightly built houses were forced in, and, in this way, it happened that the *Jeta*, despite the horror with which her very touch was regarded, was forced directly against Minto's house; the thin walls, unable to bear the pressure, gave way, and the *Jeta*, with several others, fell into the midst of the frightened women, who were cowering together in one corner of the room. With a scream of horror, they all sprang up and began to shriek and cry.

"Out of my house, you evil one, you infected beast!" cried the widow Tokijia, and tore off her overdress, which the *Jeta* had touched. Kitauri drew back, weeping. Suddenly there ensued amid the wild noises and howling of the mob a few seconds of silence, then a rumbling, like the breaking of

waves, ran through the sea of beads. Then something strange occurred. Pale, with head erect, proud and stern, there stood the hitherto invisible fan-painter, Minto Tokijia, his eyes blazing darkly. He stood by the *Jeta*, took her hand, pressed her to his heart, and lifted his other hand as a sign that he wished to speak to the people. This surprise was too much; immediately all was still, even to the furthest cries far down the street, and, while the *Jeta* hid her face and bitter tears in the broad hat of the outcasts, Minto began with earnest, far-reaching voice:

"You seek him who painted the fans? I am he. I have glorified this *Jeta* with my brush. You have come here to accuse me, but I turn the tables on you. You are the guilty ones, and I accuse you. Listen!" he cried, as at these words a new outburst of rage arose; "you found the picture on the fan beautiful. You have carried it next to your hearts, and have hung the fans in your best rooms; you have recognized in the *Jeta* the original of the picture, and you have thereby proved that this *Jeta* is beautiful—more beautiful than any other Japanese woman. Now hear me further," said Minto, interrupted by the quiet, suppressed weeping of the outcast at his side; "is there any one here who doubts the virtue of this maiden? She is known as the most virtuous of the virtuous caste of *Jetoris*. When she sings to you, you stand still and it overcomes you like the scent of flowers on a summer night; her manners are as charming and delicate as those of the creatures of your fancy, which the poets paint you; her soul is golden and her modesty is like that of the earliest spring flowers. Yet this flower of the whole people—shunned, avoided, like a breath of pestilence—you would cast out from your community, you fools! You call yourselves the cleverest people in the world, and banish from your walls a model of beauty and womanly virtue, just as you would a vile criminal. Who, then, is guilty? You! you! and again you! That is all I wished to say."

Not a sound was heard from the astonished crowd during this speech. They stared at the painter and the *Jeta*. In the open house-door stood Minto's mother, incapable, through horror, of speech or movement; his sisters held their hands before their faces. Only his betrothed, with wide-open eyes, gazed on this pale, upright man, whom she loved with all her heart and who had dared so much. There was neither horror nor scorn in her expression—wonder, admiration, pain, fear, perplexity, all the feelings which moved her heart so strongly, were expressed on her face and shown in her eyes, which were fixed on Minto as if fast.

The short pause after the painter's speech was, as might have been expected, a deceptive one; it was the uneasy, oppressive stillness before the storm, and the outburst was not long in following.

"He has befouled the entire city; he has trampled with his feet upon the laws; he has made sport of us; he has covered us with indelible disgrace," howled and raved the crowd once more; "away with him to the sea! Let us throw them both into the sea! Throw them to the dogs to be eaten!" they roared, now in the wildest tones.

"Kill us!" cried Minto, scornfully, to the crowd; "any wolf can do that—that would be the height of wisdom. It is too bad that you can not rid the world of this silly *Jeta* law at the same time."

"Away with them!" cried the crowd, growing wilder and wilder; "drive him out to the *Jetas*, there let him stay!"

"You need not drive me," cried Minto, with almost superhuman strength above the uproar; "I go joyfully and willingly. This *Jeta* shall be my wife, and I shall be proud to belong to this sensible, noble people, who, in spite of all your abuse, do not hate you. I would no longer live in the same society with you, even if you begged me on your knees."

The crowd, now excited to its utmost, listened no longer to what the fan-painter said, their rage and anger was beyond control.

"Away with him—out with him to the unclean ones! He has defiled the entire city and now mocks us to our faces. Drive him away—out to the loathsome place!" cried many thousand voices, and the crowd pressed with a wild, threatening movement toward the couple. The foremost people in the crowd drew back through fear of touching the two unclean ones, and again a desperate struggle took place in the crowd. This movement, as it left a space before Minto and the *Jeta*, was seized by Ni-to-li, who, anxious for the life of her betrothed on account of the threats of the crowd, forgot everything, and throwing herself before him, as if to protect him, passionately clasped him in her arms. The three stood there silent, while the crowd, astonished at this new feature of the case, drew back. "It is the daughter of the rich Kotjaki," they cried; "she tries to go with the unclean ones; tear her away, she is crazy!" As the girl had also become polluted through touching Minto, no one dared to touch her, but instead threatened and reviled the brave maiden. But the wilder they screamed the tighter she clung to the fan-painter, who was now almost helpless.

At last the mother of Minto, who had been almost driven out of her senses, noticed what was going on between her son, the *Jeta*, and her daughter-in-law. Rather than see her son a *Jeta*, she would have preferred to see him dead; violently excited, therefore, she threw herself on her knees before Minto, and, wringing her hands, begged and implored him to loose the *Jeta*, cleanse himself in the sea, and, like an obedient son, return to the house. Minto, however, remained unmoved, and, turning silently, started with Kitauri toward the *Jeta* quarter. But Ni-to-li held him so fast that he could hardly move a step. He tried to wrest himself away from her, and in doing so let fall Kitauri's hand; in an instant there arose behind him a loud shrieking and screaming.

The *Jeta* had sprung suddenly toward the crowd of people, who tried to get out of her way, but as she kept steadily pressing against the swaying, human wall, they struck at her with sticks and, as these did not stop her, finally with swords. Obstinate ignoring her wounds, Kitauri bored further and further into the screaming, yelling, frantic crowd; a terrible surging and crushing took place. The cries of rage from those who came in contact with the *Jeta*, the screams of those who were being smothered and trampled on, the cursing and

swearing of the crushed, the warning cries of those trying to put a stop to this confusion, the almost crazed cry of Minto, who had rushed into the crowd after Kitauri, the weeping of Minto's mother, the shrieks of Ni-to-li, the crackling and crashing of the falling houses—all combined to make a terrible confusion of sounds which suddenly subsided into silence. The crowding had stopped; the mob was quiet.

Only a few steps from where he had first stood, an empty circle had been formed, and here Minto, severely wounded, his clothes torn, pale as death, and gasping for breath, stood before the body of Kitauri, who, to guard her lover from shame and to save his threatened life, had sought and found her death in the crowd.

For a few minutes Minto, moved by the deepest pain, stood and gazed at the bleeding form of this murdered, noble, lovely girl; then casting his eyes bitterly over the crowd, he picked up the lifeless body, and, in spite of Ni-to-li's tears and his mother's prayers and wailings, made his way with his sorrowful burden to the quarter of the *Jetas*, passing through the crowd, which timorously made way for him.

Out in the district of the outcasts, far from the city, he buried the body of the murdered girl under a grove of blooming camellia-trees. He built himself a summer-house close by, and laid out a magnificent garden of wonderful, luxuriant, brilliant-colored flowers. Near the grave he built an immense bird-house, which he filled with thousands of the handsomest and rarest singing-birds. Here, among the *Jetas*, he lived quietly, having no intercourse with the outside world, save through occasional papers, published over an assumed name, in which he sought to explain to his countrymen the customs, laws, and sciences of the Occidental races, whose books were his sole companions. Often of an evening or in the early dawn, Minto's mother would hover about the outskirts of the detested quarter, hungering for a sight of her beloved son; but not even her mother-love could persuade her to set foot within the accursed district. And in time she saw that, though Minto was aware of her yearning, he heeded her not—that all that the earth held dear for him was laid in the grave with Kitauri.—Translated for the Argonaut from the German of H. Rosenthal-Bonin by F. A. W.

It is very odd that Frenchmen should be so fond of copying English ways and using fragments of British speech. No language is improved by crude importations from other tongues, and most of the English words which have come into general use in France have been annexed in the crudest manner possible, often with no clearer understanding of their meaning than the lady had who invited some friends "pour fiveocloquer à six heures." As for pronunciation—that, of course, is impossible. The word club, for instance, has long been a French possession; but it has usually been pronounced "clib." Now it has been discovered by the arbiters of *chic*, who not so long ago were called *la haute gomme*—French slang is very fleeting—that "clobber" is nearer the English style, and "clobber" it is henceforth to be.

Emperor William has not prohibited dueling in the German Army, but no duel is in future to take place until there has been a thorough inquiry into all the circumstances by two colonels, who are to allow an encounter only if the provocation was a public assault, to which an apology has been refused, or when an insult has been offered to a lady who is a relation or the betrothed of the challenger. Under no circumstances, however, is a duel to be permitted when the quarrel has arisen out of a brawl in a club-room, coffee-house, or any similar place, when one of the parties has already been "out" three times, or where one of the parties is a married man with children.

A young woman in Bergerac, France, sent a dress to be altered and forgot to remove from its pocket a very confidential letter. The dress-maker found it, and instead of returning it, communicated its contents to several neighborhood gossips. The girl's guardian has obtained a verdict compelling the dress-maker to return the letter and pay sixty dollars damages and the costs.

The La Plata Gazette announces that on April 1st an electric mail-service will be set in operation between Buenos Ayres and Montevideo. The two cities, which are about one hundred and eighty miles apart, have just been connected by a double line of wires. The tiny mail-boxes, containing messages on thin paper, will be slipped along these wires with lightning rapidity.

They are telling in Vienna of a female member of the family of a diplomat who, at a recent gathering, asked the Papal Nuncio to let her look at the diamond cross he wore on his neck, and then placing it about her own neck went to see the effect in a mirror before she returned it. The jewel is regarded as a sacred emblem by all Catholics, and they were horrified.

The Eiffel Tower, which has been closed since the exposition, is about to be reopened. It has been overhauled and refitted as to its platforms and other accommodations for the public, the restaurant service has been reorganized, and the elevators have been tested, until it is sure that the cold weather does not affect them injuriously.

These figures, compiled by the London *Lancet*, show the number of accidents from foot-ball during the year: "Number killed, 13; fracture of legs, 15; fracture of arms, 4; of collar-bones, 11; serious injury to spine, 3; to nose, 1; to ankle, 1; to cheek, 1; to knee, 1."

The London *Spectator* in its last issue formally apologizes to Michael Davitt for having said that he was sentenced to penal servitude for "his share in a political murder," when Davitt was really sentenced for "treason felony." Mr. Davitt has sued the paper for libel.

PARISIAN NOTES.

"Parisiana's" Budget of Gossip from Lutetia.

We had got out of the way of ministerial crises of late and were taken by surprise when Tirard went out on being defeated in the Senate, having previously had a very warm discussion with his colleague Constans, which caused the latter to resign, and left the cabinet in a very lop-sided condition. This was on Friday—gala-day in hundreds of studios pervaded by the aroma of tea and the luscious scent of chocolate *versus* turpentine and linseed-oil, gay with elegant toilets and the low ripple of society chit-chat, presided over by the artist's better-half in a new gown. Mercy, what innumerable compliments were paid and swallowed in the course of that afternoon! To some artists, such food is always acceptable, others gulp it down deprecatingly—and these are not always the most modest—while others again try to avoid the bait and look haughty and callous, or nervous and uncomfortable, according to their various temperaments. Painters and sculptors of high repute do not generally invite the outside world to come and view their pictures before sending them in; it is the fashionable portraitist, the *genre* painter, who does this. The former are content to receive the visits of the principal art critics and foreign correspondents, and in the evening, they dine about at each other's houses. Do you think the talk at these entertainments was about the ministerial crisis? Oh, dear, no! What are the affairs of the nation at such a time to a society of men whose minds are occupied with a subject of such importance as the decision of the Salon? I mounted a good many pairs of stairs last week, I saw ever so many artists of all creeds and denominations, I was a guest at more than one of their dinners, and I heard much more of Bougureau and Meissonier than of Tirard and Freycinet. Ah! the hitter revilings, the uncharitableness, the hard words, and gross suspicions of which each party is guilty. It is war to the knife on both sides. Men who used to dwell in amity together are now fierce enemies. I assure you, things have gone so far that it would be impossible for a member of the old society and one of the new to meet together without quarreling—they could not do it. The most lukewarm of the adherents of Bougureau treat the Salon to be opened under the auspices of Meissonier with contempt; those who intend to exhibit at the Champ de Mars laugh to scorn the show at the Palais de l'Industrie. One used to imagine that an artist was a peaceful sort of fellow—never greater mistake was made. Talk of politics! It is art that quickens the pulses and engenders hate in the human breast.

The removal of the Duke of Orleans to the fortress-prison at Clairvaux has attracted a whole swarm of his friends and followers down to that part of the country, and the inhabitants of the little dirty village of that name are rejoicing, I have no doubt. As to the hotel-keeper, he will, I daresay, retire wealthy after having served the prince and the marquises and counts, who come to see him, with dinners as *recherchés* as he can find them, and especially as dear as he can reasonably charge for them for two whole years. The friends of the prince are all settling down in different châteaux round about the prison. The Duc de Luynes has occupied the Château de Lignoles in grand state with his wife, and the Duchess of Chartres and her daughter, Princess Marguerite, seem to be wandering about between Paris and Clairvaux, spending the night traveling, "looking for apartments" at Clairvaux in the intervals when they can not see the prince, and returning the next night. This they do twice a week, and even more often. I hope the poor ladies will at last find some comfortable roof under which to lay their wearied heads. The prince must feel grateful toward his *fiancée*, dragging herself and her mother backward and forward for the sake of a two-hours' talk with the interesting young prisoner. The latter, according to accounts, is still in a good humor—as if he had a right to be in a bad temper, with his uncles, his aunts, and his friends coming to see him every day! He is said to amuse himself modeling, and also drawing maps—from memory; this last fact is astonishing, if true. His principal amusement, I am told, is to look at the *pioupious*—the recruits exercising, sighing to be among them. He sent, the other day, Colonel Parseval—who is a staunch follower of his—to inspect the target-shooting for him and tell him all about it. He has been lately transferred to the cell formerly occupied by Blanqui, and has been allowed to assist at the mass, but behind a grating. I wonder if he will be so very anxious to go to church, after he has been set free, as he is now! On the whole, the impression is that the hubbub about the young prince has pretty well subsided; I should not, in fact, be surprised if he were quite forgotten a good while before his two years are up, in spite of the Monarchist journals, which publish a daily bulletin of Clairvaux and record all the comings and goings between Paris and Bar-sur-Aube—the nearest station.

Most men have played the little game called "sowing one's wild oats," but few, I should think, have ever done it so idiotically as young Georges Hugo, grandson of the great French poet. His escapade has made him the laughing-stock of Paris. Six months or so before coming of age, and thereby inheriting a fortune of about one million and a half of francs, he was in want of money, was sent by some fair acquaintance to her own *courtier*—who worked also, it appears, in the money-lending line; the latter gave the young innocent the address of an associate of his, a M. Ruhois, and they together agreed to the loan. Young Hugo had already been told what a silly thing he was trying to do by a hanker, to whom he had gone, and who had refused to accommodate him in the matter. But the foolish scapegrace must needs sign five hills amounting to a total of two hundred and forty thousand francs. Of course he was easily "done" by the two old usurers; he was given eighty thousand francs down—out of which, however, the *courtier*, M. Pasquier, deducted thirty thousand for a fur-cloak to be presented to a Mme X—. The remaining one hundred and sixty thousand were paid in paving-stones; young Hugo being made to accept some old,

used-up stone-quarries in place of the money, and he was to work them himself. Verily, the precocious knowledge of the world one hears of in *fin-de-siècle* young Frenchmen, does not show itself much in Georges Hugo! Last August, young hopeful came of age. When he discovered, in the course of events, that the wonderful stone-quarries were little better than a hoax, he refused to pay the drafts. He was in a terrible mess, and confessed all to his uncle, M. Lockroy. A lawsuit has been brought against the "Co's," Pasquier and Auhois; but I suspect the disclosures will make young Mr. George rather more ashamed of falling a victim in such a super-idiotic fashion than the accused will be ashamed of having so duped him. Anyhow, let us hope this plentiful harvest of wild oats will teach him not to let himself again be cajoled into taking old stones instead of bank-notes.

Appropos of stories about usurers, another young spark distinguished himself lately by a big sum he wanted to borrow. The Duke of Mantone, who used to drive a phaeton in the Bois and was continually followed about by a certain *demi-mondaine*, fell into the latter's clutches before twenty, and spent the greater part of his fortune—fourteen million francs—on her; he used to be known for his wild extravagance; anyhow, he gave his friend ten thousand francs a month. One day she asked him for the trifle of five millions. Oh! of course, he would get them all right—and so he tried to. He looked up all the men who do that sort of business, but nobody would venture. At last an old lady condescended to get it arranged, who was to have a commission of two hundred thousand. Everything was progressing favorably, for some usurers had come from London, but the ministers having wind of the transaction got nervous; what if the five millions were for Boulanger? So they coaxed and wheedled the old lady, who at length agreed to break off the transaction at a consideration of some hundred thousands. The government was satisfied, but the young gentleman was not, nor his lady friend who wanted the five millions.

PARIS, March 17, 1890.

SENATOR STANFORD'S PLAN.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In the daily papers, since Senator Stanford's plan for the free coinage of land value, as well as gold and silver, was proposed, there have appeared many editorials. To me it seems either they or I have misunderstood Senator Stanford's plan. It is not a scheme to lend the surplus to the farmers nor to take a single dollar out of the treasury vaults of the United States; but if adopted would put millions into Uncle Sam's vaults.

The millions in the treasury vaults are Uncle Sam's private millions, or the money of the people. Congress, by the Constitution of the United States, has no right to lend money, except as a military or war measure, under which railroad subsidies and loans have been made. The same law would just as well apply to loaning to farmers or city-lot owners as to railroads, because, as well as moving troops, soldiers have to be fed and housed; but this is not the proposition of Senator Stanford.

Congress has the right to coin money, and, as decided in the case of the legal-tender notes by the United States Supreme Court, Congress can coin money out of whatever it chooses.

Stanford's plan is to coin land value, which will not take a dollar out of the treasury, but put millions into it.

The government under this plan can not coin a single dollar of land value, unless it has a deposit of two dollars of raw material (the individual's land value) on hand, mortgaged or deposited with Uncle Sam, before a single dollar is returned to the individual land-owner. It is Uncle Sam simply exchanging or changing a large piece of land value into exchangeable or tangible parts or pieces, exactly as if one changes a twenty-dollar piece for smaller change, or the mint changes a lump of gold or silver into easily known quantities.

You may ask, who is the man with the small exchangeable pieces of land money to get his land value?

Simply save up his small pieces until he has enough to exchange them into a suitable piece of land value—exactly as if a person wants the bullion in gold or silver coin he has to destroy the money stamp. So if any one has too much land money, all he has to do is to buy land value and, by bringing back to Uncle Sam the amount of currency due on his land value, have his land value released from Uncle Sam's claim; exactly as the national bankers do, when they wish to have their bonds returned to them. They return to the government the ninety per cent. of national currency, originally issued on the deposit of the bonds or other equally as good currency of other banks, and receive back their bonds.

Gold coin and silver standard-dollars are the measure of dollars, and gold and silver dollars are the measure of land value; therefore, land value will always be on a gold basis.

Consequently by coining land value into money and making the certificates legal tender, it will be impossible for it to depreciate in value, because as well as having the whole nation behind it, it is also based on a value that has the value of gold and silver behind it. As I understand Senator Stanford's plan, it is to issue or extend the certificate privilege to land value, or coin land value into lawful money on depositing double the assessed land value with the government, in the same manner as is now done in issuing gold and silver certificates and national bank currency.

As land value is really man value, man or population is the best guide for Uncle Sam in coining land value in any locality. For example, the assessed value of land in cities in round numbers is about, or ought to be, at least five hundred dollars per capita. To illustrate: say when San Francisco has four hundred thousand inhabitants, the assessed value of its land will be about two hundred millions of dollars. The full amount of land value that could be coined in the city of San Francisco, while our population remained at four hundred thousand persons, would be one hundred millions of dollars. The same principle ought to be carried out all over the United States. Say New York city is four times as populous as San Francisco, it could coin four times as much. I think I have said enough to make the proposition clear.

It is a proposition to coin land value the same as gold and silver. The land certificates paid in to redeem land value should be retired from circulation, because the land value they represented has been withdrawn, but the land-value certificates paid for interest would be, and are, the money of the nation, and should go into the treasury for the common good, and remain in circulation until withdrawn from circulation by withdrawing or releasing land value from the government.

You can see that owing to losses by fires, shipwrecks, etc., many would be compelled to return gold and silver to the government to pay their interest and redeem their land value.

The government mint can not make a single gold coin without the metal to make it from. So with land value under Stanford's plan the government can not make a single dollar of land-value money until some one has deposited with it double the amount of land value.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 25, 1890.

It is declared by a recent traveler that the people of Naples no longer deserve the reputation of being the laziest on earth. "I have spoken," he says, "with architects, engineers, and other employers of labor, who all testify to the willingness of the Neapolitan to work. It is, moreover, self-evident in the hundred different street industries which supply half the population with a means of livelihood. The Neapolitan laborer and artisan are not only willing, but they work well, with intelligence, being more tractable than the Frenchmen and not so slow of understanding as the Germans."

There is a war at Brussels between the owners of carrier-pigeons and the telephone companies, the former declaring that the fine wires of the latter strung over the streets are traps into which the pigeons run blindly and where they receive frequently fatal injuries. Several championship races of the pigeons are said to have been interfered with in this way.

Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, has just communicated to the clergy of his diocese a decision of the Holy See against cremation. It forbids Catholics to cremate their dead, and orders the priests to refuse ecclesiastical burial to those who have expressed the desire to have their bodies cremated after death.

LATE VERSE.

A Parable of the Soul.

Hear ye this parable. A man
Did plant a garden. Vine and tree
Alike, in course of time, began
To put forth fair and pleasantly.
The rains of heaven, the persuading sun
Came down alike on each and every one.

Yet some trees willful grew. And some
Strong vines grew gayly in the sun
With gaudy leaves, that ever come
To naught. And yet each flaunting one
Did flourish on triumphantly and glow
Like sunset clouds, in all their moving show.

But lo, the morning found them not!
The soul had perished from them. Seed
And shell and leaf were left to rot.
To furnish nourishment indeed,
To patient tree and lowly creeping vine
That grew as grew the Husbandman's design.

Hear then this lesson; hear and heed.
I say that chaff shall perish; say
Man's soul is like unto a seed
To grow against the Judgment Day.
It grows and grows, if he will have it grow:
It perishes, if he must have it so!
—Joaquin Miller in the Independent.

Inspiration.

He was a peasant toiling 'mid the sheaves
From dew till dew among the waving grain.
What time he went afield in early morn,
The stars still shone above the morning mists;
And when at eve he reached his cottage door,
He heard the plovers calling to the night.
One day, while 'neath his measured rhythmic stroke
Fell swath on swath of precious golden grain,
She came across the fields—a vision rare—
The princess, good and pure and beautiful,
Who, smiling on him as she passed him by,
Knew not that she had filled his heart with love
And soul with music. Yet from that day forth
His fellow-workers heard his sweet sad songs,
And wondered at their comrade as he sang.
Soon far beyond the humble rustic town
His master-music touched the hearts of men,
Until the world had claimed him as her own,
And wreathed him Poet with the laurel crown.
One day he found his wandering steps astray
Where he had seen the vision of his soul.
"If she," he thought, "had been a peasant-maid,
And a prince had seen her toiling there,
How happy now would be those weary days!"
At this he threw himself upon the sheaves
Until the lengthening shadows eastward thrown
Had blended with the gently deepening gloom—
Until across the misty starlit meads
He heard the plovers calling to the night.
—Sanborn Gove Tenney in April Harper's.

A Toast.

'Mid the clink of tinkling goblets, and the sparkle of amber wine,
Let us fill a royal measure to memories half-divine!
Let fancy and recollection come smiling hand in hand,
And bear us across the waters to the light of another land,
Where together, in storm and sunshine, our wandering steps have
been,
And joy and hope lent color to each enchanting scene.

No bitter thought of the sea-weed twined in our comrade's hair,
Nor a sigh for deep-sea caverns, and dead hopes buried there!
But once again we are dashing down the Egean Sea,
With enchanted isles around us—Cradles of Poetry.
Then changeful as leaves in autumn, or beauty's fiftful glow,
We are gazing down from Etna on Sicily below:
And away to the Norseman's ocean, region of endless day,
With music and song and laughter to sparkle on our way.

As in some old cathedral a sepulchre of Kings,
Around the dusky altar the sacred incense clings,
From each dear form and feature memory her mantle weaves,
And holy Friendship's signet its blessed impress leaves.

From many a land soft voices are calling to us to-night,
And the phantoms of smiles and blushes shall bathe in our wine-
cup's light.
Then fill a royal measure—a measure of amber wine—
And drink to gone-by pleasure, and memories half-divine!
—Thomas Holdup Stevens.

A Japanese Belle.

"This tiny Japanese lady, whom you left, as you thought, on the lid of the glove-box at home."—Sir Edwin Arnold in Daily Telegraph.

Edwin Arnold, knight and poet, vividly descriptive man,
I'm in love, and you must know it, with your belle in far Japan.

Her kimono looks so telling, with sleeve swaying in the wind,
And the amber obi swelling into satin bows behind.

Though her charming little nose is, you confess, a trifle flat,
When the lips are red as roses, who would stop to think of that?

Sunny smiles, so sweet and simple, scornful cynic soul might win,
While a most bewitching dimple guards the fascinating chin.

Teeth the purest pearl outshining, shell-pink nails, and she will wear
Just one red camellia twining in her ebon wealth of hair.

Jet looks gray beside her tresses, blacker than the murk midnight,
While the little hand that presses each coqueting curl shines white.

She is quite an avis rara, but her lips for me were dumb,
Though she murmured, "Sayonara," and again should bid me come.

If her fairy ears I fighthen with the wild words of the West,
Surely love will come to lighten all the burden of my breast.

I will learn her awful lingo, if by any chance I can;
I'll despoil the gay flamingo to provide her with a fan.

She will note my admiration smiling in a sweet surprise,
And there can be conversation lovers learn 'twixt eyes and eyes.

Come what will, methinks I'll chance it, and for pretty things to say,
I will read up, during transit, all "The Light of Asia."

Since, Sir Edwin, dainty dreamer, thine the pen that bids me go,
By the fastest train and steamer, straightway off to Tokio.
—London Punch.

An interesting find has been made in the Via Giovanni Lanza, where some repairs were being carried on in a drain under the pathway. At a point where some excavation was necessary was opened out a sort of niche, in which was found a copper box filled with very old coins of gold and silver, dating from the time of the Roman Empire.

THE RUSH TO EUROPE.

"Van Grynse" pictures the Fun of Seeing the Steamer Off.

Seeing a friend off to Europe is one of those agreeable attentions which please all hands and are no trouble to any one. The girl who has the most men to see her off is the queen of the ship. The man who has the biggest crowd to wish him *bon voyage* is immediately regarded as a dazzling creature, whose friendship is worth cultivating. Meantime, the gang who go to speed the parting guest have a capital time on their own account. They scent all the good, sharp, pungent sea-smells that tell of the ocean and the long green waves, the limitless blue, the circling gull, the heaving deck, the steamer-chair, the red saloon, the swivel-seat at the dinner-table, the game of poker, the chat behind the smoke-stack, the captain in his brass buttons, the raging wind on the hurricane-deck, the rumor of the iceberg, the French pools, the handsome actress, and sea-sick Jewry in shetland shawls.

The great European exodus takes place in the spring, and in the warm, genial weather when flowers are cheap and daffodils decorate jacket fronts. All the world and his wife go down to see the steamer off, and take a floral offering to their departing friends. But these are the gala days along the water-front—the days of the warm sun, the new spring dresses, flowered hats, light gloves, laughter and gaiety, and a rejuvenescence of spirits and blood, which grows warm with the sap of trees and the earth's brown crust. In winter, the steamers depart in comparative loneliness, with a few people standing pensively under a shed, a few wet passengers looking desolately over the railings, a red-nosed actress waving good-bye at the gang-plank, half-a-dozen ulstered Englishmen, and a scattering of weeping women holding flowers. But even this has its fascination. To one who loves the stir of travel, the exhilaration of rapid movement, of new faces, of strange lands—what can compare with the thrilling bustle and flurry and excitement of the departure of an ocean greynhound? I saw the *Britannic* off in the middle of the winter, and despite the fact that the whole earth, and sky, and sea were as gray as a New England lake, that a Scotch mist was falling in a straight shower, that the town, especially that end of it, looked as dirty, as muddy, as uninviting as only New York can look—it was more entertaining than the best play of Daly's season, or the opera on a Wagner night.

There is the ride across town in the bob-tail cars, with a crowd carrying market-baskets, steaming a good deal in rubber-cloaks, smelling occasionally. Then, under the teeming sky, West Street—a jam of trucks, of men in yellow cloaks shining with wet, of the gleaming hides of big horses, steaming like boiling water, of uneven cobbles and expanses of muddy water, of the long docks, the rumble of gathering hacks, and the great steamer heaving at her moorings. Everything was wet. The planks of the docks oozed water, the decks of the *Britannic* gleamed, bills on the walls peeled off and wept from every point. Looking out from under the arch of the dock's roof one could see the vista of the shining streets, the stone pavements full of reflections, the black curves of umbrellas, with dribbles of water running on to bent shoulders. Along the street was a tangle of wagons, trucks loaded with barrels and bales, huge horses rearing their heads as wagons jammed into them and all their harness rattled and shifted, drivers on the tops of high seats, the rain lashing in their faces, spitting and swearing. Foot-passengers, scared and irresolute, standing transfixed, objects of universal execration until rescued by immense moist policemen, and dragged to safety between horses' heads and the tail-boards of carts. Down the side streets, at furious gait, come belated hacks, dash over the cobbles, raising the driver a foot off his seat, burl themselves into the slow-moving tide of wagons, lock their wheels and their harness on both sides. Then there is terrible swearing. Horses rear and back and tramp, men get off their seats and back them and untangle them and beat them and swear more. The occupant of the hack sticks his head out of the window and swears, too, at his coachman, the coachman swears at his horse, at the weather, at the trucks, at anything which happens to strike his eye, and the rain pours down over all in dull, dogged sheets.

On the steamer, there is bustle and good-bye. The town and the hills of Hoboken are blotted with the fine rain. The yellow decks shine like celluloid. In the saloon there are many people assembled, and these seem gay, happy to go, full of spirits. There are mountains of flowers before one hand—some woman in a sealskin-jacket and a brown turban, and young men stand around, and look admiringly at her, and do not know what to say. People go by hunting for their state-rooms and carrying big bags. There is a jingle of keys fitted in locks, and little cries of surprise, and the thumpings of the big bags on the floor. The officers are introduced to some people and there is laughter from the group—the deep laughter of healthy Englishmen and the clear laughter of nice American women, and close by a girl begins to cry and puts her face in a bunch of heliotrope to bide it.

On deck there are only a few people. Everything is wet and gleams as if it had been greased. Two young men in tan-colored ulsters march up and down with a long, swinging stride, and the red, indifferent faces of old travelers, or people who want to be thought old travelers, inured to all shocks and surprises. Their march extends from the stern to that part of the vessel where the deck ends and edges like a balcony the place where the steerage-passengers congregate. The young men pause for a moment and look down on these poor creatures in all their soaked and dreary wretchedness. One removes his pipe, makes a short comment, runs a cold eye over the haggard company, and once more to their walk in severe silence.

On their backward march they encounter a couple behind the smoke-stack, and the young men with admirable indifference avert their eyes. Of this couple, the gentleman's back is presented to such passers-by as may loiter that way—an uncompromising back in a drab coat—and the lady's face, upturned, the eyes under the shadow of a glazed black hat, are tearful and red-rimmed, but charming in their melancholy,

upward gaze. This is the way the old masters always painted their Madonnas, and the old masters knew what was pretty. The few people on deck appear to be aware of what is going on behind the smoke-stack, and with delicate sympathy avoid that locality, and strive to check unsuspecting people who saunter up that way. Even the red-nosed, brawny actress, who looks like an ancient warrior of the Goths in a tweed ulster and a deer-stalker, and huge feet in square heels, shrieks to one of the officers who is striding toward the bow and arrests his progress with a well-aimed smile. Just at that moment, however, a bell clangs furiously and everybody springs and darts for the gang-plank, their faces pallid with the fear of being carried off. An elderly gentleman, thrusting his head out of the cabin-door, calls excitedly in the direction of the smoke-stack: "Come along, quick, or we'll be taken off." There is a moment of deadly silence—then the young lady in the glazed hat appears, too limp even to lift her dress out of the wet or push her hat on straight, and together they rush down-stairs amid clanging bells and much shouting.

A few moments later the anchor is weighed and the great vessel floats out, looming up huge as an island through the rain. There are only a few people on the deck to wave back to the damp and draggled crowd on the wharf. The officers move about in a busy, preoccupied manner; the promenading young men do not even pause in their walk. On shore, the hacks begin to thunder back along the wharf, filling the roof with hollow reverberations, and the crowd disperses lingeringly, with wet boots and a noisy opening of umbrellas.

But ah! how different was the leaving of one of the Cunarders a week back! These are the days when the Four Hundred flit; when all the new beauties go to London to try their teeth on titled Britons; when the brides of next autumn are off for Paris to collect a trousseau, such as never was seen before; when the brides of this spring choose Europe as the proper place for a honeymoon, and swarm over it in well-dressed crowds; when the men want to take a run over to London, a peep at Vienna, a rest at Paris after the fatigues of a trying season; when the rich mothers of growing daughters think a summer of foreign travel is the best way of training the young idea and "giving poise" to the coming belles; when the hosts of wealthy, idle men and women, whose friends or relatives have married foreign titles, think the time has come to go over and "get introduced" into good sets in Paris and London.

The scene on the White Star pier was brilliant—the people might have been holding a reception in Mrs. Astor's drawing-room. The whole of society seemed there. There was a blue sky, a light breeze, and spring was not only in the air and the budding trees, but in everybody's clothes, face, and spirits. All kinds of swell people were going, and retinues of friends had come to see them off. Flowers were everywhere—down in the saloon, they were piled up on the tables, the owners behind them surrounded by friends. Through the open doors of state-rooms you could see the basin filled with blossoms, some of the more ethereal spirits having bad boxes of growing plants inserted below the mirror. On deck, there was such a jam that you could hardly move, and here again flowers were everywhere—in the hands of departing beauties, in the jackets of female friends, in the button-holes of dudes and grandfathers. Artificial ones bloomed on a thousand beads, and below light sailor-hats, trim bonnets, great spreading Gainsboroughs full of feathers and gauze, were some of the very prettiest faces in New York, as perfectly finished as the violets and lilies their owners carried in their gowns.

There were no surreptitious farewells behind smoke-stacks, for here the crowd was so dense, and every one was so occupied with his or her own affairs, that nobody else was noticed. Each departing party had their circle hedging them in, all talking at once, many of them kissing in a sort of promiscuous desperation, women weeping into fine pocket-handkerchiefs, old hands lingering about and thoroughly enjoying the crush, nervous girls pale with agony at the thought of being carried off and plucking at their guardian's sleeve, little children being dragged along by the hand greatly terrified and generally crying in unmolested misery, and every few moments a new detachment debouching out of the batchway and staring round in a wild search for their lost friends.

Down on the pier, the crowd was almost as dense, and was augmented by the regular loiterers who gather on the smallest provocation—the stevedores, the officers, the porters, the hack-drivers, the trucks of luggage, and the thumping trunks. To save their lives, to keep from being trampled on by the horses, run over by the trucks, sworn at by everybody, and denounced by the police, the crowd drifted to the end of the wharf and stood there in a solid pack, simmering under a mild sun, and presenting to those on the steamer an interesting variety of hat-crowns, and innumerable faces all decorated with a wide, cheerful grin, and most of them belonging to bodies which, during the winter season, nightly trod the floor at the Patriarchs, or led cotillions, or ate choice dishes at the bouses of the socially blessed.

To scream good-bye to this mass of the *élite*, their friends on board lean over the railing and shout departing messages, and instructions, and jokes—those priceless, rare, pale jokes which emanate from the brains of the Four Hundred and paralyze the rest of the world. Some of the jesters are worth looking at—handsome women in bonnets, and ulsters, and smooth hair, with those fine, rather peaked, always pretty faces of the American matron, marked about the eyes by a few delicate wrinkles. Beside them, leaning forward on their folded arms, laughing and blooming, are young girls wreathed in smiles, wrapped about in taut, tailor-made jackets and trim skirts. One of these leans forward to throw to a friend some parting remembrance—a silver trifle which looks like a bonbon-box—a hand on the rail, the other extended, the sun on her brown braids, rolled tight under her small, close velvet hat, her high-collared fur cape open at the neck, the bunch of violets in her dress crushed and drooping, her under-lip bitten as she takes aim, and a dimple fluctuating in her round cheek.

But, in the midst of their glee, the bell clangs furiously and everybody begins to rush for the stairs. One by one, they fly down the gangway, still calling messages and good-byes. The crowd below receives them, as it were, into its bosom

with wild cackling and high laughter. It takes a long time to fairly clear the ship, draw up the gang-plank, sound innumerable bells from all parts, and finally slowly relinquish the moorings and float out into the open. How immense she looks, with her decks black with people, her great funnels belching smoke, the sun gilding all her brasses, and the flags fluttering at her stern. The crowd, quite hysterical by this time, cheers and stamps and waves handkerchiefs, and weeps, and disperses and goes home.

VAN GRYNSE.
NEW YORK, March 27, 1890.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lord Tennyson is now quite out of danger from his recent severe attack of bronchitis, gout, and other ailments.

Charles Stewart Parnell will soon come to America lecturing for dollars. He is tall, slender, and courteous, and has the air of confirmed ill-health. In manner he is the most imperturbable man in the British Parliament.

Prime Minister Crispi is a millionaire, though the poorest among Italian revolutionary exiles thirty years ago. His enemies accuse him of having grown wealthy at the cost of the state treasury, and his friends say lucky speculations and shrewd investments yielded him his fortune.

Jo Howard dares to print this remarkable paragraph in the *New York Press*: "Of late the Astor box in the Metropolitan Opera House, which was for many weeks the chief hiss-promoter, the biggest silly gabbling disturber, has been as quiet as the grave. The Astors are all in Europe."

Bismarck, ever since his university days, has been known as a "chain smoker" (*kettenraucher*), that is, a smoker who connects his breakfast and his dinner with an endless chain of cigars, each lighted from the stump of the last one. Gambetta once said of him: "Happy man! Beer and smoke agree with him."

At Brooks's Club, London, a rule was recently passed that members could not invite strangers to dine in the club on Sundays and on certain other days of the week; but Mr. F. W. Hamilton invited the Prince of Wales to dine at the club a few Sundays ago. Several of the members made a complaint to the committee. Mr. Hamilton has been censured.

Lotta is rated as the richest single woman in the world who has earned her own money. Her wise mother, who is an excellent woman of business, watches the markets, and invests the actress's funds as fast as she receives them. The little "Marchioness" owns a hotel in Boston, an apartment-house in New York, and other real-estate in Washington, Chicago, and Long Branch, besides stocks and bonds.

It is said that the next society star to appear on the stage will be a sister of Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, the Baroness de Fontenillat. Before her marriage she was Miss Mimi Smith, sister of Mrs. Yznaga. She will probably use her title when she goes on the stage. She has an allowance of two thousand dollars a year from W. K. Vanderbilt, and this allowance might be discontinued if she sought the footlights.

The recent marriage of "Tottie," the Queenstown bar-maid, to Mr. Dupont, the Maryland millionaire, has turned the heads of all the bar-maids in the Emerald Isle. Every American tourist who visits Ireland is now taken for a probable millionaire by these pretty and interesting girls, and is looked upon as a possible husband. If there is anything in the world that an Irish bar-maid desires it is that she may be fortunate enough to capture an American husband. And they are not bashful about telling the American men so, either.

In the Fifth Avenue Theatre, one of the lower proscenium boxes is frequently occupied by a pale little old lady, Mrs. Gilsey, whose husband, long dead, and once a newsboy or something of the sort, owned a large area of land in the region of Broadway and Twenty-Eighth Street. Mrs. Gilsey lives in a great big house next door to the theatre, and is the owner of the latter and the ground it stands on. According to the lease, she is entitled to free entrance to one proscenium box at every performance. In the same way, Judge Hilton retains free admission to a box at Niblo's, once occupied in the same way by A. T. Stewart's family.

The Spaniards intend to perpetuate the memory of their favorite tenor, Gayarre, by striking a medal in his honor and placing his bust and memorial tablet on the front of the house where he died. The Spanish newspapers, furthermore, have started a national subscription to establish a Gayarre Museum, to contain all the costumes which the famous tenor wore, all the scores which he studied, all the autographs which he received during his wonderful career, all the jewels offered him by sovereigns, all the crowns and objects of art which came to him from his benefit performances, the precious weapons which he owned, and everything relating to his private and artistic life.

Prince Henri de Chartres, now twenty-three years old, was practically sent into exile by his father when he gave him his choice of facing disgrace or of spending a couple of years in the wilds of Central Asia, under the eye of the great traveler, Bonvalot. Prince Henri used, when in Paris, to pass his evenings at Le Chat Noir, in the company of Royalist nobles of his age and of fast women. One of his gambling debts amounted to seven hundred thousand francs. When his father was applied to for the money, he was thunderstruck. However, the Jewish millionaire, Baron Hirsch, helped the duke toward effecting a settlement. A few weeks after the payment of Prince Henri's debts, both his father, the Duc de Chartres, and his uncle, the Comte de Paris, began to canvass in favor of the admission of the baron to the Jockey Club. On the day of the ballot there were, however, only six votes for the baron. Presumably there were four Orleans princes in the half-dozen. The black balls were so numerous that when laid on the table in a pile, they looked like a heap of cannon-balls seen through the big end of an opera-glass. Baron Hirsch was so mortified that he resolved to go and live in England.

VANITY FAIR.

The suit for breach of promise of marriage brought by Miss Isabella Brady against Thomas S. Miskill, in the New York superior court, is peculiar because of the great disparity between the ages of the parties, the woman being much the senior of the two. Miss Brady is fifty-eight and Mr. Miskill only thirty-five. We shall not go into the merits of the case (says the New York *Sun*), and only refer to it as one of many recent instances where women, both maidens and widows, have attracted, or have believed that they attracted, the sentimental regard of men very much younger than themselves. Within a few weeks a widow in Brooklyn of more than fifty years married a mere lad of less than twenty, the classmate of her son; and the cases of such marriages, recently reported as occurring in different parts of the Union, have been numerous. It is not very long since that a maiden lady, to whom had been intrusted the care of a boy, married him after many years and before he had reached legal manhood, greatly to the consternation of his and her own relatives, whose social and religious position attracted much attention to the incident. Proportionately to the whole number of marriages, the unions where the women are greatly the seniors of the men may not be large; but actually they are numerous. Conspicuous cases of such disparity in age are those of Mme. de Staël, who, at forty-five, married Rocca, of twenty-two; of Lady Burdette-Coutts, who, when sixty-seven, married Mr. Bartlett, a young man; of Marian Evans, or George Eliot, who, at sixty-one, married Mr. Cross, many years her junior. The instances where the brides are older than the grooms by a less number of years are many, and many more, probably, than appear in the records, the women claiming and exercising the privilege of reducing their actual years. Observation also seems to show that such marriages usually turn out well, so far as the happiness and the enduring conjugal love of the mated are concerned. Especially where the difference in age is not great and the union is not entered into from interested motives on the side of the man, where it is a true-love match, it seems to be as successful as the average of marriages, if not more so. Yet, undoubtedly, the vast majority of women are averse to marrying men any or much younger than themselves, though men who marry after they have reached what we call middle life, or marry again after they have become widowers of ripe years, usually select young women. As a consequence of this tendency on the part of men, the number of young widows is much increased. In the order of nature, the older husbands die off, leaving widows who are much less likely than widowers to marry again, or perhaps to have the chance of reëntering matrimony. Therefore, marriages of women with men younger than themselves have been advocated on the ground that the chances of the wives becoming widows, with the hardships of such a state, are so much lessened. The average life of women, as society is, being longer than men's, it is argued that by taking husbands who are their juniors they pay better regard to their future, and bring about a desirable compensation. Yet in practice the rule is the other way, though a great part of women have it in their power to win husbands of lesser age than themselves. The first love of a youth is usually for a woman who is his senior by five, ten, or even fifteen years, and if she were disposed to encourage and stimulate the passion, nothing would be easier than for her to lead him to the altar. But women usually treat such manifestations of affection as mere boyish fancies. They will not consider them seriously. When they marry they want to marry a man, and doubtless the fear of social opinion exercises a restraining influence, the custom being that the superiority in years should be on the side of the man. They will marry men far their seniors, but their juniors they pass by, smiling at the youthful passion rather than taking advantage of it. Yet, as we have said, the number of women who accept, and even court younger men, is large in the aggregate, and it seems to show a tendency to increase proportionately at this period, when also previous divorce constitutes less and less a bar to marriage in the opinion of both sexes.

One and perhaps the chief reason of the difference in the shape of an English and an American waist on women of similar general physique is in the shape of the corset worn. The American woman wears a corset which extends high in under the arms, covering and, especially in fleshy women, crowding the bust up higher than is natural. Over this she usually wears a tight-fitting waist of muslin or cambric, and the result is a gradual but smooth and continuous slope toward the bottom of the waist, which is like a cone inverted. The English woman wears a bit of a corset not much longer from the waist up than the pointed girdles which were stylish a few years ago and very much shorter than our riding-corset. The result is that their hodies with short darts give a very low effect to the bust, a rounded fullness of outline, and a sudden tightening in at the waist, which one often mistakes as being produced by tight lacing. No tightly fitted waist is worn beneath the dress, and the general effect possesses all the charm of a corsetless figure, with comparatively none of its disadvantages, and the beauty of their exquisitely fitted tailor dresses results largely from the fact that they are molded by skillful tailors on to a live woman's figure and not over a stiff unyielding armor of bones and steel.

Perhaps nothing has occurred in New York society this winter which has prompted so much excited comment and animadversion as Mrs. Robert Goelet's "small dance," given by her just before Lent (says the *World*). Mrs. Goelet did not send out her cards for a "small dance," as Mrs. William Astor did earlier in the season, and send them to seven hundred and fifty people. She sent them to less than two hundred people. She wanted a "small dance" and she got it. One hundred and sixty-five people were present. She had what a society woman present described as the "pick" of society. Think of picking and choosing the Four Hundred! Yet this is exactly what Mrs. Goelet did, and that is what the unpicked divisions of the social army are talking about.

Naturally these indignant swells have asked more than one hundred times, and each time with a contemptuous sniff, who Mrs. Robert Goelet may be that she feels privileged to sort over the "best people" in town, with the idea of putting some of them aside as ineligible. Of course everybody knows that the Goeleets were hardware merchants a generation or so ago. Mrs. Goelet was a Miss Warren, a daughter of George Henry Warren. He is a distinguished old gentleman, with a Revolutionary name, was principally instrumental in promoting the preliminaries for the building of the Metropolitan Opera House, and for years was a noted and picturesque old beau in New York. He was very fond of giving *déjeuners à la fourchette* at Delmonico's to his fair young friends in society. Those who have brooded over the matter have discovered that Mrs. Goelet's proceeding in the matter has been indorsed—perhaps moderately, but still unmistakably—by other New York families, and that this process of exclusion promises to continue, and the ultimate results will, of course, be very interesting. It seems strange that this exclusiveness should have become so marked during a social season when more new and rich people have tried to get within the limits than ever before. The Vanderbilts have given every sign during the winter just past that they propose to keep their list down to the smallest possible dimensions. It is worthy of remark that their social progress is guided, to a certain extent, by Mrs. Bronson, who considers her blood a shade more blue than any other blue blood in New York. In fact, her earnest convictions in this direction restrained her for years from extending to the Vanderbilts that social recognition which had been accorded them by other families in what Mrs. Bronson probably describes as her set. The spectacle, therefore, of Mrs. Bronson giving lessons to the Vanderbilts in social exclusiveness is more than ordinarily suggestive.

The woman upon whom age, even an age in the neighborhood of thirty, is beginning to set its seal, is wise to wear ties on her bonnet or hat, because they will do much to make her look younger, and will conceal from the public that first sign that she has passed her twenty-fifth birthday—the wrinkles that come behind the ears and frequently extend along the throat. Even narrow velvet ribbons will hide these, and the woman who does not take advantage of their charitable offices announces that she has no idea of the practical use of dress.

Apocryph of the new bifurcated riding-garments for women, a new Amazon addresses her down-trodden British sisters, in the *St. James's Gazette*, under the heading, "A Matter of Habit," in this wise:

If you sit at home reading the *Queen*—
If you never go camping out West,
Who can wonder you're awfully green.
And obey Mrs. Grundy's behest?
But her views I intend to contest,
Tho' I make the old lady turn pale.
Oh, why shouldn't Diana be dressed
In the thingummybobs of a male?

How absurdly short-sighted we've been.
To let man treat our rights as a jest.
For the creature's sufficiently mean
To monopolize all that is best.
Never mind; be must lower his crest—
The old system is dead as a nail;
When in breeches and tops we invest,
What a shock for the arrogant male!

And the side-saddle—that's a machine
That, of course, has to go with the rest;
For a woman should scorn to be seen
With her knees huddled up to her chest;
It's a matter of "habit," I'm blessed
If I see any reason to quail:
My ambition, it must be confessed,
Is to gallop ahead of the male.

The statement that Mrs. William Waldorf Astor owns the handsomest black pearls in this country, and for a year or two was not informed of that fact, because she had not taken the trouble to examine the family jewel-box, is enough to prompt a chorus of exclamations from all the women in the country. As a matter of fact, when Mrs. John Jacob Astor died two or three years ago, she left a very handsome string of white pearls by will to her lovely daughter-in-law, but the family jewels were taken by the son and placed in a safe-deposit vault. Mrs. Willie Astor probably knew nothing about them except in a very general way, and her husband said nothing, because the Astor ideas with regard to the length and the depth of family mourning are very pronounced. Mrs. Willie Astor was given the family jewels, doubtless, when her husband's mother had been dead two years. Two years is the time that she and her husband will remain in mourning for the late John Jacob Astor, and during that time she will be absolutely retired from society.

The *Medical Record* says: "In order to test the injurious effect of tight-lacing on the respiration, Dr. Lauder Brunton, while in India, made a number of experiments on female monkeys, for the simple reason, as Dr. Brunton ingeniously explains, that they are more like women than dogs are. A monkey was enveloped in a plaster-of-paris jacket to imitate stays, and a tight handage was then tied round the abdomen, so as to imitate the band which would sustain the petticoats. They were then given chloroform. The result of the experiment is reported to have been 'very marked, indeed,' so much so, that several of the monkeys died very quickly. Dr. Brunton added that the survival of some of the animals experimented upon was probably due to the fact that the diaphragm is able to compensate to a large extent for the enforced loss of chest movement."

Mrs. Sherwood says: "The American girl is not a violet by a mossy stone. This gorgeous flower does not distill its sweetness in solitude, but it is a very sweet, cleanly flower for all that. The American girl is well educated. She speaks several languages; she is a good musician, and she dances divinely. She has an instinct of how to dress herself implanted in her while in the cradle. Pleasure is her business

and her profession. It is what she came into the world for, and she has performed her part admirably. Perhaps it has affected the expression of her eyes. She is not shrinking. She works harder at her society, her hunting, her Tuxedo, her Newport, than any soldier on the field of battle. When she 'comes out' she is heralded in all the newspapers as the coming sensation, and her fame often reaches Europe. Her style of beauty is described and the amount of money she is to receive is carefully estimated. From that moment she is the property of the newspaper and her every movement in society is chronicled. This seems to an English mother simply horrible, and perhaps it is not fortunate, but it seems to be inevitable in the great white light of publicity in which Americans live, and the evil is also spreading rapidly in Europe."

A perfumer in Bond Street has not only invented a face-powder that will not come off on gentlemen's coat-sleeves, but has patented a *blushing* powder. You enter a ball-room, ladies, looking quite interesting by reason of your pallor, and gradually your cheek will warm to an engaging flush, and your young man will exclaim: "That marvelous complexion is, indeed, her very own. No doubt of it, for I have seen her change color."

Ethel Mackenzie thus writes from London: "The lively discussion concerning the attire of lady riders seems to have borne fruit, for a few days ago, Bournemouth was scandalized by the appearance of a lady, riding on a cross-saddle, in trousers. The staring and laughter of the populace seemed to have no effect upon her. Habit-makers, however, deny that ladies intend to adopt the manly saddle, and they ought to know. One tailor has devised a novelty, which is a kind of adaptation of the divided skirt for riding purposes. The habit-skirt is divided at the back, and the loose material forms wide leggings. The great advantage of this skirt is that, should the rider have a fall, there is nothing which could catch on to the saddle, and I should not be surprised if it was adopted by many enthusiastic followers of the hounds. I believe there is one saddler in London who confesses to making cross-saddles for ladies; but he admits that the sale for them is extremely small. Some women there are to whom riding is the he-all and end-all of existence; and these occasionally ride out on cross-saddles. But this is only in the privacy of their own grounds. Perhaps now, with the example of the Bournemouth lady before them, they may grow more hold."

The ladies of Calcutta are in despair over an outbreak of small-pox just at the height of the social season in the part of the city inhabited by the Darzi caste, who do all the tailoring for the English residents. Every person in the costume of that caste who ventures out of his own section of the city is turned back at once by the police, and the ladies can neither get their gowns which are being made nor send new ones to be made. Tailor-made gowns are all the rage, too.

The tableaux and dramatic entertainments that take place from time to time at Osborne provide a vast amount of occupation for the princesses and for the queen herself (writes the Hon. Lewis Wingfield from London to *Once a Week*). The latter takes the liveliest interest in the proceedings, attends all the rehearsals and lends in many ways a helping hand. Her majesty has, snugly packed along the corridors, a fine collection of music, and ferrets about among the tomes for appropriate airs or symphonies of ancient date and local color. She possesses treasures in the way of rich stuffs and jewels of too barbaric an order to be worn by herself. All these form the nucleus of an ideal "property-room," where the gems of Golconda vie with golden scarfs and shawls from Cashmere. Stuff being at hand, the princesses and their ladies adapt and arrange them with their own busy needles to the requirements of the moment, and in the process show marvelous skill and ingenuity. The principal tableaux the other day had to do with Ahasuerus, Vashiti, and Esther. The two queens were impersonated by Princesses Beatrice and Louise, clad in bejeweled raiment that caused the spectators to turn green with envy. The king wore a necklace consisting of immense rubies as big as a thumb nail, with diamonds incrustated at the back of each, so that each time he moved there was a mixed shimmer of the two kinds of stone which was most novel and effective. This priceless necklace was once the King of Oude's and, of course, her majesty could never herself don anything so gaudy. At his waist he had a golden girdle with a huge emerald in it, the size of which made one regret that the Shah of Persia had not compared it with his own immense emerald of which he is so proud. The queen's Indian servants were introduced into these pictures with fine effect. There was one pretty picture, arranged by Princess Louise, of Queen Philippa pleading for the burghers of Calais. She did Queen Philippa herself, and looked remarkably handsome in a plain white robe, with a cloak closely sewn with pearls and a gorgeous diadem. The Marquis of Lorne and other gentlemen wore suits of armor of the period, brought from the private armory of Windsor Castle. It was with difficulty that they could be compressed into the suits. Men seem to have been smaller in the days when armor was commonly worn. In the tableau of Mary Stuart and Rizzio's murder, a stalwart gentleman-in-waiting appeared in an Elizabethan suit of black velvet which was *skimpy* and somewhat unbecoming. The queen came into the room out of the garden, where she had been strolling, to see the rehearsal, and her critical eye soon lighted on the offending costume. "That will never do," said she; "it wants some drapery to carry off the angles," and straightway she took off the black mackintosh that she happened to be wearing and pinned it on to the gentleman's shoulders. "That is the sort of thing," she remarked; "get somebody to make you something shaped like that." "No, ma'am," replied the gentleman, laughingly; "I have been honored by having your majesty's own garment pinned on to my dress with your own hands. I will wear it as it is for the performance, and be photographed in it afterwards."

LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

"Ruby Dana," by Mary Marsh Baker, tells the love-story of a young New England preacher and a young woman who believes that the innocence which comes from restriction or coercion is far from being virtue. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"The People I've Smiled With" is the title of a book of personal reminiscences by Marshall P. Wilder, who has been a successful drawing-room humorist in America and England. His acquaintances run the gamut from the Prince of Wales to negro minstrels, and he has a word to say about them all. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"A Chronicle of Conquest," by Frances C. Sparhawk, is a story in which the Carlisle School for Indian Children is visited by a bright young woman, who studies its methods and its effect upon individuals and upon the race, with a thread of romance in it all to hold the attention of some readers. The writer has a thorough knowledge of her subject, and is in perfect sympathy with the work. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.25.

"Voice Culture and Elocution," by William T. Ross, A.M., has gone into a third edition. It contains statements and explanations of principles, explicit directions for exercises, and copious selections for study and practice, with much information on calisthenics and gesture; in fact, it teaches as clearly as a book can teach, how one may most readily become a pleasing speaker, with good presence and graceful carriage, a clear and well-modulated voice, and a full knowledge of the subtle points of the orator's art. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York, and Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco; for sale by Professor Ross, 6 Eddy Street; price, \$1.25.

"The Republic of Costa Rica," by Joaquin Bernardo Calvo, has been translated from the Spanish and now appears, edited and with an introduction, additions, and extensions by L. de T. This is a valuable addition to the scant library of books in the English tongue which treat at length of our neighbor republic in Central America; it describes in full the physical aspects of the country, its agricultural and mineral resources, and its present industrial condition; it narrates in brief the history of the state; and it tells how to go to Costa Rica, how to live when there, and what the social condition of the people now is. It is provided with a map and several photogravure illustrations. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Albrecht," by Arlo Bates, is a counterpart of "Undine." Its hero is a Kobold—one of those denizens of the Black Forest who have the form of man but have no soul—who wins the heart of the chateau of a great chateau, a maiden who has been reared in the strictest seclusion, and whose mind is of a deeply religious cast. But in marrying her, he wins for himself a soul—a soul inextricably bound to hers, so that both must be lost or saved together. The impetus which brought these two widely divergent natures together, carries them on past the meeting-point, however; while Albrecht devotes himself to religious study and deeds of piety, the wife becomes more and more fond of the pleasures of the world, the flesh, and almost of the devil. It is a very pretty allegory, full of charming pictures and strong scenes, and it exploits a psychological problem in a way that takes the wind out of the sails of those "realists" who think a moral can not be brought home to the reader without coarseness. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, \$1.00.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

SUNDAY PAPERS.

Joseph Howard is a well-known New York correspondent. He sends the same syndicate letter to a number of out-of-town papers. One of his recent letters was on "Sunday Newspapers." In it, Mr. Howard said:

A good illustration of the possibilities of journalism in this country is afforded by a careful study, for instance, of the *Sunday* —

Look at it calmly, deliberately.

Is there any occurrence of significance in any portion of this globe unrecorded?

Is it not, therefore, an absolute map of the world?

No outrage in Siberia can occur without the readers of the *Sunday* — knowing it from beginning to end. No great popular movement can be started in Britain, in France, that is not spread in all its explanatory text before the readers.

That as a newspaper, pure and simple, it must be conceded that the *Sunday* — stands easily among the chief of its class.

Looking at the paper, then, as an absolute mirror of incident, it must be granted that the *Sunday* — is without a flaw.

And not alone is original matter printed, but judicious selections. Why, I have noticed with great interest in the *Sunday* — pages given over to choice selections of prose and poetry, filled with instructive narration, interesting and entertaining beyond exaggeration.

It seems to me that as a reporter of occurrences, as a commentator upon developments, as an instructor along a thousand lines trod by humanity, as director of thought in normal channels, as an intelligent critic in matters of the highest importance and of the loftiest attainments, as a provider of food for thought, as an uplifter of the human race, the *Sunday* — needs fear a challenge to comparison with no potentiality this side the imperial throne.

Mr. Howard goes on for about two columns to expatiate on the merits of "The Sunday —." The blank, it may be necessary to explain, is to be filled

in with the names of the various papers over which Mr. Howard raves at so much per rave.

To the average newspaper man perfection is something very closely approaching the Sunday edition of a "great daily." He feels that people subscribe for the paper through the week in order to be sure to receive the Sunday quadruple or octuple sheet. It is equal to a magazine, he tells us, gives as much reading matter as the *Century* or *Harper's*, has as many illustrations, is timely, abreast with the life of to-day instead of the life of last month—and "last month" is ancient history to the newspaper man. The Sunday paper is a comparatively recent growth, but it has grown rapidly. The publisher will tell you that the paper may not be artistic, or of a high literary standard, but it is what the people want. If this is true, some facts may be gleaned as to the people's wants from a comparison of the Sunday editions of some of the leading papers of the country.

Let us, as Mr. Howard adjures us, "look at them calmly, deliberately." For the purpose of this interesting comparison we have taken fourteen leading Sunday papers, and compared their contents. Of course the New York papers head the list. New York is the Mecca of the newspaper man. The papers range in size from the New York *World* with its thirty-four pages to the Detroit *News* with only twelve.

The province of a newspaper, in the first instance, is to give the news, the local news first, then domestic and foreign telegrams and correspondence. From this point of view, the New York *Tribune* beads the list. It has 35 columns of local news and two columns of the news of society. The New York *World*, with its 272 columns, has only 19 devoted to local news and three to society events. The New York *Morning Journal* has 31 columns of local matter, the *Herald* 25, and the *Sun* only 11. But the difference is not so great as would appear from these figures, owing to the different methods of presenting the news. The *Sun* presents its local matter in the most condensed form, the *World* and the *Journal* in the most expanded. In the papers published outside of New York, there is a somewhat larger proportion of local matter. The Chicago *Tribune*, which is most like a New York paper, presents 25 columns of local matter in a 224-column edition; the Boston *Globe* has 28 local columns in 192; the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, 25 in a 112-column paper.

In telegraphic matter, the New York *Tribune* again beads the list with 22 columns of domestic telegrams and 4 columns of foreign telegrams. The *World* has but 18 columns of telegraphic matter in all, the *Herald* 18, the New York *Star* 6. Among the out-of-town papers, the Chicago *Tribune* has 23 columns of telegraphic matter, five columns being devoted to foreign affairs, a larger amount than is given by any other paper, except the *Herald*.

The editorial columns range from 7 in the Chicago *Tribune* to 3 in the Providence *Journal*. There is, of course, a similarity in all, except the New York *Journal*, which may be said to have no editorials. Its editorial page is given up to communications from prominent people on topics in which they are interested. In the edition before us, the articles are signed by Chauncey Depew, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, Georgie Drew Barrymore, and Sexton, the billiardist. The plan combines the two requisites of economy and sensationalism.

Closely allied to this division is correspondence. The New York *Times* beads the list with 12 columns of correspondence, the greater part of it from foreign countries. The New York *Sun* has 8 columns. The out-of-town papers give a larger proportion of their space to this division; correspondence from New York forming quite a factor. The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* has 7 columns of correspondence, the Providence *Journal* 8. The Toronto *Mail*, a representative Canadian paper, has no correspondence, and the Chicago *Tribune* has less than 3 columns.

The columns of communications form a department more intimately connected with the business-office than with the editorial department. The *Sun* has 3 columns, the *Times* 2, the *Press* 2½, and the Toronto *Mail* 11, showing a more general desire to rush into print among the Canadians, or a more generous disposition on the part of the publishers.

The next division includes the departments devoted to sports, music and drama, and literature. The New York *Star* stands at the head of the list in the space devoted to these subjects, having a page devoted to each of the three subjects. The New York *Tribune*, *Times*, and *Star*, the Detroit *News*, and the Providence *Journal* each give seven columns to literary matter, the matter, of course, varying considerably in quality according to the class of readers to whom the paper caters. In sports, the *Tribune*, *World*, *Journal*, and Boston *Globe* each have seven columns, but here a considerable difference is seen in the quality of the matter. The *Tribune*, for instance, treats of the sports of society; the *Journal* of professional sports. Base-ball, of course, has a prominent place, and the other national game—prize-fighting—has a fair share of attention in the papers addressed to professionals.

But the distinguishing feature of the Sunday paper is the "part that competes with the magazines." Here the genius of the Sunday editor has full play, and it is for this, in his opinion, that the paper is purchased. The feature, *par excellence*, of this division is the "special article," a title that cov-

ers a multitude of sins, from an account of some scientific discovery or some artistic production to a reporter's "story" representing some superficial phase of life as seen through a reporter's eyes. The special article is sometimes replaced by the "feature." The New York *World* is the leader in this line. Thirty-eight columns in the edition before us are devoted to such articles, some of them of interest, some of no interest to the general public. Of the latter class, is the list, between three and four columns long, of policemen who have received votes in its canvass for the most popular member of the "finest." The New York *Press* has 24 columns of "special articles," the *Sun* and *Herald* 23 each. The Boston *Globe* has 25 columns and the Providence *Journal* 17. The New York *Tribune* has no "special articles."

The next feature of this division is the fiction. Syndicate novels are published serially, and short stories, of more or less value, are printed, one page generally being devoted to this division. The Providence *Journal* easily heads the list here with 22 columns of fiction. The New York *Press* has 10 columns, and the *Tribune*, *Times*, *Sun*, and *Star* have a page each.

In the division addressed particularly to the women, the *Herald* has 10 columns, the *Sun*, *World*, and *Journal* a page each; the Providence *Journal*, 7 columns; the Toronto *Mail*, 6; the New York *Press*, 7; and the New York *Star*, 14. Children's departments are run in the *World*, *Journal*, Detroit *News*, Boston *Globe*, and New Orleans *Times-Democrat*.

This brings us to the department of the paper most dear to the heart of the proprietor. Here the Chicago *Tribune* takes the lead with 136 columns of advertisements, considerably more than half of the paper. The New York *World* has 128 columns, it being the only other paper to pass the hundred limit. Of the other papers, two have more than 50 columns, eight have more than 25, and the other two have 15 and 18, respectively. The Chicago *Tribune* and the *World* lead all competitors in their number of "small ads," having 78 and 74 columns, respectively. The only other paper approaching them is the *Herald*, with 59 columns.

A modern development of the newspaper world is the "head-line editor." His vagrom fancy is not allowed to rave with such freedom as in the days when the Chicago *Times* printed an alliterative heading over a hanging which shocked even police-reporters. Still, he is an important person. Perhaps no better idea could be afforded of the range of the Sunday newspaper than by reprinting a few specimens of his art:

STARVATION BY THE GOLDEN GATE.
Thousands of Men in San Francisco Suffering for Food—
The General Government is Appealed to.

ANTIGONE AT BOSTON.
Beautiful Girls Who Posed as Ancient Greeks and Would
Not Let Modern Men See Them.

SHEKELS VS. CORONETS.
A Few Remarks on American Girls Wedding Foreign
Nobility—How Some International Marriages
Have Resulted.

IF YOU WERE PRESIDENT
What Would You do as Chief Executive?—A Very Interesting
Topic for Sunday Readers to Think About.

GAVE HIM THE LIE.
Mayor Grant Talks Plainly to Mr. Ivins Before the Fasset
Committee—Very Interesting Answers that are
Straight from the Shoulder.

A SEND-OFF TO SMITHVITCH.
The New Minister to Russia, Charles Emory Smith, Met
Forty Friends at Delmonico's.

ETERNAL HONEYMOON.
R. C. Parsons the Winner—The Morning Journal will See
That She has a Superb Spring Bonnet.

\$100 IN CRISP BILLS.
All for the Most Popular Retail News-Dealer—A Very Lively
Contest—How the Leaders Get Their Votes.

FREEDOM OF LIMBS.
The Jenness-Miller Reform Does Not Tend to Make
Women Appear "Mannish"—Bifurcated
Parts are Hidden.

WHY WOMEN FADE YOUNG.
Practical Hints to the Young Girls of America as to How
they may Retain their Beauty.

WOMEN RIDE ASTRIDE.
That is, They Don't Yet, but They Say They Will—Why
Shouldn't a Woman Sit in the Saddle Cross-Legged?

MABILLE IS DEAD.
Vive Bullier—They may Kick your Hat Off and Run Away
with your Cane—It seems Fun for Them.

THEIR START IN LIFE.
How Chicago's Rich Men Made Their First \$1,000—Phil Ar-
mour Fell in Love—Potter Palmer's Ups and
Downs—Verkes's Soap Investment.

\$44,175,000!
American Dollars Captured by Foreign Noblemen—Our
Golden Heiresses—Are Our Millionaires to Enrich
the Decaying Nobility of Europe?

WANTED, A WARELE.
Lillian Russell Tells of the Serious Side of Comic Opera—
What Singers Must Consider—Voices to be Cared
for Like Children—A Casino Cackhination.

PISTOL AS "BEST MAN".
Young Poling Said "I Do" at a Revolver's Point—The
Latest Fad in Weddings at Keyport, N. J.

DOES BABY SUCK THUMB?
Sarony Says It Mars Beauty in After Life—Prominent Physi-
cian Thinks It Predisposes to the Tobacco Habit.

There is but one further development which might attract the attention of the enterprising journalist, and that is a Sunday paper which it would not be a burden to read. The papers are now a monument

of journalistic enterprise, but any person who wants to read the papers for the legitimate news which they are supposed to contain must throw them aside in despair after looking in vain through the wilderness of advertisements and padding. The Sunday newspapers may be able to compete with the magazines, but what is wanted is something to compete with the newspapers in giving us the news in an accessible form.

New Publications.

The April CENTURY

issued April 1st, contains a rich variety of articles; 160 pages illustrated by more than 75 engravings,—price, 35 cents.

The contents include "Suggestions for the World's Fair," by the Director of the Paris Exhibition; "The Slave-Trade in the Congo Basin," by one of Stanley's pioneer officers; "How I came to play Rip Van Winkle," by Joseph Jefferson; Kennan's comments on "The Latest Siberian Tragedy"; Cole's engravings; "An Artist's Letters from Japan," by John La Farge; papers on "The Serpent Mound of Ohio"; "The Fur Seal Islands," etc. In addition there are the usual Departments, practical essays, a serial, three short stories, and poems by James Whitcomb Riley and others.

THE CENTURY CO., N. Y.

A. L. BOWHAY,
Importing Ladies' Tailor

702 MARKET STREET
SAN FRANCISCO,

Has just returned from his trip, and having received his immense stock of Spring Goods, is now at the service of his many customers and the public generally.
Yours truly, A. L. BOWHAY.



Mistress:—Take away all those perfumes. I want nothing in the future but this delicious Crab-Appe Blossoms.

Maid:—Yes, madam.

Put up in 1, 2, 3, and 4 ounce bottles and sold by all first-class druggists and dealers in perfumery.

PATENT NOVELTY
FOLDING COIN PURSE

MOST ROOMY
—AND—
LEAST BULKY
PURSE MADE.

Very popular. Can not lose small change. Has no catch to get out of order or wear out the pocket. If your dealer does not have it, I will mail sample in Black, Red, or Brown Morocco, post-paid, on receipt of 50 cents, or of Genuine Seal for \$1.00. Mention THE ARGONAUT.

JAMES S. TOPHAM,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in Trunks, Travelers', and Fine Leather Goods,
1231 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D. C.
The Trade Supplied. Write for Prices.

Pierson & Robertson's Price List.

WEDDINGS.

Messrs. Pierson & Robertson have the pleasure of submitting to you the following prices, which guarantee superiority in Engraving and Material, at low rates. Our sample book of stationery sent on application.

PRICE LIST.

Wedding Invitation Plate and 100 Notes, 100 inside Envelopes, 100 outside Envelopes	\$15 00
Each succeeding 100 sets	5 00
No. 1 Wedding Announcement Plate and 100 Notes, 100 inside Envelopes, 100 outside Envelopes	12 50
Each succeeding 100 sets	5 00
No. 2 Wedding Announcement Plate and 100 Notes, 100 inside Envelopes, 100 outside Envelopes	13 00
Each succeeding 100 sets	5 00
No. 3 Wedding Announcement and At Home Plate 100 Notes, 100 inside Envelopes, 100 outside Envelopes	14 00
Each succeeding 100 sets	5 00
Ceremony Plate and 100 Cards	3 50
Each succeeding 100 Cards	1 75
Church Admission Plate and 100 Cards	5 00
Each succeeding 100 Cards	1 75
Reception Plate and 100 Notes, 100 inside Envelopes, 100 outside Envelopes	12 00
Each succeeding 100 sets	5 00
No. 1 Reception Plate and 100 Cards	6 00
Each succeeding 100 Cards	2 00
No. 2 Reception At Home Plate and 100 Cards	7 00
Each succeeding 100 Cards	2 00
At Home Plate and 100 Cards	6 50
Each succeeding 100 Cards	2 00
Visiting Card Plate, name only, and 100 Cards	3 50
Visiting Card Plate, name and address, and 100 Cards	4 00
Each succeeding 100 Cards	1 75

From five to ten days required to fill Wedding Orders.

Please cut out and preserve above price list for future use. Correspondence promptly answered. Estimates on all kinds of engraved work furnished. Inspect samples of our work before placing orders.

PIERSON & ROBERTSON

STATIONERS,

No. 126 POST STREET,

Between Grant Avenue and Kearny Street,

(Opposite Irving Hall)

SAN FRANCISCO.

Telephone 5026.

FINE BOOKS!

JUST RECEIVED FROM LONDON.

Greville Memoirs. New edition. 8 vols., half calf, gilt top	\$22 50
Moseley, H. N. Oregon, its Resources, etc. 8mo., half calf	3 00
Howarth, Henry H. History of the Mongols from Ninth to Nineteenth Century. 4 vols., 8vo.	42 50
Arabian Nights. Vilion edition. 9 vols., 8vo., full vellum	90 00
Herodotus. New English version, by George Rawlinson. 4 vols., 8vo., half morocco	37 50
Lowe, E. J. British Ferns. 479 colored plates. 8 vols., 8vo., half morocco	65 00
O'Connell, Daniel. (The Liberator.) Correspondence, with notices of life. 2 vols., half morocco	12 50
Baker, Sir S. Ismailia. Expedition to Central Africa. 2 vols., half morocco	12 50
Stanley, H. M. Through the Dark Continent. Numerous engravings. 2 vols., half morocco	15 00
Boulger, D. G. History of China from early ages to present time. 3 vols., half morocco	30 00
Cruikshank's Comic Almanacs. Many hundred illustrations. 2 vols., half morocco	12 50
Horati Opera cura Milman. Nearly 500 illustrations of Roman antiquities. Square 8vo., half morocco	22 50
Bookworm. The. An illustrated treasury of old-time literature. Half morocco	5 50
Arnold, Sir Edwin. Poetical works. Best English edition. 8 vols., half morocco	37 50

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Science has Conquered! Our system for testing and adjusting, to correct any error of refraction, is used on this coast only by us, and is indorsed by the leading authorities throughout the United States as the best known to science. A perfect fit guaranteed. EXAMINATION FREE. Our manufactory and facilities are the best in the United States. Opera, Field, and Marine Glasses. All kinds of Optical Goods repaired.



LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

In the April Century, Joseph Jefferson has a chapter on "Guying," which he discusses in relation to the art of the comedian, and then proceeds to relate how he came to play "Rip Van Winkle." The paper is accompanied by three engravings of the writer in that character. It seems that Mr. Jefferson's first appearance as Rip was in the city of Washington and under the management of John T. Raymond. He says he made a dreadful fiasco when he first played in San Francisco through being "over-billed."

George Meredith is about to issue a novel.

The St. James's Gazette says: "Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co. are going to press with one of the very saddest books in the English language—the 'English Catalogue of Books' for the preceding year. It is heart-breaking to read through name after name in these catalogues, and to reflect on the time mispent, the wasted effort, the vain hopes, the slow despair of the great majority of this multitude."

Du Maurier, the artist of *Punch*, is said to be writing a novel, which he is to illustrate himself.

The hero of the day is Stanley. His adventures have been dramatized and played on the stage. But recent events have carried them on further than this. A German writer has just produced a "Stanleyade," an epic poem extending to six hundred and ninety-eight pages. The title is "Congo Journeys." The metre is that of the "Nibelungenlied."

Mrs. Burton Harrison has dramatized Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" for a juvenile magazine.

The anonymous tribute to Tennyson in the March *Atlantic* was written by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Of the notices of it in the daily and weekly press, only one or two detected a master touch, and these were from writers of recognized ability. One distinguished critic said: "It is a poem by an unnamed hand which must surely be known some day," and another characterized it as "in a higher and more artistic strain than belongs to ordinary verse-writers, and betrays some long-practiced hand." We reprinted the poem in the *Argonaut* of March 10th.

It is said that there is not the slightest chance for the election of Zola to the chair in the French Academy, for which he has been a candidate, but that the honor will go to the historian, Thoreau d'Angin. Only two votes are expected to be given to Zola. He will continue to be a candidate, however, at each successive vacancy until he gets the prize or dies. The edition of his new novel, "La Bête Humaine," brings the total issue of his works up to over one million copies.

The second volume of Donald G. Mitchell's "English Lands, Letters, and Kings" embraces the period from Elizabeth to Anne, or from Shakespeare to Swift.

It is said that ex-Empress Eugénie is writing poetry and making some very creditable verse.

"Under a Bunch-Light" is the title of a recent article in a New York illustrated weekly, by Minnie Buchanan Goodman. It describes what is to be seen before and behind the curtain an hour or so before the production of an opera, a tragedy, a comedy, or a pantomime. Arthur J. Goodman furnishes the accompanying illustrations.

The *dramatis personæ* of Mr. Haggard's new story will consist of Zulus; there will be no Europeans in the book.

Mr. E. J. Glave, who was with Stanley in 1883, has written for the April Century a paper on "The Slave-Trade in the Congo Basin." He describes native life, the effect of slavery, the modes of torture, and the methods of capturing slaves. "Six Years in the Wilds of Central Africa" is the title of a series of articles by Mr. Glave to appear in *St. Nicholas*, beginning with the April number. Mr. Glave served as a pioneer under Stanley. Both series will be illustrated by Kemble, Taber, and other artists, after sketches by the author.

A book which will be read with equal interest, amusement, and satisfaction by the cook and the epicure is Theodore Child's "Delicate Feasting," which is in press for early publication.

Mrs. Davis's biography of her husband will be sold by subscription, and the title of the work will be "Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Confederate States; A Memoir by his Wife."

Messrs. White & Allen, the publishers, are financially embarrassed, and a committee has been named by their creditors to investigate their condition. The firm was organized three years since, its members having been associated until then with Mr. Frederick A. Stokes.

A translation of "Fire and Sword," a story by the distinguished Polish novelist, Henryk Sienkiewicz, has been made by Jeremiah Curtin and will be published by Little, Brown & Co. This is the first of a group of three historical romances which form a panorama of the history of Poland in the seventeenth century. Sienkiewicz spent several years in Califor-

nia, and American influences are said to be traceable in his work.

Dr. Furnivall, one of the best authorities on Browning, has investigated the question of Browning's Jewish origin, and says:

There is no ground for supposing the presence of any Jewish blood in the poet's veins. On the contrary, on July 4, 1757, Thomas Browning, the poet's great grandfather, had his fourth son christened "Christian." The family held for some generations, it seems, a noted country inn, and Dr. Furnivall concludes his researches thus: "We may, then, dismiss the Jewish notion and hold our poet a genuine Anglo-Saxon, sprung from one of the Brunings, the followers of a chieftain Brun. The family may have been working-men or yeomen before we hear of the inn-keeper, the first Robert, who had a daughter, Elizabeth, in 1719. Our poet, the fifth Robert, came from that middle class to which we owe Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and almost all that is best in England."

Some Magazines.

Following will be found the tables of contents of some of the current magazines:

The April *St. Nicholas*—"Six Years in the Wilds of Central Africa," by E. J. Glave; "A Visit to John's Camp," by Mary Hallowell Foote; "The Chinese Giant," by Ruth Dana Draper; "The Back Age," by Teresa C. Crofton; "Lady Jane," Chapters I, II, by Mrs. C. V. Jamison; "A Packet of Letters," by Oliver Herford; "A Precious Tool-Chest," by Ernest Ingersoll; "Crowded out of Crofield"—Chapters VI, VIII, by William O. Stoddard; "The Ovenbird," by Ernest E. Thompson; "Marjorie and her Papa," by L. L. M.; "The Elephant," by Charles Frederick Holder; "The Bunny Stories"—Rab at School, by John H. Jewett; "How to use a Pair of Chopsticks," by Eliza Ruhamsh Scidmore; and verses by Tudor Jenks, Caroline Evans, Helen C. Walden, and Kate M. Cleary.

The April Century—"The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson"—VI, by Joseph Jefferson; "Friend Olivia"—VI, by Amelia E. Barr; "The Slave-Trade in the Congo Basin," by E. J. Glave; "The Herr Maestro," by Elizabeth Robbins Draper; "On the Fun-Side of the New World's Fair," by Georges Berger; "Italian Old Masters"—Giovanni Bellini, by W. J. Stillman; "The Shrines of Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu," by John La Farge; "The Serpent Mound of Ohio," by F. W. Putnam; "The Latest Siberian Tragedy," by George Kennan; "The Old Poetic Guild in Ireland," by Charles de Kay; "On the Fun-Side of the New World's Fair," by Charles D. B. Sherman; "The Non-Irreversible Lands of the Arid Region," by J. W. Powell; "A World-Literature," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson; "The Shoshone Falls," by John Codman; "That Yank from New York," by John Heard, Jr.; "Present-Day Papers"—A Programme for Labor Reform, by Richard L. Ely; and verses by F. D. Sherman, Charles D. G. Roberts, Margaret Crosby, Ellen Burroughs, Helen Gray Cone, Lizzie Woodworth Reese, Aubrey de Vere, Celia Thaxter, James Whitcomb Riley, DeWitt C. Lockwood, William Page Carter, Orelia Kay Bell, and Brainerd Prescott Emery.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate,

THE REST TONIC

Known, furnishing substance to both brain and body.

REAL-ESTATE NOTES.

The business of March was 609 sales for \$2,776,562. The Western Addition sales ran up the largest total, numbering 137 for \$24,235, and the Mission came second, with 145 sales for \$540,152. In the fifty-varas, 43 sales were made for \$405,701; in the one-hundred-varas, there were 30 for \$209,450; and in outside lands, 173 for \$290,857.

The recent decision of the supreme court in Los Angeles that the Mission Street widening is unconstitutional will probably stop the extension of Van Ness Avenue.

Among recent sales of interest are the following:

The property on Sutter, south line, 77.6 east of Powell, east 60x137.6, has been sold by J. W. Vetter, by executor, to James G. Fair for \$83,000. There is a two-story and basement frame building on the property, which is in the rear of Trinity Church. Mr. Fair bought last fall for \$20,000 the adjoining property east—an old Chinese wash-house. He is also one of the bidders on the church property itself.

The lot 5x20 on the south side of Clay Street, 200 feet west of East, running through to Commercial, has been sold for \$54,000. The improvements consist of an old two-story brick building.

The property on Webster and Vallejo, north-west corner, west 412x137.6, has been sold by Henry Janin to John D. Fry. The property is quite unimproved, and the price paid was \$86,000, a rate of over \$157 per front foot.

The Saratoga Hall property on Geary Street, near Larkin, was sold on April 1st by Jacob Schleicher to Edwin K. Alsip, of Sacramento, for \$86,500. The lot is of irregular shape, having a frontage of 90 feet on Geary Street, 27.6 feet, with a depth of 137.6 feet, and 62.3 feet, with a depth of 150 feet. The structure upon it is three stories in height and includes a theatre, a stable, and living apartments, etc. On the day following the sale, Alsip resold the property to Benjamin W. Steinman, of Sacramento, receiving \$90,000, a net gain of \$3,500 in twenty-four hours by the operation. Both deeds were recorded April 2d.

A sale which is attracting a great deal of attention is to take place on April 17th, at the salesrooms of McAfee, Baldwin, & Hammond, 10 Montgomery Street. The property to be sold is the complete block fronting on Golden Gate Park, known as Outside Land Block No. 387. The block lies between C and D Streets and Seventh and Eighth Avenues. It is immediately at the terminus of the Ferries and Cliff Road. The terminus of the Geary Street Road is one hundred and fifty yards distant, while six short blocks away is the terminus of the McAllister Street Cable. D Street is well built up already along the park frontage to Seventh Avenue. In the park, on which the property fronts, the Ferries and Cliff House Railway Co. are now erecting a handsome brick-and-stone station, which is just across the street from the property. The Casino, the Conservatory, the Children's Play Ground, and the Deer Park are all within a radius of five minutes' walk from this block. Taking it all in all, this is the most desirable park block yet offered. All the blocks fronting on the park are very firmly held. The terms offered are liberal, and the title is guaranteed by the California Title Insurance Co. The block is offered in forty-seven subdivisions, suitable for residence and business property.

"I have been afflicted with an affection of the Throat from childhood, caused by diphtheria, and have used various remedies, but have never found anything equal to BROWN'S 'THROAT' REMEDY."—Rev. G. M. F. Hampton, Piquette, Ky. Sold only in boxes.

"SHADES OF BACCHUS AND OLD SILENUS!"

Mr. Freeman, the well-known millionaire rancher and capitalist of Southern California, during his visit to the Paris Exposition last year, addressed the following very interesting and witty letter to the *Los Angeles Herald*. Its perusal will be much enjoyed by all epicures and *bons vivants*. Mr. Freeman writes:

"I have for many years had a desire to visit the celebrated 'Médoc' region in France, and examine the soil of its vineyards and the methods adopted there in the culture of the vine and the manufacture of the wine for which this locality is so famous. I wished to compare this soil and these methods with the soil of California and the Californian method of making wine. And so, when I came to France and had seen Paris and the great exposition, I went direct to Bordeaux."

"I had been for many years a drinker of the fine wines of Médoc and Sauternes, bearing the well-known brand of the old and reliable firm of Barton & Guestier. Therefore, on my arrival at Bordeaux, it was but natural that I should look them up, not only because I knew them by reputation, but because this house is at the head of all the Bordeaux wine-houses. I was pleased to find that all the members of the firm spoke English, and upon making myself known, I was received with that proverbial French courtesy which makes an American feel at home at once upon being introduced into the society of French gentlemen."

"I was shown through the immense cellars, in which are stored over one million bottles and over ten thousand casks or hogsheds of the white and red wines of Bordeaux, and a few hundred casks of choice brandy. Here are wines of almost priceless value—Château Margaux, Château Lafite, Château La Tour and Léoville—dating away back early in the century. Some of these rare wines are in huge bottles holding two gallons each, and are covered inches deep with the mold and dust of over half a century."

"On the occasion of the recent marriage of Mr. Daniel Guester, a couple of these 'Jeroboams' of Château Lafite of 1841 were taken to Paris for the wedding breakfast. They were lifted with the greatest care, so as not to disturb the deposit, and were carried to the railway-station by careful men in exactly the same horizontal position in which they had lain in the cellar for all these years. These men carried them in a separate compartment in the train, and on their arrival at Paris, took their precious charge to the Guesters' mansion, and so well had they performed their task that the wine had not been shaken in the least, and was decanted in fine order, and pronounced 'a nectar fit for the gods.' But I digress. Château Lafite of 1841 always had a tendency to make me digress."

"After I had gone through miles of passages with bottles of wine piled high on each side, Mr. Barton, who has been my guide through the cellars, suggested with a politeness and a forethought that did credit alike to his goodness of heart and his knowledge of medicine, that as the vaults through which I had been shown were somewhat cold, I had better, as a precautionary measure, take a glass of brandy. I told Mr. Barton that as I was a stranger I would place myself unreservedly in his hands, and I was accordingly conducted to a secluded corner of the cellar where were stored a few casks of old and rare brandies, and here I was treated to a glass of cognac that was old before I was born, and I am on the shady side of fifty. Shades of Bacchus and Old Silenus! What a soul-warming liquid that was! The delicious bouquet, the mellow flavor—but I again digress. Brandy of 1827 has the same digressing effect upon me as the old Lafite."

"Barton & Guestier not only gave me all the information in their power, but presented me with a volume of statistics of the area and growth of the different vineyards in the district, and the kind of soil in each vineyard. Coming from such a source, the information I received was most valuable. This firm is the oldest in the wine trade in Bordeaux. The partnership of Barton & Guestier was formed in 1795, but M. Barton had carried on business as a wine merchant for many years before that. During the revolution, M. Barton thought it prudent to leave France for a time in order to save his head. In this respect, he was more fortunate than his friend, M. de Richelieu, President of the Parliament of Guienne and owner of the celebrated vineyard of Château Lafite, who was one of the many good men who were guillotined during the Reign of Terror."

I visited Château Margaux, Château Lafite, Château Mouton-Rothschild, and Pontet Canet. There is a great difference between the soil of the vineyard of Château Margaux and the others I have named. The soil of the vineyard of Château Margaux is a black, rich loam, mixed with a large proportion of gravel, and the vineyard is situated in the low lands bordering on the River Garonne. The vineyards of Château Lafite and Mouton-Rothschild are situated on a range of low hills sloping toward the south and east, and the soil for three feet from the surface is composed of gravel, with which there is but little earthy matter mixed. The sub-soil is argillaceous clay, sufficiently porous to permit of perfect drainage. An analysis of the soils of all these vineyards discloses the presence of iron in small quantities. The same grape, the *Cabernet Sauvignon*, is the one almost exclusively grown in these vineyards."

"To a man not a practical wine-maker it seems, at first view, strange that the wines of Château Margaux should class as a 'first growth,' and command very high prices, while the wine made on the adjoining vineyard of Thérme, on apparently exactly similar soil, and from the same grape, should be classed as a 'fourth growth' and sell at a low figure. We notice the same apparent incongruity at Château Lafite. It is a 'first growth,' the finest of all. But Duhaat-Milon, adjoining it, is a 'fourth growth.' After careful consideration, I am convinced that the superiority of the wines of Château Margaux over the wines of the adjoining vineyards is owing to three causes: First, the great age of the vines; second, the care with which the vines were selected and planted; and third, the care taken in the cultivation of the vines and the gathering of the grapes and manufacturing them into wine. At Château Lafite and Château Mouton-Rothschild, there is no doubt but that the location has a great deal to do with producing the superior wines for which these châteaux are famous. These vineyards are planted on a range of low hills whose sides slope toward the sunlight. The drainage is more perfect than in the adjoining plain. They were planted with the greatest care and with the choicest vines. They are owned by the barons of the house of Rothschild, the richest men in Europe, and all that money can do has been done and is being done to produce the finest wine grown upon the earth. The vineyard of Château Lafite contains about 340 acres, and \$20,000 is spent yearly in its cultivation alone."

NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Mr. W. E. Brown gave an elaborate dinner-party recently at the Pacific-Union Club, in honor of Sir Sidney Waterlow. Those invited to meet him were: Mr. L. L. Baker, Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mayor E. B. Pond, Mr. A. H. Rutherford, Mr. Adam Grant, General W. H. L. Barnes, Major R. P. Hammond, Jr., Mr. W. H. Mills, Mr. A. E. Head, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. William H. Crocker, Mr. Charles Webb Howard, Mr. Samuel M. Wilson, and Mr. Russell J. Wilson.

The wedding of Miss Cornelia Armistead Lussan, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. P. M. Lussan, of San José, to Mr. George A. Crux, of England, will take place soon after Easter.

The managers of the Maria Kip Orphanage will give a kettledrum at Union Square Hall on Wednesday evening, April 16th. There will be dancing from eight o'clock until twelve and light refreshments will be served. A floral booth will be one of the attractions. Mrs. Leland Stanford has kindly offered to contribute flowers from Palo Alto, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis has generously offered to pay the expense of the hall, and Mrs. William H. Crocker has contributed the services of a band of music. Tickets may be obtained from any of the managers or at the hall that evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph C. Harrison gave an enjoyable dinner-party last Wednesday evening at their residence on Pine Street. Covers were laid for fourteen at a handsomely decorated table and a honteuse menu was provided.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Easton gave a very pleasant progressive euchre-party a week ago in their apartments at the Palace Hotel. The rooms were beautifully decorated and their guests were charmingly entertained.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth R. Parks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Parks, to Mr. J. M. Kilgariff is announced to take place in May.

The Bixler Lunch-Party.

A particularly charming event of the past week was the lunch-party which Mr. and Mrs. David Bixler gave last Thursday at their residence, on the corner of Union and Pierce Streets, in honor of Mr. Mrs. Kendal. The table was decorated in exquisite taste, with a long strip of canary-colored silk extending the full length of the table, over which pansies of every variety had been sprinkled. The corsage-bouquets and boutonnières were of violets and the menu and name-cards were in scroll form of unique design. The hospitality of the entertainers was hountiful, and the afternoon was made very pleasant in every way.

Excursion to Mare Island.

Colonel L. L. Langdon, the commander of the Presidio, and a party of officers and ladies made a delightful excursion on Tuesday to Mare Island. The trip of an hour and a half by water was enlivened by the music of the First United States Artillery Band.

On arriving at the Navy-Yard most of the party paid their respects to Admiral and Mrs. Benham, in front of whose quarters the band played several airs. The party then dispersed, some to visit the officer's families, and others to inspect the new cruiser, *Charleston*.

At two o'clock the party reunited on the steamer *McDowell*, and leaving the wharf passed around and close to the old *Hartford*, greeting her with some music, and then started down the bay on a strong ebb tide for San Francisco and the Presidio. They had a most enjoyable excursion.

Meagher Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Francis Meagher gave a charming dinner-party last Wednesday evening at their residence, 926 Clay Street. A most elaborate menu was enjoyed for over two hours, after which some delightful musical selections were listened to in the parlors. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Francis Meagher, Mrs. J. William Brown, Miss Lillie Winans, Miss Ada Perrin, Miss Kate Jarm, Miss Maude Badlam, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. William Keith, Mr. Valentine Gadesden, Mr. Donahue, and Mr. Webster.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent San Franciscans:

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith are on their way back from Europe. They have secured apartments at the Hotel Rafael for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague will pass the summer months at Blythedale.

Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood are making a tour of the Southern part of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding will be at Blythedale during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank have returned from their visit to Southern California resorts.

Mrs. Walter McGavin has arrived safely in England.

Sir Sidney and Lady Waterlow, Miss Alice Hamilton, and Dr. Sidney Hixson, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Head for several weeks, will depart for New York on Monday, intending to sail from there for England soon after their arrival.

Mrs. John W. Coleman, Miss Jessie Coleman, and Mr. Harry L. Coleman have gone to the City of Mexico and will be away about four weeks. They will pass the summer at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard are now in Paris, and will remain there during the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Fritz King will occupy a cottage at Blythedale during the summer months.

Mr. W. P. Buckingham left for the Eastern States last Thursday and will be away two months visiting the principal

cities. During his absence, Mrs. Buckingham will have Miss Katie Chalmers, of Stockton, as her guest.

Miss Nellie and Agnes Lowry are passing this month at Coronado Beach. They will be joined soon by Mr. W. J. Lowry.

Mr. Emil H. Breidenbach will return to the city next Thursday after an absence of six months.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Code have leased their residence on Haigh Street and will pass the summer at San Rafael.

Mrs. Charles J. Bandmann will soon go to San José for a visit of a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht have gone East and will remain in New York until May 7th, when they will sail for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones will pass the summer at Blythedale.

Robert McMillan and the Misses Jennie and Emma McMillan will visit the Yosemite Valley during the coming summer.

Mr. Timothy Hopkins is visiting Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dean and Miss Dean have removed to Oakland after passing the winter here. They will pay a visit to the Yosemite Valley in the summer.

Miss Adelle Martel and Miss Alice Mullins have returned from a pleasant visit to the Martel villa, near Mountain View.

Captain and Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl have returned to the city after remaining in Washington, D. C., most of the winter. They will soon occupy their villa at San Mateo for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Follis and family have arrived in New York city.

Mrs. George Loomis and her nephew, Mr. C. N. Felton, Jr., have returned from Philadelphia where they have been passing the winter with Mrs. William L. Elkins, Jr., *née* Felton. They will soon leave for their residence at Menlo Park where they will remain during the summer.

Mrs. Volney Spalding has returned from an enjoyable trip through the Southern part of the State.

Mrs. Horace L. Hill is in Washington, D. C. Mr. Hill leaves for the East, to join her, in a few days.

Mr. William P. Dewey has been in Naples during the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Sr., are at their new home in Berkeley. Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Jr., *née* Jennings, are at their residence, 2220 Divisadero Street.

Miss Lena Brigham, of Oakland, is visiting friends in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dunphy, Mrs. Noah Flood, Miss Jennie Dunphy, and Mr. James C. Dunphy are at the Grand Hotel in Naples.

Mr. Wakefield Baker will occupy the Du Bois cottage in Sausalito during the summer.

Mr. Duncan Hayne, who is at Santa Barbara for his health, will remain there a few weeks more.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bancroft will hereafter occupy their city residence corner of Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street, and will pass the summer at Walnut Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Hilliard M. Judge, who have been at the Owle's residence, 1115 Van Ness Avenue, for several months, will leave for New York in June.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bancroft returned to the city last Sunday after passing the winter in Washington, D. C.

Mr. J. Fred Burgin, Jr., has gone to New York and will be away several weeks.

Mrs. Ricardo M. Pinto will soon leave to visit Coronado Beach and other Southern resorts.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. Edward Martin are occupying the Donahue residence on the corner of Second and Bryant Streets after passing the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Joseph May has returned to the city after a two months' Eastern trip.

Mrs. Theodore Payne has returned from her Eastern trip and is at her residence on Sutter Street.

Mr. J. P. Haaf has arrived here from New York, and will soon return East accompanied by his daughter, Miss Florence Haaf, who has been a guest of Mrs. A. H. Rutherford during the past winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'N. Reis, *née* Brooks, are expected to return from Europe this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Smith arrived here from Los Angeles last Tuesday, and will remain for some time.

Hon. and Mrs. Charles M. Leavy have departed for New York city, where Mr. Leavy will attend the conference of United States appraisers.

Mr. George Kroepfien is enjoying a visit to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Jackson will pass the summer at the Napa Soda Springs.

Colonel C. Fred Crocker returned from Portland, Or., last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sampson Tams have taken apartments at the Hotel Rafael for the season.

Mr. W. Frank Goad and Miss Ella Goad will return from the East next Friday.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and naval people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Commander O. W. Fahnenholt, U. S. N., is now at Sika with the *Pinta*.

Lieutenant-Commander Charles H. Stockton, U. S. N., has returned to Mare Island from his Eastern trip. The *Thetis* will soon be assigned to duty in the Northern Pacific, with headquarters at Honolulu.

Lieutenant-Commander P. Peck, U. S. A., will soon leave for his new station, Fort Monroe.

Lieutenant John A. Towers, U. S. A., is at Santa Barbara for his health.

Lieutenant Samuel D. Sturges, Jr., U. S. A., has left the Presidio for West Point, N. Y., where he will be stationed.

Lieutenant T. Bentley Mott, U. S. A., has been ordered to report for duty at the Military Academy in West Point, on July 1st.

Commander J. G. Green, U. S. N., of the *Adams*, will return here soon.

Lieutenant Carver Howland, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., is enjoying a two months' leave of absence.

— "ARE YOU GOING TO THE PRIVATE VIEW?" people are asking one another, and very few ask "what private view?" for every one is talking about the invitation exhibition of the Gump collection, which is to precede the public show at Irving Hall.

The invitation will be out in a few days, and the reception is expected to be quite an event in the social world. Since the sale was announced, and it became evident that such of the pictures as are not bought by that time will be taken East, the city has been waking up to the importance of the sale, and the merits of the various pictures are being much discussed in drawing-room and boudoir, at the office, and in the clubs. To have no favorite among the gems there and not to be able to talk glibly of the Debat-Ponsan, the Jeanne Rongier, the Lesrel, the Diaz, and the other famous canvases, is to argue one's self unknown and quite outside the social swim.

— THE SAN FRANCISCO WOMAN'S FAIR FACE should be protected from the sun and wind in summer. The best protection is Rachel's Enameled Bloom, which makes the complexion dazzling, clear, and does not harm the skin. For sale by all druggists.

— FASHIONABLE BOARDING-HOUSE, No. 1115 Van Ness Avenue. Good neighborhood; large garden; drawing-room and other commodious sunny apartments, for a family of three or four persons, with board and good service.

— A young man 20 years old, practical yet finely educated, wishes place to learn business. Book and stationery preferred. Address "Reliable," *Argonaut*.

— Drs. Sylvester and Sublett, dentists, cor. Sixth and Mission. Painless operations for nervous patients.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Cheney Piano Recital.

A most interesting piano recital by the advanced pupils of Mrs. John Vance Cheney was held at the residence of Mrs. J. M. Curtis on Thursday evening, March 27th. Owing to the illness of Mr. Cheney, who had not yet fully recovered from his recent severe attack of pleurisy, it was not one of the series of "Evenings with the old masters," which have hitherto formed so attractive a feature of Mrs. Cheney's musicales, but the occasion was none the less thoroughly enjoyed by the large number of guests gathered in the spacious and beautifully decorated parlors. Tastefully arranged programmes were distributed to all present and were retained as souvenirs of the occasion.

Selected solos and duets from the works of Von Weber, Chopin, Brahms, Rubinstein, Joffey, Grieg, and Emery were given by Miss Curtis, Miss Chapman, Miss Newman, Miss Smith, Miss Ada Clement, Miss Cosgrave, Miss McChesney, Miss Early, Miss Lillie Moulton, and Miss Harris. The sonata "Perpetual Motion," by Von Weber, and the "Fingeritivist," by Emery, were rendered by Miss Lillie Moulton, with her usual brilliant execution. All of the young ladies acquitted themselves with credit to themselves and their instructor.

Saturday Popular Concert.

The last of the series of Saturday popular concerts, which have been given at the Unitarian Church under the auspices of the Society for Christian Work, took place on the afternoon of March 29th. The programme was well presented and comprised the following numbers:

Sonata for Cello and Piano, Op. 18 Rubinstein
1. Allegro moderato. 2. Moderato assai. 3. Moderato.
Miss Alice Bacon and Mr. Louis Heine.
Songs: (a) The Garland Mendelssohn
(b) Ah! Sweet, Thou Little Knowest Parsons
Mr. Alfred Wilkie.
Piano Solo, Variations Sérieses Mendelssohn
Miss Alice Bacon.
Songs: (a) Farewell Franz
(b) In Autumn Franz
Miss Elizabeth Putnam.
"Cello Solo," "Le Réve" Colterman
Mr. Louis Heine.
Cavatina, "The Requite" Blumenthal
Mr. Alfred Wilkie.
Song (cello obligato), "Perseus" Donnay
Miss Elizabeth Putnam.

Mme. Camilla Urso will give a farewell concert at Irving Hall on Tuesday evening, April 8th. An exceedingly interesting programme will be presented and the following artists will appear: Double quartet of ladies—first soprani, Mrs. Marriner-Campbell, Mrs. F. E. Booth; second soprani, Mrs. J. M. Pierce, Miss Elizabeth Putnam; first contralti, Miss Mary Barnard, Miss Jeannette Wilcox; second contralti, Mrs. Annie E. Story, Miss Lillie Kraft; the Oakland Male Quartet, composed of Mr. Benjamin Clark, first tenor, Mr. Horace Redfield, second tenor, Mr. H. H. Lawrence, Jr., first basso, Mr. George H. Carlton, second basso; pianists, Miss Alice Bacon and Miss Belle Miller; a string quartet, composed of Mme. Camilla Urso, first violin, Mr. Charles Goffrie, second violin, Mr. Louis Schmidt, viola, Mr. Louis Heine, cello; Miss Amy Gell, accompanist to the choir; Sig. S. Martinez, accompanist to the instruments.

— A NOVEL AND BEAUTIFUL ENTERTAINMENT—"The Festival of Mother Nature's Daughters," is the title given to a novel and unique entertainment which promises to eclipse all former efforts in the line of scenic beauty and artistic excellence. It is given under the auspices of the Helping Hand Society, of which Mrs. D. W. Folger is president, the society being auxiliary to the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association and sustaining two free kindergartens. It is in support of these kindergartens that the festival is given. The whole plan of the entertainment, in all its beauty and originality, was an inspiration of Miss Mary Bates, and the charming details, which cover five successive evenings, have been evolved from this wonderful plan. They are to be wrought out by the sixty or seventy young society ladies who constitute the membership of the Helping Hand Society. It has been next to impossible to get hold of details, as a profound secrecy seems to have been the order of the day. Enough, however, has been learned to assure the public of a charming series of novel entertainments, beginning on next Tuesday evening, April 8th, and closing on Saturday evening, the 13th. Dancing is announced for the close of each evening. Two evenings will be given to the rendition of the successful play, which was inaugurated at Mrs. Ariel Lathrop's residence some two years since, entitled "The Reception of All Nations by Uncle Sam and Columbia," written by that gifted authoress, Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummings. A "Flag Ballet" will be introduced into this by the pupils from one of our fashionable young ladies' seminaries. A fine concert will occupy another evening and tableaux will hold sway still another. The hall—Odd Fellows' Hall—will be transformed into a bower of beauty, and will abound in marvels of ingenuity and original design, the details of which have been kept a profound secret. Everybody is talking about the coming "Festival of Mother Nature's Daughters."

"Rosedale" is to be done by the Grismer-Davies company during their fourth and last week in town.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

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Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Justice Lamar, who never accepts a pass or present of any kind, tells this story on himself: "Down in the locality I call my home, lives old John Dillard. Some years ago, John presented me with a very fine Alderney cow. I said: 'John, I never receive presents.' 'Well,' he replied, 'Lamar, just give me your note, and, as you will never pay it anyway, you will be nothing out and a cow ahead.'"

In the month of January, 1871, when all kinds of food were at famine prices in Paris, a lady went into a shop and asked the price of the only Dutch cheese remaining in stock. "It is eighty francs, madame," replied the shop-keeper. "Eighty francs!" cried the lady; "why, the cheese has been eaten by rats, as you see, and I really believe there is one in the middle of it now." "Ah," exclaimed the shop-keeper, "then that will make a difference in the price, of course. If there is a rat inside the cheese, madame, I must charge you one hundred francs for it."

In France, where there is more talk of equality than there is realization of it, a gentleman fell into a fit of wrath one day with his valet, because the man had attempted to put an extra "shine" on his patent-leather boots. "You villain!" said the master; "you imbecile! you calf! Didn't you know any better than to do that?" The man made no reply, but carried his woes to the cook and the chambermaid. "The idea," he exclaimed, "of using such terms as that to a *valet de chambre* in this century of equality in which we live! Why, a gentleman would hardly talk to his coachman in that way!"

Here is a true story of a Scottish servant-lassie. In the old time, and it may be so now, it was customary for a girl, on leaving her situation, to receive a written statement as to conduct, which was called her "character." One night a girl, standing on the Brig o' Doon, was showing this document to her sweetheart, when a gust of wind came and blew it away. "Oh, what shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?" exclaimed the lassie; "I've lost my character!" "Never mind, Janet," said the swain; "I will give you a certificate." And this is the way he did it: "This is to certify that Janet McFarlane lost her character w' me on the Brig o' Doon, this day. Signed, DONALD MCPHERSON."

In 1850, when the tide of political passion was still running very high, Bismarck went one day into a tavern at Berlin to take a glass of beer. A man near him, feeling himself supported by the presence of his friends, began to abuse a member of the royal family. Bismarck looked at him, and said, quietly, "If you have not left this room before I have finished my beer, I'll break this pot over your head." He then emptied his glass very deliberately, and as the man took no heed of the warning, he did as he had threatened. He went up to the fellow and knocked him about the head with the pot till he fell howling on the ground. Bismarck then asked the waiter, "How much for the glass?" and having paid for it he walked away leisurely without any one having dared to molest him.

A characteristic story is told of General Schenck and Lewis D. Campbell. These two men were sometimes political enemies, at others, friends. On this occasion they were at odds, and Campbell, a dapper little man, was speaking in a joint debate with his sturdy opponent. Campbell had told the crowd how he and Schenck—the former the son of a poor man, the latter the child of a distinguished army officer—had gone to school together, the one barefoot, the other armed with stout boots. "And, my friends," said Campbell, in his high piping voice, "Bob used to bully me and tread on my bare feet with his great boots, but I'd have him know that now I wear the boots," and with this, the little man turned and thrust his foot almost in the face of his opponent. General Schenck glared savagely at Campbell, but could do nothing, and the crowd applauded.

Oxford is subjected to constant crowds of tourists. It so happened once that Dr. Jowett was very busily engaged on his famous translation of Plato, and unfortunately for him, a guide discovered that the learned professor's study window looked into the broad street. Coming with his menagerie under these windows the guide would begin: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is Balliol College, one of the very holdest in the university, and famous for the herudition of its scholars. The head of Balliol College is called 'the Master'; the present Master of Balliol is the celebrated Professor Benjamin Jowett, Regius Professor of Greek. Those are Professor Benjamin Jowett's study windows, and there—here the ruffian stooped down, took up a handful of gravel, and threw it up against the panes, bringing poor Jowett, livid with fury, to the window—ladies and gentlemen, is Professor Benjamin Jowett himself!"

Cassius, or "Cash" Cologne, as he is usually named, a well-known resident of Fauquier County, Va., recently paid his first visit to New York. He entered a dry-goods-store to buy a dress-pattern for

his wife. Walking up one of the aisles, he was more than surprised to hear some one in the dim distance loudly yell out "Cash!" Naturally astonished, he looked in the direction whence the voice came, supposing its owner to be a friend or acquaintance. Still he could see no one whom he recognized. Wondering more and more, astonishment grew to boiling point, when, as if by a preconcerted signal, from all quarters of the room came persistent cries of "Cash!" "Cash!" "Cash!" This was more than Virginian chivalry could bear, and, as at that moment a clerk, with a locomotive-whistle voice, standing right back of him, capped the climax by shouting the name in his very ear, he turned round and remarked: "Look here, young fellow, you folks may think you're having a lot of fun with me, but if you use my name that way again, I'll break your neck." It took the proprietor and six floor-walkers half-an-hour to convince him as to the facts of the case and that no harm was meant.

The Empress Victoria, wife of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany, has always been a careful and keen-eyed disciplinarian in domestic life. She notices the slightest variation in the dress of a housemaid as quickly as she used to detect a fault in her children, and punishes one as inexorably as the other. Prince Henry, the brother of the present emperor, had, when a small boy, the greatest objection to his daily bath, and the nursery became every morning the scene of a vigorous and tearful struggle, on his part, against "tubbing." His mother tried in vain to persuade him that baths were inevitable, and that he must submit to them; but she finally gave the nurse orders, one morning, to let him have his own way. Prince Henry, confident that he had gained a remarkable victory, was exultant, and when he set out for his morning walk, took no pains to conceal his triumph. He indulged in sundry taunting remarks to his attendants; but, on returning home, he was surprised to notice that the sentinel at the gate did not present arms as he passed. On reaching the palace, he found a second sentinel equally remiss, and knowing as well as any of his punctilious military race what was due to his rank, the little fellow walked up to the man and asked, severely: "Do you know who I am?" "Yes, *Hohheit*," said the sentinel, standing motionless. "Who am I?" "Prinz Heinrich." "Why don't you salute, then?" "Because we do not present arms to an unwashed prince," replied the sentinel, who had received his orders from the prince's mother. The little fellow said not a word, but walked on, bravely winking back the two big tears which filled his eyes. Next morning, however, he took his bath with perfect docility, and was never known to complain of it again.

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Young ladies specially prepared for Eastern Colleges. Particular attention given to pupils wishing to enter the higher grades of the public schools.

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26th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1890

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No. 216 Sansome Street.

Capital (Paid up in Gold).....\$300,000 00
Net Surplus (over every thing).... 244,884.41

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FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

An English traveling harpist has been discovered cheating the railroads by carrying his little girl done up in the green bag with his harp. He had traveled so all about England, and has paid no fare for the child.

At St. Malo, France, a few days ago, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, many perfectly reputable inhabitants saw three suns, all in a row, above the western horizon. The sky was very clear at the time.

The newest freak of Paris fashion is a looking-glass-stare for the menu, so that the ladies can see how they look at the table. The Princess of Monaco has just secured four dozen of them in repoussé silver of exquisite workmanship. The fashion comes from Russia.

A bullet from one of the new English Army rifles being used at the range at Aldershot Camp, a few days ago, went wild and traveled two miles without stopping. Practice at the range has had to be discontinued on account of the long range the rifles are thus shown to possess.

Many unique devices have been resorted to for booming embryo towns, but that employed by the real-estate pushers of a fledgling on Puget Sound takes the lead. Two professional wrestlers were matched and the result of the contest telegraphed throughout the coast. It was not stated whether the contest was held under a big fir-tree or on the tide flats.

At the Dog's Grotto, one of the curiosities maintained near Rojo, Italy, there is a cave, the lower part of which is said to be filled with deadly gas, so that, while a man can walk about unharmed, a dog breathing the lower air is asphyxiated. To prove it they have a dog, called Columba, which is taken into the cave whenever a visitor appears, and which, after a

short time, seems overcome by the alleged gas, and has to be carried out and resuscitated in the fresh air. The dog is so well trained that whenever she sees a stranger approaching she gets up and trots to the cave to get her asphyxiation. This happens many times a day, but the dog seems none the worse for it.

Sarah Biffin, who died a number of years ago in Liverpool, though born without arms or legs, had the spirit and talent to become an excellent miniature painter. She was just one yard and one inch high. With her mouth she wielded pencil and brush, held the scissors and sewed with a common needle. Besides painting numberless miniatures in the ordinary course of her profession, she painted likenesses of the reigning family, and was honored with a medal by the Society of Artists. After practicing her art for a period of forty years, she died at the age of sixty-six. An instance not less remarkable was that of Arthur Kavanagh, an Irish member of Parliament of great note, whose death was reported just before Christmas. He was endowed with an exceedingly fine head, a body of unusual strength and symmetry, as well as a handsome, manly countenance; but he, too, was born without arms or legs. Being a man of great wealth and resolution, he supplied the absence of those valuable members with various mechanical contrivances, and could always command the assistance of competent servants. Two stout men carried him to his seat in the House, from which he addressed the House with such effect as always to command attention. Still more surprising were his skill and daring as a horseman. He rode after the fox-hounds with the foremost, drove a four-horse coach, wrote and drew well enough to rank as an amateur artist, performed all the duties of an magistrate and country gentleman, and reared a family of beautiful children, all of whom have the usual complement of arms and legs. He was a truly eminent and gifted man.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE-ROLLERS
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NOTICE
AUGROGRAPH OF
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ON LABEL
AND GET
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If you have goods to sell, advertise the fact. If an advertising canvasser wants to advertise your business in a fancy frame at a depot, pay him about two hundred per cent. more than it is worth and let him put it there. When a man has three-quarters of a second in which to catch a train, he invariably stops to read depot advertisements, and your card might take his eye. Patronize every canvasser that shows you an advertising tablet, card, directory, dictionary, or even an advertising Bible, if one is offered. But don't think of advertising in a cheap, illegitimate newspaper. Your advertisement would find its way into all the thrifty households of the region, where the farmer, the mechanic, the tradesman, and others live, and into the homes of the wealthy and refined—all of whom need articles and have the money with which to buy them; and in the quiet of the evening, after the news of the day had been digested, it would be read and pondered upon, and the next day people would come down to your store and patronize you, and keep coming in increasing numbers, and you might have to hire an extra clerk or two, move into a larger block and more favorable location, and do a bigger business; but, of course, it would be more expensive.—*New Haven Register.*

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From March 30, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	* 12.45 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.....	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax,.....	4.45 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.....	4.45 P.
9.00 A.	Los Angeles, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles.....	11.15 A.
10.30 A.	Haywards and Niles.....	3.45 P.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.....	* 8.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	** 6.00 A.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	and Class Ogden and East,.....	10.45 P.
4.00 P.	Stockton and Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa.....	9.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore.....	* 8.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and San José.....	* 6.15 P.
5.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East, Knight's Landing via Davis.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards and Niles.....	7.45 A.
6.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	8.45 P.
8.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	9.45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

3.00 A.	Hunters' train to San José.....	7.20 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	* 11.50 A.
4.15 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7.25 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.....	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Pismo Beach, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.....	6.12 P.
10.30 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.02 P.
12.01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.....	3.38 P.
* 3.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations.....	* 10.00 A.
* 4.20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.....	* 7.58 A.
5.20 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
† 11.45 A.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.....	† 7.28 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. †† Mondays excepted.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., March 21, April 5, 20, May 5, 20, June 4, 14, 19, 29.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M. every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesday, 9 A. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo every fourth day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket office, 214 Montgomery Street.
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Taking freight and passengers direct for Mazatlan, Acapulco, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, Corinto, Punta Arenas, and Panama.
For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:
City of Peking..... Saturday, April 5, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro..... April 26, at 3 P. M.
China..... Wednesday, May 21, at 3 P. M.
Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.
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Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, April 6, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:
From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.30, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.20 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.50, 5.30, 6.30 P. M.
Extra trip on Sundays to Sausalito at 11.00 A. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—9.30, 11.00 A. M.; 3.30, 5.00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.50, 5.30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.30, 11.15 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 5.00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 5.00, 6.05, 7.00 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6.30 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

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Leave San Francisco.	DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	SUNDAYS.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	10.40 A. M.
3.30 P. M.	5.00 P. M.	6.10 P. M.
5.00 P. M.		10.30 A. M.
		6.05 P. M.
7.40 A. M.		
3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	10.40 A. M.
		6.10 P. M.
		6.05 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	
		6.10 P. M.
		6.05 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	
5.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	10.40 A. M.
		6.10 P. M.
		6.05 P. M.
3.30 P. M.	5.00 P. M.	10.40 A. M.
		10.30 A. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Blue Lakes, Willis, Calpella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Linton Springs, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.
EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only. Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Linton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.20 A. M.; 3.30, 5.15 P. M.; Sundays—8.30, 9.30, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.00 P. M.
To San Francisco from San Rafael: Week Days—6.20, 7.55, 9.30 A. M.; 12.45, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.; Sundays—8.10, 9.40 A. M.; 12.15, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.
To San Francisco from Point Tiburon. Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 1.10, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.; Sundays—8.40, 10.05 A. M.; 12.40, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.

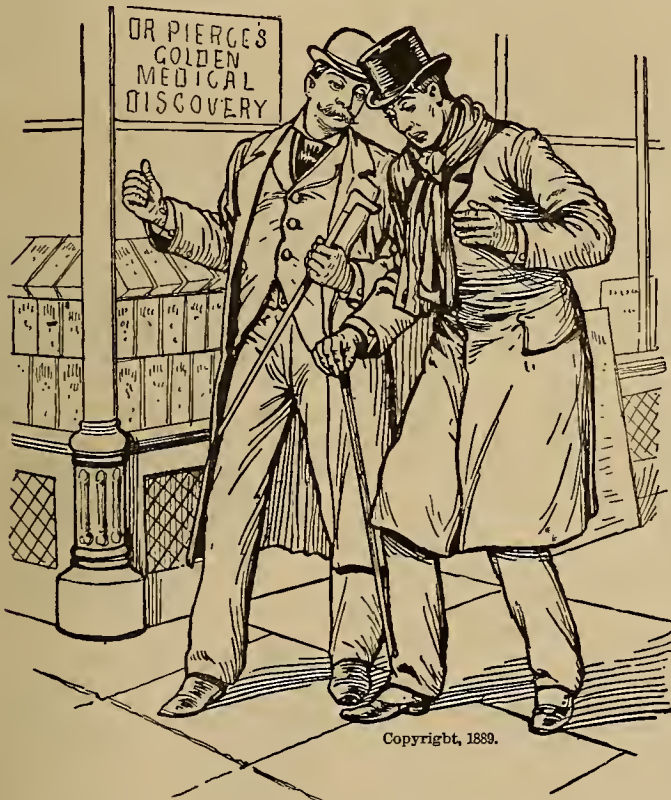
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"ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE."

How often do we hear the above said of some poor pilgrim o'er life's thorny path, whose tottering step, pallid face, unnatural glitter of the eye and hacking cough, and its accompanying involuntary pressure of the hand over the lungs, the seat of the dread disease—consumption—that causes the remark? Too frequently, alas! and in the interests of such unfortunate this is penned, to assure them that their steps need tend no longer towards that narrow roscap-tacle that awaits all—that is, until life's allotted space is covered—from any such cause, for the scientific researches of Dr. R. V. Pierce, of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., resulting in his "Golden Medical Discovery," have wrested from Nature a remedy which never fails to cure this scourge of our race (which is really nothing more nor less than Scrofula of the Lungs), if taken in time and given a fair trial.

For Scrofula in all its myriad forms, whether affecting the lung-tissues or other organs or parts, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a sovereign remedy, and the only one that is sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from its manu-

facturers, that it will benefit or cure, if taken in time and given a fair trial, or money paid for it will be refunded. Enlarged glands, tumors or "hunches," are dissipated by its use; old sores or ulcers healed; "white swellings," hip-joint disease, and kindred ailments, permanently cured. It's a medicine, not a beverage; a concentrated vegetable extract, without sugar or syrup in its make-up. Don't beget drunkards. As peculiar and marvelous in curative properties as in its composition. It's mission is to cure, not palliate.
"Golden Medical Discovery" invigorates and strengthens the liver and lungs, sharpens the appetite, improves digestion, purifies the blood, cleanses the system, and builds up both flesh and strength when reduced by "wasting diseases." It leads all other medicines in amount of sales. There's nothing like it for the diseases for which it is recommended, so don't be fooled into accepting any substitute, said to be "just as good." It's an insult to your intelligence when unprincipled dealers try to palm off something else upon you, just to make a little better profit! An honest dealer supplies what his customers want, without questioning their intelligence. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

\$500 REWARD
is offered by the manufacturers of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY, for a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases, no matter of how long standing. 50c. by druggists.

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To bring the air of the drawing-room, the tone of good society, the style of the high-bred man and woman, on the stage, seems beyond the power of the majority of actors and actresses. The main reason is that very few of them have had the opportunity of seeing just how a lord, or a lady, or even a plain gentleman, comport themselves in the positions in which heaven has seen fit to place them. Those beautiful ladies who take the parts of princesses, and duchesses, and even royal highnesses, with such confident ease, appear to draw their inspiration from a studious perusal of "Ouida," and to mold their personations on some of her luxurious heroines, with their plush trains, their gigantic diamonds, their superb languor, and their truly patrician daring in quoting foreign tongues.

The number of actresses who can successfully portray a lady, in the ordinary sense of the word, is singularly limited. In the presence of a great genius, such as Bernhardt, all the old standards of measurement are swept away. No one ever stops to inquire whether her Fédra was a truly elegant person or her Claire was of the class of Vere de Vere. Every ordinary consideration is withheld by the flame of her genius. Not so, however, of the second-rate French actresses of the Hading class. Jane Hading, despite her adorable beauty, her velvet voice, and all the wiles and charms of which she was mistress, could not eradicate from her performances of such parts as Gilberte and Claire a taint of commonness. She had the beauty of an angel, the poetic charm of one of Poe's heroines, but she was never a patrician, never a lady. When she acted Clorinde in "L'Aventurière," she was perfect. Clorinde was not supposed to be a person of the highest refinement and polish. Her adventurous career had not tended to the development of great delicacy of sentiment or expression.

Even actresses who began life as ladies of leisure and mingled in the "upper circles," seem to lose their capacity to represent a *grande dame* when once they set their feet on the boards. Mrs. Potter surely knows how to act a lady, and yet Mrs. Potter seems either unable or unwilling to do it. Do you remember her Faustine de Bressier? That small fraction of it which was not frankly idiotic was meretricious and common. But Mrs. Potter is altogether an enigmatic sort of person—an interesting combination of consummate fool and rather clever woman. Ada Rehan herself, with all her delicious naïveté, is a little unconventional, a too striking figure in a modern drawing-room. Perhaps this is because she is so successfully, preëminently charming. Good taste, so they say, demands no undue prominence in any line. There is something too conspicuous in a woman as irresistibly captivating as Miss Rehan's Mrs. Osprey. In the bull's-eye of fashion, nobody is exaggerated—even an unusual excellence in the performance of an accomplishment is regarded askance as hardly delicate or befitting.

To look on the other side, at the actresses who are making a study of drawing-room comedy, and whose ambition is to be merely lady-like, and lukewarm, and mildly satisfying, never causing nervous prostration to themselves or to their audiences, we find a company who are as colorless, as fibreless, as sickly in their languid refinement as plants grown in a cellar. Miss Cayvan announces that her ambition is to be the best stock-actress in New York. She does not want to be a great star, or to thrill men's blood, or to make Rome howl, or to be in any way unnatural, exaggerated, or pronounced. When she lays hands on a part, she immediately prunes and clips and refines it down till the original shape and color are gone. She wants to portray a lady, and a lady to her means a person without warmth, or color, or humor, or robustness—a frail, ethereal being, soft, gentle, grave, given to sobbing, clinging, tender, mild in flavor, sure to pall after an extended acquaintance, showing all the undeveloped qualities of a first-class bore, but good, as only the Lyceum Company could make its earnest devotees.

One of the few actresses who seem able to combine the aspect, the air, the tone of a lady, with a certain charming vigor, a mental healthiness, a fresh, breezy vitality, is Mrs. Kendal. She is a lady, but a human lady, an every-day lady, with a dash of humor, a strong spice of coquetry, a positive mental equipment, "a creature not too good for human nature's daily food"—as Wordsworth puts it in his gentle, precise way. Her Kate Greville to Miss Cayvan's wife is as wine to water, as sunlight to moonlight, and yet quite as refined and amiable, and a hundred times more interesting and amusing. Seeing much of such ladies as "The Wife," one would come round to thinking, as one does after a perusal of "Vanity Fair," that the better a woman is, the greater bore she is sure to be.

Comedy as light as that of "The Queen's Shilling" requires a very light and delicate art in its interpretation. And English art, which is truthful and sincere, rarely shows that fineness and finish which is necessary to whip the comedy up into the proper state of airy frothiness. The French can do this to a marvel. Their renderings of farce-comedy are exquisite in their fairy-like delicacy, every point brushed lightly, where the English insist upon them, driving them into the audience with sledge-hammer persistence. The very qualities of sincerity, simplicity, and directness, which make so many of the English tragedians great, render their comedians clumsy and heavy. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are as delicate, as firm and light of touch as two such English people could possibly be. At the same time, their talent seems almost too robust for very fine-drawn comedy. They are too earnest and sincere to spend their time "frivolously" with the diaphanous creations which unravel the average comedy of French adaptation. Mrs. Kendal's Kate Greville is a living figure, natural and charming, but almost too natural, too strong for the play and the company. She is out of focus with her background. She is like the flesh and blood Eurydice among the pale shades of the under-world.

That she is too full of color for her misty surroundings is hardly her fault, but the fault of the person or people who selected such a play as "The Queen's Shilling" for such strong, fine talent to waste itself upon. It is a poor play, worthy of amateurs to rage furiously over at the Berkeley Lyceum. The vigorous art of the Kendals nearly breaks it to pieces. The story is the thinnest, most absurdly old and fossilized relic left over from a century of dramatic flotsam and jetsam. It has animated dozens of cheap, flimsy farces and comedies, been the *raison d'être* of shelves full of lady-like English novels, where the curate comes out ripe and mellow, and the bold, bad guardsman of middle age and attractive ugliness does deeds of valor and daring. The beautiful heroine, impoverished but proud, is in the position that beautiful and poor heroines always find themselves in the first chapters—compelled to marry a rich old colonel, who will save "my father from ruin" and "the old hall from passing into the hands of strangers." The thought of the old hall passing into the desecrating hand of a stranger is so horrible to the proud patrician that she will wed the colonel, who, it is to be presumed, will foot all the outstanding bills, restore the family estates, save "my father" from ruin, and arrest the desecrating hand of the stranger on its way to seize the old hall. Such a man one would think was not to be sneered at, but proud patricians have their own ideas on these subjects, and regard them in a light incomprehensible to alien eyes.

Just when the beautiful Kate is about to be betrothed to the Colonel, a young soldier turns up—a wild boy, who has enlisted under an assumed name, for no other apparent reason than that his father did not want to pay his debts. He and Kate love at first sight, at second sight have a fine flirtatious interview, at third sight become engaged, routing the Colonel with great slaughter. The Colonel never seems to know what was expected of him, having begun the play as a fierce, implacable old martinet, and suddenly, at the end, appearing as a benign, smiling, heavy-father-sort-of-person, doing the "Bless-you-my-children" act as if he had never done anything else in his life. The whole play is very commonplace, outside a few good scenes where Mrs. Kendal irradiates the gloom with some inimitable comedy touches. When she and Mr. Kendal are off the stage, there is literally nothing to keep one's attention there.

In the second act, there is a drawing-room interior and some clever business over a song sung by the rival lovers to the loved one's playing. It is in places such as this that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are so attractive. They are so easy, so real, such a pleasant, amusing pair of people. They reproduce the exact air of a drawing-room of nice society, and, despite the execrable behavior of the rivals, the scene at the piano, with the lighted candles, the charming head of Miss Greville appearing as she plays, and the two men in their evening dress, with their savage looks, singing their absurd ditty, is like a peep into some pleasant, pretty parlor where the curtains are drawn, the lamps lit, and the piano opened. The dialogues on the sofa are agreeable, too. Unfortunately, however, they are always being broken into by boring people who merely add tedium to the scene. This inclination to make the members of the cast keep up a perpetual trotting in and out seems to have been absolutely irresistible to the author of "The Queen's Shilling." No sooner do two interesting people settle down for a good talk, than some unnecessary outsider comes rustling in, says her little say, and goes rustling out. The last act is so cut up by this continual coming and going of people that all charm is lost, and the thread of the story is snapped half-a-dozen times. Taken any way, it is a very ineffectual last act. The story is finished off hurriedly and clumsily, as though the author had grown weary of his work. Every one seems in a hurry to get it over, and the explanation which sets everything right—that Maitland's discharge was signed the day before his escape—is hardly noticed in the general confusion and movement of characters.

The company was good in a healthy, downright, straightforward way, but the piece was not their style. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, who have the power to make almost any play attractive, must have felt that their peculiar talents were wasted on such very trivial materials.

G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

In an interview in New York last week, Mme. Patti expressed great admiration for the beauty and originality of American women, especially in the matter of dress. When the reporter remarked that she did not seem to agree with Mrs. Kendal in thinking American women over-dressed, the singer replied:

I disagree with Mrs. Kendal upon a great many other points as well. I do not know the lady, and it is a long time since I have seen her play. Some of her methods I can not commend. She makes a trade-mark of her goodness and is singularly without womanly charity in her speech about her sister actresses. This fondness for criticizing has lost Mrs. Kendal many powerful social friends in England.

"The Gascon" was given local production as a stop-gap before "The Gondoliers" could be got ready. It has proved unutterably dreary, and the production of Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera is being pushed forward with all possible haste.

The repertoire for the Bostonians' first week is as follows: "Monday and Saturday afternoon," "Patinitza," with Jessie Bartlett-Davis in the title-role; Tuesday, "Pygmalion and Galatea"; Wednesday, "Il Trovatore," with Maria Stone as Leonora and Jessie Bartlett-Davis as Azucena; Thursday, "The Bohemian Girl"; Friday, "Mignon," with Maria Stone, Jessie Bartlett-Davis, Juliette Corden, and Tom Karl in the leading rôles; and Saturday night, "The Musketeers." "Don Quixote," "Fra Diavolo," and "The Poachers" will be in the repertoire for their second week.

Speculators got as high as twenty-five dollars a seat for Patti's first night in New York, and the size and brilliance of the audience exceeded the best Tristan nights during the German opera season.

Venders of apples and peanuts have been excluded from fashionable theatres. Luxurious—if uncomfortable—chairs, thick carpets, handsome hangings, and gorgeous decorations have converted the playhouse into a feast for the eyes. The hucksters paid for the privilege of crying their wares in gallery and pit, the elaborate furnishings cost thousands of dollars; but the managers would spare neither pains nor expense in their haste to please their patrons. And yet for the few paltry dollars it brings, they allow the programme to be expanded into a small "blanket-sheet," with the cast and other information about the play crowded into the least conspicuous place. It is the last relic of managerial barbarism, but the local managers stick to it as the broadcloth and bejeweled parvenu sticks to his dhudeen.

We are glad to see (says *Life*) that the era of popular prices has at last struck the Metropolitan Opera House. Of course it may annoy the Four Hundred to have the proletariat jostling them at their favorite place of amusement, but anything which enables the populace to listen to good music is preferable to the comfort of the few. The following is the scale of prices for the engagement of Patti under the management of Mr. Henry Albee: Season tickets—orchestra stalls, eighty dollars; balcony boxes, six seats each, six hundred dollars; parterre and first-tier boxes, six seats each, eight hundred dollars.

Nat Goodwin will show us his successful play, "A Gold Mine," next month. Isabella Coe, formerly of one of the "Tin Soldier" companies, is in his support.

"The Dark Secret," with its river of real water and other features of stage realism, is to run for another week.

Rice's beautiful "Evangeline," with Fortescue as the mountain maid and Mafit as the lone fisherman, will be continued for another week.

Mme. Patti gives her method of preserving her voice and youthful appearance as follows:

My voice I have preserved by abstaining as much as possible from exacting rôles, and I preserve my general health by leading a quiet, regular life. I never drink claret, and the only wine I take at a formal dinner is a very little dry champagne. When I arrange my own repast, I drink with it a few spoonfuls of good whisky in a glass of water. This is beneficial, all the others are more or less hurtful to a woman's face and voice. Claret is not bad for a gargle, being an astringent, but I think it should not be swallowed. I always dine at five o'clock when I am going to sing, and at seven o'clock on other nights, and I make a point of retiring early. It must be a very important ceremonial which keeps me up after midnight. Then I take much exercise in the open air. I love a cold, bracing climate, and I walk a great deal.

Sometimes I have a cold—absolutely my only malady—and then I put a handful of salt in a glass of cold water, and after stirring it thoroughly, I gargle my throat a few times and am cured. It is horribly strong and bitter and rasping, but it never fails.

IRVING HALL, Tuesday, April 8th, Mme. CAMILLA URSO'S FAREWELL CONCERT, Next Tuesday, April 8th, 1890.

On this occasion the following eminent artists have kindly responded to Mme. Urso's invitation to appear

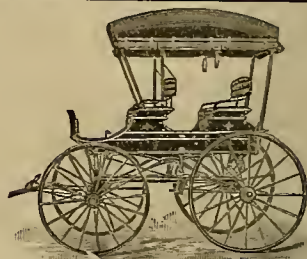
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Composed of Mr. BENJAMIN CLARK, Mr. H. H. LAWRENCE, JR., First Tenor, Mr. HORACE A. REDFIELD, Mr. GEORGE H. CARLTON, Second Tenor, Mr. LOUIS SCHMIDT, Viola, Mr. LOUIS HEINE, Violoncello.

A STRING QUARTET, Composed of Mme. CAMILLA URSO, First Violin, Mr. CHARLES GIFFRIE, Second Violin, Mr. LOUIS SCHMIDT, Viola, Mr. LOUIS HEINE, Violoncello.

Miss AMY GELL, Accompanist to the Choir, Signor S. MARTINEZ, Accompanist to the Instruments.

Doors open at 7.15. Concert at 8 o'clock. Reserved seats, \$1.50. Tickets, \$1.00. Sale of reserved seats commences at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, corner Sutter and Kearny Streets, Saturday morning, April 6th.



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Robinson—"There is a paper published in Denver called *The Great Divide*." Smiley—"I suppose it is the organ of the board of aldermen."—*Light*.

Softas—"Do you think Miss R. would marry me if I should ask her?" Van Riper—"Well, she looks like a smart sort of a girl—still, she might."—*Life*.

Paul—"And now, dearest—now that you have consented to become mine—can I—can I—kiss you?" Virginia—"I—I don't know. You never tried?"—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Old doctor—"Many patients yet, young man?" Young doctor—"No; got nothing—nothing to do but kill time." Old doctor—"Well, you'll find that good practice."—*Toledo Blade*.

Indignant young man—"Waiter, your coat sleeve dipped into this lady's soup." Obliging waiter—"Don't mention it, sir; it will wash out. What kind of fish, please?"—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Scene at a "bonne" boarding-school (girls in an upstairs room, eating ginger snaps, apples, etc.; bell below rings): One girl (starting up)—"Come, girls, let's stop eating and go down to supper!"—*Life*.

Pater—"My boy, when I was your age I was at my desk at seven o'clock in the morning." The son—"That may be, but I know the business is perfectly safe in your hands, even while I'm away."—*Life*.

Miss Hyde Parker—"Do you know Mr. Stone, the sculptor?" Miss Breezy (of Chicago)—"Do I? Well, I should twitter. I held his chizzles many a time while he sculpted a burst of pa."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

Bargen—"Wonder what possessed Packer to marry a divorced woman?" Kownter—"Ob, that was a great scheme of his. She'll never nag him about the way her first husband used to do so-and-so."—*Puck*.

Mrs. Angelica—"Won't it be just too lovely for anything to have wings and harps forever?" Mr. Angelica (a dyspeptic)—"I don't want any of it in mine. We wouldn't be there a week before you'd want my wings to put on your bat."—*Lovell Mail*.

Tenant—"The windows in your house shut so badly that my hair blows all about my head. You must really have something done to them." Landlord—"I don't see the necessity of that. It would be much simpler for you to have your hair cut."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Daingerfeld (near the mantel)—"It's awfully awkward whenever Willing meets his divorced wife." Miss Lederer—"They don't fight, do they?" Daingerfeld—"No; but she keeps up such an interminable dunning for the alimony it makes everybody uncomfortable."—*Judge*.

"Did you marry for love or money?" "Money." "Well, what's become of it? You never seem to have very much." "We neither of us ever had any. She got a judgment against me in a breach-of-promise suit and it was marry or pay, and I had to marry."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

Ex-Congressman Tim Campbell, of New York, stood in front of the Astor House while a crowd of immigrants was passing along. "They are Norwegians," ejaculated a son of ex-Congressman Nicholas Muller. "Is that so?" said Campbell; "I thought they were Swedenborgians."—*Exchange*.

Mrs. Brown-top—"Simon, they are not satisfied with sanding the sugar and watering the milk—they're adulterating everything." Mr. Brown-top—"What have you discovered now, dear?" Mrs. Brown-top—"Well, this morning I actually caught the gas-man pouring water into the meter."—*Puck*.

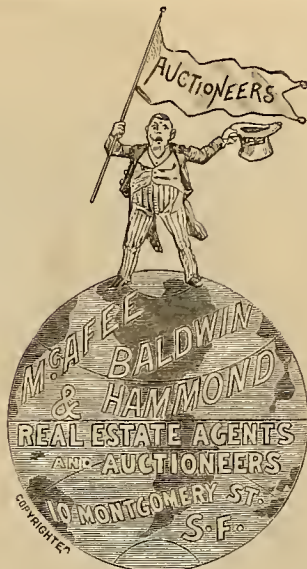
City editor—"Mr. Pad, we want an article for next Sunday's paper on 'How it Feels to be Hanged.' We have arranged with the sheriff, and you are to go up to the Tombs at once and be operated upon. After you have been cut down and resuscitated, write it up and get your copy in by five o'clock this afternoon."—*Puck*.

Mr. Fainwed—"Then you refuse to marry me?" Mrs. Mainchance—"For the present, I must. My husband is in good health and we are the best of friends." Mr. Fainwed—"And you can give me no encouragement?" Mrs. Mainchance—"I will keep your address, and if a vacancy should occur, I will drop you a line." (N. B.—This happened in Chicago, of course.)—*America*.

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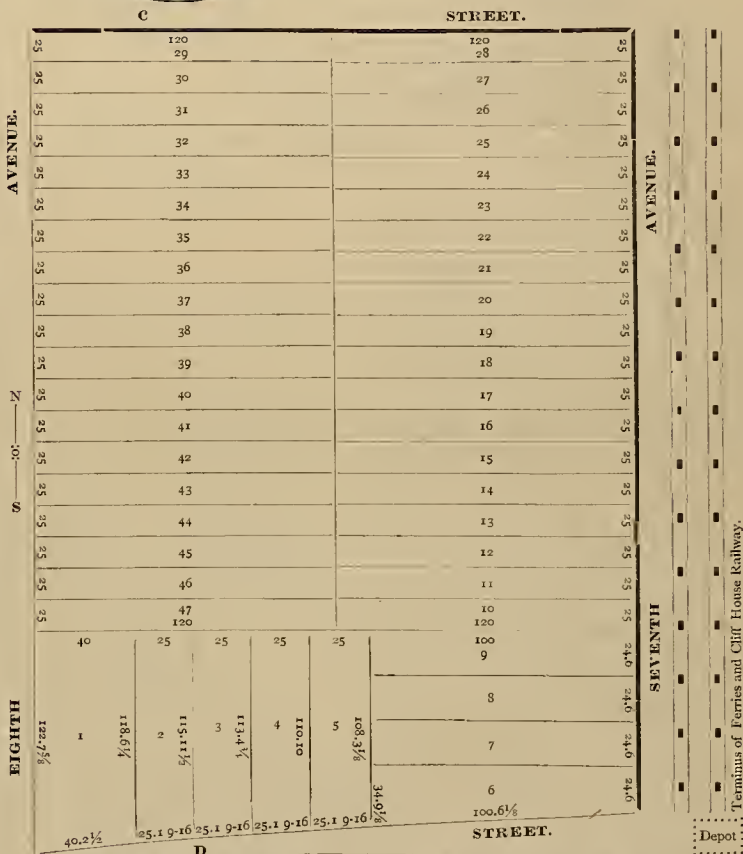
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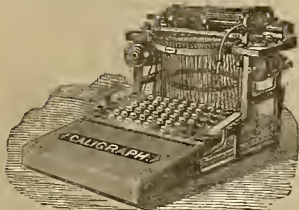
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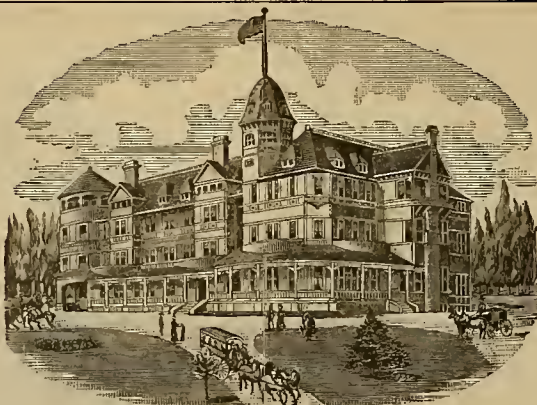
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VOL. XXVI. No. 15.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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The recent speech of Senator Stanford on education has an interest independent of the merits of the Blair Bill, in behalf of which it was delivered. In this day of political platitudes and fulsome fustian, it seldom occurs that a congressional speech attracts more than a passing notice. Senator Stanford's speech, however, has inspired the pens of both friends and foes. While it is entirely free of meretricious display, it possesses the pure gold of worth in being suggestive of more than it apparently contains. Its structure is admirable, and its tone is ingenuous and manly. All the newspaper notices and criticisms of the speech have been both fair and intelligent, with the exception of the *Chronicle* editorial in its issue of March 31st. After a few not very complimentary personal references to the senator, the *Chronicle* criticises the speech as follows:

The major premise of Mr. Stanford's argument is that a government can have no higher object than to secure to the people a high degree of intelligence, thereby assisting them to the attainment of the possibilities of humanity. This is indisputable, at least within certain limitations, but Mr. Stanford's application of it is not happy. He says: "When we look around at the sources of supplies for our wants, whether physical or intellectual, we find them inexhaustibly supplied in the soil, waters, forests, mines, and quarries. The raw material is everywhere within our reach, requiring only the intelligent application of labor and the control of the forces of nature. How this labor is to be applied and this control obtained is what education will teach." These are generalities, nothing more. The labor and control of the forces of nature are more often dependent upon chance or circum-

stances than upon any ability which education can confer, and the history of the men who have brought these forces most completely under control is not by any means the history of educational acquirements or progress.

Was it simply a matter of chance that Watts, Fulton, Morse, and Edison were men of intelligence and education? Has it been a matter of simple chance that all the men who have led the van of the world's political, social, and scientific progress have possessed splendid natural abilities and more or less brilliant educational acquirements? As a matter of fact, the progress of the world has been in the exact ratio of man's intelligent control of the forces of nature. The true distinction between the civilization of the past and that of the present is in the practical application of all progress in knowledge and science to relieve man from his manifold misfortunes. Physical and social science are no longer looked upon as a mere means of mental exertion and recreation or impractical speculation. The thoughtful and earnest men of our times go forth to overcome the obstinate resistance of nature, and bring into entire subjugation to the useful purposes of life the material forces and laws. Every new advance in science, every valuable discovery, every important invention, and every new phase of social life is made to lift every unnecessary burden from the shoulder of humanity. The chief mission of the statesman and scholar is to subordinate all the valuable results of private knowledge and personal achievements to the welfare of man and the elevation of the race. The crowning feature, then, of our civilization is the subserviency of all discoveries, inventions, and improvements to the general well-being of the race, in view of an ultimate humanity. It is an important fact that the imperial minds in the great republic of letters have anticipated an ultimate humanity—intelligent, virtuous, noble—as the result of the progressive movement of civilization. All this is but in elaboration and corroboration of Senator Stanford's argument. The *Chronicle* continues: To still farther support his premise that education is the one thing needful, Senator Stanford says: "In our country to-day the physical wants of the provident and industrious can be satisfied. These wants are sufficient food, raiment, and shelter. In these respects the poor man is nearly on a par with the most wealthy." Surely the gentleman does not desire to be taken literally. It is true that the most wealthy can wear but one suit of clothes at a time, can sleep in but one house, can eat but one meal; but does not the wealthy senator perceive that the equality is at once destroyed by the element of uncertainty for the future which constantly hangs above the head of the poor man? Does he not know that the anxious dread lest there should not be another meal or no more raiment is something which constantly haunts the poor man; and does he suppose that education can cure this?

This "element of uncertainty for the future," which so horrifies the *Chronicle*, is just as much the portion of the rich as the poor. The uncertainty of the markets, the uncertainty of securities, the uncertainty of labor itself, keeps the rich man in a perfect fever of suspense. The rich man is more dependent on labor than is the laboring man on the rich. Without honest and remunerative labor, the rich man's wealth would be as useless as gold locked up in the eternal hills. Now, as general education would give a clearer vision, a fuller comprehension of the interrelation and interdependence of capital and labor, it would also subdue the arrogance of wealth and the excitability of labor. General education would produce that intellectual average and level that would go far in removing the stinging sense of human inequalities. The present maladjustments of the social system would thus be prevented. Each member of society, with his special gift, would be recognized as an indispensable factor in the social problem—an essential force in the social machinery. The present conflicts between capital and labor are the direct results of ignorance as among both rich and poor. We are standing in the dawn of a day when the intelligent laborer will be recognized as the real wealth producer, and the man of mere money will be looked upon as simply the treasurer of those whom he employs—taking from the returns of labor only an honest interest for the use of his capital. The *Chronicle* continues:

Going a step farther, Mr. Stanford declares that "the wealth of one man in no manner implies the poverty of another." This is certainly an original discovery. Mr. Stanford seems to conceive of the sources of wealth as a boundless ocean, from which any one may dip who will,

without visibly reducing the source of supply. The figure is beautiful, but entirely visionary. Wealth is acquired, not by mere volition, but by struggle and conflict, aided in most cases by opportunity; and in actual practice, the exact opposite of the gentleman's assertion is true, and the wealth of one man not only denotes, but inevitably involves the poverty of many.

If we grant the senator his premise, viz.: that the sources of wealth are inexhaustible, then we must admit his conclusion, that the wealth of one man does not imply the poverty of another, provided that the sources of wealth are equally open to all. Now, the mission of education is to increase the opportunities for well-being among the poor by increasing their intelligent comprehension of the conditions of success. The *Chronicle* continues:

Senator Stanford concludes his speech with these words: "It is through education that the possibilities are to be ascertained and obtained. Education is the panacea for all our difficulties—religious, political, and industrial. Therefore, I am in favor of the passage of this bill." . . . And yet there have been philosophers and thinkers who have contended that education, in the sense of the Blair bill, in which Senator Stanford employed the word, has not proved conducive to the cultivation of a high standard of religion, of political integrity, or of industrial honesty and ability. These doubters have pointed out that the most irreligious men have been found among the most highly educated; that the most striking example of political dishonesty which America has known was supplied by Aaron Burr, a man of thorough education and extreme culture; and that in every industrial trouble the bad feeling is fomented by those among the malcontents who have education enough to impose upon their fellows and impress them with a belief in their superior wisdom.

All this goes simply to prove that genius and education may be prostituted and misdirected. Men have been bad despite education. The true tendency of education, however, is to elevate morally as well as intellectually. All art, science, and literature in their mission to the intellect develop and exercise the higher moral faculties and thus give symmetry and harmony of growth to the whole nature of man. Education, by engaging the mind, controls the decisions of life and forms the character. By furnishing the noblest themes, as well as the surest processes of mental action, it leads the mind from the sensual to the sublime, from the delusive to the real, from degrading prejudices to the quickening consciousness of a higher nature and a nobler life. There is not only development involved in this educational idea, but there is transformation in it, too. It is with the last agglomerating particle of the carbon deposit that the process commences which transmutes the rude mass and forms the rich gem. So our popular system of education has become the atom which touches into transition the vast intellectual and moral strata of our times, and transforms humanity into the beautiful unity of homogeneous interests and duties. General education is steadily on the increase. The people are rapidly learning to think for themselves, much to the sorrow of political and literary hucksters, with their second-hand stock of old nonsense vaporized into the seeming of new truth. Ignorance erected every system of tyranny and cruelty which has oppressed the world. It built every inquisition and invented every instrument of torture. Every despotic government in the world rests upon popular ignorance as a foundation. Out of the ignorance of the past have come the one-footed creeds, one-legged theories, eyeless systems, bodiless philosophies, headless religions, and all the direst monsters born of intellectual and moral darkness. The system of popular education inaugurated by our country, stands singular and alone as the out-working of the true idea of a national life based upon the doctrines of freedom and equality. Sparta had her system of education—the severe, the heroic; Athens had hers—the polished, the refined; Rome had hers—the robust, the muscular. But the American system combines Spartan brioism and Athenian culture with Roman vigor, and culminates in that splendid specimen of intellectual and moral manhood which is the genuine growth of American institutions. The triumphs of education are as palpable as the achievements of civilization. It marches through society with the enchantment of inspiration and the might of conquest. It is a new crusade among the tombs and bones of enshrined ignorance and superstition. It is the nursery-love of liberty, coming to us with the simplicity of childhood and the light of truth. The relation which popular education sustains to the exigencies of the present age are close

and vital. Protestant Christianity and American civilization—the two highest exponents of truth among men—are upon their trial before the world. And here, on the soil of the Pilgrim Fathers must the battle be fought out, for either the dignity or degradation of the race. Popery is forcing itself upon us from Europe by way of the Atlantic seaboard, and paganism is rushing from Asia by way of the Pacific. All this foreign material must tend to dilute the force of American ideas. We must meet this emergency. We must recur to the early conditions and original standards of American nationality. We must plow and sow in the virgin soil—the heart and mind of childhood—training thought and stirring sentiment in prospect of a future harvest of American ideas and principles. Popular education is the pledge of freedom and the pride of nations. It is the gauge of civilization. It is the watchword of the battle—the theatre of the fight—and by it shall be wrought the grandest victories of liberty and humanity.

It is an impeachment of the divine munificence to entertain a belief in the limitation of God's bounty. It is questioning, infinite wisdom to doubt that in the plan of creation provision has not been made for every want that can minister to the necessities of the human family. The material resources of nature are limitless and inexhaustible. If inexhaustible and limitless in their abundance, then it is idle to assert that superior exertions, greater diligence, or more advantageous opportunities can diminish their supply, or that the luck or thrift or skill of one class of toilers can attain any advantages other than those attributable to their superior skill and more earnest efforts. Labor is the key that unlocks the treasure-vaults of nature's wealth and discloses all its valuable secrets. Primitive man did not know how to work, or how to fashion tools, or how to cook his food, or how to maintain his strength, or how to fashion his dwelling, or how to prepare his raiment till he was educated. It has been the slow and toilsome development of ages which has brought the human mind into companionship and intelligent assistance of man's muscular strength. The time has gone by when men lived in caves, and were clad in skins, and subsisted upon roots and nuts and fruit. The dark and gloomy past is bursting into the effulgence of a new day, and under the influence of education men are beginning to summon to their aid the labor forces of nature. Scientific inventions are opening new paths to realms of discoveries, the possibilities of which are infinite and immeasurable upon the destinies of mankind. Such men as Agassiz have thrown light into the secret hiding-places where nature hid her mysterious secrets, and dragged them out for the uses of man. Fulton, Watt, Franklin, and Edison have harnessed them to chariots of iron; have set them plowing and thrashing in grain-fields; made them navigate the ocean with ships laden with commerce, and set in motion the huge enginery of war; have annihilated space and time by the uses of electricity. Mankind will navigate the air by forces set in motion by Keelers stirring the elements to vibratory motion by the melody of the lute.

This is a marvelous and wondrous age, and it is the result of education. The man or writer does not reason if he does not know that everything accomplished in these later generations is the result of the educational process now going on throughout the world. The man is an idiot who does not perceive that by reason of education the civilized world is outspeeding the barbaric world; that the Christian era is leaving the pagan far behind; that the Protestant Church, with its progressive and advancing creeds, is leaving the Church of Rome as a fitting exemplar of the darkness of the mediæval era when Rome was the mistress of the world, and the ecclesiasticism of its seven hills the dark lantern that glimmered in the all-pervading darkness which surrounded the eternal city.

This is more than a marvelous age—it is the era of advancing intelligence and progress. The shadows of superstition are receding, are drifting back to the darkness from which, in spite of the Roman Church and its ignorant priesthood, they have been dragged. Giordano Bruno was murdered by the hierarchy of a cruel religion. His statue was unveiled by the students of Italian universities in the place where his ashes were gathered. The cruel pope who sent the great scientist to the funeral pile is succeeded in the Vatican by one who finds himself a prisoner in the capital city of emancipated Italy; where every child is educated to think and every adult male is permitted to vote; where all can read and education is attainable to all classes.

The apostolic head of all true religion sits in the chains he has forged, and sulks in the belief that he is a prisoner in the darkness of the superstitions with which his religious system has alone encompassed him. He sits and sulks with his eyes shut, and doubtless believes that he is enveloped in the impenetrable darkness of an unending night. If Leo the Thirteenth could lift from his head the three-steeped tiara of his pretensions to the exercise of political dominion, and open them to the splendid possibilities of spiritual empire, which are within

the scope of his intellectual vision; if he would put himself at the head of his advancing legions, and keep step with science and the progress of intellectual development—he might hold dominion in a realm where he is now but a dark and baneful shadow. If Dr. Hall, and the old fossils of Scotch-Calvinism, would adopt a less dyspeptic appreciation of God's benevolence, and a less narrow and less vindictive estimate of his nature, and give him the credit of governing the subjects of his own creation with kinder and more generous feelings than to consign them to eternal hell for the commission of sins to which he foreordained them, it would give to humanity a form of belief more in consonance with the divine wisdom and the divine benevolence. It is not improbable that if the bloody cruelties of the earlier pagan beliefs, the more serious atrocities of the modern Church of Rome, and all the absurd vagaries of a Protestant faith only half emancipated from the superstitions of ancient and modern creeds, could be buried and forgotten, that a religion of common sense might erect its altars to the worship of a more beneficent, sensible divinity than has yet been presented for the consideration of the human intelligence.

The spectacle of a Russian Czar warring with the universities, and, by an autocratic decree, suspending every seat of learning in his broad domains, is a mile-stone which marks the great beaten highway along which the world is marching to universal liberty. The Empire of Germany is imitating the Romanoff by removing Bismarck from its path, and like the bewildered hare, attempting to double on the track of the sleepless hounds of Jesuitry. Russia invites the intellectual reformation through which Germany has successfully passed, through which France has waded knee-deep in blood, out of which England has come bearing deep scars, the struggles of which are threatening Continental Europe with revolutionary convulsions, and which are involving the Old and New Worlds in the complications of labor struggles.

These, we believe, are some of the thoughts which are moving serenely through philosophic minds, which, perhaps, have impelled Governor Stanford to his votes and speeches in the Senate of the United States upon the subject of education, his proposal for changed methods in the financial system, for his establishment of the Leland Stanford Jr. University, and for his resignation from the more active duties and serious responsibilities of his absorbing business occupations to the groves and walks and shaded porticoes of a more intellectual and useful life than is possible in the political and money-making industries. Into this realm of mental and moral elevation it is not surprising that the ordinary newspaper writer and the politician have no wings to reach. It is, perhaps, not to be wondered that the busy man of money-making industry has no ambition or leisure to climb. It is, perhaps, somewhat more inexplicable that statesmen and theological students should not have both the time and the inclination to press their investigations to a higher plane of intellectuality. But one thing is certain—is inevitable and irrepressible—these and kindred thoughts are abroad throughout the universe of mind; they are at work actively, diligently, and with irresistible force. It is the one revolution which never goes backward, it is the rising tide which never recedes, the flow which never ebbs. It has advanced from the sunless regions of an unknown past, it has swept along with tireless energy, sometimes impeded but never stayed, till now it combs with crested wave upon the present. The Czar of Russia, the Pope of Rome, the Emperor of Germany—princelings ambitious of kingcraft, priests anxious to exercise political power, plutocrats, bankers, and usurers greedy of gain—will be swept aside with the tireless energy of the educational wave which is sweeping all churches, all religions, all dynasties, all modes of governing, all creeds, all colors, and all classes into the broad, shoreless ocean of a common and leveling humanity; raising the lowly and the oppressed, leveling the arrogant, the greedy, and the ambitious to the positions assigned them in the organic laws of a government truly republican, in which all persons have certain rights which are inalienable and in the enjoyment of which they occupy a common level.

Not long ago, the aged Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth, whose name has been synonymous with liberty for so many years, but which latterly has almost dropped out of existence as completely as if its owner were already numbered among the past, gave expression to some very remarkable views upon the future of Europe. He had within the last few months found himself in the peculiar position legally of a man without a country, the Austrian laws providing that any of its subjects after residing for forty years beyond the borders of the empire shall cease to be regarded as Austrian citizens. This is the length of time that has elapsed since the collapse of the Hungarian insurrection at Temesvar, and the subsequent flight and exile of the patriot. Nevertheless, at the advanced age of eighty-eight, his intellect is as vigorous as ever, and his views on the political situation, colored though they may be by that hatred of all that appertains to monarchical institutions which has been the fixed principle of his life,

have at least the merit of being the sincere sentiments of a man whose life is coeval with the present century, and who has been, where he was not an active participator, a witness of all the events of a most remarkable period. It was Napoleon who gave vent to the famous aphorism that Europe would within a hundred years be either republican or Cossack, and the prophetic utterance of Kossuth now voices the same sentiment from his Italian home, leaning, however, to the belief that it is the former alternative which will prevail, and that the time is not far distant when this desirable result will ensue and the despotic one-man power, which he detests with all the force of his fiery Magyar nature, shall be leveled with the dust. To imaginations which are not distorted by nature or prejudice, and in which the wish is not made father to the thought, there appear to be two ways possible in which the dream of Kossuth may be realized and republican principles become the governing power in Europe, namely: either by the slow and gradual process of time, and as a result of the mental and moral enlightenment of the masses, with the consequent potential political influence resulting therefrom, or by a sudden spring from the cradle of a sanguinary and ruinous general war, in which by some fortuitous circumstance the control of the military shall have been wrested from the dominant classes. It is an unquestioned fact that the feudal power which now dominates Europe could not be maintained without the existence of standing armies to enforce its dictates. The existing European military system is as necessary to maintain control over the masses of the people as it is to thwart the designs of aggressive brother potentates. If it is true that republican institutions are menaced by the existence of standing armies, the converse is equally true that the persistence of monarchical and imperial governments is menaced by the disruption and withdrawal of these armies. The time has not yet gone by when kings can go to war upon their own individual responsibilities, to compass their own selfish ends of territorial aggrandizement, or to satisfy personal ambition and lust for military glory; at any rate, there is the same martial ring and egotistic assumption of undisputed right at this moment, on the part of the Emperors of Germany and Russia at least, to involve their respective countries in war, as was ever arrogated by the most absolute of their predecessors in mediæval days. Not until standing armies are altogether abolished can Europe consistently hope for that prosperity which ought, by natural law, to result from the increment to the commonwealth of the labor of what is now an unproductive element, composed of a very large percentage of the youth and strength of the people. Even if this were possible, would it be judicious in the face of possibilities which may at any moment rise up in Asia? While Europe is talking of disarming, the Asiatic Empire of China is gradually and quietly possessing itself of iron-clad war-vessels of the latest construction, heavy ordnance, Gatling guns, and all the modern munitions of war. Its armies are being drilled by European officers in European tactics, and the personnel and physical material of which these armies are composed is, to say the least, no worse than that of the armies of Europe—witness their recent contests with the French in Tonquin. It may be premature to speculate on the effect of a great Mongol movement on the West, but it is not the first time that the Tartar has knocked at the gates of Europe as an unbidden guest and entered without invitation. The time may yet arrive when it may become a vital necessity to the existence of modern Western civilization for the nations of Europe to band together for the common cause of self-preservation, and in the face of such a possibility as this would it be politic or judicious for them to cease training their youth to the exercise of arms? The beating of swords into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks is a pretty and poetical idea, and it may receive the sanction of the Roman hierarchy, which is said to be now offering its good offices toward effecting a general disarmament of European nations, but there is a good deal of sound sense also in the old-fashioned maxim of keeping your weather-eye open and your powder dry.

Neither ancient nor modern times furnish a parallel to the recent revolting revelations of the savage severity of the Russian penal system. Common humanity is outraged by the pathetic picture which George Kennan presents of the systematic brutality practiced by this so-called civilized nation. Every human heart, not lost to all honest feeling, must turn in sympathy to the unfortunate political exiles in Siberia. Alas! but they are nihilists! Yes, and every true American would of necessity be a nihilist in Russia. These noble men and cultured women, who are suffering under this barbaric refinement of cruelty, are not common criminals. In fact, many of them have never been convicted of any offense. In Semipalatinsk there are forty young men and women of splendid talents and cultivated manners, who were banished without judicial process, but upon the mere order of the minister of the interior. In the various hideous prison pens of Siberia there are real criminals, conspirators, and revolutionists—men and women who have been actively engaged in fighting the

government. Then there are a great number who have been taken from their homes and put under the discipline and surveillance of Siberian officers, simply because they belonged to some forbidden society, or were in possession of some forbidden book, or unguardedly gave expression to some sentiment of liberty. The greater part of them are administrative exiles—persons whom the government has thought it best to place where their chance utterances of advanced and liberal thought can do no harm. The brutal tyranny of this Siberian system, which Russia seems to pride herself in, should rouse every liberty-loving man and woman in the civilized world. We have so long thought of these Siberian exiles as vile conspirators of political assassination, that it has required quite an effort to see them in their true character and color. It is true that they have denounced the despotism of the Czar, and that they have demanded a constitutional form of government, which should guarantee free speech, a free press, and freedom from arbitrary arrest, imprisonment, and exile. But this is to their eternal honor. There, amid the Siberian severity of climate, herded in small and stenchful prisons, without beds, covering, or a pillow on which to rest a fevered head, surrounded by the eternal damp like unto that of death, are such noble martyrs as the gifted artist Leontief and the beautiful Mme. Dicheskula. Robbed of their property, forced to wear convict clothing, separated forever from their loved ones, thrown into the company of the foul, the diseased in mind and body, covered and devoured by vermin—theirs is but a lingering and living death. Mr. Kennan tells us that amid these scenes of unimagined horror he saw cultured men, delicate and inoffensive women, and even gentle girls of seventeen and eighteen years of age. He says: "It did not seem to me possible that they could be regarded in any country, or under any circumstances, as a dangerous menace to social order or to the stability of the government. As I shook hands with them and noticed their shy, embarrassed behavior, and the quick flushes of color which came to their cheeks when I spoke to them, I experienced a feeling of contempt for the Russian Government. 'If I were the Czar,' I said, 'and had an army of soldiers and police at my back, and if, nevertheless, I felt so afraid of timid, half-grown school-girls that I could not sleep in peaceful security until I had banished them to Siberia, I should abdicate in favor of some stronger and more courageous man.'" What a pitiable picture of weakness, to behold a great government like that of Russia tearing timid girls from their homes and exiling them in the middle of the Siberian desert, for fear of their injurious influence upon Russian institutions. Is it strange that the true lovers of liberty in Russia should seek to deal the heaviest possible blow to this fearful form of despotism? The Czar, in his person and crown, represents this despotism to the people. He may be a very excellent person in himself, but upon his head must fall the thunderbolt of retributive justice by virtue of its elevation. No doubt many of the loyal Northern soldiers in our late war were individually inferior, both in intellect and morals, to the soldiers of Southern treason whom they killed in the cause of liberty. Principles, and not persons, were of chief concern. Individual worth and merit sank into insignificance as compared with the all-important truths involved in the conflict. So, when the retribution of an outraged people fell upon the arrogant aristocracy of the French nation during the great revolution, not only the king and queen, but the purest and best of men and women were sacrificed in order to give deeper emphasis to the popular protest against injustice. It is to be feared that, when the Russian people shall determine to balance the dread account of social burdens and privileges, all who have conspicuously sympathized with the present Russian system will fall before the resistless rush of pitiless passion and relentless revenge. Such has been the advance and spread of the love of liberty throughout the world, that no one can now safely wear a crown that stands for despotism. The Czar of Russia is being taught this important truth. The means adopted are severe and extreme, but—if they result in the establishment of justice and truth—they will be justified by the end. All the great truths important to society and government found their first utterance in the protests of martyred patriotism. Every right which the people enjoy to-day was purchased with blood and violently wrenched from the reluctant and stiffening fingers of expiring despotism. Under the present popular pressure, crowns are crumbling and thrones are tottering. The tide of liberty is plowing deeper and rising higher throughout Europe. The growth of democracy in England has been steadily on the increase since 1640, taking a king's life in its progress, until today the queen, though nominally recognized, is virtually retired on a generous allowance. The midnight of ignorance and superstition no longer affords an opportunity for the hideous flash of the despot's sword. A new light has awakened in the East and the horizon hills gleam with the light of universal liberty.

Nothing could be more disingenuous and insincere than the editorial interpretation which the *Chronicle* puts upon the re-

marks made by Mr. Huntington in accepting the position to which he has been elected, as president of the Southern Pacific Railroad, upon the voluntary withdrawal of Governor Stanford from that position. Mr. Huntington denies that the speech made by him was unfriendly to Governor Stanford, or was intended as a personal impeachment of his conduct in the management of the affairs of the company in whose directory Mr. Huntington himself has occupied the place of vice-president, and in whose councils and management he has been chief adviser owing to the frequent absence of President Stanford by reason of his travels abroad and the interruption of his business life by the death of his son. In an interview in the *Examiner*, Mr. Huntington expressly emphasizes the fact that between himself and his associate of a life-time there exist only the kindest and most friendly social relations. If Mr. Huntington would have his language bear the interpretation that he puts upon it, there is no good reason why the community should seek for some covert and malicious and ungenerous meaning to be given it. Whether there are any jealousies growing out of Governor Stanford's political success and deserved popularity in this State, or any social embitterments which can not be alluded to between them except by unroofing a domestic altar, it is not our privilege to inquire nor anybody's business to speculate. We can not believe that there are any misunderstandings over an organization so vast in its proportions, an association so long in its duration, or between acquaintances so intimate and friendly as have been these gentlemen and their families. Governor Stanford has long contemplated a withdrawal from the railroad's presidency to assume the equally important position of chairman of the executive committee of the board of directors. It is certainly apparent that Colonel Fred Crocker, Mr. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. A. N. Towne, Mr. S. T. Gage, are friends of Governor Stanford and enjoy his confidence, and there is no reason to believe that any gentleman elected to the new board is the enemy of Governor Stanford, or the exclusive partisan of Mr. Huntington, or that there are any diversions in the board councils, or will be any important change in the policy of railroad management. It will be observed that Governor Stanford has been re-elected president of the Central Pacific road, with the original directors and officers around him, and this is the only position around which there might be any sentiment. It was the original road which had Governor Stanford's earlier and best efforts for its construction, and in the building of which Messrs. Charles and Edward Crocker and Mark Hopkins identified themselves. So far as Mr. Huntington desires to have the company withdraw from politics, he will meet with a friendly feeling from all respectable classes in society and all political parties. We presume the uncomfortable controversy will disturb neither the newly elected president nor the re-elected directors, and perhaps Governor Stanford himself will feel sufficiently secure in the position he has earned by his long and successful political and business career to know that the reading community will penetrate the motives which prompted the malevolent insinuations indulged in by the *Chronicle* writer. Governor Stanford has fairly earned relief from the more vexatious and laborious duties growing out of his position at the head of so great an institution as the Southern Pacific Railroad. He will be enabled to give more attention to his senatorial duties and to the management of the great educational institution he has so generously provided for the boys and girls of California. Withdrawal from the vexations and annoyances of business life will enable him to give careful consideration to the details of the financial plan which he has devised, and which has met with such unusual approval from all classes of men who have the ability to think and are willing to think disinterestedly. Governor Stanford has received no complaining or fault-finding letters from any bankers or business-men of importance in the financial world, but a general consensus of approval from his personal correspondents and from the press which honestly reflects public opinion. We commend to the careful perusal of our readers the communication in another column, signed "Mercatus," as expressing the motives which have governed Senator Stanford in laying his financial scheme before the people. We shall be glad to print in the *Argonaut* any concise and courteous presentation of objections to the principles involved in the proposed legislation of the senator. Senator Stanford occupies a sufficiently prominent position in the financial, business, and political world to warrant us in asking for him that any criticism should be accompanied by the name of the writer who submits it. With that proviso, we shall be willing to throw open our columns for free discussion.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Stanford Bill and Party Prejudice.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The pretense and announcement of some of the large dailies is to the effect that they will admit to their columns respectful communications which treat of public topics in the interest of the people. The pretense is a sham; the announcement is insincere. They will admit a communication which is to the support of their own views upon public matters, but they will refuse and exclude whatever is adverse thereto. An instance in point is the conduct of these papers

in reference to the bill which Senator Stanford has introduced in Congress to provide that the government shall make loans to relieve and assist the industrial pursuits of the whole country—the producers, manufacturers, and laborers, upon their lands, and plants, and other sound securities. It is to the farmers and those engaged in agriculture, with lands in their possession, that the benefits to flow from the measure would redound. But none of the industries of the country are excluded from the operation of the bill, provided they have tangible property upon which to obtain the loan. The material points of the bill are the easement it will afford all within its purview, in the reduced rate of interest upon the loan, the more equitable valuation of their property in the making of the mortgage, and the security it assures against foreclosure and forced sale at sacrifice—contingents which exist in the case of every mortgage subject to the present custom with banks and capitalists, and all who make loans upon real property or upon chattels. The bill is somewhat similar to the plan upon which Franklin loaned to the worthy young mechanic the sum of five hundred dollars to enable him to set up in business on his own account. The loan was made upon the condition stipulated by Franklin. There should be no foreclosure or distraint. The borrower was to enjoy the benefit of it until he should be able to discharge the indebtedness. But it was to Franklin that he should make return of the five hundred dollars. It was then to be turned over to some worthy young man in similar condition to the borrower at the time of the loan, under similar conditions, and by him to be likewise used and appropriated. The loan thus dispensed became known as the Franklin Fund, and it has been so carefully applied and managed, with such integrity of purpose, that it has now been increased to a large sum, which is committed to the custody and judgment of trustworthy trustees who are enjoined to put it to the use originally intended by the great patriot and philosopher. There has been no instance of default in the many uses of the loan, it has invariably been trusted in beneficial use to young men of integrity and hard work, and in every instance it has seemed to imbue its beneficiaries with the spirit of the true benevolence of its great founder, to root in their natures the finer qualities which the trust reposed in them of honor and of that order of philanthropy which extends to the meritorious a helping hand in time of need.

Benjamin Franklin's plan of loan was an individual matter—his own thought, put in practice by himself, and necessarily limited in its measure of good to the deserving of his fellow-citizens. The plan of Senator Stanford is governmental and illimitable in its domain of benefits, enduring in its operations. It contemplates relief to all of the industrial classes; it makes provision for men of worth with enterprise and energy in the better development of the country who lack the means to pursue their vocation; it affords timely assistance to those distressed from failure of crops or unforeseen disaster to enable them to bridge over the reverse and again secure firm and safe foothold on the high road to competency and contentment. As Franklin's loan imbued the beneficiaries with gratitude and love for the mindful sage, the operation of the Stanford plan would inevitably inspire the great mass of the industrial classes with a deeper sense of devotion to the republic and more ardent belief in the excellence of the government. They would more cheerfully bear the burdens as they enjoyed the blessings of this government, and hold in loftier pride and in ineradicable spirit maintain the incomparable distinction of American citizenship.

The Stanford Bill will work a revolution in the uses of money in the whole country, but it will be a revolution for the greater good of the greater number—for all the people, in fact. It will largely diminish the rates of interest on loans of necessity upon lands and other property. It will affect the accumulation of money from the earnings of labor to the swelling coffers of the rich, and better equalize conditions and persons, to the benefit of those of small means and meritorious enterprise. It will save the lands of the farmer from distraint, and keep from distress of sacrifice the property of the meritorious whotoil and struggle in the battle of life.

Notwithstanding all this to be set forth in approval of the Stanford bill to the benefit of the people, the party press opposed to the party which Senator Stanford represents in Congress, and the newspapers inimical to the senator himself, refuse to give fair consideration to the bill, or misrepresent it and assail it with unfair criticism and unjustifiable arguments. There is no politics in the bill as it reads or can be interpreted. There is no party flavor or essence to it, except so far as the name and person of its author can be dragged in to create prejudice against the project. The bill itself is for the common benefit of the larger proportion of the people. It might have emanated from Jefferson or Jackson, from Franklin, or from Henry Clay, or any other of the great statesmen recognized as advocates and disposed to the amelioration and betterment of the condition of the industrial classes. It is as free from the quality or suspicion of party politics as is the Stanford Jr. University at Palo Alto, which is purely educational. These newspapers profess to deal with subjects in accordance with their merits, as they affect the people. None of them have yet presented logical or plausible argument for their adverse criticism or antagonism to the bill. Unless they are able to do this, their treatment of it must be considered unfair and unjust, and their own pretense of devotion to popular interests will be judged accordingly.

Among the avowed party newspapers, in San Francisco and in other parts of the State, are some, however, which treat the Stanford Bill in a spirit of fairness and candor. Several of the Democratic newspapers have given it impartial consideration and set forth its just merits, in its relation to farmers and owners of property and others. That it is intended to the advantage of speculators, appears upon the face of the bill. It affects all alike, without distinction of party. It is free from latent design, subterfuge, or discrimination. It means that which it recites, and is clear and comprehensive in language and purpose. The evocation a few days ago of two hundred farmers in New Jersey, forced from their homes and farms by decree of foreclosure and sale, emphasizes the importance of the bill and the necessity for it. The many hundreds of millions of dollars which represent the mortgage loans on tens of thousands of farms all over the country, the hundreds of thousands of houses, the millions of acres of land, and the innumerable chattel-mortgages in every State and city and township, are so many invincible arguments to cause the mass of the people to advocate the passage of the Stanford Bill.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 8, 1890.

MERCATUS.

Senator Stanford and the Farmers.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: "Every great measure," said John Stuart Mill once in the British Parliament, "must pass through three stages. In the first, it is ridiculed; in the second, it is discussed; in the third, it is adopted." Senator Stanford's resolution, though not yet formulated into a measure, seems to have passed through the first of these stages; and if stronger objections than have yet been made be not forthcoming, it will soon have passed through the second. It seems to be forgotten that Mr. Stanford has not introduced a bill, nor even proposed a definite scheme. He has only submitted a resolution that the finance committee will see whether a nation that can borrow at three per cent. can not in some way give relief to a large class of its citizens who are struggling along under from eight to twelve, although their security is unquestionable. To be sure, he suggests two per cent., and the bankers cry out, and the papers echo back, that this is ruinously low. Well, what about the national banks that have had pretty nearly three hundred and fifty million dollars for nothing at all? And if two be too low, farmers will cheerfully pay whatever their money may cost the government, say, three or four per cent. Their security would be ample; for they do, on the whole, totter along under from eight to twelve, and would, therefore, with less than half their load have no trouble at all.

A bill has just been brought forward in the English Parliament to enable Irishmen to purchase their farms, the government advancing them, not half the value, as Senator Stanford proposes, but the entire price, and that price twenty years' purchase, on the sole security of the farms. This bill is the handiwork of no less a person than Mr. Goschen, with a single exception, the greatest financier now living. Mr. Stanford has himself shown some financial skill, although there are editors everywhere who far surpass him. For these gentlemen, it will, doubtless, be the easiest thing in the world to show what risk the country would run in providing its farmers with money to half the value of their land, although England can lend the full value; and what injustice there would be in furnishing this money at from two to four per cent. while advancing hundreds of millions to the national banks without any interest at all.

SAN MATEO, April 8, 1890.

JOHN GAMBLE.

TOMASSON.

The Tale of a Materialized Figment.

While I was falling in love with Miss Kenyon and becoming engaged to her, I was too much tossed about in a maelstrom of new emotions to give any consideration to the rest of the world; but no sooner did I leave the house an accepted man, than I was overwhelmed by an appalling thought. It was such a crusher that I had to stand still in the street and blink back at the stars for several moments before I could muster the courage to go on.

"There are not less than three hundred of them," I remarked to Sirius, meaning not the heavenly bodies, but my friends on earth; "and I know that every one will feel himself called upon to attempt to say something funny about it."

Then there suddenly came to my mind the many ill-timed jests which I had been wont to make on love, matrimony, and kindred subjects. Like a greswome procession of spectres, they deployed past, shaking their gory locks at me until I shuddered and cried aloud.

"Alas! that I should have labored these many years to give myself the name of recluse and woman-hater, that am now the maddest of lovers!"

My consternation at the deplorable outlook was so great that for a moment I was tempted to turn back and propose to Mabel that we should put the engagement in escrow, so to speak, until I could go out and reconstruct my reputation. If I could only obtain a temporary reprieve, during which to make a public exhibition of some sackcloth and ashes, my punishment might be made lighter and more easily endured.

The next evening, when I saw Mabel, I explained to her the awkward situation in which I was placed. To do this, I had to confess to my detestable habit of saying mean things about women in general, and I rather supposed that she would take me severely to task; but, on the contrary, it seemed to please her.

She agreed very readily to my plan of keeping the engagement a profound secret for the present.

"Luckily the same idea came to me last night," said Miss Kenyon; "and so I did not tell any one about it."

"What! no one at all?"

"Not a single living soul!"

"Now look here, Mabel, you must have told your mother, because you said a moment ago—"

"Why, of course, Arthur! You would not ask me to conceal it from her, would you?"

"Certainly not; but you declared that you had not told anybody. Who else?"

"Nobody, Arthur. How wretchedly skeptical men are! No one else at all—except Amy."

"Amy Lorne! Good heavens!"

"There, if you propose to speak to me like that and look like that—"

"No, no, dear. Please forgive me—only I was taken aback at our plan being upset at the start—"

"Upset! What do you mean, Mr. Seeley? If you think we can't trust Amy Lorne, you don't know her. She is as discreet and as reliable in a matter of this kind as—as—I am myself. Now, I am just glad it has happened this way. It is a miserable tradition among men that women can't keep secrets. Now, sir, at the end of a month, I want you to investigate and see whether anybody knows anything about this engagement. I know you will have to confess that your suspicions of Amy were unjust."

I will remark just here that during the five or six weeks that followed, I heard no hint of the knowledge in any quarter of the engagement, from which I was obliged to admit that both the young ladies had discreetly kept their counsel.

This part of the circuit was thus closed, but at my own end of the line there remained a more dangerous opening. It was here that I was compelled to evoke the aid of Tomasson, whose volatile career forms the real topic of this narrative.

I was so situated that my goings-out and my comings-in were observed by half-a-dozen people, and the peculiarities thereof regularly commented upon.

The boarding-house where I resided was very much like a club, or a fraternity. Good Mrs. Rollin admitted none but single men, and these only on our unanimous vote. Most of us had been living at the house several years, and we had become very clannish. As a matter of course, we were pretty well acquainted with one another's ways and habits. For myself, I had always led a life in which there was not the least element of secrecy and very little, indeed, of privacy. My room in the evening was a favorite resort of gossipers and smokers. It was well known that I boasted of having no women friends and of acknowledging no social obligations, so if I went out, it was either to the theatre or to some one of the clubs of which I was a member. Not out of curiosity, but from mere good-nature and politeness, the fellows were accustomed to call on me to account for all my absences, and I, nothing loth, would give full explanation.

Thus far I had contrived, by the use of various forms of prevarication, to head off inquiry, but the situation was gradually becoming critical. Miss Kenyon and I had agreed that we were not to see one another oftener than twice a week, and yet, from one cause or another, it came about that I found it necessary to call almost every evening. Of course, it was inevitable that general suspicion should begin to brew, and I presently made up my mind that nothing less than some heroic form of mendacity would save me.

One evening—I think it was about the fourth day after the engagement—I came down the stairway of the house where I lived, with the intention of going out to see Mabel, but in the hall I came upon several of the fellows.

"Where are you going?" cried the chorus.

"Over to the Ivanhoe," I answered, promptly. It was the club where I generally played whist.

"I will go with you," said Tom Vernon, reaching for his hat and stick.

This was awkward, as I had really no intention of passing anywhere near the club-house, and it now became necessary

to go there. Then Vernon insisted upon pointing out to me various good whist-players who were disengaged, and I was compelled to malign their skill to avoid being drawn into a game. At last I shook him off, and was about to leave, when one of the members of the club asked me to accompany him to the theatre to see a certain actor whom he knew I admired greatly.

"I am sorry," I said, "but I have an important engagement."

He came down the steps into the street with me.

"Which way are you going?" he asked.

"To my rooms," I said, knowing that the theatre lay in the opposite direction.

"I hate to go alone," said he; "I think I will walk over to the house with you, and see if I can not get company."

There was nothing to be done but to go back to the house, thus wasting another precious quarter of an hour, which I might have spent with Mabel. When we came inside, there was the same observant crowd in the hall.

I ran upstairs to my room, and devoted a few seconds to thought. Having neither a ready tongue, nor a fertile imagination, devices which might have come extempore to another had to be carefully worked out with me. When I came into the hall again, I was prepared to answer any chance questions that might be flung in my direction.

"What was the matter with the whist game?" asked one of the men near the door.

"No good players," I answered. Then I stopped for a moment under the gaslight, produced a package of letters from my pocket and opened one at random.

"Does any one know whereabouts on South Avenue the Hotel Brookside is?" I asked.

None of them knew. How should they?

"There is a friend of mine from New Orleans stopping there," I said; "his name is Tomasson. I must look him up."

"Tom Mason?"

"No. Tomasson!"

"Is there any pedigree that goes with a name like that?" asked Harry Waller.

"It is an odd name," I assented, "and he is a very peculiar fellow." Then becoming emboldened by the sight of unsuspecting credence in every face, I added, recklessly: "I will bring him around and let you compare him and his name."

I was stopping to replace the letter in which I had pretended to look up Tomasson's address in my pocket, when Fred Hillhouse, who is one of the most thoughtful and kindly fellows in the world, spoke up and said:

"By all means fetch him around and let us help you to entertain him. Will he be here any length of time?"

"I don't know," I answered; "several weeks perhaps. He doesn't say in his letter."

"Is he a society man?" asked Egerton; "I can get him all the invitations—"

"If he likes sport," shouted Morley, "I will take him to the Finnegan-Johnson fight and the races next week."

"It is just possible," said Woolcott, "that Mr. Tomasson is neither a dude nor a tough, but possesses brains and refinement. In that case, I have an extra ticket for the Loreley concert which is at his service."

I was beginning to get very much confused. What sort of a man was my friend Tomasson? It was not enough to have merely bestowed existence upon him; I must now invest his airy nothingness with something more than a local habitation and a name; he must have such characteristics and proclivities as might be needed to give him respectable verisimilitude. Instinctively I established him at a high standard. If I were to manufacture a friend, there was no reason why he should not be a superior sort of a mortal.

"I think you would all like Tomasson," I said, with my hand on the door-knob, ready to make a retreat the moment that a suitable opportunity showed itself; "he is really a splendid fellow. He goes in for sport, but does not lack refinement, by any means. I imagine that he is a shining light socially, although I don't know much about such matters. What I admire him for most is his brilliant intellect. However, I will leave you to judge him for yourselves."

Then I made my escape out of the door, amid a general chorus of "Bring him around! Let us look at him!"

At first, I was inclined to congratulate myself at the creation of Tomasson. For an off-hand piece of work, it was really quite an artistic job. In a few careless sentences I had succeeded in investing him with such a live reality that general interest was excited in the matter of his suitable entertainment. To me, he was likely to be the most convenient form of a friend ever devised—a sort of a patron saint of alibis, with whom, under one pretext or another, I might be supposed to spend all the time which it was my real intention to devote to Mabel. In my imagination I pictured myself, night after night, waylaid by the same crowd at the door, and passing through always the same brief dialogue:

"Where are you going?"

"Over to see Tomasson."

Blessed Tomasson! He had come to me in my direst need, and had generously placed his time and labor—his very self, in fact—at my disposal. There was nothing which I would not gladly do for him in return. If he liked money, there was no reason why I should not bestow millions upon him. He might marry the loveliest woman in the world—that is, excepting Mabel—if ever he found himself inclined to matrimony. In appearance, he should be a glass of fashion and a mold of form; he should be endowed with the accomplishments, manners, and conversation of an old-fashioned novel hero. Wide-spread and glorious should be the fame of Tomasson, and I its herald.

Never before had I manufactured a friend to order, and for the moment the occupation held me with an irresistible fascination. But as I went on grafting one virtue after another upon the parent stock of a name, it suddenly occurred to me that I had not created Tomasson for my own delectation, but as a beguilement for my friends at the house. He had come into existence to fill a need, and the qualities with which I invested him must be such as would best enable

him to carry out his object in life. It would be a fine thing, forsooth, if I was to excite such a degree of public interest over the excellencies of Tomasson that my friends would, so to speak, serve a writ of *habeas corpus* on me, and demand that I produce his person. Indeed, I had recklessly laid myself open to this very complication by offering to bring Tomasson to the house. At the moment I had attached no importance to the promise, for the reason that I looked upon Tomasson as a mere transient, who could be induced to move on to some other abiding place at a moment's notice. But if I proposed to avail myself permanently of his services, I must manage in some way to give him the gift of fern-seed and make him walk invisible. To accomplish this, it might be necessary to put the poor fellow through a course of misfortunes, or envelop him in a dark shroud of mystery, or perhaps despoil him of some of his noblest characteristics.

As I turned the situation over in my mind, Tomasson the heroic, the grand, the exemplary, began to fade away, and in his place there appeared the strange, undefined nucleus of a Tomasson, to which characteristics should rally as fast as circumstances made them necessary. I hastily prospected the conversation through which I had just passed, and sought in my own utterances for the elements of this nucleus. Tomasson was "peculiar," but "a splendid fellow," who went in for sport and society, was refined, and had a "brilliant intellect." It was fortunate that I had called him "peculiar." Through the medium of its far-reaching significance, every other characteristic could be rendered inoperative at a moment's notice, and if needed, a horde of idiosyncrasies could be unleashed upon him.

A number of times that evening, I found myself on the point of telling Mabel all about Tomasson; but something restrained me. Perhaps it was the thought that he might be destined for some dark and dangerous career, of which she had best remain in ignorance, and perhaps I held back because I was unwilling that she should learn that her future husband could be guilty of such stupendous mendacity.

Before I went down to breakfast the next morning, I had the campaign pretty well planned out. It was to attire Tomasson in the habiliments of a ready-made mystery. I thought best to make it a mystery about a woman, because that is the most interesting kind, and would give larger range to Tomasson's peculiarities and my own eccentric movements.

At the breakfast-table I was met, as I had anticipated, with a rattle of inquiries about my friend.

"Did you find Tomasson?"

"Yes, after some difficulty," I answered; "the Hotel Brookside no longer exists, but I found the boarding-house into which it has been metamorphosed. We spent a pleasant evening together, and I shall see him again to-night."

"How long will he stay in the city?" asked Hillhouse.

"That depends," I said; "he is not here for pleasure—that is, not exactly. He may stay a week, and he may stay a month or two."

"Will he go to the Loreley Concert?" demanded Woolcott.

"No," I said, frowning and shaking my head slowly; "I am afraid not."

"Prefers the fight, of course. Any sensible man would," exclaimed Morley.

"No, no," I said, hastily; "Tomasson will not go out anywhere. I doubt, indeed, whether he even comes here to the house. This may seem strange to you, but it would not if you knew the cause of his visit here. The fact is," here I pretended to get a bit embarrassed, "Tomasson asked me not to mention his name to any one, as he does not want his presence here known. Well, he spoke too late, as I had already told all of you. His is a strange and interesting story, and after he is gone I will tell it, but, if you will, I wish you would forget about him for the present."

This appeal had exactly the effect that I had anticipated. It made any farther public discussions of Tomasson impossible. There was momentary confusion and silence, and then the conversation changed to another channel.

I knew that this would do well enough for a general explanation, but there were individuals in the group who, by reason of my special intimacy with them, were entitled to a greater degree of confidence. It would not be asked, and yet it might be expected, and, if not volunteered, I might risk various suspicions. So I picked out Harry Waller as my first victim, and managed it that we should walk down-town together.

"Harry," I said, "I want to tell you something about this Tomasson affair, partly because I want your advice and partly because I know that the fellows are likely to comment upon it among themselves, and I want you to be in a position to correct any misunderstanding that may arise. It is quite probable that you will never meet Tomasson, and I think I do no harm in partially violating his confidence."

"Hold on," said Waller; "do you expect me to keep this story a secret?"

"Well, not exactly," said I; "you might speak of it to Hillhouse or Woolcott, for example, and yet I would not like it to become public."

"I understand," said Waller.

I felt much relieved that he understood, for I hardly comprehended my own idea.

Thereupon, I proceeded to reel off a long and complicated piece of fiction, the plot of which might have successfully formed the basis of a Bowery melodrama. There was something about a feud between two old Mississippi families, of which Tomasson's was one; there was an elopement and secret marriage and life in a villa near New Orleans; then followed a few neighborly shootings and killings, in the midst of which Tomasson and his stolen wife quarreled and she returned to her family. Here the story began to grow longer and more exciting than I had anticipated, but as it gratified my own æsthetic sense and evidently captivated my listener, I let it take its own course. There was a tragic scene when the cruel parent refused to receive back his penitent daughter, and she took the next train for some unknown locality. Then I allowed a couple of years to pass, during which most of the belligerent members of the two houses either died off or got

killed, so that the feud ran out. There were mutual explanations and apologies all around, and Tomasson made up his mind that he had wronged his wife. This brought me to the goal which I was seeking: to account for Tomasson's presence here, and give him a secret occupation in which I could assist. It appears that he had good reason to suppose that Mrs. Tomasson was in this city, and he proposed to execute a thorough search.

It had occurred to me that I might make Tomasson point a moral as well as adorn a tale, so I took advantage of the opportunity to dilate, *en passant*, upon the exquisite happiness of Tomasson's married life—while it lasted—and to declare that he had quite convinced me, by the enthusiasm with which he had described that period, that my preconceived notions of the matrimonial state were seriously in error.

"But Tomasson's marriage, it appears, terminated in disaster," said Waller.

I admitted that it did, but found a reason in the secret element which untoward circumstances had thrown into it.

"And you see," I said, "how determined Tomasson is, to call back his lost happiness. He will travel thousands of miles and spend his money and his life in the search for that woman. I have placed my time at his disposal, and will work with him."

Thereupon, Harry entered into the undertaking with an interest and enthusiasm that made me almost ashamed of the trick which I was playing. He begged to be taken into our plans and allowed to assist on the work. I assured him that this was impossible, as Tomasson was naturally very sensitive about the whole matter, and would not like to extend the circle of his confidence.

"He is a peculiar fellow, you understand," I said.

Then Harry demanded to know what method of search we proposed to employ, and, on the spur of the moment, I outlined a campaign which, in its intricate completeness, would have probably astonished Vidocq himself. The entire life-time of several expert detectives would have been needed to carry out the work which I had set before Tomasson and myself to be accomplished in the brief month or two during which I proposed to keep my engagement a secret.

Waller gave no small assistance in the development of this part of the plot, by suggesting various avenues of search which I had passed unnoticed. He promised to render such explanations to the boys as would prevent them from questioning me about my absence, and with this we parted. I felt that I had done a masterly piece of work in selecting Waller as my pseudo-confidant. Of all the fellows, he was the one that I had most to fear, both for his shrewd discernment and for his habit of dealing in badinage. I had disarmed my most dangerous enemy and made of him a shield against the others.

Everything turned out exactly as I had hoped and planned. That evening, when I came down-stairs to go out, Hillhouse remarked: "You are going over to see Tomasson, I suppose," to which I answered "Yes," and it became the formula as often as I was met at the door when departing to see Mabel. No questions were asked about Tomasson, and if he came into the general conversation at all, it was only because I thought best to refer to him once in a while to keep up the verisimilitude of the thing. Knowing that Waller had told something of his story, it gave me a wicked delight to throw out vague and mysterious hints of adventures with which I met when in his company.

In the meantime, I was industriously reforming myself. The wanton misogynist ate his own sarcasms in a not-too ostensible penitence. I exhibited a disposition of a mild and pastoral type, such as I imagined a young man who could fall in love and get married, without astonishing his friends, might display. I listened with an unconscionable degree of interest to Hillhouse's rhapsodies about his sisters, and promised Egerton that I would "tackle society" as soon as the departure of Tomasson should give me more leisure. In this way, I gradually worked along toward the disclosure which I knew must soon be made.

I believe that everything would have turned out right to the end of the chapter, had I not become enamored, after the fashion, I believe, of story-tellers, with my own inventive powers, and afflicted with a longing to pay out to the last stiver the coinage of my brain. Moreover, the more I thought about Tomasson, the more interesting he became, and the more I wished to develop him. As I had begun with Waller, and had once broken in upon the sacred confidence of my mysterious friend, there was no reason why I should not continue to keep him informed of all the interesting details connected with the case. It was not long before he came to regard an accounting of each evening's experience as his right and privilege, and I was compelled to spend a half-an-hour or so every night after I retired in simmering down a concoction of phantasies to be ladled out to him in the morning. I might have been annoyed at this, had I not derived so much satisfaction from watching the voracity of my innocent victim. I now understand why it is that the most conscientious men will not hesitate to deceive women—it is because, as a rule, the ease of the operation gives it a charm so intense as to be irresistible.

I had been parading the sorrows of Tomasson for several weeks, and was about ready to have him discover the long-lost wife in a remarkable adventure of some kind, and then leave town by the next train, when Harry Waller came into my room one evening, and announced that he had some very important information for me.

"It concerns a friend of yours," he said, closing the door behind him and turning the key in the lock.

I was engaged in the task of trying to decide which necktie Mabel should see me wear that evening. I looked around at Waller, and was struck with the very unusual earnestness and excitement in his face.

"Seeley," he exclaimed, "I have found Mrs. Tomasson!"

"Impossible!" I cried, meaning more by the expression probably than he ever suspected.

"I have, though," continued Waller. He went over and straddled a chair, and without taking his eyes off my face he nodded his head slowly a half-a-dozen times.

I suffered a momentary panic, during which I turned back to the glass and put on the worst tie in the lot; then the spirit of St. Ananias whispered in my ear: "Dissemble, temporize, or you are discovered!"

"You surprise me," I stammered; "are you c-certain?"

"Certain, sure," he answered; "perhaps I have done an unwarrantable thing in taking a hand in this matter, but the way it has turned out, I am confident that Tomasson will forgive me."

"What have you been doing?" I demanded.

"I have felt dissatisfied for some time," answered Waller, "with the way this search was being carried on. It was unsystematic and incomplete. So while you and Tomasson have been fooling with detectives and wandering about the streets at night, I have been working on a method of my own. You remember you told me that she was finely educated in music. The poor woman had to support herself, and I decided that it must be by piano lessons. I went to the music-stores and obtained lists of all the lady teachers in the city, and then proceeded to look them up one after another. I pretended that I wanted instruction for a supposititious sister of mine, and some forty-three teachers had to be deluded into thinking they were about to secure a new pupil before I found the right one."

"But how do you know that she is the right one? Surely she does not bear Tomasson's name still?"

"Of course not. She has prefixed a 'Mrs.' to her own family name and dresses as a widow. She is Mrs. Ripley."

"Ripley!" I ejaculated; "her family name!"

"Ah," said Waller, with a cunning look, "you have probably forgotten that in the very first conversation we had together about Tomasson, you mentioned the name of the other family in the feud. I remembered it."

Had I mentioned it? Had I? I recalled the fact that I had lugged as many names as possible into that first great lie—*but* Ripley—Ripley?

"Ha! ha!" said Waller, getting up from the chair, with a laugh; "I imagine you never expected to find such an expert in me. Now put on your coat and come along. I have made an engagement with her to meet you this evening."

"The deuce you have!" I exclaimed.

Waller eyed me for a moment in such a peculiar way that I was afraid I had betrayed myself.

"Now look here, Seeley," said he, "I did not think this of you. I supposed naturally you would feel a little chagrin that I should have succeeded where you have failed, but if you really have any regard for poor Tomasson—"

"No, no," I interrupted; "you misunderstand me. I am delighted—only that I can hardly believe that you are right. It must be some other woman."

"But, I tell you, I *know*," he shouted; "I talked with her for a half-an-hour."

"What did you say?"

"I asked her if I had not seen her in New Orleans, and she started very perceptibly at the mention of the place. She admitted that she had lived there. Then I remarked that the Ripleys were an old Mississippi family and she answered that she knew some of them. At last, I suddenly sprung the name of Tomasson, and looked keenly at her as I did so. She turned pale and I was afraid she was going to faint. How do you account for that?"

I could account for it easily enough. Waller had found some music-teacher—a Southern lady—and had bewildered her with absurd questions, until she had made up her mind he was a maniac and had been frightened half to death. However, I could not tell him that.

"It certainly does look as though she must be Mrs. Tomasson," I said, utterly confounded and at a loss. As I slowly drew on my coat an idea struck me. He had not described the lady's appearance. Perhaps I could checkmate him there.

"Is she short, or tall?" I asked.

"Well, medium," he answered.

"Tomasson says his wife was very tall," I remarked, dubiously.

"I am so tall myself that it is hard for me to estimate a woman's height," said Waller; "when she stood up—let me see—and he indicated with his hand an altitude which would very nearly entitle the lady to a place in a museum."

"What was the color of her hair?" I demanded, and as I did so I felt a triumphant thrill, for I was sure I had him cornered. If he made her a brunette I would have her blonde, and *vice versa*.

"Very light blonde," he answered, promptly.

"Not the woman—just as I suspected all along," I said; "you know those Southern women are all brunettes, and Mrs. Tomasson was of the darkest type."

"Her hair has been bleached," Waller remarked, with the utmost *sang froid*; "I knew it the instant I looked at her, and it increased my suspicions. Her eyebrows and lashes are very dark."

I smothered an exclamation of fury, but before I recovered my composure I found that I had put on my hat and overcoat and was ready to start.

We went down-stairs together. On the lounge in the hall lay Fred Hillhouse, and as we passed he addressed himself to Waller.

"Where are you going, Harry?"

"We are going over to see Tomasson."

There was an air of rascally satisfaction in the way my companion spoke. Hillhouse gazed at us in mild surprise, but said nothing.

"I thought it best to say that," remarked Waller, as soon as we got outside the door, "so as to throw him off the scent." He evidently thought that he had done a brilliant thing, and I was in no condition of mind to enter into a dispute with him. Presently he hailed a street-car, and I observed with some gratification that it was of the line which led to the part of the city in which Mabel lived. After seeing this woman, whoever she was, and convincing Waller that she was not Mrs. Tomasson, I could, without much delay, make my customary call on Miss Kenyon.

Waller continued to ply me with questions about Mrs.

Tomasson which I was too much annoyed to answer very carefully. It was a clear case that I was on the verge either of a disagreeable exposure of all my mendacity or of an awkward interview with this unknown woman. What would she think of us, and how should we explain our absurd conduct? Waller was bent on going—that was plain enough—and what would he do when we came face to face with the supposed Mrs. Tomasson?

My consternation doubled when we came to the very street in which Miss Kenyon lived, and I saw Waller making preparations to get off the car. What ill luck that it should be in her neighborhood! If anything strange or unpleasant should happen, it would be sure to come to her ears, and how could I account for it?

"This way," said Waller; "it is the large stone house with the fir-trees in the yard."

"What, does she live there?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, no," said he; "she told me that she expected to visit there this evening, and we could call on her then. The Lornes live here. Do you know Amy Lorne?—very nice girl; I don't mind telling you, Seeley, that I recently became engaged to her."

"Amy Lorne!" I gasped. This was Mabel's "best friend."

"Yes. Very nice girl—only she will tell secrets. All do that, you know. Ought not to trust 'em."

"Look here," I said, savagely, grasping his arm; "how long have you known about this?"

"From the first."

"And Mrs. Tomasson?"

"She is a fit spouse for Tomasson himself. In fact, she is bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh."

We had come to the large stone house.

"Will you come in?" asked Waller; "you need not fear Mrs. Tomasson any longer."

"No," I said; "I am going across the street."

However, I stood still for a moment on the kerb-stone. I felt as if I had just suffered a stroke of intellectual paralysis.

"I suppose," said Waller, eying me curiously, "that you are meditating a general holocaust of the Tomassons."

"They shall be butchered before the rising of the sun!"

"I wouldn't," said Waller; "Tomasson, now, appears to be a very handy sort of a man. Who knows what use we may have for him—afterwards?"

"Verily, you are right," I said. We shook hands silently on this felonious design, and the life of Tomasson was spared.

LOS ANGELES, April, 1890.

PHILIP FIRMIN.

The *Medical Times and Register* says: "The most astonishing accounts concerning hypnotism continue to be in vogue; though, like the ghost stories generally, they are located at some distant point. Meanwhile, evidences of the dangers of hypnotism appear to accumulate more rapidly than the proofs of its value. The capability of being hypnotized is a misfortune; the habit enhances the instability of the nervous system, which it evidences. The control thus exerted by one mind over another, can only exceptionally be employed for good. More frequently, as there is good reason to believe, deception, rascality, and libertinism are apt here to find their opportunity, and weakness its desired excuse for yielding. Out of this we see in the future suits innumerable for violations of the property and the person of patients; suits, of whose dangerous character the profession will not be long in appreciating, if the practice of hypnotism becomes general, and juries become convinced of its reality."

One of the most marvelous features of astronomical photography is the way that a camera will register the images of stars invisible to the human eyes. The same instrument which shows to the human eye stars of the fourteenth magnitude, which in the entire heavens would register about forty-four million stars, shows to "the photographic eye" no less than one hundred and thirty-four millions! After an exposure of one hour and twenty minutes a photographic negative of the whole firmament would display to the astonished gaze of the beholder a luminous dust of four hundred millions of stars.

The Vendas of India, the most ancient written documents, attest that at times most remote, but still recorded in history, only two colors were known—black and red. In the time of Alexander the Great, painters knew but four colors, viz.: white, black, red, and yellow. The words to designate blue and yellow were wanting to the Greeks in the most ancient times of their history, they calling these colors black and gray.

English thieves are using a contrivance looking like an ordinary walking-stick, but which is so arranged that by pressing a spring at the handle the ferrule will spread apart and form a sort of spring clip that will take hold of anything that is within reach. The thing is called "the continental lifting-stick," and is used to take goods from behind counters when the shop-man's back is turned.

An English railway company is selling its old cars at twenty-five dollars apiece, and it is alleged that they are being purchased for conversion into cottages, bathing-machines, and various other small habitations.

A boy with four eyes was born recently in the Province of Fukien, China, and was promptly drowned by his mother, instead of being sent to a museum.

The shrewd Mr. Howells remarks somewhere that there is no emergency of life that the average woman does not think can be met with cut flowers.

The new avenues and streets opened in Rome and Naples bear the names of Victor Emanuel, Cavour, Garibaldi, and Mazzini.

A FROCKED VOLUPTUARY.

An "Argonaut" Correspondent sketches a Typical French Priest.

Mgr. Salviani is the *curé* of Langon, a village in southern France, on the banks of the Garonne, and thirty miles from Bordeaux. I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance last September, while a guest at the château of one of the foremost wine-growers in the famous Médoc district.

Mgr. Salviani is, like most of his cloth in Gaul, a most dignified-looking gentleman. The French priests are, with few exceptions, a fine lot of men. Their smoothly shaven and sharp-cut features; their becoming robes, looped up in graceful folds and girded about the waist, with a broad silken sash; their knee-breeches, black silk-stockings, silver-buckled shoes, and cocked hats, form an attractive, as well as a picturesque figure, and M. le *curé* de Langon was no exception to the rule.

He was a man about sixty years of age, rather under the medium height, broad, thick-set, and muscular. He had a well-shaped head, with a scanty covering of white hair, piercing gray eyes, a large nose—the nose of a Vespasian; thick, protruding, sensual under-lip, upper-lip vulpine, and a firm, resolute chin. His voice was bold and sweet, with a sharp edge, or at times soft and liquid, like oil flowing from the bung-hole of a cask. His smile—unless he chose to let it pass into a sneer—was gentle and winning.

An attractive man, indeed—not only in appearance but in conversation. A dangerous man to cross swords with in an argument. His information was something extraordinary. In erudition—in a thorough knowledge of and familiarity with the Greek and Latin classics, ancient history, science, and art—the French clergy are unapproachable. There are still Bossuets, Fénelons, and Bourdaloues to be found among the religious orders on the continent.

In temperance and virtue, on the other hand, they have little to boast of. Morality with them is a *tabula rasa*.

M. le *Curé* arrived by the steamer from Langon at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon. A carriage was sent to bring him to the château, where he was received by the family with all the cordiality that he had met with on previous occasions; for he was a frequent visitor at the house. After exchanging the courtesies of the day, and refreshing himself with a glass of *eau sucrée*, Mgr. Salviani donned his hat and cloak, and honored us with his presence for a two hours' drive through the vineyards and *bois*.

We drew up for a few moments, on the way home, to inspect the wine-cellars of our host, to give our opinion of last year's vintage, and temper our palates with purple liquids that had been warned into being by the afternoon sunlight, a score of years before.

We took our candles and entered the *cuvier*. A long, narrow inclosure, below ground; a single embrasure at either end admitting a shaft of light from above; a long line of casks, piled one upon the other at each side, forming a gentle perspective; a soft, yielding pathway beneath. At the vanishing point, a few feet from the ground, stood a statue of the Madonna. Underneath burned, with dim and uncertain light, a taper, floating on the surface of perfumed oil, within a transparent vase of Venetian glass. This offering to the Virgin is kept constantly burning. It is never allowed to go out. All sorts of things might happen if it did.

We pronounced the wines excellent. Magnificent Mafra, at its royalist banquet, never poured out richer juices to enlarge a Portuguese king into manhood. The *curé* rolled his eyes as it passed his lips; then, kneeling before the blue-and-white effigy, offered a prayer.

We came out into daylight again and resumed our ride.

Upon our return, we found that dinner was served; and after devoutly making the sign of the cross, the party seated themselves to enjoy the meal. There were no young ladies present, though several of middle age; and accordingly our loquacious divine felt himself quite free to detail, for the edification of the company, a number of very *risqué* stories, at which we, of course, all laughed heartily, for one must at least express one's approval at the *bon-mots* of so distinguished a guest as the *curé* of a neighboring village.

It is true that these tales and anecdotes were of a description that would scarcely bear reproduction in the pages of *La Vie Parisienne*, however judiciously dressed. But what did it matter? They were certainly never intended for publication. They were merely designed to relate over the *ragoût*, for the amusement of *les dames* and the delectation of the other sex. They added a certain piquancy to the dinner, as well as a charm to the general conversation. They were things to relish and smack one's lips over. So thought M. le *Curé*, at all events, to judge from his actions.

From these purple tints of prandial discourse, the conversation turned to those of a more appropriate nature. Appropriate, inasmuch as it was the first day of the week, and because, perhaps, they approached nearer to subjects one would rather be inclined to expect from the lips of so venerable and apparently orthodox a representative of the Church of Rome.

One of the principal topics of interest in France, and especially Southern France, is the miracles that are every year performed at Lourdes, a little town in the Pyrenees, where there is a natural—or, perhaps, it is an artificial—grotto and a well. Thither thousands of credulous invalids and cripples journey every autumn; and if we are to give credence to what the clergy say, are entirely cured of their ills and infirmities.

You are asked if you believe these reports. If you do not, you are looked upon with a certain degree of pity—pity akin to contempt. When the question was put to me, I asked for an instance—a specific case. I was told that a certain girl of sixteen, living in the vicinity, had for a long time been unable to walk, owing to an enlargement and deformity of the knee-joint. As the disease progressed, so her faith increased. She went to Lourdes, drank a few goblets of water drawn from the miraculous well, and her limbs were at once restored to their normal condition.

I replied that common sense did not permit me to believe such a statement. The girl, I said, was undoubtedly a suf-

ferer from what is known as "exostosis"—an ossified tumor of the knee-joint. A glass of water, I contended, could no more restore her knee to its normal condition than it could replace a lost finger or reduce a dislocation.

I was forgiven because I was an American.

Of course our guest was a connoisseur of wines as well as an accomplished *raconteur* of indelicate stories. He combined the appetites of a Paphian with the eros of Bacchus. As the dinner progressed, the effects of the Margaux upon the sympathetic and vascular system of M. le *Curé* became decidedly apparent, and by the time we had reached the cognac and cigars, it seemed immaterial to him whether he was in the midst of a respectable Girondist family of title and position, or among his presumably *insouciant* companions of the altar and sacristy. He became totally oblivious to his surroundings. But fortunately for him, M. Salviani's harmless idiosyncrasies were well known. Cassock and biretta, in France, are but synonyms for carnal appetite and unbridled indulgence. They have long ago given birth to and carry a diathesis with them. So that even though the *curé* of Langon spilled his wine over the table-cloth, broke several glasses, and tritulated a decanter, he escaped the judgment that might have been passed upon one whose chosen calling and indifferent service to the church could not serve as a condoning circumstance to his daily—or nightly—behavior.

There could be no doubt that M. le *Curé* was—to make use of a rather inelegant expression—drunk; decidedly drunk. Even a constant application of a cold and perspiring palm to his heated and congested forehead, or continued efforts to remove with his knuckles some object seemingly obstructive to vision, proved insufficient.

M. le *Curé* was drunk!

Dinner over, it was proposed that we should play a game of *écarté*. It was Sunday night, to be sure. But it was Sunday night in France. That was different. So we and the ladies played for an hour. Precision is not imperative—perhaps it was an hour and a half. It was quite long enough, however, to prove that the *curé* was an exceptionally brilliant player. Opposite to him at table, the contents of one's purse became deliquescent—melting away like winter snow beneath June sunlight.

After this it was proposed that we should take a turn on the *quai*; and so, relighting our cigars, we sauntered forth. The *Quai Maritime*, as in most large commercial and seaport towns, was the principal promenade. There, in the evening, the entire female population, it seemed, came out for an airing; while the men, less attracted by the picturesque, or too lazy to walk about, sit and sip their coffee at the little iron tables of the *cafés* near by. But the pretty girls of the place, in their variegated costumes and head-dress—laughing, chattering, and romping—and the older women conversing among themselves in an incessant jargon, are all there to add movement to the scene and life to the surroundings. Monsieur bowed familiarly to the former, and exchanged courtesies with the latter. He would have kissed the prettiest ones, no doubt, had he dared: Among the throng could be easily detected faces of women who were neither wives nor daughters, sisters nor mothers—with penciled eyelashes and rouged cheeks, such as are met at night in the vicinity of Notre Dame de Lorette in Paris. And with these monsieur did not scruple to exchange a significant glance. But the look was not indicative of desire. "I have no use for such as you," it said; "you are too cheap a commodity. Unusual advantages have made me rather fastidious in my tastes. *Sua cuique voluptas*. The confessional is a Pandora's box for me. I may take my choice." This is what the *curé's* glance said as plainly as if his lips had repeated it.

We retraced our steps to the château, where, after a pledge of eternal friendship over the contents of a very dusty old bottle, we retired.

I did not see my new acquaintance next morning, for he had taken his departure before I was out of bed. I shall have the pleasure of meeting him again, however, a few months hence, at which time I shall be happy, if he so desires it, to translate for him from the *Argonaut* this fugitive sketch, which if it be not altogether devoid of interest, will at least recall to him a certain evening spent in the company of an American gentleman, whom he may think rather more inclined to be captious than liberal.

JOHN PRESTON BEECHER.

Attention is being called to the fact that the peak of Tenerife at dawn casts upon the ocean a shadow that at first appears to be flat upon the surface, but that gradually seems to rise up until it is perpendicular, and stands apparently a reproduction in black of the real mountain which beside it is white and glowing in the sunlight. The scientific explanation of the phenomenon is that the shadow at first is really flat upon the water, but that, as the heat of the rising sun causes a vapor to rise from the ocean, the shadow gradually becomes cast against the bank of fog instead of upon the water, and really is straight up in the air.

Twenty-five years ago, George Peabody, the rich banker and philanthropist, set apart \$2,500,000 for buying wretched tenements in the London slums, clearing them off, and building in their stead pleasant and sanitary homes for the poor. The trustees of the fund have performed their duties wisely and faithfully. They now have eighteen groups of houses scattered over the city, which shelter 20,374 people, and before long they will be able to buy land and build another group. The fund on December 31st amounted to £994,789, and up to that time, £1,233,845 had been expended for land and buildings.

Dr. Rudolf Virchow examined all the royal mummies to which he had access during his stay in Egypt, and took innumerable and minute measurements of their skulls and bodies. From his researches, he reached the opinion that there was no negro blood in their veins, and that they were distinguishable from Europeans only with difficulty. Ideas in regard to Cleopatra's looks should therefore be revised.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The increasing and apparently incurable deafness of the Princess of Wales has become a source of great annoyance to the royal family.

Edward Atkinson is doing his best to make the Boston city authorities put fire-escapes on the school-houses, and threatens to carry the matter before the grand jury.

The Duke of Portland has been disappointed again. It is a girl, and the precedent of a century, during which no direct heir has been born to the house, remains unbroken.

Professor Tyndall has erected unsightly screens of poles covered with dead heath on his grounds to prevent some people who have built houses within field-glass range of his residence from seeing him.

The parents of the young blackguard, Lord Dunlo, who married the notorious concert-hall singer, Belle Bilton, have taken proceedings for a divorce, while their son and heir is traveling for his health in the Antipodes.

It is said that "Mr. Biggar's death was due to his uncompromising temperance principles. His doctor ordered him to take wine at his meals to brace himself up, but he refused to do so, and gradually broke down." Rubbish.

Elon Booth, an old bachelor, worth one hundred thousand dollars and noted for his shrewdness and selfishness, died Sunday at Newton, Conn. When told that he must soon die, Booth expressed a wish that he might swallow every dollar he had amassed and leave none of it for others to squander.

General Daniel E. Sickles, the new sheriff of New York, is a millionaire, having been a successful speculator in Mexican mines. He is said to have an ambition to succeed Mr. Grant as mayor, and it is hinted that Governor Hill has selected Sickles as his own successor in the gubernatorial office.

Marwood, the famous English hangman, died a bankrupt. He was a shoe-maker by trade, but speculated considerably, hemp being naturally one of the things he dabbled in. Among his assets is a bill of twenty-five pounds against the city of Dublin for the hanging of the murderers of Burke and Cavendish.

M. de Freycinet, who has become for the fourth time Premier of the French Republic, is a peculiar creature. He is small and insignificant physically, and his countenance habitually bears a furtive, scared expression, which has led to his being dubbed "the White Mouse." His wife is a clever, ambitious woman, whose aim in life is to become "Madame la Présidente."

Shortly after his return from Persia, some one asked Mr. George Curzon whether he had seen much of Sir Henry Wolff, and how he was getting on as British Minister at Teheran. "Getting on capitally," said the young traveler: "he's the very man for Persia. He's so bustling and mysterious as to impress the Persians with the idea that he is up to something and that they will never know what."

A message dated February 1st has just reached Thomas Stevens from the late Sultan of Zanzibar, Seyyid Khalifa-bin-Said, written just before his death, thanking Mr. Stevens for copies of his book, "Around the World on a Bicycle." The present Sultan, Seyyid Ali, is a brother to Khalifa. He is a tool in English hands, drinks champagne like a Russian, and never says his prayers. There is much dissatisfaction among his Mohammedan subjects.

Mayor Hart, of Boston, declined to attend the public meeting, to be held at Faneuil Hall, to protest against the alleged outrages in Siberia. The mayor says he is authorized to look after Boston and not Russia, and he can not, without violating his convictions, take part in the proceedings. He does not believe that the United States should interfere in the domestic affairs of any foreign country. Mayor Hart was elected mayor last year on the American ticket, on the anti-Romanism issue.

The well-known French physician, Dr. Mare, wrote the following letter to the Duke of Orleans a few days ago: "If you have an honest desire to wear the uniform of the French soldier and share his meals, you can easily have that distinction. You need only follow the example of Archduke John of Austria. Renounce your privileges and claim to the throne. You will then be the equal of every Frenchman. You will then have the right to be proud of that motto which serves as the inscription upon our public monuments."

Nawab Mehdi Hasan Khan, Chief-Justice of Hyderabad, has written for an Indian magazine his opinions of London, derived from his jubilee visit. Speaking of London clubs, he says: "One thing that froze the blood in my veins about all those clubs is that the members go and come without the slightest sign of recognizing one another. They are all members of one club, but, so far from being acquainted, they appear to hate one another." Referring to the queen's drawing-room, he remarks: "The faces were heavenly and the forms lovely. Diamonds shone on heads and breasts, and some of the ladies were so beautiful as to be the pride of England and even the human race."

There has been a terrific fuss at Constantinople in consequence of a German photographer having rashly attempted to take an instantaneous photograph of the Sultan as his majesty was proceeding on horseback to the mosque. The guard rushed upon him, smashed all his instruments, and dragged him off to prison. The Koran forbids the depicting of the human form, and his attempt to photograph the Sultan was regarded as high treason of a peculiarly diabolical kind. If he had not been a foreigner he would probably have been quietly strangled or otherwise got rid of; but, thanks to the energetic intervention of his ambassador, he was released after a month's imprisonment on condition that he quit Turkey at once and forever.

VANITY FAIR.

Signor Mantegazza, who is the author of a recent volume called "Physiognomy and Expression," says: "The general formula of all coquetry consists in hiding or diminishing natural defects, in throwing good qualities into relief, or simulating them if they do not exist. In a company of men and women who have attained the period of their sexual maturity (or even if they have not attained, or have even passed it) there will not, perhaps, be one individual who does not exhibit some gesture or utter some word referring to what the English happily call courtship. One continually gesticulates with his open and ungloved hand because he happens to have a very beautiful one; another is always drawing attention to his feet, shod with such delicate gear, because they are extremely small. Countess A—— is always smiling, even if speaking of a funeral, because she has admirable teeth; and the Marchioness of Y——, although full of piety and modesty, is extremely décolleté, because her shoulders are worthy of a Juno. Prince X—— always wears very tight trousers, even though it may be the fashion to wear them loose, because he has the legs of an Apollo; and his sister never takes off her gloves, even at table, because her hands are spotted." For the benefit of theatrical persons, he discourses on the value of modesty, even when they do not feel it. "If an actor or a dancer raises his or her head, neck, or body, and stands in ecstasy amid storms of applause, they would probably be thought demented, and would certainly be hissed. On the contrary, the more the joy of pride is concealed the more the applause redoubles; nothing charms us more than modesty during apotheosis." He is particularly hard on the ladies, young and old. "Each sex perfects certain groups of expression proper to itself. Thus, while the man refines the expression of will, command, and energy, the woman pushes to its supreme point the invincible grace of the smile and the sinuous grace of her hips. Compare the tears of a little girl who is crying to be taken to the theatre and the tears of a woman desirous of overcoming an insensible or too ungrateful lover, unfaithful or too stingy. Both alike are weeping, and for an analogous motive; but what a difference in the means and resources! What poverty on one side, what richness on the other! Experience, intelligence, education, have taught the woman the value of the division of the work of expression; and while the little girl only screams, rolling her eyes and distorting mouth, nose, and the whole face, making herself as ugly as she can, the beautiful woman caresses you with a smile full of tears. What wantonness in this modesty which appears to desire to rearrange that which her grief has disarranged! What arrows launched from every point of her skin, from each movement of the pupil! What a sublime genius of expression is unrolled in that little supple and graceful body to fascinate and paralyze the great body of a bearded man, who dares proclaim himself the god of the universe, and who, at this moment, is the slave of feminine powers of expression." Signor Mantegazza agrees that the English are rapidly becoming a dark race. "It is certain that in Europe, and especially in the large towns, blondes tend to diminish in number. This has been demonstrated in England to the great chagrin of the English. Charnock affirms that this change has asserted itself in Europe for two thousand years. Some seek to explain it by the diet followed in towns, where meat plays a larger part than in the country. Others, on the contrary, explain it by saying that the hygienic conditions, being less good in the large centres of population, tend to make the blonde type, less resistant than the brown, disappear."

Five hundred thousand visiting-cards have been engraved in Washington this season. One stationery firm has turned out three hundred thousand in the last two months, and the money spent on pasteboard during a season amounts to tens of thousands of dollars. The most ordinary card costs a cent apiece after the plate is made, and some of the dinner invitations sent out cost ten dollars a dozen. A prominent item on the expense account of a Washington belle is her engraving and printing, and society ladies who give dinners spend at times hundreds of dollars upon the stationery for a feast. Mrs. Leland Stanford lately paid eighty-five dollars for fifty cards to be used as menus for one of her big dinners. The map of the United States was stamped in silver on the cards and the drawing and engraving were exquisite. At the dinner which General Breckinridge gave, the cards cost one dollar apiece, and Mrs. Justice Blatchford gave not long ago a luncheon the cards for which were carved by hand at a cost of eighteen dollars a dozen. No one thinks of giving a big dinner without something fine in the way of cards, and a great many of the menus are hand-painted. Some of the cards are in raised silver and gold. They look as though the gold and silver had been melted and poured into letters on the cards. They cost seventy-five cents apiece.

The bachelor has become an important factor in New York life (says *Munsey's Weekly*). He is not a new species, as there have always been fugitive specimens of this genus with us. In most cases, however, he has been regarded not exactly as a freak but as one whose mind had a wrong slant, else he would have left the bleak and sterile shores of bachelorhood and entered into the sunny and rainbow-tinted realm of the benedict. This idea still prevails to a large extent in country towns and provincial cities, and not without good cause, for the old time bachelor was an unsocial, cranky sort of individual at best—a man out of tune with his surroundings, a cynic, a woman-hater. But the modern bachelor in New York is all that his predecessor was not—affable, generous, sunny—a man devoted to ladies' society and always in the foreground of the social world. It is estimated that there are over one hundred thousand bachelors in New York to-day, whose ages vary all the way from twenty-five to seventy-five, and perhaps it is safe to say that ninety-five per cent. of them are men of social tendencies, who enter into society in its various sets, and devote themselves religiously to the fair sex. Bachelor life, then, in New York is not the cold, cheerless existence that it formerly was. A glance at many of the costly bachelor

apartments, fitted up with every convenience and furnished in regal splendor, would convince the most skeptical that its surroundings at least are all that heart could wish. With so large a proportion of single men in our population, one not well informed as to the true state of things would naturally expect that a visit to the clubs and hotel lobbies would reveal an army of bachelors. But the exact reverse is the fact. Many bachelors, to be sure, are club men, and many live at hotels, but they are not the men who sit there to talk finance, discuss business schemes, and tell stories, smoking meanwhile till the room becomes blue with the clouds of the vanishing Havanas. They, as a rule, see enough of their own sex during the day and at their meals, and naturally seek the society of ladies in the evening. Their expenses are moderate as compared to those of married men, and their earning capacity is no less because of the single blessedness to which they cling. It follows, then, that they can afford to spend money much more freely on their friends than the family men, and there is no one to say them nay, as might be the case with the latter. That bachelor life is increasing in popularity very rapidly in New York is beyond question. The causes that lead to this are perhaps numerous, but the chief is the enormous expense of supporting a family in good style in the metropolis to-day. But many bachelors of large wealth are not kept from marrying on this account. They like the freedom of the life. They have no cares, no anxieties, no one to worry about. A favorite expression with them is, "When I enter my room at night and turn the key I know that the family are all in." But it should be remembered that bachelors know only the one side—the bachelor side. It may be that they are deceiving themselves, and that after all they are not getting the quiet, restful enjoyment out of life that their married brothers absorb, with all the cares and anxieties which to the bachelor mind are such grievous burdens. Happiness in its best sense is not always gained from the utter absence of care, and it is just possible that the bachelor overestimates his good fortune in having no one to quicken his interest and stir his anxiety.

There is a fine field for the exercise of inventive talents in woman's dress (says the *Illustrated American*), and every now and then somebody discovers a means by which all the grace and frippery of the feminine costume may possess the compact comfort and convenience of a man's. We have the divided skirt, a dress with ten pockets, and various articles contrived and patented by Mrs. Kendal; but the latest production of woman's fertile brain is a pedestrian umbrella-holder. This is intended especially for the woman who must carry a muff, a purse, and numberless et ceteras, besides a slim, slippery umbrella with a tendency to slide out of her grasp. This simple invention leaves the hands free to cope with the obstacles, for the umbrella slips into a sheath a few inches deep, attached to a steel or nickel chain with spring hooks. The top of the sheath just reaches the elastic and button usually carried around the umbrella cover, the safety chain is then passed around the handle and hooked into the main chain, which has a chatelaine hook to fasten to the waist. When this is hung to the dress belt, far back, it gives no more weight or discomfort than that indispensable side-bag which every woman wears. In case of rain, the umbrella is whipped out in a trice, while the chain and hooks are twisted into a bit of a bundle that can easily drop into a coat-pocket.

Theatrical life in New York city (says the *World*) is something much more separate and apart from social life than it is in any other great city of the world. In Paris and other continental capitals and in London the region behind the scenes is readily accessible compared with what it is in New York. The outside world in these transatlantic centres of civilization are accorded opportunities for making the acquaintance of people on the other side of the footlights, if they so desire, and to a certain extent the opportunities are utilized. Men and women in social life are brought into personal relations with actors and actresses and with other stage-performers. The players do what they can to make such visits to their dressing-rooms pleasant and agreeable, and in return receive invitations to the houses of the people whom they so entertain. This opportunity for mingling social and theatrical life does not exist in this country at all. The stage-doors are rigidly guarded, and permission to visit players behind the scenes while the play is in progress, or to meet them in the green-room, if there is any green-room, is withheld by theatrical managers, unless the circumstances are somewhat extraordinary. For this reason, the acquaintance with stage-people, which prompted Baron Chevalier's supper and would suggest other affairs, can only be secured here in a round-about and tedious fashion, with which New York men, no matter how Bohemian their tastes may be, would have no patience at all. And yet society has recently been presenting a dancing-girl at entertainments. The entertainments have had nothing of the color of Baron de Chevalier's supper, for the reason that the women are just as enthusiastic over the girl as the men are, and she has appeared at their entertainments, not in the stiff tarlatan-dresses of the ordinary ballet-dancer, but in the long skirts and gorgeously colored bodice of the dancing-girl, with whose appearance the Spanish painters have made us familiar. The girl is Carmencita, who appeared in the last Kiralfy ballet here. That clever painter, Carroll Beckwith, was responsible in the first place for her appearance at an evening entertainment, and she furnished so unique and attractive a feature to the ordinary social programme that she has since then been diligently sought after. Her appearance at Mr. Beckwith's handsome studio in the Sherwood Building was a complete surprise. During a lull in the conversation, the warmly colored draperies at one end of the room were thrown aside, a hidden orchestra struck into the opening measures of a Spanish dance, and a dancing-girl stood before the astonished guests. The story of the affair spread through the town. Since then, Carmencita has scarcely had a spare midnight hour. The guests who are invited to up-town drawing-rooms to witness her performances are sworn to secrecy in the first place, but they have not always observed

their vows, and she has appeared, among other places, in Mr. Arthur Padelford's apartment, to the great delight of numerous friends, both men and women. Arthur Padelford is the wealthy young man who obtained a divorce some time ago from his wife, who was Miss Betty Ordway, and who is now singing in Stetson's "Gondoliers" company on the road.

The style of riding *en cavalier* is not original with the ladies who are making such a sensation over it at present, for not only do Brazilian ladies ride in this way, but the fashion is of great antiquity, for in some old Portuguese memoirs there is a description of the costume worn by Her Majesty Mariana Victoria, consort of King Joseph the First, when out hunting in the year 1772, of whom it is said: "No woman in Europe rode bolder or with more skill. She sat astride, as was the universal custom in Portugal, and wore English leather breeches, frequently black, over which she wore a petticoat, which did not always conceal her legs. A jacket of cloth or stuff and a cocked hat, sometimes laced and at other times without ornament, completed the masculine singularity of her appearance." Now if a lady were to ride to cover or take five-rail fences and cross-country walls and hedges like a man, she might appear in the garb of Her Majesty Queen Mariana Victoria, but for a conventional canter along the level bridge-roads of the park there is no need for a lady to dress in leather breeches because she can ride better any more than she should stroll down the avenue in woolen trousers because she can walk more easily. Men may admire the woman who clears a hurdle astride her horse, but they are twice as apt to fall in love with a girl done up in some softly clinging perfumed draperies that they can not describe and deep in the midst of some dainty feminine occupation that they do not understand. A woman in man's attire is subjected to invidious comparisons; in her own attire, she is a bewitching joy forever. It is precisely in her difference from men that her strength lies, and the more distinctly she can be womanly, the greater her charm.

The privileges of men are curtailed in many ways (says *Pick-Me-Up*), but it is something that even if poverty has attacked a man's extremities (which, in his essay on "Men and Coats," Thackeray says it is accustomed to do first), he can wear his beard, including his whiskers and mustaches, as he chooses. There is no one to control him, except, indeed, the little boy in the streets. Formerly a man, to some extent, carried his profession in his face. If, forty years ago, for example, he wore mustaches in England, he was roughly put down as a cavalry officer, a foreigner—probably a singer—or a billiard-sharper, a term which embraced pecuniary profligacy of all kinds. Not, of course, that all men who grew beards desired to be addressed as "captain" by cunning crossing-sweepers, or wished it to be understood that they had been where "noise of battle hurtled in the air." It was naturally a shock to society when first the beard became general; and students of Leech's pictures will remember one representing the "Dismay of British Swell on seeing a Postman with Mustaches." The British swell fainted in the arms of a friend who accompanied him, or who was providentially passing. About this time (1854), too, the London police ceased to shave, and another picture shows the panic among the street-boys at seeing the constabulary with beards and mustaches. Nowadays, any great eccentricity in the style of wearing a beard is uncommon. Sometimes stupid vanity, or a disregard for cleanliness, induces a man to tend and dress his beard till it comes to an unwholesome growth; but when men had less to occupy and amuse them than they have in these times of telegraphy and cheap literature, some were, to say the least of it, fanciful in the culture of their beards. There is, for instance, an effigy of Sir G. Hart (1587) in Lullingstone Church, Kent, which shows that this foppish knight carefully curled his mustaches into three or four little locks each side of his nose, the locks being all brushed upward with great care. Taylor, the "water-poet," wrote in his "Superbiæ Flagellum" a long satire of men's strange beards, and is so severe on the subject that one wonders how he wore his own hair. As a matter of fact, he had what is now called an "imperial," twisted into three or four turns like a rope. Perhaps beards have never been much quainter than in the sixteenth century. One finds in Lyly's "Midas" (1591) one Motto, a barber, who speaks of his "eloquent occupation," and asks his customer whether he would have "your beard like a spade or a bodkin? A pent-house on your upper lip, or an alley on your chin? A low curl on your head, like a bull, or a dangling lock, like a Spaniard? Your moustachios sharp at the end, like shoemakers' awls, or hanging down to your mouth, like goats' flukes?" About this time, also, we find mention of the "spade beard," the "stiletto beard," the "sugar-loaf beard," the "swallow-tail cut," the "tile-beard," etc.; and a contemporary writer—Stubbs—in his "Anatomy of Abuses," declares that for some men "it is a world to consider how their moustachios must be preserved, or laid out from one cheek to the other, and turned up like two horns toward the forehead." This is the beard in peace. The beard in war was not without its disadvantages. It looked military. To frighten a foe by a fierce aspect was some way toward getting the best of him, and it is astonishing how much, with hair about, the manliness of the features is enhanced, if at some sacrifice, perhaps, of keenness and intellectuality. Alexander, however, abolished beards in the Macedonian Army, because they served as convenient handles for the foe. There was a time when beards were taxed in England. A man's income is hard to ascertain, but a man either had or had not a beard, and if he had, he must show his license. Peter the Great took the hint, and either taxed or shaved his subjects. Philip the Fifth of Spain could not grow a beard, and it was discovered, about the time that this became manifest, that beards were ludicrous disguises, fatal to good looks. Francis the First of France had an ugly scar on his throat, and grew a beard to hide it, whereupon it was the general opinion that, for every good reason, a beard was indispensable. In its time fanaticism has, so to speak, taken hold of the beard. A pamphlet was published (1860), under the title of "Shaving: a Breach of the Sabbath, and a Hindrance to the Spread of the Gospel."

OPERA GOSSIP IN GOTHAM.

"Van Gryse" on the War of the Italianites and the Wagnerites.

The Italian opera has been the excitement for the last two weeks. The Gluck and Picini fights in Paris seemed about to have a prototype in the row between the Italian and German schools, so bitter does the feeling grow when the two seasons are brought in violent contrast. The Italianites, who have been forced to keep their heads down for the past five years, have braced up wonderfully, and have waved the flag of their faith in the eyes of the scornful Germans who were numerous and derisive on the first night.

There is a large mass of people here who say German opera's days are numbered. They say the New Yorker can not stand the strain much longer; that his alleged appreciation of the monstrous majesty of the Trilogy was merely a caprice; that Frau Lehmann's choosing "Norma" for her benefit and that the house that night was packed, was conclusive proof that the town was tired of Siegmund, and Seiglinda, and Wotan, with his game eye, and Fricka, with her little goats, and the brawny Brunhilda, helmeted and crowned with oak-leaves, and the beautiful Siegfried, with his blonde curls, and his forest dreams, and his kiss to the sleeping Valkyrie. The passionate romance and picturesqueness of this tragic story is not sufficient of itself to outweigh the terrific bang-banging in the orchestra, hence the box-holders will relieve their pent-up agony by talking strenuously, unceasingly, tranquilly, obliviously—this is what the Italians say.

The Germans, on their part, resort to hard facts. They say Frau Lehmann chose "Norma" to show the versatility of her art, and conclusively demonstrated by her portrayal of the unhappy priestess that she is one of the greatest prima donnas of the day, equally at home in all schools. Then they go on to the fact that the managers, in offering the yearly statement of the various performances to the stockholders, showed that, though the receipts as usual fell below the expenditures, the attendance on the Wagner performances was invariably the largest. The Trilogy drew packed houses. Cheered by these statistics, the stockholders have agreed to another season of the great Germans. The great Germans themselves had a splendid "send-off" with the last performance of "Siegfried." It was a crowded house—people standing wherever they were allowed to, a good deal of swelled in the boxes, and the orchestra-chairs a mass of dark-robed, solemn-faced Germans, hissing vigorously at the least attempt at conversation.

An opera in stronger contrast with those to follow the week after could not have been chosen. "Siegfried" is the crown of Wagner's genius—the work in which his colossal fancies were most nearly realized. The most bigoted Italian could not listen unmoved to the "Waldweben"—those sylvan murmurings of young leaves and little shivering breezes, rustling of reeds about a mere, gurgling of hidden brooks round smooth stones and mossed roots, where the long-leaved cresses sway and rock in the brown current. This scene used to be more effective when they had Alvary as Siegfried. Alvary was as handsome as the traditional prince, and in "Siegfried" was simply a picture in skins and yellow curls, his legs tied up with thongs, and the bear by the end of a rope. All the women in New York would have been in love with him if they had not heard that he had six children and a good, amiable, German *frau* for a wife. Of course this was a shock from which the most romantic old maid who ever kept canary birds could not recover. But Alvary is not here this year, worse luck! There was a slight unpleasantness with Frau Lehmann. She married a tenor of twenty-nine, and when a beautiful Jewish prima donna of near upon forty marries a handsome tenor of twenty-nine, it is generally understood that that tenor is going to be hooped and be made a great singer at any cost. So finally it came down to either Alvary or Frau Lehmann leaving the Metropolitan Opera House, and Herr Alvary was the one to go. He is missed, I assure you. Vogl took his place, but the New York operagoer is not of that heroic musical calibre where "a method" compensates for a lack of voice and an absence of youth. Herr Vogl, vulgarly speaking, travels on his "method," and as he does not make love like Capoul, his lack of voice is somewhat apparent and is not sufficiently atoned for by the finest German "method" that ever issued from the human mouth.

No one seems to have decided whether it was a wise or unwise move to have the Italians begin while yet the Germans were fresh in the memory. A good many good judges seem to think not. They say the Italian music sounded thin by comparison. The big opera-house seemed full of shades and memories and echoes of the Niebelungen crew in their floating draperies, and shining armor, and glistening hair, and weapons of heroic size. At the first night in "Otello," they even went so far as to accentuate these recollections by using the settings of the Wagner pieces. The deputies from Venice were received in that groined and vaulted apartment where only a few days before Elizabeth had welcomed Tannhauser home with those thrilling words of hers, and later made her bows to that lofty company of German princelings to the notes of the famous march which Liszt has called the most splendid march in the range of music. Then in the fourth act, Otello killed Desdemona in a room which every one who notices that sort of thing recognized as an apartment that they have used in "Faust" and "The Prophet" at every performance.

Taking it all in all, I do not fancy that the season is the brilliant success that was expected. The prices were too high. People here are not penurious, but they do not like to be swindled. In Boston, the season was a downright failure, and that when they had put their prices down. In Chicago—on the return—the attendance was slim after the first night—so slim that no money was made. Here in New York, as everywhere else, the Patti performances draw packed houses, and the other nights are about half full. Nevertheless, though Patti draws the crowd, she does not get the applause. This goes to Tamagno—he can rouse even the sluggish enthusiasm of a dude or a fashionable.

The average opinion which you hear on every side—for the Gothamite, like the Parisian, looks upon his opera as one of the serious questions of life—is that the performances were not worth the money. For that price, one expects something superfine, and this, outside Tamagno, you did not get. It was a wretched chorus, an inferior orchestra—all this ten times more apparent than need be from the fact that they followed on the heels of the departing Wagnerians, whose chorus and orchestra are without a flaw. Then the performances were what you might call untidy. Some of the people were slipshod, talked on the stage, did not trouble themselves to act all the time, but took rests, when they yawned and stared at the house. Several times Tamagno was caught at this thing. He seemed to be "guying" his associates. The Germans, who go heart and soul into their music, with uplifted eyes and breathless solemnity, were shocked. Germans in the audience felt insulted. On the first night, Herr Seidl and Walter Damrosch, in the heart of a knot of Wagnerians, were very curt in their praises. They missed the artistic cohesion, the concentration, to which they had been accustomed. "Not an extraordinary voice," said Herr Seidl, tossing back his long hair, as he does when he seizes the baton before the "Ride of the Valkyrie"; "no, Tamagno's is not an extraordinary voice; a very fine voice, well taught—that is all."

Outside the Germans, Tamagno has caught the town. Everybody is wild about his voice and his high C's. Women pronounce his Raoul in "The Huguenots" to be one of the handsomest creatures they have ever seen, and just like a portrait by Rubens. He does look well in this part, and his style of looks—the clipped beard and slightly curly hair—suit the character and costume. As a rule, though, his good looks are marred by the bopeless, bovine stupidity of his face in repose. As the airy B—— remarked, after having seen him once or twice: "He is a *roturier*, and he will never be anything else. All the high C's in music won't hide that, and won't let you forget, when you're watching him, that nature intended him to dig or break stones for a living, and then changed her mind at the last moment and gave him a voice."

On the subject of Adelina there is veiled disappointment. Every one feels that the divine voice is going, and nobody likes to say so. There is extravagant praise on the subject of her looks—and she is still as pretty as a picture. There are a few signs of age about her; but it takes a keen eye to see them. Her mouth is growing very hard and set. She is heavy about the waist, a little round about the shoulders, but still so light in her movements! People who see her close, without that coating of enamel which she puts on for the stage, say her face is wrinkleless, smooth, and fresh. And yet the birthday that she had somewhere in the West was her forty-ninth—she said forty-seventh, but it was really forty-ninth. Can it be that the sylph-like Semiramis in that hideous white dress and turreted crown, that auburn-haired goddess with a voice like the rippling of water, that bad little queen with jewels all over her beautifully shaped arms and neck—can it be that she is half a century old?

Alhani, next to Tamagno, scored the greatest success. She is such a winsome creature, so full of sympathy and charm. Her husband, Mr. Gye, is said to be still desperately in love with her, and, whenever she sings, his peculiarly English head, with its scanty iron-gray hair, receding chin, and full, drooping eyelids, is to be seen in the recesses of a box, fondly watching the beloved object. She was applauded to the echo on the opening night, though her voice showed traces of fatigue. After the second and third acts she and Tamagno were repeatedly called before the curtain, and each time she came forward fairly beaming with pleasure, bowing and smiling with the enthusiasm of a debutante. This, you know, is very pleasant to the audience. It makes them feel that their applause is appreciated. People may turn up their noses at "stage manner," but it has an immense amount to do with the popularity of a singer. Would Patti have held her place as queen if she had assumed indifference to the applause of her auditors, or grow as fat as Titiens or Materna? It is a very odd thing about Albani that hitherto she has never been a success in New York. Twice she essayed its conquest, and twice retired uncared-for and unapplauded. It was not only that she was not appreciated, she was not known or noticed even. I myself remember stopping to look at some actresses' pictures, with a girl who was a monomaniac on the subject of operas, and having her ask, pointing to a photograph of Albani: "Who is Albani, and what is her picture doing there?" And at that time Albani was giving concerts somewhere or other—Chickering Hall, I think—to a few orchestra rows of adoring British exiles. Now she has her revenge. Every one is charmed with her, and is trying to get her to dinners and receptions. Even if her voice had been poor, her costumes would have carried her triumphantly through. They were as antique and picturesque as though they had come out of Makart's "Caterina Conaro." And costumes go a long way here. The average New Yorker can see no attraction in the toga-ed goddesses of antiquity—he can only appreciate female beauty in a French corset and Piccadilly shoes.

Another person who has made a hit is Mme. Fabbri. The papers have given her capital notices and she won some genuine applause as Arsace. On the stage she is a sensitive-faced Jewess, with clear, honest eyes, and a talent for walking like a boy. Off the stage she is a careworn woman of nearly forty, prematurely faded, and of earnest, pleasant manners. She made a good impression in Arsace which she followed up with Azucena in "Trovatore," where she took the house by storm and shared Tamagno's triumphs. "Trovatore" night showed a more or less poor house, but in a good humor and full of enthusiasm. There was double as much applause as Patti had, and the high C in "Di Quella Pira" reduced the galleries to such a state of frenzy that they rose up and stamped and cried "Bravo." This with a New York audience means a good deal. I think it is the most lukewarm audience I ever saw. The Americans are all either so *blasé* or so indifferent to music that they will not raise a hand, and the Germans do not approve of interrupting—only applauding when the curtain falls. The "Otello" audience was cold. The warm Italian and Spanish blood which can fire its possessor

to rise up out of his chair and shriek and stamp and clap in an ecstasy of enthusiasm was so poorly represented, that what little there was of it was subdued by the calm majesty of American indifference and the stolid torpor of German phlegm.

"Trovatore" was chosen for Mme. Nordica's debut, and there was a good deal of interest over this, as Mme. Nordica is young, pretty, and American. She did not sweep things before her, but she was liked and loaded with flowers. Without Tamagno in the cast it is hardly probable the New Yorker would pay seven dollars to hear her. "A pretty woman," as the appreciative Byron remarks, "is a welcome guest," but unfortunately Mme. Nordica does not exhibit herself and her voice free of charge, and whether the pretty woman would have been such a welcome guest at seven dollars a ticket, is a question which Byron himself would have had trouble to decide. Mme. Nordica is pretty, though not superlatively so, has fine arms, a taking smile, a good voice, and unlimited self-confidence. She is wanting in dramatic instinct and taste in dress. As the suffering Leonora, with the Count di Luna on her tracks and Manrico wailing from his donjon tower, she could not refrain from indulging in the most charming smiles, which, though becoming when there are good teeth behind them, are hardly congruous with a state of distracted sorrow. It is said that Tamagno is in love with her. It is also said that Tamagno denies the soft impeachment. Judging by what one hears of him, it would appear that he was in love with nothing so much as that elusive charmer of the nineteenth century—the reluctant green-back.

NEW YORK, April 2, 1890.

VAN GRYSÉ.

OLD FAVORITES.

Tita's Tears.

A certain man of Ischia—it is thus
The story runs—one Lydus Claudius.
After a life of threescore years and ten,
Passed suddenly from out the world of men
Into the world of shadows.

In a vale
Where sobs of spirits against the moonlight pale
Surged ever upward, in a wan-lit place
Near heaven, he met a Presence face to face—
A figure like a carving on a spire,
Shrouded in wings and with a fillet of fire
About the brows—who stayed him there, and said:
"This the gods grant to thee, O newly dead!
Whatever thing on earth thou holdest dear
Shall, at thy bidding, be transported here,
Save wife or child, or any living thing."
Then straightway Claudius fell to wondering
What he should wish for. Having heaven at hand,
His wants were few, as you can understand,
Riches and titles, matters dear to us,
To him, of course, were now superfluous:
But Tita, small brown Tita, his young wife,
A two weeks' bride when he took leave of life,
What would become of her without his care?
Tita, so rich, so thoughtless, and so fair!
At present crushed with sorrow, to be sure—
But by and by? What earthly griefs endure?
They pass like joys. A year, three years at most,
And would she mourn her lord, so quickly lost?
With fine, prophetic ear, he heard afar
The tinkling of some horrible guitar
Under her balcony. "Such things could be,"
Sighed Claudius; "I would she were with me,
Safe from all harm." But as that wish was vain,
He let it drift from out his troubled brain
(His highly trained austerity was such
That self-denial never cost him much),
And strove to think what object he might name
More closely linked with the bereaved dame.
Her wedding-ring?—'twould be too small to wear!
Perhaps a ringlet of her raven hair?
If not, her portrait, done in cameo,
Or on a background of pale gold? But no,
Such trifles jarred with his severity.
At length he thought: "The thing most meet for me
Would be that antique flask wherein my bride
Let fall her heavy tears the night I died."
(It was a custom of that simple day
To have one's tears sealed up and laid away,
As everlasting tokens of regret—
They find the bottles in Greek ruins yet.)
For this he wished, then.

Swifter than a thought
The Presence vanished, and the flask was brought—
Slender, bell-mouthed, and painted all around
With jet-black tulips on a saffron ground:
A tiny jar, of porcelain if you will,
Which twenty tears would rather more than fill.
With careful fingers Claudius broke the seal
When, suddenly, a well-known merry peal
Of laughter leapt from out the vial's throat,
And died, as dies the wood-bird's distant note,
Claudius stared; then, struck with strangest fears,
Reversed the flask—

Alas, for Tita's tears!
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

The fashion of writing chronograms in honor of public events exists in Turkey. A minister of state is sometimes invited to write a chronogram to be put upon some new public building, and Vehhi Efendi, a leading editor of Constantinople, has just composed one in honor of the launching of five new war vessels. The verses are composed of the names of the five vessels, and, at the same time, are a panegyric on the Sultan, while the numeral letters give the present year of the hegra, 1307.

An engraving by T. Landseer of Sir Edwin Landseer's "Monarch of the Glen" was sold at a recent sale in London for five hundred and fifty dollars to a fellow who looked like a countryman, but who bid experienced collectors out of the field. Nobody found out who he was, and it was concluded that he was simply some rural man with a little money in his pocket, who had taken a fancy to the picture and bought it to humor a whim.

The steamship *Ocean*, from Portland, Eng., was retarded by storms till her coal gave out, and for two days before reaching Boston was run on sugar as a fuel.

Ever since the influenza there has been a remarkable increase in the number of wills filed in London.

LITERARY NOTES.

Washington, Idaho, and Montana.

HISTORY OF THE PACIFIC STATES OF NORTH AMERICA. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Volume XXVI. Washington, Idaho, and Montana. 1845-1889. San Francisco: The History Company, 1889. pp. xxvi-836.

The history of the new States of Washington and Montana and of Idaho Territory is told in the latest issued volume of Hubert Howe Bancroft's history of the North-West. The great Territory of Oregon, after the northern boundary of the United States had been settled by treaty with England in 1846, comprised the present State of Oregon and these others as well, covering the territory from the forty-second parallel to British Columbia and from the Rocky Mountains to the ocean. Consequently the early history of the new States is told in the "History of Oregon"; the present volume concerns itself only with Washington, Idaho, and Montana since each came into existence as a distinct political division. From Oregon was set off Washington, from Washington was set off Idaho, and from Idaho in great part was set off Montana; and so the history of Montana, for example, is to be found in the volumes on Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, and the North-West Coast.

There is much similarity in these three histories—in each, early privations and Indian wars came at first, with industrial and commercial progress following soon after. A few early settlers straggled up to Puget Sound in 1844, saw its advantages, and there set up their lares and penates despite the objections of the Hudson Bay Company. To show of what stuff these pioneers were made, the first settler, one Michael Simmons, may be instanced; he had so enhanced the value of his original holding, with mills and other improvements, in five years, that he sold it for thirty-five thousand dollars. This was in 1849, when he and most of the inhabitants of the new settlement of Puget Sound hastened to California to try their luck at the mines. Within two years they had decided that their home on the sound was preferable, and returned, bringing others with them. These, with new immigrants—from California and the East—branched out into the interior country in search of gold, which was often found in paying quantities, or hunting for valuable pelts, or trading, grazing cattle, etc. Towns sprung up here and there, the aborigines were killed or driven off, railroads came creeping in, and the organization of government put the finishing touches to States that but yesterday had been wildernesses to whose Indian inhabitants the white man was little more than a legend.

The first public meeting held in Washington Territory was for the purpose of considering the best means of ridding the country of claim-jumpers. Soon after, the settlers came together again, and, as citizens of the United States, issued a manifesto warning the Puget Sound Agricultural Company—an offshoot of the Hudson Bay Company—to keep their cattle off a tract south of the Nisqually River, and to attempt no preemption of American lands. This was in 1847, and three years later Congress was memorialized, through the Oregon delegate, to create a new Territory of Columbia, which should comprise the northern portions of Oregon. This Congress did in 1853; but at the suggestion of Senator Stanton, of Kentucky, the name was changed to the Territory of Washington. Idaho was split off from Washington in 1863, and similarly Montana was created by Congress one year later, partly from Idaho—from which, at the same time, some territory was taken away and restored to Dakota. The admission of Washington and Montana to Statehood is still fresh in the public mind, the enabling act having been passed in February of last year and the States having been admitted on the eleventh and eighth of the following November, respectively. Idaho has petitioned Congress for admission, and will doubtless enter the Union within the year.

There is much romance in the adventures of the early trappers and gold-hunters, and, in spite of the historian's dispassionate presentation of the facts, more than a few of these incidents will hold the reader absorbed; but to many the chapters devoted to Indian wars will be found the most striking. The history of the treatment of the Indians by the white men and of the former's outbreaks in Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon is typical of the relations between the aborigines and the Federal Government. The Indian, whose nature had not been softened by contact with the Caucasian, saw himself driven from his broad fields and forests and confined within a reservation. If there were anything in the reservation to tempt the white man, the United States Government promulgated a new treaty, restricting the Indian still further or removing him altogether; and when the Indian objected by killing those who encroached on his land—and by way of reprisal, a few others who lived conveniently near—the government sent out troops enough to crush the Indian. This was the origin of the Modoc wars in Oregon, of the Nez Percés and Shoshones in Idaho, and the Sioux in Montana. Mr. Bancroft does not resort to vivid imagery to heighten the effect of the thrilling scenes he describes. He merely states the facts, clearly, concisely, simply, and leaves the reader to do his own philosophizing on the Indian question.

Washington escaped with the lightest experience of the horrors of Indian warfare. In Idaho, however, the Nez Percés had a capable leader in Chief

Joseph; this crafty savage, incumbered as he was with the families and stock of his three hundred warriors, led General Howard a dance from Kamiah to Bear Paw Mountain, a distance of fifteen hundred miles, requiring in his suppression the services of between thirty and forty companies of United States troops, with volunteers and Indian scouts, for a period of ten weeks. Sitting Bull, in Montana, was even a worse foe. His people, the Sioux, had been dissatisfied ever since 1850, when immigrants first began to cross the continent by the Missouri River route, but they did not break out into really violent hostilities for more than a quarter of a century. Terry, Crook, Miles, Howard, and other famous Indian fighters were kept busy for three or four years driving him out of the country and keeping him out, and it was in this expedition against him that General Custer lost his life. The many accounts of this terrible tragedy have been carefully sifted by the historian, and that which he gives is most striking in its directness.

As in the other divisions of his tremendous subject, the historian gives accounts of the physical characteristics, the mineral and agricultural resources, the industrial progress, and the social condition of the three commonwealths. His sources of information include, in addition to the entire range of published books and public documents, a great number of unpublished manuscripts, excerpts from contemporaneous journals, and dictations of the actors in the events described. Much biographical data is relegated to the foot-notes, which also include the various statements and authorities on disputed points, the text proper being confined to an elaborately comprehensive but well proportioned and judicious presentation of the essentials.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Princess Beatrice is at Aix-les-Bains, taking a course of twenty-one baths with a view of reducing her surplus. She weighs about two hundred and ten pounds.

Princess Stephanie, widow of the late Crown Prince Rudolph, will shortly make her first appearance as an authoress. She is preparing a selection from her journals of travel for publication.

The Princess of Wales not only had her three daughters taught to ride in left and right saddle-seats, but also to make bread and butter. One hour a day the princesses devote to housekeeping. Rumor has it that they don white altar-gowns, made with bishop's sleeves and girdled with an old silver chain, to which the keys of the house are attached.

Mme. Christine Nilsson is not as lamb-like as she looks. She once astonished a theatrical manager at a rehearsal in New York. She was on the stage, and a stool happened to be in her way. She gave it a vigorous kick that sent it spinning to the other end of the stage, and was furious that she should have been forced to do this. Nilsson, when thwarted, can use very strong adjectives.

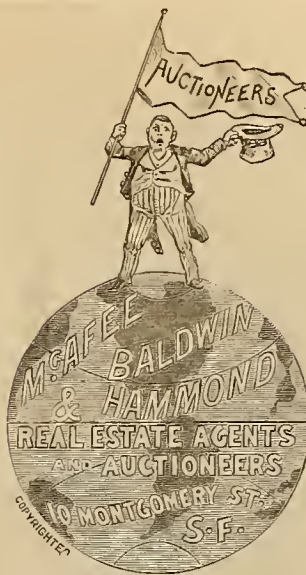
The late General Schenck prevented the Southern ladies of Baltimore from wearing the stars and bars as dresses or aprons during the war. It was much in the same way that General Butler did at New Orleans, and the result was practically the same. Dresses of the same colors were put on questionable female characters and they were paid to promenade the streets. The result was that reputable women did not dare to wear them.

The wife of Count Waldersee, one of the nobles who stand very high in the estimation of Emperor William, is the daughter of James Lee, once a prominent New York grocer. She is a beautiful woman, and, while traveling with her father in Europe, some years ago, met and married Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, who was about fifty years her senior. He lived but a short time, and later on she was married to her present husband.

There died at Rheims the other day a woman who illustrated the wonderful aptitude of French women for carrying on business enterprises, and who combined in herself rare administrative ability with practical benevolence. Mme. Pomniery became the head of a great champagne house on the death of her husband at the close of the Franco-Prussian war. She personally directed the entire establishment, amassed a large fortune, and was princely in her charities and in her patronage of art.

Miss Kate Drexel, who has gone into a nunnery with her income of three hundred thousand dollars, had lived, prior to taking the veil of the novice, in a small room fitted up like a cell. The walls were bare, the floor had no carpet, the heat had been turned off and the register closed, only cold water and coarse soap and towels were provided in the bath-room adjoining, and the only facilities for making a toilet were a comb and brush, nail-file and whisk. Even the mirror was excluded.

The Duchess of Buckingham, who is spending some months in the south of France and Italy, used to be one of the most admired personages at the English court. Her jewels were always magnificent, and it was a sight to make hearts grow sour with envy to see the wonderful array of Buckinghamshire lace which she always displayed on these occasions. The revival of the lace-making of Buckinghamshire was entirely due to the energy and fostering care of the late Duke of Buckingham, and the duchess always wore a splendid specimen of the choicest product of the Buckinghamshire looms on great days in honor of her husband's work.



AT AUCTION

Thursday, April 17, 1890,

At 12 o'clock noon, at salesroom,

No. 10 MONTGOMERY ST.,

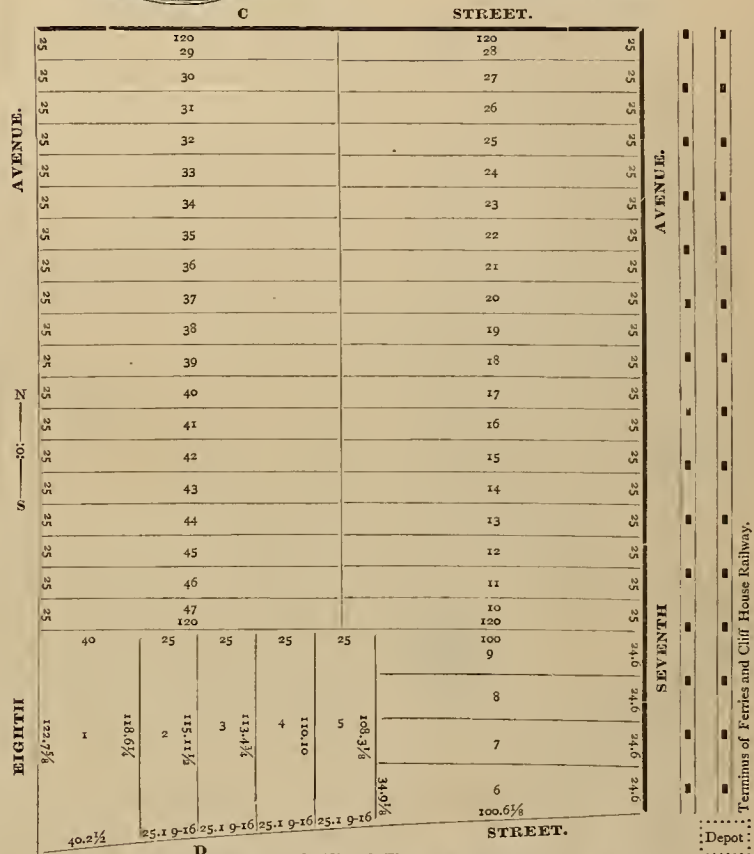
Park Block 387

In Subdivisions consisting of

47 Business and Residence Lots 47

Income and Speculative.

Facing the Great Golden Gate Park, and fronting on Seventh and Eighth Avenues and C and D Streets, as per following diagram:



REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD BUY:

BECAUSE this block faces the great Golden Gate Park, which is fast becoming one of the most beautiful parks in the world.

BECAUSE property so situated is cheaper in San Francisco than in any other city in the United States.

BECAUSE lots relatively located in New York are selling for \$2,000 per front foot.

BECAUSE these lots are at the terminus of the Park branch of the Jackson and Powell Street Cable-Road.

BECAUSE the steam-cars on the system will, within a few years, be changed to a cable-road.

BECAUSE a new stone depot is now being erected directly opposite this property.

BECAUSE the terminus of the Geary Street road is only two blocks distant.

BECAUSE the terminus of the McAllister Street cars is within a few minutes' walk.

BECAUSE the extension of this road is out D Street, and hence passes the frontage of this block.

BECAUSE any part of the city can be reached from it for one fare.

BECAUSE the Conservatory, Casino, Children's Playgrounds, and Deer Park are all close at hand.

BECAUSE beautiful flower-beds and artistic floral designs are now being laid out around the new depot.

BECAUSE many of these lots can be improved immediately and made to yield a large income on the investment.

BECAUSE they will all increase in value rapidly, and make money for whoever buys.

BECAUSE the terms are very liberal, and only a small outlay is necessary.

BECAUSE WE HAVE NO LIMIT ON THEM.

LIBERAL TERMS.—Terms of sale only one-third cash; balance in 1 and 2 years, with interest at 7 per cent. per annum.

TITLE GUARANTEED PERFECT

By the California Title Insurance and Trust Co., and a Policy of Insurance issued to each purchaser at the rate of \$10 per lot.

For further particulars apply to, McAFEE, BALDWIN & HAMMOND, Real Estate Agents and Auctioneers, 10 Montgomery Street

A. L. BOWHAY, Importing Ladies' Tailor



702 MARKET STREET
SAN FRANCISCO,

Has just returned from his trip, and having received his immense stock of Spring Goods, is now at the service of his many customers and the public generally.
Yours truly, A. L. BOWHAY.

NEW ENGLISH PERFUME, Crab-Apple Blossoms.



(*Malus Coronaria*)
Chief among the scents of the season is Crab-Apple Blossoms, a delicate perfume of highest quality and fragrance.—*London Court Journal*.
It would not be possible to conceive of a more delicate and delightful perfume than the Crab-Apple Blossoms, which is put up by The Crown Perfumery Co., of London. It has the aroma of spring in it, and one could use it for a life time and never tire of it.—*New York Observer*.

Put up in 1, 2, 3 and 4 ounce bottles,
THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO.,
177 New Bond St., London. Sold Everywhere.

PATENT NOVELTY FOLDING COIN PURSE



MOST ROOMY
—AND—
LEAST BULKY
PURSE MADE.



Very popular. Can not lose small change. Has no catch to get out of order or wear out the pocket.
If your dealer does not have it, I will mail sample in Black, Red, or Brown Morocco, post-paid, on receipt of 50 cents, or of Genuine Seal for \$1.00.
Mention THE ARGONAUT.

JAMES S. TOPHAM,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in Trunks, Traverses, and Fine Leather Goods,
1231 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D. C.
The Trade Supplied. Write for Prices.

We will send, express paid, this style,
(No. 77 in Our Catalogue)
STRIPED GINGHAM MORNING WRAPPER
in blue or brown. Mother Hubbard front, yoke tucked,
FOR \$1.75
When ordering, send true measure, our illustrated catalogue of over 1000 styles, showing how one can dress in the latest New York Parisian styles at small expense, sent on receipt of 50 cts.
No. 77 in our catalogue.

MAHLER BROS., 507 & 508 Sixth St., N. Y.

— FOR —
WALL PAPER,
WINDOW SHADES,
and CORNICE POLES
— GO TO —

C. W. CLARK & CO.
653 and 655 Market Street.

WANTS.

\$75.00 to \$250.00 a MONTH can be made representing a N. Y. Company incorporated to supply Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Jewels, etc., to consumers at cost. Also a Lady of tact, Salary \$40, to enroll members (\$50,000 now enrolled, \$100,000 paid in). References. Empire Co-operative Ass'n (well rated) Lock Box 1610, N. Y.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, has taken a great fancy to Samoa. He has bought an estate of four hundred acres on the hill near Apia, where he intends to make his home. He was at Sydney when last heard from, and his present intention is to visit England during the summer. He will be back in Samoa in November, when he will give himself up to house-building and the completion of his South Sea novel, "The Wrecker." He contemplates writing a history of Samoa.

"Looking Backward" has reached its three hundred and thirty-third thousand.

Herbert Ward denies that he has had any hand in the production of "Heroes of the Dark Continent." As to the description of a rhinoceros hunt on the Aruimi, he says there is not a rhinoceros within five hundred miles of that river.

Miss Olive Schreiner, author of "The Story of an African Farm," has sent from Cape Town, South Africa, the manuscript of a small volume of allegories, with the title "Dreams."

An English writer cleverly says of "Miss J.," the young woman who pursued the Duke of Wellington with an eye to his conversion and his coronet, that she "appears to have been one of those persons, not very uncommon, and occasionally met with by most men during their lives, with a deep and false sense of religion, and no conscience whatever."

A complete edition is in preparation of the works of the late Emile Augier; and M. Alexandre Dumas the younger is collecting his scattered writings of recent date to form a fourth volume of "Entr'actes."

A printer's error has been detected in the last issue of the Bible from the Cambridge Press. In Isaiah, xlviii., 13, the word "foundation" is begun with an *r* instead of an *f*. The mistake was discovered by a young son of the Rev. Dr. H. Adler, who has received the standing reward of a guinea offered for the detection of such an error.

Of Zola's new novel, "La Bête Humaine," 45,000 copies were sold on the day of issue, a record that has not been equaled since the appearance of "Nana." The total number of books issued by Charpentier, the publisher, over Zola's signature is now 1,031,000. Beside the profits on these, Zola receives \$4,000 for every novel published in feuilleton-form before the book is issued.

Hugues le Roux says in the Paris *Temps* that he once received the following piece of advice from Alphonse Daudet: "Do not practice irony; you will drive away from you the women, the children, and all the simple-minded. When I first published my 'Tartarin de Tarascon' as a serial, the manager of the journal would often beg me to postpone the conclusion of my novel indefinitely. A part of the public, not having been notified that I was laughing, had taken this caricature seriously; I was gravely accused of injustice, bad faith, defamation, and the rest."

New Publications.

"Two Years in the French West Indies," by Lafcadio Hearn, is made up in good part from papers which have appeared in the magazines in the past two years; but these have been expanded and improved, and several chapters of the present book are new to the public. The introductory paper is "A Midsummer Trip to the Tropics," notes of a voyage of nearly three thousand miles from New York to the Lesser Antilles, which was accomplished in less than two months; Mr. Hearn apologizes for it as "an effort to recall the visual and emotional impressions of the moment"; but one who writes so gracefully and sees and feels so much need make no apology to his readers. The remaining three hundred pages are devoted to "Martinique Sketches," pictures of this charming *Pays des Revenants*, which now and again remind one of "Pierre Loti" at his best in "Madame Chrysanthème." In an appendix are given some Creole melodies, arranged for voice and pianoforte. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Great Conspiracy," by the Rev. Richard Harcourt, D. D., contains twelve discourses on the assaults of the Romish hierarchy upon our American public schools. The book is illustrated with a portrait and a number of cartoons. Published by the California News Company, San Francisco; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"The Millionaire's Wife," by "Prudence Lowell"—under which pseudonym is concealed the identity of Louise Battles Cooper, the daughter of a prominent early Californian—is a novel which has for its hero a Californian, young, handsome, and tremendously wealthy. The story narrates this man's courtship, which was carried on during a yachting trip on the Maine Coast, and which was by no means untended by mishaps and misunderstandings. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

A "Browning Memorial" has been issued by the Browning Society of Boston, detailing the features of the commemorative services in King's Chapel, on

Tuesday, January 28th. It contains a portrait of the poet and the addresses delivered by Colonel T. W. Higginson, C. P. Cranch, and Rev. Phillips Brooks, and other matter. For sale by the Browning Society Publication Committee, box 5,128, Boston; price: cloth, \$1.25; paper, \$1.00.

The papers on the political and social condition of the colored citizen in the South, which George W. Cable has been contributing to the periodical press in the past few years, have been collected and now appear in a volume entitled "The Negro Question." Mr. Cable's book is well worth reading—he knows his subject thoroughly, he writes even bere with much literary skill, and his opinions are so boldly expressed that he is the best hated man in his State. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, 75 cents.

"L'Honneur et L'Argent," a five-act comedy in verse, by F. Ponsard, with grammatical and explanatory notes in English, is the latest issue of Jenkins's *Tbâtre Contemporain*; and in the Romans Choisis, "La Maison de Penarvan," by Jules Sandeau, have just appeared. Published by William K. Jenkins, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, 25 cents and 60 cents, respectively.

Some Magazines.

Following will be found the tables of contents of some of the current magazines:

The April *Popular Science Monthly*—"Science in the High School," by Professor David Starr Jordan; "Ethics and Religion," by Professor Crawford Howell Toy; "Darwin on the Fuegians and Patagonians"; "Is Education Opposed to Motherhood?" by Alice B. Tweedy; "On the Natural Inequality of Men," by Professor T. H. Huxley; "Sloyd," by Frimann B. Amgrimsson; "The Mysterious Music of Pascagoula," by Charles E. Childey; "The Indwelling Spirits of Men," by Hon. Major A. B. Ellis; "Northern Lights," by Wilhelm Stolz; "Dragons, Fabled and Real," by M. Maurice Maingron; "Alchemist's Gold," by M. A. de Rochas; "A Lesson in Coöperation," by Clarence N. Ousley; and "Intelligence of Squirrels," by Dr. T. Wesley Mills.

The April *Outing*—"Signaling for Antelope on the Staked Plains," by William H. Johnston, Jr., U. S. A.; "Wheel and Camera in Normandy," by J. W. Fosdick; "A Ride to Hounds," by D. Sterrett Gittings; "Melton Mowbray; or, Fox-Hunting in the Shires," by "Merlin"; "Some Defects in Tennis," by D. C. Robertson; "Tennis Scores," by William Strunk, Jr.; "The Pedestrian Tour of Mr. Webster," by Charles Prescott Sherman; "Bowling for Women," by Margaret Bisland; "Alas, Marina!," by E. B. Perkins; "Sybarites on the Tobique," by Charles G. D. Roberts; "Lucia's Shooting on Lake St. Francis," by E. A. Cowley; "Bird-Catching at Glangariffe," by Robert F. Walsli; "Morning," by Charles Hampton; "Yacht-Racing in Great Britain," by F. C. Sumichrast; "The Alabama State Troops," by L. G. Leefe, U. S. A.; "A Wood Stigma," by Isaac Ogden Rankin; and "Alaskan Notes of a Fly Fisherman," by William T. Emmet.

REAL-ESTATE NOTES.

Work on the Crocker building, at Post and Market, will begin in ninety days. Contracts are going on record now.

Among recent sales of interest are the following: Lot on Valencia Street running through to Mission; size, 70 on Valencia by 141 on Mission; price, \$15,000. A large unimproved piece on the north line of Ellis Street near Geary for \$100,000. Kearny, west line 64.6 south of Bush, south 36.10x60.5; Hyman W. Hyman to D. McKay; four-story brick building on the property; price, \$140,000.

Jackson, south line, 185½ feet west of Franklin, west 46.7½x62.8; J. C. Franks to S. Rosenstock; new house on property; price, \$25,000. Washington and Gough, north-east corner, north-east 137.6 x 25.4; Mary E. Parrott to N. D. Rideout; consideration, \$10. This is the old Parrott residence; price, \$90,000.

Fifty business and residence lots in the Western Addition, on Fillmore, Bush, Sutter, Steiner, Post, and Webster Streets, are to be offered for sale by Easton, Eldridge & Co., on Tuesday, April 22d. These lots include a residence on Sutter and Steiner Streets, four handsome cottages on Bush and Steiner Streets, and a two-story building, 27½x100, on the south-east corner of Bush and Steiner Streets. The Sutter, Geary, Bush, California, and Central lines of cars, and in the near future, the Fillmore Street cable-line, are all within convenient reach of the property. At the same time, Easton, Eldridge & Co. will sell thirteen lots, also in the Western Addition, fronting on Sutter, Post, and Webster Streets.

There have been some erroneous reports in the daily papers about the confirmation by the probate court of the recent Johnson estate sale. In an interview with Mr. A. S. Baldwin, of the firm of McAfee, Baldwin & Hammond, who conducted the sale, that gentleman said:

The appraisement of \$1,000,000, presented in court, included both the city and country property of the estate. The city real-estate, which was sold by us, as a whole, far above the original appraisement. It was valued at \$664,000 by competent experts, while the total amount realized at the sale was \$800,300. The total proceeds of the sale of those properties confirmed by the court was \$391,500, appraised at \$331,500. The pieces which Mrs. Johnson now demands the court to have distributed to her, at an advance of ten per cent, on auction price, were sold for a total of \$231,500 and appraised at \$224,000.

Easton, Eldridge & Co.'s auction sale in the Park Lane tract was quite successful. All the lots were sold. Those fronting on Seventeenth Street and Park Lane, ranged from \$1,675 to \$600. The rest brought from \$300 to \$500.

Park Block 387, including lots on Eighth and Seventh Avenues and C and D Streets, is to be offered for sale by McAfee, Baldwin & Hammond, next Thursday, April 17th. This property faces Golden Gate Park, and is at the terminus of the Park branch of the Jackson and Powell Street cars. A new stone depot is being erected opposite this property, the steam-cars will soon be a cable line, and the Geary and McAllister lines are within easy reach. All of the attractive features of the Park, too, are within a few minutes' walk, and the lots will naturally increase rapidly in value.

AT AUCTION

— THE —

GUMP COLLECTION

— OF —

EUROPEAN

PAINTINGS

COMMENCING

WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 16th,

8 P. M.,

At Irving Hall, 139 Post St.

Reception—Monday Evening, April 14.

Public Exhibition—Tuesday and Wednesday.

LOUDERBACK & BRO.,
Auctioneers.

CHURCH ORGAN FOR SALE.

The fine two-manual organ at present in use in the First Congregational Church in this city. Dimensions as now arranged, 15 feet wide, 10½ feet deep. Specifications will be furnished and particulars given on application to the organist, Samuel D. Mayer, 501 California Street, or to the undersigned. Immediate delivery can be made if desired.
IRA P. RANKIN, 127 First Street.



317-319 KEARNY ST., bet. Bush and Pine.

Science has Conquered! Our system for testing and adjusting, to correct any error of refraction, is used on this coast only by us, and is endorsed by the leading authorities throughout the United States as the best known to science. A perfect fit guaranteed. EXAMINATION FREE. Our manufacturing and facilities are the best in the United States. Opera, Field, and Marine Glasses. All kinds of Optical Goods repaired.

COWDREY'S DEVILED

HAM



is made from
Sugar Cured
Whole Hams
and the Purest
of Spices

The Quality
is Unexcelled

"Whirlick Perfection." "Little Giant."



For Ladies or Gentlemen.



For Boys or Girls.

LARGEST HALL ON THE COAST

Where ladies or others can learn to ride, away from the public gaze.

THOS. H. B. VARNEY,

42 and 44 FREMONT ST., Donahue Bldg., S. F.

SOCIETY.

The Parrott Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Louis B. Parrott gave a charming lunch-party last Wednesday at her residence, 1913 Franklin Street, and delightfully entertained twenty-five lady friends. The drawing-room was prettily decorated with aecia and lilacs in large clusters and the ladies met there at one o'clock. Half an hour later luncheon was served in the dining-room from which the light of day had been excluded. Six tables were used and each one had its distinctive decoration. Candelabra were set on the tables each having a different colored shade, and this formed the key-note of the color used in the decoration of each table. The flowers which embellished the tables were apple-blossoms, pink begonias, violets and purple cinerarias, eschscholtzias, and Japanese maple-blossoms, each group being tied with ribbons of silk to match the respective tints. The name-cards were of satin painted in gilded letters, and the ices were served in little silken receptacles, in both cases the colors harmonizing with the decoration at each table. Those present were:

Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mrs. D. D. Colton, Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, Mrs. Lucy Otis, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. Stuart Taylor, Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. Eells, Mrs. C. de Guigné, Mrs. J. G. Eastland, Mrs. Milton S. Latham, Mrs. L. H. Calt, Mrs. C. B. Brigham, Mrs. Pierre la Montaigne, Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mrs. H. M. Newhall, and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall.

The Rutherford Lunch-Party.

Twenty-four ladies were assembled at the residence of Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, 1105 Bush Street, last Tuesday to attend a lunch-party, which she was giving in honor of Miss Florence Hafl, of New York, who has been her guest for several weeks. Two large round tables comfortably accommodated the company, and it was so arranged that, as nearly as possible, the married ladies were seated at one table and the unmarried ones at the other. The table devoted to the matrons was graced in the centre with a large basket full of Papa Gontier roses, whose delicate pinkish tints were relieved by fronds of maiden-hair ferns, while ribbons of pink silk completed the harmony. At the table where the rosebuds congregated, the embellishment was of masses of white lilacs and the curling pale-green foliage of the corkelm tree, placed in a wicker basket, and further adorned with ribbons of white silk. The name-cards were in the shape of a folio, the front cover lapping over to expose within the programme of musical selections which Noah Brandt's orchestra played during the progress of the luncheon. On the turned flap, the name of the guest was seen in gilded letters and near it the date. The elaborate menu was displayed on dark cream-colored cards, which bore artistic etchings and were mounted on wide bands of pink and white silk for the respective tables. Those present were:

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Theresa Fair, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. Theodore Payne, Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, Mrs. Robert L. Sherwood, Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman, Mrs. O. P. Evans, Mrs. J. Saunders Reed, and Mrs. Fisher Ames at the first table, and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, Mrs. Frederick W. Tallan, Mrs. Charles J. Bailey, Miss Florence Hafl, Miss Virginia Hanchett, Miss Fair, Miss Laura McDonald, Miss Gertrude Hyde, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Nellie Joliffe, and Miss Fanny Cncker at the other table.

The Pratt Lunch-Party.

Mrs. O. C. Pratt gave a pretty lunch-party at her home on Sutter Street last Wednesday in honor of Miss Fair, and invited ten of her most intimate friends to meet her. The residence was tastefully decorated with flowers, the drawing-room with yellow roses and violets, the wide hall with palms and marigolds, the library and dining-room with pink roses and ferns, and the billiard-room with purple lilacs and apple-blossoms. A delicious menu was served and the afternoon was delightfully passed.

The Sherman-Barreda Wedding.

The wedding of Miss M. A. Barreda (daughter of Mrs. F. L. Barreda), and Dr. Harry M. Sherman took place last Monday afternoon at the archiepiscopal residence, 1122 Eddy Street. Archbishop Riordan officiated in the presence of a few relatives and intimate friends. Dr. Charles Chismore acted as best man, but the bride was unattended. Later in the day the happy couple departed on their wedding tour. They were the recipients of many elegant presents and a large number of congratulatory telegrams and cablegrams from friends in the East and Europe. They will reside in this city.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent San Franciscans:

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford, who have been passing the winter in Washington, D. C., returned to the city a week ago and are occupying their residence on California Street. It is possible that they will pass the summer months at Kissengen or Carlsbad, returning here in the autumn.
Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington, Miss Clara D. Huntington, Mr. A. M. Huntington, Mr. G. E. Miles, Mr. Thomas H. Hubbard, and Mr. Raymond Jenkins arrived here from New York on April 6th, and are at the Palace Hotel. In a few days the party will visit Monterey and may possibly extend their trip as far south as San Diego.
Dr. Sidney and Lady Waterlow, Miss Alice Hamilton, and Dr. Sidney Hixson, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Head for several weeks, have gone to New York en route to Europe. Previous to their departure they visited

Monterey and also the observatory at Mount Hamilton, where they remained over night.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone entertained Sir Sidney and Lady Waterlow, Miss Alice Hamilton, and Mr. and Mrs. B. Ford at their country villa, Oak Knoll, during the latter part of March. A reception was given there in honor of Sir Sidney and Lady Waterlow on March 27th, in celebration of the eighth anniversary of their wedding. Rev. Richard Wylie, of Napa, who gave the bride away when she was married in Paris, was one of the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, of Menlo Park, Mrs. Cass, and Miss Cass, of Great Barrington, Mass., were recent guests at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Currier and the Misses Currier are occupying the Cottage Encinal at Sausalito for the summer. Miss Lotta Farnsworth is visiting friends at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs and Miss Nettie Tubbs are at their villa in Calistoga.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker have arrived in New York city, and on Monday will sail for Europe, intending to devote about six months to traveling.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Sherwood will be at San Rafael during the summer months.

Miss Ida Irwin has been passing the week at Mare Island as the guest of Mrs. Benham.

Miss Charlotte Bermingham has been visiting friends at Mare Island for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase have gone to their country residence in Napa County.

The Misses Ebel are paying a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin B. Sperry, of Stockton, have gone East and will sail for Europe next week.

Miss Marshall is visiting Miss Carrie Taylor at her home in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Cook are occupying the Cobb cottage in Sausalito.

Mrs. John W. Coleman, Miss Jessie Coleman, and Mr. Henry L. Coleman, of Oakland, were obliged to postpone their trip to Mexico until later in the season.

Baron and Baroness J. H. von Schröder have engaged a cottage at the Hotel Rafael for the season.

Judge and Mrs. F. E. Spencer are entertaining Mrs. James de la Montaigne at their residence in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young are now occupying their new residence, 2019 Broderick Street.

Mr. and Mrs. James Phelan and Miss Phelan will pass the summer at their beautiful country home, Phelan Park, in Santa Cruz.

Miss Lena Brigham returned to Oakland last Monday after a pleasant visit to friends in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. E. B. Crocker is visiting in Los Angeles.

Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Nellie Smedberg have gone to New York, and expect to be away about six months.

Mrs. W. S. Hobart and Miss Alice Hobart have gone East, and will be away about two months. After their return, they will pass the season at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge are staying at the Palace Hotel prior to their departure for the Eastern States.

Mr. James V. Coleman and his sister were in Pau, France, when last heard from.

General and Mrs. Edward Kirkpatrick are traveling in Spain and will soon proceed to Italy. After that they will return to Paris for a while, and will pass the winter season in London.

Mrs. Charles E. Miller, of Alameda, is visiting relatives in New York city. She will return here in June.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Somers expect to pass the summer season at Blythedale.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Dooty recently paid a visit to Monterey.

Mrs. W. L. Elliott and the Misses Elliott are the guests of Colonel and Mrs. W. B. Lane, U. S. A., at the Hygeia Hotel, Fort Monroe, Va. Mrs. Elliott expects to return to California in about a fortnight.

Miss Lena E. Dargie and Miss Dargie, of Oakland, have returned from a visit to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith, who have been traveling abroad for about eight months, are en route home, and will pass the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd C. Peterson will go to Blythedale early in May to remain during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker are now in Rome.

Mr. E. P. Hafl and his daughter, Miss Florence Hafl, will return to New York on Monday after an extended and enjoyable visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott will occupy their residence in San Rafael about the first of May.

Miss Inez Shorb has returned to the Mission San Gabriel after an enjoyable visit to Captain and Mrs. R. S. Floyd.

Mr. Mountford S. Wilson is expected here in less than a week from the East.

Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes has returned from Santa Barbara and is at her residence on Sutter Street.

Miss Theresa Bissell has returned from a visit to Miss Thorn at San José.

Judge John Hunt is enjoying a sojourn at Glen Ellen, Hon. Newton Booth, of Sacramento, recently visited Egypt and is now in Rome.

Mrs. Ellis A. Cook and Miss Leonide Cook arrived in Rome a week ago.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and Miss Virginia Hanchett will pass most of the summer at Monterey.

Mr. Evan J. Coleman has been paying a brief visit to Monterey.

Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Miss Edith Taylor, and Miss Clara Taylor have engaged a cottage at San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, and Mr. Herbert E. Carolan will be at San Rafael during the summer months.

Dr. Martin Regensburger has gone to Los Angeles to attend the meeting of the State Medical Society. His wife and his mother, Mrs. I. Regensburger, accompanied him.

Dr. R. E. Williams will leave to-day for the East and will be away about four weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa R. Wells leave for Del Coronado on Monday, and will pass several weeks in Southern California.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and naval people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

The promotion of Brigadier-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., to the rank of major-general, has led to his receiving many congratulations during the past week. The supposition is that he will be transferred to Chicago.

Lieutenant Samuel D. Sturgis, Jr., U. S. A., of the Presidency, will take the position formerly filled by Lieutenant H. T. Allen, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., at the West Point Military Academy.

Lieutenant R. H. Noble, First Infantry, U. S. A., who is now East on a leave of absence, has been detailed as military instructor at an institute in Annapolis, Md.

Lieutenant-Colonel Graham, First Artillery, U. S. A., will not go to New York, but will assume command of the Fifth Artillery upon its arrival here.

First Lieutenant Edward J. McClelland, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of captain.

Colonel William R. Shafter, U. S. A., will return from his Eastern trip next month.

A "Souvenir of the Hotel Rafael" has been issued. It contains a dozen pages of description of the pretty Marin town where so many fashionable San Franciscans spend the summer and of the Hotel Rafael, and is illustrated with a number of photographic views of the hotel and its surroundings. It is a tasteful little brochure, and gives all information necessary to those who would learn about the famous hostelry.

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USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. J. M. WILLIAMS, Denison, Ia., says: "I have used it largely in nervousness and dyspepsia, and I consider that it stands unrivaled as a remedy in cases of this kind. I have also used it in cases of sleeplessness, with very gratifying results."

MRS. KENDAL AT THE CENTURY CLUB.

It is rarely that any particulars of the doings of that esoteric feminine gathering, the Century Club, reach the outside world. Therefore, the following extracts from a note, written by a lady who is a member to a lady who is not, concerning Mrs. Kendal's reception, will not be uninteresting:

I must tell you about the reception our club gave to Mrs. Kendal—she is horrid, my dear—we are all perfectly disgusted with her. The rooms looked lovely—lots of violets and lilies of the valley—what you wanted to lie down and roll in. The whole club turned out and in their very best clothes, and I can tell you we all looked quite stunning—you know they say she goes everywhere in London, and people entertained her tremendously in New York, and, of course, we wanted to look as well as possible. Well, she is simply *underbred*. I do not exactly know what we expected, but we were all horribly disappointed. She is a tall, robust creature, who ought to be majestic, and she is kittenish instead—imagine the combination! She flew across the room declaring in a high voice, with an affected manner, that she would not—no she would not—make a speech. Of course the president coaxed her, as in duty bound, and, of course, she did speak. And of all silly, flat, would-be-cunning, advertising-theatre efforts that ever you heard, it was the worst. And you will hardly believe, my dear, that she wore a *thick veil* every minute of the time and *never lifted it*. Of course her dress was dowdy—an English-looking affair, and a big hat, but the veil was the worst. I give you my word, I could not distinguish a solitary feature—it was not a regular, thick veil, but one of those dazling things—all shine. We all sat stiff as pokers, and concealing with dislike as she went on talking. Her speech is not worth repeating—it was all full of "you knows," and was outrageously personal; in fact, it was about nothing in particular except Mrs. and Mr. Kendal. She talked of Mr. Kendal's manner of speaking; said that people accused him of drawing. "Why, the man doesn't draw, you know," she said, as if it were a matter of vital importance to us whether he drew or not. Then she confided to us the weighty fact that if Mr. Kendal does not like one of her dresses, he says: "Madge, never wear that dress again," and she does not. Of course we hung breathlessly on this thrilling narrative. All the time she had that expiring air of thinking herself a great pet, and feeling sure that everything she said would tickle us immensely. It was simply maddening. She begged us, if you please, to *tear* our husbands to the theatre while she is here. She said the women in New York did. Now, did you ever in your life!

Well, between the veil and her silly speech, everybody looked chilly and forbidding when she had finished. Lots of people sat still and would not go up to be presented. Her friends and a few anglo-manics went round apologizing and saying that she was not at all well and that she would not act so before an English assembly—as if that were any excuse! Some one told me today what she said about American women, and I can tell you it did not sweeten my feelings toward her. She says she likes them, they are so *delicately, delightfully vulgar*! Is not that the height of impudence?

I really do not want to see her on the stage; she is not an intelligent woman or she would not have acted so before such a club as ours. And if she is not intelligent, she can not act. But, of course, I suppose I will have to go, because everybody is talking about them.

ART NOTES.

The sale of the Gump collection at Irving Hall next week will be the most notable event that has ever occurred in the art-history of San Francisco. Never has such a collection of representative paintings by artists of world-wide and enduring fame been brought together and offered for sale in this city. Each painting has been carefully selected by Mr. Gump in the great studios of Paris, Munich, and Vienna, and taken as a whole, it stands for all that is best in the leading schools of modern art.

It is impossible, in this brief space, to give any adequate notice of even the gems of the collection, but there are several on the walls about which a word must be said. No. 10, for instance, "The Wine-Taster," is an admirable type of the best work of August Kraus, who stands at the front of the modern Munich school. No. 28, "Exterior of a Hindoo Mosque in India," by Edwin Lord Weeks, is entitled to a high place among this artist's canvases, and when it is said that he stands next to Gérôme among Orientalists, no more need be said. No. 31, "The Awakening," by Zuhier-Buhler, is in an entirely different style; it shows a young woman gazing out from the couch where she has been sleeping—an attractive subject and free from all coarseness. No. 41, "Arabian Music-Room," is one of two canvases by R. Weisse, of Paris—wonderful in its handling of textures, especially in the marble and silken stuffs, and combining with this unusual excellence in drawing and color.

The gem of the collection, perhaps, is No. 69, "Gypsy Village," by Narcisse Diaz. At the Secretan sale in Paris last year, his pictures brought astonishing prices, and this gypsy scene notably possesses the rich colors for which he is famous. "The Welcome Comrade," by K. Dery, of Munich, No. 71 of the catalogue, is a charming scene; a maid in an inn has donned the cap of one of three Hungarian hussars and is saluting them with pretty grace. William Walter Phelps, United States Minister to Germany, wanted to give Mr. Gump a Deffregger in exchange for this picture.

In an entirely different style is No. 97, "An Armorer of the Seventeenth Century," by Jacomin; it is rich in color, bold in style, and pictures the swaggering cavalier to life. Like it in subject is No. 105, "The Favorable Message," by Lesrel, which shows marvelous technique and a fine appreciation of effects. A couple of very modern scenes are Nos. 91 and 95, by V. Corcos; they show Parisian fashionables at a watering-place, and seem to exude an atmosphere of pleasure and gaiety. No. 115, "The Rural Trio," by Debat-Ponsan, has already been noticed at length; and the reproduction of it in *Harper's Bazar* has familiarized it to Americans as the illustrated papers of Paris did to the French people. No. 130, "Catching Herring," is by Georges Haquette, and is in the best style of this leading painter of the fisher folk. Mme. Jean Rongier is represented by "Churching of Women," No. 134, which is equal to her famous "Entering the Convent." "At the River," No. 152, is by Ridgway Knight, and a worthy representative of the work American artists are doing in France. There are one hundred and eighty-seven pictures in the collection, and all will well repay careful examination.

The sale commences on Wednesday evening, April 16th, at eight o'clock. The gallery will be open to the public during the day and evening, after Monday evening, until the close of the sale. An elaborate catalogue has been prepared; it contains a great deal of information about the various paintings, and is illustrated with photographic reproductions of three of the pictures.

For Throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds, etc., effective relief is found in the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Price 25 cts. Sold only in boxes.

PATTI!

The ENGRAVING done by The Bancroft Company for Mme. Patti during her last visit here, and which called forth such high words of commendation, is something in color, effect, and execution which, to quote her own language, "is entirely new."

The STAMPING was done in BLENDED BRONZES on a creamy white background, producing a combination that is rich but not gaudy, quiet yet effective. There is an utter absence of loudness about the design, and its recognized good taste is a matter of proper gratification. There is no question but what Mme. Patti's opinion was well merited.

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26th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1890

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An English paper alleges that "on a recent trip to Europe, the chief-justice of the supreme court of Texas was introduced to an English member of Parliament. The introduction was made, not by name, but by the judicial title of the American visitor. 'Oh, yes,' said the Englishman, 'I have heard of you. Your name is Judge Lynch.'"

Dr. Garretson is accustomed to illustrate the materialistic tendencies of the age by an imaginary conversation with a Western farmer: "Why do you raise corn?" "To feed hogs." "What for?" "To sell them and buy more land." "What for?" "To raise more corn." "What for?" "To feed more hogs." "What for?" "To sell and buy more land," and so on.

Fridley, an Illinois lawyer, irritated by an unexpected decision of the Kane County court, said, in an undertone: "That's a d—d pretty decision!" "Mr. Fridley," said the judge, with dignity, "if you are displeased with the decisions of this court, you can carry them to a court of errors." "A court of errors! If your honor please, where on earth can I find a court of errors superior to this court?"

"Pray, my lord," queried a gentleman of a judge, "what is the difference between common law and equity?" "Very little in the end," responded his lordship. "At common law you are more quickly disposed of. The former is a bullet which is instantaneously and charmingly effective; the latter, an angler's book, which plays with the victim before it kills him. Common law is prussic acid; equity is laudanum."

P. T. Barnum was introduced to Sir Arthur Sullivan, at the Waterloo Station, in London. "Sir Arthur," said Mr. Barnum, "I am glad to have the opportunity of meeting you. You are celebrated. I am notorious!" "It is said that a rather pompous minister once met Barnum and said to him: 'Mr. Barnum, you and I have met before on the temperance platform, and I hope we shall meet in heaven.' 'We shall,' replied Barnum, confidently, 'if you're there.'"

An Englishman is like a bear if any one steps on his lawn. You know the story told of Tennyson? Several ladies, anxious to see him, paid a pilgrimage to his country-seat. Tennyson was seated on the front steps smoking an old pipe when they appeared in the distance. The old poet watched them crossing his lawn, and his brow lowered. "Is this Lord Tennyson? Well, we're so sorry to intrude. We wish to apologize for entering in this unceremonious fashion—" "Then why don't you go?" said Tennyson, curtly, surrounding himself with a cloud of tobacco-smoke.

Pastor Stocker, of anti-Semitic renown, relates that Bismarck once asked him whether there were any text in the Bible saying, "All men are cowards?" "No, you are thinking of the text: 'The Cretons are all liars,'" said Stocker. "Liars—cowards, it comes to much the same thing," answered Bismarck; "but it's not true only of the Cretons"; and he then asked Stocker whether the latter had met many thoroughly brave men. The court pastor replied that there might be several definitions of courage; but Bismarck interrupted him, with a boisterous laugh: "Ob, yes, the moral courage of letting one's face be smacked rather than fight a duel; I have met plenty of men who had that."

The Brazilian nabob, Baron Fereau, who died not long since, was as miserly in trifles as he was extravagant in other directions. It was one of his peculiarities never to fee servants, and the waiters of the various hotels at which he sojourned were, for that reason, not partial to him. One morning, while staying at the magnificent Maux Hotel, in Rio de Janeiro, he came down to breakfast and ordered a cutlet. After he had eaten it he ordered a second. "Baron," said the head-waiter, maliciously, "it's a custom with us never to serve the same course twice at a meal." "Is that so?" said Fereau, and rising from his seat he left the room. In ten minutes he came back into the dining-room. "Waiter," said he, "I have just bought this hotel and am master here now. As you will not be able to get accustomed to my plan of serving the guests according to their wishes, you are dismissed at once." Thereupon he took up his napkin again and called to another waiter: "Now, bring me another cutlet!"

A loyal North Carolinian, who served in the Union Army, tells this story in connection with the resin-beds, which are found in the turpentine districts (says the Philadelphia Times). During General Sherman's famous march to the sea, a part of the Twentieth Army Corps was halted in a section of this forest, and prepared to camp for the night. The soldiers were somewhat mystified at finding so large a stretch of smooth, solid rock, but congratulated themselves that they would not have to bivouac in the mud. Knapsacks were unslung, guards were mounted, and fires were kindled at different points, and the tired and weary veterans were preparing to settle down for a comfortable rest. The heat of the

fires softened the resin. First it began to sputter, then great black clouds of smoke began to ascend, and suddenly huge columns of fire shot up, seemingly from the very bowels of the earth. The whole camp was in commotion, the men beat a precipitate retreat, and soon the whole place was a seething, roaring mass of flame. One of the soldiers, as he grabbed his gun and started, shouted a warning to his comrades: "Run, boys! We've struck hell!"

M. Fleury, who had been tutor to the Duc d'Aumale, was, in 1848, private secretary to the Duchess of Orleans. When the revolution of February broke out, a rabble invaded the Palais Royal, where the princess resided, and began smashing works of art, pictures, statues, and knickknacks. All the household was seized with panic except M. Fleury, who, throwing off his coat, smeared his face and hands with coal, caught up a poker, and rushed among the mob, shouting: "Here, I'll show you where the best pictures are." So saying, he plied his poker upon furniture of no value, and, thus winning the confidence of the roughs, was able to lead them out of the royal apartments into the kitchen regions, where they spent their patriotic fury upon the contents of larder and cellar. The sequel of this story is very droll, and Bismarck relates it with great relish. A few days after he had saved the Palais Royal, M. Fleury was recognized in the streets as the Duchess of Orleans's secretary and mobbed. He was being somewhat roughly hustled, when a hulking water-carrier elbowed his way through the throng and roared: "Let that man be! He is one of the right sort. He led us to the pillage of the Palais Royal the other day!"

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

"A Rose by Any Other Name."

First the teacher called the roll;

Clo't to the beginnin'

"Addeliney Bowersox!"

Set the school a-grinnin'.

Winter-time, and singin' cold

When the session took up—

Cold as we all looked at her,

Though she couldn't look up!

Total stranger to us, too—

Country-folks ain't allus

Nigh so shameless unpolite

As some people call us;

But the honest facts is, then

Addeliney Bower.

Sox's feelin's was so hurt

She cried half an hour!

My dest was across from her'n;

Set and watched her tryin'

To pretend she didn't keer,

And a kind of cryin'.

Up her tears with smiles—tel I

Thought: "Well, 'Addeliney

Bowersox' is plain, but she's

Purty as a piney!"

It's be'n many of a year

Since that most uncommon

Cur'ous name o' Bowersox

Struck me so abomin-

nable and outlandish-like;

I changed it to Addie-

Liney Daubenspeck—and that

Nearly killed her daddy!

—James Whitcomb Riley in Indianapolis Journal.

A Wife's Request.

(Being a Study in English Spelling.)

"With chilly days and raw we're through;

The over-gaiter fades from view;

But the shop-windows, in its lieu,

Display the dainty cloth-top shoe

In shades of gray or brown or blue

And fairy sizes, three or two,

That would a Cynic's fancy woo,

Get me a pair—I know that you

Can not refuse me, dearest Hugh!" —Puck.

His Vow.

His arms, with strong and steady embrace,

Her dainty form enfold,

And she had blushed her sweet consent,

When he his story told.

"And do you swear to keep your troth?"

She asked, with loving air;

He gazed into her upturned face,

"Yes, by yon elm, I swear."

A year passed by, his love grew cold,

Of his heart she'd lost the helm;

She blamed his fault, but the fact was this—

The tree was slippery elm. —Yale Record.

The Nevada Bank is now doing business under the new management. The officers and directors are:

I. W. Hellman, president; James L. Flood, first vice-president; J. F. Bigelow, second vice-president; and J. W. Mackay, Levi Strauss, of Levi Strauss & Co., Lewis Gerstle, of Louis Sloss & Co., H. F. Allen, of Allen & Lewis, Robert Watt, W. W. Dodge, of Dodge, Sweeney & Co., A. de Guigne, and D. N. Walter, of D. N. & E. Walter & Co., directors.

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Desires to announce that he has resumed teaching. Class lessons of one hour of four of the same voice will be formed. Ladies' class for vocal and musical instruction and part songs Saturday, from 11 A. M. to 12 M.

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Spring term opens Monday, March 24, 1890. Young ladies specially prepared for Eastern Colleges. Particular attention given to pupils wishing to enter the higher grades of the public schools.

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Having returned from Europe, is prepared to receive a very limited number of young ladies for advanced course of private instruction in French, German, and English. Foreign languages and literature a specialty.

A class in drawing and penmanship, under direction of Mr. Carl Eisenschimmel.

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On Wednesday, January 8th, 1890.

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A Day and Boarding School for Young Ladies

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It is the purest, cleanest, finest,

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for GENERAL TOILET PURPOSES; and for use in the NURSERY it is recommended by thousands of intelligent mothers throughout the civilized world, because while serving as a cleanser and detergent, its emollient properties prevent the chafing and discomforts to which infants are so liable.

PEARS' SOAP can now be had of nearly all Druggists in the United States, BUT BE SURE THAT YOU GET THE GENUINE, as there are worthless imitations.

FLOYSAM AND JETSAM.

The coast-line of Alaska exceeds that of the United States, and its territory is equal in extent to the portion of the United States east of the Mississippi River.

It is said that the average height of the American woman has in the last two generations increased one inch, and that the same increase has taken place in her bust and waist measure.

Diethylsulphonedimethylmethane is the correct name of the drug generally spoken of as sulphonal. It has a second cousin, so to speak, named dimethylsulphonedimethylmethane.

An Englishman has invented a means of utilizing the principle of stilts with wheels. The wheels are fastened to the feet as stilts are, and each acts as a sort of independent bicycle. They go very fast when one has learned how to walk on them.

Our famous Smithsonian Institution at Washington owes its existence to an Englishman, James Smithson, who fifty years ago bequeathed half-a-million dollars to our government for its establishment, the only direct bequest ever made to the government.

One new illustration of the distance of the stars is given by Sir Robert Ball, who says that it would take all the Lancashire cotton-factories four hundred years to spin a thread long enough to reach the nearest star, at the present rate of production of about one hundred and fifty-five million miles a day.

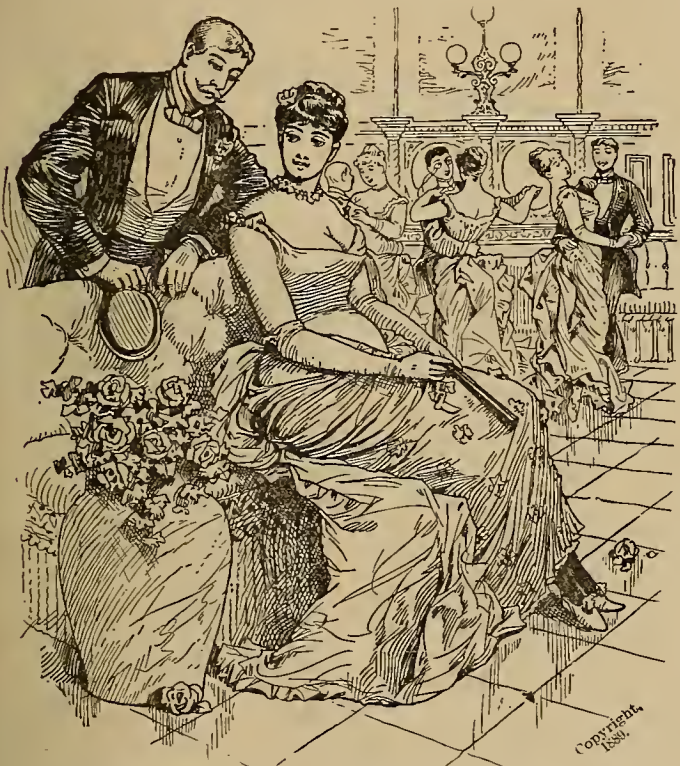
The nickel-in-the-slot machine is not modern. In the old Egyptian temples devices of this kind were employed for automatically dispensing the purifying water. A coin of five drachmae dropped into a slot a vase set a simple piece of mechanism like a well-sweep in motion, a valve was opened for an instant, and a portion of the water permitted to escape.

This apparatus was described by Hero, of Alexandria, who lived two hundred years before the Christian era.

The Paris Academy of Medicine says that "tuberculosis is a parasitic and contagious disease. The microbe agent of the contagion resides especially in the dust produced by the dried sputum." The Academy also calls attention to the dangers arising from the presence of tuberculous subjects in schools, offices, workshops, and other places.

One of the managers of a big Eastern knitting-mill has made a calculation that the shoe-strings of a working-girl will come untied on the average three times per diem, and that a girl will lose about fifty seconds every time she stoops to retie them. Most of the employees have two feet, so this entails a loss of 300 seconds every day for each girl. There are about 400 girls employed in this factory, and therefore the manager finds that 43,800,000 seconds are wasted in the course of a year, which time, at the average rate of wages, is worth \$943.17½. Orders have accordingly been issued that girls must wear only buttoned shoes or Congress gaiters under penalty of discharge.

Two German engineers propose rapid transit by means of three continuous platforms moving along the streets side by side. The lowest of these platforms is four inches high and moves at a uniform speed of five feet per second. Any ordinary pedestrian can, they state, mount this platform from the ground without difficulty, and from this he can, with equal ease, step on to a second platform four inches higher than the first and moving twice as fast. The passenger thus acquires a speed of ten feet per second, and, stepping on to the third platform in the same way, he is carried at a speed of fifteen feet per second, or ten miles per hour, to his destination, where he steps off by degrees as he got on.



FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

The trying ordeals which fashionable society imposes on its devotees are enough to severely test the physical strength and endurance of the most robust. Irregular and late hours, over-rich and indigestible food, late suppers, the fatigue of the ball-room, the bad air of the ill-ventilated, overcrowded theatre, are each, in themselves, sufficient to upset the system and ruin the health of the delicate and sensitive. Combined, they can hardly fail, if persisted in, to seriously impair the health of the hardiest. Ladies generally possess less powers of endurance than their male consorts, and so the sooner succumb to these deleterious influences. They become pale, haggard and debilitated, and constantly experience a sense of lassitude—that "tired feeling" as so many express it. The least exertion fatigues them. Various neuralgic and other pains harass and torment the sufferer. Headache, backache, "bearing-down" sensations, and "female weaknesses" follow and sorely afflict the sufferer.

As an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial and bracing nerve, for debilitated and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has no

equal. In fact, it is the only medicine for the peculiar weaknesses and ailments incident to females, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from its manufacturer, that it will, in every case, give satisfaction or its price (\$1.00) will be promptly refunded. It improves digestion, invigorates the system, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, produces refreshing sleep, dispels melancholy and nervousness, and builds up both the flesh and strength of those reduced below a healthy standard. It is a legitimate medicine—not a beverage. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to sour or ferment in the stomach and cause distress. It is as peculiar in its composition as it is marvelous in its remedial results. Therefore, don't be put off with some worthless compound easily, but honestly recommended to be "just as good," that the dealer may make more profit. "Favorite Prescription" is incomparable. The manufacturers' unprecedented offer to guarantee satisfaction in every case, or money refunded, ought to convince every invalid of this fact. A Book on Woman's Ailments, and their Self-cure (160 pages), sent under seal in plain envelope, for ten cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS: PURELY VEGETABLE and PERFECTLY HARMLESS.

Unequaled as a LIVER PILL. Smallest, Cheapest, Easiest to take. One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Stomach and Bowels. 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

If his advertisement be so brief and so pointed that a glance will absorb the whole of it, or absorb enough of it to make the reader remember it, then the advertisement has accomplished its mission.—N. C. Fowler, Jr.

"To discontinue an advertisement," says John Wanamaker, Philadelphia's great merchant, "is like taking down your sign. If you want to do business you must let the public know it. Standing advertisements when changed frequently are better and cheaper than reading notices. They look more substantial and business-like, and inspire confidence. I would as soon think of doing business without clerks as without advertising."—W. Altham, Mass., Free Press.

Advertising will not make permanent sale for a fraudulent thing, nor will it sell a thing that nobody wants. On the other hand, it always pays to wisely advertise a good thing if it meets a popular want, but in order to be profitable, the advertisement must attract the attention of those who will become buyers, convince them of its merit, and interest them in its purchase. Therefore, the wording and display of the advertisement, and the proper selection of newspapers, are of vital importance.

There was a Quaker in New York, Solomon by name, who was induced by an agent of a newspaper to advertise his "Mammoth Catalogue" one Sunday, when an edition of over one hundred thousand copies was promised. Calling a few days after to ask for a renewal of the card, he met the infuriated Quaker, who declared that he had been swindled. Asking if the returns had not been satisfactory, the shopkeeper became still more incensed. "You tell me that you print 100,000 papers, but I have only received 2,763 answers already yet."

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From March 30, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 12:45 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax.	4:45 P.
8:00 A.	Marina, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East.	11:15 A.
10:30 A.	Haywards and Niles.	* 3:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	* 8:45 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	** 6:00 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José.	9:45 A.
3:30 P.	2d class Ogden and East.	10:45 P.
4:00 P.	Stockton and Milpitas, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and San José.	† 6:15 P.
5:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East, Knight's Landing via Davis.	10:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards and Niles.	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
8:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

3:00 A.	Hunters' train to San José.	7:20 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	5:50 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	* 11:50 A.
4:15 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:25 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:30 P.
8:30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:12 P.
10:30 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:02 P.
12:01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3:38 P.
* 3:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	* 10:00 A.
* 4:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 7:58 A.
5:20 P.	San José and Way Stations.	9:03 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	† 7:28 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. *† Sundays only. *† Saturdays excepted. *† Mondays excepted.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., March 21, April 5, 20, May 5, 20, June 4, 14, 19, 29. For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M. every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket office, 124 Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA City of Sydney, Saturday, April 12, at 12 M. Taking freight and passengers direct for Marathon, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, La Libertad, and Panama, and via Acapulco for all lower Mexican and Central American ports.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama: City of Rio de Janeiro, April 26, at 3 P. M. China, Wednesday, May 21, at 3 P. M. City of Peking, Saturday, June 14, at 3 P. M. Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. WILLIAMS, DIMOND & Co., Gen. Agents. GRO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, April 6, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:30 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 4:20, 5:30, 6:30 P. M. Extra trip on Sundays to Sausalito at 11:00 A. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days) 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 3:30, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 5:30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 7:45, 9:30, 11:15 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, 10:55 A. M.; 12:00 M.; 1:15, 2:45, 4:00, 5:00, 6:05, 7:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 6:30 P. M. Fare, 60 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) 7:55, 11:05 A. M.; 3:35, 5:12 P. M. (Sundays)—8:12, 9:20, 10:10, 11:15 A. M.; 12:20, 1:40, 3:00, 5:15, 6:30 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 6:38 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 10:05, A. M.; 12:05, 2:15, 4:10, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 9:45, 10:40, 11:40 A. M.; 12:45, 1:55, 3:30, 4:40, 5:45, 6:50, 7:10 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1:30 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 7:00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12:35 P. M.

5:00 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Tomales and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Tomales daily (Sundays excepted) at 5:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco at 8:45 A. M.

8:00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 8:15 P. M., same day.

6:30 P. M., (Sundays only) from San Francisco for Tomales and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Tomales (Sundays only) at 6:00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 9:15 A. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tamalpais, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00. Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Point Reyes, \$1.75; Tomales, \$2.00; Howard's, \$2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, \$3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, F. B. LATHAM, General Manager, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 329 Pine Street.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, March 17, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

Leave San Francisco.	DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and 10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	and 6:10 P. M.
5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, 10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Liton Springs, 6:10 P. M.
		Cloverdale, 6:05 P. M.
		and Way Stations.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah, 6:10 P. M.
		6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville, 6:10 P. M.
		6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma, 10:40 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	and 6:10 P. M.
		6:05 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sebastopol, 10:40 A. M.
		10:30 A. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Geysers for Healdsburg; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Earle Springs, Blue Lakes, Willits, Cato, Calpella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Liton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 3:30, 5:15 P. M.; Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 5:20 P. M.

To San Francisco from San Rafael: Week Days—6:20, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40 A. M.; 12:15, 3:40, 5:10 P. M.

To San Francisco from Point Tiburon. Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.; Sundays—8:40, 10:05 A. M.; 12:40, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.

On Saturdays an extra trip will be made from San Francisco to San Rafael, leaving at 1:40 P. M.

H. C. WHITNEY, General Manager. PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt. Ticket Offices at Ferry, 222 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, Steamer, From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1890.

Oceanic, Tuesday, April 15 Gaelic, Thursday, May 8

Belgie, Tuesday, June 3 Oceanic, Thursday, June 26

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No. 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent, GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.



A prettier theme for comedy or opera than the fable of Pygmalion and Galatea could not be imagined; but, like all obviously pretty themes, it has been put to use rather often, and is just a trifle threadbare. Here, in San Francisco, it is quite familiar to audiences, and people who go to see it now busy themselves rather with comparisons than with the plot or the numbers. The question which opera-goers asked each other on Tuesday was not whether Marie Stone and Tom Karl did full justice to the title rôles, but whether they had improved or fallen off since they sung them last in this city. It is pleasant to observe that the prevailing verdict was that they sing better now than then.

Unlike some of his predecessors, the librettist departs from the mythological legend in his libretto. According to Ovid, Pygmalion was by no means a poor sculptor selling half a ton of carved marble for a thousand drachmas; he was a king in his own right, who amused himself by making statues, as Louis the Sixteenth amused himself by making casks. Whether he was married or not when he carved the maiden into whom the gods breathed the breath of life, is not revealed in the *Metamorphoses*; but in those days, in Cyprus, a wife more or less did not matter, and there may have been a Cynisca about whom the poet did not think it worth while to inform his readers. Pygmalion married the creature of his chisel, with the usual wedding-march of that day; no one, male or female, forbade the banns. He was not rewarded, after the fashion of heroes in fairyland, by a copious progeny. Mythology records the birth of only one child to the sculptor and his statue-wife—a girl. But the girl atoned for her mother's shortcomings. She had fifty daughters, to say nothing of sons. Her husband was, indeed, a marvelous man. He was the founder of the worship of Aphrodite in Cyprus, which was a sort of pagan Methodism, with periodical love-feasts; and not content with his offspring by his lawful wife, Metharme, he was the father, by another wife, of the beautiful Adonis, who had that little affair with Venus that is recorded by Shakespeare.

This was the material with which the librettist of this opera had to deal. He placed his story on the common level of every-day romance by introducing a jealous wife—Cynisca; he pointed his plot by conferring upon husband or wife the power to blind the other in case of infidelity. And, whereas, in the Greek legend, there was not the slightest comic element, he wisely took advantage of Galatea's supernatural birth to introduce a good deal of very fair fooling in her naïve remarks upon the world into which she has been so unexpectedly thrust. This, of course, is for the gallery, and will not bear the test of criticism. If Galatea did not know what the world was, she certainly should not have sung:

"Why do I love thee?
How can I tell?
But that it is love,
I know full well."

These are views not unfrequently expressed by young ladies; but it is observed that they know the world pretty well.

When Mrs. Shelley made her hero create a human being out of chemical elements, his mind is a blank, and the instincts it gradually acquires are diabolical. Galatea is a sweet little *ingénue*, with a spice of the coquette; her ruling instinct is a desire to have her waist squeezed, which, after all, is a venial weakness. Her behavior is so charming, indeed, that if Pygmalion's performance could be imitated, men would be apt to prefer this system of creation to the one with which they are familiar.

Pygmalion himself is defective in an artistic point of view. Cynisca is true to art in invoking the aid of Aphrodite to blind her faithless husband; but his conjugal fidelity to her can not be explained by any canon of art. The Greek legend was sounder in making him throw his whole soul at the feet of the beautiful creature whom he had evoked out of marble. Cynisca was all very well—affectionate and comfortable as became a wife; but a lovely young maiden, richly endowed with virgin charms, and with a mind that had everything to learn from a husband, should, from the point of view of art, have been simply irresistible. She would have been cheap at the cost of a pair of blind eyes.

These drawbacks notwithstanding, the opera, as San Franciscans knew long ago, is pleasant, and the music is very sweet. M. Ambroise Thomas was a famous composer when he wrote it. He had given to the world at least a dozen operas—among others, "Mignon," which every one likes to hear at least once a year; "Françoise de Rimini," a noble work, not sufficiently appreciated by the public; and "Hamlet," which ran a hundred nights at Paris, and would perhaps have run a hundred more if the

Grand Opera House had not been burned down. He is essentially a melodist of the later Italian school. His choruses have a ring which tempts spectators to join in them. His arias are catching, like honeyed sounds dropped softly on the ear. Such seductive strains as "Ah! Pygmalion, let me stay, send me not away," must have been sung by the sirens when Ulysses set the fashion of putting wool into his sailors' ears and pulling it over their eyes. There are half-a-dozen such melodies scattered through the three acts of the piece; it is hard to say which is the most delicious. Thomas has made as much money by his songs as by his operas; he is past-master of the art of writing airs which everybody understands, and which no one can hear often enough.

The Bostonians are a company which has seriously undertaken, and which conscientiously performs, important work. Their repertoire is large, but the training of every member of the company has been so thorough that rehearsals are rarely needed. Singers and performers work together like a well-built and well-handled machine. Tom Karl himself, who is at the head of the organization, always does his work in a clean, workmanlike way. The opinion of the audience on Tuesday was that he had improved since he was here last; more careful observers could detect no difference. He sang Pygmalion well last year; he sang it at least equally well on Tuesday. He did not indulge his hearers in high C's, like Tamagno, but he gave every note in his score in a full, pleasant tone, slurred nothing, and lost no point. His partner, Barnabee, was agreeable in the comic part of Chrysos. He sings a comic song in a pleasant, gentlemanly way, without buffoonery, or tricks of voice, and always carries his audience with him. Eugene Cowles, as the Priest, and Fred Dixon, as Agesimos, were fit. Their parts afford no opportunity for grand vocalization, if they are capable of it; the utmost that can be required of such subordinate performers is that they shall not attract attention by unfitness. Of the two leading lady singers—Marie Stone and Miss Jessie Bartlett-Davis—honest criticism compels the remark that both sang well, and acted fairly, but that both were ill at ease in their parts. It is of the essence of Galatea that she should be a young and lovely girl, just budding into womanhood. Now, Marie Stone, who is very charming indeed, and an excellent artist, budded some little while ago. It is incomprehensible that Pygmalion, if he was going to create a woman, should have created so very mature a specimen of the sex. And when he cries in his amorous ardor, "Who could look on thee and stifle love?" a matter-of-fact listener is inclined to the belief that the sculptor must have been a very susceptible being indeed—a sort of high explosive, who ought not to have been left to go round loose where there were women. Miss Jessie Bartlett-Davis, in the costume of a page, has probably broken more boy's hearts in San Francisco than any other actress. But in a loose Greek peplum, Cynisca looks as if any future heart-breaking for which she might be responsible he rather the work of her mind than that of her figure. If Galatea had been played by a pretty girl of eighteen or twenty, a judicious audience would have decided that Aphrodite was quite right in blinding the sculptor for preferring Cynisca to the marble maiden.

Of course this is hypercriticism. It is not easy to find pretty girls of twenty who could sing the parts of Galatea and Cynisca as Mesdames Stone and Davis sung them. It is the old story of Juliet, which is never well played except by an old woman. But the Bostonians are so good a company in every respect that they challenge cavil, and tempt the critic to find fault with what he would not think of noticing in a weaker organization. It is pleasant to know that there are young girls with fine voices in the troupe. One of these, a Californian, Miss Flora Finlayson, will make her bow to the public on Monday in "Don Quixote"; the coast will be pleased if she turn out another Emma Nevada.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"Don Quixote," with which the Bostonians begin the coming week, is by Reginald de Koven, a Chicago man. He has made two or three essays at writing light operas before this, and met with no great degree of success. The Bostonians seem to have confidence in its merit, however, for it is announced for two nights and the matinee.

"Lost in New York," one of Leonard Grover's early melodramas, is to be revived next week.

Emily Soldene, who was thought to be on the verge of retiring when she headed a comic-opera company at the old California Theatre eight or ten years ago, is to make her reappearance in town next week. She will have the titular rôle in "The Drum-Major's Daughter." W. H. Hamilton will also reappear in the same operetta.

Nat Goodwin will show us "A Gold Mine" next week. It was written by George Jessop and Brander Matthews, and has run well in the East.

There is a growing sentiment against the present style of theatrical programme, a sentiment which the managers, who make any pretense of catering to their patrons' comfort, will soon have to recognize and respect. It is wearying to have a four or eight-

page sheet thrust on you when you only want to learn the cast of characters, and the sooner managers forego the few dollars the advertisements bring them, the better.

Katie Emmett, a soubrette, will appear as a star in "The Waifs of New York" next week.

Since the courts decided that an income of thirty thousand dollars is necessary to the proper maintenance of Howell Oshourne and his reputation, he has been in New York, snapping his fingers at his creditors. Fay Templeton will now return to the stage, going out at the head of a light-opera company in "The Grand Duchess," to which Lillian Russell in the Casino production has given quite a boom.

The Bostonians' bills for next week are: Monday and Thursday evening and Saturday matinee, "Don Quixote"; Tuesday, "Fra Diavolo"; Wednesday, "The Poachers"; Saturday evening, "Pygmalion and Galatea."

Coquelin has learned much from his tour with Jane Hading, with whom he never spoke for months, except when acting with her. He takes Mme. Judic with him when he goes to South America in a few months, and he has an iron-bound contract by which Mme. Judic pays a heavy fine every time she refuses to do just as he says.

"Shenandoah," with the original New York cast, will be seen here next month.

Hallen & Hart's farce-comedy, "Later On," was a thoroughly gloomy spectacle when first played here some months ago, except when the two principals were on the stage; but it has been enlivened and refurbished with new songs and new chorists. Among the latter are Doddie Morton, Mollie Fuller, Carrie Perkins, and Annie Lewis. It runs another week.

Wilson Barrett is to include San Francisco in his present tour of the United States. His repertoire runs the histrionic gamut, including "Hamlet," "Claudian," "Clito," "The Silver King," "Ben My-Chree," and "Nowadays."

An amusing example of the prevalent belief in the broadness of English pronunciation occurred during the Kendals' last night. Kendal, as Sir John Molyneux, had offered to drive to the station his brother-in-law, George Desmond, who is leaving for Rio, and has had his pet pair of cobs harnessed for the purpose. During the somewhat lengthy farewell which Desmond takes of his wife, Sir John is on tender-books and ventures to remark that the cobs do not like standing. A few minutes later, he finds the good-bye still unfinished, and after hesitating a bit between his natural disinclination to interfere and his affection for his brother-in-law, he breaks in with: "I don't want to hurry you, George, but the cobs, you know, the cobs." There was a general laugh. "What did he say?" asked a lady in the dress-circle. "Something about a cob—be means cab, you know," was the explanation.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A Texas debating society recently had for a subject: "Is it proper to sound the r in dorg?"—*Texas Siftings.*

Jack—"Miss Kaw owns ten thousand acres of corn-land in Kansas." Bob—"Job's turkey! Is she so poor as that?"—*Washington Star.*

There probably never was a woman who said an unpleasant thing to a man that she did not add that she was telling him for his own good.—*Atchison Globe.*

"Doctor, I am very ill. And yet I eat well; I drink well; I sleep well." "Never fear, my dear madam; we will cure you of all that."—*Harper's Bazar.*

He—"Will you marry me?" She—"Can you support me?" He (reproachfully)—"Haven't I supported you every Sunday evening for two years?"—*Epoch.*

Mrs. Mulhooly—"The paper is full o' crimes, an' all th' names is Oirish." Mr. Mulhooly—"Sure don't yez know th' Amirkim press is soobsidized by Britisb goold?"—*Puck.*

Extract from historical lecture: "In those stormy times the fate of Germany hung upon a slender thread, but that slender thread was Charles the Fat."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Mr. Hogan (anxiously)—"Mr. Gilhooly, do you think agin fall my bogs will be fit to kill?" Mr. Gilhooly (in disgust)—"They may be fit to kill, but the dumb things won't be fit to ate."—*Judge.*

Miss Manhattan—"But certainly you must admit that New Yorkers are the best dressed men in the world." Miss Lakely—"Well, anyhow, it is acknowledged that Chicago produces the best dressed beef."—*Puck.*

"It was a fearful night—cold as the Arctic regions. The ruffians were two hours ransacking the cars." "You must have been nearly frozen." "Ob, no. I was covered by two six-shooters."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Miss Sharpe—"Oh, bow do you do, Mr. Sissy? You are not looking very well." Mr. Sissy—"No, Miss Shawpe; I've a cold or something in me bead." Miss Sharpe (calmly)—"I think it must be a cold, Mr. Sissy."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Mr. Manhattan (visiting in Chicago)—"Your mamma is truly remarkable for her poise, Miss Live-way." Miss Live-way—"Yes, indeed. Mamma is no slouch at pastry. Her minces and lemons are always A No. 1."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Lady customer (angrily)—"I believe there is water in your milk, sir." Honest milkman—"Yes, madam, there is. I have on several occasions urged the cows to be more careful, but they insist that it is impossible to make milk without water."—*Puck.*

An echo of the parade: *Horrigan* (who fell off his horse nineteen times during the march, and has just left the hospital)—"Did yez see me on th' 'sivintent', Owney?" *McFagan*—"Oi did; an' yez looked well." *Horrigan*—"Yure a dom liar!"—*Puck.*

Mr. S. P. C. Childers—"Boy, you shouldn't beg; it's disgraceful! But don't cry—I'll give you ten cents for that paper you have there." *Urchin* (blubbering)—"I—I wouldn't beg, Boss, if—if I could meet such ch—ch—chumps as you are every day!"—*Puck.*

Mr. Barkling (undergoing a medical examination for insurance)—"Are you going to punch me again like that, doctor?" The physician—"Just once more." Mr. Barkling—"Well, before you do it just have the policy made out and signed, will you?"—*Judge.*

The pleasures of Chicago society: *Miss Blondell*—"Have you been presented to Mr. Delavan?" Mrs. de Lake (calmly looking him over)—"Yes, papa presented me to him about two years ago; but we did not agree very well, and called it off without alimony."—*Judge.*

Counsel for defense (describing the scene)—" . . . The discussion grew animated . . . (in a low voice) my client happened to let off his tiny pocket-pistol . . . (in stentorian tones) when his opponent retorted by dealing him a ferocious blow with his cudgel."—*El Caffaro.*

Grindstone—"I don't take much stock in the idea that a fish diet builds up the brain. I've lived on fish, fish, fish for three straight weeks and I feel less like doing mental labor than I did before I began. Fish phosphorus is a humbug." *KilJordan*—"You have been expecting too much from it. Phosphorus only stimulates the brains. It won't create them."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Mrs. Hubert H. Bancroft has issued cards for a tea which she will give this (Saturday) afternoon, from three until seven o'clock, at her residence S. E. corner of Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street. Her guests are invited particularly to meet Mrs. Oliver S. Carter, of New York.

An enjoyable bop was given at the Presidio last Tuesday evening, which was well attended. Colonel and Mrs. L. L. Langdon, U. S. A., received the guests, and dancing was indulged in until midnight. The bop-room was attractively decorated and the music was excellent.

A pleasant dancing-party was given last Tuesday evening by the members of the Reliance Club, and the hours devoted to it were most agreeably passed.

Mr. Robert Oxnard and Mr. R. H. Sprague gave an elaborate dinner-party at their residence on Washington Street recently, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow. Among the others present were: Mrs. Ricardo M. Pinto, Miss Marie Voorbies, Miss Lottie Clarke, and Lieutenant Wilson, U. S. N.

A reception was given on the *Charleston* at Mare Island last Tuesday by Admiral Brown and the other officers of the new cruiser, and it was attended by nearly all of the officers at the navy yard and their families.

Colonel and Mrs. James Forney, U. S. M. C., gave a delightful reception in the marine barracks at Mare Island last Tuesday evening. The feature of the evening was a cotillion, which was led by Lieutenant Burnett and Mrs. Forney.

Early in May the members of the French Ladies' Relief Society are arranging to give a Kermesse. It will be held at Odd Fellows' Hall on Monday evening, May 5th. Seventy-five young ladies are now rehearsing the various national dances and are progressing excellently. A grand ball will follow the Kermesse.

All of the arrangements are now completed for the kettledrums which will be given by the managers of the Maria Kip Orphanage next Wednesday evening at Union Square Hall, and the indications are that it will be very successful. Excellent music will be provided for the dancing, and light refreshments will be served. The treasury of this charitable institution is sadly depleted and it deserves all the encouragement that can be extended to it. Tickets may be procured from the managers or at the hall that evening.

ART NOTES.

Amateur Photographic Association.

The fourth exhibition of the Pacific Coast Amateur Photographic Association opened last Monday evening in the rooms of the San Francisco Art Association, and continued throughout the week. Thirty members contributed in all five hundred and eighty-six exhibits, which are tastefully arranged upon the walls, and include an infinite variety of subjects. The display is meritorious and gives evidence of marked improvement since the previous exhibition. There are photographs in black, brown, blue, and red, with a variety of subtones, and albumen prints, salt prints, bromides, and platinotypes. On Monday evening the rooms were crowded with guests, who first listened to an address by President E. L. Wade and were then entertained by an exhibition of stereopticon views, which were repeated on Tuesday evening. Since then, the exhibition has been open only in the daytime. Among the exhibitors are:

Mr. S. W. Burnham, Mr. George W. Reed, Mr. E. W. Rayson, Mr. T. W. Palache, Mr. E. L. Wood, Mr. J. H. Johnson, Mr. G. A. Newhall, Miss Helen M. Hitchcock, Mr. J. A. Treat, Mr. George Tasheira, Miss Mathilde Eggers, Mr. Clinton Day, Mr. W. D. Day, Mr. W. D. Ames, Mr. George W. Dornin, Mr. S. C. Partridge, Mr. Church, Miss Josephine Polhemus, Miss Ida Palache, Dr. C. L. Goddard, Mr. E. V. Vail, and others.

A large number of invitations have been issued for the private view of the Gump paintings at Irving Hall on Monday evening, April 14th. The hall has been handsomely decorated with flowers and plants, and an orchestra will play concert selections during the evening, and everything will be done to make the affair a success.

Announcement is made of a series of symphony concerts by an orchestra of sixty pieces under the direction of J. Lewis Browne, a well-known Eastern musician, late of Chicago and New York. The first date of the series is the afternoon of the twenty-fourth instant, when Beethoven's complete fifth symphony will be given, together with Wagner's "Rienzi" overture, Handel's "Largo," the intermezzo from "Naila," and the "Jewel Song" from "Faust." Miss Sophie Newland, an Oakland singer, is the soloist.

An orchestral and choral concert will be given at the Bijou Theatre on Thursday evening, April 17th, for the benefit of the Hahnemann Hospital Building Fund and the Free Ward for Sick and Destitute Children. It will be tendered by the San Francisco Choral Society assisted by a full orchestra.

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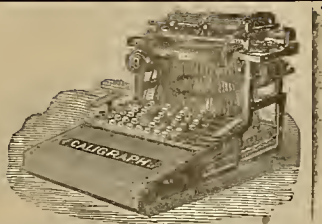
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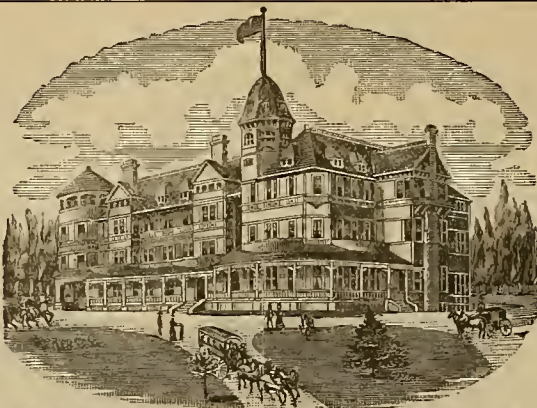
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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The London *Times* upbraids the United States for not electing to the Presidency its most eminent men. Now it has been the chief element of our strength and success that the onward march of the nation depended upon no individual. Our national activity and intelligence are neither stimulated nor directed by any power acknowledged as supreme. A principle, and not an individual, called us to life. We have no place in our social system for a Cæsar, a Charlemagne, or a Napoleon. Indeed, we fear rather than favor the elevation of great and ambitious men to power. The only existing disputes likely to disturb us are those arising from party differences, provoked by aspiring political leaders. It is, however, not intrinsically the fault of the people at large that our most distinguished statesmen are not elected, but it results rather from certain complicated machinery in the process of election by which, in each political party, eminent men, out

of jealousy, neutralize and defeat each other. Thus Clay and Webster mutually defeated each other in their pursuit of the Presidency. Blaine and Conkling furnish another example. Then it is true that the organization of parties has frequently overpowered the better impulse and general purpose of the masses. But unquestionably the succession of mediocrities, heading the governmental machinery, has served to demonstrate the perfection of our system, which can so easily be cared for by the most inferior officers. Truly, it is neither a weak nor a faulty system which can successfully resist all tendency to disorder under the direction of a Harrison.

After all, the Presidential dignity should not be considered as a reward to be bestowed by the people for past services rendered to the nation. If politicians can confidently look forward to such a compensation for their political activity, then venality and not patriotism must dictate their course and animate their public services. There is no reason why a general who is preëminently successful on the battle-field should be equally qualified to direct the complicated machinery of a great government. The great leaders of political parties who for years in stump-speeches and parliamentary debates excite and carry with them the public opinion, necessarily acquire certain habits of mind and an imperiousness of disposition which disqualify them for the more mild and methodical functions of the Presidency. Moreover, they would thus give such undue prominence to the peculiar political or sectional questions which they personally represent as to involve the nation in unhealthy excitement. In extraordinary emergencies, an iron will, based on pure convictions, may be necessary at the head of national affairs. But in the normal, ordinary current of affairs, such so-called eminent men might become injurious, if not absolutely dangerous. They would be under very powerful temptation, for the sake of fame or fortune, to carry out their special schemes, despite the exigencies of the moment and contrary to the real and vital interests of the nation. Honesty, strong common sense, and a knowledge of the principles on which reposes the governmental structure, are the cardinal qualities essential to an efficient president for ordinary times. Institutions of the character and composition as are those of the American Republic can only hope to prosper and operate orderly under natural and normal conditions. Not by jerks and shocks, not by extraordinary combinations and policies that dramatize the most humble and unimportant events and conditions, not in the heated atmosphere of passion can the American institutions unfold and blossom to their perfection. Reason, regularity, forethought, and the equitable adjustment of apparently antagonistic interests, form the indispensable conditions for the prosperous and healthy activity of the American body politic. Such a serene atmosphere does not favor the growth or evoke the action of those personages whom history usually loves to surround with the romance and halo of heroism. A criticism, however, of the personal characteristics of our Presidents comes in exceedingly bad taste from a nation which has been conspicuous for the incapacity and imbecility of many of its sovereigns.

All the systems of egregious error and overgrown oppression that have cursed the world, have been ultimately overthrown by the stern, uncompromising demands of man's intellectual and moral nature. We are confronted, in this day, by some of the most intricate social questions that are likely to tax most severely our mental and moral resources in their solution. There are certain popular tendencies that are being developed in our country in connection with these social evils which will give to them an intensity characteristic of no other country on the face of the globe. These great social questions are not here to be settled in an atmosphere of Asiatic irresolution, nor of tropical luxury and languor, nor of the stunted physical growth and ice-girt temperament of the Arctic circle, nor of that helpless ignorance that beats against the bars of iron and gates of brass with which despotism has caged the freedom of thought. Here are found the circumstances and conditions which train men to activity, hardihood, love of liberty, and enterprise. In the history of every nation there comes an epoch,

which may be called the meridian or climax period of those agitating passions and powerful prejudices which result from the struggling competitions for wealth and the ignoble jealousies of political ambition. We have entered upon this perilous epoch of our national existence. Excitement is the order of the day—the very element in which the great heart of the nation beats with a morbid violence. There is an uncommon commotion, an upheaving and breaking forth of popular thought and feeling, suggestive of the tumults of a storm-smitten ocean. The general intellectual action on all subjects of public interest in this country is intense. But at this particular time, the popular mind seems to be under some new and unwonted impulse. It seizes, with a giant grasp, on everything within the sphere of its movements, and, in the glow of this fervid action, it threatens to melt down those forms and customs which have withstood for ages the influence of the ordinary elements.

It requires no prophetic vision to see that this unusual excitability of the popular mind will become a prodigious power for good or evil, according to the direction given it. Between this growing sensibility and intensity among the mass of the people, and the arrogant exactions of the powerful and rich, the state stands in awkward silence and unconscious peril. The vast growths of parasitic "trusts"—which now absolutely hold the various departments of industry in a complete unity of possession—and kindred evils, are arousing the reserve power of self-preservation among the people. The questions of centralization of capital into few and fewer hands, and of the constantly increasing ranks of the helpless but meritorious indigent, are of sufficient importance to startle respectable dullness into serious reflection. When, however, men like Senator Stanford seek satisfactory solutions for these perplexing problems, that class who are most vitally interested in their speedy settlement repay them with sneers and contempt. It is forgotten that these popular demands for the readjustment of social conditions are the product of past oppression. No new idea, with a truth throbbing at its heart, ever had for its fulcrum the rights of man but that it eventually overthrew its enemies.

That which is apparently an error may be but truth walking in disguise. Lord Coleridge said: "There are errors which no wise man will treat with rudeness, while there is a probability that they may be the refraction of some great truth still below the horizon." Now, beyond question, there are errors associated with the popular movement—but are there no truths? Are there truths enough to balance the errors? Are these truths important to mankind? If so, can they not be rescued from the mass of error and incorporated in a new and better system? These are some of the questions which are demanding a calm consideration and an adequate answer. The time is coming when these infatuated fools who dream only of self-indulgence, at the expense of the necessities of the many, will be awakened as by a convulsion of nature. If the mere question of the right of a State to secede from the Union could embroil a nation, divide families, and induce brother to fight and kill brother, what will be the unimagined exhibitions of bitterness and violence when the conflict shall be for the right of existence? Nothing can successfully grapple with the intellect and heart of a free people when under the impulses of truth and justice. If you seek to repress and confine these fierce forces, you simply strengthen that which was sufficiently strong before. Repressive laws will impose no restraint upon them, for the popular indorsement is required to vitalize an enactment into a law. These minority measures against the will of the majority will prove but as the green withes on Samson's arms. No one can adequately depict the sad consequences if these undirected and uncontrolled forces are permitted to mount the car of state and drive like Jehu in the career of folly and fanaticism. Reckless radicals are taking hold of this popular movement from the lowest motives, and are seeking to carry it out to the *ultima thule* of an anarchical agrarianism. Meanwhile, the monster monopolies and spider speculators are tyrannizing honest toil to feed their cruel cupidity, and the people have no choice but to follow in the wake of this turbulent spirit of radicalism. It is now high time that the patriot, the philanthropist, and the statesman

should join hands in working out a rational remedy for these social evils.

Discord was introduced into the banquet of the gods by the flinging in of a golden apple, with the inscription thereon, "to the fairest one." Juno, Venus, and Minerva claimed the golden prize, whereupon Jupiter referred the decision to Paris to decide which of the fair contestants was entitled to it. Helen of Troy was the bribe that influenced the son of Priam to award the apple to Venus, and from her seizure came the Trojan War. It embroiled all the gods in heaven; from it resulted the destruction of hecatombs of brave warriors. The siege of Ilium and the battles around its walls come to us in the splendid epic of Homer. It was Napoleon who attributed all contentions and calamities to the arts of women. The siege and the destruction of Troy were not more important to the then known world, or the battle of the gods more serious thirty centuries ago, than the railroad controversy now going on in our community is to us on-lookers, and if there is more of treachery, ingratitude, and punic faith exhibited in the Greek and Trojan War than has been displayed in this conflict between our millionaires, it is because Arctinus, Virgil, and Homer have employed greater powers in their description. The siege of Troy lasted ten years, and the downfall of Ilium's walls was only then secured by the artful introduction within them of the Trojan horse with its belly filled with armed warriors. This war between Colis P. Huntington and Leland Stanford has a Helen of Troy behind it. *It is a social and not a business nor a political entanglement.* These gentlemen, since they were townsmen in Sacramento and first became associated in business matters, had been friends, and their friendship had continued uninterrupted until the marriage of Mr. Huntington to his present wife. In his mind had grown the conviction that his associate was a man of broader and more generous views than himself. He saw that Governor Stanford was beloved and honored, while he was regarded as tricky, hypocritical, and insincere. He remained a village trader, unknown and unnoticed. Stanford had been governor of California and had been acknowledged as chief of the Republican party since it had existence; he had campaigned in every part of the State; his voice had been heard on every stump; he was prominent in State conventions. It is insincere and disingenuous for Mr. Huntington to pretend that Governor Stanford is a politician and that he is not. Governor Stanford had reached the highest political honor in the gift of his party before he had any railroad employees under his control or had any railway moneys to handle. Nor is it becoming in Mr. Huntington to complain of Governor Stanford for his participation in party politics, because everything which Governor Stanford had succeeded in accomplishing is because he was a Republican, and all that he has accomplished has inured to the benefit of himself and the gentlemen associated with him. Governor Stanford was a Republican from principle and not from policy; he had no hope of success, or gain, or honors, when he received the nomination of the Republican party for governor. He did not dream of an election—it was through a division in the Democratic party that he succeeded. It was because he was governor of California in war times that the railroad became possible—it was Stanford, and not Huntington, who conceived the idea of an interoceanic road. Huntington would have remained the vendor of hardware at retail in Sacramento, a poor man to-day, if the brain of Leland Stanford had not conceived the idea of a railroad across the Sierras and his genius and popularity had not opened the road to its successful accomplishment. Everything that Colis P. Huntington enjoys in this world above the level of his position as a retail jobber in a village store, he owes to the man whom he has betrayed. Governor Stanford gave the opportunity to Mr. Huntington to enter upon a broad field of financial operations. He went to New York with a railroad behind him, with a government credit favoring the construction of a transcontinental road. The State had given its aid. Subscriptions had been received from Sacramento, Placer, and San Francisco. President Lincoln had moved the Sierras westward some fourteen miles to give the company an increased credit. The government mortgage was made secondary to private securities, and government bonds became secondary. Lands to the extent of millions of acres had been acquired as security for the company's bonds. The work was commenced and was being prosecuted with vigor. Charles Crocker and Governor Stanford were fighting the storms and snows of the Sierras with irresistible energy and indomitable force. All these matters, that prepared the way for Mr. Huntington's operations in Wall Street, were accomplished by the associates whom he left working behind him.

It was not long before it was found that Mr. Huntington had changed his residence from San Francisco to New York, that he had employed his energies in building another railroad in the East, and that he desired to remove the general offices of the California roads from San Francisco to the city of New

York. His first grumbings were heard when he found that Governor Stanford, Mark Hopkins, and Charles Crocker were building their mansions on Nob Hill. This jealous feeling crops out in the Colton letters, where he makes the vulgar allusion to Charles Crocker and discloses his resentment at all of his associates for their manner of living. His pharisaical condemnation of Governor Stanford is hypocritical and insincere, because there was never, so far as the public are informed, any attempt to withdraw the railroad from politics on the part of Mr. Huntington from the day that Messrs. Gorham, Carr, and Sargent were understood to be managing political affairs for the road in Congress and in the departments of Washington. When they were succeeded by Mr. W. W. Stow in manipulating the affairs of the company in California, in the lobbies of its legislature, in the courts, in the councils of its conventions, in the nominations of its candidates, and in the management of its clubs, Mr. C. P. Huntington never wrote or uttered a word in protest against the policy. It is understood that Mr. Huntington has been present every winter in the lobby at Washington; that he has employed salaried agents to reside at the capital to do his work and the work of the road; that he was interested in the election of Blackburne as Member of Congress from Kentucky, and his selection as Speaker of the House. Huntington has expended dollars in Wall Street and Washington for politics where Governor Stanford has spent dimes in California. Governor Stanford's accounts will stand investigation, and Mr. Huntington's will not.

To take from the Central Pacific the advantages it has gained from politicians and political considerations, would leave the road in bankruptcy. Mr. Huntington knows this, and it is a bad exhibition of hypocrisy against Governor Stanford and his associates to pretend that he has not sanctioned and approved their course of action. Perhaps he was not quite outspoken until Governor Stanford's name was presented as candidate for the United States Senate against his friend, Mr. Aaron A. Sargent. Huntington did more work to defeat Stanford and elect Sargent than Governor Stanford did for himself. He spent more money to elect Sargent than was ever spent for Governor Stanford. Governor Stanford did not go to Sacramento during the senatorial struggle; he was not in any sense a candidate for the senatorial office; he never expended the price of a cigar or a bottle of wine to secure his election. There is not a member of the legislature living who can truthfully say he was in any sense approached by Governor Stanford in order to secure his vote, nor is there a member of the United States Senate who holds his seat by a cleaner record or more honorable title. Huntington is not less a politician than Stanford, nor half as honorable in his political methods. We can well appreciate the feeling which has prompted the man who is *only* rich and who is possessed of *only* the money-making faculty, to envy the man who, by reason of more generous sentiments, more distinguished ability, a more amiable disposition, and more popular manners, has attached to himself such a wide circle of devoted friends, has so easily achieved the highest political honors and attained the most exalted position. That Governor Stanford has been governor of California, Senator of the United States, and has his name upon a thousand tongues as their choice for President of this republic, is wormwood and gall to the narrow mind which has but one love and one ambition.

Money is Mr. Huntington's only god, and the hope of attaining the sacred circle of the New York Four Hundred is the Mecca to which he turns and bows and makes his daily prayer. To do this, he has purchased as son-in-law an expensive and profligate German prince; rumor fixes six millions of dollars as the price. To attain this social position, he purchases a lot on Fifth Avenue of Mr. Bonner for four hundred thousand dollars, and is building a palatial family residence thereon at the rumored cost of two millions of dollars, and yet Mr. Huntington has the effrontery to pretend that it is his intention to reside in San Francisco and identify himself with California people and make his home among them. It is *not* his purpose to do anything of the kind, but, on the contrary, he has avowed his desire to remove the general business offices of the corporation from San Francisco to New York. In his most unmanly speech, so insultingly worded and so deliberately read from a manuscript in his own handwriting in the presence of Governor Stanford and other directors present, he used the following language: "In no case will I use this 'corporation to advance my personal ambition at the expense 'of its (the corporation's) owners, or put my hands into the 'treasury to defeat the people's choice and thereby put my-'self into position that should be filled by others, but to the 'best of my ability will I work for the interest of the share-'holders of the company and the people whom I would 'serve.' If Governor Stanford has put his hands into the corporate treasury of the company for any selfish purpose connected with his own ambition (which no one believes), it was not Mr. Huntington's place to circulate it. It was ungenerous, unmanly, and, to the last degree, contemptible and

cowardly that he should have been the one to foul the nest in which he had been so kindly cared for and so snugly kept. That he intended to wound Governor Stanford by assailing his integrity—which no one else has ever dared to question—and impeaching his honor—which no one else has ever called in controversy—is apparent, and it is indefensible from any point of view from which it may be considered.

This incident, unpleasant as it may be to Governor Stanford and to his friends in this community or elsewhere, can only reflect on the character of Mr. Huntington, and justify the opinion that any fair-minded and honest man entertains and every true man has the courage openly to express. In the interview with the *Examiner* reporter, who said to him, "Your address, Mr. Huntington, seems to indicate that your relations with Senator Stanford are not of the best," he answered: "I do not wish the public to have that impression; I have nothing personal against him; he has many good points which I like, and it was never my intention to say anything to give him pain. We get along in business all right, and *our personal relations are kept up the same as usual.*" This statement is untrue. Mr. Huntington has not been in personal, friendly relations with Governor Stanford for years. Their intercourse has been only a formal one in business affairs. Since Mr. Huntington's recent marriage, which occurred a few years ago, no social intercourse has been had with either Mrs. Stanford, Mrs. Crocker, or Mrs. Searles (formerly Mrs. Hopkins). These facts are known to all persons in the circle to which the last-mentioned ladies belong. It is simply a hypocritical pretense for Mr. Huntington to assert that his recent action has grown out of any distrust of Governor Stanford's management of the company's business, or any improper use of the company's funds, or that the newly chosen president has until recently entertained or expressed any indignation at Governor Stanford's personal or political action. This is a social quarrel which Mr. C. P. Huntington is wise to conceal and bold to deny.

Comparisons between Leland Stanford and Colis P. Huntington are not possible to be drawn. These individuals are so unlike in their mental attainments, so diverse in their moral qualities, that comparisons are odorous. In their domestic lives, their social ambitions, their manners, they possess differences originating at their creation, developed by their education, and which will only be terminated when their lives shall end. We have known them since the year that gold was discovered in California. The writer was a citizen of Sacramento, when Edward Crocker was a young lawyer, long years before he had, by the appointment of Leland Stanford, then Governor of California, become a judge; Charles Crocker was a busy trader in dry-goods; Mark Hopkins and C. P. Huntington were retailers of hardware in a small way, and Leland Stanford was a successful merchant upon lines somewhat more extended. They were all young men, all holding respectable positions, and all deserving the great wealth that subsequently came to them. While the Civil War existed—the *Star of the West* had been fired upon in January, 1861; Fort Sumter received the opening shot of bombardment on the thirteenth day of April; Abraham Lincoln had been chosen President; the South was in rebellion—Leland Stanford was Governor of California, and the Republican party was in power, and so remained for almost a quarter of a century. Governor Stanford was a trusted leader in the party councils of the organization that had control of the purse of the nation, and was charged with the preservation of the Union. The leaders saw the breaking out of the war, and knew that upon its success or defeat hung the destinies of the republic. It was indispensable that the Pacific Coast should be protected; that troops should be transported from the seat of war east of the Mississippi to the distant possessions which lay upon the borders of the Pacific; that munitions of war, mails, and merchandise should find quick transportation; that telegraphic communication should be established. Therefore, when a California railroad company presented itself and asked for aid in credit and lands, it was but natural that a Republican Congress should give assent to a measure proposed by Republicans and headed by a Republican governor of the leading Pacific State. The Central Pacific Railroad was a war measure, Leland Stanford was a war governor, and the men associated with him as the first president of the California Central Pacific Railroad had no other or higher claims of consideration than that they were Republicans and honest men of business capacities. These men were chosen by Governor Stanford and invited to unite with him in the preliminary surveys which Mr. Theodore Judah had been employed to make. The road in this sense was a political road, and in the higher sense was a patriotic measure which the Republican party deemed necessary for the preservation of the Union. It was the grandest achievement which up to that time had been conceived in the mind of any business man. It was not surpassed by any military idea in any age. If Napoleon had lived later, he would have built a railroad

across the Alps, or, if in the time of modern explosives, he would have tunneled beneath them as a highway for the march of his victorious armies. To Governor Stanford is justly attributed the original idea of building a transcontinental railway across the broad plains, and over the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains which lie between the Missouri and Sacramento Rivers. It was a great and splendid achievement. In this work he was aided by the legal abilities of Judge Crocker, by the fearless enthusiasm and unconquerable boldness of Charles Crocker, the wise deliberations of Mark Hopkins, and the acknowledged financial ability of C. P. Huntington. It was a band of able men called upon to perform this great work. They were brought together by Leland Stanford. In its earlier and more perilous times they were guided and directed by the man who had chosen them as copartners, and, so far as we know, every man did his work honestly and well, till success was achieved and colossal fortunes had rewarded their labors.

Until that time there prevailed among them the most friendly feelings. When Edward Crocker had died, and Mark Hopkins had followed, and Charles Crocker had closed his battling with the snows and storms of the Sierras, and only C. P. Huntington and Leland Stanford were left—when Governor Stanford had, by a friendly arrangement, consented to yield the presidency of the Southern Pacific Railroad, which he had desired to do for two years, and when a friendly programme had been agreed upon, Mr. Huntington, forgetting early friendships, past obligations, gratitude, honor, and a sense of common decency, takes cowardly advantage of his position to assault Governor Stanford by falsely assailing him, his integrity, his business capacity, and his moral character, by calumniously charging him with unbecoming acts in his efforts to secure his elevation to the senatorial office. What position the families of the dead will assume in this unseemly quarrel we may not anticipate till the result is ascertained. Governor Stanford has demanded an open investigation. When it is had, the truth will be known, if the survivors, the heirs, and the men who represent the wealth which they have inherited or married shall have the courage to do their duty. For truth in this investigation is due to Governor Stanford, and any settlement by arrangement or compromise *which shall not fully vindicate his character* will not be accepted by him, and there can be no possible adjustment of this difficulty until Governor Stanford receives from Mr. Huntington the most ample and complete apology for this cowardly, most unprovoked, and undeserved assault upon him.

If it shall be ascertained that the press and the railroad men who have been regarded as the friends of Stanford, and whom he has considered his friends, shall in this issue side with his enemy and traducer, it will be due to their selfishness and their poltroonery. In such a quarrel there can be only one right side, for between two such characters as Governor Stanford and C. P. Huntington only contrasts, and not comparisons, can be drawn. Huntington has worked for Huntington; Stanford has worked for his State. Huntington has devoted his life entirely to the aggrandizement of self and the accumulation of money; Stanford's accumulation of fortune has been incidental—primarily he has worked for the people of California. Huntington has taken the money made by him in California from Californians, and has invested it elsewhere in enterprises designed to increase his already vast fortune; Stanford has spent his money here. Huntington lavished millions on his Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad; Stanford caused the construction of the California and Oregon Road. Huntington poured out money like water to make a great seaport of the town of Newport News, Va.; Stanford has disbursed a fortune on the Palo Alto farm and Vina vineyard. Huntington owns a steamship line running from New York to Brazil; Stanford inaugurated the trans-Pacific line of O. and O. steamers, which are tributary to San Francisco. Huntington's enterprises, erected on California money, have all been for his personal gain, and tending to swell the already swollen Huntington pockets. Stanford, on the other hand, has steadily worked to invest the earnings of the California roads, made from California money, in other roads in California, and for the benefit of Californians; he has always used his great fortune for the good of this country in general, and of his State in particular. And finally, as the apex and culmination of a grand and generous life, he gives his whole vast fortune back to the youth of California—the sons, the grandsons, and the ultimate posterity of the generation among whom he accumulated that fortune become the residuary legatees of all his wealth.

Huntington has no friends; Governor Stanford has no enemies. Senator Stanford can be reflected to the Senate of the United States by the consent of all good citizens of the Democratic and Republican parties; Huntington is applauded and his opinions indorsed by the Chinese alone, and they can not vote. Governor Stanford has identified himself with the people of California; Huntington is a stranger to its shores, and in no sense other than in a mercenary one has been in-

terest with its people, and when this nasty squabble is over, Mr. Huntington will leave California and leave the management of the Central Pacific and Southern roads to Colonel Fred Crocker, who will be aided by the friendly advice and ripe experience of Governor Stanford and the able body of men who have been called to the management of these valuable properties. Senator Stanford will be reflected to the Senate of the United States, where it is the desire of good men that he may be long spared to serve the people of the State who have so richly rewarded him and so long honored him with their confidence.

Thursday evening, April 17th.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Senator Stanford's Plan.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In response to your liberal offer to publish communications from those having objections to Senator Stanford's proposition for the government to loan money or credit to land-owners, I wish to say that I object to it on the ground that its effect would be to give a valuable privilege to holders of real-estate of all kinds, and especially to holders of unimproved real-estate, for the value of improvements is not to be considered, as I understand it, in estimating the security. The privilege of obtaining money at a low rate would be very valuable, and the main benefit would go, not to the struggling farmers, but to large owners of valuable city property, mining and forest lands, etc. For instance, a farmer owning land worth four thousand dollars gets two thousand dollars at two per cent. interest of seven. He saves one hundred dollars a year. The owner of a million dollars worth of land gets five hundred thousand dollars. Supposing he could otherwise obtain it at six per cent., he saves twenty thousand dollars a year. And the tenant-farmers, the mechanics, laborers, etc., who own no real-estate of any kind, and who constitute more than ninety per cent. of our population, would get no benefit. And yet one of your correspondents thinks this would "equalize conditions and persons to the benefit of those of small means!" Now, look at its effect to encourage and increase speculative holding of vacant land—the bane of enterprise and prosperity, and one of the principal causes of lack of employment for labor, and consequent poverty and distress. If a man borrows ten thousand dollars and uses it to improve his property, he can get no more government money; but if, instead, he buys more unimproved land, the government will loan him another five thousand dollars. The result would necessarily be to discourage and retard improvement and enterprise and to encourage speculation.

It is no argument to say, as is done, that bond-holders now have a similar privilege. We should immediately abolish the bond-holders' privileges, instead of extending similar ones to holders of other kinds of property, especially to land-speculators.

It is not an edifying spectacle to see the government buying in its bonds at a premium of over twenty-eight per cent., with money wrung from the hard earnings of the people, instead of doing away with the national bankers' privilege of issuing notes based on government credit, which is the principal cause of the premium, and paying interest, principal, and premium in gold, when silver, which the government can obtain for about seventy-five per cent. of the cost of gold, is, when coined into standard dollars, a full legal tender for any amount.

I believe it would be a good plan for the government to loan its credit to farmers and others at a fair rate of interest; but only that property should be taken as security which is created by men's industry and enterprise. To give the preference to improvements, crops, manufactured products, etc., would encourage production and enterprise, and would give good employment to labor. To encourage holding land idle by loaning upon land values, irrespective of improvements, would make times hard by putting a premium upon speculation, preventing improvement and production, and consequently giving less employment to labor. A good demand for labor makes good times for all classes. Capitalists and business-men get a full share of the benefits.

The injustice of the national-bank system is that it gives them double interest on the present issue of the bonds and again on their notes. Mr. Stanford's plan extends the same privilege to owners of real-estate. If the government would charge for its money or credit all it is worth, no more, no less, and loan it upon the farmers' crops and improvements, and all the products of various kinds which can be held as security, it would benefit all classes and enable us to reduce or entirely remove the burden of Federal taxation.

It has been said by advocates of this measure: why not allow real-estate owners to use their property as a basis for currency as well as give free coinage to gold and silver? The answer is, that free coinage does not give them double interest on their capital. They get only one interest on the coin, and it does not involve the use of the government credit.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 15, 1890.

W. G. SELLERS.

TYNDALL AND GLADSTONE.

The following letter was sent to Mr. Gladstone by Professor Tyndall:

SIR: You have done me the honor of addressing to me the following letter:

"10, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, January 29, 1890.
"MY DEAR SIR: If you are correctly reported to have said at an Ulster meeting, where Lord Londonderry appears to have been the chief speaker, that I have called Mr. Pitt a blackguard, I have to request that you will at your early convenience supply me with your authority for that statement."

"I remain, faithfully yours, W. E. GLADSTONE.

"Professor Tyndall."
I am sure you will agree with me when I say that neither you nor I should, on the present occasion, deviate by a hair's breadth from perfect exactitude. I do not say that you had "called Mr. Pitt a blackguard." My exact words, as reported in every newspaper to which I have had access, were these: "He waited till he was seventy-six years old to discover that Pitt was a blackguard and the union a crime." These are the words which it is my duty to defend.

For your antecedent opinion of Pitt and his work, expressed when your intellectual power was at its maximum, I quote a statement made by you in September, 1856: "It is hard to say what might not have been anticipated from his (Mr. Pitt's) vigor and wisdom, combined with a continuance of peace. But the hurricane of the French Revolution swept over the face of Europe, and drew him into a war, which again postponed, for a quarter of a century, all attempts at legislative progress, with the splendid but isolated exceptions of the union with Ireland" and the abolition of the slave trade." Consider, I pray you, the words that I have italicized. In the heyday of your manhood—when your vision was clear, and your temptations fewer than they are now—you bore emphatic witness to Pitt's vigor and wisdom, and pointed out the splendor of his achievement in passing the Act of Union.

You were no rash or immature youth, when you delivered this opinion of Mr. Pitt's work. You entered Parliament in 1832; the foregoing words were, therefore, uttered after you had had four-and-twenty years' experience of public life. Changing your lines in other matters, you held on to this view of Pitt for nearly nine years longer—fifty-three years in all. These years embraced the entire period of the repeal agitation, during which you never gave the slightest intimation of any change of opinion regarding the union. This brings us to the close of 1885. Refused by the country in the general election of that year the majority you demanded to render you independent of Mr. Parnell, you underwent what a person accustomed to the freaks of magnetism might describe as a sudden reversal of polarity—positive became negative, north became south, white became black. The country was startled by an absolutely "new birth"—a totally transformed Mr. Gladstone. Describing the Act of Union, at Liverpool, on the twenty-eighth of June, 1886, you abandoned yourself to the following language: "I know of no blacker, or fouler transaction in the history of man than the making of the Union. The wisdom down, breaking down, breaking down, breaking down, the massacre of St. Bartholomew to have been more 'crude,' you denied that it was more 'base' and 'vile' than the means by which the union was effected. Prior to 1886, you had never used language of this kind. Indeed, up to the end of 1885, your political teaching had always been diametrically opposed to this. At that time, the lightning stroke of defeat—or what you regarded and resented as defeat—denied your steering compass, and forthwith the ship of state was directed on to the reefs of Parnellism. They know little of human nature who can not see the part played by wounded pride in this monstrous pirouette. But leaving motives aside, I submit that we have here reduced to what Kant calls apodictic certainty—certainly admitting of no contradiction—that you, being born in 1809, waited until you were slightly over seventy-six years old to discover 'that the union was a crime.' One clause of my argument is thus disposed of."

But you may say: "Not so fast, Mr. Tyndall. You know nothing of the state of my mind regarding the union antecedent to 1886." This statement would be true. In physical science, however, we infer the nature of a force from its effects; and, in human intercourse, we can only know the character and convictions of a man by what he says and does. I have heard a rumor, late in the day, that some noble had found a friendly lodgment in your brain long prior to 1886. This, indeed, has been admitted as a proof of your prudence. But, supposing you had in estimation of your sudden change of front, urged such a plea in the presence of, say, either Lord Melbourne or the Duke of Wellington, would he not have bluntly told you that it was a piece of damned hypocrisy on your part to privately foster this notion, while pretending to your colleagues, and to all the world besides, that you repudiated it?

I now turn from the "crime" of the Union to the "blackguardism" of Pitt,

which could, of course, only be manifested by Pitt's action. The tree is known by its fruit; and if, morally speaking, the fruit be blackguardism, the man who produces it is a blackguard. You may not call him such in so many words; but if you find, and publish, that his acts were blackguardly and base; if, moreover, you are the first man of your party who has found this out and proclaimed it, then you are clearly entitled to rank as the discoverer "that Pitt was a blackguard." That your claim to this honor is indisputable may be proved in a moment. A letter of yours, published in the *Times* of July 17, 1886, and addressed to Mr. George Leveson Gower, the Liberal whip, runs thus: "My dear George: I am sadly and sorely grieved at your defeat, which you suffer in a noble cause. It will be some consolation to you to observe how, even at the moment, the whole civilized world is with us. You have, I hope, very long years before you; and I do not think many of them, though probably some, will have passed before you return to your work to take resolutely to the study of Irish history, and to the study of the history of the world, and to the study of the deadness of vulgar opinion to the blackguardism and baseness: no words are strong enough—which befell the whole history of the union." The discovery ascribed to you in that "Ulster meeting" is here enunciated by yourself. You were prime minister of the United Kingdom when you wrote that letter, and I ask you, in passing, whether this tirade of blackguardism, baseness, and befuddling, applied to work which in cooler moments you had characterized as "splendid" is the pattern of dignity and sobriety of language which you wished to offer to the incipient statesmanship of your country?

Mr. Leveson Gower has, no doubt, asked himself why you, his chief and mentor, did not in earlier years pursue the course which you here so freely recommend? A portion of the time devoted to the "Gods of Greece," or to periodical literature might, one would think, have been spared for the wrongs of Ireland. But up to 1886 you remained a sharer of the "vulgar opinion" an abettor of the "blackguardism" which you here so passionately denounce. An honest change of conviction is, of course, to be respected; but this bears all the marks and tokens of a dishonest change of conduct. Through slow and painful searchings, into matters deeper and more precious than politics, many of us have been compelled to change; but such changes have not been the workings of a weathercock, blown a hundred and eighty degrees round by the gust of a general election. Even a more conversed in politics, but it seems to me that this running after the opinion of the "civilized world" is not the noblest line for a statesman to pursue. The opinion of civilized England, of cultured England, of patriotic England, is more likely to be correct as regards the conduct and the needs of England than this ill-informed, and frequently envious "civilized world," which your subservience to outward influences has made its dominant factor of your political life.

Were this letter to your youthful friend a single outburst of sympathetic anger, I should never have taunted you with writing it. But the offense against consistency and good taste has been repeated. It is no part of my present duty to whitewash Mr. Pitt, but in view of the opinion quoted at the outset it is hardly becoming in you to malign and blacken him. Writing to another disciple on June 29, 1886, you expressed yourself thus: "Against the sense of Ireland, as a protest, I am a loyalist Protestant Parliament, by the way; utterly different from that imposed by you every engine of force, fraud, bribery, and intimidation within doors, arbitrary government and reckless promises in the country at large, were profusely employed; and by these shameful means, and no others, Ireland was partly enlarged and partly coerced into the union. . . . Can you wonder that a cry, long and loud, rose from Ireland against the union so foully brought about? I ask, I press upon you the question why, if the cry of Ireland was 'long and loud,' did you not give heed to it? Why did you wait until you felt the stung of defeat on this very question before publishing facts which the thunder-tonce of a nation had for more than half a century been dining into your ears?"

Do you need further "authority" regarding your altered attitude towards Mr. Pitt and his work? You have it in the denunciation Liverpool speech already quoted, which was one of the earliest poured forth after your transfiguration. You will also find it in the following excerpts from a speech of yours at Birmingham, reported in the *Times* of November 8, 1888: "The union was resolutely carried by means which I will not now stop to describe; but which I think were the foulest and wickedest that ever were put in action as far as I know. Certainly the foulest and wickedest in *Irish history and in the history of the world*. . . . *Crimes of crimes of governments.*" With this malediction of the work of Pitt before your eyes, it is odd that you should demand an authority for my gentle words at Belfast. You continue the soft impeachment thus: "Are all the generations of mankind to be the servants and the slaves of that particular generation which, under the guidance of Mr. Pitt and Lord Castlereagh, partly cheated and partly tyrannized the Irish nation into the union." Comparing this language at the age of seventy-one with your sultry and harsh words at the age of thirty-seven, is it not fair to say that a statesman who can thus, without contrition and without shame, label his previous life a delusion, has lost all claim to the confidence of his country?

At Plymouth, the other day, you are reported to have expressed yourself thus: "Gentlemen, I am most thankful for it, because, although I have always said I was not personally prepared to advocate or to undertake the repeal of the Act of Union, yet I am bound to say that the Act of Union was a protest, and, in fact, to which the Irish nation never gave its assent. I won't enter now into all the proceedings in connection with the passing of that act—into all the fraud, all the bribery, all the corruption, all the violence, all the torture, all the slaughter, all the scandalous and incredible acts which at the time stained the character both of the British Government and of those who represented it in Ireland." It is difficult for a Unionist to deny or to deny without shame, to repel them by others equally uncharitable. May not this fiercest vituperation, which may more of the demagogue than of the statesman, be fairly confronted by the statement that nothing more "scandalous and incredible" is to be found in political history than the fact of your having, for more than half-a-century, lived side by side with this monstrous violation of right and justice—accepting it, abetting it, praising it—without once lifting up your voice in protest against it. You work for the hour and may gain the victory of the hour, but history will pass by your conduct and your motives, when you and I have passed away. The fact remains that your defeat in 1885 first loosed your tongue, and gave birth to those frenzied harangues which you throw like fire among the inflammable Irish, and address, not to the sober sense, but to the passion of your own countrymen.

These points were earnestly dwelt upon in my Belfast speech, but you have ignored them, and raised, instead of them, a polemic of infinite importance. I asked my audience to consider your career. Throughout your long life, I argued, you had been continually immersed in politics. You had witnessed the overthrow of ministries upon Irish questions. You had heard the voice of Daniel O'Connell demanding repeal, in the presence of a hundred thousand Irishmen on Tara Hill. You were appealed to, I would add, by the splendid eloquence of the Irish leaders—a body of distinguished men, very different from the rabble that now supports you—in listening to the voice of your great leader, Sir Robert Peel, affirming that Ireland was the chief difficulty of the English statesman. And yet, shutting your eyes to this problem of problems, which ought to have been in the forefront of your political education, you waited until you were seventy-six years old to enter upon the study of this Irish question. Suddenly ignited by your newly acquired knowledge, you blaze forth as a ubiquitous blast-furnace of scorn. Is such a chief, I shall venture to be trusted with the power which he wishes us blindly, and without a word of explanation as to how he would employ it, to place in his hands? The great meeting which I had the honor of addressing answered, with one voice, "No."

I here submit to you the deliberate views of a man who has left his youth far behind him, who knows the Irish people well, and who would probably be more ready than you to make sacrifices for the sake of Ireland. I have endeavored to show a man who has been a person of personal obligation, who has never been indebted for the smallest favor to any political party. I feel, I confess, a certain pride in the reflection that the independence I enjoy, and that enables me to address you as a free man, has been won, not by political interest, but through the sweat of my own brow and brain. This, moreover, is my warrant and justification in telling working-men what I think of the leader whom so many of them unthinkingly follow.

One citation more and I have done. In the *Nineteenth Century* for August, 1889, Lord Brabourne, a peer created, I believe, by yourself, speaks thus of you: "Mr. Gladstone is not satisfied with the general condemnation of all the proceedings of the British Government; he describes England as having habitually played the parts of the pander, the jobber, and the swindler towards Ireland, of having infused a mass of misapprehensions into her political mind, and of having, in the result, against her an anti-humane system. He has, moreover, actually declared it proved that Ireland was simply forced into disloyalty by the deliberate agency and fixed policy of the government, and that there was a plot of the government against Ireland to make her position intolerable, as the only possible means of contriving the surrender of her nationality." I will take leave of you by saying that in sterner and more patriotic times, the statesman found fault of this unmeasured impeachment of his country, this wholesale delivery of her interests and her character into the hands of her enemies, would assuredly have received the reward considered righteous by Carlyle, and lost his traitorous head.

Excuse the tardiness of my reply. Situated as I am, in the country, at a distance from files of newspapers and other authorities and references, the delay was unavoidable. I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

THE RIGHT HONORABLE W. E. GLADSTONE. JOHN TYNDALL.

P. S.—Inasmuch as the foregoing letter deals with matters of public concern, assuming that you would see nothing objectionable in my doing so, I propose sending it to the press.

To this letter Mr. Gladstone sent the following reply:

MARCH 8, '90.
MY DEAR SIR: I thank you for recalling to my memory the exact words which were used by you at Belfast respecting Mr. Pitt, and which implied that I had connected the word "blackguard" with his name. But I regret that after the labor of six weeks have allowed you to satisfy yourself that I had not so employed it, you have been able to do so in a few minutes upon yourself. I confess you have been very hasty in your judgment. I have spent your time in the study of some among my many political delinquencies, and have proved that thirty-three years ago, when my contact with Irish questions was limited to those of religion and finance, I shared the general ignorance and gave utterance to the then classical opinion of Englishmen about the union. I sincerely thank you for setting out at so much length the language in which I have been able to do so in this special study. I have endeavored to set forth its true character. And I contentedly leave you to revel in the wealth of that vocabulary which you have almost exhausted in your effort to anticipate the condemnation that history is to pronounce upon me and my doings. It seems to give you pleasure, and it caused me no pain. My only desire is to meet you on the terms on which, long ago, we stood, when, under my roof, you gallantly offered to take me up the Matterhorn and guaranteed my sure return. I remain, my dear sir, faithfully yours, (signed) W. E. GLADSTONE.

A GHOUL'S QUEST.

One moist and windy morning in January, when passing a frame building on Ellis Street, where a large force of carpenters was at work swinging on giddy scaffolds many feet from the ground, I observed a tall and unusually thin man seated on a pile of lumber, watching with the utmost intendment the workmen. With the instinct of the newspaper reporter, ever seeking information, I asked him to whom the building belonged, and what was it intended for, believing that he was the architect, or possibly the contractor.

"I do not know, sir. I am a stranger in the city," he replied in a voice of singular harshness.

"I beg your pardon, I thought you might be the architect," I said; "you seem to take an interest in the work."

"Not in the work but in the workmen," he rejoined with a grin, which made his small, mean face, with its little red eyes, absolutely diabolical.

"Then possibly you are yourself a carpenter," I continued; "a fine trade—the carpenter and mason are, to my mind, the noblest order of mechanics; they are the creators, or rather the instruments that carry out the inspiration of the architect."

"They do not interest me in that way," said the stranger, shuffling off the lumber pile and moving off, a palpable hint that he required no more of my conversation.

This incident left no impression on my memory, for, although I frequently passed the new building on my way to my office, I saw no more of the red-eyed man. One fine Sunday, attracted by the announcement of a balloon ascension at Baker's Beach, I strolled out to that picturesque curve in the harbor's entrance. As the aeronaut took hold of the parachute, and gave the word to let go, I saw the stranger. The expression on his face was one of intense, and, I might say, malignant concentration. His eyes were fixed on the bespangled figure of the athlete with a ferocity which not alone astonished me, but gave me such a decidedly uncomfortable feeling, that I involuntarily stepped from beside him.

"I am all right, and away we go!" cried the aeronaut, and the crowd cheered as the graceful sphere sailed skyward. Under and over the bar the aeronaut tumbled, now holding on by one arm, now clinging with his toes, still leaving the dull earth farther behind him every moment.

"By heavens! he'll get down safely. He's not nervous, unless—the parachute should collapse. Then we'll be all right, and there won't be a whole bone in his body."

This peculiar speech was uttered by the mysterious stranger who, in the forward movement of the crowd, was again at my elbow. Determined to discover the source of this extraordinary display of malignity, I said:

"It seems, sir, you do not feel well disposed toward our friend, who is now tumbling in mid-air. Is he an enemy of yours or a rival professional?"

"He is neither. I come here, as every one else, yourself included, young man, hoping that he will fall. I am candid enough to say so, and I presume you are hypocrite enough to declare that you hope he will descend in safety."

"I certainly do hope so, with all my heart," I replied, warmly; "why, no one but a fiend incarnate would wish that yonder daring fellow might come to grief."

The stranger smiled, but the smile was sardonic enough to come under the head of a grimace. "I have met you before," he said; "one morning on Ellis Street. I remember your face now. Come, I feel rather companionable this evening. Dine with me. I am almost a perfect stranger in this city, and you will be doing a lonesome man a favor if you accept my invitation."

I consented, overcoming the repugnance I felt, for the sake of knowing more about this person, who was evidently a man of mystery. He named an address on Pine Street, the hour seven, and lifting his hat, with an agreeable, almost an amiable air, of which I could not believe his hard, grim features capable, we parted until that hour.

While dressing for dinner, I was full of conjecture about my strange acquaintance. His name he had not given me, nor had he mentioned whether he was a married man or a bachelor. As he had not appointed a restaurant for our dining-place, I concluded that No. — Pine Street must be a boarding-house. However, at ten minutes to the hour of dining, I rung the bell of a large, old-fashioned house, dingy and neglected-looking to a degree. A Japanese servant admitted me, and I found my host seated in a handsomely furnished parlor. He was in evening-dress, so I at once decided that we were not to be without ladies' society.

"You must pardon me," he said, courteously, "for my neglect to give you my name. I am such a hermit, that I have almost forgotten *les convenances*. I am Albert le Mour, an American, born of French parents, a traveler, a citizen of the world—here to-day and away to-morrow—with but one desire in life, which I fear may never be fulfilled."

I handed him my card, and the Japanese announced dinner. The dining-room into which Le Mour ushered me was even more luxuriously furnished than the other apartment. I perceived that the table, on which was an abundance of rich plate and crystal, was set but for two.

The dinner was a most elaborate one, and the wines of rare excellence. My host displayed a fund of information that astonished me. He ceased to be the saturnine individual I had accosted at the balloon ascension in the morning. He was genial, witty, full of anecdote and comment upon the great people of this country and Europe—personal experiences indicating an extensive and exclusive association.

When after the cloth was removed, following the English fashion, and a bottle of very choice Burgundy was set on the table, I ventured to say:

"Pray, Mr. le Mour, do not think me impertinent if I inquire if you really meant your remarks at Baker's Beach this morning. Surely you could not wish that the aeronaut should meet with a violent and horrible death?"

In a moment the light, genial expression of Le Mour's face changed. A dark frown, tightly set lips, and an evil glitter in his small forbidding eyes, replaced the pleasant, friendly air he had worn since my arrival.

"My friend," he said, and his voice was harsh and guttural, "for years my quest in life has been to see men die violent deaths. I suppose I am a moral monster, a morbid beast, a human tiger, thirsting for the blood of his kind. Granted I am all these. Then on nature be the blame. But that passion in my breast is greater and more dominant than the love of woman in the sensualist; the *roué* who sees in woman only an instrument of lust; or the thirst for liquor in the inebriate, who will sacrifice everything to his appetite for drink. It has supplanted every other desire; it has uprooted and taken the place of every other ambition. I have seen men die on the scaffold by the rope. I have stood on the platform of the guillotine so close to the victim that my clothes have been spattered with his blood. I have seen in Spain the garotte crush the spinal-cord, and in Russia the knout flay the skin until the quivering heart was exposed. These things to me are the sources of the keenest and most intense pleasure. Why, I do not presume to tell you. Because I do not know. But I do know that they are, and that the appetite increases every year. I have now in my body a bullet received on the field of Gravelotte, where I went, not to fight for France or Germany, but to see men die. But I have never yet seen a man fall from a great height, though I have spent days watching buildings go up, and the workmen creep like flies from plank to plank. It has been my misfortune to be absent when those accidents occurred, and I have gnashed my teeth with disappointment when I read how narrowly I have missed this crowning quest of my life."

He ceased, and I confess I felt decidedly uncomfortable. I realized that, however sane Le Mour might be on other matters, on this business he was a raving maniac. I made an inward resolve that he could not tempt me to see the upper apartments of his house, whatever the inducements he offered. The working of his savage face, the foam upon his compressed lips, the clenching of his muscular hands, and the atmosphere of blood with which he seemed surrounded, destroyed the bouquet of the Burgundy and urged me to get away from this morbid lunatic as quickly as possible.

"I sincerely hope he has seen some one stabbed to death," I thought, "else he may experiment on me before I leave."

"You will pardon me," he said, with an attempt to recover his former manner, "if I have startled and shocked you. But I am done now. Won't you step upstairs and have some coffee? I have some curios from many lands I would like to show you."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," I replied, hurriedly; "but you must excuse me this evening. A journalist has his night obligations, you know. So now I must regretfully bid you good-evening."

We parted pleasantly enough, but when the door clanged behind me, I felt like a man who had escaped from a tiger's den.

Ten days afterward I read the following in a morning paper:

UNPROVOKED ATTEMPT AT MURDER.

VIOLENT AND SHOCKING DEATH OF THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN.

Shortly before noon yesterday, a strange man asked and obtained permission from the contractor of the new building, now in process of erection on Post Street, to inspect the upper floor. He ascended the ladders, and walking out on one of the main stringers spoke pleasantly to a carpenter employed on the building. Suddenly and without any possible reason, he flung himself upon the workman, and endeavored to hurl him from the beam. The man, though taken unawares, fought desperately for his life, calling loudly for assistance the meanwhile. Foiled in his bloodthirsty attempt, the stranger with a loud yell and clapping his hands above his head, sprang from the timbers, and his head striking a beam in his descent, he was lifeless before he reached the ground. The body was taken to the morgue, and in the pocket was a card, Albert le Mour, No. — Pine Street. An attack of murderous mania is the only reasonable explanation of this tragic occurrence.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1890. DAN O'CONNELL.

Who can answer this conundrum from the *Century Magazine*?

"INSCIENS.

"While parched pines are dying
Thy hair is wet with dew,
While hearts are faint with crying
And sharp swords piercing through,
Thou standest all unknowing
Of chains and prison bars,
Tby hair behind thee flowing,
Thine eyes upon the stars.

"Thou hast no need to borrow,
Yet all men give thee alms;
What knowest thou of sorrow,
Fierce storms and sudden calms?
And what of nights that follow
Hard after blazing noons,
Wan stars in heaven's hollow,
And lights of waning moons?"

"With eager eyes unailing
Thou lookest out to sea,
To where thy ships are sailing
With precious gifts to thee,
And down full fathoms seven
A diver, in the swirl,
Falls back with strong heart riven,
And in his hand a pearl."

To which (says the New York *Sun*) we should say that the answer is: "Because he can not climb an apple-tree."

The Central Asian trade depends absolutely upon personal integrity, the merchants and the caravan-owners being compelled to rely implicitly upon each other's statements. Asiatics are supposed to be swindlers; but nobody ever saw an Indian "hoondee" dishonored, and half the business of Asia is conducted on confidence alone. It would not pay to cheat, and so in the course of ages cheating of certain kinds comes to be regarded as impossible dishonor. This is the more curious because the very same man whose word is good for thousands will lie about his goods like a defendant in a divorce court.—*London Spectator*.

At a recent ball in London the electric-light was arranged to vary in color, being alternately red, blue, green, and yellow. The ladies did not like it, as it ruined in alternation the effect of their costumes.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Johann Strauss is credited with the statement that, though his family have been writing dance music for three generations, not one of them could dance a step.

The royal family of Holland appreciates the value of newspapers. Prince Albrecht Waldeck, a cousin of the queen, advertises in the leading journals that the reigning Prince of Waldeck is a liar.

Dr. McDow, the murderer of Captain Dawson, of Charleston, is still practicing medicine, having his office and dwelling in the house where the murder was committed, and next door to Captain Dawson's home, now occupied by his widow.

Max Alvary, the German tenor, who left New York some time ago because the Metropolitan Opera management would not give him six hundred dollars a night, recently filled an engagement of four nights at Munich for about sixty dollars a night.

The ruling rates for potentates of the inferior grades are much lower in Europe than one might imagine. Major Panitz was to get only a quarter of a million dollars, it is reported, for kidnapping Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and Prime Minister Stambouloff.

Secretary Blaine owns a farm of four hundred acres near Elizabeth, Pa. He also owns the coal under eleven hundred acres of surrounding land. Mr. Blaine purchased part of this land over twenty years ago. He has not mined any coal there since 1875. He seldom visits his farm.

Feeling-Somewhat-Better and Slow-Boat, two long-haired braves from a Mojave Agency in Arizona, are on their way to Washington on a tour of observation. Slow-Boat is a chief seventy years of age. Feeling-Somewhat-Better is his interpreter. Neither Indian has been out of the Territory of Arizona before.

Mr. Cleveland's abnormal increase in weight is beginning to attract the alarmed attention of his friends. His great obesity has not been exaggerated by published reports. It is said that he is considering the question of putting himself upon a system of diet. At present the fat of his neck lies over the collar of his shirt and coat in three heavy folds.

John A. Shoup has petitioned the Ohio legislature to change his name to John Schaefer. The reason he assigns for the desired change is that at last fall's election, while laboring temporarily under mental aberration, he voted the Democratic ticket, and that he has since regretted it so much that becoming ashamed of his name he wished it to be changed by the usual legal process.

King Lobengula of Matabele is thus described by an English officer: "He weighs two hundred and eighty-one pounds, and his only clothing consists of a rug thrown over his lap. Never have I seen such a brutal, sensual, and cruel face as his. He is suffering from gout and is attended by witch doctors. Last September and October he killed four hundred people, but has never injured a European."

General Jubal Early, one of the pet cavalry leaders of the Confederacy, lives well at Lynchburg on the money which he receives for lending his name to a lottery company. He has a suite of rooms, fitted up with a fine library, choice oil-paintings, and handsome steel engravings, but boards around at different restaurants, paying for his meals as he goes and running up no bills. He has many friends, and when he entertains, does so with a free hand.

Says the *St. James's Gazette*: "The personality alone of Sir William Gull has been sworn at three hundred and thirty-four thousand pounds sterling, one of the largest fortunes that have ever been made purely by professional work. No other physician, no novelist, no painter, no learned counsel, has ever acquired so great a fortune solely by the work of his brains. The most brilliant fortune that has been made at the English bar did not exceed three hundred thousand pounds."

W. J. Arkell withdraws his name from the list of applicants for admission to the Manhattan Club. When it became known that the Manhattan secured the Stewart mansion, Mr. Arkell had his name put up, in spite of the fact that the Manhattan is as Democratic as the Union League is Republican. Mr. Arkell knew two or three Republicans in the Manhattan, but he learned in time to escape being pilled that the club could hardly accept the proprietor of *Judge* and the partner of President Harrison's son.

A dinner at Young's Hotel, Boston, was given recently in honor of Silas Pierce, who is at the head of the oldest grocery firm in the United States. This firm has just ended its seventy-fifth year of existence. Silas Pierce, Jr., the second, the present head of the firm, is a nephew of the founder, Silas Pierce the first, there having been a number of intermediate Pierces, all of them named Silas, but bearing various numerical designations, such as Silas Pierce, Jr., the first, Silas Pierce, Sr., the second, Silas Pierce, the elder, the fifth, and Silas Pierce, the younger, the fourth. Silas Pierce, Sr., the fourth, presided.

Only two votes were cast for Lincoln in Georgia in 1860, one of them by "Uncle Billy" Powers, who is still alive. The other man, Cyrus McCollum, was conscripted and lost his life during the war. Mr. Powers was formerly a Baptist minister, but now belongs to the sect known as the Church of Christ. He lives in north-east Georgia, and sometimes appears in Atlanta, where his quaint figure always attracts attention. He wears a broad-brimmed soft hat, home-made gray jeans, and a long white beard, and looks as if he belonged to a former generation. "Uncle Billy" has been hanged in effigy several times for holding sentiments unpopular in the section where he lives, but has never been roughly handled. He imbibed his ideas from his father, who was a Whig, and from the Declaration of Independence, and from speeches of Clay and Webster which he learned when a boy. In 1884 he was a Blaine elector, and now he is a census supervisor.

BOOR AND BLACKGUARD.

"Cockaigne" discusses the Dukes of Manchester, Father and Son.

The succession of the scapegrace Viscount Mandeville to the Dukedom of Manchester adds another to the already long list of "black sheep" who have seats as hereditary legislators in the English House of Lords. It also increases the roll of American duchesses by one. Viscountess Mandeville, as I suppose is now pretty well known from one end of the United States to the other, being an American lady known during her maiden days as Miss Consuela Yznaga, a belle of New York upper-tendom away back as far as 1872—some eighteen years ago. Many girls have been born and come to budhood since then, have blossomed and almost been plucked by the hand of matrimony. Yet it seems but yesterday that the Duke of Manchester, then a slight and graceful man as compared with his portly figure of late years, landed in New York, with his eldest son, Viscount Mandeville, then a youth whose bad health forbade his appearing much in society. However, he accompanied his father to the Pacific Coast, but spent the greater part of his time in his room in the hotel.

The duke, on the contrary, became a distinguished figure in San Francisco society for a short period, being chaperoned about under the wing of Mrs. Albert Bierstadt, the charming wife of the famous artist. Mrs. Bierstadt, in those days, whatever her tastes have become of late years, was very English in her tastes and predilections, and the exclusive possession of a real, live duke to take about here, there, and everywhere seemed—so an old San Francisco friend tells me—to give the vivacious little lady great satisfaction.

The duke, however, was not what might be called an unqualified success in San Francisco society. His manners were not always what people had a right to expect from a British nobleman of so exalted a rank, and he dressed abominably. He seemed to have but one suit of clothes in America with him (if not in the world), and that consisted of a light-colored, not very new, tweed suit of "dittoes," or what in America is commonly known as a business-suit. This he wore over a colored flannel shirt—the dual wardrobe as exhibited in America apparently boasting of no linen. In this suit he lived—probably slept in it, for all that appears to the contrary—and consequently went to parties, dinner-parties, concerts, etc., in it. His position was a good deal like that of the Irishman who was advised to buy a trunk to keep his clothes in. If he had not worn that tweed suit and flannel shirt, he would have had to "go naked, bedad." It was Hobson's choice with him.

If it had been any one else but an English duke, he would not have been tolerated. His rank and the great and deserved popularity of Mrs. Bierstadt, carried him through. It must have been a sore trial, nevertheless, to so perfect and accomplished a lady to be compelled by her native good breeding to affect not to notice the uncouthness of her English protégé, who was nearly old enough to be her father, and whose age, if not his high associations at home, should have taught him more becoming behavior.

"Why, no," said my San Franciscan when we were talking about it some time ago, "it was not right of him as a gentleman, leaving the duke out of the question, to put a lady of the refined instincts of Mrs. Bierstadt in such an awkward position. She was in a great measure answerable for him, and what he did reflected upon her. You couldn't be surprised if you heard such questions as 'So that's an English duke, is it?' 'Where has he lived—in the wilds of Australia?' 'Why don't somebody give the poor fellow a dress-suit?' 'Hadden't we better get up a subscription to buy him another shirt?' and 'Is he really a duke?' asked on every side in undertones to avoid hurting not his feelings, but those of his much pitied patroness. It is true," continued my friend, "that I have a sort of dim idea of having met the duke toward the end of his stay in Frisco, at a dinner-party at the house of William T. Coleman, and that on this occasion he wore a slack swallow-tail coat and a white-linen shirt, from which I am inclined to believe that the several popular suggestions which I have enumerated were successfully carried out."

At length the duke and his son started homeward, but on reaching the Atlantic Coast, it was deemed advisable by his father that Lord Mandeville should be left behind in New York until his gun'nor should run over to England, and after a short stay (to replenish his wardrobe, probably) return for his hopeful heir and fetch him home. The Duke of Manchester, he it known, was a constant crosser of the broad Atlantic, and thought nothing of a trip one way or the other. Being what in England is known as "poor for a duke," it would be a matter of some surprise how he could afford so many expensive journeys, for the steamship companies are not in the habit of taking passengers, especially if they be English dukes, for nothing. Perhaps he was like the old woman who found it cheaper to move than keep house. Well, during his absence in England on the present occasion, he left Lord Mandeville in the care and custody of the Yznagas. The upshot of it was that when he came back he found his son engaged to the fair daughter of the house and determined on marrying her.

History tells us—how truly, of course, no one really knows—that the duke and his duchess were greatly against the marriage. The girl's face was her fortune, and that—though ample in the eyes of romantic youth—was not the sort of fortune the duke and duchess desired for their eldest son. He could have got any number of soap-boilers, cotton-spinners, pen-makers, or brewers' daughters for the mere asking. What matter if they were dowdy and plain, or vulgar and loud? Their dots were quite separate and distinct from themselves and did not consist of Junoesque figures, Grecian profiles, or peach-like complexions, hut of hright gold sovereigns and crisp new Bank of England notes. Naturally the young lady and her family were dazzled by the title, and bore bravely up against the none too politely exerted opposition. It was thought a grand marriage for her, hut if ever a girl was sacrificed, it was she.

At last the duke yielded, and the wedding took place. Happier for her had she married the humblest and poorest of her legion of admirers in her own home. Lord Mandeville's career is public property wherever English newspapers are read, and needs no embellishment. As an unbroken exhibition of downright, degraded, pure and unvarnished blackguardism, I suppose it stands without equal in the annals of depravity in the English peerage. None of the other fellows, from the Duke of Marlborough down to Viscount Hinton, are a patch upon him. What his poor wife's domestic life has been can be told by her broken-hearted expression of face. Right bravely and nobly has she borne up under it, and she has not lacked warm and sympathetic friends to help her and cheer her. As Viscountess Mandeville, she has been known for years in London society, and noted as one of the cleverest, brightest, and wittiest of women—a woman whose powers of conversation and gift of repartee are phenomenal. And now she is a duchess—the Duchess of Manchester. It is a grand thing to be a duchess, no doubt. There are few girls who would not like to possess the title. But it is sometimes—too often, indeed—dearly bought.

The future behavior of the new duke gives rise to serious speculation in aristocratic circles. As the Duke of Manchester, a peer of the realm, and a member of the House of Lords, his position is one in which he can not be ignored. As Viscount Mandeville, in law a commoner, with but a courtesy title, and no position but that reflected from the status of his father, he could be passed over with a shrug or a smile of contempt. But now it is different. The question of chief importance is: Will he take his seat in the House of Lords? He can if he chooses. There is no power to say him nay, as the laws and rules of that august body now stand. It will be a charming spectacle before the eyes of the country, to see this assaulter of cabmen, this amateur prize-fighter, this friend and protégé of "Bessie Bellwood," the music-hall performer, this recreant husband and profligate, sitting in ermine-trimmed robes and strawberry-leaved coronet on the ducal bench beside the Duke of Norfolk and the Duke of Northumberland, and a seat above the Marquis of Salisbury, the prime minister of the queen! Could Labour-chère ask for anything better? Hardly.

The fact that the new duke is not altogether of English blood is a very gratifying reflection to English people who believe in pure stock. His mother is a French woman, the daughter of Count d'Alten, who, by her great beauty in 1852, captured the heart of the late duke when he was Viscount Mandeville. So that the marriages of both father and son bear a certain likeness to each other.

An American girl once asked the late duke whom he considered the most beautiful woman in England. His reply was laconic, even though a trifle vain, not to say vulgar:

"My duchess," he said, proudly.

No doubt he was right from his point of view, and his son can now say the same if he likes, for the new American duchess has a profile of rare beauty, somewhat careworn in expression, perhaps; but it is to be hoped that the happier life which should now be hers will smooth away the lines about the lovely eyes and perfect mouth.

"It's awful hard lines on the duchess, though," remarked a knowing young man-about-town to another, in their club smoking-room; "have to be dowager now. She won't like that."

"My dear chap, don't you know she won't stay so long," replied his friend; "I think she's sure to marry Hartington."

That there has been considerable talk of this sort for a long time there is no denying. The Marquis of Hartington has certainly seemed to have a great admiration for the beautiful duchess, and, of course, he was too great a catch not to have the match-making mammas grow ill-natured and spiteful in their slings and innuendoes in consequence.

"No use thinking of him," said one old creature, with the snarl of a hungry wolf, when some one mentioned Lord Hartington as still left at the time of the Duke of Portland's marriage; "no use thinking of him. The Duchess of Manchester will never let him marry any one." She would have added "else" if she had dared, for she looked it in her snapping eyes.

Of course there are always things like this said if a man is decently civil to a married woman. That Lord Hartington and the duchess were frequently guests together in the same house-parties at different times and places, gave a sort of color to what some people would have liked to exaggerate into a scandal. They were great friends, no doubt, and naturally knew the same people. However, it remains to be shown whether the spiteful old lady was right or wrong in her judgment, and the young man-about-town correct in his prediction. As Lord Hartington is the heir to the Dukedom of Devonshire, his wife will one day be the Duchess of Devonshire. It does not fall to the lot of many women to be twice a duchess.

LONDON, March 28, 1890.

COCKAIGNE.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL.

[From the "Pesti Hírlap," of Buda Pesth, quoted in the London "Times" of March 25, 1890.]

At Deese, a village in Hungary, the schoolmaster died a few weeks ago, and his widow, shortly after his death, received from an insurance company the sum of two thousand florins. The following night a couple of gendarmes, on their beat, took shelter for an hour or so at the widow's house. Toward midnight, four men wearing masks entered the house and asked the woman to give them all the money she had in her possession. She gave them twelve florins, but they wanted the two thousand besides. She then told them that she kept the sum in the next room, and led the four robbers into the apartment occupied by the gendarmes, who lost no time in placing handcuffs on the intruders and taking them into custody. But what was the general surprise when the robbers turned out to be the judge, the pope (Greek priest), the public notary, and the parish clerk of the said village.

[From the European Cablegrams of the San Francisco Chronicle of April 12, 1890.]

POETIC JUSTICE.

ONE CASE IN WHICH KINDNESS WAS AMPLY REWARDED.

BELGRADE, April 14th.—A peasant from the village of Baljevar drew seven hundred ducats from a bank in an adjoining town. On his way home to his wagon, he offered a night's lodging to six furloughed soldiers whom he overtook on the road. He lodged them in his barn and gave them a good supper. During the night a gang of burglars, with blackened faces, entered the house and tortured the peasant by singeing his feet and hands to force him to give up his money. His wife ran to the barn and aroused the soldiers, who captured and bound the robbers to a tree. At daybreak they washed the robbers' faces, and discovered the county clerk and his constables under the masquerade.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Sir Ralph Abercromby, the victor of Aboukir, after the battle at which he was mortally wounded, was carried on board one of the ships and a soldier's blanket placed under his head to ease it. He felt the relief, and asked what it was. "Only a soldier's blanket." "Whose blanket is it?" "Only one of the men's," was the reply. "I wish to know the name of the man to whom the blanket belongs." "It is Duncan Roy's, of the Forty-second, Sir Ralph." "Then see," said the dying general, "that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night."

"When I first arrived in New Zealand," said an Anglican bishop, "a Maori chief came to me and said that he wished to be baptized. I knew that he had two wives, so I told him that he must first persuade one of them to return to her family. He said he feared that would be difficult; but that he would see what could be done and come back to me in two months. When he returned, he exclaimed: 'Now, missionary, you may baptize me, for I have only one wife.' I asked: 'What have you done with our dear sister, your first wife?' He replied, smacking his lips: 'I have eaten her.'"

A physician, of New York, at a little gathering there recently, told of one of the first professional calls made by a fellow-practitioner. He was sent for by a rich, but avaricious man, who had dislocated his jaw. The young surgeon promptly put the member in place. "What is your bill, doctor?" asked the patient. "Fifty dollars, sir." "Great heavens!" and the man opened his mouth so wide as to dislocate his jaw a second time. The physician again put things to rights. "What did you say your bill was?" again asked the patient. "I said it was fifty dollars; now it is one hundred dollars."

The Rev. Mr. X. is pastor of a congregation in a town in upper New York. His hearers are among the richest people in town, but not celebrated for generosity in supporting the church. The good preacher has been trying to get the poor people to come to his church, and recently, through the columns of the local papers, extended to them a cordial invitation to attend. Last Sunday, at the close of the service, he said: "Brethren, I have tried to reach the poor of our town and induce them to come to our church and break with us the bread of life. I infer from the amount of the collection just taken—seven dollars and thirty-five cents—that they have come."

"In a novel by my friend Payn," says William Black, "I came upon a striking passage, in which the heroine was described as being buffeted about by a terrible gale, insomuch that her raven-black hair streamed out to windward. With the light heart of an amateur reviewer, I wrote to Mr. Payn and drew his attention to the fact that, as a general rule, anything blown by a gale would stream out, not to windward, but to leeward. But the answer came sharp and prompt. The description was perfectly correct; the heroine (said the author of her being) had been taking a great deal of iron tonic, her hair had become electrically charged, and had floated out toward the north, irrespective of the wind currents of the storm. So I object no more."

The aptness with which a madman will turn an argument is well known. The following is an amusing instance: The inspector visiting an asylum was requested by the medical superintendent to be very careful to address a certain patient as "your imperial majesty," the poor man imagining himself to be Julius Caesar, and becoming furious if he did not receive what he considered proper respect. The inspector was careful to follow instructions, and all went well. On a subsequent visit he again addressed the patient by the same title. "What do you mean?" was the reply; "don't talk nonsense. I'm Plato." "Oh!" said the inspector, "I beg your pardon, but I thought you were Julius Caesar last year?" "Well, yes," replied the lunatic, "so I was, but that was by another mother!"

A tenderfoot judge from the East (says the Boston Transcript) was holding court on the extreme frontier, in a town on the banks of the Missouri River, when it chanced that an indictment for murder was brought against three men who had hanged a horse-thief to a telegraph-pole. The accused were released on their own bonds, and, when the day came for their trial, they came into court unaccompanied by an attorney and advanced toward the judge, each one of them with his hand on a brace of forty-four-calibre revolvers, and moved that the case be adjourned for a year, during which they should be released as before on their personal bonds. The judge promptly granted the motion, remarking, subsequently, that the argument in its behalf was the most powerful he had ever heard in a court of law.

An English actor was a member of a company snow-bound in the Sierras while en route from California to the East. Before their train was pulled out of the drifts, they had been reduced to eating the coarse fare of the railroad laborers and got little enough even of that. So that they all had a magnificent hunger on when the train reached a small station at which there was a restaurant, and the Englishman was the first to find a seat at a table. "Bring me in a hurry," he said to the landlord, a burly Western man, "a porterhouse steak, some deviled kidneys, a brace of chops, plenty of vegetables, and two bottles of Bass's bitter beer." The landlord stuck his head out of the dining-room door and yelled to somebody in the rear apartment: "Say, Bill, tell the hand to play 'Rule Britannia'; the Prince of Wales has come."

ZOLA'S "BÊTE HUMAINE."

"Parisina" rehearses the Story of the Great Realist's New Book.

As I take my pen I close the book. What a nightmare it is! Horrible, most horrible, from beginning to end. And the horror clings to you after you have shut the volume, and as you vainly try to shut out from your mind's eye the vision of the train rushing at full speed to destruction, with its eighteen cattle-vans filled with soldiers bound for the seat of war, the engine at high pressure without a driver, he—the hero and his comrade, the stoker, having rolled off in a murderous struggle for mastery—lying a shapeless mass of crushed and bleeding humanity on the rails behind.

This incident gives you the key-note of the novel. "La Bête Humaine" is a railway romance, and all the characters in it kill or are killed. Truly humanity is therein portrayed in its most hideous aspect. Other writers beside Zola have piled up the agony and shown us the bestial side of human nature, but there is generally some innocent victim to excite our pity, some creature more sinned against than sinning, in whom our interest is centred. Not so here. There are love passages truly, crude if you will, though full of breathing passion and even sentiment of a kind; but who are the lovers? A murderess and a maniac—a pleasant pair to murmur soft nothings and exchange kisses and caresses.

The first of the long list of crimes in "La Bête Humaine" is committed by the under-station-master of Havre, and has jealousy for its cause. We might in Shakespearean language call this the crime noble. The crime bestial is reserved for the young hero. Ronbaud, the sub-station-master, has a wife, Séverine, of whom he is passionately fond, and to whom he owes his present situation, with a modest competence, for she had been brought up under the protection of President Grandmorin, who gave her a nice little dowry and keeps his promise of doing his best for the young couple. An awful old reprobate this Grandmorin to begin with, a betrayer of innocence, with a *Parc aux Cerfs* somewhere along the line; for Zola respects the unities in a way, never taking the reader far afield, and keeps him running up and down perpetually between Havre and Paris. On the occasion of a visit to Paris, Ronbaud, through a chance word let fall by Séverine, is led to suspect that the president's kindness is not disinterested, and—in a fearful scene, wonderfully described—he forces her to confess that she was not an honest woman when he married her. Rendered absolutely mad with rage at this confession, and at the knowledge that throughout he has been tricked and used as a tool by his wife and her disgraceful protector, and feeling that blood alone can wash out the stain on his honor, he plans the murder of President Grandmorin. He forces Séverine to write and make a rendezvous at a little house at the Croix-de-Maufras, where the old sinner is wont to carry on his intrigues; and the latter, caught in the trap, takes the evening express by which all three—he, the injured husband, and the shrinking, terror-stricken wife go down into Normandy. At Rouen, Grandmorin—who occupies a reserved *coupé*—is joined by Ronbaud and Séverine, who murder him between them; the latter finding her husband cannot dispatch him as easily as he expected, throws the whole weight of her body on the victim, and between them he is stabbed and his corpse thrown out of the carriage. The guilty pair then, at the peril of their own lives, manage to slip along outside the carriages and to reach the one they lately quitted, in time for Ronbaud to procure an alibi by interchanging a few words with an acquaintance—the under-station-master of Barentin, where the train stops a few minutes later.

Now, up to the time when the crime is committed, the reader's sympathy, I may say, goes with Ronbaud. He has been foully wronged, and he takes a terrible and a horrible revenge—there is something grand and tragic in the man. But no sooner has he stabbed Grandmorin in the throat, rifled his pockets, to make it appear that theft has been the motive, and pushed his body out on to the line, than he becomes nothing better than a common assassin. Had he killed his wife as well and himself afterward, there would have been poetic justice in the act; but then, of course, there would have been no story. This perspicuity in providing himself with an alibi seems monstrous somehow, and henceforth his caution and *sang froid*—when he resumes his duties at Havre, and his conduct throughout the subsequent events when the crime is discovered—show a cool calculation which the agonized outburst in the earlier scenes has not led us to expect.

Some amount of suspicion does attach itself to the Ronbauds when it is found, on opening the magistrate's will, that he has bequeathed the little pleasure-house at the Croix-de-Maufras to Séverine, and people get a shrewd idea of the relations which must have existed between Grandmorin and his self-constituted ward, especially as—according to their own showing—they were the last persons to hold speech with the murdered man at the door of his *coupé* during the ten minutes' halt at Rouen. Indeed, one man suspects this from the first, namely, the Minister Camy-Lamotte (the plot is laid in the latter days of the Second Empire), the friend, and be it said also, the confidant of the president; he was *au courant* with Séverine's *liaison*, and, what is more, has found among Grandmorin's things the fatal letter which lured him to his doom.

Then we come to another blot in the book. It is inadmissible that a man of the standing of the minister should withhold this piece of evidence from justice, even though to publish it should throw discredit on the bench, at a time when the opposition was eagerly watching every opportunity to fall foul of the government; and the suggestion coming from the throne that the affair should be hushed up if possible, is a gratuitous impeachment of imperial morality which impresses the reader painfully, particularly now that time has sobered our judgment and cleared away some of our old prejudices. Ronbaud is supposed to be tainted with republicanism, and therefore his cause would be sure to be espoused by the opposition, argues M. Camy-Lamotte, and the *juge d'instruction* of Rouen—a puppet in the bands of the minister—is bent on bringing the crime home to the wagoner

Cabuche, a rough, uneducated peasant, who lives near the Croix-de-Maufras, and had his own reasons for hating Grandmorin.

Now there was a witness to the crime. Jacques, the engine-driver, had chosen that evening to pay a visit to his old nurse, Phasie, the wife of the signal-man at the Croix-de-Maufras, and just as the evening express emerged from the tunnel, he caught sight of a man stabbing another in one of the carriages as it rushed past. Recognition was impossible; examined and cross-examined on the subject, he declares, in good faith, that he should not know the man again; nevertheless it is borne in upon him that Ronbaud is the man and that the dark shadow crouching on the seat was Séverine. She, too, feels he knows, and henceforth her great object is to win him over to silence by soft words and all the seduction of which such a woman is capable. She will see the minister, too, whom she has known in the old Grandmorin days; the excuse for doing so being the fear they are in that Ronbaud will lose his place. A wonderful interview this. The wily Camy-Lamotte, half-won over by the *gentillesse* of the little siren with the large blue eyes, half-curious to make sure whether she was or not the author of the *billet* he holds, gets her to write a few lines. There is no mistake about it; the handwriting is the same. Yet he lets her off with the assurance that all will be well. No mention of the crime is made, but she understands him—the case will be hushed up.

I have no intention of following Zola step by step, I only mean to give you an outline of the story. So we will imagine, if you please, that the murder case is set aside, that the Ronbauds have resumed their old life at Havre to outward appearances, and that Séverine has become the mistress of the engine-driver Jacques.

An extraordinary character, this blue-eyed Séverine, and, I should say—were it not for Gabrielle Bompard—an impossible one. The parallel between the two is extraordinary; "La Bête Humaine" was coming out in a *feuilleton* when Gouffé was murdered, or we should have sworn Zola took his idea of his heroine from the "little witch." Passionately enamored of her stalwart young mechanic, the story of their love smacks of the ideal. Who so delicately human, who so sweet and affectionate as Séverine? Can she be the same woman who helped to murder Grandmorin and to whom the torture of remorse is unknown? I suppose Zola does not believe in remorse. Ronbaud has none; crime has merely been the first step in the downward path. He becomes a gambler, pays his debts at cards with the money taken from the murdered man's pocket and which he has sworn never to touch, and worse than all in the Zola code, winks at the misconduct of his wife with Jacques. Séverine never cared a jot for her husband, but he loved her so well as to kill a man for jealousy. That jealousy is dead. They hate one another now, that partnership in guilt renders them mutually antipathetic to each other. Gradually Séverine's day-dreams take form and consistence. If Ronbaud were out of the way, she and Jacques might be happy. She tries to arm the lover against the husband; twice she nearly compasses her end, but Jacques's courage fails him when the time comes to strike the blow.

Jacques is the Nemesis which is to overtake Séverine. I have said little about him, though he is the foremost figure in the book. He is possessed with a homicidal mania. He has been drawn toward this woman only because she has steeped her hands in blood. Nobody ever guesses his secret, Séverine least of all. Yet whenever he is alone with her, whenever he feels her heart beating against his, he has to wrestle with an almost overpowering desire to dash out her brains or to plunge a knife into her heart. But he can not kill Ronbaud. Once, when the two have gone up to Paris for a rendezvous, Séverine—finding herself with him in the same room where the fearful scene between herself and her husband was enacted—tells him all about the murder. The sweet, delicate-minded creature loves him too well to have a secret from him. Many times before, he has arrested her on the brink of confession; he knows it will excite his mad longing. Then when she has sunk into the sweet sleep so like that of innocence, he has to rush away to find another victim. In his sane moments he would not touch a hair of her head, yet he knows some day he shall have her life.

A railway novel would not be complete without a snow-blockade and an accident. Every Friday, Séverine comes to Paris officially to consult a physician for a supposed ailment—really to spend a few hours with her lover. One bitter January day, the train driven by Jacques gets snowed up in a drift at the Croix-de-Maufras. The passengers find refuge during some hours in the house of the signal-man—an awful old wretch, who is slowly poisoning his wife, Phasie, for the sake of her little hoard. Phasie has a daughter—an old play-fellow of Jacques's. And before the young man fell in love with Séverine, she was a sort of sweetheart of his, whom he has flown from when the demon of murder had hold of him. Flore loves Jacques. And watching the trains as they hurry by the door, she has noticed the blue-eyed lady and conceived a dreadful jealousy of her. Seeing them together in Phasie's chamber, she guesses their secret, and from that day she vows to be revenged. So, one Friday evening, when the up-train is expected, she drives Cabuche's team on to the line and stands waiting coolly for the catastrophe. In wishing to exterminate two people, she kills ten and maims many more, but Séverine is unhurt, while Jacques also escapes with life, though badly wounded. Flore works like a mad woman to extricate the driver from the ruins of the tender, under which he lies, helps to carry him to the little house—Séverine's inheritance—and then in despair at the failure of her plans (but from no feeling of remorse for what she has done), walks into the tunnel to meet the down-train—and death. Her mangled corpse is brought home, and they lay it by the side of Phasie, who has succumbed to repeated doses of arsenic administered by her impatient spouse, carrying to the grave the secret of the place in which she has hidden her little hoard, and which the murderer will seek and seek in vain.

Jacques recovers from his wounds under the tender care of Séverine. And while he lies there, she forms a plan for the murder of Ronbaud. This time he promises not to flinch; he will do the deed. The husband is to come and fetch his

wife home; he will come in the evening, she will open the door, and Jacques will spring on him from behind (the Gouffé scene foreshadowed), and then they will carry his body down the railway cutting and arrange it so that it shall appear as if he were killed by the next train. Everything is ready; they are waiting for the doomed man, but the madness of murder takes possession of Jacques, and before Ronbaud reaches the house, he has plunged the knife Séverine has placed in his hand into her own white throat, and rushed out into the night. They find her weltering in her blood, with a look of untold horror in her pale-blue eyes.

The rest is soon told. Cabuche, who has been hovering in the neighborhood, is the first to find the body. He is accused of the deed. And, finally, Ronbaud is also arrested; he profits by his wife's death, and is presumed to have used Cabuche as his tool. It is as clear as daylight, says the *juge d'instruction*; the wagoner killed Grandmorin and Séverine both at the instigation of Ronbaud. They are put upon their trial. Jacques appears as a witness and gains the sympathy of the entire court by shedding tears for his dead mistress; no one suspects him. Camy-Lamotte hesitates whether or no he will produce the *billet* at last, but ends by burning it, feeling, as he does so, that the empire is shaken to its base, and that a time may come when he will bitterly regret an act which can never be undone.

Ronbaud and Cabuche are sentenced to penal servitude for life and Jacques falls the victim of the jealous rage of his stoker, whose mistress he has taken from him.

I feel as if I need almost beg pardon of the reader for having dragged him through such a catalogue of crimes. But forty-five thousand copies of Zola's "Bête Humaine" were sold in the course of last week, and all Paris is reading it.

PARIS, March 24, 1890.

PARISINA.

OLD FAVORITES.

Derby Day.

"Oh! who will over the Downs with me?"

Over Epsom Downs, and away—
The sun has got a tear in his eye,
And the morning mists are light and high—
We shall have a splendid day.

* * * * *
And splendid it is, by all that's hot!—
A regular blaze on the hill;
And the turf rebounds from the light-shod heel
And the tapering spokes of the delicate wheel
With a springy-velvety sort of a feel
That fairly invites "a spill."

Splendid it is, but we mustn't stop.
The folks are beginning to run—
Is yonder a cloud that covers the course?
No, it's fifty thousand—man and horse—
Come out to see the fun.

* * * * *
So—just in time for the trial sport;
The jocks are cantering in—
We shall have the leaders round in a crack,
And a hundred voices are shouting "back,"
But nobody stirs a pin!
There isn't a soul will budge
So much as an inch from his place,
Tho' the hue of the master's scarlet coat
Is a joke compared to his face.

"To the ropes! to the ropes!" Now stick to your hold;
A breezy flutter of crimson and gold,
And the crowd are swept aside,
You can see the caps as they fall and rise
Like a swarm of variegated flies
Coming glittering up the ride;

"To the ropes, for your life! Here they come—there they go!"
The exquisite graceful things!
In the very sport of their strength and pride;
Ha! that's the Favorite—look at his stride,
It suggests the idea of wings:
And the glossy neck is arched and firm
In spite of the flying pace;
The jockey sticks to his back like glue,
And his hand is quick and his eye is true,
And whatever skill and pluck can do
They will do to win the race.
The coil with the bright broad chest,
Will run to win the day;
There's fame and fortune in every bound,
And a hundred and fifty thousand pound
Staked on the gallant Bay!

* * * * *
"They're off!" . . .
And away at the very first start,
"Hats down! hats down in front!"
Hats down, you sir in the wide-awake!"
The tightened barriers quiver and shake,
But they bravely bear the brunt.

A hush like death is over the crowd;
D'you hear that distant cry?
Then hark how it gathers, far and near,
One rolling, ringing, rattling cheer,
As the race goes dashing by,
And away with the hats and the caps in the air,
And the horses seem to FLY . . .
Forward! forward! at railway speed,
There's one that has fairly taken the lead
In a style that can scarce miscarry;
Over and on, like a flash of light,
And now his colors are coming in sight,
Favorite! Favorite!—scarlet and white—
He'll win, by the Lord Harry!

If he can but clear the corner, I say.
The Derby is lost and won:
It's an awful shave, but he'll do the trick,
Now! Now or never—he's passing it quick.—
He's round! . . .

No, he isn't; he's broken his neck
And the jockey his collar bone:
And the whirlwind race is over his head,
Without stopping to ask if he's living or dead—
Was there ever such rudeness known?
He fell like a trump in the foremost place—
He died with the rushing wind on his face—
At the wildest bound of his glorious pace—
In the mad exulting revel;
He left his shoes to his son and heir,
His hocks to a champagne dealer at Ware,
A lock of his hair
To the Lady-Mare,
And his hoofs and his tail—to the devil!

—H. Cholmondeley-Pennell.

A FEMININE FREE-LANCE.

"Van Gryse" writes of a Fascinating Divorcée and her Boy Lover.

A few nights ago, during this third week of the season of Italian opera at the Metropolitan Opera House, many people in the audience were attracted by a most beautiful woman, who, together with some good-looking men and girls, occupied a box on the first tier.

People in the swim appeared to know this handsome lady, and a stream of young men flowed into the box to pay their respects, bent over her with that exaggerated air of devotion which some men always adopt when addressing a pretty woman, and loud talking and gay laughter issued from the box between every solo. Well-dressed members of the Four Hundred howled and nodded to the beauty, and as she came in and stood regarding the house with thoughtful eyes, her opera-cloak of gray plush, with heavy wrought-silver clasps, slipping back from her handsome figure, lorgnons were focused on her from every quarter of the house, a flash of recognition ran round the entire horse-shoe, and in the orchestra-chairs heads were turned and eyes full of curious admiration gazed at her.

She appeared placidly oblivious of this mild excitement, as all women of fashion should be. Looking at her through the glass, however, one could see that she was anything but indifferent, that, in fact, she was highly pleased, to hide which she adopted an appearance of cold *ennui*, which gave her face that hard look which vain women wear when they are being stared at. Her late appearance, her slow removal of the cloak, her attitude, her affected indifference, were all the result of a careful calculation of how to make the best effect. Throwing the cloak backward over her chair, she subsided against it in a graceful, languid attitude. She was undoubtedly very handsome—a beauty all the more striking because of its rarity in the East, where a severe climate, interrupted late hours, and high living have run the women down to wisps, bundles of nerves, packets of imaginary ailments, and affectations. She was short and almost fat; ten years from the present date she will be so fat that she will be a regular little barrel in form. Now she is perfect, with a short neck, shoulders which look, as an appreciative admirer once remarked, as if "they had been cut out of lard," a skin like a blanched almond, and hair like coils of bronze. The hair is particularly fine, brushed and combed and brushed again till it shines like metal, and then is coiled simply in heavy ropes round the back of her head. The eyes match it in color, and are heavy and sleepy. There are a few curls on her temples, and a diamond tiara, coming up into a point over her forehead, was set forward on her head. Her white dress, plain and of almost affected simplicity, was cut to show off her points, and suited her rich beauty better than anything elaborate would have done. Her appearance was certainly extremely attractive.

This lady bears one of the finest names in New York, and has enough energy or vitality, or whatever you like to call it, to have triumphed over circumstances and to hold her position still in the world, when the majority of women would have retired to seclusion to weep over their blighted hopes. She is a divorcée, with several small children. Her husband had a fine name and a bad reputation—a combination which, after all, is not so rare as a white crow; he also had money and fickle tastes. When his wife found out how extremely fickle his tastes were, she sought sanctuary in a divorce, obtained it, her three children, and a moderate income. Then, instead of retiring to some distant spot to mourn her loss, she broke out into unprecedented brilliancy. A good many of her old friends were disappointed, and coldly fell away from the resplendent beauty, with her bronze-brown hair and her sweet, slow smile; a good many championed her cause. "She has had such a dreadful life with that brute, let her amuse herself now," said these lenient ones. The memories of her past life seemed to fall away from her; she was as light-hearted as a bud.

About this time of her rejuvenescence, I met her at a lunch. It was a very jolly little lunch, at the house of a lady famous for her small but *chic* entertainments. She was a little woman, very pretty, very clever, very sweet. Everybody liked her, and that day she was particularly taking in a white-muslin dress, with green ribbons and green-silk stockings, which you could see over the tops of her patent-leather slippers. Her husband was a newspaper-man, and he had very little money and lots of brains. The lunch was held in the Pompeian red dining-room, about the size of a walnut. The coachman waited with the children's French nurse, and they both talked a guttural French *patois* which nobody could understand. It was that sort of a house, however. Everything straggled along in its own way. But everybody who went there was bright, and, whatever the eating was, the talk was good. There were some exceedingly clever men and women there that day, and whenever Baptiste and Marie would condescend to stop banging down dishes in front of you and ordering you to eat them, you managed to enjoy yourself in a quiet, listening way.

The beauty, when she arrived, was rather an incongruous element. She was all over white lace and fine muslin—for it was summer—and a little muslin hat, trimmed with flowers. Never had any of us seen a person give herself such airs. She was simply preposterous. She bid a languid welcome to her hostess, who was rather overpowered by her grandeur, and then sank limply but gracefully into a chair. When she recovered her strength, for she was exhausted by walking up the porch-steps, she began to make play with her eyes on all the men in turn. Some responded rapturously, but others were quite coy. Her manner was very sweet and languid, and she talked with a lingering, lazy drawl, as Southern women sometimes do. One conquest she did make, then and there, and, judging from the last accounts, forever. This was a boy, about seventeen—Algie Somebody or other—a silly, dandified boy, who was asked to places because he had nice sisters. He simply sat and glared at the fascinating divorcée with his jaw dropped. He could not tear his eyes away from

her, and when she asked for anything, he ran madly to get it, stumbling over everything in his way.

One of the things she asked for was champagne. There was only some white wine at the lunch, and this she said she could not drink. She only took champagne, and that extra dry. A young man on her right called to his hostess this pathetic announcement of a delicate taste. The hostess, looking vaguely worried, appealed to Baptiste and Marie to know if there was any champagne. Of course they did not know and did not understand, so she had to gather up her muslin flounces and green ribbons and go down to musty depths underground, emerging in a few moments with corks in her hair and one lone bottle of Vin Sec in her hand. At sight of the bottle, Marie comprehended, and loudly announced that it was the only one left over from the last baby's christening. The beauty, sampling it with a knowing air, made a little *moue* and pronounced it "very bad," after which, of course, nobody liked to drink it, not even the youthful Algie, whose eyes grew hungry as they met it.

That was an unfortunate meeting for Algie. He fell in love—the worst kind of calf-love. No decent-looking woman had ever been flirtatious to him before, what then were his sensations when this radiant creature actually made love to him? He felt that Lord Byron was a fool to him. Here was undoubtedly a beautiful woman ready to welcome him with dazzling smiles, when none of the little snippy *débutantes*, all legs like colts, would look on the same side of the room with him. It was enough to turn any one's head, and Algie had not much to turn. He was too young to see the true lay of the land, too inexperienced to know that a woman whose position is a little insecure will always by preference flirt with a boy, knowing that a man will not stand that sort of fooling. It is a very risky business for her to have an *affaire* with a man—she can never tell exactly how he is going to take it. But a boy is wax in her hands, can be treated like a dog to-day and petted into good humor to-morrow, can fetch and carry for her, can be her attendant without causing too ugly comment, can supply her with flowers and gossip, and all the time can infuse into their friendship that delicate, delightful suggestion of love-making without which the friendship between a man and a woman is dust and ashes. To a woman of this kind it is great sport to kindle into words the burning sentiments of the unfortunate youth and then suddenly chill them with a douche of cold and indignant surprise.

Algie's acquaintance with his beauty ripened rapidly into friendship. He followed her about like a tame dog, and made a spectacle of himself generally. She said she was training him—teaching him how to be a man of the world. Her teachings had the effect of making him thoroughly discontented with everything but her. She filled him with "Ouida"-like ambitions. He longed for money, for splendor, and fine society. She drew him down to her own point of view, from which nothing seemed worth striving for but a first place in a good set, a swell manner, a knack of wearing good clothes, and talking easily and splendidly like young lords in cheap novels. Everything but this she seemed to regard as ordinary and dull—office-work was sordid, a high ambition in any line silly and only for the faction of the short-haired women and the long-haired men; things in general which had no concern with the world of fashion were vulgar. This was an awful word with her, and came to be a terror to the youthful lover. He thought he would die of horror if she ever alluded to him as "vulgar" in the crushing way she did of the men who failed to appreciate her charms. "Oh, that creature," she would say of some man who had regarded her with covert disfavor, "he's so impossible—in fact, vulgar," and she waved her fingers in the air as though brushing aside his supplicating form.

She soon paralyzed all Algie's ambitions, except the one of being publicly regarded as her acknowledged admirer. This he accomplished and he was quite happy. No scandal could attach itself to such a very juvenile young man, so she allowed him to dangle after her wherever she went. They went all over together—to dances, on walks, and to church. They were an odd couple. In her society, the boy looked more infantile than ever, with a tall bat on the back of his head to make him look older, a high collar encircling his thin neck, wide trousers flapping round his little legs, a cane dragging behind him, and his head always bent toward his Dulcinea, who wagged along beside him, fully a foot shorter, broad and short of breath, with a tiny waist, wide hips and shoulders, plump arms in smooth, tight sleeves, little fat white hands, covered with rings, and an enchanting face, at once piquant and discontented, under a spreading, flower-crowned hat.

His people—who were charming, some of the nicest people you ever knew—were in an agony about him. For not only was his elderly charmer monopolizing all his time and exercising a baleful influence over his character, but he was spending all his money on presents for her. He had the salary which a clerk of that age gets—forty or fifty dollars a month—and almost all of it went in flowers and candy on the altar of his adoration. The beloved object accepted the gifts according to her temper at the moment—if the time was auspicious, she would be all smiles and sweet glances; if, alas! anything bad gone wrong, her dress had come home from the dress-maker's fitting badly, or one of her children had kept her awake the night before with croup, her manner was anything but infatigable, and the offering was, as likely as not, to be tossed aside with sulky irritation. Assuredly, Algernon paid dearly for the honor of being generally known as "Mrs. de Jones's young man."

He is still in the toils. By the time he is twenty-one—three years from now—he will have got over the fever and he free, unless, indeed, his idol gets tired of him before then and throws him over. In the meantime, his flirtation is becoming a serious expense to his family. As he spends all his own money in presents to lay at the adored one's feet, and as the adored one will not have anything to say to him unless he is handsomely dressed, he is forced to borrow money for his clothes from his sisters. They are delightful girls and desperately fond of the wretched little fellow. Knowing the weakness of his nature and the temptation to which he is subjected, they are afraid to refuse him the money for fear he may resort

to desperate methods for obtaining it. He is just the sort of boy who, under pressure of circumstances, would steal the money and then come crying to them to help him out of the scrape. They share their allowances with him and keep the matter dark from papa. When they enter a hall-room at one door—three tall, stately young ladies, in home-made dresses which show off their handsome figures—and Mrs. de Jones enters at another, they may be forgiven for wondering how much of their money was contributed toward her bouquet and the heavy gold pins which she wears in her hair.

NEW YORK, April 10, 1890.

VAN GRYSE.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

The beautiful Mme. de Barrios is said to have literary inclinations and to have composed several songs, both words and music, which have a weird Southern melody. She is a young woman yet, with all her children.

The widow of the former President of the Confederate States signs herself "V. Jefferson Davis." The V is the abbreviation of *veuve*, the French word for widow, and it is the custom in Louisiana for a widow to place that letter before the Christian name of her dead husband.

Mrs. Kendal and Mme. Patti are having an interesting quarrel. Patti is reported as saying that Mrs. Kendal uses her goodness as an advertisement, and Mrs. Kendal says that Patti can not. It is too bad to see two such prominent artists thus making an exhibition of their bad temper.

The German Empress is forming a "League for the Preservation of Good Habits" among Prussian ladies. The members bind themselves to discourage luxury in every form, both for themselves and their friends; to wear fewer, more simple, and cheaper dresses, and to practice rigid economy in their households.

Victoria Woodhull has issued a circular, in London, denouncing Queen Victoria, because she appeared at a recent drawing-room wearing the great Koh-i-noor diamond as a brooch. The American Victoria insists that the English Victoria should drop vulgar, barbaric display and set her subjects an example of motherly simplicity.

Mrs. Frank Leslie entertained her guest, Miss Nettie Hooper, of Paris, a daughter of Mrs. Lucy Hooper, and some friends, to a view of life in New York's Chinese Quarter. Of course they went after midnight, and with police escort; and although Mrs. Leslie says it can not compare in horror with the San Francisco Chinatown, it offers sufficient excitement to attract many small fashionable parties since Mrs. Leslie started it.

Sir Edwin Arnold, whose stay in Japan is lengthening into a residence there, and who has become more Japanese than the Mikado's court, expresses the belief that the Japanese women are "semi-angelic." He declares the race to be the most graceful nation in the world, and says that "their simple joy of life, their universal alacrity to please and be pleased, their almost divine sweetness of disposition," make them models of dignified and elegant behavior above all other nations.

Mrs. Cleveland, viewed across the spacious auditorium of the Metropolitan Opera House even through the most powerful glasses, loses many of her vaunted charms. Her complexion looks sallow, her features sharp, her arms too long, while a stooping position and ceaseless conversation are items that usually add up the total of a plain woman. But at close range, bright eyes, fine contour, and pure skin appear at their best, and then Mrs. Cleveland recovers her undoubted beauty and magnetism.

Mrs. Harrison, feeling the inadequacy of the White House as an official and family residence, has prepared plans for an extensive enlargement. These plans propose the preservation of the present structure, the addition, on the east and west, of buildings harmonious in architectural style, and connected with the original edifice by colonnades, and the erection on the south of a great winter-garden, with a palm-house in the centre, the entire rectangular fabric to form the four sides of an inner park two hundred and fifty feet square, with an allegorical fountain in the centre.

Mme. Modjeska could raise seventy-five thousand dollars on realty and personality to-morrow if anything happened to her. Mrs. Mary Livermore has seventy-five thousand dollars of the one hundred and twenty thousand dollars made from her lectures. Anna Dickinson, who cleared twenty-five thousand dollars in one season and one hundred and sixty thousand dollars in ten, has not a dollar of it left. Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford has published ten books in the last forty years, the proceeds of which amounted to about six thousand dollars each. "Ouida" has earned more money than any woman of the century, with the exception of Mme. Patti. Mrs. Southworth's novels brought her a fortune. Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer is coining money.

Colonel Dudley has positively not been near the White House since Harrison was inaugurated. Harrison has sent him several verbal invitations to call, but Dudley insists upon having a written invitation that he can show to his friends, and if need be publish to the world. It has not been forthcoming. On entering one of the capital's leading dry-goods shops recently, Mrs. Harrison espied Mrs. Dudley. Sailing up to her with much *empressment*, Mrs. Harrison held out her hand and exclaimed: "My dear Mrs. Dudley, how do you do?" With perfect appreciation of her opportunity and full intention of improving it to the utmost, the wife of the snubbed statesman elevated her nose slightly and said, in a distinct and cruelly cold voice: "You have the advantage of me, madam. I do not know you." "Yes, you do know me very well, Mrs. Dudley," said Mrs. Harrison, and, turning on her heel, she left the shop. Mrs. Dudley has related, with considerable satisfaction, how she snubbed the wife of the ungrateful Ben, and the breach is wider than ever.

A WOMAN'S PERIL.

Her Experience with the Texas Cowboys.

FORT LINCOLN, SANTANA, VEGAS CO., TEXAS, April 2, 1879.

DEAR ELISIE: I ventured to suggest a year ago to our respected sister, Lavinia, that it would do you no harm, and some others a great deal of good, if you spent a summer with me. You remember the answer? You were delicate, Texas was the land of ebills, and I was not a fit person to be guardian of so irrepressible a subject as my small, but obstreperous, sister. What you wished did not appear until it was too late, so my plans were ruthlessly crushed and Lavinia triumphed. This time I write to you, not Lavinia. You are nineteen, my dear, and if an American woman is ever going to have her own way, she begins at nineteen. Will you come this year? And will you come at once? The wife wants you, I want you, and as for the boy, to see Aunt Elsie is the dearest wish of his heart. I do not expect a favorable reply. I have too much respect for the power of Lavinia's will and authority. Yet this letter shall go. Your loving brother, ADDISON WYNNE.

P. S.—If you can defy the powers that be, write at once, so that I may meet you at Santana. The cars will carry you there. I will come as far as Hobart Junction if I can. Are you afraid of the journey? A. W.

Would I go? Of course I would. Lavinia was shocked at the idea, of course, but I went.

I sent word, as I was told, the next day, and two weeks later I was rolling out of Chicago in a sleeper of the C. B. & Q. Railway, speeding westward, fairly embarked upon a journey of five days and five nights on the cars, and a thirty-mile drive after that.

It was a long journey to take alone, but there was no one to go with me, and I was not a child, and had an average allowance of wits.

How I was watched and cared for and waited upon by the railway officials. Conductors of trains have faults, I suppose, but they were very good to me. They got my tickets; they told me where to change; they brought me coffee; and until I got to Hobart Junction, where I hoped to find Addison, I might have been—I really was—surrounded by an army of protectors and friends. I looked anxiously up and down the platform at Hobart, but, alas! no Addison was to be seen. Well, I had come more than a thousand miles alone, assuredly I was capable of conveying myself fifty, and he would not fail to be at Santana; so there was nothing to worry about. Nevertheless, when I found that there was only one day-car going on from Hobart, and that I was the only woman on board, my heart sank a little, I confess, for it was two o'clock in the morning, and I was very, very tired. There was a change of conductors, too—a change for the worse. The "boss" of this train was a large, roughly dressed person, with a hairy face, who stared at me as he arranged my bags and wraps upon a seat in front, in a way that was scarcely polite, and not at all reassuring. When he had finished his work, he growled out in a gruff voice:

"Goin' to Fort Lincoln, this trip, I b'lieve?"

I replied with dignity that the commandant of the fort was my brother, and then, leaning back in my seat, closed my eyes and pretended to slumber. This hint was sufficient, and to my great joy, after another prolonged stare, the man went about his business. When I was quite sure of this, I opened my eyes and looked about me. It was a very shabby car; badly furnished, badly lighted, and badly ventilated; a smell of stale tobacco-smoke about it, which made me feel quite sick. I became very cross and gloomy. Addison ought to have met me before this. He knew I was alone, and must be aware what an emigrant-car was like. Perhaps this was a practical joke—he always liked practical jokes—and he hoped to frighten me. Well, he had not done that, at any rate. There was nothing to be frightened about. The men in the car scarcely noticed me at all, and though my conductor was gruff, his face was not forbidding—and he knew Addison. Soothed by these thoughts, I closed my eyes in good earnest and tried to sleep. I was accustomed to traveling now, and soon dropped into an uneasy doze and began to dream. I dreamed of a face I had not seen for a long, long while—the face of an old school-fellow, Eric Proctor by name, who had gone out West some time ago, and was often mentioned by Addison in his letters. Eric was a nice boy before he went West, a clumsy, overgrown youth, but very amiable and good-natured, with a great head of yellow hair, and simple, honest blue eyes. I don't know why I dreamed of Eric now; perhaps it was because he was the only person I knew in Texas besides the family; but I did dream of him very vividly. I thought I had arrived at Santana and found him on the platform instead of Addison. He looked very much older than he used to do, his face haggard and worn. He did not speak to me, but, taking my hand, led me away until we were out of sight of the station, and then lifted me on to a horse, which had appeared from I do not know where, and we went galloping away at a tremendous pace. I begged him to let me go, but he shook his head and spurred on faster. I began to feel cold and queer, as if he were made of ice and were freezing me. All at once he stopped, with a sharp jerk, and with a cry flung me away, and I felt myself falling, falling as if from some great height—and awoke. The train was still. We had pulled up at a wayside station to water the engine, and I was shivering with the chill air. The dawn was at hand, and I slipped out of the train and walked briskly up and down to warm myself, and by the time the wants of the engine were satisfied, the sun was rising, and I began to recover my spirits.

The car looked much shabbier by daylight than it had done before, but I cared little for that, for we were forty miles on our way; Santana would be reached in another hour and my troubles be over.

I tried to take interest in the appearance of the country, but it looked very uninteresting and not a bit romantic. Only a dull extent of brown grass on either hand, stretching endlessly into space.

At last a short, bluff whistle from the engine, like the bark of some giant dog, a movement among the passengers, and a jarring sensation beneath my feet. The goal of my desire was not far off. Now the door of the car was opened wide, and the conductor, who had kept away from me all the journey, came in from the baggage-car to take tickets. Mine

was the last. He examined it with unnecessary deliberation, and then delivered himself of the following ominous remark: "Now, say! why didn't ye write the colonel that yew were comin'?"

The familiarity of this address would have disgusted me at any ordinary time; but now I only began to feel miserably anxious.

"I did write," I replied, breathlessly; "he will be at the station to meet me."

"He ain't!"

The rejoinder came as sharply as the ping of an arrow. I jumped up with a lump in my throat and looked out of the window.

The train had stopped and most of the passengers were leaving it. There was no station or depot here; only a rough platform on one side of the line, with "Santana" painted in tipsy black letters on the rail, and a solitary log house a few yards away, with "Post-Office" in white letters on the door. Yet this was undoubtedly my destination, and the conductor was right—Addison had not come. There were several rough, red-faced creatures lounging on the platform, wearing broad-brimmed hats, great riding-boots, and prominent spurs; there were our passengers disappearing one by one into the log house in search of breakfast, but there was no Colonel Wynne. What could have happened? I turned from the window with a gasp, and met the eyes of the conductor looking down upon me with the grimmest expression I had ever seen.

"Well?" he said, with an exasperating interrogatory inflection on that expressive word.

"He can not have received my letter," I observed, hurriedly, striving to keep my voice clear and steady, while the lump in my throat grew and grew, and I wanted to cry very badly indeed. To avert this catastrophe I suggested that my belongings should be removed from the train. The conductor instantly became brisk and helpful, and we were soon passing by the red-faced men, who drew back to give us room, and stared with great round, stupid eyes, as if they had never seen a girl in a gray ulster before. We went straight to the post-office, and were met by the postmaster before we reached the door. He was a tall, dark man, with only one eye; a dreadfully ugly man, with a very dirty face and still dirtier hands—a wicked-looking man, I thought. The conductor greeted him as if they were old acquaintances.

"Seen Colonel Wynne lately, Hank?"

"A week ago—came for his mail."

"This is his sister."

Mr. Hank nodded, as if he were already aware of the fact, and stared very hard at me with his one eye.

"Is—is my brother here?" I ventured to ask, just for something to say.

"He's at the fort, miss."

"And how far off is that?"

"Thirty mile—bee-line."

My heart began to beat at a very uncomfortable rate. A horrible state of things!

"Would you kindly advise me what to do?"

"Breakfast," struck in the conductor, decidedly; "you've eat nothing for ten hour."

"Thank you," I answered, politely; "I am hungry, but I want to know how I am to get to Fort Lincoln?"

This question was not to be answered at once. Neither of the men seemed to hear it, and, without further ceremony, ushered me into the house, through one long room full of men, with a stove in the middle of it, a liquor-bar, and several small tables, to a small room behind, where there were heaps of blankets scattered about, a rough bedstead, one chair, and a table.

"Sit down," said the postmaster, pointing to the chair. I obeyed, feeling very forlorn and helpless. It was a dreadful position to be in. There did not seem to be a woman anywhere; I was thirty miles from my brother, with no visible means of reaching him; and this dreadful one-eyed man was master of the situation. A whispered colloquy, lasting several minutes, now took place between the postmaster and the conductor, after which the former, whose name I subsequently discovered to be Mr. Hank Wybrow, turned to me and cleared his throat as though he were about to address a camp-meeting.

"There's but two things to be done, miss, as far as we kin see, and you must fix on which road suits ye best. Kunnel Wynne don't expect you, I reckon, so you have to hunt him, or send and git him to come for yew. I can't poke up much accommodation here, an' there ain't a woman nearer than the fort just now; but if you 'lect to stay, I'll fix what I may to-night and send a boy to the kunnel. If this ain't good enough, I'll see if any one is bound Fort Lincoln way with a wagon to take ye there. Think it out, will ye? while I dish breakfast, and let me know your mind in an hour."

This was very fairly said. I thanked Mr. Wybrow for his offers, and was able to bid farewell with a stout heart to the conductor, who had another ten miles to travel.

It did not take me long to make up my mind. I can not say that I relished the idea of a thirty-mile drive with a stranger, but while breakfast was in course of preparation a little incident happened that made this difficulty seem a very small one. The room I was in was lighted by one square window not far from the ground, and after the postmaster had left the room, I saw three pairs of eyes, belonging to the rough faces of some of the men I had seen on the platform, staring fixedly at me. They disappeared with great quickness when they saw that I was aware of their scrutiny; but the feeling of being watched was very unpleasant, and I felt that I would not pass a night at Santana on any account.

Mr. Wybrow appeared relieved when I told him this, and when he brought up breakfast, introduced a man who owned a wagon, and guaranteed to arrive at Fort Lincoln before sundown.

I can see the fellow now, though it is ten years since that day. A very thin man, of middle height, dressed in neat brown canvas clothes. His hair was very smooth, parted in the middle, and carried back behind his ears as tightly as if it were bound with rope. He had a small round head, a flat

nose, brown eyes, rather dull and expressionless, very high cheek bones, and thick lips. An ugly man, yet quiet and modest in manner and speech, with a soft, well-modulated voice. He was inclined to be bald, stooped in his gait, and seemed a rather stupid and altogether insignificant kind of person. A "doctor of medicine" he called himself, and added with some dignity that he was a "friend of Colonel Wynne's."

I trusted him. His quiet voice was a relief after the harsh speech of Mr. Wybrow, and my one object in life just then was to get away from those horrible staring eyes. In less than an hour I was by his side, jolting along the Fort Lincoln road, behind a stout team of mules.

I can not remember now how far we went before I began to feel nervous and uncomfortable. I know that it was a long way; for I remember congratulating myself upon having left Santana, because my companion told me that the late postmaster had been murdered by cowboys a week or two ago—this was doubtless how my letter miscarried—and that the station was known to be one of the worst haunts for rowdies in the county. But the time came at length when he fell quite silent, and I then found that whenever I turned my head to view the prairie about us, his eyes rested upon my face. Oh, how terrible it was! I edged away from him to the farthest corner of the seat, and felt more and more helpless and unnerved every moment. The suspense did not last long. When he perceived my fears he boldly raised his eyes and looked at me with a smile of the most horrible kind. Then he laughed softly, a dry, hard laugh. I tried to speak now, but my throat was dry and parched, and my tongue seemed paralyzed. He laughed again, louder, and, stooping quickly, pulled up the mules with a jerk. I knew what was coming now, and before he could touch me, sprang from the wagon. He followed me with the swift, silent movement of a snake, and as I turned to meet him, for I could not run, he laughed for the third time. The sound roused me. I tried to seize his throat with both hands. I felt that I could kill him for that laugh. But, oh! the weakness of a woman! Why are we not as strong as men? He caught my wrists in his hard, brown fingers; my arms were forced back, powerless and helpless, as if held in iron bands. I screamed now, in good earnest, and struggled against him with all my strength and soul, and all the time I felt his grip grow tighter and tighter—his muscles were of steel. Suddenly he relaxed his hold and stood still, and his flushed face became colorless and livid, as if I had accomplished my desire and he was dying. Then he let me go, starting from me as if I were some poisonous thing; and dropping on his knees, he bent his head to the ground and listened. When he rose to his feet a moment later he reeled and staggered like a drunken man, looking at me wildly with the expression of some hunted beast of prey. I stared at him dumfounded for a moment, feeling very giddy and sick; and then I knew what he had beard. We were in a hollow, between two rolls of prairie, and could not see far on either side, but sound carries a long way in this country, and even my unaccustomed ears now caught a low rumbling thunder, becoming louder every instant—the flying hoofs of galloping horses. It came from behind; some one had followed us. Whoever it might be, the wretched man who had betrayed his trust was likely to get short shrift. He knew it well, and now threw himself on his knees at my feet, muttering, in a hoarse whisper:

"Come back to the wagon. They'll murder me in cold blood else, before your eyes. I swear I was only fooling. I had not a wrong thought in my heart. Save me, save me!"

I was willing to do that, much as I loathed the creature, for he had not hurt me; but I could not go back to the wagon. I began to feel very faint and queer; the sensation of safety, after the horrible tension a minute ago, was a severe reaction, and almost too much for me. The poor wretch saw this, and his muttered supplication rose to a bitter cry:

"They are cowboys; they've heard your call. They'll tear me in pieces if you drop. Don't! Oh, my God! my God!"

I set my teeth hard. I would not yield to my weakness. Bad as his intentions were, I could not let him be killed. With a great effort I managed somehow to keep my head steady, and then my rescuers swept over the hill, and the danger was over.

Twelve mounted men there were, riding at a tearing gallop, with free bridle rein. They gave a tremendous shout when they saw us, and then there was a great flash of steel and silver, as twelve revolvers sprang from sheath and were cocked and made ready for use. The poor wretch at my feet buried his face in his hands and crouched in terror, and I felt very nervous indeed, for these cowboys looked dreadfully fierce. On they came, silent now, many of them with bare knives between their teeth. No wonder this guilty creature was in despair. I went forward to meet them and was about to speak, when a hat was waved wildly, a hearty voice greeted me, and I saw a face that I knew. It was Eric's, pale and stern, as I had seen it in my dream, but handsomer—very much handsomer; and in another instant he was off his horse and shaking both my hands until my fingers positively ached. I was in safe keeping now, indeed!

I have little more to tell. It took all Eric's influence and my entreaties to save the wretched man. But it was done in the end, and we were soon on our way to the fort. There I found out that the very cowboys I had dreaded so much at Santana were instrumental in causing the timely arrival of the rescue party. They had their suspicions, and when Eric—who rode into Santana half an hour after I left it—said he should follow me, they volunteered to a man.

I may pass over Addison's astonishment when we arrived at the fort. He had never received my letter. We had a most joyful time that day; but I think what interested me most were some words I overheard Addison say to Eric Proctor: "You must stay a month, at least, with us. We don't often see you, and now that Elsie is here—"

Eric did stay; and I am bound to admit that he made the most of his time. Before I went back we were engaged to be married.—A. Paterson in the English Illustrated.

VANITY FAIR.

Easter Sunday, in New York, was perfect in point of weather. Fifth Avenue is the annual parade-ground on Easter afternoon, where two brilliantly attired armies pass in review side by side. On that day, the street is crowded with a quiet, decorous company, some of whom come to see, while others come to be seen, and, whatever the purpose, all are sure to be satisfied. You may lose yourself in the crowd and note the newest costumes unheeded by the wearers thereof, or you may go forth attired to rival the splendor of Solomon and win for yourself the admiration of the spectators. It is a wonderfully captivating sight, suggesting a kaleidoscope, with its changes of color at every turn, for each step brings forward a new effect, a new combination of grace and beauty; and so it goes on all the day, until, perfectly dazzled, one is glad to rest. The scent of violets, which are worn in great profusion, fills the air, and there is that general tone of joy with which mortals welcome the advent of spring.

A New York *World* reporter, who walked from park to park, along Fifth Avenue, on Easter Sunday, discovered that the hank-clerks and men-about-town whose incomes are vague and uncertain, outshone the acknowledged leaders of fashion as to raiment, and also that several out-of-town Beau Brummels were as faultlessly attired as the leading lights of metropolitan swiftness. The display, as a whole, was a magnificent one, though a marked feature was the predominance of dark shades in male attire. Standing at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Seventh Street, 640 well-dressed men were counted in one hour. These points in their attire were noted: 400 of the men wore patent-leather gaiters; 420 wore light-colored scarfs, either in solid color or self-colored; 200 had silk hats, 240 wore derby hats, 90 of which were flat-brimmed; 618 carried canes, all but nine of which were natural sticks, with large silver handles—the nine exceptions were smoothly finished canes, with gold handles; 75 wore over-gaiters in mauve, tan, and silver-gray tints; 339 wore puff or Ascot scarfs and 53 wore four-in-hands; 301 wore light-colored top-coats, 37 wore covert top-coats; 3 wore diamond scarf-pins; 607 wore boutonnières, of which 560 were small bunches of violets, 13 lilies of the valley, 6 chrysanthemums, and 10 tea-roses. All wore tan-colored gloves, mostly in light shades, of which 387 had embroidered backs. Three wore white-piqué waistcoat edgings, "and they were Johnnies who apparently did not know any better," remarks the reporter, sapiently.

Contrasting English and American girls, W. W. Story thus writes in "Conversations in a Studio": "Take an English girl, and put her beside an American girl whose ancestry is pure English, and there is a remarkable difference between them in shape, nature, and color. The American, as a rule, is slenderer, fairer, and slighter-limbed, thinner-featured, and more vivacious and excited in manner. The English girl is fuller, rosier in color, heavier in build, and calmer. The voice of the American is thin and high, that of the English girl is rich and low. But where you will find the greater physical difference is in the feet and hands. The American's foot is small, thin, high-arched, and tendinous in the ankle. The English girl's is plump, flat, and full at the ankle. There is the same difference in the hands. Take a cast from an English and American foot, and any one can distinguish them with half an eye; all the attachments, as they are called, are longer and more tendinous in the American than in the English. There is something charming in the one as of a rose, and in the other of a lily. Where the English have the advantage over the American is in their voices and intonations. An English woman's voice is a pleasure to hear—so sweet and low and pleasant in its modulations—while the Americans whine with a high-pitched voice. The latter sing better than the English, because the English never can fully utter their voice and throw it out. Certainly the American girls are sometimes very handsome, and they generally have a refinement of look and feature, if not of manner. In their ways, too, there is a certain wild willfulness and independence which, when it does not go too far (as it frequently does), is very attractive."

When once social ambition has taken full possession of the soul of a human being (says the *Epoch*), it means death and destruction to all that is good and worthy in that being. Everything is sacrificed for the attainment of power—honor, duty, purity, everything. What political power is to a man, social power is to a woman—only more so. Rare is the woman of high position who does not abuse her power. But how do most women come by their high positions? Through some man, of course, father or husband. But for the fact that the men who happen to be their protectors have climbed the ladder, dragging the female members of their families with them, ninety-nine out of every hundred women now figuring as society leaders, patronesses of art, forsooth, and the like, would be evolving three meals a day from the raw material and wasting those "endearing young charms," which now dazzle the world, on the air of a poor man's kitchen. Do these women ever think of that? Does it make them humbly grateful for their good luck, or kind,

without condescension, to their less fortunate sisters? Not a hit of it. Hardly a woman of them all who is not arrogant, supercilious, and cruel in her treatment of any woman whose position in point of money, and all that money implies, is not somewhere near equal to her own. In Washington, where the *entree* to what is called good society is said to be easier than elsewhere, there exists a mania, a frenzy, for mingling with people of fashion that is confined to no class. Thousands of women, and not a few men, of small incomes and obscure walks in life, who, anywhere else, would live contentedly in their obscurity, are victims of this frenzy. No depth of lying, pretense, and toadyism is too deep for them when in pursuit of an invitation to some swell entertainment and the good clothes indispensable to the occasion. And what do they do when they get there? Stand around in corners, unknown, unrecognized, their petty attempts at dress eclipsed a hundred fold, the butt of many a witicism from the hostess, who despises them as interlopers, to the servants, who despise them no less; their sole satisfaction the sight of unattainable splendors, the pleasure of exploiting themselves later on among their humble and more sensible neighbors, and occasionally of seeing their names emblazoned in next morning's society news as "among those present," by some guileless reporter, new to his business. To this end, both men and women sell their souls to the evil one every day in the year in the gay and beautiful city of Washington.

I have never seen anything like the present craze for amusement (writes "Brunswick" to the Boston *Transcript*). I do not mean, necessarily, halls and theatres, but mental stimulant of all sorts—reading circles, lectures, art galleries, charities, church duties—anything and everything, only to keep going. New York seems possessed by a spirit of unrest. Not only every hour, but every minute of one's time is taken up. The fashionable world is just as busy as the world of business, and I think that it is the more exhausting work of the two. But the trouble is, we want to combine the two. The girl who earns her bread by writing society notes strains every nerve to do as the world that she reports. The broker's clerk who has to be at his desk by nine in the morning, dances until within a few hours of the time that he is due there. The broker himself, too old to dance, spends his evenings in hotel corridors where the money market is open till midnight, and the "ticker" ticks till morning. Young women are not satisfied with one reception of an evening, but they go to a dinner, a theatre, and wind up at a dance. One house in New York does not open its doors for dancing until all the others are closed. Many of the girls who dine and dance six nights out of seven are interested in other things as well. They belong to church organizations, they belong to reading clubs, they are taking a course of scientific lectures, they attend piano-forte recitals, and they have a round of calls to pay that alone should keep them busy. A man who does not pretend to go so very deeply into the social whirl said to me the other day, as he drew a memorandum from his pocket, "Here is a list of fifty-five calls that I have got to make before the end of the season. I am at my office until six, and am unusually busy with my work in the evenings until the end of the week, so that it is continually on my mind to know how I am going to reduce this list. I like my friends, and if they invite me to dine, and there is no good reason why I should not, I accept. That means a dinner call, of course, and so it goes." He is not like one young man whom I heard say, "If I accept their dinner invitations, I do enough. They must not expect me to call." Strange to say, this Chesterfield is always in demand. He is a good diner-out, because he appreciates a good dinner and he has a fund of just the sort of talk that makes him agreeable at table, so his hostesses pardon his rudeness and invite him again.

Every American woman who sojourns in London raises her voice against the large and ill-fitting shoes which she finds here (writes Eugene Field in the *Chicago News*). The natives seek to justify the monstrosities on the plea that the feet should be clad loosely and stoutly. The truth, however, is that English women have big feet—abnormally big feet. Moreover, marvelously low insteps seem to be a characteristic of the typical English feet. The English women are exceedingly sensitive upon the subject of their prodigious pedals, and they make it a point to talk of the propriety of wearing large boots and shoes in order to avert corns and other similar discomfures; yet I am told by dealers in footwear that corns and bunions are quite as prevalent here as elsewhere. Yet there have been English ladies with wonderfully small feet. One of the famous beauties of the court of George the Fourth wore a shoe only five inches in length, yet she was above medium height and was otherwise symmetrically proportioned. Lacing is a vice that obtains very generally among the women of this country; nowhere else are to be seen such slender waists as are to be found here. The vice of tight lacing is practiced in every class of society; be she duchess or harmaid, the native woman indulges with the same persistence her vanity in this particular. Another abominable practice that obtains among English women is that of indulgence in spirituous liquors. Gin, rum, and Scotch whisky are freely taken by women of every class here. I suspect that if the

English houses were better heated there would be a much smaller demand for liquor. As it is, everybody drinks in order to keep warm.

Curious how perfumes are one day the fashion, and the next forgotten! A few years ago "Jockey Club" had many adorers; now it seems to be given over to elderly beaux and ladies who are a little bit nervous when the question of age comes in. Following it, there was a rage for Opopanax; then white rose received all the attention; after that, we suffocated under tuberose; this was succeeded by an ocean of violet; now we are all perfumed with white lilac, although the coming odor is said to be vervain, a most delicate scent, and one that at its best is really difficult to procure.

The craze for wearing wigs among English women is finding its imitation among fashionable women on this side the sea. They assign various reasons for adopting the custom, among the most general being the greater convenience and durability of their coiffures over those made up of natural hair. Women who have really fine hair object to the torturing processes of the curling-iron and hair-dressers' shears, now so universally used in arranging the stylish coiffure with its multiplicity of waves and curls. London women usually wear wigs the color of their own hair, so that they need not be confined to the constant wearing of them. Their chief use seems to be to carry them to the great halls and house parties, where it is not always convenient to take a maid. A great many of them appeared at the recent drawing-room, and, as an event so important as that would naturally fill the hair-dressers' parlors with anxious ladies and necessitate a great deal of waiting for service, one can understand the convenience of having one's hair sent home done up and ready the day before.

The divided skirt introduced by Lady Harborton in England finds comparatively few adherents among New York women (says the New York *Tribune's* Underwear Editor). The full plaited garment of silk, or pongee, is in two parts fitted over the limbs, but concealing them in excess of drapery. The greatest danger in the new dress arises from the tendency of silk to cling and the excess of drapery on a windy day to wind around the limbs and incumber the wearer in walking. A lady gives an amusing description of being wound up in her skirt while crossing the footpath of the Brooklyn Bridge. There was a stiff breeze blowing, and she suddenly found herself entangled in her winding skirts. Every effort she made to walk added to her embarrassment. She finally settled down to the belief that she would have to wait till the breeze calmed, but after a long struggle she reached land with crimson cheeks and a conviction that every one who saw her knew why she was hobbling in such a ridiculous way. It cured her as a dress reformer.

Paris is endeavoring to shake off its gloom, and fancy halls are in full swing. In former days, this kind of amusement always took place during carnival week. Lent is now the favorite time, although this is absolutely contrary both to tradition and to religious customs. Of course these things are not done in the Faubourg St. Germain; they take place in the financial world, where the Jews are lords, among artists and journalists, and in the world of literature, where religion is lukewarm. Fashion has this year adopted the mode of a uniform costume for fancy halls; some are exclusively composed of harlequins, male and female, Pierrots and Pierrottes, country-hoys and girls, clowns of both sexes, etc. The guests are at liberty to vary and improvise *ad infinitum*, so long as they keep to the compelled dress. At other times, it is one color which you are asked to keep to; for instance, a fancy hall of nothing but white, given in rooms hung with white stuffs, decorated with white towers, and lit with the white electric-light. For a hall of nothing but harlequins, black-silk stockings and black gloves are, on the contrary, absolutely necessary. The opera-halls have degenerated into low affairs, where no woman, even of the *demimonde*, can decently venture, and assemblies and masked balls given by newspapers have now become the fashion. The *Gil Blas*, the most highly spiced of the daily papers, has just given one to its subscribers. All one had to do to get an invitation was to present one's receipt. Of course the number of ladies who made use of this right was extremely limited. The editor of this paper had a quarrel with a young doctor during the evening, and at last said to him: "Sir, I am at home here, and all these people are my guests." To which the other answered: "I can not compliment you on your choice, sir; you receive a vulgar lot." The *Courrier Francais* is going to give a fancy hall at which the women only are to wear masks. . . . The foregoing is from the Paris letter of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*. The idea is not a bad one. Why do not some of our enterprising dailies here get up a hall—masked or fancy—on this plan? Print a coupon in a corner of the paper for an admission ticket; everybody who buys a paper gets a coupon—most of the dailies' readers, by the way, call it "keupon"; everybody with a coupon gets admission to the hall. It would not be *recherché*, but it would eternally knock de socks off'n de Four Hundred, hey, fatty? Wot do ye say?

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CHURCH ORGAN FOR SALE.

The fine two manual organ at present in use in the First Congregational Church in this city. Dimensions as now arranged, 25 feet wide, 10½ feet deep. Specifications will be furnished and particulars given on application to the organist, Samuel D. Mayer, 301 California Street, or to the undersigned. Immediate delivery can be made if desired.
IRA P. RANKIN, 127 First Street.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Walter Besant intends to visit this country next summer. He will come as far west as San Francisco.

"Ouida's" new novel is to be called "Syriln."

"The World's Desire" is the name of the novel upon which Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang have been collaborating for some time past. It begins in the April *New Review*. Let us hope that Mr. Haggard furnished the plot and Mr. Lang the literary dressing.

The directors of the Vatican Library and archives are to begin the publication of a periodical which will contain selections from the rare and unpublished documents in the library.

A New York paper, *Once a Week*, recently offered a prize for a contest among its readers on "best novels"—the "best" to be determined by those having the largest number of votes. The first prize has been awarded to Miss Alice S. Wolf, 1707 Geary Street, San Francisco, Cal., for the following answer:

1.—The best Sensational Novel?—"The Woman in White."
2.—The best Historical Novel?—"Ivanhoe."
3.—The best Dramatic Novel?—"The Count of Monte Cristo."
4.—The best Domestic Novel?—"The Vicar of Wakefield."
5.—The best Marine Novel?—"Mr. Midshipman Easy."
6.—The best Country-Life Novel?—"Adam Bede."
7.—The best Military Novel?—"Ben Hur."
8.—The best Religious Novel?—"The Pilgrim's Progress."
9.—The best Political Novel?—"The Scarlet Letter."
10.—The best Novel written for a purpose?—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."
11.—The best Imaginative Novel?—"She."
12.—The best Pathetic Novel?—"The Old Curiosity Shop."
13.—The best Humorous Novel?—"The Pickwick Papers."
14.—The best Irish Novel?—"Handy Andy."
15.—The best Scotch Novel?—"The Heart of Midlothian."
16.—The best English Novel?—"The Vicar of Wakefield."
17.—The best American Novel?—"The Scarlet Letter."
18.—The best novel of all?—"Vanity Fair."

Edwin L. Bynner's *Atlantic* story, "The Begum's Daughter," will be published in book form in May, by Little, Brown & Co., with attractive illustrations. "The Begum," one of the chief characters, is said to have actually lived and died in New York.

The day after Browning's death, a speculator bought up the entire edition of his last book, then just from the press, and made a large sum by sales of copies at extravagant prices.

William Black's new novel is to be called "Stand Fast, Craig-Royston," and the characters will include several Scotch persons and two representatives of the United States. The novel will appear serially.

In one of the April magazines is an article on "American Literary Comedians," of which the *Nation* says:

In some hundreds of writers, since the dawn of letters upon this continent, are mentioned and properly classified to the bewilderment of the mind. The richness of American humor in the multitude of its servants could receive no better illustration, nor the brevity of their literary fame be more forcibly brought home, than in these catalogues of the purveyors of laughter, which read like voting lists.

The *Critic* says that the Boston Publishing Co., whose offer of a prize for a short story was widely noticed in the press last summer, has gone to pieces, and that many an author is looking in vain for the return of his manuscript.

Mr. Rider Haggard's Icelandic romance, to be published next year, has for hero a yeoman, whose early life is spent among the Icelandic mountains, but who finally turns viking.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Rev. Herbert D. Ward have collaborated in a novel which Houghton, Mifflin & Co., will publish shortly. It is entitled "The Master of the Magicians," and deals with court life in Babylon six hundred years before Christ. The prophet Daniel is the hero.

Concerning the school-book trust, the *Critic* says: The four leading school-book houses of the country—Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., A. S. Barnes & Co., and Iverson, Blakeman & Co., of New York, and Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., of Cincinnati—who, by long years of industry, frugality, and a conscientious regard for the public interest, have acquired a modest competency, have decided to retire from active business, and to turn over their respective interests to a new company, the American School-Book Company. The four firms above named—who publish three-fourths of all the school-books used in the country—have heretofore employed a very large number of agents, whose offensive and defensive work has not always been an unalloyed blessing to the community.

A Novelty in Magazines.

Short Stories is the name of the new monthly issued by the Current Literature Publishing Company, of New York. It is a long duodecimo in form, evidently made to slip easily into a pocket or traveling-bag, has a tasteful cover of glazed white paper, and is clearly and well printed. Each number contains twenty-five short stories, original, translated, and reprinted from English and American books, magazines, and papers, among which are some called "Etchings," described as prose sonnets, *genre* word-pictures, framed incidents, and limited to three hundred words or so. In the table of contents the character of each story is specified. An idea of the range may be had from the following excerpts from the list of tales in the first number (June, 1890): "An Odd Sort of Spectre—Ghastly"; "To the Hilt: A Case in Surgery—Dramatic" (reprinted from the *Argonaut*, where it appeared as "A Strange Case in Surgery," by W. C. Morrow); "The Dead Ship—Sea"; "The Tale of a Toll-Bridge—Love"; "Dead and Gone—Weird"; "The Story of the May Bug—Insane"; "The Two Tear-Drops—Pathetic";

"Bill Hempsey's Recital—Brutal"; "Doing Up Julius Caesar—Humorous"; and "Bluette's Looking-Glass—Fairy." The success of *Current Literature* would be a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of *Short Stories*, both being originated and controlled by Fred M. Somers, if more were needed than this admirable first issue. It sells at 25 cents, "twenty-five stories for twenty-five cents" being the motto of the new magazine.

New Publications.

"The Dominant Seventh," by Kate Elizabeth Clark, is a very musical story. The characters are all enthusiastic musicians, amateur or professional; they play music, discuss music, and use musical similes in their most ordinary talk; and in one climax the author drops mere words and continues the story in the music-score of a duet for violin and piano. The violin is played by an Italian who plays for a living and has a secret sorrow; the pianist is an American girl, one of a family of wealthy and enthusiastic amateurs. Ferranti, the Italian, rehearses often with the McChesneys—the girl's people—and falls in love with her as she does with him. But his secret sorrow is an insane wife in Italy, and he can not confess his love. A jealous Franco-Russian, also musical and also in love with the girl, introduces an element of tragedy, and the three or four remaining characters are cleverly drawn. It is a plain little story, but its musical setting gives it an individual charm. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, 50 cents.

"The Craze of Philip Engelhart," an original American novel by Henry Faulkner Darnell, has been issued in the Town and Country Library published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

The copyright having expired, a reprint has been issued of "A History of the Conquest of Peru," by William H. Prescott. It is in two volumes, and contains, beside the text, reproductions of the steel-plate portraits that adorned the original edition. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$2.00 per set.

"The Danvers Jewels," an English story in which robbery, a stern parent, and a railway disaster play prominent parts, has been issued in the Globe Library published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company and by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 25 cents.

"On the Chafing-Dish" is a little book containing twenty-seven recipes for the preparation of dainty and inexpensive dishes on the chafing-dish, with a preface laudatory of the favorite utensil for amateur cooks and an epilogue in which some advice is given on the matter of salads. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Caesar's Column: A Story of the Twentieth Century," by Edmund Boisgilbert, is another of the books that would picture the future from the tendencies of the present. The author believes that the civilization of the world is on the high-road to destruction, and would warn his readers by showing the catastrophe which is the consequence of the present course. Published by F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers.

"Life Inside the Church of Rome," by M. Frances Clare Cusick, is an exposure of the evils and abuses of the Catholic Church as they appear to one who has stood high in the church. The author is well known under her sobriquet of "The Nun of Kenmare." Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, \$1.75.

"American Farms: Their Condition and Future," by J. R. Elliott, an examination into the social and economic side of the subject and an attempt to point out the remedy for the present degenerate condition, is published in the Questions of the Day Series by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, \$1.25.

"Captain Cook," by Walter Besant, and "Peterborough," by William Stebbing, are the latest issues of the English Men of Action Series. Mr. Besant has had all plain sailing in his life of the poor farmer's son who became a great navigator; Captain Cook was a man of simple and honest character, and the incidents of his career are recorded in many annals. Mr. Stebbing has had a more complex character to treat in Lord Peterborough, and has made an intelligent and impartial estimate of the man. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, 60 cents each.

McCarty's "Annual Statistician."

The fourteenth edition of "The Annual Statistician and Economist," prepared by L. P. McCarty, has just been issued, bringing the record up to the first day of April, 1890. This work deservedly ranks among the foremost statistical publications of the world, and is the most useful and valuable to Californians inasmuch as it treats most fully of local topics, as do Macmillan's "Year Book" of English affairs, the "American Almanac" of United States and New York affairs, etc. It is by no means a local publication, however; it summarizes the history of mankind—in war, politics, religion, education,

science, and material progress—in wonderfully brief space, and it is so systematically arranged that, by table of contents or index, one may find almost any desired information on the widest possible range of knowledge at a moment's notice. It is arranged in four divisions: The United States, the political and military history of the Union, the *personnel* of the government, the distribution of population, and statistics of production, of illiteracy, of immigration, of export and import, etc.; The World, in which the other political divisions of the globe are similarly analyzed, though not so minutely; The Practical, giving tables of mensuration, rapid methods of calculation, values of coins, and other facts about material things; and The Miscellany, in which are crowded what information could not well be included in the other chapters. As the "Annual Statistician" is issued between March and June each year, it can summarize the reports of officials and other important sources of information which are not available for similar publications which appear soon after the end of the year, and to indicate the compiler's assiduity in his task, it may be mentioned that a leaf has been inserted in the present volume supplementing the record of events with a list of "principal occurrences while binding," including February and March. Published by L. P. McCarty, San Francisco; for sale by the booksellers; price, red cloth, \$4.00; black leather, \$5.00.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

The London *Times* is seriously considering the reduction of the price of the paper from threepence to a penny. It is about the last of the London papers to stick to the old price, and it would probably not think of reducing it now but for the dreadful way in which its circulation has run down in the last year or so. The *Morning Post*, the last of the London papers to reduce its price, has been prospering wonderfully ever since, and this encourages the *Times* people. The *Times*, which has for some time been managed jointly by the two sons of John Walter, is now in charge of a new manager, Moberly Bell, who was formerly the representative of the *Times* at Cairo, and has been credited with having forced the English Government to the bombardment of Alexandria.

With Easter week, the *Illustrated American* reached its eighth number, and it is now generally conceded that as a specimen of fine printing and for profuseness and beauty of illustration, there is no publication in the world to equal it.

Women have started in London a paper called the *Women's Penny Paper*, and are making a fuss because their representative, a woman, was denied admission to the press-gallery of the House of Commons. The sergeant-at-arms refused the admission upon the literally true ground that there was no room, but the women assert that she would not have been admitted even had there been room, and upon that issue the fight is fought.

Nevada has lost two newspapers since last year. It has now but twenty-four.

A very remarkable blind man is William E. Cramer, proprietor-editor for more than forty years of the Milwaukee *Evening Wisconsin*. He lost both sight and hearing when a boy. He dictates editorials daily, and has the leading journals read to him by the audiophone. He has traveled extensively in this country, South America, and Europe, in company with his wife, and knows much of them.

During the last five months no less than twenty-three new weeklies, fortnightlies, and monthlies have been started in New York.

Zoe is a new biological journal published in this city on the last day of each month. It aims to be the organ of amateur and working naturalists in Western America, and is edited by Frank H. Vasilis.

The new State of Washington has one hundred and forty-six newspapers, and Oregon has but one hundred and thirty-three.

WEDDING

INVITATIONS AND CARDS.

PIERSON & ROBERTSON

126 POST STREET,

Between Grant Avenue and Kearny Street,

JUST READY:

DRAMATIC OPINIONS

By MRS. KENDAL

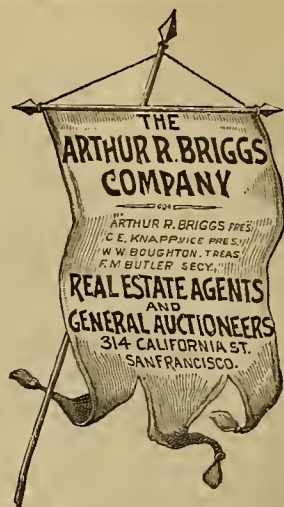
16mo. Paper, 50 cents; or in cloth, gilt top, with Portrait of Mrs. Kendal, \$1.00.

These entertaining anecdotes and impressions of the famous English actress, MRS. KENDAL (Madge Robertson, sister of T. W. Robertson, the dramatist), which have been running through *Albany's Magazine*, are issued in America in a collected form by special arrangement with the author, and with a new preface.

For sale by all dealers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers

254 Washington St., Boston.



AT AUCTION

THURSDAY, May 1, 1890,

70 FINE

Residence Lots

— IN THE —

BREWER ESTATE,

THE VERY BEST PORTION OF

SAN MATEO

— ALSO, THE —

Magnificent Modern Villa Residence of Mr. H. R. Judah.

This portion of the Brewer property is beyond question the most desirable suburban residence property ever offered at public sale in California. It was purchased by the present owner, Rev. Alfred Lee Brewer, many years ago, when he founded his well-known school, St. Matthew's Hall. His purpose being to control through ownership the surroundings to his school and church.

The immediate vicinity has become the most highly improved and

ARISTOCRATIC QUARTER OF SAN MATEO,

And the property is now surrounded by many beautiful homes and charming residences.

The lots front on Baldwin, Griffith, St. Matthew's, Tilton, and Ellsworth Avenues and the County Road. Every lot is within three to five minutes' walk of the depot.

The Baldwin Avenue Lots

Are opposite the beautiful Church of St. Matthew (Episcopal) and the charming grounds of St. Matthew's Hall.

The County Road Lots

Face the highly ornamented grounds and magnificent residence of Mr. H. P. Bowie.

The St. Matthew's Avenue Lots

Are all most desirable building sites and centrally located.

The Griffith Avenue Lots

Have the advantage of fronting on one of the most beautiful thoroughfares in the State.

The Tilton Avenue Lots

Are opposite the Congregational Church, and are surrounded by many fine modern residences.

The Ellsworth Avenue Lots

Are nearest the depot; are large and unexcelled for residence purposes.

EVERY LOT IS CHOICE! ALL ARE DESIRABLE!

The Sale will be without reserve or limit.

TERMS—25 per cent. cash; 25 per cent in one year, 25 per cent. in two years, and 25 per cent. in three years, with interest at 6 per cent. per annum; 10 per cent. deposit will be required at time of sale; balance of cash payment within 30 days thereafter.

H. R. JUDAH'S RESIDENCE,

Which will be offered at this sale, is a

Handsome Modern House

Of eleven rooms and bath, with all modern improvements. This house is located on Griffith Avenue, corner of St. Matthew's Avenue, and between Tilton and Baldwin Avenues.

Large lot, 100x300. Grounds highly ornamented and in excellent condition.

EXCURSION

— TO —

SAN MATEO,

THURSDAY, May 1, 1890.

On the occasion of this auction sale, a SPECIAL EXCURSION TRAIN will leave San Francisco, from depot corner Third and Townsend Streets, at 11 A. M.

Round-trip tickets only 50 cts.

For tickets and full particulars, call on

THE ARTHUR R. BRIGGS CO.,

Auctioneers,

314 California St., S. F.

SOCIETY.

The Fair Dinner-Party.

The departure of Miss Florence Hafl for New York last Monday was made the occasion, on the evening previous, of an elaborate dinner, which Mrs. Theresa Fair gave in her honor at her residence on Pine Street. It was a charming affair in every way. The decorations in the dining-room were greatly admired, very pretty effects in pink and green being produced. A large basket overflowing with pink-petaled La France roses was suspended from the chandelier over the table, while ribbons of pink and green silk gracefully traced their way from it through the air to each end of the table, where the streamers were lost in wreaths of white lilacs and delicate ferns. The ladies received name-cards of heavy white paper crumpled in odd shapes to resemble fans. They were tinted with green at the edges, and thrust through each was a cluster of bright blossoms. The cards for the gentlemen were smaller, but of the same material, and held a La France rose, which was used as a boutonniere. Noah Brandt's orchestra played sweet selections during the service of the sumptuous menu, and the after-dinner hours were also enlivened by music and conversation until almost midnight. Those present were:

Mrs. Theresa Fair, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, Miss Fair, Miss Florence Hafl, Miss Virginia Hanchett, Miss Gertrude Hyde, Mr. E. P. Hafl, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. William R. Sherwood, and Mr. George Hall.

The Bancroft High Tea.

For the first time in seven years, Mrs. Hubert H. Bancroft was able to entertain her many friends in her own residence, 1298 Van Ness Avenue, on Saturday afternoon, April 12th, when she gave a high tea there in honor of Mrs. Oliver S. Carter and Miss Carter, of New York, who are visiting here. The Bancroft residence has been occupied for years by Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, but as they are going to Europe, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft decided that they would once more reside there. All of the apartments were lighted by gas and standing lamps, a string orchestra played concert music in the hall, and upon all sides were seen lovely blossoms of many varieties and hues, which gave their perfume and beauty to the ornate surroundings. Mrs. Bancroft had the assistance in receiving of Mrs. and Miss Carter, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Kittle, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Hutton, and Miss Green, of Trenton, N. J. There were several hundred visitors between four and seven o'clock, and many stayed later to enjoy the dancing, which formed one of the pleasures of the affair. Refreshments were bounteously served during the afternoon and evening, and the hostess made the hours very agreeable for her guests.

The Smith Lunch-Party.

Miss Belle Smith entertained a party of nine young ladies at luncheon, at her residence on Buchanan Street, on the afternoon of April 12th. The affair was given in honor of Miss Fair and Miss Florence Hafl, and afforded them and those who were invited to meet them several hours of enjoyment. An elegant lamp with a pink shade ornamented the centre of the table, and around it were scattered pink howls which held Ruhra begonias with bronze-green leaves. The effect of pink and green was heightened by the artistic arrangement of silken ribbons of those shades. The glow of lamp-light mellowed by colored shades afforded illumination for the apartment. The repast was a delicious one, and the bostess charmingly entertained her guests. Those present were:

Miss Belle Smith, Miss Fair, Miss Florence Hafl, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Lillie O'Connor, Miss Lillie Brush, Miss Marie Voorhis, Miss Virginia Hanchett, Miss Florence Reed, and Miss Eloise Forman, of Los Angeles.

The Fitch-Moore Wedding.

Miss May Flora Moore, youngest daughter of Dr. George A. Moore, president of one of the local insurance companies, was married last Tuesday afternoon to Mr. George W. Fitch, of New York. The wedding was very quietly celebrated, as only relatives were present. Rev. George W. Izer officiated, and Mr. Charles B. Langley, brother-in-law of the bride, gave her away. Miss Hattie Baker was the maid of honor and Mr. Will S. Moore acted as best man. After the ceremony, a delicious repast was enjoyed. The happy couple were the recipients of many elegant gifts. On Wednesday evening, they departed for Worthington, Minn., where they will reside for the next two years.

The Fair Lunch-Party.

Miss Fair gave a charming lunch-party recently in honor of Miss Eloise Forman, of Los Angeles. The dining-table was covered with heliotrope-colored rath, edged with lace, and was prettily decorated with lilacs and set with elegant service. Several ours were devoted to the enjoyment of the delicacies provided. Those present were:

Miss Fair, Miss Eloise Forman, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Elsie Kelly, Miss Etie Rising, Miss Lillie O'Connor, and Miss Mary Bowen.

The King Dinner-Party.

In celebration of the sixteenth anniversary of their wedding Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King gave a dinner-party at their residence, 1001 Leavenworth

Street, and invited Colonel and Mrs. J. D. Fry, Mrs. Frances Edgerton, and Major J. A. Darling, U. S. A., to join them in its pleasures. The dining-table sustained a pretty floral decoration and an elaborate menu was served.

A Birthday Supper-Party.

Mr. M. H. de Young invited a party of friends to the opera last Monday evening, and afterward invited them to a restaurant, where an elegant supper awaited them. This was all a surprise to Mrs. de Young, in whose special honor the supper was given in order to celebrate the anniversary of her birth, which came on that day. Covers were laid for fourteen, and the table was beautified by an array of lovely La France roses in vases at either end, baskets of peonies and lilacs and other fragrant bloom, which were displayed here and there. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, Mrs. M. Deane, Mrs. Thornburg, Mrs. William H. Smith, Mrs. Carpenter, of Los Angeles, Miss Mamie Deane, Miss Belle Smith, Mr. Preston Hix, Mr. Donald DeV. Graham, Mr. Richard Tobin, and Mr. J. J. Deane.

The Charity Kettledrum.

A kettledrum was given at Union Square Hall last Wednesday evening by the managers of the Maria Kip Orphanage, for the purpose of adding to the funds of the treasury. Socially and financially the affair was a marked success. The hall was attractively decorated with palms, ferns, smilax, and colored streamers of bunting, while at the sides were handsomely arranged hothouses where flowers, hothouses, and fancy articles were sold. In the adjoining dining-hall refreshments were served. Dancing was the feature of the evening, the floor being under the charge of Mr. Edward M. Greenway. The flowers, music, hall, and in fact almost everything connected with the affair were contributed, among the donors being Mrs. Leland Stanford, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Eaton, and Colonel Bartlett, U. S. A.

Miss Lake's School.

The preparatory department of Miss Lake's school gave an entertainment at Saratoga Hall on Friday evening before a fashionable audience. The programme comprised twenty-two numbers, and was quite interesting. There were songs, recitations, an exhibition by Mrs. Edgerton's class in physical culture, exercise with Indian clubs by Mrs. Deal's class, and other features which proved very entertaining.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent San Franciscans:

Miss Mary R. Masten, Miss Jennie F. Masten, and Miss Alice H. Masten, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Masten, of Oakland, have arrived in Paris after a pleasant voyage across the Atlantic on *La Champagne*. They will remain there three years, and during that time Miss Mary will finish her studies in water-colors, while her two younger sisters will attend school at Bazault Cordiers, Neuilly.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Manning are now residing in Portland, Or.

Miss Julia Ortiz has arrived safely in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan B. Butler, of Fresno, have been passing the week at the Fair Hotel.

Miss Virginia Hanchett is the guest of Mrs. J. B. Wright, at Sacramento.

Mrs. James F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton will pass the month of May in San Jose and the remainder of the season at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre are at Menlo Park for the season.

Mrs. Lucy Otis and Miss Helen Otis will pass the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Wooster and Mr. and Mrs. George H. T. Jackson have been enjoying a week's visit in the Napa Valley.

Sir Sidney and Lady Waterlow, Miss Alice Hamilton, and Dr. Sidney Hixson have arrived in New York.

Mr. W. J. Adams and his daughter, Mrs. Coon, have returned from a visit to New Orleans.

Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Mr. Walter L. Dean have been visiting Monterey.

Mrs. E. P. Buckingham came down from Vacaville recently to meet her cousin, Mrs. Charles Denby. She will remain here a few days longer, visiting friends, and then return to Lagunita Rancho.

Mrs. Charles Denby, wife of the United States Minister to China, who has been visiting her father in Indiana, sailed for China on the steamer *Oceanic* to rejoin her husband in Peking.

Judge J. D. Thornton and family are now located at the residence of Mrs. J. G. Owles, 1115 Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. J. H. Boalt is passing this month at Monterey and is accompanied by Miss Alice Boalt, who is recovering from a severe illness.

Mrs. William B. Collier has come down from Lakeport for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson will go to Europe in June, and will travel for several months.

Miss Maud O'Connor, who is visiting Mrs. John P. Jones in Washington, D. C., will remain East during most of the summer season.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Tatum will pass the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Eloise Forman, of Los Angeles, is in the city on a visit to friends.

Mr. E. P. Hafl and Miss Florence Hafl returned to New York last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Walker, who have been passing the winter here, will return to Washington Territory next Wednesday.

Mr. Thomas J. Dillon, Miss Marie Dillon, and Miss Kate Dillon recently visited Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord have returned from a visit to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus D. Boruck and Miss Boruck were recent visitors at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ward returned from Australia on April 12th, and will leave for the East and Europe about May 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Neil Reis, *née* Brooks, have returned to the city from an extended tour of Europe.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury is entertaining Miss Hood, of Sonoma.

Mrs. Isaac Friedlander and the Misses Friedlander have been at Santa Cruz during the past week.

General W. H. Dimond and the Misses Dimond have returned from a visit to Coronado and other southern points.

Mrs. A. A. Nickerson and the Misses Maud and Myra Nickerson, who have been in Germany for a year and a half, will leave Munich about June 1st to return here.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Lytle have gone to Arizona on a visit of several weeks' duration.

Mrs. S. F. Thorn has been spending the week at Craig-

thoro, Santa Cruz Mountains, accompanied by Hon. Edward Curtis, Major Philip Gordon, and Miss Bessie Sedgwick. Mrs. A. W. Scott and Mr. A. W. Scott, Jr., have gone to Southern California for the benefit of Mrs. Scott's health.

Judge and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, of Sacramento, are in the city on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa have left Piedmont to make an Eastern trip and will be away several months.

Miss Belle Cohn is visiting friends in New York, and in a couple of weeks will depart for Europe.

Mr. Morgan McMullin has returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmitz have returned from an enjoyable visit at Santa Barbara.

Miss Eugenia Ferrer has gone to Denver with Mr. and Mrs. Deakin, and will be away about two months.

Mrs. F. L. Castle, Miss Eva Castle, Mr. Arthur Castle, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks, and Mr. Joseph Livingston are in London.

Mr. C. P. Huntington and Mr. A. N. Towne have gone to Northern California and Oregon to inspect the railway system.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker are crossing the Atlantic Ocean en route to Europe.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Flint, of San Juan, are at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. Frank S. Johnson left for the East on Sunday last.

Notes and Gossip.

The officers at the Presidio gave a hop there last Tuesday evening, which was well attended. The hop-room was neatly decorated, and the usual excellent music was provided.

The Kermesse, which will be given at Union Square Hall on Monday evening, May 5th, for the benefit of the French Ladies' Relief Society, is interesting many of our prominent society people and the indications are that it will be an unqualified success. The young ladies are rehearsing the national dances constantly and are quite proficient in them now. The affair is worthy of much encouragement, which it is hoped it will obtain.

Mrs. M. H. de Young gave a charming lunch-party recently, at her residence on California Street, in honor of Mrs. Nelson A. Miles. The others present who enjoyed her hospitality were: Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Mrs. Lucius Booth, Mrs. M. Deane, and Miss Deane.

The farewell hop of this season at the Presidio will be held on Tuesday evening, April 29th.

ART NOTES.

Miss Elizabeth Strong, a former pupil of the Art School, who has been studying in Paris for half-a-dozen years or more, has returned to America, and is now in Boston, where a collection of her paintings has been exhibited. Of the collection, the Boston *Evening Transcript*, of April 7th, says:

A collection of thirty-eight paintings of animals by Miss Elizabeth Strong is exhibited (April 21 to 23) in the gallery of the St. Poltoph Club, 2 Newbury Street. About one-half of the pictures belong to the artist, and the rest are lent by the Electric Club, New York, the Roxbury Club, Mrs. S. H. Cone, Mr. T. N. Vail, Mr. A. A. Pope, Mr. George Stoddard, Mr. William White, Mr. Asa Potter, Miss Lucy Derby, Mr. Samuel Bryan, Washington, Mr. Irving Evans, and the Misses Pope. Miss Strong as a painter of animals may be said to stand near those distinguished exemplars of the English and French schools, Sir Edwin Landseer and Mme. Rosa Bonheur. She possesses, in common with them, that affection and sympathy for the animals which inspires any worthy attempt to portray them and which is a requisite sentiment in the painter who undertakes to describe the life of the brute creation. Add to this wholesome impulse the most indomitable perseverance in study, and the conditions of success are not far from being fulfilled. Dogs are the commonest subjects for Miss Strong's pencil, and there is little that is amiable, admirable, or amusing in the external or internal aspects of canine nature which she does not manage to reveal on canvas. Her portraits of dogs (*vide* Nos. 2, 16, 21, 25, 26, 31, 32) have as much of character, of expression, and of individuality in them as any group of respectable portraits of men and women; she goes straight to the mark in these likenesses, and reads the intimate quality of her sitters. How lovely are many of the traits of the dogs that she brings out, and how they rebuke mankind! Six of the paintings have been hung in the Paris Salon exhibitions since 1885, when "Waiting for the Master" (1) was shown. This represents two well-bred dogs at the gate of a country-seat, with an air of repressed expectation which is deftly expressed by their glances and attitudes. "In Full Cry" (19) is the most striking work in the collection, because it describes with a scientific minuteness the action of two hounds (famous ones, painted from life) leading the pack through a field in the fullest excitement and strain of the chase. Mogadore and Jupiter, the models, are the St. Ange hounds which took the first prizes at the London and Paris bench-shows, and the Roxbury Club is to be congratulated upon the possession of such a stirring tableau of speed, endurance, and pursuing ardor. "The Comrades" (10) is a touching pictorial embodiment and illustration of the faithfulness and devotion of the dog; a child has fallen asleep in an easy-chair, and the typical dog Tray of the story takes up the post of sentinel, nurse, and friend, so natural to his race, awaiting in humble, patient, honest steadfastness the joyous moment of awakening and the signal for the renewal of sport. Such are the principal pages of a memorable exhibition, which is arousing, as it ought, an unusual degree of interest.

The spring exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association will open next Tuesday evening, when the members and their friends will have a private view of the exhibit. It will continue open for a month.

A movement of great importance and interest to horticulture throughout California and, indeed, the United States was inaugurated at a meeting held at the State Horticultural Society's rooms on Thursday, April 17th. The purpose of the meeting, which was largely attended by influential men, was to further the scheme of the national registration of plants, and measures were taken which will do much to achieve this laudable purpose.

At a recent great ball at the Russian court, all the ladies appeared in white, without any other ornament than diamonds, pearls, and their own beauty. The empress herself was present, and danced in nearly every dance. The scene is said to have been marvelously beautiful. The White Room in the Winter Palace, where the ball was held, is so large that three thousand persons danced there with ease.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Beware of Imitations.

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These two gentlemen and The Bancroft Company have every reason to be proud of their efforts in producing this third edition, and merit the unbounded thanks of all who are contemplating the study of short-hand for the great amount of labor involved in a work of this kind.

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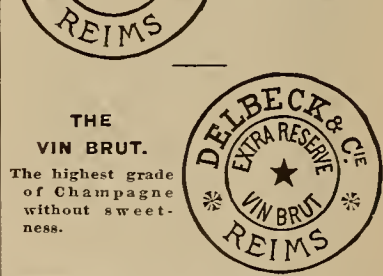
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"I think your picture is just heavenly!" "Perhaps that is why it is skyed."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Regret for the good thing unsaid never equals after-mortification for the supposed good thing that falls flat.—*Puck.*

She—"Miss Rodney always looks well for one who has so little to dress on." He—"Yes, she is rather thin."—*Life.*

Ellowly (consulting his watch)—"Is your watch going, Brownly?" Brownly (despondently)—"Going? It's gone."—*Pick-me-Up.*

"Will you marry me, Ethel?" said the youth; "my family is all that one could wish for—" "Then why do you want me?"—*Life.*

"Come and dine with me to-morrow." "Afraid I must decline—I'm going to see 'Hamlet.'" "Never mind—bring him with you!"—*Scraps.*

Hackman—"Is the doctor at home?" Bridget—"Yes, sir; he's out in the back-yard killing a chicken." Hackman—"Call 'im in, I've got bigger game."—*Puck.*

Mrs. Abrams—"An' so your poor, tear husband es det. Vas he resignet?" Mrs. Isaacs—"Yah, he vas villings to go. He said dere vas no moneys in der cloding peesness nowatays."—*Puck.*

Mamma—"Mamie, you mustn't read the paper in the twilight. You'll hurt your sight." Mamie—"I just want to finish this article." Mamma—"What is it about?" Mamie—"The care of the eyes."—*EPOCH.*

"And is that Liberty?" asked the immigrant, pointing to the statue as the vessel entered the harbor. "Yes," said the sailor, "that is Liberty." "Then give me death!" cried the immigrant, and he jumped overboard.—*New York Sun.*

"George," she said, after she had promised to be his wife, "please don't announce our engagement until next week." "Why not, darling?" he asked, tenderly. "Because I'm going to the theatre with Henry on Friday night."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"I have here a story, a sort of fiction, founded on fact," said the young man, demurely entering the sanctum. "We are over-stocked with stories such as that," observed the editor, hackways; "what we want are stories of fact, founded on fiction."—*Light.*

Miss Rosebud—"Have you read 'How Men Propose,' Miss Passée?" Miss Passée—"Yes. What nonsensical trash it is! So improbable!" Miss Rosebud—"Impossible? Oh, no! Why, every one of the hundred and forty-six proposals in that book is perfectly real."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Householder—"What's all that racket at the front door?" Servant—"Please, sir, it's the new telegraph company as wants to know if they can remove the water-fountain in the door-yard." Householder—"Remove the fountain! What for?" Servant—"To put up a telegraph-pole."—*Chicago Times.*

Elderly party (to small boy)—"Come, my little man, I guess you'll let me have your seat?" Small boy—"Guess again." Elderly party—"What! You won't give it up? Wouldn't you give it up to your father if he came in?" Small boy—"You just het your life I would. I wouldn't ride with no ghost."—*Society.*

"Come, general," said Miss Rosebud, "tell us the story of your achievements in the field. I do so love to hear you talk of yourself." "And my reward?" asked the veteran. "A kiss," returned the girl. "Well," ejaculated the green-eyed civilian, who was calling, "that is a case of giving a kiss for a blow."—*Puck.*

"What is the matter with that baby?" growled an irascible husband, as the little one persisted in howling and kicking to the extent of its little might. "The matter is, sir," calmly replied the wife, as she strode up and down the floor, "the matter is that this baby inherits your temper." And the husband returned to his paper with a gloomier face than before.—*Boston Courier.*

Minnie—"I wonder what ever became of Jennie Smart, who took first prize in our graduating class?" Mamie—"Why, don't you know? She wrote an article on 'The Degradation of American Womanhood,' got one thousand dollars for it from a magazine, went into Wall Street, made a fortune, and went to Europe and bought one of the sweetest little princes you ever saw!"—*Terre Haute Express.*

For the third time little Tommy Figg had asked his father what was the cause of the desert of Sahara. Finally, the old man laid down his paper and answered: "I reckon it was formed when the Israelites lost their sand; and if you don't quit asking me so many questions, I'll see that your mother puts you to bed before I get home hereafter." "But, paw, how can you see her put me to bed if she puts me to bed before you get home?" And that question was Tommy's last—for that evening.—*Terre Haute Express.*

"Mr. Smith," said the professor, who had had his eye on Mr. Smith for some time, "what is the Aurora

Borealis?" "I—I—I did know, professor," stammered the inattentive Mr. Smith; "but I've forgotten." "Great heavens, gentlemen!" exclaimed the professor, turning to his class; "this is the most serious blow that science has received in the nineteenth century. Here is the only man in this wide world who ever knew what the Aurora Borealis is—and he has forgotten!"—*Puck.*

A SONG OF THE GUNS.

[The monster guns built for the British Navy are proving worse than useless. Their immense weight diminishes the speed and seaworthiness of the vessels, the recoil after each discharge weakens and frequently fractures the decks, and if in an engagement the ship was not shaken to pieces after a few shots, the guns would become so hot that they could not be loaded more than two or three times in an hour. Recent demonstration of these facts has evoked from the *St. James's Gazette* the following:]

THE BALLAD OF THE "CLAMPHERDOWN."

It was our war-ship *Clampherdown*,
Would sweep the channel clean,
Wherefore she kept her hatches close
When the merry channel chops arose,
To save the bleached marine.

There was one bow-gun of a hundred ton,
And a great stern-gun beside;
They dipped their noses deep in the sea,
They racked their stays and stanchions free,
In the wash of the wind-whipped tide.

It was our war-ship *Clampherdown*,
Fell in with a cruiser tight,
That carried the dainty Hockkiss gun
And a pair o' heels wherewith to run,
From the grip of a close-fought fight.

They opened fire at seven miles—
As ye shoot at a bobbing cork—
And once they fired and twice they fired,
And the bow-gun drooped like a lily tired,
That tolls upon the stalk.

"Captain, the bow-gun melts away,
The deck-beams break below—
'Twere well to rest for an hour or twain,
And botch the shattered plates again,"
And he answered, "Make it so."

They opened fire within the mile—
As ye shoot at the flying duck—
And the great stern-gun shot fair and true,
With the heave of the ship, to the stainless blue,
And the great stern-turret stuck.

"Captain, the turret fills with steam,
The feed-pipes burst below—
You can hear the hiss of the helpless ram,
You can hear the twisted runners jam,"
And he answered, "Turn and go!"

It was our war-ship *Clampherdown*,
And grimly did she roll;
Swung round to take the cruiser's fire
As the White Whale faces the Thresher's ire,
When they war by the frozen Pole.

"Captain, the shells are falling fast,
And faster still fall we;
And it is not met for English stock
To wait, in the heart of an eight-day clock,
The death they can not see."

"Lie down, lie down, my bold A. B.,
We drift upon her beam;
We dare not ram, for she will run;
And dare ye fire another gun,
And die in the peeling steam?"

It was our war-ship *Clampherdown*
That bore an armor-belt;
But fifty feet at stern and bow
Lay bare as the paunch of the purser's sow,
To the hail of the Nordenfolt.

"Captain, they pierce the bow-plates through;
The chilled-steel bolts are swift!
We have emptied the bunkers in open sea,
Their shrapnel bursts where our coal should be,"
And he answered, "Let her drift."

It was our war-ship *Clampherdown*,
Swung round upon the tide,
Her two dumb guns glared south and north,
And the blood and the bubbling steam ran forth,
And she ground the cruiser's side.

"Captain, they cry the fight is done;
They bid you send your sword,"
And he answered, "Grapple her stern and bow,
They have asked for the steel. They shall have it
now;
Out cutlasses, and board!"

It was our war-ship *Clampherdown*,
Spewed up four hundred men;
And the scalded stokers yelped delight,
As they rolled in the waist and heard the fight,
Rave o'er their steel-walled pen.

They cleared the cruiser end to end,
From conning-tower to hold,
They fought as they fought in Nelson's fleet;
They were stripped to the waist, they were bare of
the feet,
As it was in the days of old.

It was the sinking *Clampherdown*
Heaved up her battered side—
And carried a million pounds in steel,
To the cod and the corpse-fed conger-eel,
And the scour of the Channel tide.

It was the crew of the *Clampherdown*
Stood out to sweep the sea,
On a cruiser won from an ancient foe,
As it was in the days of long ago,
And as it still shall be.

SOMETHING NEW
— IN —
Carpets,
Furniture,
— AND —
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Intending purchasers should examine our new Spring Stock.

Through our New York connection we have better facilities than any other Pacific Coast House in our line.

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For Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver, etc.,
they ACT LIKE MAGIC, Strengthening the muscular System, restoring long-lost complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. One of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PROPRIETARY MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.
Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.
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Sole Agents for the United States, who if you send them your name, WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 25c. A BOX. (MENTION THIS PAPER.)

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

A despairing woman in London tried to kill herself and her child with laudanum. The child died, but the mother recovered, and a jury found her guilty of wilful murder.

At Calcutta and Bombay, when a rain-cloud crosses the sky, there is a rush for a rain-gambling establishment, and large amounts of money are deposited in wagers.

A Vienna baker is advertising his business by putting a gold ducat in one loaf out of every thousand that he bakes. The people in the poor suburb where his shop is situated fairly fight to buy the loaves.

A machine has been devised which goes by electricity and has a capacity of cutting and buttering seven hundred and fifty loaves of bread an hour. The butter is spread very thin by a cylindrical brush—so thin that a large saving of butter is guaranteed.

Carl Lumholtz, the naturalist, in his new book "Among Cannibals" (man-eating savages in the interior of Western Australia), says that the savages find the flesh of the white man too salty for their taste, but they are fond of vegetable-fed Chinamen.

Dr. Fothergill says of the air of London: Once on a time in and around the great city rose-culture was remunerative, but now the Highgate gardeners complain that they can no longer grow roses successfully. "They (the roses) no longer thrive in the impure air."

The number of gondoliers at Venice has been much diminished since the introduction of steam-launches in the canals which form its thoroughfares. The few gondoliers left in service, however,

are not complaining, as they receive better wages, through lack of competition in their own special line, and their sculling is much in demand by visitors.

"Strangers' cold" is a phenomenon to which several remote populations are subject. The presence of strangers among the descendants of the *Bounty* mutineers on Norfolk Island is almost invariably accompanied by an epidemic of influenza among the inhabitants.

Sometimes pure water may be bad water, so far as the building up of human structure goes. Glasgow spent millions and tapped Loch Katrine, but Loch Katrine water not having sufficient lime in it, children had "the rickets." The mainstay of the bone was wanting.

The Laccadive Islands are suffering from a plague of rats, which are destroying the cocoanut plantations. The islanders are treating the rats to a diet of rice, powdered with plaster-of-paris. When the rat drinks after eating, the plaster hardens and the rat becomes useless.

English papers published an account of two supposed earthquake shocks in the south-eastern part of England on January 7th. Subsequent inquiry has shown that the shocks were due to the firing of a 110-ton gun at Woolwich. The concussion was noticed at a distance of thirty-two miles.

The people of Great Britain swallow over five million five hundred thousand pills daily, or one pill a week for every person in the population. The pill consumption for one year would weigh one hundred and seventy-eight tons, and would fill thirty-six freight-cars, which would take two powerful locomotives to pull. Placed in a row the pills would reach nearly six thousand five hundred miles, or from Liverpool to New York and back again.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADEROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE
AUTOGRAPH OF
Stewart Hartshorn
OF
THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN

The first article advertised is said to have been in 1647. It was a religious book. The innovation did not take to any great extent, because those were not enterprising days. But in the 242 years since then, times have changed, and the advertisement has become one of the forces of civilization. From the beginning of the present century the development has been continuous, and within the last twenty years it has been greater than in all the previous history of the world. For instance, in 1867, when a tax was collected on advertisements, the annual expenditure for newspaper-advertising in the United States was nearly \$10,000,000. Now it is fully \$30,000,000 a year. The rates have advanced and the circulation has increased, and the newspaper has become the accepted medium for reaching the public.

One hundred thousand dollars a year for advertising is quite a sum to expend for the extension of the business of a single shoe-firm, yet that is what the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. will expend among the newspapers of the country this year. Orders for advertising to the amount of \$50,000 were sent out by this firm in one day early in January.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From April 13, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	12:45 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax.	4:45 P.
8:00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	Haywards and Niles.	11:15 A.
10:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	3:45 P.
12:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	8:45 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José.	6:00 A.
3:30 P.	2d class Ogden and East.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Stockton and Hamilton; Vallejo, Calistoga, and Niles.	10:45 P.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and San José.	8:45 A.
5:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East, Knight's Landing via Davis.	6:15 P.
6:00 P.	Haywards and Niles.	10:45 A.
6:00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.	7:45 A.
8:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	8:45 P.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Excursion train to Santa Cruz.	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	6:20 P.
2:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	11:20 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos, and Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:25 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:30 P.
8:30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, Santa Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:12 P.
10:30 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:02 P.
12:02 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3:38 P.
3:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	10:00 A.
4:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	7:58 A.
5:20 P.	San José and Way Stations.	9:03 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	7:28 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ¶ Mondays excepted.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., March 21, April 5, 20, May 5, 20, 30, June 4, 14, 19, 29.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M., For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M., For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M., For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 11 A. M., For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket office, 212 Montgomery Street.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA
San Juan. ... Wednesday, April 23, at 12 M.
Taking freight and passengers direct for Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Punta Arenas, and Panama.
This steamer will make a special call at Tonala.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:
City of Rio de Janeiro. ... April 26, at 3 P. M.
China. ... Wednesday, May 21, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking. ... Saturday, June 14, at 3 P. M.
Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & Co., Gen. Agents.
Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN
via
NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.
Commencing Sunday, April 6, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:
From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 4:20, 5:30, 6:30 P. M.
Extra trip on Sundays to Sausalito at 11:00 A. M.
From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 3:30, 5:00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 5:30 P. M.
From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:45, 9:30, 11:15 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 5:00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, 10:55 A. M.; 12:00, 1:15, 2:45, 4:00, 5:00, 6:05, 7:00 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6:30 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.
From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:55, 11:05 A. M.; 3:35, 5:12 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:12, 9:20, 10:10, 11:15 A. M.; 12:20, 1:40, 3:00, 5:15, 6:30 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6:38 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.
From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—8:15, 10:05, A. M.; 12:05, 2:15, 4:10, 5:40 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:45, 9:45, 10:40, 11:40 A. M.; 12:45, 1:55, 3:30, 4:40, 5:45, 6:50, 7:45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 7:10 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.
1.30 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 7:00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco at 3:35 P. M.
5.00 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Tomales and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Tomales daily (Sundays excepted) at 5:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco at 8:45 A. M.
8.00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 8:15 P. M., same day.
6.30 P. M., (Sundays only) from San Francisco for Tomales and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Tomales (Sundays only) at 6:00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 9:15 A. M.

EXCURSION TICKETS.
Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tamalpais, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.
Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Point Reyes, \$1.75; Tomales, \$2.00; Howard's, \$2.50; Lioness Mills and Cazadero, \$3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.
Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.
JNO. W. COLEMAN, F. B. LATHAM,
General Manager. Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 329 Pine Street.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY
THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, March 17, 1889, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

Leave San Francisco.	DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.
WEEK DAYS.		SUNDAYS.
7:40 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.		6:10 P. M.
5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.		6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.		6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	Guerneville.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.		6:05 P. M.
5:00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.		6:10 P. M.
5:00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Lake, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Blue Lakes, Willis, Cahto, Calpella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Litton Springs, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$7.75; to Guerneville, \$7.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.50.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Litton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 3:30, 5:15 P. M.; Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 5, 6:20 P. M.

To San Francisco from San Rafael: Week Days—6:20, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40 A. M.; 12:15, 3:40, 5 P. M.

To San Francisco from Point Tiburon: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.; Sundays—8:40, 10:05 A. M.; 12:40, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.

On Saturdays an extra trip will be made from San Francisco to San Rafael, leaving at 1:40 P. M.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager,
Ticket Offices at Ferry, 222 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

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Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 3 o'clock P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1890.
Gaelic. ... Thursday, May 8
Belgie. ... Tuesday, June 3
Oceanic. ... Thursday, June 26
Gaelic. ... Saturday, July 19
Belgie. ... Tuesday, August 12
Oceanic. ... Thursday, September 4
Gaelic. ... Saturday, September 27
Belgie. ... Tuesday, October 21
Oceanic. ... Thursday, November 13
Gaelic. ... Saturday, December 6
Belgie. ... Tuesday, December 30
Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No. 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.



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"TAKEN IN."

"I used often to read the newspaper aloud to my wife," said Bert Robinson, "and once I was fairly 'taken in' by a patent medicine advertisement. The seductive paragraph began with a modest account of the searper, but ended by setting forth the virtues of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which, it was alleged, was a sure cure for all Bronchial, Throat and Lung troubles, and would even cure Consumption, if taken in time. The way I was taken in was this: I had lung disease, and I bought a bottle of the remedy; I was a stranger to it, and it took me in—and cured me." Robinson's experience is identical with that of thousands of others. So true is this, that after witnessing, for many years, the marvelous cures of Bronchial, Throat and Lung affections wrought by this wonderful remedy, its manufacturers feel warranted in selling it as they are doing, through druggists, under a positive guarantee that, if taken in time and given a fair trial, it will relieve or cure in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded. No other remedy for such inala-

dies is sold under such trying conditions; no ordinary remedy could sustain itself under such a plan of sale.

For all chronic or lingering Coughs, Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Shortness of Breath, Asthma, and kindred ailments, it is a most potent remedy. While it cures these diseases it also cleanses the blood, invigorates the liver, improves digestion, and builds up both flesh and strength. Contains no alcohol to inebriate, no sugar or syrup to sour or ferment in the stomach and interfere with digestion. It is a concentrated, fluid, vegetable extract. Dose small and pleasant to taste. It stands alone in the field of medicine, and is as peculiar in its wonderful curative effects as in its composition. Therefore, don't be fooled into taking something recommended as "just as good." Bear in mind, it's the only Liver, Blood and Lung Remedy possessed of such transcendent curative properties as to warrant its manufacturers in selling it under a printed certificate of guarantee, which wraps every bottle. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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As a LIVER PILL, Unequaled!

ONE PELLET A DOSE! SMALLEST, CHEAPEST, EASIEST TO TAKE.





The Bostonians are one of those companies which, like certain people, make one wonder why they are not more attractive. Everybody has been puzzled to find out why some man or woman, handsome, bright enough, agreeable, is yet a bore. Everybody, at some time in his or her career, has been confronted by a charming creature who, with her obligations to society firmly fixed before her eyes, her desire to be agreeable flatteringly apparent, her appearance delightful, her taste in dress exquisite, is what the Bible would have called a cumberer of the ground.

The Bostonians belong to this unclassified class. They are not hores at all, but at the same time they are not extravagantly entertaining. They never slight their work, yet there is an indefinable something—a spirit of vivacity, an individual interest, a tempered enthusiasm—wanting in them. They all have fair voices—an occasional shriek on the upper register from Miss Corden being excepted—yet not one of them has a personality sufficiently potent or original to pierce above an even standard of gentle mediocrity. Not one of them is in any way distinguished—save Mr. MacDonald for height and Miss Corden for length of hair. And by "distinguished" one does not mean marked by absolute genius, but simply distinguished from the average mass by a spice, a flavor, a *soufflé* of something which everybody else has not got. In the "City Directory" Company, which gave a performance at the Bush Street Theatre some time ago, the troupe, though a scratch one, boasted two or three members possessed of this quality of unusualness, originality, individuality—whatever you like to call it—to a high degree. One was named Mack, and portrayed a bunco-steerer. It was not particularly high art, but of its kind it was admirable. He never palled or struck too loud a note, and so strong was his individuality that it sent a vein of fine rich color zigzagging through the performance.

Originality of this sort is always turning up in odd places, and the theatrical manager should keep his eyes open for it as he does for a fine dramatic talent, or a fresh, clear voice. It is the one thing needful for artists on the opera-bouffe or light-opera stage. Without it, they are nothing. Sometimes, like the might-be race-horse, harnessed between shafts dragging heavy loads, it is forced to drudge at uncongenial toil, as Judie did at her dreary Alexandrines, and withers untimely, before it blossoms; sometimes it follows a royal road onward toward success. It breaks on you at all times from unexpected places—from a pair of eyes in the crowd of village maidens, flashing out at you like a light among the common, painted faces of the other girls; from a voice in the chorus, thrilling with a tone which strikes some chord in you that vibrates in sympathy.

The Bostonians, individually and collectively, are without it. They are an exceedingly good company, much better than the average, but they are without personal fascination. They lack daring, audacity, and are tamely cautious in everything they do. If some one of them would break away from the restraints and conditions which seem to hamper them, and dare to be original and reckless, they would gain as much as if they had discovered a Schneider in their midst. Watching them—a collection of average good artists, all on a par—one is worked upon to wonder whether a company conducted on the star system is better or worse. We have all inveighed against the star system and clamored for a change. In the Bostonians, we have a distinct change—no body is a star and nobody is absolutely poor—yet it is a change very much for the better? Would it be gain or loss if all the company was poor but one bright particular star, who shone with such refulgent glory that he lightened the darkness from the horizon to the zenith whenever he appeared?

Another point in the performances of the Bostonians is the new, or at least unfamiliar, operas which they produce. They give us "Suzette," "The Musketeers," and "Don Quixote" as novelties. The American public, as everybody knows, cries aloud for new things. Where the English will placidly sit on for generations and listen to the same old melodies which rejoiced their great-grandfathers, we pass unscathed through progressive stages of Italian and German opera, preserving our calmness and keeping our presence of mind in a way that wins the applause of the sister nations. It is to cater to this taste that the Bostonians give us all the novelties they can gather together. And of the three mentioned above, "Don Quixote" is the worst.

It is very poor stuff, a sad come-down for a company which can give a good production of "Mignon." Reginald de Koven, composer of the music, is said to be an ornament of Chicago's Four Hundred, and

it would be a good thing for his contemporaries if he would continue to squander his talents in the manner generally practiced by the Four Hundred, and not waste his sweetness on the desert air of comic-opera any more. He has offered us a Beggar's Opera which he calls original, but which is really a hash of every popular style of music since the days of the Gregorian chants. Romances, ballads, music-ball ditties, scraps of bouffes, hymns even, are to be heard between its overture and the drop of the green curtain. If we knew it, we would probably find in "Don Quixote" the air that Miriam sang when the Israelites crossed the Red Sea, or the tune to which Deborah chanted her song of victory when Sisera was demolished. It is surprising to think of the amount of brass possessed by Reginald de Koven in trying to palm off on us these old familiar favorites as the children of his exuberant fancy. Not a single one of them is his own progeny; they are all adopted. Among other old timers that we recognize with cheerful familiarity are "The Mikado," various selections from Offenbach's more popular and well-known works, a few gems from Strauss, an echo or two of Von Suppé, several of the more easily grasped *moreaux* from "Carmen," a strain—a brief but familiar strain—from "Aida," and any quantity of those dear old ballads, hoary and moss-grown in their ripe old dotage, which for the last half-century have decked with amaranths the minstrel stage. There are people of gay, optimistic natures, who have been credulous enough to suppose that these ancestral relics were turned out to grass many years ago. Let all such go and hear "Don Quixote" and see how they like Mr. Reginald de Koven's selections from the works of the old masters.

The eclectic "Don Quixote" is also possessed of a libretto of long and weary proportions. In its slow unfolding it reveals an abridged account of the story of Don Quixote, the Knight of La Mancha. The peerless Dulcinea never appears, but there are lots of other equally beautiful damsels to fill the vacancy, and if Dulcinea would materially add to the length of the piece and bring along in her train her own little share of musical numbers drawn from the most popular and approved works of the composers of the last century, we can not but be thankful for her absence from the scene. Don Quixote, dealt with in the Chicago manner, becomes a sort of mild buffoon, at whom every one laughs but the audience. He talks modern slang and swears the ancient oaths of Sir Walter Scott chivalry, saying of his deadly enemy, "By me halidome, I will swat him o'er the mazzard," and fights with the windmill and defends the cause of the oppressed. But they have parodied him, and to any one who knows Cervantes's hero, this must seem a sacrilege like talking against the flag. Don Quixote was an ideal gentleman, a little weak in the brain perhaps, but not the less one of the most kindly and deliciously gentle and friendly figures in literature. To see him made a clown of gives one a somewhat similar feeling to that experienced at the sight of Mrs. Gilbert in Augustin Daly's adaptation of "Les Surprises du Divorce," arrayed in bloomers and panama hat, alpaca gamp, and prunella shoes.

The company does what it can with this poor material, but you can not make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. They all sing conscientiously and wear pretty costumes, and there is an immense amount of dancing and snapping whips and clinking goblets and marking time gone through to eke out the piece and give it dash. But beware of a play where they resort to these aids, just as you would beware of going to see an actress who advertised her costumes were from Worth. When the chorus gets behind the footlights in a row and begins to clink tin goblets in a sort of desperate, mechanical way, the wise playgoer knows what to expect and gets up and goes home. There never was an opera which was so bolstered up with these outside aids as "Don Quixote." There are half-a-dozen rather nice-looking chorus-girls who kept changing their costumes every fifteen minutes, and coming in and dancing on the least provocation. Whenever the action halted and no one could think of anything to brighten the dullness, these girls shot out of the wings, and came in, two by two, hopping lightly along, made the circuit of the stage, and then stood along one side gazing at the audience with that gently hovine stare which is peculiar to the stage village maiden.

G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The receipts of the Patti and Tamagno engagement in New York amounted to over a million of dollars, of which Henry E. Abbey counts one-tenth as profit. And this in spite of the heavy exodus of fashionables to Europe and the steep prices charged. Truly, Italian opera is not dead yet in Gotham.

Nat Goodwin will continue for another week to personate Silas K. Woolcott, of Grass Valley, Cal., in "A Gold Mine."

Shaw, with his or her dresses from Worth and Felix, and his or her soprano voice, has added much to the audiences that went to see "Later On" this week. Several wagers have been laid as to his or her sex.

Florence St. John is now at the head of the London Gaiety Company and will be when it comes here in the latter part of May. In Toronto, she delivered

herself of the opinion that there are no ladies in America.

"The Drum-Major's Daughter" has enough pretty music in it to tide over another week. W. H. Hamilton and Emily Soldene are in the cast.

The Grismer-Davis company will give a special season of two weeks in the city before going out on their tour. For the first week, commencing next Monday, Dion Boucicault's "The Long Strike" is announced, with "East Lynne" to follow.

Mme. Modjeska is going to Europe at the conclusion of her present engagement with Booth, and will not be seen on the stage again for two years.

Joseph Haworth, who has been starring successfully in Steele Mackaye's play, "Paul Kauvar," comes to San Francisco in a few weeks.

The theatre is supposed to be a place where one goes to be amused or for mental recreation, but it must be an even-tempered man or woman who is not irritated every time he or she has to run through a dozen columns of patent-medicine and millinery advertisements to find the cast of characters. The first manager who substitutes a plain card for the present cumbrous programme will have the hearty thanks of all theatre-goers.

Bartley Campbell's play, "The White Slave," is to be revived next week.

The Bostonians' programmes for next week are as follows: Monday and Thursday evenings and Saturday afternoon, "Suzette"; Tuesday evening, "Mignon"; Wednesday evening, "Fatinitza"; Friday evening, "Fra Diavolo"; and Saturday evening, "The Bohemian Girl." This last will be a "grand farewell performance," and the cast will include Juliette Corden, as Arline; Jessie Bartlett Davis, as the Gypsy; Tom Karl, as Thaddeus; MacDonald, as the Count; and Cowles, as Devils-hoof.

Tales are coming out of Tamagno's penuriousness, which throw Salvini and his trunkful of candles quite in the shade. One is that he stipulated in his contract that he must have a box and four orchestra-chairs in addition to his two thousand dollars for each performance in which he appeared, and that he had his brother peddle them away in the lobby each night, netting from forty to fifty dollars thereby. The great tenor is said to have laid by a million dollars since he juggled Chianti and Marsala to the customers of his father's wine-shop in Turin.

Among those in Herrmann's Transatlantic Vaudeville Company, which will be here week after next, are the great Trewey, Gus Williams, the Pinauds, Katie Seymour, Le Petit Freddy, Herr Tholen, four Gaiety dancers, the Athols, Charles J. Ross, and Mabel Fenton.

Frank Tannehill's farce-comedy, "Zig-Zag," will be seen here next week. The company is composed almost entirely of strangers to the San Francisco public.

Lillian Lewis, who has been playing Lena Despard in "As In a Looking-Glass," astonished a St. Louis audience a few nights ago by wearing a handsome and heavy seal-skin cloak throughout the play, while the others changed their costumes from summer attire to evening-dress as the scenes required. Miss Lewis changed her costumes, too, but always wore her seal-skin over all. The mystified audience learned from the papers next morning that there had been a deputy-sheriff hanging around Miss Lewis's dressing-room all through the performance, waiting to restrain on the valuable cloak if she should lay it aside.

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TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

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MUSICAL NOTES.

San Francisco Choral Society.

The San Francisco Choral Society gave a concert at the Bijou Theatre last Thursday evening for the benefit of the Hahnemann Hospital Building Fund and free ward for sick and destitute children. The soloists were Mrs. Martin Schultz and Miss Irene E. Mulliken, soprani; Miss Lillie E. Kraft, contralto; Mr. W. J. Keeley, tenor; Mr. J. F. Fleming, basso; accompanied by a full orchestra. An appreciative audience enjoyed the following programme:

Festival overture, Albert Leutner, orchestra; trio (for soprano, tenor, and bass), "Dunque il mio ben," from "Magic Flute," Mozart, Mrs. Martin Schultz, Mr. W. J. Keeley, and Mr. J. F. Fleming; new waltzes, "Del Monte," Joseph D. Redding, orchestra; cavatina, "Although obscure, more royal, grand," from "Queen of Sheba," Gounod, Mrs. Martin Schultz; gavotte, Eilenberg, orchestra.

The Mansfeldt Recital.

A large audience was assembled in Byron Mauzy's piano warehouses last Thursday evening, when Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave his eighth piano recital of this season. The programme was as follows:

Adagio from the first sonata, Beethoven, Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt; sonata, A major, Mozart, Miss Mira Burnett; nocturne, D flat major, Ravina, Miss Lily Lewison; waltz, C sharp minor, Chopin, Miss Amy Cellarius; polka de la reine, Sharp, Miss Clara Selig; "Rigoletto," Liszt, Miss Jennie Beasey; grand valse de concert, Josephy, Miss Eva Crowley; grand quartet, De Konink, Miss Minnie Louise Schlueter; Miss Opha Miller, Miss Bessie McFarland, and Miss Mira Burnett.

Young Nathan Landsberger, a native of this city, who went abroad some years ago to finish his musical studies, has recently met with pronounced success by his remarkable performance of the Mendelssohn E minor violin concerto at a grand concert given at the celebrated hall of the Sing Akademie, in Berlin. He was recalled many times most enthusiastically; the critics are unanimous in their praise of him, and predict a brilliant future for the young California virtuoso. He has been studying with some of the most celebrated masters of Europe, and more especially lately in Berlin with Emil Sauret, who is recognized not only as one of the greatest performers in the world, but as an instructor as well.

The first of the series of symphony concerts to be given by J. Lewis Browne will take place next Thursday afternoon. He will have an orchestra of sixty musicians, and the soloist will be Miss Sophie Newland, of Oakland.

REAL-ESTATE.

The Macondray estate will be brought under the hammer on May 8th.

The sale of the Park Block which has excited so much interest lately took place at the salesroom of McAfee, Baldwin & Hammond last Thursday. The block is located at the terminus of the Park Branch of the Powell Street Road. The sale was extremely successful. The two corners of D and Seventh and D and Eighth brought, respectively, \$6,450 and \$6,400. From this, the prices shaded down to \$1,100 and \$1,200 for the lots on Eighth Avenue near C Street. The block changed hands one year ago for \$46,000. At the sale on Thursday it brought \$80,855.

Seventy residence lots in San Mateo and the villa residence of H. R. Judah, Esq., will be sold at auction by the Arthur R. Briggs Company on Thursday, May 1st. This property was bought some years ago by the Rev. Alfred Lee Brewer, who wished to control the surroundings of his church and school, St. Matthew's Hall, and the result is that the neighborhood is the aristocratic quarter of San Mateo. The immediate vicinity is highly improved, and there is no doubt that the property will constantly increase in value.

Easton, Eldridge & Co. will sell fifty business and residence lots in the Western Addition, on Tuesday noon, April 22d, at their salesroom, 618 Market Street. The property fronts on Fillmore, Sutter, Bush, Steiner, Post, and Webster Streets. At the same time they will sell the residence on the north-east corner of Sutter and Steiner Streets, four handsome cottages on the south-east corner of Bush and Steiner Streets, a two-story store and tenement building on the south-west corner of Bush and Fillmore Streets, and thirteen residence lots fronting on Sutter, Post, and Webster Streets.

Among recent sales of interest are the following:

Lot 140 feet on the east side of Masonic Avenue, south of Waller, and 300 feet on Park Road; price, \$30,000.

Lot on the east side of Front, near Washington, 20x65, old improvements; price, \$10,000.

Lot 76.6x120, extending to Laurel Avenue, on the north-west corner of Turk and Buchanan; price, \$15,000.

Lot on north-west corner of Second and Natoma Streets, 46x75, monthly rental, \$140; price, \$31,300.

Lot and twelve-room house on Octavia Street, north of Geary, 27.6x110; price, \$10,000.

Lot on Post, north line, 206.3 west of Powell, west 34.4x 137.6; two-story frame house on lot; price, \$31,000.

Lot, 50-vara, south-west corner of Clay and Spruce, price, \$7,750.

Lot, 50-vara on Presidio Heights, south-east corner of Sacramento and Maple; price, \$7,000.

Lot, 36.6x125 on the west line of Mission, north of Twenty-Third, improved; monthly rental, \$57; price, \$11,050.

Van Ness Avenue and Vallejo, south-west corner, south 27x120; new house on lot; price, \$12,000.

Jackson and Scott, north-east corner, east 65x255.4; house on property; price, \$30,000.

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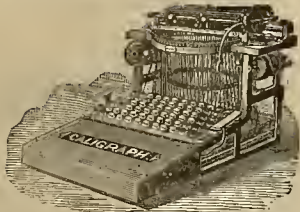
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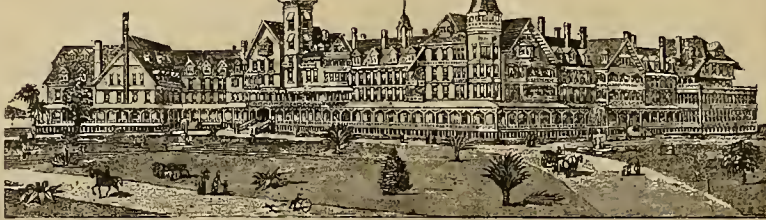


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HANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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An important event has occurred in the world's history. In the eighteenth centuries, the civilized earth has been treated to a spectacle which must be regarded as remarkable. "Leo the Thirteenth has accorded to a correspondent of the New York Herald a special and private interview, and consented to the publication of his utterances." This is announced by the American press as "an unheard-of event," and is regarded as indicating a desire on the part of the Roman Pontiff to win the esteem of the American people." Now, to us common people, the idea of being interviewed by the Herald newspaper, or any newspaper, does not seem to be a very remarkable feature, or even a very desirable incident. Perhaps the most remarkable feature is the fact that the Vicegerent of God should deem it necessary to express his views in print or should deem it important to give to the English-reading world his opinions upon any political question. Perhaps it is reasonable that His Holiness at the Vatican should not have communicated his opinions in Latin. His usual encyclical letters are communicated in the language of eighteen centuries, his prayers are in Latin, and why the holy father should condescend to address Mr. Jenkyns, of the New York Herald, in a language he can understand, seems curious. Perhaps he was advised before the interview was conceded that should state that the Pope of Rome is the sovereign of one hundred and fifty millions of people and is the Vicegerent

of God; that he is the infallible Vicar of Christ; that Mr. Jenkyns should describe the triple crown, the azure shield of the Pecci family, with its cypress-tree and silver har, the bronze doors of St. Peter's, the costumes of the Swiss Guard, the royal staircase which leads to the Sistine Chapel, the Papal gendarmes, the marble stairways, attendants clad in crimson silk, knee-breeches, and other fantastic fripperies which surround the most absurd and altogether ridiculous throne in any civilized portion of the world. The gentle old man, with a sweet face, was nicely treated by Mr. Jeokyns, of the Herald, and got the worth of his money; and when Mr. Jenkyns had the opportunity to kiss the thin white hand, upon which gleamed an emerald apostolic ring, he must have been rendered supremely happy. We are delighted to hear that the Pope has great tenderness for all who live in this American land—Protestants and all; this includes us, and pleases us very much. We are glad to know that His Holiness approves of the Constitution of the United States, because it secures to us Americans such perfect liberty of religious opinions. We are delighted to know that the Pope loves us Americans, and we are glad that he is pleased to admit that American journalism is so amiable and benevolent toward him, and that he regards it as a powerful ally to aid him in spreading the spirit of religion and charity, and that he looks to it to teach solid morality. Mr. Jenkyns was good enough to assure the triple-tiaraed sovereign of two hundred and fifty millions that his utterances were listened to with deep respect and sympathy by the Protestants of America without respect to particular churches, and we are glad to be assured by Mr. Jenkyns, through the columns of the New York Herald, that, in America, the Vicar of Christ is regarded with such very profound and real appreciation, and it is with deep regret that we learn from the gentleman of the apostolic emerald that in Europe there are countries which have nothing but hatred for the head of the Christian world and offer insults to the Holy See. These enemies of God desire only to break down the influence of religion and to disorganize and obliterate the church and overthrow the whole system upon which civilization rests. In these times of anarchy, social unrest, and impending disorder, there is no power to deal with these troubles but through the Christian church, of which His Holiness the Pope is the infallible head and the directory and controlling authority. We are glad to know that it is the settled determination of the Holy See to bring about a change in all this terrible confusion, and to restore the civilized world to that peculiarly bappy condition which has in so signal a manner characterized its existence since the Church of Rome has existed and been under the rule of hierarchical sway. We are glad to know from so authentic a source as God's direct representative on earth that the world is about to undergo a change, and mankind is to return to the happy condition which has distinguished it in so eminent a degree under the wise and generous rule of the Papal Church. We are relieved somewhat of our anxiety by being informed that there are but two disturbing questions which require immediate especial attention. Human slavery and social agitations are the only things disturbing the world at present. His Holiness—having freed the slaves of Russia, enfranchised the millions held in bondage in our country, abolished slavery in the Empire of Chile—has determined to establish colleges and send missionaries to Africa, for wherever men are held in bondage the true way to make them free is to educate and Christianize them. The energies of the church are to be devoted to the spread of knowledge among the poor savages. The social question is on the eve of solution, by spreading morality throughout the world and restoring mankind to the condition it occupied in the time of Jesus Christ, when Peter the Fisherman resided at Rome and was the first who occupied the Papal throne. The governments of various nations must do their work, which is local and particular, and can only be intrusted with unimportant details, while upon the Vicegerent of God, as head of Christendom, the world must depend for that universal plan which can alone Christianize and teach morality and charity. The Pope intends to form committees in every diocese in the world, with bishops at their head, and on fast days working-

men and toilers will meet on the sand-lots to discuss their duties and inspire them with sound rules of morality founded on religion. This teaching will be followed by the immediate disarmament of Europe and the disbandment of the vast armies which are a source of great displeasure and sorrow to the Holy See. Soldiers are surrounded with immoral influences which harden and degrade them, and which have a tendency to withdraw young men from their spiritual duties and to lessen the number who would otherwise become priests and monks and fill other useful places in the church. Mr. Jenkyns having suggested the principle of arbitration as an American rule for the settlement of all difficulties, His Holiness assented, and intimated his willingness to arbitrate all international disputes if he should be invited to do so. Mr. Jenkyns left the Pontiff, and talked with a cardinal, Mgr. Morcinni, who was deeply impressed with the Pope's fondness for Americans by the amazing length of the audience he had given to Mr. Jenkyns, of the New York Herald.

We hope our readers are as deeply impressed with this most important interview as we have been, and have as much confidence as we have in the great reformations which must result from the Pope's labors in the direction he has entered upon. If we were in any doubt as to the influence this interview is having upon the world, we need not look beyond our city of San Francisco to observe it. Father Sassia, of the Society of Jesus, comes promptly forward in the leading Democratic journal of California, to acknowledge the Pope's avowal of friendship for, and admiration of, a constitution which guarantees to all religions perfect liberty, and where education is guaranteed as free from sectarian influences. Father Sassia and the Examiner are looking forward to an encyclical letter from the Supreme Pontiff in which he shall declare with more of formality his views in reference to our republican system than he did in his interview with Mr. Jenkyns, of the New York Herald. In the contemplated encyclical, His Holiness is expected to lay down the principles which will direct all Christian legislators in dealing with political questions. Father Sassia is of the opinion that the Emperor of Germany has taken the initiative in his march to Canossa by turning Bismarck out of office, and giving to Windhorst the direction of his political conscience, and that the Papal Father has indicated his determination not to intermeddle in affairs political by his recognition of the President of the Republic of France, and by coolly throwing overboard the Pretender to the French throne of the houses of Bourbon, Orleans, and Bonaparte.

If we were impressed with the fear that the Roman Church had sufficient brains in the head of its aged and imprisoned chief to roll back the march and stay the progress of the age, or that the Society of Jesus had strength and courage to uphold the ancient energy of the Papal organization, we should think the world was reëntering upon a dark and dismal period. But we think the danger has passed, and that there are influences at work within the Roman Church to correct and restrain all the evils which are now threatening the world from that source. We look around in San Francisco among our own citizens of Roman Catholic education, and find among them men of high intelligence and unquestioned patriotism. Our laboring-men are reasoning from a plane of higher intellectual elevation than has been attained by the Roman clergy. Business-men pay but slight respect to the teachings of the church. It is only among the ignorant, the politically ambitious, and the bigoted that the Roman Pontiff finds a following. The party press is mercenary and stands in awe of the alien vote. Political parties are in base subserviency through fear of the shadow which the Roman Church throws over the country. The foreign vote is looked upon as merchandise which may be obtained by other means than by appeal to the reason and judgment of the electors who are rightfully entitled to the exercise of political influence. But a reform is going on within the Roman Catholic Church in America which promises important results. It is a mistake to underrate the effect which education, political freedom, and the enjoyment of property are having upon the minds of men educated within the pale of the Church of Rome. When we look abroad over the world, we see the results

which are growing out of emancipation from priestly influence and hierarchical superstitions. We contrast the aged and almost imbecile Pontiff of Rome with the active, strong minds which are controlling the politics of Europe, of England, and the Americas. We see in Brazil the most harmless of monarchs swept aside by the wisp of the republican broom, and in place of a throne, a republic springs into existence, with every prospect of duration. The Society of Jesus is but as a fly on the revolving wheel of progress. France emancipates itself from the church, becomes republican, and in the outcome the Roman Pontiff acknowledges the divine right of a republican president to exercise executive powers which were so long invoked for the preservation of the Papal throne against the statesmanship of Cavour, the military genius of Garibaldi, and the patriotic stubbornness of the House of Savoy. The time is not distant when United Italy will find an incumbent upon the Papal throne who shall recognize the right of Italy to be free, and shall commend the courage which animated Humbert and Crispi to its defense, and Italian students for their devotion to the memory of Giordano Bruno in raising for him a statue which shall commemorate the atrocities of a Papal epoch that consigned his body to the flames. Protestant Germany has not forgotten Luther, nor the teachings of its ministers, and the young emperor has only postponed the day of his dethronement by retiring Bismarck from office and giving Windhorst a broom to sweep back for a time the rising flood of a republican tidal wave. The doctrine of Galileo is true—the world moves and the Church of Rome is revolving on its axis.

Governor Waterman has awakened from a bad dream. Realizing the perils of a gubernatorial candidacy for renomination, and being a little lame, he has shown his wisdom in retiring before the battle begins. Mr. R. W. Waterman is a wealthy and very active business-man. He is an owner of mines, a builder of railroads. He was not a politician, and up to the time of his nomination as lieutenant-governor, had taken no part in the politics of the State government. His administration has not been free from mistakes—and whose has? He has been surrounded, during his term of office, by unscrupulous and uncomfortable political tricksters, till his political life has become almost unendurable. Few Republicans about him merited his confidence, and these he did not know. The Democracy was in a majority in the Senate and in the House, and the Republicans who held office were not loyal to a Republican governor who filled the position through the accidental death of a Democrat. Mr. John F. Swift had indulged in the dream of a gubernatorial nomination, and realized it. It was a brief and fitful nightmare. He talked in his sleep, wrote letters, and was beaten by Bartlett by one thousand votes, while Waterman was elected over Tarpey by three thousand votes. Swift is still dreaming, still writing letters, and sending his photographs from the embassy of Japan, asking for another gubernatorial opportunity. Governor Waterman's mistakes resulted from his ignorance of politics. They were not so bad as those of President Grant, but they were enough to alienate all the lesser and more active politicians. Governor Waterman retires with no smirch upon his personal integrity or his honor. He is stained by no charge touching his character; he can open a bank with the confidence of the business world; he can take his family to the social elevation of San Francisco's Four Hundred with no stain that he has put upon it; he can retire with his private secretary, and against either of the "two governors" no charge touching the integrity and business capacity of the gubernatorial office can be successfully made, or, if made, proven. Who will be the Republican nominee for his successor, we do not know, and if he is competent and qualified, with an honorable past life and unchallenged integrity, we do not much care. An American, loyal and Protestant, will best satisfy us. If it is ex-Mayor Davis, of Oakland, or General Chapman, of Red Bluff, or Mr. E. F. Preston, of San Francisco, or W. W. Morrow, M. C., the Hon. Charles Felton, of San Mateo, or the Hon. Mr. Vandever, M. C., from Los Angeles—we shall be content. If it should be Mr. Morris M. Estee, we would not again oppose his election. If the Hon. John Bidwell should get the American nomination, and after that the Republican nomination, we should regard his election as certain and deserved. We should be glad to have the Democratic party nominate as its candidate a Roman Catholic of the best character. An Irishman would be preferred—a man of American birth and Irish descent, who possesses personal qualifications of the highest merit and a political past history in which there is no flaw. Such a man as that would make a good administration in all respects—where he had not to decide between the State and the Church of Rome. We should be glad to have the contest come between such men as Stephen M. White and John Bidwell. White is of Irish birth, Bidwell is American; White is Roman Catholic, Bidwell is of the Presbyterian faith and Puritan stock. Both are able, honest, of clean public records, of easy fortune.

White is a lawyer; Bidwell, a farmer. White would receive the votes of the saloons and the Roman Church; Bidwell, of the Protestant Churches. White would command the votes of aliens and Democrats; Bidwell of the Prohibitionists, the Americans, and the Republicans. Such an issue we would gladly see made in this State; then all the free-thinkers, agnostics, and infidels; all who love wine better than buttermilk; all who favor non-sectarian schools above parochial schools taught by priests and monks; all level-headed, honest business-men who think there is little to choose between demagogic politicians and party platitudes; all who have property to legislate about, and taxes to save, and families to protect, and social interests to conserve, can exercise their judgment and vote as they please. The best man for either party to place in nomination for the office of governor would be a sound, conservative lawyer of substantial wealth, who would be content to fill the executive office with no hope of being made senator or of succeeding himself in the gubernatorial chair. We believe in the right of an old resident to the executive office, and are not willing to have the Republican nomination go to an adventurer. We shall hope that a Republican candidate for governor will not depend for his nomination upon the fact that he is a son of the Golden West, or a member of the American party, or one who can secure the German or Irish vote; not because he is a member of the Young Men's Institute, or a soldier belonging to the Grand Army of the Republic, or that he has any claim arising from his popularity as a member of any secret, or political, or benevolent society, but because he is an honorable man of intellectual capacity, good business habits, and possesses a decent moral character. We are very weary of fools, knaves, drunkards, and the ground-swell of political idiots who, through demagoguery and acts political, succeed in packing conventions for their own advancement. We are tired of seeing sensible men degraded into supporting a candidate because he has prospered in practicing false games to make him a "regular" candidate. We shall hold the successful ticket which comes from a party nominating convention responsible for all the tricks that have led to the result. We shall reserve to ourselves the privilege of a free discussion of all candidates. The name "candidate" originates in the fact that in the Roman forum the "candidatus" who was seeking office stood clothed in white (*candidus*), inviting the inspection of all whose votes he solicited. All candidates should be clothed in white.

Carlyle, being found shut in his room reading a common novel, gave as the reason for his singular occupation, that he desired to induce in his mind a perfect vacuity of thought, and could hit upon no other expedient so well adapted to his purpose. The novels that are now teeming from the press in exhaustless numbers most certainly possess this mind-emptying power. The thousands of novels, in addition to the incalculable number of short stories in the magazines, which are increasing with a most vicious fecundity, are creating a mental torpor among their habitual readers expressing itself in an utter distaste for all solid and instructive literature. One would suppose that these infatuated novel-readers, after devouring such an indiscriminate and indistinguishable mass of this light food, would finally begin to loathe it. But such is not the law. A mental dyspepsia is produced, a constitutional incapacity to digest any other mental pabulum than this sickly sentimental sillabub. This explains why there are so many people with mental crotchets, deformities, abnormal and exceptional views, and whose whole life is but a startling series of sensational spasms. Who has not seen the ardent youth pursuing a wholly imaginary path of greatness, and the maiden chasing a pale phantom of love, and sighing her sweet soul away in hope deferred!

Moreover, the heart hardens and the feelings petrify under the extravagances and intensities of emotion so frequently indulged in, until at last all genuineness and sincerity of thought and feeling are forever lost. This vicious and vitiating process has now reached the deplorable extent that requires every new thought—in morals, religion, or science—to be set in the midst of a mass of romantic trash in order to give it an introduction to the popular mind. Hence, we have the ecclesiastical novel, the Christianity novel, the political novel, the social-reform novel, the prison-reform novel, and the faith-cure novel. Side by side may be seen novels lurid with crime and reeking with lust, and those all aglow with religious convictions and bathed in the light of splendid schemes for moral and social reforms. There is no veteran novel-reader who can not discern the end from the beginning of any modern romance, and tell the different stages of the story as well before as after reading it.

It was about seventeen hundred years ago, when Lucius of Corinth, being on his way to Hypata, in Thessaly, fell in with Aristomenes, the commercial traveler, who beguiled the time by relating his stock of stories. Out of these ancient stories told by Aristomenes all subsequent stories have been woven. It was fifteen or sixteen centuries ago that Theagenes, happening to go into the temple at Delphos, found there

the beautiful Chariclea, and became immediately and deeply enamored. Now, who will undertake to compute the multitude of heroines who have captivated their heroes under similar circumstances? We have no doubt that the romantic love of a pair of lineal descendants of Heliodorus's fevered lovers will be put on record in the May number of *Harper's* and the *Century*. "There is nothing new under the sun" in modern romances. Every one addicted to such literature is familiar—*ad nauseam*—with the common love-talk; with the man who has a hidden grief which he bravely fights and grandly buttons under his coat; with the heavy-browed murderer and the gray-faced female poisoner; the Jew money-lender; the noble young lady who, through disappointed love, disguises herself as a governess; the noble young man who leaves wealth and seeks a humble situation to prove his manhood; the man who shoots everybody and is never shot; the inconspicuous servant or laborer who is metamorphosed into the heir to resplendent estates, and thousands more too numerous and too well known to require mention. If, therefore, we have not Carlyle's excuse of desiring "mental vacuity," we have no need of modern novels.

The subject of cremation, as a sanitary measure, is attracting wide interest and attention. It is by no means a new idea, for it was practiced by the Romans and Greeks two thousand years ago. Like most of the so-called original systems of modern times, it is but an old idea resuscitated. Since its resurrection—about twenty years ago—it has been favored and fostered by the leading scientists of the world and has been adopted by a number of European nations. It is now rapidly gaining ground in this country.

The reason why cremation has not been universally adopted is easily understood. It does violence to ancient custom, established superstition, and that form of sentimentalism associated with the flower-planted grave visited by weeping loved ones. If a man, however animated by pious reverence for the dead, could look into the grave of his loved one and watch the hideous and revolting process of decay, he would never again speak of the common custom of sepulture as the mode dictated by respect or inspired by affection. Is it possible cheerfully to cherish the memory of a loved one whose remains you have subjected to the horrible condition of putrefaction. Think of the dear one being slowly devoured by loathsome, yellowish-white worms! The most tender regard an affectionate memory would be much more inspired by the remains of our departed ones being reduced rapidly, rather than slowly, to their purest state and reverently inclosed in an artistic urn.

But the sanitary aspect of the subject is far more important than the merely sentimental. Since the great English medical authority, Sir Henry Thompson, published, in 1874, his opinion that "no dead body is ever placed in the soil without polluting the earth, the air, and the water above and about it," the best scientific minds in both Europe and America have been investigating the subject with the greatest interest and diligence. The evidence in corroboration, coming from all parts of Europe and from many parts of the United States is overwhelmingly convincing. The polluting nature of the dead body decaying in the ground is as thoroughly established and as confidently accepted by scientific men as is the poisonous nature of arsenic. We might fill a volume with the roughly accredited facts, in proof of all that the most ardent advocate of cremation could claim.

The London cholera of 1854 is now believed to have been caused by the upturning of the earth where victims of the same terrible disease in 1665 were buried. It is now demonstrated that malignant diseases are specially prevalent in the vicinity of grave-yards. It is perfectly clear that New Orleans, and other portions of the South, will continue to be ravaged by yellow fever until they adopt some better method of disposing of their dead. Think of the thousands of bodies reeking with infectious diseases, whom to touch in life was death, slowly decaying in the ground and sending through the soil virulent gases and poisonous germs, and charging with disease and death the water that a whole community must drink. By this terrible process of reproduction in the systems of the living, we are perpetuating diseases that would otherwise become extinct. There are hundreds of thousands of human bodies in this country in various stages of decomposition, sending forth their deadly exhalations and poisoning the subterranean streams, that must be disturbed and removed in the near future, or civilization will be impaired and retarded. No thinking man can doubt, for a moment, the terrible consequences of disturbing soil so saturated with the infection every horrible disease.

Have we any right to force upon the innocent and healthy of future generations these conditions, uncontrollable, of misery and death? Let us save posterity from these festering pest-holes, which are constantly becoming more threatening by virtue of a rapidly increasing population. In view of all the circumstances before us, it is to be earnestly hoped that the San Francisco Cremation Society will

succeed in their present efforts to erect and establish a thoroughly equipped crematorium in this city.

A prominent Democrat of leading influence with the late Cleveland administration is known to be the author of the following communication, published in the *Examiner* of April 16th. The writer approves the Stanford plan of government loans on real property at a low rate of interest. He says in reference to general business and banks, and most truthfully, that

All the vast transactions on the produce exchanges, stock exchanges, and boards of trade will not be affected by this scheme, except that the business of these exchanges will be increased by the increased productions of the country and the large activity it will create in all sorts of enterprises. What good bankers want are short loans and plenty of business. When the country is prosperous, the bankers as well as the merchants share in that prosperity. Nine-tenths of the money loaned in this country is not on land, but on commercial paper, overdrafts, and credits, which the Stanford scheme does not interfere with in the least. The government loans money to the national banks on its own bonds, and also on silver. Why not on land, the best security of all?

To the altogether absurd idea that there ever was in a well-organized and well-governed community TOO MUCH GOOD MONEY, or that there can be too much gold and silver or paper currency in circulation, the redemption of which is guaranteed by an honorable and solvent government, he makes the following argument:

There has never been too much good money, especially if it be kept active. There is a great deal of money now locked up in certain places that is of no use to anybody. Take the United States Sub-Treasury in this city. It has had in its vaults for years an average of sixty millions of dollars in coin and currency, which might as well be in the bottom of the sea as to lie idle where it is. In the Washington, New York, Chicago, and other government depositories the amount of money piled up is astounding. It runs into the hundreds of millions, yet the greatest stringency has prevailed in the money markets of the country for months at a time in recent years. The government had an ocean of unemployed money, but not a dollar could be used to relieve the stringency. Only this last winter, money was in brick demand in New York at from fifteen to thirty per cent. interest for weeks, causing wide-spread panic and demoralization of business. The vast amount of money the government has on hand ought to be utilized in some way to save the country from panics, high rates of interest, and financial disasters. Eliminate the farmers as borrowers from banks and private capitalists and there would be ample funds to do business without friction or disturbance. The government itself should loan money to the farmers on their land. It can do it at a lower rate of interest than anybody else, and what benefits the farmer benefits the government.

The writer asserts that the private money-loaner on land has no interest in harmony with the borrower. He is critical in reference to the title, he compels the borrower to pay for search, lawyers' fees, traveling expenses, and is exacting in reference to prompt payment, and the interest is demanded in presence of ill-health, bad markets, storms, dry seasons, fires, and all calamities. There is no identity of interest between the loaner and the borrower. The money-borrowing farmer must insure the seasons and underwrite the beneficence, wisdom, and goodness of God. He must pay interest even if exorbitant, no matter what his condition or what the happening of seasons, markets, or whether the country is at peace or war. Unlike the tenant in Irish land cases, he has no joint interest in the land which courts protect or the government interferes to shield. There is no equity law to intervene for the man who borrows money on real-estate. He must pay principal, interest, costs, and lawyers' fees, or be ejected from his possessions, says the author, whose language we are quoting:

It is the men who till the soil who support governments. Now, whether that support shall be strong or weak frequently depends on the rate of interest the farmer has to pay when he is compelled to borrow. The country banks in this State usually charge ten per cent. for the money they loan to farmers. This means that the profits of incumbered farms go largely to the banks and not to the hard-working agriculturist. If the farmer could get money for one or two per cent. interest, what a difference it would make to him? Money at ten per cent. means poverty; at two per cent. it means plenty and prosperity. And when the farmer is prosperous, the country merchant does a better business and is better paid; the shoemaker has more shoes to make; the tailor has orders for more good clothes; the manufacturer has more purchasers for his wares; good times prevail in the rural districts, and this in turn benefits the city and makes business active all over the country. The Stanford plan for government loans will bring about these desirable results and do more to advance the industrial and financial interests of this nation than any legislation we have ever had.

Henry Clay said: "Anything the government will receive in payment for public dues is money, and good money, no matter what its form may be." No expansion based on fixed values ever hurt anybody. More bankruptcy, more misery has been produced by unnecessary contractions of our currency—tenfold more—than from any other cause.

After the demonetization of silver in the year 1873, the country entered upon a most disastrous financial period. Contraction of the currency caused disasters to the cotton-growers of the South, the grain-growers of the North, and ruin to all industries which were dependent upon them. The act of demonetization was a crime, attributed to corrupt legislation, growing out of English money used in Wall Street to bribe through Congress a secret conspiracy which resulted in the secret enactment of a law the passage of which was unknown to President Grant, who signed the bill, and the authorship of which has not yet been acknowledged by any member of Congress, or by any financial authority connected with the Treasury Department. The demonetization of silver originated in Wall Street, and the remonetization of silver, by the passage of a free and unrestricted coinage, is being fought in the chambers of Congress by knavery and tricks.

Under the Stanford plan, there will be no forced contraction. The government will receive back the money it loans to farmers when it is easy and convenient to pay it. There will be no foreclosures. When the farmer has sold good crops at fair prices, and has no further use for the money, he will return it and lift the government mortgage from his farm. This will be a healthy and perfectly natural contraction,

and can harm no one. It is the forced return of loans that devour farms.

To the objection that farmers would not pay back the government loan on their land, I answer that no man is willing to pay even one per cent. for money he has no use for. When the farmer is prosperous, he naturally desires to pay all his debts and be free from every incumbrance. If, instead of paying their debts to the government, a few should turn speculators, and try and reload the money at a higher rate of interest, that would be attended by risks conservative farmers would not care to take; they certainly could not loan on landed security at an advanced rate, when the government stands ready to loan at a less rate.

The fear that land will be too highly assessed by government agents for the purpose of lending on it more than the land is worth, is answered by the suggestion that the government might require loans to be predicated on past valuations, and the statement that within the last twenty-five years eight billions of dollars went through custom-houses and internal-revenue bureaus without a loss of one-half of one per cent., and that no serious difficulties are experienced in passing upon titles for post-offices and for the use of other public buildings. The author of the communication referred to in the *Examiner* admits that there is no party politics in the financial measure suggested by Governor Stanford. It is received and welcomed by journals and members of all parties, and opposed by objectors not at all as a party measure. Some have intimated that such a financial scheme would be of special advantage to railroad properties. It is apparent that all the important railroads of which he is a part owner can not come within the provisions of the law, because, like most railroads, they are covered with bonded obligations at large rates of interest, and have years to run before they mature. If railroads have a taxable value and are unincumbered, there seems to be no apparent reason why they should not be properly subject to hypothecation in security for past government debts. Nor is there any very apparent reason why the five billions of railroad bonds held in Europe should not be held in the United States, and their dividends made to our own people instead of to non-resident bankers and syndicates. This very strong and well-reasoned argument concludes as follows:

One of the strongest claims to public confidence this scheme possesses is this: It will vitalize and energize property. Capital is force. If a man owns a piece of land worth ten thousand dollars and no money, he can not do very much. But if he can borrow five thousand dollars at a low rate of interest, he can at once commence the cultivation of the whole of it. He can give employment to laboring-men. He can construct needed buildings. He can buy improved agricultural machinery, and by so doing, produce many times as much as he could if he only had the land without capital. If the Stanford scheme of government loans on land does this, as it surely must, how like a sunrise it will strengthen, stimulate, and inspire the whole country when it shall become a law.

There has been during the last month in France a new outbreak of the old quarrel about cremation. The subject has been laid before the Pope, and by him referred to the Supreme Congregation of the Holy Office, and the conclusions to which the congregation came have been embodied in a Papal rescript, which the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris has lately promulgated to the faithful. Henceforth, it is only the ashes of heretics that will find repose in a columbarium. It is curious to note the reasons upon which this decision may be supposed to rest. "Ashes to ashes is not 'dust to dust,'" Cardinal Richard says, and, besides, there is a natural respect for the body which is violated by cremation, and also a Christian respect for it in view of the resurrection. The *Figaro* applied to "one of our most distinguished ecclesiastics," the author of "Bonté," who gave it a categorical answer under four heads, leaving out, as he says, the merely sentimental reasons. The abbé declares that incineration is a pagan custom; that it is contrary to the example of Christ; that it lacks the respect for the human body which the church has always cherished; and, lastly and chiefly, that it has been revived by "nos ennemis les plus directs"—the Free Masons—who hit upon this way of disposing of the bodies of atheists and infidels in order to avoid sacerdotal intervention and Christian funeral rites. The force of this reasoning will appear to most people to be less than coercive, but it is safe to say that, backed by the Papal rescript, it will check, at least for a while and among the upper classes in France, the practice that it rebukes. We find something amusing (says the *Nation*) in the sight of our old friend, the *argumentum a gaudio infidelium*, reappearing under Papal sanction, and settling, more or less infallibly, a question of public sanitation.

The following extract from an article in the London *Contemporary Review* for March, entitled "European Intercourse with Africa," by Joseph Thomson, will be read with interest:

It was the Portuguese who alike instituted African exploration and Christian enterprise among the natives. Early in the fifteenth century they commenced that marvelous career which stopped not till they had crept with ever-growing boldness and experience to the southernmost point of the continent, and, rounding the Cape, pushed on to the conquest of the Indies. But it was a career inspired by no mere sordid motives. The desire to do noble and worthy deeds, to extend the Portuguese Empire, and with it the Kingdom of God, were the underlying exciting causes. Each new discovery of heathen lands gave a new impetus to the vigorous missionary enthusiasm of the time, till it rose to a pitch never surpassed.

No outward-bound ship was complete without its complement of ardent missionaries vowed to the cause of Christ, and before the close of the sixteenth century a chain of missionary posts surrounded almost the entire coast-line of Africa, and especially in the Congo and Zambesi regions, extended far into the interior. That was the glorious period of Portuguese history, when still animated by the highest Christian and chivalrous motives and untainted by the frightful national disease which soon afterward attacked her, Portugal carried on a noble work among the African natives.

That period unhappily was short. Between Philip the Second of Spain by land and the Dutch and ourselves at sea, Portugal as a nation was nearly extinguished. With her political glory and lustre went much that was great and noble, till lagging behind in the current of life, she was isolated from its healthy movements.

With the fall of Portugal from her high estate there occurs a significant blank in the brighter aspect of European intercourse with Africa.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Senator Stanford's Plan.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have been devoting hours freed from business cares to the consideration of the proposition lately submitted in the Senate of the United States, by Senator Stanford, to provide for making loans by the government to the owners of land—to farmers and to others engaged in industrial pursuits—upon safe property as the security, on easy terms and low rates of interest. I have read in the *Argonaut* the editorial comments upon the proposition; also communications which have appeared in your columns, and other editorials and communications which have appeared in the newspapers, that come in my way, both city and country dailies and weeklies. In all of these, as it appears to me, there is one lacking quality, which is not, apparently, fully or properly comprehended. It seems to be the impression that all the bankers, in every community, will be found in antagonism to the proposition. In this opinion I do not concur, and I have good reason for this non-concurrence—I am engaged in banking myself, and it is a common sentiment with many in the business that whatever contributes to the welfare of the farmer, and those engaged in industrial pursuits, must ultimately and inevitably be of benefit to bankers, to merchants, and to every other line of business. The prosperity of the farmers, beyond every other class, is the surest token of the prosperity of the whole community. The products of the soil gauge the condition of the State and nation, and of every other class in the community. Upon agriculture depend to a great degree the local trade and industries of every kind, the general traffic of the country, the foreign commerce, the financial condition, and, in fact, the progress and stability of the entire nation. Accordingly, as agriculture flourishes or declines, every other business, industry, and interest will be affected—banking the same as any other. For this good reason it is the wise policy of the sagacious banker to favor whatever will help the farmer, and to facilitate the methods to his prosperity, in order that he shall himself better prosper in banking.

It is an erroneous supposition that all who are engaged in banking will be found in opposition to the proposition put forth by Senator Stanford. In every large city are banks which do a strictly commercial business. These banks do not at all deal with lands and farms, or with real or chattel property devoted to manufacturing or mechanical uses. Their depositors and customers are merchants, persons engaged in trade, and in financial operations. This class of bankers are indirectly interested in the condition of the farming and the industrial pursuits, and prosper as these are encouraged. The rates of interest charged by other banks, which make loans upon lands and farms and accept as securities the plant or property of those engaged in other industries, do not immediately affect their business. The world over, the rates of interest which prevail in financial and commercial transactions materially differ from the accustomed rates charged in land transactions. It is therefore to leap to a conclusion to include the bankers of this line in the sweeping assumption that all bankers will be found in hostility to Senator Stanford's proposition. My own opinion is—and I have good ground upon which to base it—that a fair proportion of the bankers of the country will be found in hearty concurrence with the object and the means to carry out its provisions.

Banking has undergone a great change in the United States from former methods. Since the establishment of the national bank system, the change has been very marked. The old system of State banks was faulty, variable, and insecure. Every State had a system of its own, and in portions of the country that commonly known as the "Wild-Cat" system prevailed, to the general confusion of all. The circulating notes, issued at par in one State, were subjected to discount in an adjoining State—in cases, the same State and near locality; and in the States remote this discount cut deeply into the face value of the note. In the event of failure, the collapse of the bank, in which the holders of the notes, and every order of creditors were involved, was the dismal consequence. Under the present system of national banks, the bond-notes circulating as currency pass the same as coin of the mint in every portion of the nation, and are convertible in foreign countries at very slight discount. The system is to the general convenience and safe, made so by the indorsement of the government, based upon the security of its own bonds deposited by the bank, on which to issue notes of circulation. As I understand the proposition of Senator Stanford, he would have the government help the farmers and others as it helps the national banks, except that the security should be land or safe property instead of government bonds. There is nothing in this which can reasonably incur the disfavor or excite the hostility of bankers or others. It is simply the extension of the American principle of equal rights to all—to the farmers and others contemplated in the proposition. It will, I am confident, receive the approbation and support of many bankers.

It should be considered that as a class, bankers are not now as were the bankers of forty and fifty years ago. In this consideration, so far as it relates to California and the Pacific States, the comparison must be omitted. The early constitution of 1849 forbade the establishment of banks of circulation. The new constitution maintains the inhibitory clause. A similar interdiction prevails in Oregon, the banks of these States, except a national bank, are banks only of gold and silver. Some of these make loans mainly on real-estate. Others pursue a legitimate line of commercial business. Others still transact a general business, comprehending every order of banking. The banks of California are fair examples of the banks throughout the United States of every class. The bankers, the same as the methods of banking, differ in many respects from the bankers of half a century ago, while all maintain a safe course of interest on loans, according to the nature and use of the loan. I am not prepared to believe that all engaged in banking in California or any other State, would oppose a project to authorize the government to loan money to farmers and others, upon their lands and property, at low rates of interest, at rates below the ruling rates of the banks, and on dissimilar terms. The government is in condition to be an easy creditor, and with land or other safe security for the payment, there would be no urgency for the summary process of foreclosure upon the sale of lands or individual property of the debtors; it holds their lands and possessions as perfect security; their property accrues to it; its highest good is in enabling and encouraging its citizens in their different industries; and as it gives aid by loans to banks upon bonds, it should extend similar aid to agriculture and useful industries by loans upon substantial property.

The farmer can not afford to pay the customary bank rates of interest; his harvest will not warrant it; in years, the increasing indebtedness will involve him in bankruptcy. With the national bank the conditions are reversed and advantageous; the bonds deposited to secure the government are exempted from taxes and draw interest at the rate of three and one-half and four per cent. per annum, which goes to the depositor. Upon the deposit the bank is empowered to issue notes of circulation, which are equivalent in current value, to an equal amount in gold and silver, and in loans produce further interest at the prevailing rates. Every turn of the notes is an accumulation of interest—a source of profit. Only mismanagement or lack of business or departure from banking methods can cause failure or suspension of the bank, and in the very worst that can befall the government secures to the holders of the bank-notes the face value. The share-holders and depositors may be losers, but the government interposes its full protection to the people.

A system somewhat similar is contemplated, as I view it, in the plan of Senator Stanford to relieve and aid farmers and citizens of other industries. It seems simply an extension of the benefit, disposed by the government in the fulfillment of the guarantee of equal rights to all. That this view will generally prevail, the more the proposition is studied and comprehended, is my earnest conviction. I have thought upon it, discussed it with friends, and deliberated to the limit of my reasoning powers. I have heard no one produce a valid argument against it, and mature consideration, appeared fallacious or unsound. It will not do to dismiss it with a sneer, or reject it without thought. It will not down; it will grow and spread as the grass of the fields.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 22, 1890.

The Interview with the Pope.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: It seems that Pope Leo is now taking considerable interest in American journalism and American subjects in general. It is only recently that we received cablegrams regarding the somewhat tenderfoot reception tendered to "Buffalo Bill," his Indians, and his cowboys within the solemn precincts of the Vatican. We are now pleasantly greeted with a dispatch even more marvelous than that about "Bronco Bill" and his Wild West Indians. The admittance of a newspaper-man to the Papal interview, about which we read the other day, must have been regarded as a somewhat novel and interesting ceremony at the Vatican. The reports in question must have likewise felt, highly honored to be permitted to tread the marble steps leading to the Sistine Chapel, saluted as he was by the Papal *gendarmes* and gaudily appointed Swiss Guards, and when he found himself face to face with the sovereign of that shadowy empire, seated in his traditionally hallowed chair, surrounded by brilliant paintings and costly tapestry, he must assuredly have been struck with regret to think that the most progressive nation of modern Europe should yet have heard of a man who had not yet reached the stage of "man with sunken eyes," as goes the wording of that remarkable dispatch. Pope Leo confided to the fortunate reporter his love for America and the American people generally. He regrets that those who were his loyal subjects in the days gone by have become enlightened and are beginning to rebel again at his orders. The day is not far distant when the criterion of Jesus which governs Pope Leo will have to seek another land where to play its shadow, but very transparent, game, seeing that financial circumstances are not as bright as in the past.

The Papal throne beholds against its ideal sovereignty slipping from its grasp, and would doubtless like to make another Rome and found another St. Peter's on this American continent. The saintly hand at the helm of the Papal vessel has at length availed itself of the golden opportunity of expounding to an American newspaper reporter its inherent and lasting love for the American people. He notified the *Argonaut* on to say that American journalism should be especially amiable and benevolent toward him. His salient idea seems to be that American newspapers should advertise his needy circumstances all over the American continent at the present moment, so that their rather ideal sympathy may be pressed into practical use in the event of his exile from Italy, when that nation shall see its folly and the reign of feudal Papalism be ended.

Why should this uneducated, illiterate, and corrupt old man of lusty priests, select America for his goal, unless it is that he very well knows that both he and they must sooner or later leave the flowery seats in which they have been wont supinely to repose, and shake the yellow dust of Italy from their politically worn-out soles, while still trying to blindfold the world with meaningless encyclicals and ambiguous Gladstonian verbiage.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 23, 1890.

A DEAD LOVE.

Passages from the Diary of Spiridon Trepka.

Urbania, Italy, Sept. 9th, 1885.—This history of Urbania, which I have been deputed by the Prussian Government to write, is not without its romance. . . . Even before coming here I felt attracted by the strange figure of a woman, which appeared from out of the dry pages of Gualterio's and Padre de Sanctis's histories of this place. This woman is Medea, daughter of Galeazzo the Fourth Malatesta, Lord of Carpi, wife first of Pierluigi Orsini, Duke of Stimigliano, and subsequently of Guidalfo the Second, Duke of Urbania, predecessor of the great Duke Robert the Second. . . .

Born in 1356 [says an old anonymous chronicle], she was affianced at the age of twelve to a cousin, a Malatesta of the Rimini family. This family having greatly gone down in the world, her engagement was broken, and she was betrothed a year later to a member of the Pico family, and married to him by proxy at the age of fourteen. But this match not satisfying her own or her father's ambition, the marriage by proxy was, upon some pretext, declared null, and the suit encouraged of the Duke of Stimigliano, a great Umbrian feudatory of the Orsini family. But the bridegroom, Giovanfrancesco Pico, refused to submit, pleaded his case before the Pope, and tried to carry off by force his bride, with whom he was madly in love. . . . Pico waylaid her litter as she was going to a villa of her father's, and carried her to his castle near Mirandola. . . . insisting that he had a right to consider her as his wife. But the lady escaped by letting herself into the moat by a rope of sheets, and Giovanfrancesco Pico was discovered stabbed in the chest, by the hand of his bride, Medea da Carpi. He was a handsome youth, only eighteen years old.

The Pico having been settled, and the marriage with him declared null by the Pope, Medea da Carpi was solemnly married to the Duke of Stimigliano, and went to live upon his domains near Rome. Two years later, Pierluigi Orsini was stabbed by one of his grooms at his castle of Stimigliano, near Orvieto, and suspicion fell upon his widow, more especially as, immediately after the event, she caused the murderer to be cut down by two servants in her own chamber; but not before he had declared that she had induced him to assassinate his master by a promise of her love. Things became so hot for Medea da Carpi that she fled to Urbania and threw herself at the feet of Duke Guidalfo the Second. . . . The marvelous beauty of the widowed Duchess of Stimigliano, who was only nineteen, entirely turned the head of the Duke of Urbania. He affected implicit belief in her innocence, refused to give her up to the Orsinis, kinsmen of her late husband, and assigned to her magnificent apartments in the left wing of the palace. . . . Guidalfo fell madly in love with his beautiful guest.

Hitherto timid and domestic in character, he began publicly to neglect his wife, Maddalena Varano of Camerino, with whom, although childless, he had hitherto lived on excellent terms; he not only treated with contempt the admonitions of his advisers and of his suzerain, the Pope, but went so far as to take measures to repudiate his wife, on the score of quite imaginary ill-conduct. The Duchess Maddalena, unable to bear this treatment, fled to the convent of the barefooted sisters of Pesaro, where she pined away, while Medea da Carpi reigned in her place at Urbania, embroiling Duke Guidalfo in quarrels both with the powerful Orsinis, who continued to accuse her of Stimigliano's murder, and with the Varanos, kinsmen of the injured Duchess of Maddalena; until at length, in the year 1376, the Duke of Urbania, having become suddenly, and not without suspicious circumstances, a widower, publicly married Medea da Carpi two days after the decease of his unhappy wife. No child was born of this marriage; but such was the infatuation of Duke Guidalfo that the new duchess induced him to settle the inheritance of the duchy (having, with great difficulty, obtained the consent of the Pope) on the boy Bartolommeo, her son by Stimigliano, but whom the Orsinis refused to acknowledge as such, declaring him to be the child of that Giovanfrancesco Pico, to whom Medea had been married by proxy, and whom, in defense, as she had said, of her honor, she had assassinated; and this investiture of the Duchy of Urbania on a stranger and a bastard was at the expense of the obvious rights of the Cardinal Robert, Guidalfo's younger brother.

In May, 1379, Duke Guidalfo died suddenly and mysteriously, Medea having forbidden all access to his chamber, lest, on his deathbed, he might repent and reinstate his brother in his rights. The duchess immediately caused her son, Bartolommeo Orsini, to be proclaimed Duke of Urbania, and herself regent; and, with the help of two or three unscrupulous young men, particularly a certain Captain Oliverotto da Narni, who was rumored to be her lover, seized the reins of government with extraordinary and terrible vigor, marching an army against the Varanos and Orsinis, who were defeated at Sigillo, and ruthlessly exterminating every person who dared question the lawfulness of the succession; while, all the time, Cardinal Robert, who had flung aside his priest's garb and vows, went about in Rome, Tuscany, Venice—nay, even to the Emperor and the King of Spain—imploiring help against the usurper. In a few months, he had turned the tide of sympathy against the duchess-regent; the Pope solemnly declared the investiture of Bartolommeo Orsini worthless, and published the accession of Robert the Second, Duke of Urbania and Count of Montemurlo; the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Venetians secretly promised assistance, but only if Robert were able to assert his rights by main force. Little by little, one town after the other of the duchy went over to Robert, and Medea da Carpi found herself surrounded in the mountain citadel of Urbania like a scorpion circled by flames. . . . But, unlike the scorpion, Medea refused to commit suicide. It is perfectly marvelous how, without money or allies, she could so long keep her enemies at bay; and Gualterio attributes this to those fatal fascinations which had brought Pico and Stimigliano to their deaths, which had turned the once honest Guidalfo into a villain, and which were such that, of all her lovers, not one but preferred dying for her, even after he had been treated with ingratitude and ousted by a rival. . . .

At last the ex-Cardinal Robert succeeded, and triumphantly entered Urbania in November, 1379. . . . Not a man was put to death, save Oliverotto da Narni, who threw himself on the new duke, tried to stab him as he alighted at the palace, and who was cut down by the duke's men, crying: "Orsini, Orsini! Medea! Medea! Long live Duke Bartolommeo!" with his dying breath, although it is said that the duchess had treated him with ignominy. The little Bartolommeo was sent to Rome to the Orsinis; the duchess, respectfully confined in the left wing of the palace.

It is said that she haughtily requested to see the new duke, but that he shook his head, and, in his priest's fashion, quoted a verse about Ulysses and the Sirens; and it is remarkable that he persistently refused to see her, abruptly leaving his chamber one day that she had entered it by stealth. After a few months, a conspiracy was discovered to murder Duke Robert, which had obviously been set on foot by Medea. But the young man, one Marcantonio Frangipani, of Rome, denied, even under the severest torture, any complicity of hers; so that Duke Robert, who wished to do nothing violent, merely transferred the duchess from his villa at Sant' Elmo to the convent of the Clarisse in town, where she was guarded and watched in the closest manner. It seemed impossible that Medea should intrigue any further, for she certainly saw and could be seen by no one. Yet she contrived to send a letter and her portrait to one Prinivalle degli Ordelfaffi, a youth only nineteen years old, of noble Romagnole family, and who was betrothed to one of the most beautiful girls of Urbania. He immediately broke off his engagement, and shortly afterward attempted to shoot Duke Robert with a holster-pistol as he knelt at mass on the festival of Easter Day. This time Duke Robert was determined to obtain proofs against Medea. Prinivalle degli Ordelfaffi was kept some days without food, then submitted to the most violent tortures, and finally condemned. When he was going to be flayed with red-hot pincers and quartered by horses, he was told that he might obtain the grace of immediate death by confessing the complicity of the duchess; and the confessor and nuns of the convent, which stood in the place of execution outside Porta San Romano, pressed Medea to save the wretch, whose screams reached her, by confessing her own guilt. Medea asked permission to go to a balcony, where she could see Prinivalle and be seen by him. She

looked on coldly, then threw down her embroidered kerchief to the poor mangled creature. He asked the executioner to wipe his mouth with it, kissed it, and cried out that Medea was innocent. Then, after several hours of tortures, he died. This was too much for the patience even of Duke Robert. Seeing that as long as Medea lived his life would be in perpetual danger, but unwilling to cause a scandal. . . . he had Medea strangled in the convent, and, what is remarkable, insisted that only women—two infanticides to whom he remitted their sentence—should be employed for the deed. . . . It is said that he refused to permit her a priest or monk, thus forcing her to die unshriven.

Such is the story of Medea da Carpi, Duchess of Stimigliano Orsini, and then wife of Duke Guidalfo the Second of Urbania. She was put to death just two hundred and ninety-seven years ago, December, 1382, at the age of barely seven-and-twenty, and having, in the course of her short life, brought to a violent end five of her lovers, from Giovanfrancesco Pico to Prinivalle degli Ordelfaffi. . . .

September 28th.—I have for some time been hunting for portraits of the Duchess Medea. Most of them, I imagine, must have been destroyed, perhaps by Duke Robert the Second's fear lest even after her death this terrible beauty should play him a trick. Three or four I have, however, been able to find—one a miniature in the archives, said to be that which she sent to poor Prinivalle degli Ordelfaffi in order to turn his head; one a marble bust in the palace lumber-room; one in a large composition, possibly by Baroccio, representing Cleopatra at the feet of Augustus. Augustus is the idealized portrait of Robert the Second, round-cropped head, nose a little awry, clipped beard, and scar as usual, but in Roman dress. Cleopatra seems to me, for all her Oriental dress, and although she wears a black wig, to be meant for Medea da Carpi; she is kneeling, baring her breast for the victor to strike, but in reality to captivate him, and he turns away with an awkward gesture of loathing. None of these portraits seem very good, save the miniature, but that is an exquisite work, and with it, and the suggestions of the bust, it is easy to reconstruct the beauty of this terrible being. . . . The face is a perfect oval, the forehead somewhat over-round, with minute curls, like a fleece of bright auburn hair; the nose a trifle over-aquiline, and the cheek-bones a trifle too low; the eyes gray, large, prominent, beneath exquisitely curved brows and lids just a little too tight at the corners; the mouth also, brilliantly red and most delicately designed, is a little too tight, the lips strained a trifle over the teeth. Tight eyelids and tight lips give a strange refinement, and, at the same time, an air of mystery, a somewhat sinister seductiveness; they seem to take, but not to give. The mouth, with a kind of childish pout, looks as if it could bite or suck like a leech. The complexion is dazzlingly fair, the perfect transparent roset lily of a red-haired beauty; the head, with hair elaborately curled and plaited close to it, and adorned with pearls, sits like that of the antique Arethusa on a long, supple, swan-like neck. A curious, at first rather conventional, artificial-looking sort of beauty, voluptuous yet cold, which, the more it is contemplated, the more it troubles and baunts the mind. Round the lady's neck is a gold chain with little gold lozenges at intervals, on which is engraved the posy, or pun (the fashion of French devices is common in those days), "AMOUR DURE—DURE AMOUR." The same posy is inscribed in the hollow of the bust, and, thanks to it, I have been able to identify the latter as Medea's portrait. I often examine these tragic portraits, wondering what this face, which led so many men to their death, may have been like when it spoke or smiled, what at the moment when Medea da Carpi fascinated her victims into love unto death—"Amour Dure—Dure Amour," as runs her device—love that lasts, cruel love; yes, indeed, when one thinks of the fidelity and fate of her lovers.

October 13th.—I have literally not had time to write a line of my diary all these days. My whole mornings have gone in those archives, my afternoons taking long walks. . . . my evenings go in writing that confounded account of the palace of Urbania which the government requires, merely to keep me at work at something useless. Of my history, I have not yet been able to write a word. . . . By the way, I must note down a curious circumstance mentioned in an anonymous manuscript life of Duke Robert, which I fell upon to-day. When this prince had the equestrian statue of himself by Antonio Tassi, Gianbologna's pupil, erected in the square of the Corte, he secretly caused to be made, says my anonymous manuscript, a silver statuette of his familiar genius or angel—"familiaris ejus angelus seu genius, quod a vulgo dicitur *idolino*"—which statuette or idol, after having been consecrated by the astrologers—"ab astrologis quibusdam ritibus sacro"—was placed in the cavity of the chest of the effigy by Tassi, in order, says the manuscript, that his soul might rest until the general resurrection. This passage is curious, and to me somewhat puzzling. . . . I wonder whether such an idol ever existed, or exists nowadays, in the body of Tassi's bronze effigy?

October 20th.—When I came to Italy first, I looked out for romance; I sighed, like Goethe in Rome, for a window to open and a wondrous creature to appear, "welch mich versengend erquicket." Perhaps it is because Goethe was a German, accustomed to German *fraus*, and I am, after all, a Pole, accustomed to something very different from *fraus*; but anyhow, for all my efforts in Rome, Florence, and Siena, I never could find a woman to go mad about. . . . I am wedded to history, to the past, to women like Lucrezia Borgia, Vittoria Accoramboni, or that Medea da Carpi, for the present; some day I shall, perhaps, find a grand passion, a woman to play the Don Quixote about, like the Pole that I am; a woman out of whose slipper to drink, and for whose pleasure to die; but not here! Few things strike me so much as the degeneracy of Italian women. What has become of the race of Faustinas, Marozias, Bianca Cappellos? Where discover nowadays (I confess she haunts me) another Medea da Carpi? Were it only possible to meet a woman of that extreme distinction of beauty, of that terribleness of nature, even if only potential, I do believe I could love her, even to the day of judgment, like any Oliverotto da Narni, or Frangipani, or Prinivalle. . . .

November 5th.—I can not free myself from the thought of this Medea da Carpi. In my walks, my mornings in the archives, my solitary evenings, I catch myself thinking over the woman. Am I turning novelist instead of historian?

And still it seems to me that I understand her so well; so much better than my facts warrant. First, we must put aside all pedantic modern ideas of right and wrong. Right and wrong in a century of violence and treachery do not exist, least of all for creatures like Medea. Go preach right and wrong to a tigress, my dear sir! Yet is there in the world anything nobler than the huge creature, steel when she springs, velvet when she treads, as she stretches her supple body, or smooths her beautiful skin, or fastens her strong claws into her victim?

Yes; I can understand Medea. Fancy a woman of superlative beauty, of the highest courage and calmness, a woman of many resources, of genius, brought up by a petty princelet of a father, upon Tacitus and Sallust, and the tales of the great Malatestas, of Caesar Borgia, and such-like!—a woman whose one passion is conquest and empire—fancy her, on the eve of being wedded to a man of the power of the Duke of Stimigliano, claimed, carried off by a small fry of a Pico, locked up in his hereditary brigand's castle, and having to receive the young fool's red-hot love as an honor and a necessity! The mere thought of any violence to such a nature is an abominable outrage; and if Pico chooses to embrace such a woman at the risk of meeting a sharp piece of steel in her arms, why, it is a fair bargain. Young bound—or, if you prefer, young hero—to think to treat a woman like this as if she were any village wench! Medea marries her Orsini. A marriage, let it be noted, between an old soldier of fifty and a girl of sixteen. Reflect what that means: it means that this imperious woman is soon treated like a chattel, made roughly to understand that her business is to give the duke an heir, not advice; that she must never ask "wherefore this or that?" that she must courtesy before the duke's counselors, his captains, his mistresses; that, at the least suspicion of rebelliousness, she is subject to his foul words and blows; at the least suspicion of infidelity, to be strangled or starved to death, or thrown down an *oubliette*. Suppose that she know that her husband has taken it into his head that she has looked too hard at this man or that, that one of his lieutenants or one of his women have whispered that, after all, the boy Bartolommeo might as soon be a Pico as an Orsini? Suppose she know that she must strike or be struck? Why, she strikes, or gets some one to strike for her. At what price? A promise of love—of love to a groom, the son of a serf! Why, the dog must be mad or drunk to believe such a thing possible; his very belief in anything so monstrous makes him worthy of death. And then he dares to blab! This is much worse than Pico. Medea is bound to defend her honor a second time; if she could stab Pico, she can certainly stab this fellow, or have him stabbed.

Hounded by her husband's kinsmen, she takes refuge at Urbania. The duke, like every other man, falls wildly in love with Medea, and neglects his wife; let us even go so far as to say breaks his wife's heart. Is this Medea's fault? Is it her fault that every stone that comes beneath her chariot-wheels is crushed? Certainly not. Do you suppose that a woman like Medea feels the smallest ill-will against a poor, craven Duchess Maddalena? Why, she ignores her very existence. To suppose Medea a cruel woman is as grotesque as to call her an immoral woman. Her fate is, sooner or later, to triumph over her enemies, at all events to make their victory almost a defeat; her magic faculty is to enslave all the men who come across her path; all those who see her love her, become her slaves, and it is the destiny of all her slaves to perish. The possession of a woman like Medea is a happiness too great for a mortal man. And only death, the willingness to pay for such happiness by death, can at all make a man worthy of being her lover; he must be willing to love and suffer and die. This is the meaning of her device: "Amour Dure—Dure Amour." The love of Medea da Carpi can not fade, but the lover can die; it is a constant and a cruel love.

November 11th.—I was right, quite right in my idea. . . . I have found in the archives, unknown, of course, to the director, a heap of letters—letters of Duke Robert about Medea da Carpi, letters of Medea herself. Yes, Medea's own handwriting—a round, scholarly character, full of abbreviations, with a Greek look about it, as befits a learned princess who could read Plato as well as Petrarch. The letters are of little importance, mere drafts of business letters for her secretary to copy, during the time that she governed the poor weak Guidalfo. But they are her letters, and I can imagine almost that there bangs about these moldering pieces of paper a scent as of a woman's hair.

The few letters of Duke Robert show him in a new light. A cunning, cold, but craven priest. He trembles at the bare thought of Medea—"la pessima Medea"—worse than her namesake of Colchis, as he calls her. His long clemency is a result of mere fear of laying violent hands upon her. He fears her as something almost supernatural; he would have enjoyed having had her burned as a witch. After letter on letter, telling his crony, Cardinal Sanseverino, at Rome, his various precautions during her life-time—how he wears a jacket of mail under his coat; how he drinks only milk from a cow which he has milked in his presence; how he tries his dog with morsels of his food, lest it be poisoned; how he suspects the wax-candles, because of their peculiar smell; how he fears riding out lest some one should frighten his horse and cause him to break his neck—after all this, and when Medea has been in her grave two years, he tells his correspondent of his fear of meeting the soul of Medea after his own death, and chuckles over the ingenious device (concocted by his astrologer and a certain Fra Gaudenzio, a Capuchin) by which he shall secure the absolute peace of his soul until that of the wicked Medea be finally "chained up in hell among the lakes of boiling pitch and the ice of Caina, described by the immortal bard"—old pedant! Here, then, is the explanation of that silver image—*quod vulgo dicitur idolino*—which he caused to be soldered into his effigy by Tassi. As long as the image of his soul was attached to the image of his body, he should sleep awaiting the Day of Judgment, fully convinced that Medea's soul will then be properly tarred and feathered, while his—honest man!—will fly straight to Paradise.

November 30th.—I feel quite shaken at what has just

happened. . . . It is ridiculous that I should be put into such a state of excitement merely by the chance discovery of a portrait of a woman dead these three hundred years. With the case of my uncle Ladislav, and other suspicions of insanity in my family, I ought really to guard against such foolish excitement.

Yet the incident was really dramatic—uncanny. I could have sworn that I knew every picture in the palace here; and particularly every picture of her. Anyhow, this morning, as I was leaving the archives, I passed through one of the many small rooms—irregular-shaped closets—which fill up the ins and outs of this curious palace, turreted like a French chateau. I must have passed through that closet before, for the view was so familiar out of its window. . . . I suppose there must be twin rooms, and that I had got into the wrong one; or rather, perhaps some shutter had been opened or curtain withdrawn. As I was passing, my eye was caught by a very beautiful old mirror-frame, let into the brown-and-yellow inlaid wall. I approached, and looking at the frame, looked also, mechanically, into the glass. I gave a great start, and almost shrieked, I do believe. . . . Behind my own image stood another, a figure close to my shoulder, a face close to mine; and that figure, that face, hers! Medea da Carpi's! I turned sharp round, as white, I think, as the ghost I expected to see. On the wall opposite the mirror, just a pace or two behind where I had been standing, hung a portrait. And such a portrait!—Bronzino never painted a grander one. Against a background of harsh, dark blue, there stands out the figure of the duchess (for it is Medea—the real Medea—a thousand times more real, individual, and powerful than in the other portraits), seated stiffly in a high-backed chair, sustained, as it were, almost rigid, by the stiff brocade of skirts and stomacher, stiffer for plaques of embroidered silver flowers and rows of seed pearl. The dress is, with its mixture of silver and pearl, of a strange dull red—a wicked poppy-juice color—against which the flesh of the long, narrow hands with fringe-like fingers, of the long, slender neck, and the face with bared forehead, looks white and hard, like alabaster. The face is the same as in the other portraits; the same rounded forehead, with the short, fleece-like, yellowish-red curls; the same beautifully curved eyebrows, just barely marked; the same eyelids, a little tight across the eyes; the same lips, a little tight across the mouth; but with a purity of line, a dazzling splendor of skin, and intensity of look immeasurably superior to all the other portraits.

She looks out of the frame with a cold, level glance; yet the lips smile. One hand holds a dull-red rose; the other, long, narrow, tapering, plays with a thick rope of silk and gold and jewels hanging from the waist; round the throat, white as marble, partially confined in the tight dull-red hodie, hangs a gold collar, with the device on alternate enameled medallions.

"AMOUR DURE—DURE AMOUR."

On reflection, I see that I simply could never have been in that room or closet before; I must have mistaken the door. But, although the explanation is so simple, I still, after several hours, feel terribly shaken in all my being. If I grow so excitable I shall have to go to Rome at Christmas for a holiday. I feel as if some danger pursued me here (can it be fever?); and yet, and yet, I do not see how I shall ever tear myself away. . . .

December 15th.—What a goose I am, and to think I am twenty-four and known in literature! In my long walks I have composed to a tune (I don't know what it is) which all the people are singing and whistling in the street at present, a poem in frightful Italian, beginning "Medea, mia dea," calling on her in the name of her various lovers. I go about humming between my teeth, "Why am I not Marcantonio, or Prinivale, or he of Narni, or the good Duke Alfonso, that I might be beloved by thee, Medea, mia dea?" etc. Awful rubbish! My landlord, Sor Asdrubale, I think, suspects that Medea must be some lady I have met. . . . This afternoon, at dusk, while tidying my room, Sora Lodovica said to me: "How beautifully the signorino has taken to singing!" I was scarcely aware that I had been vociferating, "Vieni, Medea, mia dea," while the old lady hobbled about making up my fire. I stopped; a nice reputation I shall get, I thought, and all this will somehow get to Rome, and thence to Berlin. Sora Lodovica was leaning out of the window, pulling in the iron hook of the shrine-lamp which marks Sor Asdrubale's house. As she was trimming the lamp previous to swinging it out again, she said, in her odd, prudish little way: "You are wrong to stop singing, Signor Professore, for there is a young lady there in the street who has actually stopped to listen to you."

I ran to the window. A woman, wrapped in a black shawl, was standing in an archway, looking up to the window. "Eh, eh, the Signor Professore has admirers," said Sora Lodovica.

"Medea, mia dea!" I burst out as loud as I could, with a boy's pleasure in disconcerting the inquisitive passer-by. She turned suddenly round to go away, waving her hand at me; at that moment Sora Lodovica swung the shrine-lamp back into its place. A stream of light fell across the street. I felt myself grow quite cold; the face of the woman outside was that of Medea da Carpi!

December 17th.—I fear that my craze about Medea da Carpi has become well known, thanks to my silly talk and idiotic songs. Perhaps the assistant at the archives is trying to play me a trick. Imagine my feelings when, this morning, I found on my desk a folded letter addressed to me in a curious handwriting, which seemed strangely familiar to me, and which, after a moment, I recognized as that of the letters of Medea da Carpi at the archives. It gave me a horrible shock. My next idea was that it must be a present from some one who knew my interest in Medea—a genuine letter of hers on which some idiot had written my address instead of putting it into an envelope. But it was addressed to me, written to me—no old letter, merely four lines, which ran as follows:

TO SPIRION: A person who knows the interest you bear her will be at the Church of San Giovanni Decollato this evening at nine.

Look out, in the left aisle, for a lady wearing a black mantle and holding a rose.

By this time I understood that I was the object of a conspiracy, the victim of a hoax. I turned the letter round and round. It was written on paper such as was made in the sixteenth century, and in an extraordinarily precise imitation of Medea da Carpi's characters. Who had written it? It would be too idiotic and professorial to refuse such an invitation; the lady must be worth knowing who can forge sixteenth-century letters like this. I will go! It is now five—how long these days are!

December 18th.—Am I mad? Or are there really ghosts? That adventure of last night has shaken me to the very depth of my soul.

I went at nine, as the mysterious letter had bid me. It was bitterly cold and the air full of fog and sleet; not a shop open, not a window unshuttered, not a creature visible; the narrow black streets, precipitous between their high walls and under their lofty archways, were only the blacker for the dull light of an oil-lamp here and there, with its flickering yellow reflection on the wet flags. San Giovanni Decollato is a little church, or rather oratory, which I have always hitherto seen shut up (as so many churches here are shut up except on great festivals), and situate behind the ducal palace, on a sharp ascent, and forming the bifurcation of two steep-paved lanes. I have passed by the place a hundred times and scarcely noticed the little church, except for the marble high relief over the door, showing the grizzly head of the Baptist in the charger, and for the iron cage close by, in which were formerly exposed the heads of criminals; the decapitated—or as they call him here, decollated—John the Baptist being apparently the patron of axe and block.

A few strides took me from my lodgings to San Giovanni Decollato. I confess I was excited; one is not twenty-four and a Pole for nothing. On getting to the kind of little platform at the bifurcation of the two precipitous streets, I found, to my surprise, that the windows of the church or oratory were not lighted and that the door was locked! So this was the precious joke that had been played upon me; to send me on a bitter cold, sleety night to a church which was shut up, and had, perhaps, been shut up for years! I was about to return in a rage, when I was suddenly stopped by the sound of an organ close by; an organ, yes, quite plainly, and the voice of chorists and the drone of a litany. So the church was not shut, after all! I retraced my steps to the top of the lane. All was dark and in complete silence. Suddenly there came again a faint gust of organ and voices. I listened; it clearly came from the other lane, the one on the right-hand side. Was there, perhaps, another door there? I passed beneath the archway and descended a little way in the direction whence the sounds seemed to come. But no door, no light, only the black walls, the black wet flags, with their faint yellow reflections of flickering oil-lamps; moreover, complete silence. I stopped a minute and then the chant rose again; this time it seemed to me most certainly from the lane I had just left. I went back—nothing. Thus backward and forward, the sounds always heckoning, as it were, one way, only to heckon me back vainly to another.

At last I lost patience, and I felt a sort of creeping terror, which only a violent action could dispel. If the mysterious sounds came neither from the street to the right nor from the street to the left, they could come only from the church. Half-maddened, I rushed up the two or three steps, and prepared to wrench the door open with a tremendous effort. To my amazement, it opened with the greatest ease. I entered and the sounds of the litany met me louder than before, as I paused a moment between the outer door and the heavy leather curtain. I raised the latter and crept in. The altar was brilliantly illuminated with tapers and garlands of chandeliers; this was evidently some evening service connected with Christmas. The nave and aisles were comparatively dark and about half-full. I elbowed my way along the right aisle toward the altar. When my eyes had got accustomed to the unexpected light, I began to look round me, and with a beating heart. The idea that all this was a hoax, that I should meet merely some acquaintance, had somehow departed; I looked about. The people were all wrapped up, the men in high cloaks, the women in woolen veils and mantles. The body of the church was comparatively dark, and I could not make out anything very clearly, but it seemed to me somehow as if, under the cloaks and veils, these people were dressed in a rather extraordinary fashion. The man in front of me, I remarked, showed yellow stockings beneath his cloak; a woman, hard by, a red hodie, laced behind with gold tags. Could these be peasants from some remote part come for the Christmas festivities, or did the inhabitants of Urbania don some old-fashioned garb in honor of Christmas?

As I was wondering, my eye suddenly caught that of a woman standing in the opposite aisle, close to the altar, and in the full blaze of its lights. She was wrapped in black, but held, in a very conspicuous way, a red rose, an unknown luxury at this time of the year in a place like Urbania. She evidently saw me, and turning even more fully into the light, she loosened her heavy black cloak, displaying a dress of deep red, with gleams of silver-and-gold embroideries; she turned her face toward me; the full blaze of the chandeliers and tapers fell upon it. It was the face of Medea da Carpi! I dashed across the nave, pushing people roughly aside, or rather, it seemed to me, passing through impalpable bodies. But the lady turned and walked rapidly down the aisle toward the door. I followed close upon her, but somehow I could not get up with her. Once, at the curtain, she turned round again. She was within a few paces of me. Yes, it was Medea. Medea herself—no mistake, no delusion, no sham; the oval face, the lips tightened over the mouth, the eyelids tight over the corner of the eyes, the exquisite alabaster complexion! She raised the curtain and glided out. I followed; the curtain alone separated me from her. I saw the wooden door swing to behind her. One step ahead of me! I tore open the door; she must be on the steps, within reach of my arm!

I stood outside the church. All was empty, merely the wet pavement and the yellow reflections in the pools. A sud-

den cold seized me; I could not go on. I tried to reënter the church; it was shut. I rushed home, my hair standing on end, and trembling in all my limbs, and remained for an hour like a maniac. Is it a delusion? Am I, too, going mad? O God!—God, am I going mad?

December 19th. . . . That Church of San Giovanni Decollato—so my landlord informs me—has not been made use of within the memory of man. Could it have been all a hallucination or a dream—perhaps a dream, dreamed that night? I have been out again to look at that church. There it is, at the bifurcation of the two steep lanes, with its bas-relief of the Baptist's head over the door. The door does look as if it had not been opened for years. I can see the cobwebs in the window-panes; it does look as if—as Sor Asdrubale says—only rats and spiders congregated within it. And yet—and yet; I have so clear a remembrance, so distinct a consciousness of it all. There was a picture of the daughter of Herodias dancing upon the altar; I remember her white turban with a scarlet tuft of feathers, and Herod's blue caftan; I remember the shape of the central chandelier—it swung round slowly, and one of the wax-lights had got hent almost in two by the heat and draught.

Things, all these, which I may have seen elsewhere, stored unawares in my brain, and which may have come out, somehow, in a dream; I have heard physiologists allude to such things. I will go again. If the church be shut, why then it must have been a dream, a vision, the result of overexcitement. I must leave at once for Rome and see doctors, for I am afraid of going mad. If, on the other hand—pshaw! there is no other hand in such a case. Yet, if there were—why, then, I should really have seen Medea; I might see her again; speak to her. The mere thought sets my blood in a whirl, not with horror, but with—I know not what to call it. The feeling terrifies me, but it is delicious. Idiot! There is some little coil of my brain—the twentieth of a hair's-breadth—out of order; that is all!

December 20th.—I have been again; I have heard the music; I have been inside the church; I have seen her! I can no longer doubt my senses. Why should I? Those pedants say that the dead are dead, the past is past. For them, yes; but why for me?—why for a man who loves, who is consumed with the love of a woman?—a woman who, indeed—yes, let me finish the sentence. Why should there not be ghosts to such as can see them? Why should she not return to the earth, if she knows that it contains a man who thinks of, desires, only her?

A hallucination? Why, I saw her, as I see this paper that I write upon; standing there, in the full blaze of the altar. Why, I heard the rustle of her skirts, I smelled the scent of her hair, I raised the curtain which was shaking from her touch. Again I missed her. But this time, as I rushed out into the empty moonlit street, I found upon the church steps a rose—the rose which I had seen in her hand the moment before; I felt it, smelled it—a rose, a real, living rose, dark red and only just plucked. I put it into water when I returned, after having kissed it, who knows how many times? I placed it on the top of the cupboard; I determined not to look at it for twenty-four hours lest it should be a delusion. But I must see it again; I must. . . . Good heavens! this is horrible, horrible; if I had found a skeleton it could not have been worse! The rose, which last night seemed freshly plucked, full of color and perfume, is brown, dry—a thing kept for centuries between the leaves of a book—it has crumbled into dust between my fingers. Horrible, horrible! But why so, pray? Did I not know that I was in love with a woman dead three hundred years? If I wanted fresh roses which bloomed yesterday, the Countess Fiammetta or any little seamstress in Urbania might have given them me. What if the rose has fallen to dust? If only I could hold Medea in my arms as I held it in my fingers, kiss her lips as I kissed its petals, should I not be satisfied if she too were to fall to dust the next moment, if I were to fall to dust myself?

December 22d, eleven at night.—I have seen her once more!—almost spoken to her. I have been promised her love! Ah, Spiridon! you were right when you felt that you were not made for any earthly *amori*. At the usual hour I betook myself this evening to San Giovanni Decollato. A bright winter night; the high houses and bellfries standing out against a deep-blue beaven, luminous, shimmering like steel with myriads of stars; the moon has not yet risen. There was no light in the windows; but, after a little effort, the door opened and I entered the church, the altar, as usual, brilliantly illuminated. It struck me suddenly that all this crowd of men and women standing all round, these priests chanting and moving about the altar, were dead—that they did not exist for any man save me. I touched, as if by accident, the hand of my neighbor; it was cold, like wet clay. He turned round, but did not seem to see me; his face was ashy, and his eyes staring, fixed like those of a blind man or a corpse. I felt as if I must rush out. But at that moment my eye fell upon her, standing as usual by the altar steps, wrapped in a black mantle, in the full blaze of the lights. She turned round; the light fell straight upon her face—the face with the delicate features, the eyelids and lips a little tight, the alabaster skin faintly tinged with pale pink. "Our eyes met."

I pushed my way across the nave toward where she stood by the altar steps; she turned quickly down the aisle, and I after her. Once or twice she lingered, and I thought I should overtake her; but again, when, not a second after the door had closed upon her, I stepped out into the street, she had vanished. On the church step lay something white. It was not a flower this time, but a letter. I rushed back to the church to read it; but the church was fast shut, as if it had not been opened for years. I could not see by the flickering shrine-lamps—I rushed home, lit my lamp, pulled the letter from my breast. I have it before me. The handwriting is hers; the same as in the archives, the same as in that first letter:

TO SPIRION: Let thy courage be equal to thy love, and thy love shall be rewarded. On the night preceding Christmas, take a hatchet and saw, cut boldly into the body of the bronze rider who stands in the Corte, on the left side, near the waist. Saw open the body, and within it thou wilt find the silver effigy of a winged genius. Take it out, hack it into a hundred pieces, and fling them in all directions, so

that the winds may sweep them away. That night she whom thou lovest will come to reward thy fidelity.

On the brownish wax is the device:

"AMOUR DURE—DURE AMOUR."

December 23d.—I have been calculating my nativity by help of an old book belonging to Sor Asdrubale—and see, my horoscope tallies almost exactly with that of Medea da Carpi, as given by a chronicler. May this explain? No, no; all is explained by the fact that the first time I read of this woman's career, the first time I saw her portrait, I loved her, though I hid my love to myself in the garb of historical interest. Historical interest indeed!

I have got the hatchet and the saw. What I am going to do is, I suppose, an act of vandalism, and certainly I have no right to spoil the property of this city of Urbana. But I wish no harm either to the statue or the city; if I could plaster up the bronze, I would do so willingly. But I must obey her; I must avenge her; I must get at that silver image which Robert of Montemurlo had made and consecrated in order that his cowardly soul might sleep in peace, and not encounter that of the being whom he dreaded most in the world. Aha! Duke Robert, you forced her to die unshriven, and you stuck the image of your soul into the image of your body, thinking thereby that, while she suffered the tortures of hell, you would rest in peace, until your well-scoured little soul might fly straight up to Paradise—you were afraid of her when both of you should be dead, and thought yourself very clever to have prepared for all emergencies! Not so, Serene Highness. You, too, shall taste what it is to wander after death, and to meet the dead whom one has injured.

What an interminable day! But I shall see her again tonight.

Eleven o'clock.—No; the church was fast closed; the spell had ceased. Until to-morrow I shall not see her. But to-morrow! Ah, Medea! did any of thy lovers love thee as I do?

Twenty-four hours more till the moment of happiness—the moment for which I seem to have been waiting all my life. And after that, what next? Yes, I see it plainer every minute; after that, nothing more. All those who loved Medea da Carpi, who loved and who served her, died; Giovanfrancesco Pico, her first husband, whom she left stabbed in the castle from which she fled; Stimigliano, who died of poison; the groom who gave him the poison, cut down by her orders; Oliverotto da Narni, Marcantonio Frangipani, and that poor boy of the Ordelfaffi, who had never even looked upon her face, and whose only reward was that handkerchief with which the hangman wiped the sweat off his face, when he was one mass of broken limbs and torn flesh—all bad to die, and I shall die also.

The love of such a woman is enough, and is fatal—"Amour Dure," as her device says. I shall die also. But why not? Would it be possible to live in order to love another woman? Nay, would it be possible to drag on a life like this one after the happiness of to-morrow? Impossible; the others died and I must die. I always felt that I should not live long; a gypsy in Poland told me once that I had in my hand the cut-line which signifies a violent death. I might have ended in a duel with some brother-student, or in a railway accident. No, no; my death will not be of that sort! Death—and is not she also dead? What strange vistas does such a thought not open! Then the others—Pico, the groom, Stimigliano, Oliverotto, Frangipani, Prinzivalle degli Ordelfaffi—will they all be there? But she shall love me best—me, by whom she has been loved after she has been three hundred years in the grave!

December 24th.—I have made all my arrangements. Tonight at eleven I slip out; Sor Asdrubale and his sisters will be sound asleep. I have questioned them; their fear of rheumatism prevents their attending midnight mass. Luckily there are no churches between this and the Corte; whatever movement Christmas night may entail will be a good way off. The vice-prefect's rooms are on the other side of the palace; the rest of the square is taken up with state-rooms, archives, and empty stables and coach-houses of the palace. Beside, I shall be quick at my work.

I have tried my saw on a stout bronze vase I bought of Sor Asdrubale; and the bronze of the statue, hollow and worn away by rust (I have even noticed holes), can not resist very much, especially after a blow with the sharp hatchet. I have put my papers in order, for the benefit of the government which has sent me hither. I am sorry to have defrauded them of their "History of Urbana." . . . Somehow this makes me feel wonderfully calm. . . .

Christmas Eve, midnight.—I have done it. I slipped out noiselessly. Sor Asdrubale and his sisters were fast asleep. I closed the house door softly behind me. The sky had become stormy since the afternoon, luminous with the full moon, but strewn with gray and buff-colored vapors; every now and then the moon disappeared entirely. Not a creature abroad; the tall, gaunt houses staring in the moonlight.

I know not why, I took a roundabout way to the Corte, past one or two church doors, whence issued the faint flicker of midnight mass. For a moment I felt a temptation to enter one of them; but something seemed to restrain me. I caught snatches of the Christmas hymn. I felt myself beginning to be unnerved, and hastened toward the Corte. As I passed under the portico at San Francesco, I heard steps behind me; it seemed to me that I was followed. I stopped to let the other pass. As he approached his pace flagged; he passed close by me and murmured, "*Do not go; I am Giovanfrancesco Pico.*" I turned round; he was gone. A coldness numbed me; but I hastened on.

Behind the cathedral apse, in a narrow lane, I saw a man leaning against a wall. The moonlight was full upon him; it seemed to me that his face, with a thin pointed beard, was streaming with blood. I quickened my pace; but as I grazed by him he whispered: "*Do not obey her; return home. I am Marcantonio Frangipani.*" My teeth chattered, but I hurried along the narrow lane, with the moonlight blue upon the white walls.

At last I saw the Corte before me; the square

was flooded with moonlight, the windows of the palace seemed brightly illuminated, and the statue of Duke Robert, shimmering green, seemed advancing toward me on its horse. I came into the shadow. I had to pass beneath an archway. There started a figure as if out of the wall, and barred my passage with his outstretched cloaked arm. I tried to pass. He seized me by the arm, and his grasp was like a weight of ice. "*You shall not pass!*" he cried, and, as the moon came out once more, I saw his face, ghastly white and bound with an embroidered kerchief; he seemed almost a child. "*You shall not pass!*" he cried; "*you shall not have her! She is mine, and mine alone! I am Prinzivalle degli Ordelfaffi!*" I felt his ice-cold clutch, but with my other arm I laid about me wildly with the hatchet which I carried beneath my cloak. The hatchet struck the wall and rang upon the stone. He had vanished.

I hurried on. I did it. I cut open the bronze; I sawed it into a wider gasb. I tore out the silver image, and hacked it into innumerable pieces. As I scattered the last fragments about, the moon was suddenly veiled; a great wind arose, howling down the square; it seemed to me that the earth shook. I threw down the hatchet and the saw and fled home. I felt pursued as if by the tramp of hundreds of invisible horsemen.

Now I am calm. It is midnight; another moment and she will be here. Patience, my heart! I hear it beating loud. I trust that no one will accuse poor Sor Asdrubale. I will write a letter to the authorities to declare his innocence should anything happen. . . . One! the clock in the palace-tower has just struck. . . . "I hereby certify that, should anything happen this night to me, Spiridion Trepka, no one but myself is to be held." . . . A step on the staircase. It is she! it is she! At last, Medea, Medea! Ah, AMOUR DURE—DURE AMOUR!

NOTE.—Here ends the diary of the late Spiridion Trepka. The chief newspapers of the Province of Umbria informed the public that, on Christmas morning of the year 1885, the bronze equestrian statue of Robert the Second had been found grievously mutilated, and that Professor Spiridion Trepka, of Posen, in the German Empire, had been discovered dead of a stab in the region of the heart, given by an unknown hand.

VERNON LEE.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Caliph's Dream.

The Caliph Suliman, of Bagdad, sat
Beneath the myrtles at his palace gate;
A fountain flung its perfumed spray around,
And the red spoil of roses strewn the ground.

The aigrette in his turban's snowy fold
Was thick with rubies wondrous to behold,
And in the handle of his scimitar
A precious topaz glimmered like a star.

Low at the Caliph's feet, a kneeling slave,
With voice monotonous and manner grave,
Read from the Persian in a chanting drone,
That mingled with the fountain's undertone:

"The dew-drops are God's jewels, one by one,
Richer than diamonds in the morning sun;
A trickling stream is better than the sheen
Of many-stringed pearls upon a queen."

The Caliph listened with a meek salute,
And spurned the parchment with his slippered foot;
"Peace, peace!" he cried, while laughter filled his eyes,
"Water and dew are sorry merchandise."

"Such wares, in sooth, might fide serve to bribe
The knavish fancies of some poet-scribe;
But glint of diamonds gladdens a man's heart,
And pearls are pearls indeed in Bagdad mart!"

The trembling eunuch read no further word,
And nothing but the fountain's voice was heard;
The scent of roses filled the drowsy air,
And the green myrtles screened the noon-day glare.

* * * * *

The Caliph Suliman, of Bagdad, stood
Alone, amid the desert solitude,
A fevered, dying, thirst-tormented man,
Sole remnant of the stricken caravan.

Before him, darkening the tropic noon,
Swept the last sand-whirl of the spent simoon;
And in grim heaps behind him, stretching back,
Camel and rider marked the deadly track.

The sand was like a furnace at his feet,
The sky a lurid vault of molten heat;
Above him, in black circles hovering,
The vultures waited on expectant wing.

His thirst was terrible, a fierce desire
That burned within him like consuming fire;
"Water!" poor wretch! how gladly would he give
A harem's spoils if he might drink and live!

And in the utter frenzy of his pain,
There crept into his ear and seething brain,
The mocking echo of a chanting drone,
That mingled with a fountain's undertone.

"The dew-drops are God's jewels, one by one,
Richer than diamonds in the morning sun;
A trickling stream is better than the sheen
Of many-stringed pearls upon a queen."

The sand, the sky, the burning sun of noon,
Swam round him, mingling in a deathly swoon;
And the foul vultures, loathsome, horrible,
Swooped in a flock upon him, and he fell!

* * * * *

The Caliph Suliman, of Bagdad, woke!
The fountain's voice alone the stillness broke,
And the clear waters, radiant and cool,
Fell in the marble basin of the pool.

Allah he praised! the terror was a dream.
He heard the fountain's splash and saw the gleam.
How blind was he that he had never seen
Till then such lustre in the water's sheen!

A dream, in truth; but still the horror clung
To his hot brow, the torture to his tongue;
With fevered lips he sought the fountain's brink,
And, kneeling, dipped his jeweled hand to drink.

The, ministering water, in his need,
Was better than the gleam of pearls indeed;
How precious were the cooling drops that now
Fell like a benediction on his brow.

He rose to go, and lo! upon his way
The Persian manuscript unheeded lay;
And seeking further truths in homely guise,
He took the scroll, and read with reverent eyes.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Garibaldi's son, Menotti, is a member of the Italian Parliament and an alderman of Rome.

The Sultan of Turkey has cut his expenses down five millions of dollars, and is now living within twenty millions of his income.

Emile Zola has had an offer of two hundred and fifty dollars a night for forty lectures on "Realism" in this country. He wrote a curt answer, in which he asked: "Where and what is the United States?"

Buffalo Bill has purchased a house in Naples at a ridiculously small price. It is a place of historical interest, as King Bomba once owned it. Buffalo Bill may never occupy it, but he considers it a good speculation.

The London *Times*, concluding an obituary notice of the late Baron Drouse, says: "A great Irishman has passed away. God grant that many as great, and who as wisely shall love their country, may follow him."

The Prince Regent of Bavaria has been granted a pension of four thousand dollars by the German Emperor to keep up his dignity. His straitened circumstances indicate that he is faithfully paying off the debts of the king.

In March, at one time, Queen Victoria was in the south of France, the heir-apparent in Germany, and the prime minister in the Riviera, a condition of things never before known in England since parliamentary government began.

Count Andrassy, in his will, declared in an introductory passage that it was his conviction that the maintenance of great landed estates is essential to the continued prosperity of the country. For this reason he entailed his estates.

Prince Malcolm Khan was dismissed from his post as Persian Minister to England because he answered "no" when asked by London tradesmen if it would be prudent to trust the Shah for four hundred thousand dollars' worth of shopping done by that potentate.

It is said that Gounod is writing a grand opera in four acts, to be presented in America in 1892 under his especial supervision. The first, second, and fourth acts are laid in Mexico in the time of the Montezumas, while the Western States furnish the incidents for the third act.

Emperor William seriously objects to being stared at, particularly in church. He has issued a cabinet order in which he says that "from the moment when I enter church until I leave, hundreds of eyes are, to my great annoyance, fixed upon me. I desire at least to be able to isolate myself for a few moments at divine service Sundays. All those who desire to look at me can do so during my daily rides and drives in the Thiergarten or 'Unter den Linten.'" No portrait of him or of the empress, or of other members of the imperial family, is to be published without his express sanction. Displeased with the photographic studies so far put before the public, the emperor is having his portrait painted by three artists—Koner, Prell, and Beckett—to whom he gives sittings simultaneously. Sittings are also now given to a sculptor for the emperor's bust.

Queen Victoria and her daughter Louise play the piano and organ. The Prince of Wales knows all about the banjo, and his wife is an excellent pianist. The Duke of Connaught can do wonders with the flute, and the Duke of Edinburgh is accomplished in handling the violin. The Czar performs with a silver trumpet. The Empress of Austria is one of the finest zither players on the continent. The Queen of Italy does the most difficult pieces of Italian and German composers on the piano. The Empress of Japan excels in playing the "koto," a Japanese instrument not unlike an overgrown zither. The Queen of Roumania is celebrated for her extraordinary performances on the harp and piano. King George of Greece extracts melody from castanets and wine-glasses with all the skill of a variety-show artist; his daughter, the Crown Princess Sophie, is learning as much of the Hungarian "cymbalum" as two Hungarian professors of music can teach her. Prince Henry of Prussia plays the piano and violin and is a composer of reputation.

The jury of the Paris Salon of this year has been put between the devil and the deep sea by Charles Castellani, a French painter, who submitted about seventy square feet of canvas on which were painted an Asiatic girdle richly set with precious stones, an overflowing jug of wine, a Lyons sausage, gold and paper representing ten thousand francs, and a grinning Indian god. The story behind this rather curious "still life" is as follows: M. Constans, the present French Minister of the Interior, while governor-general in Farther India some time ago, received from King Norodom in Cambodia a present of a magnificent girdle valued at two hundred thousand dollars, which his political opponents represented to be a reward for some kind of dark work done by him for King Norodom. Then, too, M. Constans became involved in the founding of a Lyons bank, which eventually got into the courts. It was generally reported throughout France that M. Constans received ten thousand francs for his work in starting the bank. When accused in the French Chamber of having been bribed into helping found the bank, M. Constans declared that the only reward he ever got for his services to the bank was a Lyons sausage. Castellani has therefore silently accused the minister of the interior of both lying and corruption by placing the *pot de vin* (colloquial French for "bribe") among the other articles celebrated for their connection with several shady transactions in the minister's public life. The jury has been unable to say a word against his seventy square feet of canvas from an artistic point of view. It was feared, however, that its acceptance would lead the government to withdraw the Palace of Industry, in which the exhibition was to be held, from the committee's disposition. According to the last accounts, the jury is still trying to steer between the Scylla of governmental displeasure and the Charybdis of artistic unfairness.

WHAT SHALL THEY CALL HER?

"Your Grace," "Duchess," or "Mrs. Marlborough."

Since the Duchess of Marlborough came to town, all the hunters have been in a fierce excitement. It is not often we have a live duchess to gladden our eyes and warm the cockles of our hearts. Some people went so far as to purchase orchestra seats at the Italian opera for the purpose of gazing at the duchess over the backs of their chairs during three odd hours. It was a high price for the honor, but worth it, they say, as the duchess is still a conspicuously handsome woman.

Meantime, in the Four Hundred her advent has agitated so terrific questions. The great one is, what she is to be called, how she is to be addressed. There is a large, a well-pressed, an obstinate, a powerful contingent, who say she must always be approached—conversationally, that is—with a copitatory "your grace." You must say at dinner, "Will your grace take some olives?" or in that awful moment of e-breaking, which has crushed the most lively of us to the earth: "Will her grace do herself the supreme honor of turning her illustrious eyes upon the table decorations?" This said to be the swagger thing among one set.

Then another august body is, as it were, agnostic in its views upon the fateful subject. It does not say you must not say "your grace," but it disapproves of it as somewhat menial tone, and yet can suggest nothing better. These poor-spirited creatures simply eliminate all forms of address from their conversation when approaching the lair of the lioness. Of course, this, while dignified in style, is only feasible at short range, for, if they do not happen to catch the ducal eye, there is no way of attracting its owner's attention. Most assuredly they can not bail her as you do a cab, nor can they row things at her, nor can they stand on her foot, nor even take her with an umbrella. When looking straight into the eyeballs of this fierce, Numidian lion, they talk on smoothly and collectedly, but once the eye-balls stray in other directions they must give up all hope of ever getting them back again. Then there comes the set who insist upon it that "duchess" is the way to do it. There is a sort of easy, familiar swing out of this which recommends it to that large and flourishing class of people who were brought up side by side with every aristocratic being who has ever trodden our shores, from Joseph offmann up to Sir Moses Montefiore. One feels when murmuring "your grace" that etiquette demands you should utter the sacred presence kneeling like the soldiers in "The Little," unless absolutely flat on the floor in the style forced on the serpent after Eve committed her rash act in the gardens of Eden. But to one who boldly faces the live aristocrat, without being withered by the fires of eyes which have looked upon the Prince of Wales and yet were not blinded, there is something particularly happy about "duchess." How d'ye do, duchess? How's Marlborough? How homely and pleasant this sounds? One can imagine the audacious young man who has dared to penetrate into the presence, pronouncing these words with a jaunty air, while he presses the right hand which is the property of Marlborough, and which has the power to sign away an annual income of two hundred thousand dollars.

The last and most excited faction is that of the gory republicans, who wave the flag of their faith in the faces of all foreign customs and believe that not to be an American citizen is to be eternally damned. These fiery spirits have declared their intentions, nailed their colors to the mast, and now defy any one who wants to be defied. They will call her "Mrs. Marlborough," though their determination should cause the amicable relations existing between the two countries to be strained to the verge of breaking. Ginger is not better in the mouth than is the patriotism of this contingent, roused now to absolute desperation by the goadings of the "your-grace" party. When members of the two factions meet, the air is sulphurous for a time, and in one of the engagements a particularly loud "Mrs. Marlboroughite" announced loudly, to be heard to the ears of men, that if he ever met Queen Victoria he would call her "Mrs. Guelph." Of the anglomaniacs present one fled away with piercing shrieks and others swooned to the floor.

The second great question is that the news has come from London that the prince—among the Four Hundred we always call the prince, as though there was only one in the world—that the prince has cut the Duke of Marlborough in the street. It hit him with a look, or rather one would say with the non-removal of a hat, not with a weapon, as the uninitiated might suppose. This, of course, is bad for Marlborough, but also, in these reflective times, it is said to be bad for the duchess, in the sense that her husband has been cut, but that people who never saw her husband in their lives are now thinking seriously of cutting the duchess. The connection is not what it could call close, in fact the relationship of the poles is a truer nearer—but this is the way we do these things in the Four Hundred. Mr. Marlborough has been so bad that the duchess has decided further acquaintance with so wicked a person would be destructive to that youth and innocence for which the presumptive heir of the English throne has so long been famous. Therefore Marlborough receives his *congé* from the princely intimacy. Immediately on this side of the street there is a terrible cackle. When the prince banishes Marlborough, of course we can not know him, or his wife, or her. Imagine, then, the agonizing suspense with which the confirmation of this horrible report is anxiously awaited here, how many invitations to dinners and receptions "to meet the Duchess of Marlborough" are being withheld until further advice from the seat of war.

The duchess has greatly improved. There was a time when she was too fat, and, as she is a sort of daughter of the gods in build, she must have turned the scale at a goodly figure. Now she has firmed down, and she has given up those artificial enhancements of her beauty to which she was once so devoted. Her hair, which was as golden as the princess's in the fairy tale, is once again its natural dark brown. She does not have such a pearly pink-and-white skin as of yore.

Respectable English women never paint or even powder, and wearing a *mouche* is considered very fast. Among these Puritans, the new duchess must have felt *outré*, hence the severe modifying which she has undergone. It is also said that his grace is extremely particular on all these points. He has not only been instrumental in banishing all the duchess's hare's-foot and rouge-pots, but he chooses all her dresses—which must be so nice for him, as she always pays for them. The modifying process has benefited her wardrobe as much as it has herself. She used to be very florid in her dress—wearing big hats and light dresses, and weirdly theatrical robes at the opera and similar places. Now she is quite demure and quiet in appearance, sitting up stiffly, with her shoulders squared in the English fashion, and looking handsome and severe.

The other night at the opera she was so retiring that most of the people who came there to have a stare at her mistook the other occupant of the box for the person they were looking for. This other was a handsome lady, in a low-necked dress, with a diamond tiara round her hair. She was Mrs. Cruger, the duchess's *âme damnée*—a pretty, rather piquant person, who plays well on the piano and is considered extremely fascinating. She was present at the duchess's marriage and saw Mayor Hewitt press that celebrated kiss on the bride's cheek. Afterward she went over and spent some time at Blenheim—the Marlborough estate—and came back with big eyes and open mouth over all the splendors that she had seen.

The duchess herself has had a lively life, and wears her years well. She must be a little over thirty-five. She has always been particularly attractive to the average male, and from the time she was fifteen years old was plunged to the eyes in flirtations. One of her escapades, in the old days when she was Miss Price, of Troy, was to go out sleigh-riding with two young men, one on each side of her. During the drive, finding two hands slipped ingratiatingly into her muff, where they felt about for her own, she quietly withdrew her fingers and thrust them under the rug. The two hands came in contact, grasped each other and squeezed lovingly. The two young men looked vacantly at the horse's ears and were filled with inward joy. The future duchess, with her hands warmly folded under the rug, also looked at the horse's ears with a faint sphinx-like smile playing over her charming mouth. She was engaged once or twice before she met Louis Hamersley, who was rich, reliable, and so nearly idiotic that he did not count. The Hamersleys are all queer. Hooker Hamersley, who came in for a good deal of the estate, was such a crank that, had it not been for his good-nature and his money, society could not have tolerated him. But he was a catch in the fullest sense of the word, so his queerness and the fact that he wrote poetry were kindly overlooked by a world to whom millions will excuse almost anything.

Now that the opera is over and the spring season not yet begun, the interim is one of dullness, enlivened by a few fads of the moment. New Yorkers are fast becoming fad-maniacs. They are always ready to go off their beads about anything odd or new. They have not got up to London or Paris in this, but they are close behind. For example, no one in New York saw the possibilities of Buffalo Bill. They let him pass unheeded as the summer breeze, and then afterward, when they saw what could be made out of him, they cursed themselves for fools. They were not sufficiently *blasé* to see the Hon. Mr. Cody in the light of a social lion. But they will go crazy over a new author when they really hate him, or a new actress who has *chic*, or a breed of dogs which is either preternaturally ugly, large or small, or an exaggerated shape in hats, or a pretty woman from distant shores, or a mystic novel, or a daring clergyman.

The last craze is Carmencita. She has danced here before, but there was no craze then. Now, when there is nothing to do, and one must either have a fad or die of weariness, they have boomed Carmencita into a craze. She is a beauty and a fine dancer and new, undoubtedly. Her dancing is appreciated variously from different points of view, though it is not a circumstance on some of the dancing in the Paris Exposition last summer. She is on view at Koster & Bial's, a sort of weak imitation of the music-halls of London, where quantities of society people go down and see her nightly. These sudden revulsions of popular prejudice are startling. Two years ago, a lady would as soon have gone to a dive in the Bowery as to Koster & Bial's, and now when the time arrives for the sinuous Spaniard to appear with her well-dressed and her liquid eyes, there is quite a company of well-dressed, fashionable women in the audience, who withdraw when the dancer has left the stage.

Private entertainments are also given at which Carmencita dances for anything but a trifling consideration. There was one at Chase's—the artist's—studio, where Carmencita enraptured a select few bidden to afternoon tea and the regular studio lounge and gossip over the host's open portfolios. It was an artistic entertainment. Mr. Chase, who is not only one of the cleverest of American artists, but a handsome man and a gentleman as well, has a wonderful studio—a place all richness and harmony and color, with a great brick chimney and walls hung in tapestries, and mellow-tinted stuffs, Spanish bronzes, gleaming brasses, lion skins, weapons shining in the half light, musical instruments, long divans, and nests of pillows to drowse among. He has, too, a big, aristocratic-looking dog that loafs about in that bored, dignified way big dogs have, and adds a telling touch to the picture. This is the sort of place where Carmencita should dance. She requires such a background for her wild, picturesque beauty and her serpentine writhings. Seen to perfection, she should be out-of-doors, with the gleaming leaves and pendant yellow balls of orange-trees behind her head, with big gold rings in her ears and barbaric-looking pins stuck through her dusky hair, and when she laughed her teeth and the whites of her eyes would be the highest lights in the picture.

NEW YORK, April 17, 1890.

VAN GRYSSE.

Fourteen men and women have been slain, and forty or more wounded, in the Hatfield-McCoy feud in West Virginia and Kentucky.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The chamber of the House of Commons (writes a London correspondent of the *Nation*) is paneled throughout in dark oak. The ornamentation is rich and chaste. The pendent posts are particularly beautiful. It is lighted by clear-story windows, emblazoned with the arms of the three kingdoms; at night, by electric lights through a stained-glass ceiling. The side galleries, usually unoccupied, are reserved for members. That opposite the speaker is for visitors; above him is one for the reporters (it is interesting to observe the regularity with which they relieve each other every quarter of an hour). Above the reporters, a grating conceals the gallery for ladies. Outside the chamber, on the ground floor, run the division lobbies, and above, on a level with the galleries, are writing and reading lobbies and lavatories, paneled and ceiled in oak.

There are not, nor ever were, seats for more than four hundred and fifty of the six hundred and seventy members. Nor are there in the outer lobbies sufficient lockers for holding books, papers, and personal belongings. A new member has generally to wait several months before he can get one. The chamber, the division lobbies, and the gallery corridors constitute the House proper. The stately libraries, the well-appointed refreshment-room, the cozy reading and tea-rooms soon become familiar. The appointments are of the completest; every possible place is carpeted, and scrupulous cleanliness and order prevail, without stiffness or constraint. There is not, except in the smoking-room in the basement and in the cloak-room, a trace of the use of tobacco. The cloak-room is an interesting old cloister, in one corner of which Cromwell signed Charles the First's death warrant. Here in winter fires burn brightly; the latest telegrams are displayed, and civil policemen come forward to take your coat and umbrella, and outside the door a little shoe-black plies his trade. From the speaker and clerks at the table to the neat girls who wait in the tea-room, there is nothing but fair dealing and politeness. The refreshments are good and cheap and well served. There are three dining-rooms opening into each other, overlooking the Thames, with the same tariff and arrangements; one is left by courtesy to cabinet and ex-cabinet ministers, another reserved for members only; to the third, members can invite gentlemen for whom they have procured orders. Members can take ladies anywhere when the House is not sitting, and, during sittings, to the corridors, a special refreshment-room, and the terrace, all without orders. For gentlemen, orders are required, and it is one of a member's trials to be handed, perhaps in the middle of an interesting debate, a card from a friend in the outer lobby, seeking admission. Yet you can, simply by asking leave of "Black Rod," an urbane old gentleman, take people into the House of Lords, where, while ladies are allowed chairs, you and your male visitors must stand. The Lords' chamber is gorgeously fitted-up as compared to the Commons.

The distinction between the "House" and the premises generally is curiously shown in the stationery of all descriptions with which you are freely supplied. That on the writing-tables in division lobbies and gallery lobby is stamped "House of Commons"; that in the libraries, "House of Commons—Library." On the writing-tables the old and new are mingled; the envelopes are gummed, and steel-pens are at hand; but for the most part the pens are quill, there being knives to mend them; trays of wafers are provided, and lighted tapers to enable you to give dignity to your correspondence by appropriate House of Commons seals. There is a post and telegraph-office in the centre hall, where you receive your letters. Telegrams are taken to members in their seats. All is stillness and quiet throughout the House and its surroundings. There is nothing to suggest the hidden world below ministering to health and comfort—a strange, weird, under-ground labyrinth of passages and halls; the one thousand-horse-power boilers generating steam for heating and cooking; the six or eight steam and gas-engines; the furnaces for creating draughts and ventilating; the array of delicate electrical appliances. The same order and cleanliness that reign above prevail in the lower regions. The ventilation is carefully watched and regulated according to the number of members in the House. Telegraphs communicate with the attendants in charge of the openings in the roof. The air is filtered in from below through calico screens; during fog, through a large surface of cotton wool, six inches thick, and imperceptibly introduced into the House through a netted floor-cloth. In summer, the air is drawn in over blocks of ice and through water-sprays.

Except to prominent members by courtesy, no one has a place of his own on the comfortable leather "benches." If a member wish to secure a seat for the day, he must attend prayers, when he may write his name on a card headed "Prayers" and attach it to his selected place, or he may leave his hat, with his card on it, and come in at leisure after prayers and claim the seat. The comparatively empty benches in the House of Commons, where all present at least appear to listen, must be more easily addressed than assemblies where members sit behind desks and can, if they like, read or write without heeding you. The respect apparently shown to the table or speaker's chair is curious. We can understand bowing to the speaker, or even to the mace, as the emblem of royalty, but it is grotesque to see the speaker, with his mace-bearer and chaplain, while marching in at the opening of proceedings, repeatedly, as though oppressed with reverence, bowing to the empty chair. The chaplain, after prayers, backs out of the House, bowing, cap in hand.

The most voluminous reports and papers are supplied. You can almost tell the cost to the country of each fresh bolt that is screwed into a ship-of-war, each brick laid in a government building, the wages of each scullery-maid and messenger-boy in every government department.

Millions are voted away for the army, without inquiry, in ten minutes by a dozen members; the House is crowded and excited and the ministry defeated in a division on a question as to whether a foot-bridge should or should not be erected over a certain new piece of railway.

PARISIAN NOTES.

"Parisina's" Budget of Gossip from Lutetia.

Parisians stare aghast at the unconventional proceedings of Lord and Lady Lytton. For an ambassador and his lady to entertain play-actors at their table is looked upon as an unheard-of breach of social discipline. You may smile, but there is no society so squeamish—in one sense—as that of Paris. All societies are more or less wont to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel; the Parisian camels are the racy stories, the indelicate innuendos, the gross confidences which go down so easily; the gnats are the questions of social status, profession, etc. That Sarah Bernhardt and Reichenberg should actually go to the British Embassy as invited guests, be escorted into the dining-room by an earl or an honorable, and that Coquelin and Worms should break bread with countesses, is—as a *fin-de-siècle* would say—*énorme*, according to existing ideas. Your French aristocracy engage *artistes* to sing or to recite; the popular prima donna or comedian will be taken to the buffet or into supper by the host himself, and the hostess will thank her prettily and trust she has been well cared for, though she would never dream of introducing her to any of her friends, who look upon her as a pariah and are jealous, too, of the admiration and interest she excites in the masculine camp. No, a woman may be as pure as snow, better bred than half the women who scorn her so, but the fact of her being an actress will never be forgotten. It is understood that the stage is pitch and that every one having to do with it must be defiled. Yet I know some most religious people who are going this evening to hear Sarah recite the part of the Virgin Mary in Harancourt's mystery-play. Philippe Garnier is to give her the cue. In the first place, it was proposed to perform it in costume at one of the theatres, but this very properly was considered a sort of profanation, and the oratorio arrangement was substituted for the old mediæval way of doing things; when, however, an actor had to be striven before he could personify Jesus Christ. The play was then something akin to a religious ceremony, and the place of representation was chosen accordingly. To alternate a mystery with a modern French comedy would jar even on our nineteenth-century feelings.

The public has been sorely exercised about Saint-Saëns lately. Even if he were the great composer, he—and some of his admirers—would make us believe, he could not have reached the pinnacle of notoriety to which he has climbed through the simple fact of his absence. Is he a second Alcibiades, and has he only been cutting off his dog's tail? You are doubtless aware that, about ten days ago, "Ascanio" was produced at the Opera here. Well, we all knew that the author thereof was traveling for the benefit of his health; but no one, for one moment, doubted he would fail to appear to reap the usual harvest of applause and compliments. His friends looked round the house on the first night in vain search for his well-known physiognomy. They supposed he had been suddenly attacked with nervous disbelief in his own work and wanted to be sure the opera would be a success before he put in an appearance. However, day after day passed, and there was no news of him. Then everybody began to wonder and speculate about it. Then it came out that no one had the slightest idea where he was, where he had gone, or when he would return. He went away last autumn with two thousand dollars in his pocket, was known to have gone to Algeria, then to Cadiz; after which his doings were a blank. M. Louis Gallet, his intimate and coadjutor, was no better informed than the rest of the world, save that he knew Saint-Saëns was not traveling under his own name, and he had given his word not to divulge the *alias*. As soon as people began to scent a mystery, you may be sure they became frantically curious, and the most absurd, impossible, and improbable stories began to be noised abroad. Saint-Saëns was mad; he had done some one out of a large sum of money; he had been murdered, and so on, and so on. We are still as much in the dark as ever. Journalists have been telegraphing all over the world. I wonder whether you have seen the missing composer in San Francisco? If so, I trust you will send him back to a sorrowing populace.

It appears that there are no less than thirteen candidates for the next Academic election. Perhaps some will be sorted out before the time comes for voting; anyhow, it is likely to be a warm contest. The same superstition exists against thirteen candidates as against thirteen guests at dinner, and the last man who has put himself on the list is severely blamed as endangering the lives of himself—which might not be of such consequence—and also of his twelve rivals, a far more serious matter. It is rather hard on the "forty" that they have had to see and entertain so many candidates, for, as you know, Academic canvassing necessitates a round of visits to all the Academicians. One can imagine M. Zola feeling a little nervous when he went down to Chantilly to curry favor with the noble duke who glories in the right to wear a coat embroidered with green oak-leaves—the author of "La Bête Humaine" is one of the said thirteen—however, he was received with much courtesy, and though not admitted to a private conference with his host, by which anything like a literary discussion was avoided, was invited to breakfast and treated with marked distinction. Of course no one ever expected that the Duc d'Aumale would vote for Emile Zola; the duke's party—a very clearly defined one in the Academy—has its own particular candidate, who is not of the call-a-spade-a-spade school, by any means. As far as we can see, only three votes are actually secured to the historian of the Rougons-Macquart, and one of them belongs to François Coppée, who, by the way, seems to have broken his lyre and taken to writing sentimental novels instead of poetry and plays.

Mr. George Moore—one of whose best titles to popularity in London is the fact that Mr. Mudie refuses to keep his books on the score of their immorality—has been accusing Emile Zola of plagiarism. His last novel turned on a railway accident, and he avers that on the occasion of one of his visits to Paris (he was wont every now and then to come and seat

himself—metaphorically—at the feet of the apostle of realism) he gave M. Zola a sketch of the plot of his book, and is fully convinced that it suggested that of "La Bête Humaine." Zola denies this most energetically, also all remembrance of any allusion to any story of his. Twelve years ago Mr. George Moore was a well-known figure in Parisian cosmopolitan society; rather a favorite with the ladies, and an adept at the "boston." He came over with the intention of becoming an artist; but after a few months in Julian's studio he discovered that he had mistaken his vocation, and then began to court the tragic muse. The first time I discovered he intended to range himself under the banner of the realistic battalion was at the fancy ball given to celebrate the three hundredth representation of "L'Assommoir," when he appeared in the garb of a Paris workman, which suited him about as well as that of a mendicant friar might Zola himself. Since then, Mr. George Moore has gained considerable notoriety in London and is rather proud than otherwise of the horror which his name excites among the Pharisees. He is one of the few men who glory in making themselves out worse than they are. So many are so bent on doing the contrary thing, that he is rather refreshing than otherwise. PARISINA.

PARIS, April 4, 1890.

RECENT VERSE.

The Phantom Gondolier.

In Venice of the Doge's times,
When Carnival was constant king,
When gallant nobles coupled rhymes
And did their own gay minstrelsing,
There lived a gondolier whose grace
Was like a charm we dream to see
In some remote, ethereal place,
In some celestial Italy.

His oar had life; it swayed; it swept;
It dipped as dips the bird in air,
Upon his olive face there slept
A sunny look that made it fair.
And what a wondrous voice he had!
When on the air its notes were borne,
The happy heard and grew more glad,
And Sorrow's self forgot to mourn.

Rare bliss was his one little hour;
A lovely princess deigned to throw
A rose-bud from her latticed bower
At twilight as he passed below.
And with the flower she flashed a smile
That was to him a ray of light
Swift shot from some angelic isle
Adown the drowning dusk of night.

Impassioned songs to her he sung
When starry splendors filled the sky,
Till Scandal stirred its venom tongue,
And fired a lover's jealousy.
A ruthless arbiter of fate,
The vengeful noble lingered near,
And at the palace postern gate
He slew the daring gondolier.

And since that midnight hour of dread
In lawless mediæval days,
A spectral gondola has sped
Down Venice' winding water-ways;
A graceful phantom plies the oar
And hurries on as if in fear;
A hopeful terror runs before
Where hastes the ghostly gondolier.

Beheld but for a fleeting breath,
Then suddenly the wraith is gone
With one swift shudder, as when death
Steals in across the chill of dawn,
Who sees this phantom form may know
That murder walks again abroad,
And that another face of woe
Is staring dumbly up to God.

—Clinton Scollard in the Independent.

The Common Chord.

The Rappahannock's stately tide, aglow with sunset light,
Came sweeping down between the hills that hemmed its gathering night.

From one side rose the Stafford slopes, and on the other shore
The Spotsylvania meadows lay, with oak groves scattered o'er.
Hushed were the sounds of busy day; the brooding air was hushed,
Save for the rapid-flowing stream that chanted as it rushed.
O'er mead and gently sloping hills, on either side the stream,
The white tents of the soldiers caught the sun's departing beam—
On Spotsylvania's slopes the Blue, on Stafford's hills the Gray:
Between them, like an unsheathed sword, the glittering river lay.
Hark! Suddenly a Union hand far down the stream sends forth
The strains of "Hail, Columbia," the psalm of the North.
The tents are parted; silent throngs of soldiers, worn and grim,
Stand forth upon the dusky slopes to hear the martial hymn.

So clear and quiet was the night that to the farthest bound
Of either camp was borne the swell of sweet, triumphant sound.
And when the last note died away, from distant post to post
A shout, like thunder of the tide, rolled through the Federal host.
Then straightway from the other shore there rose an answering strain,
"Bonnie Blue Flag" came floating down the slope and o'er the plain.

And then the Boys in Gray sent back our cheer across the tide—
A mighty shout that rent the air and echoed far and wide.
"Star-Spangled Banner," we replied; they answered, "Boys in Gray,"
While cheer on cheer rolled through the dusk, and faintly died away.

Deeply the gloom had gathered round, and all the stars had come,
When the Union band began to play the notes of "Home, Sweet Home."

Slowly and softly breathed the chords, and utter silence fell
Over the valley and the hills—on Blue and Gray as well.
Now swelling and now sinking low, now tremulous, now strong,
The leader's cornet played the air of the beautiful old song;
And, rich and mellow, horn and bass joined in the flowing chords,
So voice-like that they scarcely lacked the charm of spoken words.
Then what a cheer from both the hosts, with faces to the stars!
And tears were shed and prayers were said upon the field of Mars.
The Southern band caught up the strain; and we, who could sing,
sang.

Oh, what a glorious hymn of home across the river rang!

We thought of loved ones far away, of scenes we'd left behind—
The low-roofed farm-house 'neath the elm that murmured in the wind;

The children standing by the gate, the dear wife at the door;
The dusty sunlight all aslant upon the old barn floor.
Oh! loud and long the cheer we raised, when silence fell again,
And died away among the hills the dear familiar strain.
Then to our cot of straw we stole, and dreamed the livelong night
Of far-off hamlets in the hills, peace-walled, and still, and white.

—James Buckham in Harper's Weekly.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

The Alumnae of Wells College met at Sherry's last week and re-elected Mrs. Cleveland as their president.

The principal reader at the *Century* office is Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick, Marion Harland's daughter, and herself a writer on domestic matters. One of the readers at *Harper's* is Lillie French, who is also a newspaper woman and one of New York's handsomest feminine bachelors.

The Princess Letitia, the late Amadeo's widow, is living in Rome, where she is already said to be prospecting, in a Napoleonic way, for a new and young husband. She is very young herself, and was opposed to marrying her old uncle, and only did so at the insistence of her mother, who wished to please her favorite brother.

Princess Beatrice is taking a course of treatment at Aix in the hope of reducing her weight, which is now more than two hundred pounds. Beginning before eight o'clock in the morning, she is carried to and from her baths in a queer sedan chair, and might be poor old fat Queen Anne herself, for all that can be seen of her royal highness.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster is a lovely, silver-haired lady of most gracious presence. Though her literary career began early—she was in print at sixteen—and has been so brilliant the good lady prides herself even more upon her household qualities. She has brought up three families—her step-children, her own children, and a flock of orphan nieces. She is not a member of Sorosis, nor indeed, of any club.

Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor of *St. Nicholas*, uses a phonograph constantly in her literary work, and when her stenographer is absent, she promptly confides her ideas to the phonograph, which repeats them accurately next day when the stenographer returns, who, from the phonograph's dictation, writes them out at once on the type-writer. When this is once done, she bothers herself no more about it until the proof comes for correction.

It is a somewhat curious fact that there are now three Dudesses of Manchester. The second of these, who became dowager duchess by the death of the duke in Naples, in March, is a remarkable woman. She is the daughter of Hanoverian nobleman, beautiful, witty, highly accomplished and an able and astute politician. Few men in English affairs have been more influential in inviting or postponing governmental crisis than she, while her social sway was undisputed. To his devoted friendship for this brilliant lady the London gossips ascribe the celibacy of the Marquis Hartington. But no breath of reproach has ever assailed her grace's name.

The Paris correspondent of the *London Telegraph* is Mr. Crawford. She has had many strange experiences. On the twenty-third of March, 1871, she made her way alone in the barricaded city of Paris and interviewed the communal leaders as they sat in council. No harm or insult was offered to the plucky little woman. She has walked the wards of cholera hospitals amid the dead and dying, and, prompted by the same journalistic instinct, has rushed at midnight through a thunder-storm, in satin slippers and a ball-dress, to the nearest telegraph-station to send an important dispatch. Her social life is not less brilliant than her professional career. She was the intimate friend of Gambetta, the companion of Tiers and Louis Blanc, the friend of Barthélemy de Hilaire, and she has been a happy wife and brought up five children.

Mrs. Mary Edna Hill Gray Dow, of Dover, N. H., among other securities once owned some shares in the Dover C Street Railroad. In the summer of 1888, a Boston syndicate started in to buy up the road. At the annual meeting stockholders Mrs. Dow surprised everybody by showing that she had acquired control of a majority of the shares, and elected herself president of the company. Then she began to introduce reforms, raising the pay of employees, reducing fares, and buying new rolling-stock for cash, and at the end of the first year she announced a dividend of eleven per cent something unparalleled in the history of the road. Since then the company has been moving along on a high wave of prosperity. Mrs. Dow is also a good shot with a rifle; is skillful at fly-fishing; is a good judge of horse-flesh, and taken a prize in an amateur swimming-contest among ladies.

The Boston *Herald* says: "Now that Patti has farewelled Boston for the very last time with her hat on, Boston is going to read her a lesson. Ever since this most precious of our music-boxes began her artistic career, fortune has smiled on her. It is true, fate has once or twice stepped in and given the diva a bad quarter of an hour, in the shape of a rascally marquis and a censorious world, yet, with it all, fortune has been always pouring favors and fame at her feet. With the most marvelous voice of the day, she has collected, until great wealth, such as no prima donna ever won before, is hers to use for good or evil. The effect of this practical adoration has been to dwarf every natural sentiment, and to place self, as it were, on a high altar, transforming the woman into a machine, without another idea save to be in, to avoid the tiniest wrinkle in the proverbial rose-leaf, short, to be la diva, the one and only Patti. If Patti is given anything here besides her name for an advertisement, we are ignorant of it, and beg her pardon for having believed the report. Probably she has shared the fate of rich people in being haunted by beggars of all degrees, but considering the thousands of dollars Americans alone have added to her bank account, it would be pretty of her to spare a little of her superfluity for some charity now dear to the American heart. The worship of self, whether in the woman without talent or in a woman with a transcendent larynx, is thoroughly hateful, and, it must be said, even in Patti's case, very tiresome to those who judge with unprejudiced understanding."

VANITY FAIR.

A hundred years ago (says T. W. H. in *Harper's Bazar*) the social life was drawn at actors and actresses, and Dr. Samuel Johnson would allow them no better epithet than "amusing vagabonds." Now this prejudice is withdrawn; but Mrs. Kendal thinks that we should continue to draw a similar line at domestic servants. "Your American servants dress too well," she says; "all our servants have a costume prescribed. No girl in my house can wear a fringe. I tell her plainly she must part her hair, and comb it neatly back beneath a cap, and she must wear an apron, and no jewelry but a ribbon round her neck. Only a lady's-maid may wear a brooch and go without the cap, but she must wear an apron. They must wear their caps at the theatre, too. Why, if they didn't, I would wear one myself. There must be a distinction made somehow." Now no one can wonder that a lady whose main life is in the stage and its traditions should incline to a picturesque make-up in her own household. A caste costume is certainly more picturesque than the ordinary civilized garb; but when it reaches the point where it can only be maintained by compulsion, you must consider your means of compelling. Every tourist deplores the steady disappearance of costume all the world over; it has vanished from Scotland, almost vanished from Switzerland, is vanishing in the Tyrol, and beginning to totter even in Japan. Only two things can preserve it—law and money. In a country where it is hard to get a good housemaid, even if incumbered with a bonnet, it is impossible to make it always a part of the bargain that she should wear a cap; nor can an employer risk the loss of a cook for the sake of a breast-pin, when she lives in terror lest the cook be tempted away from her, any day, by a plain gold ring.

Mrs. Kendal's whole theory is based on the traditions of a country where there are more applicants than places. They are wholly inappropriate to a nation where there are more places than applicants. Moreover, Mrs. Kendal must know very well that even in Europe, with the advance of democratic feeling, these precious distinctions have grown less and less. George Sand thought it the greatest proof of this advance, within her recollection, that men-servants had begun to sit instead of standing behind carriages; in her youth, she says, they always stood. William Austin, a very observing Boston lawyer, who visited London in 1802, records it as no uncommon thing to see in the streets of that city what he calls "a chariot and eight"; namely, a vehicle drawn by four horses, and with four liveried servants in lace and gold, one on the box and three standing behind the carriage. Some carriages, he reports, had four straps behind, with room for four of these lackeys. But in the last forty years, probably, you might have traversed the length and breadth of London without encountering "a chariot and eight." Nay, the inquisitive American, whose chief English desires are to inspect a queen, a headle, and a powdered footman, has often to wait long before succeeding in either of the three quests. Your English friends tell you that London liveries have "ceased to be ludicrous," because the servants would no longer bear it; and in America liveries have never been ludicrous at all; they are usually a mere badge of office, like the uniform of a railway official. Even in this aspect, I am told, they greatly limit the range of selection in respect to household service, since so many persons otherwise trustworthy dislike to wear them. And in England, as Mrs. Kendal must know, the difficulty goes far beyond this. The American in London is surprised to hear ladies discussing the perplexities of their households more frankly than Americans, and almost as helplessly. The present writer has heard English ladies comparing notes upon this very question of enforcing a costume, and deploring failure; he has even heard one of them lament in lively terms how she had attempted to have all letters refused from the hands of the postman at her door, if addressed to any of her servants with the prefix "Miss," and how ignominiously she had been compelled at last to surrender to the leveling spirit of the age. This was a dozen years ago, and there is no reason to think that the tide has turned again.

The following anecdote is from the *Illustrated American*: A newspaper man, on one occasion, being hard pressed for something to fill a vacant column, sat down and hastily scribbled off an account of an imaginary "beauty-hospital." He wrote that a certain female physician, finding the ordinary route to medical success rather slow, had set up as a doctor for the disease of ugliness. She declared that it could be cured, or so far alleviated as to cease to be painful, and that she could guarantee to improve the appearance of even the plainest of women. Her practice had grown so rapidly that she had at last set up a hospital, fitting up a pretty, quiet house on a side-street in New York for the purpose. Here she took patients. The lean she put on a diet that gave them form and color, the fat and florid underwent such treatment as made them slim and faint-tinted. Bad complexions she purified. She treated the hair, teeth, nails—everything that makes the difference between plainness and beauty. Her methods were simple and safe, and applied under the advice of a skilled physician; but she devoted her personal efforts to it, and ransacked earth and

heaven to find unguents, creams, balms, and depilatories, used electricity, water-cure, gymnastics—whatever served her purpose and affected a cure, and had conquered or mitigated some of the worst cases of homeliness. This little fiction filled up the vacant space, and within a week every paper in the United States had copied it. A little later, one of the leading London papers reproduced it on the editorial page, and appended a long lecture on female vanity. Letters began to pour in to the office of the paper in which the story originally appeared, all of them signed by women, and all asking for the address of the beauty doctor. They came from post-offices in Maine and in Texas, in California and New York, Ohio, Michigan, Florida, Kansas, New Mexico—everywhere; and, a little later still, they began to wear foreign postage-stamps, and the postmarks of towns all over Great Britain. There were four hundred and thirty of them in all, and after the first flood of them was over they continued to drop in for months, one or two at a time. The reporter was aghast. He spent several weeks trying to frame an answer, and finally gave it up in despair, and refused reply to a single one of them. But he has ever since declared that he has demonstrated what a fortune can be made by the woman who will take up his suggestion in earnest, and devote her life to improving the looks of other women.

The Palace of the Legion of Honor was crowded recently with fashionable Paris folk, on the occasion of the annual charity fair in favor of the Poor Ashamed. This is the exact translation of the French expression, "Pauvres honteux," but it is necessary to say that the funds so collected are distributed among the very poor who can not for shame publish their distress, and who must be sought out and relieved, not daring to seek relief themselves. It is one of the fashionable functions of the season, and is always very well supported, though whether for charity's sake or because it gives one the opportunity of elbowing what is most supreme in Paris social life, it is difficult to say. The stall-holders are all from the cream of the cream. At the last, Mme. de MacMahon, Duchesse de Magenta, presided at one of the stalls. There is this advantage about a charity fair in Paris, that one is not harassed to buy. Your Parisian *grande dame* has not the mercantile instinct of the Anglo-Saxon; she has no energy in trafficking, and should you show a disinclination to purchase, she will not insist. One can pass hours in such a fair, and, even without great strength of mind, issue no poorer in purse than before.

The glazed hat has proved so popular (says a New York paper) that fashion is loth to give it up, despite the fact that the cheaper versions of it have become too general for really well-dressed women to allow themselves to appear in it. To avoid its entire relinquishment, a white one has been substituted for the original black one, and a white ribbon binds it. This is already being worn extensively in St. Augustine, where the women have gone into white flannels for their morning walks abroad. They thus go clad in white from top to toe, for their hats are white as milk, their white serge or flannel frocks have not a stitch of color about them, and open at the throat, over a high collar and white-silk tie. Their shoes are of white-ooze leather, and their parasols of white silk; the only exception to their lily attire being their gloves of pale tan. The dress-makers find that the St. Augustine season necessitates their beginning on spring toilets early in January, as the tide of travel turns that way by the first of February, and experience in that latitude has demonstrated the necessity of summer clothes in one's trunks; for though there are days quite cool enough to make one's winter dresses available, there are many more when it is not possible to walk about in the sun unless one wears something light and summery. So all the spring toilets get an airing in the courts and arcades of the Ponce de Leon and Alcazar before they are shown at Newport, Bar Harbor, and Narragansett.

London is agitating the question of holding the queen's drawing-rooms in the evening instead of in the afternoon, and the papers are being deluged with the opinions of various correspondents. One writes to the *Daily Graphic*: "Drawing-rooms at night would indeed be a boon. The evils of daylight drawing-rooms are not dissipated by a soft wind and a clear sky. Far from it. The weather, which reduces our physical sufferings to a minimum, is responsible for a great aggravation of our mental tortures. People read, in a complacent spirit, the glowing account in the daily papers of the brilliant scene in the Mall and about the palace; and of the great crowds assembled to witness the victims of etiquette in the prescribed *deshabille*. The 'good nature' of the crowd is dwelt on with the airy 'good nature' of people who are not the objects of the spectators' regards. Drawing-room dress is disconcerting, if not positively unbecoming, by daylight to all but a very favored few. And in place of being exposed to the observation and criticisms of those who are in the same boat as ourselves, or are at least governed by the polite conventions of our own circle, we have to sit, impassive cynosures for hundreds and hundreds of eyes, whose gaze can not by any stretch of good fellowship be considered flattering. The spectators crowd about us, they stare, they point,

they criticise with a frankness which shows that they have no idea that the gorgeously arrayed damsels and matrons have the same sort of feelings as their own highly respectable mothers and sisters. The self-control which is a second nature to all well-bred people prevents our general critics from suspecting that their attentions are painful and offensive. Seeing ladies so arrayed of their own will in the full glare of daylight, the sight-seeing public apparently puts us on the same footing as a circus procession or wax-works, and sometimes records its approval of a face or a toilet in the simplest good faith."

These remarks from *Blackwood* on the manner of English girls might apply in some respects to their American sisters: "Have we not noticed, within the last few years, a change in the demeanor of 'society' girls toward the other sex? How shall we define it? A kind of brusque audaciousness in conversation, with a *souper* of slangy chaff; an affectation of assuming to know more of what is what than their mothers and grandmothers were ever permitted or supposed to know. Do they not often go perilously near the border line which *convenance* prescribes shall not be overstepped? We do not mean this last in the sense in which it is alleged, and truly, that our ancestresses of the last century thought it no shame to call a spade a spade, and when young demoiselles of sensibility and vivacity used to sigh over the misfortunes of Clarissa Harlowe, or divert themselves with the adventures of Tom Jones and Sophia Western. It is something quite different from that which the present race of young women affect. It is rather a total want of sentiment that prevails. In former days, the sex were wont to appeal to men from their softer, gentler, weaker side. Now it is the reverse. They appear to aim at meeting men on their own platform, and consorting with them as like to like—from a man's standpoint rather than from a woman's. A girl nowadays will unabashed chaff her male partner, rally him, amuse him, in his own coin, in his own manner, and in the way he would her. This is what we understand as the female mannishness so noticeable in the *beau monde* of today, and, we may add, so unlovely. It is forgotten that what a man desires in a woman is contrast, not a caricature of himself."

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The hats of these celebrated makers are to be obtained from all first-class hatters.

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Importing Ladies' Tailor



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SAN FRANCISCO,

Has just returned from his trip, and having received his immense stock of Spring Goods, is now at the service of his many customers and the public generally.

Yours truly, A. L. BOWHAY.

CHURCH ORGAN FOR SALE.

The fine two-manual organ at present in use in the First Congregational Church in this city. Dimensions as now arranged, 15 feet wide, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep. Specifications will be furnished and particulars given on application to the organist, Samuel D. Mayer, 302 California Street, or to the undersigned. Immediate delivery can be made if desired.

IRA F. RANKIN, 127 First Street

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Boston *Transcript* has a good joke on the *Giornale di Sicilia*, of Palermo, Italy, which recently announced the publication in its columns of "Leone: The Romance of a Brigand Chief," translated from the English of "a distinguished American author." The author, as it happens, is Luigi Monti, A. M. (Harvard), a native of Palermo, and the original of Longfellow's young Sicilian in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn." He is well known in Boston as a teacher, writer, and lecturer, and his book appeared some years ago in the Round Robin Series.

The reminiscences of General B. F. Butler will be published this fall. They will fill two volumes, and ought to make highly entertaining reading.

"With Fire and Sword" is the title of a novel dealing with the Cossack war in Poland, written by Henryk Sienkiewicz, who is ranked as first among Polish writers of fiction. It will be published early in May by Little, Brown & Co.

Robert Louis Stevenson recently gave, in Australia, his opinion of Zola as follows:

Zola I consider a victim of sexual insanity, who gives an entirely unreal and false picture of life, picking out merely the blemishes of modern civilization and exaggerating them as if they were really expressions of the average type. I may say that, familiar as I am with French life, I have never seen anything to justify the brutality painted by Zola. This influence is decidedly evil. Your average English shop-keeper gets hold of a work of Zola's and rubs his hands delightedly. "Ha, ha!" he cries; "here is something really indecent. Never thought they would allow anything like this to be published." And then he glows over it. All he sees is the indecency, and the fine lesson in humanity or the warning against the continuance of social inequality, which the author intended to convey, is entirely lost.

The publishing firm of Frederick A. Stokes & Brother, of New York, has been dissolved, Horace S. Stokes retiring. The firm's business will be carried on in future by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, a corporation.

Edwin Lasseter Bynner wears his legal armor in a non-combative way; he gained his degree of LL. B. at Harvard, but does not practice in the courts, contenting himself with the salary which he receives as librarian of the Boston Bar Association and the income from his novels. His latest story, "The Begum's Daughter," which has been running as a serial in the *Atlantic*, will be published here long by Little, Brown & Co. It does for Knickerbocker life in New York what "Agnes Surriage" did for life in Boston and Marblehead in the days of the courtly Sir Henry Frankland.

It is said that Robert Browning wrote the "Pied Piper" (which, with "How They Brought the Good News," is, perhaps, the best-known and best-liked of his poems) simply to amuse a little lad of whom he was fond, and that he did not think of publishing it till the children's delight in it persuaded him that he had done a good thing.

A writer in the *Literary World* says: "Blackmore, in one instance in 'Lorna Doone,' seems to have forgotten just where he was, and, like Mr. Wegg, to have dropped, not only into poetry, but also into rhyme. Note the following:

"This good nobleman kept his money
In a handsome pewter-box,
With his coat-of-arms upon it,
And a double lid and locks."

The editor of the *Century* states that the concluding papers in Mr. Kennan's series of Siberian travels were interrupted by the author's illness and by his succeeding course of lectures. Mr. Kennan has, however, prepared brief articles on the general subject for the April and May *Century*, and hopes soon to be able to write one or two more papers concluding his Russian and Siberian travels. The latter will appear later in the year. In the May *Century* Mr. Kennan will have an article entitled "Blackened Out," in which he describes the methods of the Russian Press Censor. Two pages of the *Century* for August, 1889, are reproduced in facsimile, showing how the censor endeavored to prevent Mr. Kennan's article in that number from being read in Russia.

New Publications.

The Harpers have made the admirable translations from De Maupassant, "The Odd Number," the initial volume of a series culled from the fiction of foreign lands by issuing a second, with announcements of more to come. This second is "Maria: A South American Romance," translated from the Spanish of Jorge Isaacs by Rollo Ogden, and provided with an appreciative introduction by Thomas A. Janvier. Isaacs was the son of an English Jew and a Spanish woman, and resided in Bogotá, the literary capital of Colombia, in Central America. His story, "Maria," has the sentiment of De St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia," but its background is more real, and in addition to the beauty of the story and its literary perfection, it is noteworthy as depicting the real life of a patriarchal family in Colombia. Published, uniformly with "The Odd Number," by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Adventures of a Skeleton: A Tale of Natural Gas," by Beecher W. Waltemire, is issued in the Peerless Series. Published by J. S. Ogilvie, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"Beppler's Handy Manual of Knowledge and Useful Information" contains a vast deal of information

on practical topics, arranged with some degree of method but not sufficient to make it a convenient reference-book. Published and for sale by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco; price, \$1.50.

"A Naturalist's Voyage around the World," by Charles Darwin, has been reissued, the original edition being almost out of print. This record of the voyages made by the great naturalist on the *Beagle* is one of the most interesting books of travel ever published, and this new edition—with its many illustrations of places visited and objects described, some made on the spot by R. T. Pritchett, some selected from engravings by Mr. Darwin—will find a wide and appreciative circle of readers. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, \$5.00.

"The Mine Ferret; or, The Detectives among the Slitters," by Francis Farrar, has been published in the Globe Detective Series by the Eagle Publishing Company, Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Samaritan Chronicle; or, The Book of Joshua," the first direct and complete translation from the Arabic, is made with notes by Oliver Turnbull Crane, M. A., member of the American Oriental Society. The work is one of deep interest to students of the history, geography, and legends of Palestine. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Expiation," by Octave Thanet, is a story of life in Arkansas in the latter days of the war. The hero is a young man who has just returned from schooling in England to the plantation where his father leads a patriarchal existence. His adventures with the lawless characters who overrun the country at that time are full of interest, and one must admire the skill with which the various human types of that time and place are drawn. The story is illustrated by A. B. Frost. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price: paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

"God in His Word," which appears without the author's name, is an examination into and interpretation of the Scriptures. The author says: "What is herein written is individual. . . . It has not been the result of any striving after truth. . . . An interpretation is . . . a vision of living reality as seen in the light of its own life." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Red Mustang," by William O. Stoddard, is a bright and interesting story of life and adventure on the border. It has appeared in one of the juvenile magazines, and is now issued in book-form by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, \$1.00.

A second and revised edition has been issued of John S. Hittell's "Code of Morals." The author's aim has been to adapt the manuals of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius to modern needs. Published and for sale by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco; price, 50 cents.

"Problems of Greater Britain," by Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, is a work which covers with thoroughness a wide field that has hitherto been worked in a comparatively desultory manner; it is undoubtedly the best as well as the latest consideration of the British Colonies in their political and social aspects. The first five parts of the volume are devoted to the legislative and civil history of British possessions in North America, Australasia, South Africa, India, and elsewhere, the latter being the crown colonies. Part six treats of such colonial problems as "Colonial Democracy," "Labor, Provident Societies, and the Poor," "Protection of Native Industries," "Liquor Laws," etc. The future relations between the mother-country and the remainder of the empire take up the seventh part, and imperial defense is considered in the eighth section. It is a thoughtful and suggestive volume, and one that every student of political and social questions will welcome. It is provided with five maps. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, \$4.00.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

The New York *Saturday Evening Gazette* is just out. It is a sixteen-page paper, edited by George Edgar Montgomery. It contains both news and literary matter.

The *Evening Traveller*, of Boston, says the *Advertiser*, of that city, has been sold for a price somewhere between eighty-five thousand and one hundred thousand dollars to a small group of men, who will make their first venture in daily journalism.

It is expected that *Rigasche Zeitung*, which is one hundred and twelve years old, will suspend shortly, because it has lost its old editor and the owners have been unable, so far, to discover a new editor whose appointment the Russian Government will not refuse to confirm.

Choate, the *World* reporter who secreted himself in the Flack jury-room, has been indicted by the grand jury for criminal contempt of court under section 143 of the Penal Code, tried, and sentenced to the penitentiary. *The Nation* says of this:

"The *World* endeavors to rid itself of all responsibility for him by saying that Choate was never instructed by his em-

ployers to do what he did, and that the 'act was his own, and that there was no collusion or understanding with anybody connected with the *World*.' But the *World* accepted the results of his act as its own and expressed its heartfelt approval by printing on the following day, most conspicuously on its first page, his own account of his misdeed, under the title: 'With the Flack Jury.' A *World* Reporter Listens to Their Talk for Two Hours. That was 'collusion' after the act if it was not before."

The *Sun* comments thus on the affair:

It is an unnatural and repugnant function that certain newspapers have assumed, whereby they usurp the duties of the grand jury, the district-attorney, and the detective force for the purpose of manufacturing news. There is a notorious and shameful paper in New York which is so incapable of a right perception of things that it loudly extols the feat of a Buffalo reporter who joined a gang of counterfeiters and uttered false money, in order that the bringing of his accomplices to justice should make an article for the concern that employed him. Is it any wonder that the paper which praises this most wretched and unfortunate creature, has one of its own reporters in jail for an offense of a like nature? The general theory which these newspapers appear to entertain, implies that any business is permissible to a reporter in the pursuit or manufacture of news. He can not be too depraved to suit the use of his employer. He must possess the arts of the confidence man, the furtive keenness of the practiced thief, and be endowed with all the malodorous gifts of a professional bunco impostor. To glue his ear to a crack in a door, to consort with blacklegs and burglars, to entice and provoke to crime for the sake of the possible exposure, to master the acrobatics of chimneys and the bedroom window, to penetrate and violate the sanctity of the jury-room; these are the qualifications of the reporter who commends himself most highly to these latest practitioners of fraudulent journalism.

Some Magazines.

Following will be found the tables of contents of some of the current magazines:

"The May *Overland*—'Carmen,' by Josephine T. Hunter; 'The Old Mission Indians,' by E. L. Williams; 'The Other Side of the Divorce Question,' by A. Burrows; 'Modern Journalism,' by H. Elton Smith; 'A Plan for the Relief of the Farmers,' by F. I. Vassault; 'Our Refugee,' by William H. McDougall; 'Two Youthful Old Books,' by Wilbur Lawrence; 'Martin,' by A. G. Tassini; 'A Study of Skilled Labor Organizations—II,' by A. S. Hallidie; 'Chinese Education and Western Science,' by Kaw Hong Ben; 'Mos-collo,' by Jean Claude Carlsie; 'Camp and Travel in Colorado,' by Dagmar Mariager; 'Adventures in Mexico'—II, by S. S. Boynton; verses by M. C. Gillington, Charles F. Lummis, and Josephine Lewis French; and book reviews.

"The May *Lippincott's*—'A Sappho of Green Springs,' by Bret Harte; 'Kama,' by Lafcadio Hearn; 'Robert Browning,' by Clara Bloomfield-Moore; 'A Thing Enskayed,' by Frances M. Livingston; 'The Icicle,' by Edgar Fawcett; 'Subsides and Shipping,' by Henry W. Raymond; 'Characters of Scott,' by Elizabeth Stoddard; 'A Celtic Myth,' by C. S. Boswell; 'Leaves from the Journal of Frederick S. Cozens,' edited by Arthur D. F. Randolph; 'Putting One's Foot in It,' by William Shepard; 'Some Physiological Revelations,' by Julian Hawthorne; 'Shakespeare's Birthday,' by George Morley; 'Does College Training Pay?' by W. H. Johnson; and verses by Charles Henry Liders, Harrison S. Morse, Arthur D. F. Randolph, and Frank Dempster Sherman.

Exclusively Ladies' Fine Trade.

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1029 POST STREET,

San Francisco,

REPRESENTING

JENNESS MILLER,

363 Fifth Avenue,

New York.

I design original, perfect-fitting gowns, in the height of fashion and especially adapted to the individual wearer.

Hats and Bonnets to complete Costume.

Ladies unable to visit the city are furnished with sketches and samples, and guaranteed a perfect fit, without personal interview.

A well-fitting bodice, stating color to be avoided, enables me to furnish becoming material, and to forward sketches of latest modes.

MME. A. RUPPERT

The Leading Complexion Specialist.



No other preparation for the skin known has been given the prominence or has had its merits so honestly proven as has Mme. A. Ruppert's world-renowned Face Bleach. The action of Face Bleach on the skin is such that it can not fail in any case. Its effect on the face is the same as our wearing apparel by friction on the rest of the body, thus gently removing the dead cuticle which covers the pores, cleansing the latter of all poisonous fillings, drawing out from beneath the skin any discoloration or impurity that has been accumulating there for years. Sent in any address upon receipt of price.

One bottle, \$2.00; three bottles (usually sufficient to clear the complexion), \$5.00. Send four cents postage or call for sealed particulars. MME. A. RUPPERT, 121 Post Street, parlors 7 and 8.



AT AUCTION

THURSDAY, May 1, 1890,

70 FINE Residence Lots

— IN THE —

BREWER ESTATE,

THE VERY BEST PORTION OF

SAN MATEO

— ALSO, THE —

Magnificent Modern Villa Residence of Mr. H. R. Judah.

This portion of the Brewer property is beyond question the most desirable suburban residence property ever offered at public sale in California. It was purchased by the present owner, Rev. Alfred Lee Brewer, many years ago, when he founded his well-known school, St. Matthew's Hall. His purpose being to control through ownership the surroundings of his school and church.

The immediate vicinity has become the most highly improved and

ARISTOCRATIC QUARTER OF SAN MATEO,

And the property is now surrounded by many beautiful homes and charming residences.

The lots front on Baldwin, Griffith, St. Matthew's, Tilton, and Ellsworth Avenues and the County Road. Every lot is within three to five minutes' walk of the depot.

The Baldwin Avenue Lots

Are opposite the beautiful Church of St. Matthew (Episcopal) and the charming grounds of St. Matthew's Hall.

The County Road Lots

Face the highly ornamented grounds and magnificent residence of Mr. H. P. Bowie.

The St. Matthew's Avenue Lots

Are all most desirable building sites and centrally located.

The Griffith Avenue Lots

Have the advantage of fronting on one of the most beautiful thoroughfares in the State.

The Tilton Avenue Lots

Are opposite the Congregational Church, and are surrounded by many fine modern residences.

The Ellsworth Avenue Lots

Are nearest the depot; are large and unexcelled for residence purposes.

EVERY LOT IS CHOICE! ALL ARE DESIRABLE!

The Sale will be without reserve or limit.

TERMS—25 per cent. cash; 25 per cent in one year, 25 per cent in two years, and 25 per cent in three years, with interest at 6 per cent. per annum; 10 per cent. deposit will be required at time of sale; balance of cash payment within 30 days thereafter.

H. R. JUDAH'S RESIDENCE,

Which will be offered at this sale, is a

Handsome Modern House

Of eleven rooms and bath, with all modern improvements. This house is located on Griffith Avenue, corner of St. Matthew's Avenue, and between Tilton and Baldwin Avenues.

Large lot, 100x300. Grounds highly ornamented and in excellent condition.

EXCURSION

SAN MATEO,

THURSDAY, May 1, 1890.

On the occasion of this auction sale, a SPECIAL EXCURSION TRAIN will leave San Francisco, from depot corner Third and Townsend Streets, at 11 A. M.

Round-trip tickets only 50 cts.

For tickets and full particulars, call on

THE ARTHUR R. BRIGGS CO.,

Auctioneers, 314 California St., S. F.

SOCIETY.

Bermingham Euchre-Party.

Miss Charlotte Bermingham gave a delightful progressive euchre-party recently at her residence, 611 Chestnut Street. The parlors were decorated in becoming taste with bright-hued spring-blossoms, and the tables for the players were set with pretty souvenirs which were to be contested for. The game was both interesting and enjoyable and resulted in the distribution of the prizes as follows: First prize for ladies, a hand-painted porcelain cracker jar, to Mrs. Pickering; second prize, a silver tea-strainer, to Miss Harrington; third prize, a silver card-case, to Mrs. A. E. K. Benham; first prize for gentlemen, a silver stamp-case, to Lieutenant Ferris, U. S. A.; second prize, silver ash-tray, to Lieutenant Maginnis, U. S. N.; third prize, toilet towel-rings, to Mr. Pickering. Afterward a delicious supper was served, followed by some well executed piano solos by Miss Johnson and Miss Ebbetts.

The Century Club.

The ladies of the Century Club entertained a large number of their friends last Wednesday evening at their rooms, 1215 Sutter Street. An interesting musical and literary programme was presented, the selections including the "Praise of Spring," by Reinecke; "Ye Spotted Snakes," by MacFarren, sung by an octet; a reading "The Ladies' Grand March," by Miss C. S. Kirkland; song, "Serenade Espagnol," Burgmueller, by Mrs. Mariner-Campbell; a reading, "The Mystery of the Modern Club," by Mrs. John Vance Cheney; a reading, "Woman," by Mrs. John F. Finn; music, "Nirvana" from the "Light of Asia," by Miss Marie Withrow; a poem, by Miss Ida Coolbrith; dramatic sketch, "The Club," by members. The entertainment proved very enjoyable to both the members and their guests.

Notes and Gossip.

The managers of the French Ladies' Relief Society feel greatly encouraged over the interest that is being manifested in the Kermesse which they will give at Odd Fellows' Hall on Monday evening, May 5th. After the Kermesse there will be a grand ball.

Mrs. Robert Hastings gave a delightful dinner-party at her residence on Jackson Street last Wednesday evening. La France roses and fine ferns adorned the table and a delicious menu was served.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Harrison entertained a party of friends at dinner last Wednesday evening, at their home on Pine Street.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent or Francisicans:

Mr. Frederick W. Sharon is now occupying the former residence of Ex-Minister Schenck, 213 Fifth Avenue, New York City. The house has undergone complete renovation and is now elegantly fitted up. It is said that he will enter it in the next winter. Mr. Sharon is in this city on a visit of several weeks' duration.

Mrs. John W. Mackay will give up her house in London at September as the owner, Lord Sudely, wishes to occupy

Mr. William Babcock and Mr. Harry Babcock have returned to the city after having made a trip around the world, returning to San Francisco from Japan. They have been absent about a year.

Colonel and Mrs. John P. Jackson will pass the season in the Napa Valley.

Governor and Mrs. R. A. Alger, Miss Alger, Miss Frances Ger, Mr. R. A. Alger, Jr., Mr. Fred Alger, and Miss Ger, of Detroit, Mich., and Mrs. John A. Logan and Mrs. Major Tucker, of Washington, D. C., arrived here yesterday and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant left on April 20th for Europe. He will be absent several months.

Mrs. A. M. Easton will occupy a cottage at Cazadero this summer, and will be accompanied by the children of Colonel Fred. Crocker.

Mr. Mark Sheldon was a recent visitor at Monterey. Mrs. W. S. Hobart and Miss Alice Hobart, who were visiting Mrs. George Hearst in Washington, D. C., left New York on the steamer *Najestic* for England about a fortnight ago.

Mr. Austin C. Tubbs, Mr. Daniel T. Murphy, and Mr. W. D. Witt Allen have been making a flying trip to South-Carolina. Mr. Tubbs has returned. Messrs. Murphy and Allen were at the Hotel del Coronado last week.

General E. F. Deale is here on a brief visit from Washington, D. C.

Mr. Emil A. Bruguere has returned from the East. Miss Maud Hopkins will go East next week and will remain away all of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott will occupy their residence in San Rafael next Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins intend occupying their new Park villa about the first of May.

Mr. and Mrs. Sampson Tans will go to San Rafael early May.

Mr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess were recently in Athens and returning having visited Egypt and Palestine.

Mr. Frank S. Johnson is in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord have returned from a visit to Monterey.

Mr. Samuel G. Buckbee is in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Baker have been devoting a couple of days to visiting Santa Barbara and other Southern points.

Mr. and Mrs. Winsor L. Brown and Mr. W. E. Brown returned from a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. W. Frank Goad and Miss Ella Goad have returned to the East. Miss Goad was extensively entertained in Orleans, Philadelphia, and New York during her visit. Her family is now at San Rafael for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant will pass the summer at San Rafael.

Miss Nettie Roman will leave in a few days for an extended trip.

Captain and Mrs. Samuel M. Blair are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. John Kelly, of Mendocino, at their residence on S. Avenue.

Miss Kate Hinkle is at her home in Petaluma convalescing from a recent severe illness.

Miss Lotta Farnsworth has returned from a visit to friends at Mateo.

Mr. Alfred Tobin is in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. McKick have given up hotel life and are now keeping house at 1317 Hyde Street.

Mr. G. B. Galvani has returned to the city after a visit

to his former home in Novara, Italy, and to Paris and other European cities.

Senator and Mrs. W. E. Dargie, of Oakland, are visiting in Washington, D. C.

Miss Nellie Hillier is the guest of Mrs. George Hearst in Washington, D. C.

Miss Ernestine Giffard has returned from Fort Huachuca, A. T.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Marshall will reside in a cottage in San Rafael during the summer.

Captain and Mrs. Milten Griffith and the Misses Jennie, Carrie, and Alice Griffith will occupy the O'Connor residence in San Rafael on May 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bowie, Mrs. Isaac Friedlander, the Misses Friedlander, Miss Essie Bowie, and Mr. T. Cary Friedlander will pass most of the summer at San Rafael.

The Misses Upson, of Sacramento, are still visiting in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Gregory will go to Sausalito about May 1st, to occupy their cottage for the season.

Miss Adèle Perrin will soon go East, intending to remain away during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Walker have returned to Washington after passing the winter here.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones will leave for Blytheedale on May 1st, to stay there during the summer.

Judge and Mrs. John A. Stanley, Mrs. E. Stanley, and Miss Garber have been visiting San José.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway will pass the summer months at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Scott will pass the summer at Cazadero.

Mrs. Charles A. Grow left for the East on Friday, and will pass most of the summer in New England.

Miss Maude Berry returned to Fresno a week ago.

Judge and Mrs. Niles Seales will make a trip to Alaska during the summer.

The Misses Deming, of Sacramento, Miss Evelyn Sperry, of Stockton, Miss Alecia Smith, and Miss McNutt, of this city, left for the East last Tuesday, en route for Europe.

Mrs. John W. Coleman and Miss Jessie Coleman will spend a portion of the summer in the Napa Valley.

Miss Edna Taylor will return from Portland, Or., about the latter part of May.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase will spend the next two months in the Napa Valley.

Miss May Miller and Miss Minnie Martin returned to the city last Wednesday after visiting Mr. Charles Miller at Raymond for six weeks.

Mr. George H. Tay and the Misses Irene and Hattie Tay will go to the Napa Valley in June.

Mrs. Carlisle P. Patterson, Miss Lizzie Patterson, and Mrs. Pierre La Montaigne will go East about the middle of May.

Mrs. W. R. S. Foye and Miss Stevenson, of Sacramento, have been visiting friends here during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard are enjoying a trip through the Southern counties. They will be at San Rafael during the summer.

Mrs. E. E. Wise and Miss Julia Peyton were in the city a few days during the week visiting friends.

Mrs. Alexander Forbes and the Misses Kate and Edith Forbes will go to San Rafael in about two weeks to remain there during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis are located at San Rafael for the season.

Mr. Alfred MacGrotry has gone East en route to Europe. Judge Lorenzo Sawyer is paying a visit to Washington, D. C.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford left for the East last Friday, going direct to Washington, D. C. After a short visit there, they will go to Europe and expect to pass about three months at Carlsbad or Kissingen.

Hon. and Mrs. M. M. Estee returned from Washington, D. C., last Wednesday.

Mr. K. K. Nolan has returned home after a prolonged visit to Paris and a general tour of Europe.

Mrs. C. J. Hendry and her son have taken a cottage in Alameda for the summer, on the corner of Kings Avenue and Morton Street.

Mr. Hugo Toland will leave for the East next Saturday.

Dr. and Mrs. George T. Stewart, *né* Fargo, came up from Los Angeles early in the week, and on Thursday left for the East, where they will remain permanently.

Dr. and Mrs. Martin Regensburger have returned from their trip to Southern California, where the doctor has been attending the meetings of the State Medical Society. He was elected one of the board of examiners. Mrs. I. Regensburger accompanied them.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis will pass the season at Blytheedale.

Miss Ada Sullivan and the Misses Marie and Kate Dillon have returned from a visit to Monterey.

Mrs. Lucy Otis and Miss Helen Otis are at San Rafael for the season.

General W. H. Dimond and the Misses Mae and Eleanor Dimond are occupying their villa at Menlo Park.

Mrs. John Poggis and family will move from the Palace Hotel the first of May to San Rafael, where they will remain for the summer months.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Admiral and Mrs. A. E. K. Benham, U. S. N., were at the Palace Hotel during the early part of the week.

General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., and Miss Cecilia Miles have returned from their prolonged Eastern trip.

Commander Joshua Bishop, U. S. N., has been during the week at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant and Mrs. James Ashley Turner, of Mare Island, have been visiting friends here during the week.

Colonel and Mrs. William H. Shafer, U. S. A., and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McKittick, are expected to return from New York in a couple of weeks.

ART NOTES.

The Spring Exhibition.

The spring exhibition of the Art Association of San Francisco opened last Tuesday evening, when the usual reception was held there. Almost all of the members of the association and many of their friends were present. The exhibit is not as large, numerically, as that of last year. The pictures which seemed to attract the most attention were these:

"The Old Sailor's Home," by Lee Lash; "Fidelia," by Narjot; "Abel," by Arthur F. Matthews; "Chrysanthemums" and "Roses," by Miss Alice B. Chittenden; "Seniortia," by A. J. Joulain; "The Old Legend," by Charles Collo Peters; portrait of "The Edge of the Pasture," by C. J. Carlson; "Clam-Diggers," by Chris Jonsen; "Evening on San Francisco Bay," by Stanley Inghold; portrait of Adolph Suter, by David Neal; "A French Interior," by Lee Lash; "Peonies," by Emil Carlson; "A Scene on the Bay" and "A Wreck," by W. A. Coulter; "Beach Trees" and "A Whistling Boy," by Miss Withrow; "Ross Valley," "Spring Morning," "The Edge of the Pasture," and "The Wood Lot," by William Keith; "A Dutch Kitchen," by "A Study in Holland," and "The Lilies of Midas," by Arthur F. Matthews; "Spring Morning," "Spring Time," "Cypress Point," and "Newlyn, Cornwall," by R. D. Velland; "Study of a head," by Miss May Goodell; "Gualala River," by Miss Annie L. Harmon; "Navarro Coast," by Hermann Schnabel; "Corner of the Artist's Studio," by Dr. George H. H. Redding.

On Tuesday evening concert selections were played at intervals by Noah Brandt's hand and other features were introduced. Mme. Thea Sanderin sang "Ich Liebe Dich" and "It was a Dream" in a charming manner, and Mr. Fred S. Guterson played one of Goitermann's nocturnes on the cello. Afterward the directors ascended the stage and Mr. J. D. Redding delivered a brief address, during which he read

a letter from Mr. David Neal, who highly complimented the work of the School of Design. Following this came the drawing for the pictures which were presented by several artists. Refreshments were served afterward. The exhibition has been kept open evenings all through the week, but next week the exhibition will be open only in the daytime.

The Gump Sale.

The auction sale of the Gump collection was, as a whole, rather more successful than had been expected, and will, it is to be hoped, induce the Messrs. Gump to continue the plan of importing first-class European paintings to the city. The sale began on Wednesday evening, and was continued thereafter afternoons and evenings, through the week. The entire collection brought something more than thirty-seven thousand dollars, which is considered very fair. The prices of some of the more notable paintings are as follows:

"Venice" (Jules V. Guerin), Mrs. G. D. Bliss, \$40; "In the Gloom" (G. Andrev), Mrs. Twombly, \$31.50; "The Mischief-maker" (Housekeeper) (Reggiani), Louis Schwabacher, \$37; "The Wine-Taster" (August Kraus), Mrs. S. I. Norton, \$160; "The Breviary" (Charles Bapiste Schreiber), Mrs. Zimmerman, \$55; "The Rest" (Zuber-Ehler), Mrs. G. D. Bliss, \$255; "The Young Musician" (Paul Wagner), Mrs. Twombly, \$500; "The First Lesson" (Paul Wagner), Mrs. Zimmerman, \$375; "The Welcome Comrade" (K. Dery), Mrs. Zimmerman, \$1,750; "Mother's Pet" (Paul Wagner), Mrs. Theresa Fair, \$1,100; "Rural Trio" (Edouard Bernard Debat-Ponsant), Mrs. Theresa Fair, \$2,500; "Catching Herring" (G. Haquette), Mrs. Twombly, \$1,300; "The Captive" (No. 60), Mrs. Fair, \$475; "On the Beach" (No. 56), Mrs. Fair, \$2,500; "An Arabian Music-Room" (R. Weiss), Mrs. Fair, \$910; "Discarded Love" (No. 81), David Neustadter, \$337.50; "The Old Windmill" (No. 114), David Neustadter, \$75.50; "Sheep" (Nos. 189 and 44), John Doe, \$35 and \$60, respectively; "Return from Fishing" (No. 67), P. Redlick, \$510; "A Happy Mood" (No. 100), "In After" (No. 135), Dr. J. Rosenstrum, \$35 each; "The Jolly Cavaliers," \$115; "The Story," \$115; "The Morning Meal," \$42.50; "The Priest," \$115; landscape, \$70; "Passage" (Julian Dupre), \$1,150; "St. Michaels," \$100; four prize paintings, small, by Lefler, \$430; four prize paintings, large, by Lefler, \$1,100; "Isle of St. George," \$45; "Music at Home" (J. G. Gaiser), \$337.50; "Flotation" (Carpenter), \$275; "The Quartet," \$105; "The Artist's Model" (Ballyvone), \$180; "An Armorer of the Seventeenth Century" (Jacomin), \$1,500; "Louis the Fifteenth Painting the Model" (Jeanne Rongier), \$300; "A Wet Passage," \$140; "All That's Good Comes from Above," \$337.50; "Exterior of a Hindoo Mosque" (Edwin Lord Weeks), \$1,100; "Summer-time," \$200; "Bos de Boulogne," \$80; "Moonlight Near Amsterdam," \$225; "The Card-Players," \$90; "Feeding the Chickens," \$32.50; "An Animated Conversation," \$90; "The Affair of Honor," \$55; "Dessert," \$60; "Interior of an Arabian Mosque," \$375; "Cardinal and Cavalry Officer," \$300; "At the Window," \$100; "The Pursuit," \$225; "Flower Market," \$80; "Stable Interior," \$330; "Still Life," \$260; "Still Life," \$550; "Shepherd and Flock Homeward Bound," \$160.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Browne Concert.

Mr. J. Lewis Browne gave the first of his series of symphony concerts last Thursday afternoon before an appreciative audience. He had the assistance of Miss Sophie Newland, of Oakland, and an orchestra of sixty musicians in presenting the following excellent programme:

Overture, "Rienzi," R. Wagner; "Largo" (solo violin, Mr. Kitau), G. F. Handel; intermezzo from "Naili," by L. Delibes; "Jewel Song" (Miss Sophie Newland), Ch. Gounod; Symphony No. 5, in C minor, Op. 67, L. von Beethoven; (1) allegro con brio, (2) andante con moto, (3) allegro (scherzo), (4) allegro (presto).

Mauzy Musical Evening.

A concert was given at Byron Mauzy's warerooms last Thursday evening, under the direction of Mr. R. Fletcher Tilton and Mr. Robert Lloyd. A large audience enjoyed the following programme:

Piano solo, "Tarantelle," Rubenstein, Mr. R. Fletcher Tilton; song, "Protestations," Dana, Miss Anna B. Wood; recitation, "The Chariot Race" ("Ben Hur"), Wallace, Miss Bertha M. Parce; song, "Ob, Happy Day," Goetze, Mr. Robert Lloyd; piano solo, (a) Mazurka, Godard, (b) Gavotte, Handel, Mr. R. Fletcher Tilton; recitation, "Rubenstein's Playing," Editor, Miss Bertha M. Parce; song, "Yeomen's Weaving," Song, P. Pongowski; Mr. Robert Lloyd; march, "Brillante," Tilton, R. Fletcher Tilton.

On Monday evening of next week at the First Congregational Church, Oakland, the widow and family of the late W. J. Macdougall, musician, will be tendered a benefit under the auspices of the Athenian Club.

The Loring Club will give a concert next Wednesday evening. Mrs. E. Everett Wise (daughter of Mrs. Hall McAllister) will make her debut on that occasion.

Ernst Hartman will give a piano recital at Irving Hall next Saturday afternoon, May 3d. An interesting programme will be presented.

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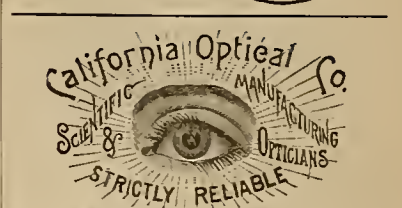
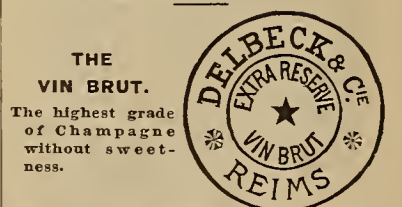
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One icy night, Charlotte Cushman and Lawrence Barrett came out of the theatre together. The steps were dangerously slippery, and it was with difficulty that they kept their feet at all. As they totteringly descended, the great actress said to her companion, quite in her Lady Macbeth manner: "Take a good grip on my arm, Lawrence, and if I slip, hold on like grim death; but if you slip, in the name of heaven, let go!"

Mr. Ashmead Bartlett and his venerable wife, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, gave a party the other evening in London in honor of the ninth anniversary of their wedding. One of the guests, striving to be particularly gracious, complimented the aged baroness upon her appearance, and reminded her that very many years ago the great Duke of Wellington had been a suitor for her hand. This was not a particularly pleasant reminiscence for the young husband to be regaled with, and the embarrassment was still more complicated when another courtly ass, who stood near, chipped in with: "Oh, but that was long before Mr. Bartlett was born!"

A case came up in the court over which Judge Brill presides in St. Paul (says the Minneapolis Journal), in which a big colored woman was a witness. She testified that she had whipped her little boy very severely, and as she went on with the story of the exceedingly stiff beating she had administered, the judge's clear brow grew a little darker, and he interrupted her to ask if it had been necessary to chastise the boy so severely. The colored lady looked astonished at the question. Gazing intently at the court, she inquired: "Jedge, was you eber de father of a wuthless mulatter boy?" "No, no," said the judge, basily. "Then, jedge, you don't know nuffin about de case."

An Anglo-Indian officer, of the Bengal Artillery, relates an anecdote of one of those soldiers who in military phrase are known as malingersers, but whom common people would call shirks. A gunner, named Ichabod Crabb, went to see the hospital authorities on the subject of a strange affection of the back, which compelled him to walk somewhat in the shape of a capital C. "I ain't in no great pain," he said, "cept when I tries to stand herect, an' then my back seems to break clean in two. I couldn't stand up, not if my life depended on it." As there was heavy gun-drill going on at this time, Dr. Tritton formed his own opinion of the case, and determined to let the man work out his own cure. He ordered Crabb's breakfast to be placed on a high cupboard in the wall, to reach which the patient would have to stand erect. At dinner-time, the cook reported Crabb's breakfast to be untouched. "Put his dinner in the same place," commanded Dr. Tritton, and the treatment was continued throughout the day. The next morning when the doctor called to see his patient, he found that his prescription had been efficacious. Crabb had eaten his supper and breakfast, and declared himself fit for duty. "Cupboard Crabb," as he was afterwards called, confessed that he had tried to deceive the "old doctor," but had found himself beaten.

A young married man, named Johnson, in Chicago, who was drawing a liberal salary, told his devoted wife that every two-dollar bill that came to him should be hers for pin-money. Gradually Mr. Johnson's friends learned of the promise, and began to conspire to help out the popular young lady. If they owed their friend anything, they invariably paid him in two-dollar bills. Finally, they got to borrowing from him on purpose to liquidate in this way, and still unsuspecting, Mr. Johnson continued to allow the bills to flow into the willing lap of his better-half. Finally, the cashier of the firm that employed him learned of the generous promise, and he, too, entered the conspiracy, and on the next pay-day handed Mr. Johnson a roll that staggered him. Every dollar of it was in the denomination of "two." Sweating under the burden, the repentant husband wended his way homeward. "Mary," he said, as he met her at the door, "I've got to break my promise with you, for the government at Washington has ceased to print any money except in two-dollar bills. All the V's and X's, double X's, L's, and C's are being sent to the paper-mills. Gold and silver have gone out of circulation entirely. Nothing left, if you will believe me, but copper and two-dollar bills. I'm sorry, but I must break my promise, or else go into bankruptcy. Can't we compromise the matter in some way, as, for instance, by my giving you regularly fifty dollars a week?" They compromised.

In the spring of 1883, three Americans had gone to Europe together—Dr. McVickar, of Philadelphia, Phillips Brooks, and Mr. Robinson, the builder of Boston's Trinity Church. Robinson stands six feet two inches in his stockings, Dr. McVickar measures six feet four inches, and Brooks exceeds six feet in height. Robinson is sensitive about his length, and suggested that in order to avoid comment the three tall men avoid being seen together. While at Leeds they went to hear a lecturer address the working-

classes on "America and Americans." They entered separately and took seats as far apart as possible. The lecturer, after some uninteresting remarks, stated that Americans were, as a rule, short, and seldom, if ever, rose to the height of five feet ten inches. In fact, they were a race of pigmies. He did not know to what cause he could attribute this fact, but he wished he could present examples. Phillips Brooks rose to his feet and stretched his six-foot frame to the uttermost as he said: "I am an American, and am, as you see, about six feet in height. I do not exceed the average American in stature or in weight—though I turn the scales at two hundred pounds—and I sincerely hope that if there be any other representative of my country present, he will vouch for the truthfulness of my remarks." After a moment's interval Mr. Robinson rose, and, in a stentorian voice, cried: "I am from America, in which country my diminutive height—six feet two—is the subject of no remark, as I am just a little below the average. If there be any other American here, I hope that he will corroborate my testimony." The house was in a jolly humor. Waiting until the excitement could abate in some degree and the poor lecturer regain control of his shattered nerves, Dr. McVickar slowly drew his majestic form to its full height and exclaimed: "I am an Amer—" But he got no further. The audience roared.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

More Coyness.
"G'way dah!
Jonofan Whiffles Smif!
Yo' heal me,
Don' yo' came aneah me,
'Nless yo' want er biff
On de mouf
Knock yo' souf
'Bout er mile!
Don' yo' smile
When I say
'G'way!
Jonofan Whiffles Smif,
Coz I feels
Jes mad from head ter heels!
No such pusion sips
De honey from dese lips!
Stop yo' teasin'
And yo' squeezein';
G'way,
I say!
Ah! Vap—Vup,
Callup!
—Merchant Traveler.

A Revolting Tale.
Quoth the waiter
"What is yours, sir?"
Said the guest, "I'll have a pie."
Returned the waiter, by-and-by,
"Custard, lemon,
Apple, pumpkin,
Peach, or mince, sir, will you try?"
Guest, facetious—
"Give me currant,
Alternating currant-pie."
Vanished waiter hurriedly,
Soon returned he
With the currant—
Alternating currant-pie.
First a currant,
Then a fly,
'Neath the crust alternate lie.
Perished waiter
Horribly.
—Life.

Female Suffrage.
The ladies of Topeka
Have struggled long and well
To win the right of suffrage
And make their ballots tell
In filling school trusteeships,
Electing aldermen,
And eke an honored mayor
From Topeka's upper ten.
The ladies of Topeka,
It may seem strange to say,
Now register but slowly
Against election-day;
But the reason you will clearly
Understand, I will engage,
When you know the laws compel them
To swear unto their age.
—Chicago Times.

Antique Love.
A lad of forty summers
Wooded a maid of thirty Junes;
And the stars looked down at one A. M.
On the latest thing in spoons.
—Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly.

Some Curious Sights.
Who's seen the cat fish in the stream,
Who the meadow lark in the grass,
Who's seen the wind fall in the cream,
And the tree bough as we pass?
Who's seen a monkey wrench a nail,
Or the peanut stand and smile,
Who's seen the wagon tire and fall,
While the fish balls all the while?
—New York Herald.

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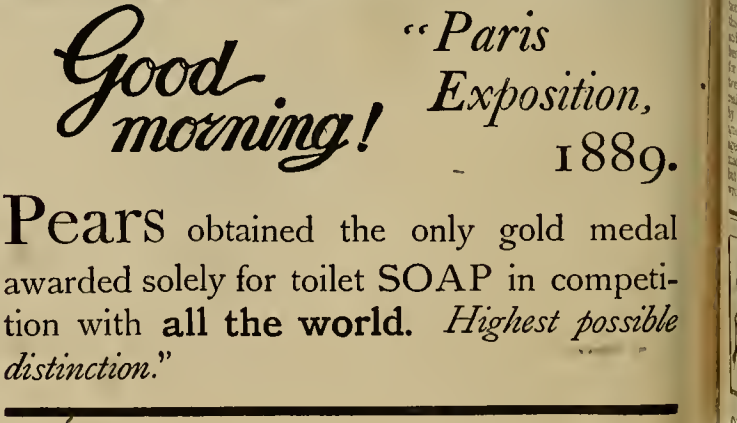
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The "Gold Mine" commands some attention because it is another and one of the latest attempts of American playwrights to create an American drama. Though the scene is set in London, the principal personage is an American, the mine is in California, the authors were Americans, the color and spirit of the piece are altogether American, and the performers in this production of the work are Americans. It is thus properly classed as an addition to the repertory which embraces "Rip Van Winkle," "The Almighty Dollar," "The Gilded Age," and "Shenandoah." As such it must be considered, and Mr. Nat Goodwin, who plays the leading part, must take rank by the side of such comedians as Joe Jefferson, Robson and Crane, and John T. Raymond.

It is hardly worth while to analyze the plot, which in reality did not draw very heavily on the constructive ability of Messrs. Brander Matthews and George H. Jessop. An American goes to London to sell a mine, and falling in love, concludes to sell it below its value in order to rescue his lady-love's nephew from perplexity; the lady discovers the artifice, buys the mine herself, and presents it, with her hand and heart, to her generous lover. She does not purchase the one, nor surrender the others, without many duels of sentiment and wit with her admirer; and, as the laws of art require, she only strikes her flag when she is satisfied that he is her superior in fence, and will prove himself her superior in nobility of soul, if she does not bestow upon him, in the shape of her own sweet self, the highest prize in her gift. The struggles of the pair not to be outdone in generosity by each other, afford a field for the highest form of comedy—that which mingles pathos with wit. Messrs. Matthews and Jessop worked the field with judgment and taste.

To win a woman by a sacrifice of property is a conquest which is always open to the criticism that she has sold herself. In his heart of hearts, Silas Woolcot is undoubtedly moved, when he resolves to sacrifice his mine, by the idea that he will win Mrs. Meredith; there was a calculation in the matter, and calculations are foreign to true love. So, if Silas had not offered his mine for less than its value, Mrs. Meredith would probably never have come to view him in the light of an available *parti*—thus she calculated on her side. But on neither side was the calculation actually sordid; for Mrs. Meredith might have refused Silas after he had beggared himself for her sake, and her calculation was as to the size of his heart and not as to the length of his purse. The love between them, while a matter in which reasoning played a larger part than cardiac impulse, was not the love which a young girl feels for a man who commends himself to her family by a fat income, nor the love which induces a clerk to pay his addresses to his employer's daughter in the hope of being taken into the firm. The audience quite understands this, and rejoices when the American clasps his British bride to his heart—which they never do when hero or heroine accomplishes a "judicious marriage." Your modern audience is very romantic indeed; the butcher and baker and candlestick-maker, when seated at the theatre, evince a lordly contempt for dollars, and a tender sympathy for imprudent attachments.

The crowning merit of "A Gold Mine" consists in its presentation of a typical American, who is real flesh and blood; who neither wears a pair of trousers made out of an American flag, nor goes about roaring that he will whip creation; who speaks his mother-tongue without twang, and with a decent regard for Lindley Murray; who does not wear his hat in drawing-rooms, nor his heels on dining-tables; who does not call young ladies "old gal," nor ask strangers to liquor up; who, in a word, in every situation in life behaves himself as a quiet, well-bred gentleman, not, in this respect, to be distinguished from a gentleman who is English, or French, or Italian, or Russian. That kind of an American is not often met with on the stage. As the summer traveler on the Rhine or the Boulevards wonders what portion of our beloved country gave birth to those ghastly men in long black coats and satin waistcoats, and those grim females in dresses which have evidently served as bolsters at home, who are pointed out as traveling Americans, so the theatre-goer is lost in amazement when an American appears in a modern comedy, and he can not for the life of him imagine where the playwright found his model.

The reason simply is that, with few exceptions, our comedies are English or French, and the playwrights evolve their American out of their inner consciousness, assisted by occasional references to Dickens's "American Notes" or Mrs. Trollope. These plays are delightful in many respects. They introduce us

to the very best society—earls, marquises, lords, and baronets; girls' portions are always specified in pounds sterling; the hero rides to hounds, and when he comes a cropper, his brother inherits the title and the estates; the lovers saunter down Pall Mall, which American actors always pronounce Paul Mawl; the villain is generally a retired officer of the Guards; and the gallant young hero who rescues the forlorn maiden has generally come back from India to receive the fortune which a gouty uncle has left him. All this is extremely interesting—as thrilling as a novel by "Ouida." But it is not American, by a long way. And there has arisen of late years a sort of craving among American audiences for plays which shall not be obviously foreign. A notion is gaining ground that every-day American life may afford as good themes for high comedy as the vicissitudes of life in Paris or London. It is the opinion of many, whose views are entitled to respect, that a proper cultivation of the art of playwriting in this country would enable Americans to win triumphs in that branch of letters not inferior to those which they have achieved in history, biography, science, poetry, and travels.

That hope is encouraged whenever a play like "A Gold Mine" is produced and played by an actor of power and taste like Nat Goodwin. A national drama can not spring up all at once, as Minerva sprang from the head of Jove. It is the slow growth of time. There were many dull English playwrights before Shakespeare; publishers in this country produced lots of doggerel before Longfellow. But bad it not been for the dull plays of Marlowe, we might have had no Shakespeare, and but for Joel Barlow, Longfellow's appearance might have been delayed for a long time. Every piece like "Shenandoah" and "A Gold Mine" draws us nearer to the production of the great American comedy of the future.

Meanwhile, it is but fair to say that "A Gold Mine" is a lively, sparkling piece, full of sentiment and humor, and that it is exceedingly well done by Mr. Nat Goodwin and Miss Isabella Coe.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"Alone in London" is to be done here next week, with the original New York cast.

"Shenandoah" will be with us again next week, with the original New York cast. The company we first saw in the play will soon be courting comparison in New York as this one was here.

"Zig-Zag" will be continued for another week. It is pleasing to note the unanimity with which the local critics have jumped on it. It is the only show they have condemned for many moons.

Emily Soldene and W. H. Hamilton will be in the cast of "Orpheus and Eurydice" when it succeeds "The Drum-Major's Daughter." Soldene, Hamilton, and Offenbach's comic opera are about coeval.

The manager of "The City Directory" has secured for his company the Irwin Sisters from the Howard Athenæum Company, William Gilbert, formerly of Augustin Daly's company, and Charles Seaman, and is rumored to be negotiating for Weedon Grossmith and Brandon Thomas.

Mme. Patti is having a winter-garden added to her castle at Craig-y-Nos, in Wales. It is to be one hundred and four feet long and seventy wide, with a central dome fifty feet high. Doubtless as she watches the rays of the setting sun gleaming on the dome, she will think of Ardit.

Rhea will appear in San Francisco again in about three weeks, after an absence of several years. Her play, "Josephine, Empress of the French," deals with the plotting for the royal divorce, and gives Mlle. Rhea an opportunity to wear several stunning gowns. Ida Van Sieten, an Oakland girl, is a member of her company.

Herrmann is said to be quite as clever a manager as he is a magician, and his aim to free his vaudeville entertainment of negro, acrobatic, and Irish acts is a laudable one. The New York papers spoke very well of his show. The company, which begins a two weeks' engagement in town next Monday evening, comprises Trewey, juggler and "shadow-graphist"; Gus Williams; the Pinauds, musical pantomimists; John T. Kelly, comedian; Ross and Fenton, "sketch artists"; Le Petit Freddy, an infant prodigy; Herr Tholen, clown and dog-trainer; Eunice Vance, a London Gaiety girl; and four Gaiety skirt-dancers.

The New York *Dramatic Mirror*, which is the organ of the theatrical profession in America, acknowledges that theatrical programmes as issued at present in the theatres are an eyesore and a nuisance, but it pleads for them that "people must read between the acts if for no other reason than to become oblivious of the wretched orchestral wailings that frequently torture the nerves of our long-suffering American audiences." The individual who could find relaxation from any earthly ill in reading the almanac witticisms and liver-pad "ads" of a theatrical programme should not go to the theatre for amusement; he could laugh himself into the grave over *Punch* and the *Congressional Record*.

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IS ITALIAN OPERA DEAD?

For some years there has been a war in New York between the adherents of Italian and of German opera, in which the *Tribune* and the *Times* were the most bitter opponents of the Italian school. During the season which has just closed, speaking of a typical Italian opera, the *Tribune* says:

Donizetti's "Lucia" is ill-fitted to bear the strain of many years of overwork. . . . Thousands who have yawned year after year over the sorrows of the grief-stricken Edgardo go to yawn again. . . . Sumptuous setting is got required in these times for such a thing of shreds and patches—the frayed and threadbare raiment of a less exacting day. That musical garment was formerly draped about a figure which then had some excuse for being. But the spirit and the life have long since fled, and the dreary ghosts of Scott's least substantial romance merely squeak and gibber and wave fleshless arms among the pale shadows of a phantom opera.

The *Times*, too, said:

It would be a sheer waste of words to attempt serious comment on a presentation of this work, for the opera is without dramatic sense, although it contains plenty of pretty music. People do not appear to care whether "Lucia" is well done or not.

Harper's *Weekly* thinks that "these remarks express undoubtedly the general feeling." But the facts, as shown in the newspapers, scarcely bear out this idea. The houses were packed every time Patti sang, and on the "off nights" there was always a large audience. The *World* says:

The second night of the Italian opera season at the Metropolitan was a brilliant affair in every way. It was a Patti night, and it goes without saying that the house was crowded, the performance interesting, and the enthusiasm splendid. The boxes filled up a little slowly, as usual, but the galleries and the side-dens were packed to suffocation. It is many a day since the Metropolitan held such a vast crowd.

And the *Sun* says of another Patti night:

At the close of the opera, the vast audience remained in their seats, applauding and shouting to such good purpose that a pianist, seated in the balcony in the absence of the orchestra, to be dragged on the stage and "Home, Sweet Home" cracked as a *bonne bouche*.

"Nym Crinkle" says in the *Theatre*:

To the profound German mind there was something peculiar in a popular assemblage saving its enthusiasm for the high C in "di quella pira," and going to pieces once more at the *ad captandum vulgus* Anvil Chorus. Verdi is too obvious, too brutally direct and objective, don't you know. One blue-blooded and *arçane* lady said to me, with a shudder: "Anybody can grasp Verdi. He is like Bismarck, who always says 'this is a can, and don't you forget it.' But Wagner is divine, like Corot, and always makes you doubt whether it is a mountain or a morass. In such art, the more fog the more feeling."

Life gently guys the Wagnerites in this wise:

Italian music at the Metropolitan Opera House! It is barding the Wagner in his den. And the astounding feature of it all is that the audiences are enthusiastic and honestly enjoy it. Any can be, after all, that there is room in this world for any opera save those of Wagner? The very thought is absurd. Is it possible that the brave, the noble, the noblest of degradation that the being is allowed to go unpunished who prefers other music to that of Germany? Perish the thought! It has been aggressively maintained in this community during the last few years, and with justice, that he or she who failed to enjoy this composer's efforts was not only a pitiable imbecile, but an offensive crank. This, of course, is perfectly right and proper. Everything is fun for those who enjoy it. We have no excuse to offer for the frivolous wretch who finds in Italian opera a pleasure that Wagner fails to give. There is no good reason why he should derive enjoyment from a style of music which no patriotic German respects. The work of the critic has been deeply notified more than once of late at finding a real pleasure in listening to the good singing and graceful melodies of this Italian school.

The whole subject is summed up in the *World*: The success of the present season of Italian opera at the Metropolitan is at once a splendid tribute to the eclectic judgment and the cosmopolitan nature of New York musical audiences. During the past week, the opera-house has been crowded from pit to dome whenever Patti has appeared, and for the week to come, there is not a seat to be had at a reasonable price. And there were fanatics foolish enough to say, not so long ago, that Italian opera was dead! It was only dead to those who had lost all sense of the beautiful, of melody, and of charm of vocal production, through a too prolonged ordeal of the Teutonic torture of alleged dramatic Wagnerianism. New York has enjoyed the Italian opera-season immensely. Those who love the melodies of the old composers, and the sweet voices of the Italian songsters have no quarrel with those who prefer another school. They only ask to be permitted to enjoy that which pleases them, without baying their simple tastes rudely called in question.

But all this discussion is idle; in the vernacular, "money talks." Henry Abbey has announced that the receipts of the Patti and Tamagno engagement amounted to over a million dollars.

Is Italian opera dead?

REAL-ESTATE.

On the seventh of May, there will be sold, by order of the probate court, the Macondray property on the east line of Sansome Street, 44.10 feet north of Pine. The lot is an "L" in shape, fronting 45.7 feet on Sansome Street, with a depth of 137.6 feet; the Pine Street frontage is 52.1 feet by a depth of 90.5. The two-story structure on Sansome Street dates back to 1849. The quidnuncs prophesy \$250,000 as the price to be obtained.

The auction sale of the full block on Sutter and Fillmore Streets at the salesroom of Easton, Eldridge & Co. on Tuesday, was a marked success. The attendance was large, and the bidding spirited. The first property offered, at Sutter and Fillmore Streets, single, brought \$10,000. Adjacent parcels brought \$6,500 on Fillmore, and from \$5,000 down to \$4,500 on Sutter Street. The unimproved block went for \$196,700; the total amount realized from the sale was \$232,000.

One hundred and ninety-four residence lots in Lyndhurst Terrace, at Menlo Park, will be offered for sale at auction on Thursday, May 8th, by Pattison & Son. The property is on Santa Cruz Avenue, the main thoroughfare to the Stanford University and one of the most elegant drives in Menlo, and is within five minutes' walk of the depot.

Seventy residence lots in San Mateo and a villa residence will be sold at auction by the Arthur R. Briggs Company on Thursday, May 1st. This property is in the best quarter of San Mateo, and the immediate vicinity is highly improved.

Among recent sales of interest are the following: Lot 200 feet front on the east side of Tenth, running back 113 feet to Grand Street, between Howard and Mission;

sold by the Omnibus Cable Company; is improved with a store, dwellings, and flats renting for \$325 a month; price, \$75,000.

Page and Laguna, south-west corner, fifty-vara; George Hudson to Walter E. Dean; unimproved; price, \$20,000.

Jackson and Walnut, south-east corner; Robert D. Fry to A. Beerman; unimproved Presidio Heights fifty-vara; price, \$10,500.

California, north line, 162.6 west of Scott, west 25x137.6; price, about \$150 a front foot.

Third Street, north line, 56.8 south of Brannan, south 18.4x75; old frame improvements; price, \$10,000.

Six blocks, extending from the north-west corner of Bay and Buchanan Streets to the water's edge; sold by the San Francisco Gas Company; unimproved; price, \$165,000.

Lot 40 feet front on the north side of Pacific Avenue, between Buchanan and Webster Streets; price, \$10,000.

Fifty-vara lot on south line of Vallejo Street, between Laguna and Buchanan; price, \$13,750.

North-east corner of Ellis and Octavia Streets, 192.6x120; price, \$30,000.

Lot on the east line of Valencia and at the junction of Valencia and Mission Streets, 70x104; price, \$15,000.

North-east corner of Vallejo and Webster, 50x137.6; price, \$12,000.

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"Was Washington a polished writer?" "Well, he used to knock the king's English silly."—*Life*.

Forward watch—"Eight bells, and all's well." *Seasick old lady*—"He wouldn't say so if he knew how badly I felt."—*Life*.

"Is that young man gone, Matilda?" cried her father from the top of the stairs. "Oh, awfully!" returned Matilda.—*Puck*.

Whipper—"Why do you call Littleshort a bad egg?" *Snapper*—"Oh, it's so disagreeable to have him strike you when he's broke."—*Puck*.

She—"John, what is that tall thing rising over there in the direction of the Rue de Rivoli?" *He* (who has traveled)—"It must be our hotel-bill."—*Life*.

In England: *First*—"I hear that you're engaged." *Second* (excitedly)—"Really? Are you sure? To whom? Oh, I must go and see mamma about it." (Rushes out).—*Life*.

Edward Bellamy has made money by "Looking Backward," but most men who try it only bark their shins against an ash-barrel or a lamp-post.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

Son—"The boss told me to-day that he didn't know what he would do without me." *Father*—"That was nice. What did you say?" *Son*—"Asked for a raise."—*Epoch*.

"What is society?" It is a place where people who were poor twenty-five years ago tell of the plebeian origin of their neighbors and conceal their own humble beginnings.—*Boston Gazette*.

Girl (weeping)—"I'm so sorry you have to go on the road again. It almost breaks my heart." *Drummer*—"Don't cry, Fanny, I'll manage to pick up another girl somewhere."—*Texas Siftings*.

"Young man," he said, "do you know the evils of the place you are about to enter?" "You bet your sweet life I do," replied the youth; "but I never eat any of Charley's free-lunch."—*Puck*.

Boston clergyman—"That's John Brent, the rich wool-merchant. He gave me fifty dollars for marrying him." *Chicago lawyer*—"Yes. And he gave me five thousand dollars for procuring a divorce for him."—*Epoch*.

"I must break the engagement, and yet I don't want people to say that I jilted him." "I have it. Invite him to tea." "Yes?" "Make some of your tea-biscuits." "Yes?" "And he'll break it himself."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Count Ojovitchski (handing brakeman his copy of the *St. Petersburg Mail and Express*)—"Perhapseki you like to lookovitch at that, my friendof?" *Brakeman* (glancing at it)—"Thanks, colonel, I don't read music."—*Puck*.

Turnkey—"Now, prisoner, come out of your cell and speak to this gentleman." *Convict*—"I don't want to see him." "Man, it's the governor of the State." "Oh! then I'll come out and ask his pardon."—*Philadelphia Society*.

"Yes," said the learned youth, "I reached forward and struck him on the optic, and a minute later his *alter ego* was in mourning." "His what?" inquired his fond parent. "His *alter ego*—his other eye, you know, of course."—*Boston Transcript*.

Charlie Rivers—"And so you will be eight next week, Flossie!" "Why, you are getting to be quite an old lady." *Flossie*—"Yes, I'm getting old much faster than sister May is. She has been twenty-three ever since I can remember."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

Gotham girl—"The paper says a matrimonial exchange has been started for the benefit of foreign noblemen and American heiresses." *Philadelphia girl* (who deals at Wanamaker's)—"Isn't that splendid? I hope they'll have a bargain-counter."—*New York Weekly*.

Mr. Kirke Depew (Sunday morning)—"I see the Rev. Mr. Alban Cope is going to preach at our church this morning." *Mrs. Depew*—"Why, isn't he awfully high church?" *Mr. Depew*—"Awfully! He carries his ritualistic notions so far that he wears stained-glass spectacles."—*Puck*.

"Is there a doctor aboard?" queried a lanky Texan, who had stopped the train in the middle of the prairie. Three men stood up. "All right," said the Texan; "I am very glad. If there is any disturbance, you gentlemen will be handy for I'm going to rob the train."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Clerk—"If you please, sir, I shall have to ask you to excuse me for the rest of the day. I have just heard of—er—an addition to my family." *Employer*—"Is that so, Penfold? What is it, boy or girl?" *Clerk*—"Well, sir, the fact is—er—"(somewhat embarrassed)—"it's two boys." *Employer*—"Twins, eh? Young man, I'm afraid you are putting on too many heirs."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

Mrs. Figg—"You little wretch, you have been fighting again, I know you have. What was it all about?" *Tommy*—"It was just this way. You see, Jimmy Brown and me put in our pennies together to buy apples, an' I was to have the cores of what was

bought in the afternoon, and he was to have the cores of what was bought in the morning." *Mrs. Figg*—"I don't see any unfairness about that." *Tommy*—"Yes; but in the afternoon he went and bought bananners."—*New York Mercury*.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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With gratitude to Signor Pecci, the Vicar of Christ and the Vicar of God, holding his vice-regal court in his royal palace at the Vatican, wearing a three-storied tiara and apostolic ring, surrounded by Swiss Guards, frescoed walls painted by Michael Angelo, and marbles chiseled by raxiteles, we acknowledge the world's escape from a great and bloody revolution which laboring-men would have inaugurated on May Day, except for repressive suggestions which is Holiness the Pope had issued through an interview with Mr. Jenkins, of the New York Herald. That Bismarck, the man of blood and iron, was not compelled to fight in the streets of Berlin, that conflagrations and riots did not visit destruction the great cities of Europe, that a long and bloody civil war did not burst forth between labor and capital on the first day of May—we may thank the Pope of Rome, or his kindly expression of disapproval and the withholding of his ecclesiastical assent, we have a right to be duly grateful.

The day of May has come and gone, and with the exception of here and there an unimportant scrimmage between a few who have not understood that a riot would not be approved by the spiritual head of two hundred and fifty millions,

the day passed quietly. Curiously enough, in Berlin and throughout Protestant Germany, in London and throughout Protestant England, in Paris and throughout republican France, in Chicago and throughout Protestant America, the law was preserved and quiet was maintained. Curiously enough, the only people who came in conflict with the law and were butchered by the troops were Roman Catholics. Hungarian Catholics in the city of Pestb and Italian Catholics in the city of Paris seemed to have been the only ones who came in conflict with authority, and offered themselves to the martyrdom of bayonets. Curiously enough, a predominating majority of the discontented ones in this free republic of ours are members of the Roman Church who have immigrated to this country from Roman Catholic nations. In the city of San Francisco (and we presume that our city is a fair specimen of Romanized American citizens), not one-tenth part of the discontented and riotous are of American birth or of Protestant faith. In a republican government, where the privilege of the elective franchise is universally conceded and every white male citizen of lawful age is clothed with sovereign political power which makes him the equal of all other citizens, organizations other than peaceful and orderly are crimes. The laboring-man who does not comprehend the necessity of submitting to laws that he and a majority of his fellow-citizens enact, is more than a criminal—he is a fool. If disorder, violence, riot, and bloodshed are the best and surest means of reaching the ends which labor desires to attain; if through fire and force, and through paths of crime and desolation, quiet is more likely to come to the domestic circle, bread to the family table, and comfort and safety to the social fireside than through the slower but more certain triumphs of the law, it will be wise for labor leagues to cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war.

If the working-men of this republic would confine themselves within the law, demand nothing not attainable by the law, they would have the sympathy and assistance of ecclesiastical and political authorities throughout the civilized and Christian world. If there is any portion of the inhabited globe whose people live in ignorance, let them be educated, not in the dogmas of any faith, not in the superstitions of any creed, but let them be educated on the plan of the public schools of the United States of America. Let them be taught to read and write, and out of their deliberations a government of the people, republican in form, is sure to come. When republican governments dominate the world and education is achieved for the masses, when no child shall be born that is not entitled to a non-sectarian education, personal liberty, and freedom of conscience—then the world can be civilized, educated, and thoroughly reconstructed in a brief period upon the intellectual and moral lines indicated. The world is growing small with astonishing rapidity; steam conveys the individual around the world in a time required fifty years ago to cross the territory of the United States. Reforms which demanded power to overturn governments and dethrone kings half a century ago, are now achieved by the pen and press in a day's time. The revolution which set aside the imperial authority of Dom Pedro in Brazil, in the latter half of the century past would have involved the world in war.

Education in the direction of science has produced arms which make long wars unendurable. Education has so equipped and disciplined the human intellect that prolonged resistance to popular opinion is no longer possible. The constitutional monarchy of England, the military authority of the German Empire, the vast ecclesiastical organization of the Church of Rome, the Greek Church, the Romanoff Czar are all trembling at the threatening menace of popular clamor. Thrones, dynasties, prerogatives, property, churches, palaces, castles, titles of nobility, hereditary distinctions, are all hanging upon the breath of the popular will. Senates listen to the voice of the outside multitude, and await in fear the murmur of popular complaint as it comes to cabinet councils and penetrates the secret chambers where statesmen consider what can be dared for the safety of the realm and the preservation of the rights they are presumed to guard. If within this all-embracing circle of human rights, if within the law, the labor forces of the world would confine their agita-

tions, there is no reform not possible to its speedy realization. That churches, popes, and prelates have not tumbled to this most specific remedy for the troublous times, indicates that churches have no divine authority; that popes are not the Vicars of Christ or Vicegerents of God; that statesmen are not clothed with superior wisdom; and that politicians are not endowed with the average common sense which ought to clothe men of ordinary faculties. With nine millions of men comprising the standing armies of Europe and parts of Asia, under the direction of statesmen and generals—with legislatures holding the purse-strings of the human family and priests holding human souls in bondage, with men bolder landed properties of unlimited acreage and city estates of vast values in the enjoyment of trusts that monopolize the necessities for the comfortable enjoyment of the human life—it passes the comprehension of human understanding to explain upon what principle the privileged classes can expect to continue in the possession of their privileges. If the claim that all wealth comes from labor is not without force; that all the luxuries and most of the comforts of life depend upon competence; if it be true that labor is a curse devolved upon the human race for a primal sin, it is not unreasonable that the man who works should be entitled to share the profits of his toil, nor do we quite appreciate the folly or the unreasonableness of demands for higher wages and for shorter hours of toil. Waged within the sacred circle of the law, these demands ought not to startle the world from its propriety nor be permitted to involve it in chaos or deluge it in blood.

The movement has already commenced. Within the past few days the grand army of working-men has taken up its line of march, and the tread of its tramping battalions is heard around the world. In the city of London—the great centre of the English-speaking race, the centre of the world's mechanical industries, whence have issued the inventions which have done so much toward the enslavement of labor and the reduction of wages—four hundred thousand men, composing nearly all the industrial and mechanical laborers of that great metropolis, have closed their shops and devoted themselves to an exhibition of the political strength of the working masses. In all the continental cities of Europe, from Moscow to Madrid, the agitation has taken new shape—this owing to the fact that the evils which have oppressed labor have attracted the attention of the abler and better minded men. It is apparent that oppression is being used upon working-men; that the labor-cause has challenged the attention of earnest thinkers and placed the reform movement where it belongs, within the lines of the law. This is especially true in the American States, and American laws are now exerting their influence throughout the civilized world. The American commonwealth presents the spectacle of a republican government, within the boundaries of which every male citizen is clothed with the elective privilege, and where every child may be educated if religious organizations do not prevent. It was so clearly apparent that this was a country where to the working-man and toiler had been conceded every principle for which nihilists plotted and socialists rioted, that there was not excuse or pretense left for endeavoring to work out any labor reform in any other way than by lawful and constitutional methods. The nihilists demand from the Czar of Russia a constitutional form of government; because this is withheld, they plot against the life of the chief of the Romanoff dynasty. There is great complaint in Germany, because the strong military hand of power restrains the liberty of the press. In this country, our press is free. All over the civilized world there is a just resentment against laws which exact military duty. In this country, every man is entitled to bear arms, and is not compelled to the performance of military duty. The nihilist, the socialist, and the communist are men of sense, and have had the sense to perceive that the demand for reforms of labor in the United States of America are for the most part senseless and unreasonable. The riots which burst forth in 1877, which lighted the fires of revolution and sent them rolling across the continent, expired with but slight show of military force and died out in smoke. The stupid blunder of Martin Irons inaugurated the strike along the Missouri

line of railroads, which went out of existence by the sober sense of the more intelligent labor leaders just so soon as they perceived the blunder into which they had been so foolishly precipitated. It is one of the happy incidents that the labor ranks have fallen under the guidance of wise and temperate minds. It is fortunate for the toilers that they are not to be led through another reign of terror by such hot-headed enthusiasts as the political demagogues who first obtained control of labor leagues. The first movement inaugurated by the working-men was placed under the control of aliens. They were ignorant, passionate, and unreasonable; but the working-men of the country are in a majority agriculturists who till their own farms—and they are Americans. If reforms are to be worked out by anybody upon American soil, it should be by Americans of native birth. It smacks of impudence for any alien class to come to this country and endeavor to reform its laws by any illegal or unconstitutional methods. If the man of alien birth can not endure the laws governing this country to which he has voluntarily emigrated, he might go back to his native land, instead of becoming twice a perjurer by violating his oath renouncing his allegiance to the government he abandoned, and the second time in violating the laws of the country he has taken an oath to uphold.

• A labor reformer, who has fled from starvation in another land, to endeavor to correct abuses in this land by any other than lawful means, is something of an anomaly. We are glad to believe that our labor difficulties have passed through the crisis of revolution and are to be worked out by rational men within the lines of the law. If this is the mode which labor reformers shall determine upon, we shall hope that labor may succeed in taking the position which it is entitled honorably to fill in this land of freedom and republican government. If any illegal methods are resorted to, we shall invite and welcome all the results which may come from riot, war, and blood. *All honest reforms are possible and all rights are attainable under the law in a republican form of government.*

It is an interesting but phenomenal fact in this State that every farm, garden, orchard, orange-grove, and homestead is for sale. If there is any land between the snow-crested Sierras and the wave-washed sands of the Pacific which is not for sale, the fact has never been communicated to us, nor do we believe there can be found in any portion of California a ranch, timber-belt, quarry, quartz-mine, gravel-washing, or silver-lead which is not for sale. This fact startles the invading land-buyer as something not only unusual, but inexplicable, and is calculated to exert a depressing influence upon those who come to our climate, determined to purchase some part of it if the view is agreeable, water available, and rates of railroad transportation within the lines of possible endurance. The truth in explanation is that all Californians of the olden time were gamblers, who came to the country with the purpose of making money and returning to the East for its expenditure. This feeling still exists, modified, perhaps, by the fact that the original gambling propensity has been altered into the habit of speculation. The sons of the Golden West have inherited the gambling propensity of their fathers and are themselves indulging in the speculative mania. We have no traditions of the olden time, no homesteads in which our children have been born, no associations around which youthful memories cluster. We are all strangers in a strange land, and though it is beautiful beyond that of any other country and more attractive than any other spot we have visited, it is but a new joy which we regard as an attractive novelty, and which, in our greed for gain, we are willing to sell—the more willing, because we know, or think we know, of some other spot more attractive and interesting which we can purchase and where we think we can be more contented. We have just returned from the most pleasant and charming place in any of the attractive valleys of our most beautiful State. We have for the first time driven the length and breadth of that portion of the Valley of the San Joaquin which margins the Kern River, in Kern County, which nestles at the foot of the Tehachapi Mountains, which surrounds the charming village of Bakersfield, and embraces the vast and valuable properties of General Edward Beale, of Haggin & Carr, and Lux & Miller. How many hundreds of thousands of fruitful acres are owned by these gentlemen we do not know, but they are all for sale. What these gentlemen paid for their lands, or just how they were acquired, we do not know. General Beale resides at Washington; he was the surveyor-general of whom President Lincoln remarked that he was monarch of all he surveyed. Messrs. Haggin & Carr obtained a very large portion of their lands from the general government as desert lands for twenty-five cents per acre. Messrs. Lux & Miller were cattle-men, realizing a fortune of scores of millions by grazing their herds over lands they did not own, and monopolizing and fencing streams and springs to the exclusion of others who owned cattle and sheep. The contest waged in the courts between these feudal lords over water-rights, is a part of the history of this portion

of California. How it was determined, we do not know well enough to write about. We know that the decision of the supreme court was not satisfactory to either litigant, and was adjusted by a final compromise, which partitioned Kern River—one of the grandest streams upon this Western half of the continent—between the millionaire litigants. This was after the State had been subjected to the expense of an extra session of the legislature, in an abortive attempt to overturn the law of riparian rights, and the altogether absurd doctrine laid down by a most weak judicial tribunal. The result of all the monkeying practiced between Congressional legislation at Washington and the State legislature at Sacramento, the judicial decisions of our State courts and the political manipulations which have been practiced in the Land Department at Washington and the surveyor-general's office in California, is that nearly all the lands which border Kern River and the lakes of Kern and Buena Vista are owned by Haggin & Carr and by Lux & Miller, acquired within a period of twenty-five years, and only one of them dead. But the anomalous and remarkable fact is that all the waters of Kern River and its tributaries—Kern and Buena Vista Lakes—are in practical possession and ownership of the firms of Haggin & Carr and Lux & Miller, and that land which cost twenty-five cents per acre, or was obtained by indirection for nothing, is now being sold to colonists from England, Holland, the Eastern States, and elsewhere, for fifty dollars per acre, the buyer paying for the use of water and improvements on the land. This purchase is upon liberal terms of credit. If there are any considerable number of farmers, except Chinese, who are making money in any part of the San Joaquin Valley, we have not been informed of their whereabouts. Money is being made in land and village-lot speculations, money is being made by persons dealing in land, great fortunes are being made in the towns, but the farmers are toiling without reward and with limited promise of ultimate success. If there are any exceptions to this almost universal rule, it is among those farmers who do not work themselves, but have means enough to hire labor, and from Danes, Norwegians, Portuguese, Slavonians, Italians, and other industrious laborers who are willing to work sixteen hours a day, and whose rule of economy is to sell all that hogs will not eat and reserve that which is left for their own support. We are aware that these unpalatable statements are calculated to give land and town speculators offense and to make the *Argonaut* unpopular, but they are nevertheless true. California might enjoy a large and valuable immigration if there were enough honest men who would organize a land bureau for the sale of farms at their real value, and not permit the intervention of land speculators and land brokers to meddle between buyer and seller with their dishonest and thieving acts. We do not wish the intervention of moneyed syndicates to purchase California lands for the purpose of colonization. This allows the capitalist to make all the money, and places the industrious toiler at the mercy of organized usury, and the colonist becomes peasant, serf, or peon for the master who lives in luxurious idleness. The future prosperity of California in a great measure depends upon the possibility of small farms coming into the possession of men who will till them, and the man who believes he can take incumbered acres and from them produce fruit, vegetables, or grain, with all his toil and all the fruits of his labor, before he becomes a victim to the lender, will enter upon a most hazardous and perilous undertaking. There are ninety-nine chances to one hundred that he will find himself wrecked upon his land, and himself and family a slave to the usurer and gambler to whose promises he has trusted. There are cheap and valuable lands all over California; in every part of the State railroads will, within a few years, be extended where farms can be located, and no man ought to settle himself in any part of California until he has been in the State twelve months before deciding where he will locate. Lands that are green and beautiful now are sere and dry in the fall. Streams that run banks full in the early part of the year may have bacon fried upon their hot gravel-beds later on. Lakes that are filled with sparkling water in the spring are mosaicked with burned and cracking adobe before the rainfalls of winter again fill them. In some places the soil is thin and the hardpan comes near the surface; weeds that look green in spring are pestiferous in the fall, and the rule is—we mean, of course, the general rule—that every man who has land to sell will lie about it. More reliable information can be gathered from the tramp by the roadside, who lives upon the vineyard, and orchard, and begging, than from the village banker, merchant, real-estate agent, or owner of lands for sale.

The railroad companies are the only organizations that can control the character of the incoming immigration, regulate its volume, or choose agents who can represent the opportunity of immigrants to locate themselves properly. The reason why railroad companies—the Southern and Central—can do this better than land-owners, such as General Beale, Haggin & Carr, Lux & Miller, Dr. Perrine, of Fresno, the Bank of California, or the speculative brokers or money-investing syndi-

cates, is because the railroads are interested in all parts of the State, and they are interested in securing immigrants to their own lands, which are cheap and always have been sold at reasonable prices. The price of the lands is of less consequence than the fact of bringing immigrants to the State, that they may enjoy the privilege of their transportation and what they produce. If the railroad companies had a hundred Bernard Marks to present truthfully the attractions of California as a residence for American farm-laborers, and the companies would convey them on reasonable terms and give them reasonable accommodations for moving their lumber and farm implements until they get well to work, we would need no better or other immigrants from other lands and none from other classes. An intelligent, native-born American farmer is more desirable than any other kind of immigrant, and will make a better citizen than any other in the world. California, Oregon, and the Puget Sound country ought to belong to citizens of American birth in preference to any other people in the world. There are enough farmers being driven away from New England and being impoverished in Eastern States to give the empire of the Pacific the best population the earth affords. The railroad companies could perform this work, and should they do it faithfully, conscientiously, and well, they would deserve the gratitude which is now an element lacking in the relations which exist between California farmers and the corporations transporting their produce to market. There ought to be a competitive railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with its western terminus at San Francisco. Its merchants and its municipality could afford to contribute ten millions of dollars toward its construction. It would be money wisely expended to give that amount to the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Road or any other to secure honest competition. The counties in the Valley of the San Joaquin and Contra Costa could well afford to donate as much more.

This table, given by the *Chicago America*, represents two groups of Christian states, one of which belongs to the Roman Church and one to the Protestant Church. They are presented for the purpose of comparing educational results. The reader is invited to remember that the Romanists in America and Germany would show greater illiteracy than the Protestants if the figures could be carried out to their full extent:

Eight Roman Catholic countries, viz.: Venezuela, Austria-Hungary, France, Brazil, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and Italy (for the purpose of this article termed the Roman Catholic group), are contrasted with eight Protestant countries, viz.: Victoria, Sweden, Switzerland, Netherlands, Germany, Denmark, Great Britain, and the United States (termed the Protestant group).

The two groups each cover an area of over four million square miles. They each contain about one hundred and fifty millions of people. In the one group, the Romanists show an average percentage of 92.3 per cent. In the other group, the Protestants show an average percentage of 79.75 per cent. Each religion is respectively dominant in its own group.

But right here the similarity ceases. Night and day are not more unlike. While the average percentage of illiteracy in the Roman Catholic group is 59.61 per cent., or over half the population, the average percentage of illiteracy in the Protestant group is only 4.156 per cent. In other words, illiteracy in the Roman Catholic group is 14.343 times greater than in the Protestant group.

Here is the tabular statement:

COUNTRIES.	Area Square Miles.	Population.	Percentage of Ro. Catholics.	Percentage of Illiteracy.
1. Venezuela ..	439,120	2,075,245	99.	99.
2. A.-Hungary ..	249,942	39,221,511	67.6	32.
3. France	261,002	38,218,993	78.5	25.
4. Brazil	3,210,000	12,922,375	99.	84.
5. Spain	197,797	16,958,178	99.	60.
6. Portugal	36,028	4,708,178	99.	82.
7. Belgium	11,373	5,520,000	99.	42.
8. Italy	110,620	28,459,628	99.	61.04
Total	4,458,942	148,087,027	739.1	470.94
Average			92.3	59.61

COUNTRIES.	Area Square Miles.	Population.	Percentage of Protestants.	Percentage of Illiteracy.
1. Victoria	87,884	1,009,753	73.	.035
2. Sweden	170,979	4,682,799	99.	.30
3. Switzerland ..	15,892	2,846,102	59.	.30
4. Netherlands ..	12,648	4,335,012	66.	10.50
5. Germany	211,149	46,852,680	62.6	1.27
6. Denmark	14,121	1,680,259	99.	.30
7. Great Britain ..	88,301	30,065,649	93.3	11.09
8. United States ..	3,501,304	57,928,609	80.4	9.40
Total	4,102,378	149,702,830	638.3	33.255
Average			79.75	4.15

We invite the attention of our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens to this question in the light of its application to the parochial and public-school controversy.

Mr. James V. Coleman is desirous of securing the nomination of the Democratic party as its candidate for governor. Mr. Coleman is American-born, of Irish-Catholic parentage; he is a man of wealth, inherited from his uncle, William O'Brien, of the firm of Flood, Mackey, O'Brien, and Fair. He was educated at the Roman Catholic College of Georgetown, in the District of Columbia. He was once a member of the legislature of California, serving with credit and integrity. He was also at one time a member of the forestry commission, performing his duties with great ability. Mr. Coleman is less than forty years of age, and is, we are informed, a native son of the Golden West and a member of

THE FIELD OF HONOR.

How Armand Fougeret wavered between Death and Degradation.

[A few years ago, Guy de Maupassant wrote a story showing the mental process by which a young man, who is to fight his first duel on the morrow, is so wrought up by the fear that he may betray cowardice when he faces his enemy, that at last he settles the question by blowing out his brains. It appeared in translation in the *Argonaut* under the title "Was He a Coward?" and was widely copied and commented upon. The readers of that story will be interested in comparing it with the following, in which the same question arises under different conditions; while those unfamiliar with De Maupassant's tale will find this an interesting psychological study.]

"It is all arranged," said Clavignac, in a loud voice, entering the café where Fougeret, surrounded by the usual group of journalists and other professional men who frequented the place, was awaiting his friend's return; "pistols at twenty paces; firing to continue until a result is reached."

"Good," said Fougeret, calmly; "and the rendezvous?"

"To-morrow morning at ten o'clock, on the Vezinet race-course. You will go with us to Asnières. Order me a carriage for eight o'clock, and be sure to have the driver we had in the last affair. He will bring us luck."

"Agreed."

"And do not forget the doctor. Leave the pistols to me; I have a new set, and it will be an excellent opportunity to try them."

"I leave it all to you."

And, after warmly pressing Clavignac's hand, Fougeret nodded a hasty adieu to his friends and quitted the room.

"A cool hand, that Fougeret," remarked the sporting editor of a morning paper, in a knowing manner.

"Yes, very cool," came in a chorus from the little group, as if their comrade's courage in some way redounded to their own credit.

"Well, he ought to be," declared Clavignac, pouring out a glass of absinthe; "he is familiar with the situation; if I count right, this is his fourth affair."

"Indeed?" returned the journalist, respectfully; "I must put him down for my next article on the swordsmen of Paris."

In the meantime, Fougeret had gained the street. On reaching the door of the café, he paused for a moment to reflect, and after a decisive gesture, started along the boulevard at a rapid rate. In a few minutes, he halted before the window of a large bookstore, filled with many colored volumes and placards. Prominently displayed in the first rank were a number of coquettish little volumes, neatly stamped on the backs with these three lines: "*Armand Fougeret—Contes Roses—Third Edition.*"

The young man opened the door, and passing between the long lines of books, addressed a clerk:

"Is M. Lavigne in?"

"Yes; you will find him alone."

Fougeret turned to the right and tapped on the door.

"Come in," cried a clear voice.

He entered.

"Ah!" smiled the publisher, a young man, with a blonde beard and lively eyes, holding out his hand to his visitor, "I am glad to see you. The '*Contes Roses*' are going well. You saw them in the window? Third edition—but what can I do for you this afternoon?"

"Can't you guess?" replied Fougeret, smiling in turn.

"Money? The deuce," said the publisher, his brow clouding. "Always money. It seems to me that you have already drawn in advance."

"True, but I go out to-morrow and it is necessary—"

"A duel?" interrupted the other; "with Saint-Landry for his article on the '*Contes Roses*,' I am certain. You are right, my friend. The article was in bad taste and it has affected our sale. Now, a duel, on the other hand, will be an excellent advertisement, and better still, will cost us nothing. All the morning papers will have the affair in full, and in giving the origin of the quarrel, will speak of the book. An excellent idea—admirable. Will ten louis be enough?"

"Quite sufficient."

"There they are," said the publisher, ranging ten pieces of gold on his desk, while the clerk drew up a receipt.

"A thousand thanks," said Fougeret, as he gathered up the money.

"Not at all," replied the other, placing the receipt in his desk; "you know I am always ready to oblige you. I count on seeing you at the Variétés to-morrow night."

Fougeret shook the hand that was extended to him, and went out.

By this time, it was five o'clock. The young man regained the street, and walked toward the Madeleine, keeping step to a lively operatic air that he carelessly whistled until he reached the swarm of public carriages which crowd the streets of that quarter. Keeping in mind his friend's recommendation touching the selection of a driver, he hunted up the carriage mascot, and instructed him to call for Clavignac at eight on the following morning. After attending to this matter, he directed his footsteps toward the Saint-Lazare station.

The preparatory details did not appear to move him; he knew them all. Every affair was the same, and as he walked along he ran over in his mind the details of the duels he had already been engaged in. The first had been seven years earlier at Savigny-sur-Orze, where he made his journalistic début on one of the local papers. Espousing the candidacy of the celebrated banker Noirville, the young journalist found himself arrayed in fierce opposition to the Legitimist organ. The controversy wound up on the field, where he was wounded, but Noirville, elected by seven thousand majority, rewarded his follower with the assurance of his protection.

The second arose in the Bourse, where he appeared as Noirville's secretary. His zealous interest in his patron won rapid success that soon involved him in a dispute with a jealous colleague who sought a quarrel and found a sword-thrust.

The third occurred several years before the affair he was just entering on, and close on its heels came the ruin of his patron, Noirville, whose speculations terminated with a sudden crash. With the banker's fall went all his secretary's prospects, and Fougeret's little fortune disappeared in the whirlpool. The young man, at first despondent, quickly rallied

from the blow, and set himself to work to recover the ground he had lost. He had others to think of beside himself—his courageous little wife, whom he had wedded in the days of smiling prosperity, and who clung to him closer than ever during his misfortune. The thought of her and his two toddling children served to stimulate his efforts and strengthen him in the struggle for existence.

Thanks to his relations with Noirville, Fougeret knew a number of journalists, and through the kindness of one of them, the doors of a review were opened to the young writer, whose first series of contributions received marked approval from the literary world. His first novel, "*A Friend's Wife*," achieved a brilliant success, and the comedy which he drew from it met with an enthusiastic reception on the first performance at the Odeon. From that time, his reputation was assured, and he, consequently, began to acquire enemies. A collection of his articles from the *Vert-Vert* into a volume entitled "*Contes Roses*," drew from the pen of the bilious Saint-Landry a critique so scathing, so bitter, and so unjust, that Fougeret, acting on the advice of his friends, had sent his seconds to the jealous writer.

And to-morrow, he would be on the field as calm and careless as he had been before. What better satisfaction could be given him? Nothing could be more agreeable, thought Fougeret, as he halted before his modest little house and turned the key in the door.

"At last, Armand," said a soft voice coming from the kitchen; "I am so glad. Wait in the dining-room; dinner is ready."

He entered the room. The table was set with four plates, and the room looked so cozy and pleasant, that the young man gave vent to a contented sigh. The next moment, the door of the kitchen opened, revealing a dainty little woman, somewhat pale, with very blue eyes and very blonde hair, holding a smoking soup-tureen, and followed by a four-year-old baby, who solemnly brought up the rear with the ladle.

"How is this?" inquired Armand, sitting down and unrolling his napkin, after having tenderly kissed his wife and children; "you are waiting on the table? Where is Rose?"

"Rose?" replied the little woman, with a shade of embarrassment; "she has gone. I sent her away."

"Sent her away?" said Armand, surprised; "and why?"

"She was dishonest," replied Claudine; "and I could not keep her. So I paid her a week in advance and dismissed her. You owe your dinner to Georget and me."

"Yes," said Georget, gravely; "it was us. Don't you like the soup, papa?"

"Excellent," declared Armand; "I congratulate you on your skill. But," lowering his voice, "where did you get the money to pay her with?"

"I used what you gave me for the bouse this week. I knew that since your new book is nearly finished, you could go to your publisher to-morrow and ask an advance."

Armand trembled.

"So we can get along nicely," continued his wife; "I would rather wait until your novel was finished, but I do not think I am strong enough to go without eating until then. I have the will, but not the substance, you know."

"But you shall have the money," broke in Armand; "you must not tire yourself out. I will have it—I will take it—two hundred—three hundred francs, if you wish."

"That will be better," said Claudine, with a charming air of content, "because now I will not have to part with my piano. I wanted to keep it a secret from you, but I found it a superfluous luxury, and they were coming to-morrow to take it away. With the three hundred francs, we can get a nurse for the little one and so many other things."

"I see," said Armand, with a sad smile, "that the money will not last very long."

"But in three weeks your novel will be finished and then we shall be rich again. Then I shall have a new dress. Look, I have made this one over so many times that there is scarcely anything left to hold the threads together."

"Yes," replied Armand, gazing at the poor little threadbare gown, "I know—I know."

"And you must have some new clothes, too, my dear. And a new dress for Georget. Why, we will spend at least fifteen hundred francs."

"Fifteen hundred francs," repeated Armand, thoughtfully. "Yes. It is a large sum for us to spend now, dear. But your novel will bring us at least three thousand, and to think that it will be finished in twenty days."

"In twenty days," said Armand, repeating the words in a mechanical manner.

"Ah, how happy we will be," said the little woman, her eyes sparkling at the prospect of the good fortune which she beheld in prospect; "we can pass the summer at the seaside. Georget shall have a pretty red cap, and we will enjoy ourselves as we did four years ago when we were rich. Do you remember how we used to go crabbing, and that big ferocious crab that frightened me so? It all comes back to me again, and with it all the other pleasures I owe to you. Kiss me, my dear," and the affectionate wife threw her arms about the neck of her husband, who embraced her tenderly.

"But," said Claudine, when she had disengaged herself from Armand's arms, "it is nine o'clock already. I must put baby to bed and see that the house is safely locked. But, first, let me see you to your table."

And taking the lamp, Claudine preceded her husband into his little studio adjoining their bed-chamber.

"There," she said, drawing near for a parting kiss, "until we meet again. Work quickly. Think that our happiness depends on those pages."

Claudine went out. Armand seized his pen, but, in spite of his efforts, he found it impossible to write a single line. Other thoughts, which refused to be banished, occupied his mind. Leaning his head on his hand, and staring vacantly into space, he remained in one position during two long hours. He was thinking.

A light tap sounded on the door.

"Armand," said a soft voice, "I am going to bed. Baby is asleep, and I have locked everything up safe and sure. Do not work too late—you must not tire yourself, dear."

The words recalled him from his reverie. He cast his eyes on the paper before him; it was blank.

"Come," he muttered, "I must get to work," and seizing a pen, he wrote with feverish haste, filling five or six pages without raising his head. Suddenly he stopped. He had just written these words, placed by him in the mouth of one of the characters in his novel: "And if you are seeking a duel, you shall have one."

"A duel!" he cried; "why, I am going to fight one myself."

And a vision of the morrow flashed before his eyes. He saw the clearing, the group of seconds, two men dressed in black facing each other, and their pistols pointed toward the grass, waiting for the signal, while the sunbeams filtered through the trees and the birds on the branches chanted joyously—

Suddenly the picture changed.

A man, pale and with closed eyes, lay stretched on a litter, while one of the carriers stood knocking at a door. The door was his own! And the woman who ran to meet the funeral cortege—the trembling creature who, with a terrible cry, threw herself on the corpse—he recognized, too. It was Claudine.

Armand rose hastily and paced rapidly up and down the room. It was true. On the morrow he was to fight. On the morrow, pistol in hand, he would be risking his own life to take another's.

His life! Great God, did it belong to him? Had he the right to dispose of it? Did he not owe it, as much as money, to those who depended upon him? Were he dead, what would be the fate of his wife and children, thrown helpless on the mercies of his terrible creditors? He had no money. There was not a hundred francs in the house. His sole fortune was in his pen, his talent, his brain. Where would they be to-morrow?

And his little wife, so fragile, so delicate, what was it store for her? The hospital? And after that? And his children—Georget so bright, so happy, so intelligent; his little girl, his merry fairy—what would become of them?

Fougeret continued to pace nervously up and down the floor. The veins in his temples throbbed until they seemed on the point of bursting. He moistened his handkerchief and wound it about his head. The cold water helped to cool his burning brain. Now he saw it all clearer. He had exaggerated the situation; a duel was not necessarily fatal. Had he not already fought three of them, and was he not alive on the eve of a fourth? Yes; but then he was alone in the world. His life was his own; he had the right to dispose of it as he pleased. He had given no portion of his life to a wife; no children to leave behind, fatherless, penniless, and helpless. And as these thoughts again began to surge through his aching brain, he fancied he could see the shining barrel of a pistol, with the little, round, dark hole aimed directly between his eyes.

He tried in vain to change the current of his thought. They refused to vanish. He was responsible for the care of those he loved. They lived by him, and they would perish without him. The ball that struck him would take more than one life. There would be three other victims—three to whom he owed love, happiness, and bread. Good God, how terrible it all was!

But another idea, equally horrible, crossed his mind.

His honor!

He knew his comrades and the incredulous *flâneurs* of the boulevard. He heard their comments and their pitiless raillery. What word were they pronouncing? "A coward!" No, it was impossible. He surely would find some one of his companions who would defend him. Men are good-hearted. Some one would be found who could understand.

"Armand," came an anxious voice from the adjoining room, "are you troubled? You have been talking to yourself for a whole hour. You are not ill?"

"No, no, my dear," he replied, going to the door, "do not worry. I—I am working."

"Ah, that is well," said Claudine with a sweet smile. The as she dropped her long lashes over her slumber-heavy eyes she murmured: "Think what—would become of us—if you were to get sick—the little ones—and me. Baby—is asleep. Good-night—dear," and the loving wife resumed her interrupted dream.

At the other end of the room, safely tucked in his little crib, smiling and peaceful, with his little hands tightly clasped, little Georget slept.

A sudden torrent of tears burst from Armand's eyes as he wet his cheeks. He rushed into his studio, seized a sheet of paper and wrote.

The next morning at half-past ten, a man, irreproachable in black, stood on the field at Vezinet, and with agitated air held out a letter to another personage, equally anxious and no less solemn.

"Is it possible?" said the first.

"What, a message?" said the second.

"The unfortunate man forgets that he dishonors himself said one."

"And that his cowardice might reflect on us," replied the other.

"But that shall not happen," said both together.

And with a grave air and measured steps the two men advanced toward a small group who were viewing the unusual proceedings with surprise.

"Gentlemen," said one of the pair, speaking composedly in the midst of a general silence, "we regret to announce to our principal and former friend, M. Armand Fougeret, that he is not on the field to-day. He will not fight."

"It is scarcely necessary for me to add," he continued, placing his hat on his head with a sweeping gesture, "as for us, we are entirely at your service."—Translated from the *Argonaut* from the French of Pierre Decourcelle by J. M. Jefferies.

The costliest metal regularly quoted in commerce is lithium; price, one hundred and forty dollars a gramme.

MATINÉE-GIRLS' IDOLS.

"Van Grynse" considers the Charms of Various Handsome Actors.

It is a well-known fact that the beauty of a woman is a question of locality. A Fiji Island belle would not be appreciated in precisely the right spirit in a London drawing-room; a beauty of Africa, where charm is dependent upon avoirdupois, would not create the proper sort of sensation in a New York assembly. It would merely be another case of "Is that the beautiful Miss Wabash?" with the accent on the "that." Handsome English girls are not admired anywhere in the East, greatly to their own chagrin. They regard it as merely another proof of the savage state of the American people. Worse even than this, American beauties sometimes find that their reputation for unusual loveliness has no existence outside their native town. "The face that launched a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers of Ilium," would probably have been regarded as quite commonplace in the Carriage of Dido.

One sees this constantly. Boston and New York, of course, can never appreciate each others' prize belles—*c'est à va sans dire*. The Californian beauties walk up Broadway without the stares from the *gamins*, by which Mme. Récamier gauged the potency of her charms. At a ball, once, two men were overheard talking in a doorway. One said: "Do you see that girl over there, with the pink wreath? Well, that's Miss Blank, the Californian beauty." The other answered with incredulous derision. "Oh, but I know it," said the first; "I got a letter about her, preparing me for the shock and telling me to gird on my armor. I was quite alarmed." The lady in question was a tall, handsome girl, with golden-red hair and brown eyes. She looked very pink-and-white, and decidedly out of temper. For some unexplained reason—for she was undoubtedly unusually pretty—her appearance was not a success, and she was disappointed and angry. But the difference works both ways. A New York belle, yearning for more worlds to conquer, went to spend a winter on the extreme verge of the Golden West. She expected to sweep things before her and come back with a belt full of scalps. When she did return, however, she was in a very sour state of mind. She did not say much about the lack of appreciation which had frozen her young blood, but she evinced the most unqualified and burning hatred for anything and everything west of the Mississippi. They thought her a beauty here. Out there, they said she was scraggy and cold and repellent in her manner. For an actual fact, she was just one of those tall, thin, graceful, stylish, cilly young ladies who delight the New York public because they dress well and talk well, but who really are not pretty. New Yorkers are always being taken in in that way.

You notice just the same difference in taste with regard to men. Your handsome man who travels on his good looks had better stick to his own city. New York girls are very fastidious about the looks of their men, because they are surrounded by the handsomest men in the country, and the breed is improving all the time. It must be that the athletics are doing it—developing the men into creatures as muscular and graceful as the Flying Mercury, and turning the women into red-faced Blowzibellas, with hands as hard as tanned leather. The New York girl's craze for Englishmen is merely an affectation. She does not in her heart find anything truly beautiful in six feet of English brawn and muscle, topped off with a small blonde bead, steel-gray eyes, and a fair beard. The healthy-looking specimen of what British beef and beer can do is not half so lovely in her sight as one of her own slim, brown, graceful compatriots, with his long, sallow face and his dark, thoughtful eyes.

But the English girl does not like our men—she finds them effeminate in appearance. She likes a fellow who can turn the scale at two hundred pounds. At a performance of Henry Irving's "Charles the First"—an untruthful and gloomy play—I sat beside an English girl, who informed me that Terriss, who took the part of Murray, I believe, was said to be the handsomest man in England, and that every woman who set eyes upon him fell in love with him. After such a description you, of course, expect the Apollo Belvidere to make his appearance in a slashed-and-puffed costume and a curly wig. Instead, a large, heavy, beefy-looking young Englishman took the stage—a man with clear and well-cut features, but whose face was as devoid of brilliancy or intelligence as his acting was of magnetism or charm; a man who seemed to have all run to muscle and bone. This prize beauty was never appreciated during his New York winter. Sighing maidens went round raving over Kyrle Bellew, or young Sothorn, or Henry Miller, but there was never a sigh for Terriss, the handsomest man in England.

The ideal of manly attractiveness which obtains in a city is to be found by a careful study of the popular actors. When an actor enjoys a sudden vogue, when the matinees are packed with women eating caramels, when his pictures sell like hot cakes, be sure that he represents the ideal of the maiden dreams of unmarried New York. It is rather humiliating to have to admit that Kyrle Bellew still heads the list here. Though he has not been in the city for a long time, his memory is yet green in the matinee-girl's heart. Women adore that love-lorn, languishing young man, in his curly brimmed hat and his turn-down collar. He is the most popular actor among the sex since Montague died. Advertise him for a matinee, every seat goes, and boarding-school misses crowd the aisles and sit on the railings. Then, when he appears, thousands of lovely eyes are fixed on him, and not a caramel is touched till he retires. A boarder at one of the swell young ladies' boarding-schools once told me she had thirty-six different pictures of him in her room at home.

When he was acting at Wallack's, they had quite a difficulty about the women who crowded round the stage-door to see the hero step into his coupé. There was no way of dispersing them, and they seriously impeded the travel on the *trottoir*. Coming up that way of a Saturday afternoon, you could not but notice them, standing in a compact mass about

the door on the side-street. They were the strangest lot—some withered old maids, yellow and sere and scrawny, with patched elbows and old-fashioned mantles; half-a-dozen girls in their early teens, well-dressed and pretty, each giving the other countenance and all giggling with nervous delight; a quantity of older girls of the "saleslady" variety, bent upon seeing their idol, serious and gravely anticipant; a few swell young ladies, looking rather guilty and ashamed of themselves; and, on the outskirts, a fringe of loungers, women pausing to see what the excitement was, men stopping to have a look at this redoubtable charmer. When the hero appeared there was dead silence. With a charming smile and a courtly bow, lifting his remarkably shaped tall hat from his iron-gray curls, he passed between the ranks of his adorers, stepped into his coupé, and was whirled off. This was what some of them had waited an hour to see, and those upon whom his eyes had rested in passing, went home enraptured and dazzled as though Phœbus, the sun-god, had smiled upon them.

After Kyrle, there comes quite a bunch of masculine loveliness. There are young ladies who went to "Shenandoah" ten times to see Henry Miller—this is almost as remarkable as the girl who saw "The Shaughraun" sixteen times for the love of Harry Montague. Henry Miller, however, appeals to rather a weedy class—young ladies in the colt stage of their existence, who eat *de lairs* for lunch and find everything "puff-fleckly lovely." Osmond Tearle was another stage-beauty. For a brief period he was adored. Then all of a sudden his popularity collapsed. Who knows why? Perhaps because he said all "American actors were hamfatters." Perhaps because he suddenly grew coarse and fat. From a graceful stripling, with melancholy prominent eyes and a weary, sweet voice, he bloomed out into a big, broad, red-eyed swaggerer, who swung down the avenue every afternoon in a dark-green Newmarket coat which was strained to its utmost to contain his noble bulk. Now you never hear of him, never see his photograph, and the sweet girls who worshiped at his shrine are burning candles before Edward Sothorn.

Herbert Kelcey has also faded like the last rose of summer. He acts, and people go to see him, but he is no longer a matinee-actor. When he first came out here with his Newmarket, his big eyes, his wife, and his dog, the town went crazy over him. Mrs. Kelcey was a remarkable-looking person, with a lovely figure and straw-colored hair. She accentuated both these attractions with skin-fitting dresses and flamboyant bonnets. A pale, fawn-colored costume of the material used for jerseys incased her charming figure, a pale-blue bonnet with flying streamers crowned her brilliant tresses. Herbert wore the new Newmarket, a tall hat, and an eye-glass with a black rim. Dogs of various breeds followed them with their noses against the pavement. After the dogs came a crowd of small boys and a throng of ladies dozing on the imported Adonis. The Adonis walked with his head high, and an air of superb disdain rested on his countenance. He never spoke to his companion and he never looked at any one, but walked along resplendent as Nebuchadnezzar in his pride. Now he walks down Broadway and not an eye notes him. So much for the stability of the taste of the average female.

Among the younger men, young Sothorn and Henry Miller are the most popular. Nobody ever falls in love with John Drew, though every one likes him. He has no place in the running because he has a glass-eye, and that is something which the most persistent man-hunter can not overlook. That young Otis Skinner who was in Daly's company had a following among shop-girls, but young ladies of *ton* said that he was absolutely impossible because he had a common accent. There was not a lovable young man in Mrs. Kendal's company, and Robert Mantell, who was once the beloved of the metropolis, has fallen into an obscurity as dense as that which shrouds the once brilliant and beautiful Charles Stevenson, Kate Claxton's husband.

Outside this coterie there are any quantity of handsome and talented actors—immensely popular—who have no charm for the matinee-girl, no attraction for the romantic "sweet girl-graduate in her golden hair." Everybody adores Frank Wilson—but nobody was ever in love with him. Everybody has laughed at Adonis Dixey—but nobody was ever in love with him. Everybody admires Alexander Salvini, with his great Roman head and his massive shoulders—but nobody was ever in love with him.

VAN GRYNSE.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1890.

INTERLUDES.

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

SESTET.

(Sent to a friend with a volume of Tennyson.)

Wouldst know the clash of knightly steel on steel?
Or list the thrille singing loud and clear?
Or walk at twilight by some haunted mere
In Surrey; or in throbbing London feel
Life's pulse at highest—hark, the minstrel's peal! . . .
Turn but the page, that various world is here!

"I'LL NOT CONFER WITH SORROW."

I'll not confer with Sorrow
Till to-morrow;
But Joy shall have her way
This very day.

No, egplantine and cresses
For her tresses!—
Let Care, the beggar, wait
Outside the gate.

Tears if you will—but after
Mirth and laughter;
Then, folded hands on breast
And endless rest.

"LIKE CRUSOE, WALKING BY THE LONELY STRAND,"

Like Crusoe, walking by the lonely strand
And seeing a human footprint on the sand,
Have I this day been startled, finding here,
Set in brown mold and delicately clear,
Spring's footprint—the first crocus of the year!
O sweet invasion! Farewell solitude!
Soon shall wild creatures of the field and wood
Flock from all sides with much ado and stir,
And make of me most willing prisoner!

—The Independent for May 1st.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Rudyard Kipling, according to Labouchère, was never heard of until he wrote some anti-Parnell doggerel which the London *Times* fulsomely praised.

The Vienna *Freie Presse* relates that Bismarck once said to a friend, who asked him what kind of a man General von Caprivi was: "Caprivi? Well, he is one man who has a harder head than mine."

It really seems that Emin Pasha is wedded to Africa, as Livingstone was, and that, like Livingstone, he was not particularly anxious to be rescued. It is clear from Stanley's account that, but for the rebellion fomented by Egyptian officers, Emin would have refused to leave the equatorial province.

Ex-Governor Thad C. Pound, of Wisconsin, writes to a Minneapolis paper: "If it is to be the policy of your journal to continue the publication of Talmage's alleged sermons without criticism, you will please discontinue the paper to me. Such supercilious, unmitigated nonsense can not be excused in this country and age, and can only be promotive of mental and moral impotency."

Das Echo, a Berlin weekly, says that Bismarck consulted a jeweler a short time ago as to the money value of the precious stones in the crosses, medallions, stars, and chains which have been conferred on him with orders by European sovereigns. His purpose was to turn the jewels into ready cash. He told the jeweler that on future state occasions he would wear no orders except the iron cross and the star of the Black Eagle.

William L. Scott recently said that he would give his twenty million dollars for good digestive apparatus, and now it is said of J. D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the United States, that he looks as though in ill-health, and his face is almost ashy. It is the face of a man who is never free from worry and responsibility. His brows have settled into a permanent frown. The poor multi-millionaires are having a tough time of it.

Eugene Field is almost entirely bald. He has a long and rather humorous face, is an accomplished mimic, and hails from Chicago. He writes in a very small and accurate hand, forming each letter with precision and distinctness, and he uses enormous sheets of white paper for his social correspondence. The effect of a few cramped and labored lines in the middle of the sheet of paper big enough to wrap a box of cigars in, is rather odd.

Nicolini will probably rank in history as the most perfect type of a husband-attendant in civilization. Apparently he lives only for Patti. He watches her comings and goings with the absorption of a lover, and he presides over her meals with the tenderness of a royal chef. Very often, when a special dish is in course of preparation for the great singer, Nicolini descends to the kitchen and personally superintends things. His only dissipation, aside from an occasional cigarette, is a game of billiards.

Alphonse Daudet, whom Henry James and other critics consider the greatest living author, is still a young man. He has not yet reached his fiftieth year. He went to Paris, in 1857, without money or friends. His success is of his own making. Personally he is a delightful man, a genial conversationalist, and an entertaining host. His family consists of a clever wife, two sons, and a daughter. His eldest son is twenty-one years of age. Daudet dedicated his "Sappho" to his two sons, to be read when they reached their majority.

The military career of Bismarck has just culminated in his elevation to the rank of general field-marshal. In real service, however, he is only second lieutenant. He attained to this rank in the infantry of the Stargard battalion of militia on August 12, 1841. In the following year he was transferred to the militia cavalry. In 1854, he was named first lieutenant in consideration of the high diplomatic offices he was occupying. His subsequent promotions, also, were due solely to the incongruity existing between his dignity and merit in the civil service and his low rank among military men.

A gentleman recently returned from Buenos Ayres said: "I had not been in that city two hours before a young Portuguese took me to a café which was much frequented by the men-about-town of the South American republic. I glanced around the place, and was rather startled to see a pair of broad but familiar shoulders among the knot of men over in a corner of the café. A little closer scrutiny showed that the bulky shoulders were surmounted by the handsome face of Fred May. There is still a heavy scar over his eyebrow, and it has given his face rather a hard and vicious look, but he retains his slim waist, admirable physique, and general thorough-bred look. On that particular occasion he was arranging a dog-fight, and he did it in the most approved fashion. Half of the young hoods in the place went off to the contest. Mr. May took charge of the funds, and that night he was about town spending some of his winnings."

The late Count Andrassy was condemned to death after the failure of the Hungarian insurrection of 1848. This did not prevent him from afterward becoming the head of the Austro-Hungarian Ministry. Signor Crispi, now prime minister of Italy, was condemned to death after his first revolutionary attempt against the Bourbon King of Naples. Señor Sagasta, prime minister of Spain, was twice proscribed, and would have been shot as an insurgent if he had been captured. France contains in M.M. Rochefort and Ranc two men who have been condemned criminals and members of the government according to the turn of the political tide. This has been the situation, indeed, of many Frenchmen. When M. de Polignac, in 1830, was condemned to "imprisonment in perpetuity"—the legal phrase for life imprisonment—he exclaimed: "I am condemned to imprisonment in perpetuity, eh? Let me see; how long does perpetuity last in France?" In his case it lasted six years. He was liberated in 1836.

AN INVENTOR'S JOURNAL.

The southern slope of Monte Diablo is parched with heat this April morning of 1860. What a dry, warm cañon it is that reaches down to the farms of the valley, and how the sunlight floods it! It is a pity that such a surplus of light and heat is wasted, and worse than wasted, on the barren rocks, when it might save some shivering child's life if it could be bottled up and kept for winter. Even here, on the mountain, fogs and winds chill the northern slope, while the southern side is like a piece of the torrid zone. If one could only equalize it a little better!

"How can it be done?" I begin to ask. A caloric engine set here could be made to run batteries, and so transfer electricity to the northern slopes. But the waste is so enormous; it is the climate one wants to transfer bodily. Cumbersome, indeed, are all the plans that use machinery and depend upon roundabout methods. Some day men will get a clew to some underlying fact that controls the whole affair.

Let me see. What is it that I am seeking to discover? I need not pretend that I only want to play with the climate of Monte Diablo, and scatter a sea-fog or temper a San Joaquin zephyr. As I think of it, I believe my ambition goes considerably further.

Suppose that I could distribute heat and light wherever I chose, at a moment's notice? Strange, is it not, that it can not be done on a large scale; that we still burn wood and coal, still use oil, gas, and electricity? Strange that science can not make a perfect climate the heritage of every country. How fine an achievement to pour the surplus heat of the lower Amazon Valley into the snowy Alpine valleys of the high Andes; the dry air of the Sahara into a London fog or Scotch mist. One would not choose to make a dead level of sameness in the world's varied climates, but surely it would be worth while to have vast quantities of heat and light held "on tap," as it were, to be used wherever they were needed. Why should not sunlight be for sale some of these days, just as gas is now? It goes to waste in floods, over the ocean, and in the untrodden wildernesses, and though science carries the slightest vibration of a man's voice through miles of wire, it can not yet transfer the heat on the rocks or the light of the desert noonday.

For twenty years I have been at work on the problem, and now I am on the Arizonian desert trying to get some clew to nature's secrets. I suppose that there is a fortune in my methods for storing heat for my caloric engines, for I can run them twenty-four hours on what I gather up during a day, and the power obtained is cheaper than coal at a dollar a ton. But I do not want to destroy; I will not throw down the great industrial centres and shift trade from the Manchesters and Philadelphias of the world to valleys of the desert. I want to do something far different.

Sometimes I have had a glimpse of the simplicity of the real problem that I must solve. I must learn to switch light, heat, and electricity on a key-board—so much heat to go wherever I send it; so much light to flash into a cottage or to shine all night above a city; so much force to concentrate into a lightning stroke or plow a mile-deep furrow through a mountain chain for some railroad builder. Transmutation, without loss of energy, and yet with perfect control, must be acquired. My caloric engine is the best one ever built, but I am sure that some day it will be as much "old iron" as any crusader's helmet. Can not the shining of the sunlight be made to run an electric battery, miles, or hundreds of miles, away? Can not that very battery be made to pour out almost undiminished light again? Can not Mt. Etna light and heat Rome and Paris? By what alchemy shall one learn to transmute the three imponderable forces that rule the world?

Six years more have gone over my unremitting labors, and to-day—I can hardly write it down, so strange a thing has happened in my laboratory—to-day I have learned something so simple that a child might do it. I doubt not but that men have stumbled on the secret before now and perished in the act, for there is danger therein. The law is that the vibrations of heat, of light, and of the electrical current are related to each other in such a way that certain chords of music, sounded at fixed intervals, will transmute one force into another force, or back again. The old myths had something of truth in their hearts. Perhaps Egyptian lore hid this among its mysteries, and when Memnon's statue sang at sunrise, the chambers beneath the pyramids were flooded with sunlight. I left the desert long ago, with some of the desert's secrets; now I can return and conquer it forever. All the difficulties that remain are merely mechanical ones—automatic contrivances to transform the heat-current, the sunlight, or electricity; an insulating system which will waste only an infinitesimal portion of the precious fluid.

I was very foolish on my way to Arizona, as this extract from the *Selma Truthspeaker* of January 14, 1886, will show:

Train No. 9, for Los Angeles, arrived half-an-hour late. This side of Merced there was a sudden storm, and the whole sky was as light as day. Soon after, every stone in the cars was found to be stone cold, although they are said to have been red hot a few minutes before. Tom Gooch, one of the brakemen, declares that he saw an old man holding an instrument like a music-box against first one, then another of the stoves, and then to his ears, and saw him extend a wire from one stove to the outside of the window. He put his hand on the old fellow and asked him sharply what devilry he was up to. Suddenly, Tom says, there was a peculiar note of music heard, and as swift as a flash he saw white fire running along the wire, till the whole car was lit up as if by a flash-light. It was a bad case of the jim-janis, and Gooch has been laid off a week for repairs. The old man got off at Fresno, and probably took another train, as he could not be found there to-day.

I have spent a good many weeks along the Colorado. One day I went to The Needles for supplies, and found an issue of *The Needles Point*, which contained an item of interest for me. It runs as follows:

One of the old Mohave Indians came in to-day from down the river, and told a queer story—great fellows to yarn, these Indians, and really

the effort in question was worthy of Jules Verne. He says that a white man, a "big chief," has been burning up the hillsides fifty miles below, by drawing the fires out of the hot mud volcanoes there. His story is that one night, a few weeks ago, he saw an old man ride up to the hot springs and thrust a wire down into the mud; then he performed some incantation or other, and the next minute there was a mighty big fire on the top of the rocks a mile away, where there were neither grass nor trees, nothing but black granite. The fire burned there for hours, too. Suddenly it disappeared, and a wild thunder-storm began to sweep over the mesa. The next day the Indian went down to the hot mud volcano, and found it cold as an iceberg. The others around it were just as usual, but the one that the old rooster had been fooling with was played out. In three or four days it began to warm up a little, however, and the Indian trotted up here to have a council with the rest of the tribe. It is a better story than the old rascal generally tells, and we gave him ten cents for whisky.

If this sort of thing keeps up, some reporter will be on my trail before long, and I must be careful.

A good volcano would do to begin on, if I was sure it could be controlled. But this is exactly what I am afraid of. My first experiments with mud volcanoes were quite satisfactory, but the last one I tried melted off the whole top of a mountain. I confess myself afraid of what might happen if some bottomless pit of a volcano were harnessed to my wires. I could change the whole climate of California, I think, even at the present stage of my knowledge, using every telegraphic station as a point of distribution. But it is hot enough along the Sacramento and San Joaquin in summer now. I must have a wire of my own, so as to begin on Alaska, and ultimately melt out a road to the North Pole.

Popocatepetl, with a gas-meter put on, and free distribution of its fires in suitable doses over the Alaskan winters—that is what I should feel proud of.

Meanwhile, I have been arranging plans in another direction. I found a gateway between hills in this Arizonian desert, where especially hot winds blow through. Here I have stretched a network of woven wires, to carry heat to a hill-top and concentrate it there. So much has accumulated that I can keep a vast fire night and day, or I can ring the hill-top with destructive lightnings. In other words, I find that sufficient heat can be taken from these desert winds to produce wonderful results when rightly used. The wind is like an ice-current for half-a-mile after it leaves my wires. I am now convinced that the Desert of Sahara can be utilized as the great store-house of heat, light, and electricity for Europe and the Desert of Cobi for Asia. When the surplus heat is drawn off in constant streams, the desert will become a regular California for comfort. The oppressive summer heat of New York and Chicago can be sent off to Labrador.

For a year I have been traveling over the country, making experiments. Yesterday I found a small volcano just over the Mexican boundary. I suppose it is foolish, since my last experience warned me to be careful about drawing the fires out of volcanoes. They will be conquered, but I had best stick to my wires in the desert. That is enough of a triumph. I can have all the capital I want, as soon as I bring men here to show them that heat, light, and electricity can be sent almost any distance at no appreciable cost. But still, how fascinating is the idea of going straight to the well of fire—muzzling Mauna Loa or Vesuvius, as it were.

Three days later, on the top of a mountain.

I am pinned fast with a broken hip, and a boulder crushing the life out of me. When I fell, my automatic vibrator rolled down the slope into the volcano and the wire trailed partly after it. I am liable to be burned to dust any minute. Shall throw my journal down the cliff. I advise any inventor who tries this sort of a performance to leave volcanoes alone.

Memorandum by Amos Gray, of Bowie, Arizona.

Prospecting party on the boundary, November 20, 1889. Saw smoke twenty miles south, and found small volcano. Peak near and towering above it, was vitrified like brown glass from top half-way down and too hot to climb. Camped in bottom of gulch and found site of old camp, also bones of musing tied to a mesquite. Walked up cañon to prospect, and found memorandum-book about ten feet from the edge of the vitrified overflow from the mountain. Copied carefully all that was legible, as given above. No clew to name of writer.

NILES, CAL., May, 1890. CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

The students at the College for the Blind, at Worcester, play cricket habitually, and with the utmost enthusiasm. The ball is made of wickerwork, with a bell inside, which jingles whenever the ball is touched or strikes the ground, but not when it is passing through the air. The wicket-keeper claps his hands behind the stumps to direct the bowler. Some of the boys are so true of ear that they can hit the wicket with three balls out of six for several times running. It is easier to gauge the distance of a stationary sound than to predict the movements of a ball coming toward you, and consequently the batting of these sightless cricketers is inferior to their bowling and throwing. A score of more than fifty is rare, except in the case of one boy, who often puts together seventy or eighty off his own bat. He has no means of telling the whereabouts of the ball, except the jingle of the bell which is heard when the ball leaves the bowler's hand, and again when it touches the ground. It is the rule of the game for the bowler to cry "play" at the same instant that he delivers the ball, and this blind champion observes the degree of vigor with which the "play" is called, and judges the swiftness of the ball accordingly. An amusing game was played after dark one night between the blind boys and some seeing friends. The seeing side made a poor show. They ran into each other, muffed the ball, and then had to grope and grope for it helplessly in the grass. Their bowling was erratic, and their batting was nowhere. The match ended in an easy victory for the blind collegians.

In Paris, a pneumatic postal-card reaches its destination between an hour and an hour and a half after mailing. A similar card in Berlin is delivered within thirty-five or forty minutes after mailing. Since the inauguration of a new system of postal-wagons for emptying the mail-boxes in Berlin, an ordinary city letter reaches its destination in an hour after leaving the hands of the sender.

MOTHERS IN FICTION.

There is hardly a single instance in a standard English novel in which a mother takes a really honorable and dignified position. This condition of things is remarkable, to say the least. Let us take a glance at Dickens's "mothers." In "David Copperfield," we have David's mother, amiable, but weak-minded; Mrs. Micawber, a caricature; Mrs. Creakle, a poor thing; Mrs. Steerforth, horrid; Mrs. Heep, hateful; and "The Old Soldier," worse. In "Bleak House," there are Lady Dedlock, of whom the less said the better; Mrs. Jellyby, another culpable fool; Mrs. Pardiggle, an insupportable creature; Mrs. Guppy, abominable; and George's mother, lower orders. In "Dombey and Son," are Mrs. Skewton, a disgrace to her sex; Alice's mother, "Good Mrs. Brown," an ogress; and Pollie Toodles, lower orders. So again, in "Little Dorrit," there are Mrs. Clennam, criminal; Mrs. Merdle and Mrs. Gowan, worldly, heartless wretches; and Mrs. Meagles, nice, but very homely. "Our Mutual Friend" contains Mrs. Wilfer, outrageous. And in "Nicholas Nickleby" are Mrs. Nickleby and Mrs. Kenwigs, lunatics, and Mrs. Squeers, a horror.

In "The Old Curiosity Shop," we have old Mrs. Garland, weak; Kit's mother, lower orders; and Mrs. Jinnywin, detestable. In "Hard Times," there are Mrs. Gradgrind, idiotic, and Bounderby's mother, lower orders. "Barnaby Rudge" contains Mrs. Varden, intensely objectionable, and Mrs. Rudge, lower orders. "Great Expectations" contains no parents of any importance.

As to "Martin Chuzzlewit," mothers are not in it, with the exception of character sketch, "The Mother of the Gracchi," also a fool. In "Oliver Twist," the "Tale of Two Cities," and "Pickwick," the mothers are very much in the background, and taking Mrs. Bardell as a specimen of those who do appear, perhaps it is just as well they should be.

Thackeray evolved Barry Lyndon's mother, Mrs. Esmond, of Castlewood, in Virginia, a respectable but very objectionable little woman; poor, unreasonable, cross Mrs. Sedley, in "Vanity Fair"; Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Hobson Newcome, utterly uninteresting and disagreeable. Mrs. Gashleigh, poor Timmins's mother-in-law, and, worse than all, Mrs. Mackenzie, the hateful wretch who tortures the dear, gallant old Colonel Newcome to his death.

On the other hand, we have certainly the two Mrs. Pennells. Thackeray made a concession in giving us them, and Beatrix's mother, Rachel Esmond. Of this last, however, it must be admitted that though she is a most delightful character, still her maternal qualities are by no means unquestionable, and it would be impossible to read the book and ignore the fact that many of Beatrix Esmond's faults reflect on her mother.

Taking "Tom Jones" and "Amelia" as representative Fielding works, where are the admirable mothers in either of these books? Distinctly nowhere. Smollett, again, has a few ridiculous mothers, while the mother in Richardson's "Clarissa Harlow" is about as bad as she can be.

The "Vicar of Wakefield" is permeated with the very spirit of homely philosophy and gentle Christian toleration, except in regard to the treatment of one character. Why, in the name of charity, should Goldsmith have made the mother a blot on this pleasant family picture? The character of Mrs. Primrose is written in a distinctly different vein from the rest of the book. This mother, who can reproach and taunt her repentant daughter in her misery, is altogether a mass of vanity and contemptible vulgar self-conceit.

Sir Walter Scott wrote upwards of thirty stories. As a rule, his heroes and heroines are parentless. There are a few fathers, however, who have some claim upon our respect, but not in one solitary case has Sir Walter represented a dignified maternal character.

George Eliot has not so much to answer for in this respect, except negatively. She does not honor mothers as a rule, it is true—but generally speaking, she ignores them. In two of her important novels—"Romola" and "Silas Marner"—if there are any mothers at all, they are very subordinate characters. In "Adam Bede," there are actually two mothers whom one can think of with pleasure—Mrs. Poyser and Mrs. Bede; and in "Middlemarch," again, Mrs. Garth is an altogether admirable mother. But, in her other novels, Mrs. Tulliver and Mrs. Deane, in "The Mill on the Floss," are hopeless creatures, very little removed from imbecility; Mrs. Transome and Mrs. Holt, in "Felix Holt, the Radical," are decidedly unfavorable specimens even of this vilified race; while Mrs. Hartleth, in "Daniel Deronda," is only rendered a little more capable than Mrs. Tulliver and Mrs. Deane by education.

Charlotte Bronte, again, keeps on the beaten track. "Jane Eyre" contains two character sketches of mothers—Mrs. Reed and Lady Ingram—thoroughly cruel and offensive women. In "Villette," Dr. John's mother is certainly unobjectionable, though she appears to be a very weak creature.

In the long list of Lytton's novels, there is only one mother of any importance—Pisistratus's mother, in "The Caxtons"—which is a very delightful and tender creation.

Charles Reade gives us a charming mother in Mrs. Little ("Put Yourself in His Place"), but in the rest of his novels there is no mother who claims any admiration from us. Mrs. Dod, in "Hard Cash," and Gerard's mother, in "The Cloister and the Hearth," are irritatingly whimsical and unreasonable. The mother in "Christie Johnson" is intensely offensive, and Lady Bassett, in "A Terrible Temptation," is a criminal.

In six of Wilkie Collins's books, "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "Man and Wife," "Poor Miss Finch," and "The Armadale," there is but one mother, Mrs. Verinder ("The Moonstone"), and she is a nonentity. The wife of the Rev. Finch can scarcely be accounted a character, while the difficulty of dealing with Mrs. Vanstone, in "No Name," is easily done away with by killing her.

As to "Ouida," there is not one mother with redeeming traits in any of her books, and it would be difficult to imagine a more thoroughly detestable character than Lady Dolly Vanderdecken, in "Moths."

A FIRST NIGHT.

By J. L. Ford.

SCENE I.—Hustle & Hardup's Theatre. Time, 7.30 P. M. In the lobby, before the doors are opened.

Mr. Freelance (in evening-dress, with attachés of the theatre and about a dozen citizens gathered about him)—Now, then, I want you to all remember that there's to be no applause until Charley here starts it from the manager's box. By the way, Charley, that light umbrella of yours is no good. You'd better take that heavy cane of mine that I keep for first nights. Well, when Dacolotay takes the centre of the stage and says, "Mine—mine forever! Naught but death can part us now!" just lean out over the edge of the box and holler "bravo" as loud as you can, and pound on the floor with the cane.

First Citizen—What's the cue for calling out the author?
Mr. Freelance—The author's not going to be called out, unless it is by a policeman; but we're going to give Hardup a call.

Second Citizen—He's had one call already this evening—it was for the rent.

Mr. Freelance—Well, the second call will come at the end of the third act, and must be a spontaneous ovation—that is to say, you must all rise up together and bawl "Hardup! Manager! Hardup!" for all you're worth. And when he comes out and bows you must yell for a speech, and then he'll get off a little something that I've written for him.

Chief Usher—What shall I tell anybody who asks for the manager?

Mr. Freelance—That he's back on the stage, and won't be out till the close of the act. And don't let any one with an attachment get near the box-office. If you see any costumers standing around give them seats. There's nothing that'll hoodoo a piece quicker on the first night than half-a-dozen hungry-looking costumers and printers standing round the lobby. Now get to your places. They're opening the doors.

SCENE II.—Time 7.44 P. M. Star dressing-room. Miss Dacolotay discovered in wrapper seated before pier-glass, while her maid dresses her hair. Mr. Freelance seated on zinc trunk and swinging his heels carelessly.

Miss Dacolotay (decisively)—I told you yesterday, Mr. Freelance, and I tell you now, that I will not set foot on that stage unless I get three hundred dollars on account, and Hustle & Hardup's note for the balance due. Do you understand?

Mr. Freelance (indifferently)—Why, I understood that several days ago, and made my arrangements accordingly.

Miss Dacolotay—Very well, then, I'll trouble you for the three hundred.

Mr. Freelance—I've made other arrangements. Got an understudy—a lady you're particularly fond of.

Miss Dacolotay—What's her name?

Mr. Freelance (confidently)—You'll read it in the papers to-morrow, along with some very nice paragraphs about the popular actress who came to the relief of her old manager at a moment's notice, and played the part so faultlessly that the house rose and gave her a spontaneous ovation.

Miss Dacolotay (rising and controlling her voice with some difficulty)—Mr. Freelance, you mean to tell me that that creature, at thing, who calls herself Livingston, is going to play my part to-night in case I refuse to go on?

Mr. Freelance—I mean to tell you that the name will be assumed at a moment's notice by most estimable woman and charming artist—who has been diligently studying it for the last fortnight—and that that fact, and one or two others with which you are already familiar, will be announced to the audience by Mr. Hustle before the curtain rises.

Miss Dacolotay (stamping her foot)—She all do no such thing, even if I have to go on myself. (Imploringly.) Billy, go and see if you can't get two hundred for me, and we'll be the rest for the present.

Mr. Freelance—See here, my dear; I'll give you fifty good liid plunks right out of my own pocket and range a spontaneous ovation for you at the close of the second act. Then, if the piece catches on, you'll get all the dust that's coming to you. Is it a go? Say quick.

Miss Dacolotay—Well, I suppose it will be to go. (Exit Mr. Freelance. Outside dressing-room door.)

Mr. Hustle } —Well?
Mr. Hardup }

Mr. Freelance—I played Livingston on stage again, and she fell off the perch, but I ess it's about the last time she'll stand that ket. Give her fifty cases and some wind account.

Mr. Hardup (grinning)—It's lucky she n't know that Livingston's in Chicago, re-arsing with the Merry Idler's Company.

Call-boy—Orchestra's struck, sir. Say they n't play without they get paid in advance.

Mr. Hustle—I'll go down and fix it with them. Billy, you'd better get out in front and grab the money as fast as it comes into the box-office. We're liable to have some one pounce on it to-night.

SCENE III.—Time 9.45 P. M. Manager's private office. Mr. Freelance entertaining members of the press, three costumers, two printers, and other friends and creditors of the house.

Mr. Freelance (smiling, and in accents indicative of serene confidence)—Well, gentlemen, we'll drink to the success of the "Vendetta," for of all plays I've seen anywhere this winter that is the surest winner. Hardup's been doing a dance all by himself in the prompt entrance, he's so stuck on the play. Why, Tom, old man, is that you? Well, put it right there, and have a glass of champagne. (Sotto voce.) For the love of heaven give the piece a boom here and a good send-off in the paper to-morrow. (To first costumer) That'll be all right, old man, but don't worry me to-night. First thing in the morning we'll help you out. (Aloud.) Now, gentlemen, I'll tell you something. This piece is such a big go that the author has consented to take a curtain call at the close of the third act, and it'll be a surprise to the audience when they find out who he is.

First Citizen (sotto voce)—Shall I holler for him from the box?

Mr. Freelance—Yes; and holler like the deuce, too. (Enter Programme Boy, hastily plucks Mr. Freelance by the sleeve, and whispers: just seen a deputy come into the lobby. Exit hoy. Vanish Mr. Freelance.)

SCENE IV.—Time, 11 P. M. The auditorium. Curtain falls.

First Citizen (leaning over edge of box)—Author! Author! Manager! Hardup!

Second Citizen, Costumer, Employees, and Personal Friends of Management—Author! Manager! Author! (Enter, before the curtain, Mr. Hardup and Mr. Freelance, howling and smiling blandly.)

First Citizen (falling back into box)—Billy himself, by gosh!

Chorus—Hooray for Billy Freelance! (Exeunt.)

—Exchange.

In Madrid when an actor has a benefit his admirers send to the theatre little gifts, such as canes, slippers, game, and such trifles, and the employees hand these gifts around among the audience for inspection.

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Brown—"What race?" Smith—

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Live Pills.*

What smells most in a drug-store?

The nose.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,

"she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,

"she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,

"she had Children, she gave them Cas-

toria.*

AFTER THE THEATRE

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Will you tolerate Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, Yellow or Muddy Skin, Moth Wrinkles, Red Nose, or any other form of Skin Diseases, or Facial Disfigurements

WHEN

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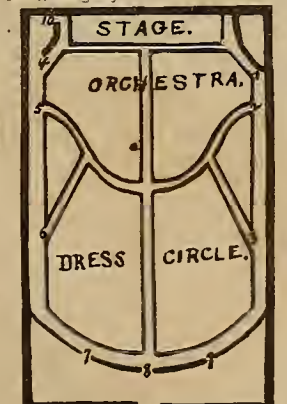
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FAKE'S FACE POWDER EN- hances the splendor of an already beautiful complexion. It is positively free from the poisons so often found in others—arsenic, lead, bismuth, etc.

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EXIT 3.—South exit to east lobby.
EXIT 4.—North exit to west lobby.
EXIT 5.—Centre exit to west lobby.
EXIT 6.—South exit to west lobby.
EXIT 7.—West exit to south lobby.
EXIT 8.—Centre exit to south lobby.
EXIT 9.—East exit to south lobby.
EXIT 10.—Stage exit.
EXIT 11.—EXIT.

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HERMAN BAUER, Contra Bass
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\$12,000 IN CASH

Given to Subscribers.

OUR SECOND GRAND AWARD OF CASH PRESENTS, May 29, 1890.

Instead of spending \$50,000 this year in giving away sample copies to readers throughout the U. S. we have decided upon the following novel contest for the purpose of advertising and getting our publication talked about from one end of the continent to the other. We have taken an ordinary quart measure, filled it with Western yellow corn, sometimes called horse-tooth corn in the East, poured the corn into an ordinary quart fruit-jar, and sealed it with the Second National Buncle Bank, Hoboken. It can not be opened or counted until May 29, 1890, and no person now knows how many grains of corn the jar contains.

3395 Prizes will be given to the 3395 subscribers making the best guess of the number of grains the jar contains, amounting to \$12,000.

The jar will be opened and grains counted May 29, 1890, by a committee chosen by the subscribers. All presents will be paid in checks on above bank.

If we are unknown to you, any bank, commercial agency, or publisher will tell you who we are. Money may be sent by postal note, registered letter, or P. O. order. Address, THE WEEKLY SWAG, Hoboken.

MARKED PLAYING-CARDS. New system. Easy to read and hard to detect. Pack, by mail, with key, 50 cents. GREEN GOODS CO., Bridgewater, Mass.

OPIUM Morphine Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. SHARK, Hudson, Ohio.

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Send us 20 cents (stamps or silver) and receive our paper, LADIES' HOME VISITOR, regularly for 4 months. To first person who answers this advertisement, and tells us correctly where the word "river" first appears in the Holy Bible, we will give a handsome gold watch, ladies' or gents' size. To next one giving correct answer, we will give an expensive silk dress. To third person answering correctly, we will give a magnificent solitaire diamond ring. This is the grandest offer we ever made. We do as we agree. Write now. Send 20 cents, and tell where "river" first appears in Holy Bible. Address, ANANIAS PUBLISHING COMPANY, American Bible House, New York.

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LADY AGENTS WANTED. Two new specialties. One lady made \$27 before dinner. Fox & Co., Chicago, Ill.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS revised by famous critics, made available, and sent to best markets. Oscar Fay Adams revises 50-line poem at \$1.50; 50-line, \$2.00; 100-line, \$3.00. Joel Chandler Harris, Wallace P. Reed, Ed. R. Pritchard, and other famous writers revise stories at reasonable rates. Send stamp for particulars. Address, AUTOMATIC LITERARY BUREAU, Kokomo, Ill.

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Attractions to Appear Shortly at this Theatre.

May 20th.—"Stabbed in the Dark." June 4th.—Pat Rooney. June 18th.—Manhattan Minstrels. July 1st.—"The Slums of Paris." July 15th.—Maudie Vane's Dizzy Blondes. August 1st.—"Jack the Ripper."

PROGRAMME FOR THE WEEK

PROFESSOR RAZZLE-DAZZLE'S GUYETY GIRLS. GUYETY THEATRE, LONDON.

1. SONG. "Oh, you little Tart, you have won my 'Art'". Sir Arthur Sullivan Sung by Miss Tottie Coughdrop, of the Guyety Theatre.

2. PAS DES CATS. Voluptuous Skirt Dancers The four London Favorites, the Guyety Danseuses, the London Rage.

3. SONG. "Io Cano" "The Sopranos Poodle," "Rats," Verdi Created a Furore at the Guyety Theatre, London.

For continuation of programme, see next page.

VANITY FAIR.

Ward McAllister has found a title for the book which he is writing concerning his social experiences. He intends to call it "Society as I Found It." Society is very much interested in what Ward McAllister's book will be. The men, for the most part, are confident that if they undertook to write such a book they would not be able to steer clear of personalities, and the burden of their speculation concerns itself with what personal references McAllister will allow himself. As a matter of fact, the book will probably not be a personal book at all, but will be a series of essays on social forms and arts, illustrated and enforced by incidents judiciously selected from his own experiences in society. The work is about two-thirds completed. The leader of the Four Hundred has turned author in earnest, and is devoting his mornings to composition. As he finishes chapter by chapter, he reads them to intimate friends and accepts criticism and advice on every hand. He has made no arrangements yet as to the way in which he will put the book forward for the consideration of the world at large. He received recently from a banker in Wall Street, representing, it is believed, some magazine or periodical, an offer of twenty-five thousand dollars in cash for the book, with the privilege of publishing it in installments and collecting the installments thereafter in a volume for sale.

Concerning Mr. McAllister, the *World* says: "Mr. McAllister came to this city many a year ago. He found a simple, crude society based on mercantile success and deeply respectable. From top to bottom it was New York. The invasion of New England had begun, but these roving Yankees against whom Father Knickerbocker used to protest with all his vigor had not attained that social eminence which now makes the annual dinner on Forefathers' Day so full of attractions. As to the Western plutocrat, he was unheard of. Society has grown since then in many directions, but its chief distinction cannot be said to be so much due to refinement as to extravagance. Mr. McAllister has taken it more seriously than do most of the good people of the town, and he has devoted himself most strenuously to organizing its amusements. Society owes it to him that it dances more intelligently and dines more systematically than it used to do. In this field of human endeavor Mr. McAllister has shown himself to be a veritable Napoleon. The field may not be rated high, but our prospective author occupies a high place in it. Society is doubtless more interesting and piquant than when Mr. McAllister found it, but there is one weak point in his workmanship. We noticed that in 'composing' his last ball he seemed to have deserted ancestral for pecuniary merit. Now, it has been a good old tradition in this town that a man whose grandfather owned a ship is better than a new man who has made his pile in Wall Street. Society as it is, is of course the creation of McAllister, but does he not agree with us that this last touch to his product is infelicitous? Are not grandfathers better than dollars?"

"The betrothed wife of an estimable young man was recently visiting his mother," says the *Boston Herald*: "the members of both families were delighted. The youth's mother was charmed by the beauty, breeding, and elegance of her prospective daughter-in-law. Strange to say, however, the day after the young girl had begun her visit, the mother called her son to her, and spoke gravely to him about his promised bride. 'Harry,' said she, 'Alice invited me into her room to-day, and oh, my son, she doesn't dress like a lady at all. I'm afraid, Harry, I really am.' Harry smothered his indignation, and begged his mother to explain. 'Well, you see,' said the latter, 'instead of nice white linen, all her underwear is black silk. Every item is of that material, and when I spoke of it she showed me trunks full of clothes in every tint of silk imaginable and no linen at all. This was bad enough, Harry, but her garters had jeweled clasps on them. Oh, my son, you never knew of a girl of real refinement to get herself up in that style. I feel certain that something that we do not know about in Alice's disposition will come out sooner or later.' In a great rage at his mother's imputation, Harry left the house. When he returned he did not recur to the subject, and his mother refrained from broaching it again, though her whole manner indicated her fears concerning her son's fiancée. A week later, however, the girl eloped with an adventurer. 'I should always,' says Harry's mother, 'doubt a young lady who could not take pride in fine linen; and am positive that no modest girl ever wore a jeweled garter. Such a thing could not be the gift of her father or mother, and she would certainly not buy it herself.'"

To-day the "tailor-made girl" stands as the selection, the survival of the best ideas in dress of the last half of the nineteenth century (says the *Woman's Cycle*). Her dress is neat, solid, compact, useful, convenient, and adaptable. It stands for service and the absence of superfluity, for readiness in an emergency, and propriety everywhere. It is the universal high-school and college-dress, the best traveling-dress, the city walking-dress, and it stamps the wearer as an intelligent and cultivated woman. It is expensive because good workmanship and good material are put into it; but it never breaks out

and never wears out; it has to be given away or cut up to get rid of it. It has done more for the health of the American women than all the medicine in existence. It has reconstructed them, and built up an upright, vigorous, well-built, healthy young womanhood out of the shreds and patches, which were about all that was left of the woman that had been.

Mrs. Langtry's beauty was an endowment worth about one million dollars (says the *Denver Republican*). As a business venture, she has paid interest at six per cent. on two millions, but then she has off years, such as the one three seasons ago, when she dyed her hair, and this year, when she is harassed by the gout. The Langtry's beauty was more productive of gold than the genius of Rachel, Rosa Bonheur, George Sand, "Ouida," and George Eliot combined. Had Mrs. Brown Potter been as beautiful as she is reckless, she, too, might have been quoted in seven figures. A vivid idea of the commercial value of beauty may be had when one considers the cases of one or two actresses conspicuously lacking in physical attractions. Agnes Booth would have been more than a second Adelaide Neilson if her superb figure had been crowned by a beautiful face. As it is, she is undoubtedly the most capable and artistic actress in America, and her art has lifted her to a higher plane than nature at first designed. But the fatal gift is not there. Despite her maturity, she occupies a commanding position in the first stock-company in the country; but whereas a statuesque and wooden Langtry makes sixty thousand or seventy thousand dollars a year, the exquisite art of an Agnes Booth, unaided by beauty, must be content with one-sixth of that sum. Theatre-goers, according to dramatic experts, are growing weary of the older professional beauties. Lillian Russell and Pauline Hall have trained off a lot of superfluous flesh, but a good deal of the charm has gone. One does not like to think that they did not grow so, but were forced down to their present symmetrical lines by bicycle-riding, a starvation diet, tremendous walks on dusty roads, and the renunciation of half the good things of life.

The Rational Dress Society, of which Mrs. Oscar Wilde is the presiding genius, and which counts many a titled lady among its fifty members, has been having a great discussion, and are all unanimous in agreeing that reform of some kind is necessary to enable ladies to walk with any comfort in the country or in town during muddy weather. Lady Haberton practically illustrated her views of wearing a divided skirt and blouse. Another lady was attired in a Turkish costume with wide trousers and a zouave jacket over a loose blouse. Several ladies expressed themselves in favor of wearing short skirts (substituting knickerbockers for petticoats), gaiters, a covert coat, with either a silk or flannel skirt. But the length of this skirt was the rock which split the harmonious league into warring factions. Lady Haberton recommended a skirt reaching just below the knee as being a "characteristic" garment. The only trouble is, it is too "characteristic" for street use. She considers the skirt advocated by the other ladies, five inches from the ground, as "dowdy." There is nothing so prettily and attractively feminine as the soft rustle and tilt and swing of the pretty skirts women have worn in the past. Of twenty-three women reformers, fourteen recorded their votes for short skirts and nine were in favor of the Turkish costume. Lady Florence Dole, of horseback-riding fame, is also among the members, and has a particular pet petticoat of her own which she advocates.

There are fortunes in laces in New York city. Those belonging to the several Vanderbilts must be worth nearly \$500,000 and rival the Prussian and Austrian crown laces. The Astor family has rich lace treasures, which connoisseurs value at not less than \$300,000. The late Mrs. Astor left from \$40,000 to \$50,000 worth to the Metropolitan Art Museum. The late Mrs. A. T. Stewart spent \$500 per pair for the curtains at the big gloomy mansion's windows. Her personal and dress-laces were worth \$250,000. Mrs. R. L. Stuart has a collection equally valuable. The Belmont laces are almost priceless. Mrs. Bradley Martin and Mrs. Marshall Roberts have exquisitely fine, choice, and rare laces. Vice-President Morton's wife and Mrs. W. C. Whitney have laces worth from \$50,000 to \$70,000. New York buys more laces than any other city in the world. It has at least a score of wealthy women whose laces exceed \$50,000 in value and probably a hundred whose collections would sell for \$20,000. The lace cloaks that have lately come in fashion, figure in the wardrobes of affluent matrons to the tune of \$1,000 and \$12,000. Lace shawls, long since laid by, are brought out for dress draperies and scarfs in the lace revival, and one dress-maker claims to have had a glimpse of two worth not less than \$6,000. The late Mrs. John Jacob Astor had a famous lace robe that cost \$18,000 in Paris, but this is quite outdone by a dress lately heard of which was bought abroad for \$25,000.

In Vienna a considerable sensation has been created in the upper spheres of society by the emperor's sharp words of censure addressed to some of the greatest nobles on the subject of the inhospitable attitude of the aristocracy toward the foreign diplomatic corps. The old Viennese aristocracy constitutes what one might almost describe as one great family. Nearly all its members are related to one another,

and Christian names, or soubriquets, and the pronoun "du" are far more frequent than a more ceremonious form of address. The consequence is that Viennese society is exceedingly exclusive, more so, in fact, than anywhere else in the world; and unless a diplomat happens to possess many generations of blue-blooded ancestors, he is apt to find the Austrian aristocracy cold and inhospitable. The majority of the foreign diplomats are therefore either left to their own devices or to the attention of the "haute finance" and parvenu nobility of exceedingly modern lineage. Indeed, there are numbers of ambassadors, ministers, and secretaries who spend years there without ever being afforded an opportunity of coming into contact with the ancient nobility otherwise than at the official court balls and entertainments.

Some pretty conceits and fancies are carried out in gloves, now that ladies have most of them made to order. A certain countess has always a coronet wrought in silk at the top of the arm; another lady recently ordered some white mousquetaire with her Christian name (Dorothy) embroidered across the top in crimson silk, in exact imitation of her signature. Some pretty gloves, designed for wearing with a white-and-silver dress, were of white undressed kid, and were cut out in little turrets at the top, from beneath which fell a fringe of silver lace. The lines up the back of the hand were also traced in silver. You have all read and perhaps seen the evening gloves, with the stitching done in gold wire, entangling jewels in its meshes; but the *haute nouveauté* is the seamless glove, which has a most mysterious effect. It clothes the hand like a skin, and only the most minute investigation shows that a seam is concealed in the middle of the hand, but so sewn as to be practically invisible.

On All-Saints' Day last, when Gaul's cantata, "The Holy City," was rendered by the full choir of St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church in Brooklyn, the female members appeared simply and tastefully robed in uniform vestments of white, wearing upon their heads small black-cashmere caps, somewhat resembling the beretta. On this occasion, the garment worn was the ordinary "cotta," so that, with the exception of the covering for the head, male and female singers were robed alike. The experiment was deemed in all respects so successful that it was decided to make the change permanent. For various reasons it was thought expedient to have a distinctive garment for the female singers. The "cotta" is the traditional garment for men and boys; why not have a special and suitable robe for women and girls? It was so decided, and the result is the garment now in use. It is a loose-fitting robe of fine white muslin, patterned somewhat after the new-style ulster, and reaching just below the knee. The back, which is partially fitted to the figure, is shirred, while a narrow rolling collar shows in front a V-shaped portion of the black dress over which the robe is worn. The sleeves are wide and flowing, not unlike those of a surplice, but perhaps more after the pattern of the "angel sleeve." The simple and tasteful cashmere cap has been retained. The *tout ensemble* of the female choir is now decidedly becoming. Each lady is expected to wear a black dress beneath her robe. This takes the place of the cassock used by male members. Ear-rings are not to be worn, and only the most simple and inconspicuous pins, brooches, etc., for the hair and neck, so that no jewelry shall be noticed upon the person. So far as possible, all cause for hostile criticism has been removed, and but for the caps, the shape of the robe, and the separate though simultaneous entrance and departure of the female choir, it would be difficult to distinguish between them and the male members; indeed, many visitors are not a little puzzled as it is.

One of the magazines is running a series of articles which is intended to make clear to the average citizen what are his rights as a denizen of a city, and how he should go to work to get them. The series may be interesting reading (comments *Life*), and may be ever so successful as literature, but as information it will be wasted on American readers, who notoriously have no time to bother about their rights, and would only be embarrassed by a more intimate acquaintance with them. When an average American suspects the existence of a right which he wants to use, he hires a lawyer to get usufruct of it. For a right merely as a right he does not care much. If it would be worth a dollar to him if established, and he can make five dollars in the time it would take him to establish it, he lets it slide. Anyone whose time is worth only one-fifth as much as his can take it away with impunity. If the right is worth a hundred dollars, then the lawyer is hired, and he is also when the citizen gets mad; but the latter seldom happens. The average American is slow to anger, for wrath hinders business and warps the judgment. Give the American personal liberty and a chance to make as much money as he can, and he will not worry very much whether he has his rights or not. If he can not have his own way he will buy or steal some one else's and be just as happy. *Life* would like to see some of his rights taken from him. He ought not to be allowed to throw banana-skins on the pavement; nor to spit on the floors of cars, nor even smoking-cars; nor to wear big bonnets to the theatre; nor to do all his pleasuring beyond the seas.

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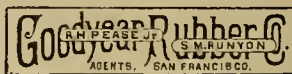
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ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the third day of June, 1890, at the hour of one o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Americans abroad: Husband—"Come, come, my dear, don't waste valuable time thinking; look at the view—look at the view!"—*Life*.

Mrs. Youngwife—"Did you ever try any of my biscuits, judge?" Judge—"No, I never did; but I daresay they deserve it."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

He—"The cutlet is cold again, darling. Now, what would you do if I scolded just a little?" She—"Make it hot for you, dearest."—*The Jester*.

Mrs. Staggers—"What, the exclusive Mr. Montgomery married to a cash-girl!" Staggers—"Yes, a girl with two millions of cash."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

Mr. Fangle—"Why, Johnny, what's the matter with you?" Johnny (who had just dropped some macaroni off his fork)—"It has crawled off."—*Exchange*.

Mr. de Style—"Let's go to the theatre to-night." Mrs. de Style—"I have nothing to wear." Mr. de Style—"Then let's go to the opera."—*New York Weekly*.

"What is the news in the paper this morning, my dear?" asked the President. "You are laid up with the influenza." "Really? I'm very sorry to hear it."—*Life*.

"The cat drank all the milk." "Did you see her?" "No, Johnny told me she did it." "Don't touch the cat; and go and catch Johnny for me."—*New York Sun*.

Editor—"What price have you put on that poem?" Poet—"A dollar and eighty cents a thousand feet; the same as the gas-companies charge."—*Judge*.

"I had many faults as a boy," said an Atchison man to-day. "but I never chewed tobacco thinking it was smart. I chewed it out of curiosity."—*Atchison Globe*.

"What kind of a man is Fangle?" asked Bangle. "One of the most versatile men I ever knew," replied Cumso; "he's a different fool every day in the week."—*Exchange*.

"I do not like the way you speak of this paper," said the editor; "why do you persist in calling it a sheet?" "Because so many people sleep over it."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

A lady wishes to know the best way of marking table-linen. Blackberry-pie is our choice, although a baby with a gravy-dish is highly esteemed by many.—*New York Journal*.

Teacher—"Which New England State has two capitals?" Boy—"New Hampshire." Teacher—"Indeed! Name them." Boy—"Capital N and capital H."—*Harper's Bazar*.

"Love me, love my dog," sang she. "I love you," said he, "because I think you love me; but I am surprised that you should wish to have me devoted to the growler."—*New York Sun*.

Old coquette (with designs on Herr S—), the harpist—"... But why don't you get married, Herr Schmukert?" Barrister—"After you, mein fraulein; after you."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Travers (to office-boy)—"Robert, did you take that check down to my tailor?" Robert—"Yes, sir." Travers—"What did he do when you gave it to him?" Robert—"He fainted."—*Exchange*.

Guest (to head-waiter)—"Is your name Tide?" Waiter—"No, sir." Guest—"Or Time?" Waiter—"Not at all." Guest—"Well, it ought to be one of them. You wait on no man."—*Texas Siftings*.

Miss Gushkire—"How torturing, how fearful the thought must be for a great singer to know she has lost her voice!" Mr. Praclre—"It's much more torturing when she doesn't know it."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Man enters newspaper office. Editor looks up in alarm: "My dear sir," says the visitor, "I have a bench warrant for your arrest." Editor—"Thank God, it is no worse! I thought you had a poem!" Pick Me Up.

"It's all rot. If I had written what Holmes has written, I wouldn't be famous," said Sneerwell. "That may be so; but it works both ways. If Holmes had written the stuff you write, he wouldn't be famous."—*Puck*.

"May I have the honor of this waltz?" "But I don't think I have the pleasure of your acquaintance." "Oh, yes; I trod on your foot about half an hour since, and I heard you say you would remember me as long as you lived."—*Exchange*.

His worship—"I must really make an example of you—you are here so often." Prisoner—"Don't be too hard on me, guv'nor; you ain't had any trouble with me for eighteen months. Why, I only come out this mornin'!"—*Funny Folks*.

Professor Zweiherr, of the University of Bonn, is a very absent-minded man. He was busily engaged in solving some scientific problem. The servant hastily opened the door of his study and announced a great family event. "A little stranger has arrived." "Eh?" "It is a little boy." "Little boy. Well, ask him what he wants."—*Humoristische Blätter*.

LATE VERSE.

The Emperor's Breakfast.

Fifteen centuries ago
Emperor Nintok of Japan
Walked upon his roof at daybreak,
Watching if the toils began
Well to gild the cedar frieze
Of his palace galleries;
Well, to nail the silver plates
Of his inner palace gates;
For the Queen would have it so
Fifteen hundred years ago!

Walking on his roof, he spied
Streets and lanes and quarters teeming;
Saw his city spreading wide.
Ah! but mean and sad of seeming
Show those lowly wooden huts
Underneath the King's house gleaming.
Though each humble wicket shuts
One world out and one world in,
That so great and this so small,
Yet, to the poor hearts within,
The little world their all and all!
Just then the waiting-maids bore through
The breakfast of King Nintok.

Quoth the Emperor, gazing round,
"Wherefore, when my meals abound,
See I not much smoke arise
From these huts beneath mine eyes?
Chimneys jut into the air,
Yet no chimney reek is there
Telling that the household pot
Bubbles glad with hoiled rice hot.

"Gild me no more galleries,
If my people pay the gold!
Let my gates unplated go
If the silver leaves them cold!
This city of all tax I ease
For three years! We decree it so!
From all huts there shall be smoke!"
Thus the Emperor Nintok spoke.

Sped three years. Upon his roof
The monarch paced again. Aloof
His Empress hung, ill-pleased to see
The snows drip through her gallery,
The gates agape with cracks, and gray
For wear and weather. "Consort! say
If so the Emperor of Japan
Should lodge, like some vile peasant man,
Whose thatch leaks for a load of straw?"
"Princess august, what recks a flaw,"
Nintok replied, "in gate or wall,
When, far and wide, those chimneys all
Fling their blue house-flags to the sky,
Where the gods count them? Thou and I
Take part in all the poor folk's health!
The people's weal makes prince's wealth!"
Tokio, Feb. 15th. —*Edwin Arnold*.

I Like You and I Love You.

I LIKE YOU met I LOVE YOU, face to face;
The path was narrow, and they could not pass.
I LIKE YOU smiled; I LOVE YOU cried, Alas!
And so they halted for a little space.

"Turn thou and go before," I LOVE YOU said,
"Down the green pathway, bright with many a flower;
Deep in the valley, lo! my bridal bower
Awaits thee." But I LIKE YOU shook his head.

Then while they lingered on the span-wide shelf
That shaped a pathway round the rocky ledge,
I LIKE YOU hared his icy dagger's edge,
And first he slew I LOVE YOU—then himself.
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes in May Atlantic*.

"I Vex me not with Brooding on the Years."

I vex me not with brooding on the years
That were ere I drew breath: why should I then
Distrust the darkness that may fall again
When life is done? Perchance in other spheres—
Dead planets—I once tasted mortal tears,
And walked as now among a throng of men,
Pondering things that lay beyond my ken,
Questioning death, and solacing my fears.
Who knows? Ofttimes strange sense have I of this,
Vague memories that hold me with a spell,
Touches of unseen lips upon my brow,
Breathing some incommunicable bliss!
In years foregone, O Soul, was all not well?
Still lovelier life awaits thee. Fear not thou!
—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich in May Century*.

Dead Cities.

The spell of ruined cities. Who shall see
Even in dreams their glory? In mine ear
Their very names are strange and great to hear,
A sound of ancientness and majesty;
Ninus and Shushan, Carthage, Meroë;
Troja, long vanished in Achaean flame,
Crowded with dead prowess and the poet's fame;
On and Cyrene perished utterly.

Things old and dim and strange to dream upon;
Cumæ and Sardis, cities waste and gone;
And that pale river by whose ghostly strand
Thebes' monstrous tombs and desolate altars stand;
Baalbec, and Tyre, and buried Babylon,
And ruined Tadmor in the desert sand,
—*A. Lampman in May Scribner's*.

The Venus of Milo.

Goddess of Beauty! Goddess still, though Time
Hath ruthlessly defaced thee, what rare art
Was his who fashioned thee? Thou stand'st
apart
From all thy kind, most perfect, most sublime.
Thy beauty wastes not, nay, for never crime,
Nor hate, nor passion hast thou known, nor
smart
Of cankering grief, nor pain, nor aching heart;
Thy brow is smooth to-day as in thy prime.
Thou standest yet, but where is he who planned
The fashion of thy limbs, and wrought the stone
With ever-patient skill and loving hand,
And left thee faultless, lacking life alone?
World-famous thou, by eager thousands scanned,
While he, forgotten, lies with the unknown!
—*Page Toybee in the Academy*.

For strengthening and clearing the voice, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches."—I have commended them to friends who were public speakers, and they have proved extremely serviceable."—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher*.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Miss Alcott wrote in January, 1874: "When I had the youth, I had no money; now I have the money, I have no time; and when I get the time, if ever I do, I shall have no health to enjoy life."

Mrs. Cleveland has none of the brilliancy of eyes or coloring which is suggested by her photographs. She is rather pale, though the pallor does not indicate ill-health, and her face is ordinarily a quiet one. The sparkle and life which the camera suggests are only occasionally apparent, but the countenance has a sweetness and sensibility which are not in any of the pictures. She is a less handsome woman than the print shops would have us imagine, but a more refined and attractive one.

Philadelphia has within her limits probably from twenty to twenty-five women who are worth a million or more. She has twice that many women who are worth more than half a million dollars, and there are hundreds of women in the city whose possessions range from twenty thousand to one hundred thousand dollars each. The wealthiest woman in Philadelphia is believed to be Mrs. Anna M. Powers, widow of Thomas H. Powers. Mrs. Powers's possessions are variously estimated at from eight to twelve million dollars.

"I don't mind telling you," said Patti recently, when asked for the secret of physical beauty, "that I live just like any intelligent woman. I want things on time, whether it is my meals, my carriage, or my salary. I am up every morning about nine o'clock, and after my bath, I want my breakfast. After breakfast, I take massage treatment for my face and neck. I dress my own hair always and make up my face myself. Washing my face! Why, there is not a woman outside of a Turkish bath whose face is as carefully washed as mine. Every morning the massagist spends an hour on it, and she is with me again in the afternoon from four until six. Aside from this, I do considerable rubbing at it myself, just to get the knack the beautifier has."

Judic was considered the most fascinating beauty on the French stage for years, though she had round shoulders and a shapeless figure. Her only attractive feature was her eyes. After a time, a near-sighted, freckled-faced, and narrow-chested woman, who was studying in the Conservatory, made up her mind to dethrone the reigning beauty of the light opera-stage. Her name was Granier, and she went about her work in a fashion that might be called American. She fenced, ran, rode, swam, and developed her figure exactly as an American girl does, besides studying night and day with prominent professionals in the art of singing and acting. Now she is the queen of opera-houffe in France. She has a perfect figure and dances like a fawn.

If Mme. Carnot is not popular in France (says *Modern Society*, London), it is certainly not from the lack of taking trouble to win public favor. She rivals the ex-Empress Eugénie in the thousand little ingenious devices she practices for securing popularity. She visits hospitals, assists at hazards, entertains all classes, and showers down little acts of kindness upon all whom she encounters. Above all, she never misses an opportunity of appearing in public resplendent in lace, velvet, and feathers, all of which have been purchased in France; the wife of the president being much too patriotic to have any dealings with foreigners. She sends direct to Normandy for her laces, to Lyons for her velvets and silks; and whenever she pays a visit to a town noted for laces, she makes large purchases.

Maréchale Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely, who died recently, was one of the beauties in Winterhalter's painting of the Empress Eugénie seated on the grass in a forest glade, surrounded by a circle of lovely women. Two members of the circle are still alive, namely, the Baroness de la Poize, now placid, stout, and elderly, and the Comtesse Walewski, erst the most lovely of the hand. The maréchales of the Second Empire did not always shine by their beauty. Mme. MacMahon at her best was short, thick-set, and plain, with a face which showed Irish ancestry (her mother was a Barrymore), but deficient in Irish liveliness and power of expression. The wives of Marshals Neil and Randon were sought for in marriage as young girls because they were rich. Maréchale Magnan was plain, but her daughters were fair and free. Canrobert was already a marshal and high in the late emperor's favor when he demanded the hand of Miss Macdonald, of Isloy. The first Mme. Bazaine was the daughter of a woman who kept a disorderly house. She went to the Crimea in 1855, and with her husband's license led a life there to the dishonor of both and to his military advancement. When he was in Mexico she was murdered in the Champs-Élysée boarding-house where she resided. The murder was hushed up, and the marshal took for his second wife the Mexican heiress who is now his widow. She was also a beauty, and of a Spanish-American type, and passed like a meteor through the Tuileries, and shone as a vice-empress at Nancy, where the marshal had a great military command. The Countess Walewski, whose beauty when she was an ambassadress to London dazzled the Prince Consort, and made the queen wish for Countess Walewski's recall, is now reduced to selling cast-off finery.

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SOCIETY.

The Requa Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Isaac L. Requa gave a large lunch-party in honor of Miss Fair last Thursday at her residence in Piedmont. The affair was a most delightful one in every way, and the thirty ladies who attended were charmingly entertained. Two tables were set in adjoining rooms—one for the matrons and the other for the rosebuds. Both tables were beautifully decorated, the one at which the young ladies sat being adorned with roses of the La Marque and Marechal Niel varieties, while the other was banked with assorted roses in pretty combinations. Elegant name-cards were provided and the repast was bounteous. Among those present were:

Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Mrs. Theresa Fair, Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, Mrs. C. P. Huntington, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, Mrs. Dunham, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mrs. Fisher Ames, Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mrs. William H. Smith, Miss Fair, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Clara Huntington, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Dunham, Miss Lily O'Connor, Miss Chabot, Miss Nellie Joliffe, and others.

The Barreda Reception.

Mrs. F. L. Barreda gave a reception in honor of Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Sherman, *nee* Barreda, on the afternoon of May 3d, in the parlors of the hotel where she resides. A large number of friends were invited, and it was evident that very few missed this pleasant opportunity of meeting the recently wedded couple and enjoying Mrs. Barreda's bountiful hospitality. A bevy of ladies assisted her in receiving the arriving guests and attending to their comfort. The parlors were decorated in exquisite taste, the bright tints of many varieties of fragrant roses mingling prettily with the waving vines and sprays of hawthorn and acacia. Music from a string orchestra enlivened the occasion, and delicious refreshments were abundantly served. In every way the affair was enjoyable, and it was dusk before it terminated.

The Kermesse and Charity Ball.

Odd Fellows' Hall was in gala attire last Monday evening when the French Ladies' Relief Society gave its Kermesse and grand charity ball. The tri-color of France and the stars and stripes of America were gracefully draped around the hall and stage, while cordons of greenery and groups of tropical plants gave their aid in carrying out artistic fancies. The gallery was filled with people, and at least one-half of the main floor was thronged with spectators, the remaining space being reserved for the participants in the Kermesse. It was about nine o'clock when Noah Brandt's orchestra played, "La Marseillaise," and the gayly costumed dancers entered the hall and executed an intricate grand march under the direction of Professor Hinman. This finished, the dancing commenced. The minuet de la cour was first danced with stately precision by eight couples attired in court costumes of the time of Louis Seize. After that a fantastic movement was danced by Master Leonard Waterman, who was dressed to represent Uncle Sam. Three little maids from the land of the Mikado appeared next in flowing kimonos and gave a typical Japanese dance of graceful movement. Then came a gypsy dance, by eight young ladies, which was full of dash and spirit, and it was followed by Miss Lillie Sussman, who danced an allegorical measure representing the "Past and Present." The national dance of Poland was next, in which eight handsome girls in elegant costumes danced most gracefully. Six smiling señoritas, with lace draperies over bright gowns, gave the Spanish dance next very successfully, and after that came the "Lover's Dance," by Miss Annie Hunt and Master Leonard Waterman, which was encoored. The Kermesse closed with a dance of all nations, the finale being reached by the advent of Columbia, before whom all did homage. That portion of the evening's entertainment was novel, interesting, enjoyable, and thoroughly successful, and each dance won unstinted applause. The costumes were all beautiful and the young ladies who participated were all attractive and gave evidence of excellent training. A general ball was next in order, and its pleasures were enjoyed until a late hour with an intermission at midnight for supper.

The Ludington Lunch-Party.

An enjoyable lunch-party was given by Mrs. Ludington, wife of Colonel Ludington, U. S. A., last Monday. The table was prettily decorated, the centerpiece being of La France roses clustered in a crystal bowl, while around it were masses of snow-balls tufted with maiden's-hair ferns. At each corner was a handsome corsage bouquet of La France roses tied with pearl-colored pink ribbons. The table was adorned with a vase full of marguerites, and above it were festoons of smilax and a drapery of pink surah set against the face of the mirror. The buffet and cabinet were graced with calla-lilies and rare palms, completing a most attractive picture. A delicious menu was served, and the time passed as the table was made very pleasant. Those present were:

Mrs. Ludington, Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, Mrs. D. D. Colburn, Mrs. L. Langdon, Mrs. Mesick, Mrs. Goodall, Mrs. C. Van Ness, Mrs. Gove, Mrs. Robert Gilroy, Mrs. Hawley, and Mrs. Hayes.

A Bay Excursion.

Mrs. M. H. de Young took a party of friends out on Saturday, May 3d, and her guests were highly entertained. Leaving Clay Street Wharf

at one o'clock they sailed over to the *Charleston* and inspected the cruiser. Before leaving, the officers presented them with silk hat-bands bearing the name of the vessel. Then the steam-tug carried them to the Union Iron-Works, where half-an-hour was devoted to the interesting sights there, including an inspection of the new cruiser *San Francisco*. Sausalito was visited next, and the party was duly saluted by the craft of the San Francisco Yacht Club, which was celebrating its opening day. After receiving many callers and enjoying a bounteous luncheon, they sailed to Tiburon, Angel Island, and San Quentin, where the State Prison was visited. Afterward the warden, General John McComb, had the entire party driven to his residence and regaled them with viands and wines. The return home was made by moonlight, and included another visit to the *Charleston*, whose officers were entertained for awhile on the tug. At eight o'clock, the party was landed at the wharf, all happy and well pleased with their day's outing. Those in the party were:

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, Mrs. William H. Smith, Mrs. Essie Smith, Miss Fair, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Lily O'Connor, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Mamie Deane, Miss Elise Kelley, Mr. Joseph Austin, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Lieutenant Blow, U. S. N., of the *Charleston*, Mr. Eliza Dyer of New York, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. George Hall, Mr. William Keith, Mr. Preston Hix, Mr. Joseph Rosenberg, Mr. Alfred Rich, and Mr. John J. Deane.

Notes and Gossip.

A delightful lunch-party was given recently by Mrs. W. S. Wood at her residence. Among the ladies she entertained were: Mrs. George Loomis, Mrs. William Kohl, Mrs. John Boyd, of San Rafael, Mrs. Judge Rising, of Virginia, Nev., Miss Kellogg, Miss Mamie Kohl, and Miss Mott.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins gave a charming luncheon recently at her home in Menlo Park. The luncheon was enjoyed *à fresco* on the broad veranda, and the table was beautifully decorated with sweet-pea blossoms of variegated colors. The guests were: Mrs. William Kohl, Mrs. George Loomis, Mrs. Walter C. Campbell, Mrs. Alma Park, and Miss Mamie Kohl.

Mrs. Volney Spalding gave a pleasant dinner-party recently as a compliment to Mr. and Mrs. William Ward, *nee* Forbes. The decorations were exceedingly attractive and the menu was perfect in every detail. The others present were General and Mrs. Walter Turnbull, Mrs. Tracy, Mrs. Gummer, and Mr. R. F. Morrow.

Miss Lily O'Connor will give a lunch-party next Wednesday in honor of Miss Fair.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent San Franciscans:

Mrs. George S. Ladd sails for Europe on the 17th of May. She goes direct to Paris, where she will be the guest of the Prince and Princess Hatzfeldt.

Mrs. A. W. Kent (who was Miss Nina Platt) is in the city, visiting Mrs. Colton.

Dr. John Nightingale, Mrs. John Nightingale, and the Misses Mimmie and Georgie Nightingale have returned from a visit to the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. Fred L. Wooster is passing the summer in Napa Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan and family will leave in a few days to pass the season in San Rafael.

Mrs. Carlisle P. Patterson, Miss Lizzie Patterson, and Mrs. Pierre La Montaigne will leave for the East next Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jule Goodman sailed from New York for Europe on April 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall will pass the next three months in San Rafael, and will leave here next Thursday.

Mr. E. V. Clermont, Mr. Theodore F. Hicks, Mr. F. C. McCormack, of New York, Mrs. E. E. Rogers, of Portland, Or., and Dr. Frank D. Myers, of this city, were recent visitors at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. Henry C. Hyde, of San Rafael, is at the Hotel del Coronado.

Miss Annie Buckbee will pass the summer at the home of her sister, Mrs. Curry, near Dixon.

Mrs. M. M. Tompkins and Miss Susie Tompkins have returned from a pleasant visit to the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Lugsdin, Miss Flora Lugsdin, Miss Nellie Wood, and Mr. John Wood are paying a visit to the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. John Boggs and family are located at San Rafael for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Rideout have closed their city residence and gone to Marysville for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Jarboe and Miss Kate Jarboe will soon go to Santa Cruz, to occupy their cottage for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius O'Connor are passing a couple of weeks at El Paso de Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter are at Sausalito for the season.

Mr. Clinton E. Worden went East a week ago, and will be away a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Montague will go to Blytheedale for the summer in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson will go to San Rafael next Thursday intending to pass a couple of months there.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow were in Cincinnati last week visiting Mr. Winslow's relatives, and have since gone to Boston.

Mrs. Duval and Miss Duval will arrive here in a few days from New York on a visit to Mrs. James Phelan.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Tatum will leave the city next Thursday to remain in San Rafael during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht left New York for Europe last Wednesday, and will pass the summer abroad.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Miss Mary Breeze, and Miss Grant will return from the East next week.

Miss Maud Hopkins left for the East last Monday.

Mrs. E. B. Crocker, who is now in Sacramento, will go to Los Angeles in a couple of weeks, to remain during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bowie, Miss Essie Bowie, Mrs. Isaac Friedlander, and the Misses Friedlander will go to San Rafael next Thursday to remain there throughout the season.

Mr. Joseph Livingston and Mr. Arthur Castle were at Frankfort-on-the-Main when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Burke, who have been living in England for several years, are en route here for an extended visit, and will be the guests of Mr. Peter J. Donahue at his country home, Laurelwood, in Santa Clara County.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman are domiciled in their cottage at San Rafael for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Simpkins and family will go to San Rafael next Thursday for the season.

Mrs. B. B. Redding and her sister, Mrs. M. D. Richardson, have returned to 2100 California Street after having made an extended visit to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding and family are at Blytheedale for the season.

Mrs. Alfred S. Moore and her son Pierre leave by the next Pacific Mail Steamship for a tour of the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Redding have rented the Atherton

residence on the south-east corner of California and Buchanan Streets for two years.

Mrs. N. S. Keith will leave for a tour of Southern California on the first of June.

Mr. N. G. Kittle departed on Thursday for a four months' trip in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Goodman will go to San Rafael in a week to pass the summer there.

Mrs. Harry F. Emeric and Miss Sadie Tibbey will go East to-day on a three months' trip, and will visit New York, Washington, D. C., Florida, and other points.

Mrs. Alexander Forbes and the Misses Forbes are located in San Rafael for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett will pass the summer at San Rafael, leaving here next Thursday.

General and Mrs. Walter Turnbull returned from Santa Cruz early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Vance Cheney have gone to Oakland to reside during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood are occupying their cottage in San Rafael.

Mrs. J. H. Boalt and Miss Alice Boalt are located at the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Mr. E. H. Sheldon is passing the season in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Sonntag will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mrs. Lucy Arnold is quite ill at her residence in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dean and Miss Dean will leave Oakland early in June to pass a couple of months in San Rafael.

Miss Jennie Klink will go to the Yosemite Valley on May 31st.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Bandmann and Miss Alice Mau will go to San Rafael on June 1st, to remain there several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Hopkins and a party of friends intend passing a couple of weeks in the Yosemite Valley, leaving here next Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant are occupying their cottage in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Sampson Tams, Mrs. E. B. Pond, and Miss McNeil have returned from a visit to China.

Miss Florence Reed has returned from a visit to the northern part of the State, after an absence of several weeks.

Mr. John W. Mackay is at the Windsor House in New York city. He is expected here in about three weeks.

Miss Blanche Verdenal, of New York city, will arrive here on Monday, and will visit her sister, Mrs. William Forsyth, at Fresno, for several weeks.

Mr. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, is visiting New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hayes, of East Oakland, have moved to this city, and are stopping at an up-town hotel.

Mr. J. A. Fillmore left on Tuesday to make a visit to Ogden.

Mr. Creed Haymond returned to the city last Tuesday after a visit to his ranch in San Mateo County.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Fullman, of Chicago, are expected here soon on a visit.

Mr. W. A. Bissell left last Tuesday for a brief visit to Albuquerque.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest L. Ransome, of Oakland, are guests at the Hotel del Coronado.

Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Miss Edith Taylor, and Miss Carrie Taylor will leave next Thursday to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. D. O. Mills has arrived here from New York and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Brown and the Misses Lillian and Floy Brown, of Oakland, are passing a few weeks at the White Sulphur Springs.

Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood are now at Menlo Park, having returned from a visit to the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young will be at their country villa, Golden Meadows, near San Rafael, during a portion of the summer, and will also make a tour of the Southern watering-places.

Mrs. John Hunt is passing the season at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington and Miss Huntington returned from the Hotel del Monte early in the week.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin will leave San Francisco for Europe on the twenty-fourth instant to be absent several months. She will be the guest of Mrs. Charles B. Alexander in New York for a few days en route.

Mrs. Wiggin has just completed a book of short stories in collaboration with her sister, Miss Nora Smith, and the volume will be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in a short time.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Colonel and Mrs. L. L. Langdon, U. S. A., left the Presidio last Thursday for their new station, Fort Hamilton, New York harbor.

Lieutenant John A. Towers, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence owing to his continued illness.

General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., and Miss Cecilia Miles will leave on Monday to make a trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Medical Director and Mrs. N. L. Bates, U. S. N., came to the city last Monday from Mare Island for a short visit.

Lieutenant Joseph S. Oyster, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence owing to illness.

Lieutenant F. A. Tripp, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Charles J. Bailey, U. S. A., left for New York last Thursday.

Lieutenant John A. Dapray, Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as aide-de-camp to Major-General Miles. The division commander in issuing the order took occasion to express his appreciation of the fidelity and zeal with which Lieutenant Dapray has discharged his duties as aide-de-camp.

The U. S. Flagship "Charleston" has just been furnished with books for their new library, and the invitations and programmes for their recent ball by

THE BANCROFT COMPANY

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We make a specialty of supplying libraries with books, and invitations, etc., for parties, at moderate prices.

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REASONABLENESS OF THE CHARGES. At Del Monte, next to its equability of climate and elastic effects and the multiplicity of other attractions which no other resort in the world affords, causes the tourist to marvel at the *ne plus ultra* of hotel accommodations. Indeed more wonder is elicited from those who have traveled extensively, on account of the reasonableness of the hotel charges at Del Monte, than from all other things. Terms for Board: By the day, \$3 and upward; parlors from \$1 to \$2.50 per day extra; children, in children's dining room, \$2 per day. For further information, address: **GEORGE SCHONEWALD, Manager, Monterey, Cal.**

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Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.



26th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1890

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No. 216 Sansome Street.**

Capital (Paid up in Gold).....\$300,000 00
Net Surplus (over everything).....244,884.41

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

One day, when Mr. Everts was Secretary of State, he was entering the elevator at the department to go to his office, and looking around on the crowd of passengers, remarked: "This is the largest collection for foreign missions that I ever saw taken up."

Italian workmen are, as a rule, not fond of strikes; they usually resort to other means to get what they want. A company of Italian navvies engaged in the construction of a railway in Germany had their wages reduced. They said nothing, but during the night each of the men cut an inch off the end of his shovel. In reply to the engineer who took them to task about it, one of them said: "Not so much pay, no lift so much earth. So much longer last work. Italian no fool like German. Italian no strike."

"Have you a family?" asked a Western judge of a man who was making final proof in a United States Land Office. "Yes, sir," replied the man. "Of what does it consist?" "Well," said the man, evidently confused, and looking up toward the ceiling, as if to refresh his memory, "it consists of my wife, ten children, two hired men, a gang-plow, a seeder, a Bain-wagon, and a span of mules. I believe that's all." "That is enough," replied the judge, with a smile, and the settler got his papers without further questioning.

When Fraulein Braune came to this country, she discovered that she had not yet mastered English as it is spoken, though she had studied her English grammar carefully. "Ach yes, I shall remember," she said; "this window above the door is the *transom*—the *transom*. I did not know that word. And you call this a *register*? Yes, I shall learn that name." Not long after, the dignified German lady astounded some visitors by asserting, "Oh, no, I have not found this country cold. I have been very comfortable. I sit all day with my feet over the transom."

Mr. Choate's talent for multiplying words which might not signify a great deal, but which not only sounded well but helped to create with a jury the impression that he sought to convey, is well known. On one occasion, in defending an insurance company against which a claim had been brought for the loss of a ship which was declared by the defense to be utterly unseaworthy, Mr. Choate made a great impression by including in his plea these swelling words: "And so, gentlemen, overburdened with her well-nigh priceless cargo, and carrying her far more precious freight of human life, the vessel started on her voyage, painted but perfidious—a coffin, but no ship!"

General Caprivi, a stolid, ruminating kind of man, with much sound sense and some kindness of heart, received a message from the emperor one day, while he was at dinner. He rose and went to his imperial master at once, when the following conversation took place: "I want you," said William the Second, "to take Bismarck's two places as Chancellor and Prussian Prime Minister." "I am at your majesty's orders," answered the general. "Have you no conditions to make?" "It is not for me, sire, to make conditions." "Very well. Come here to-morrow morning. What are you going to do now?" "I shall go home and finish my dinner, sire." A very good, soldierly answer.

Bismarck was no favorite with women, least of all with clever women who dared to think for themselves and imagine that they could fathom questions of state. He was never tired of snubbing strong-minded ladies, putting them down, and stamping on them. One day he paid a visit to the Russian Embassy at Berlin, where he behaved as usual, flouting even the mistress of the house, the Countess Schouvaloff herself. He took his leave at length, to the relief of everybody, and presently the family mastiff was heard barking at the great man, as he passed through the court-yard. Immediately the countess ran to the open window, and Bismarck heard her voice, saying to him in a tone of gentle entreaty, "Oh, please, M. le Chancelier, don't bite my dog."

A man who was caught in the act of skinning a neighbor's sheep, covered his embarrassment by declaring that no sheep could bite him and live. The logic of this is equalled by that of the Yankee soldier who once had a narrow escape from an enraged gander. The men of a certain Maine regiment, which was in the enemy's country in 1862, considered the order "no foraging" an additional and uncalled-for hardship. One afternoon about dusk, a soldier was seen beating a rapid retreat from the rear of a farm-house near by, closely pursued by a gander with wings outspread, whose feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground, and from whose beak issued a succession of angry screams. The fugitive was not reassured by the cries of the gander's owner: "Hold on, man, hold on! He won't hurt you!" "Call off your gander! Call him off!" shouted the fleeing soldier. Neither man nor gander stopped until inside the camp-lines, when the soldier's friends relieved him of his fierce pursuer with the aid of the

butt of a musket. "Did that gander think he could chase me like that and live!" the soldier exclaimed, as he surveyed the outstretched bird; but he said nothing of the baited hook, with cod-line attached, which might have thrown light on the unfortunate gander's strange actions.

When Bismarck was a student in the university, he was invited to an evening-party, where there was a chance to dance with the prettiest girls of the town. He ordered a pair of patent-leather boots for the occasion, and gave the shoe-maker to understand that they should be promptly done. The latter was very busy, and, although he promised, like all sons of Crispin, he intended to refer the job to a future period. The evening before the party, Bismarck came to him. "Well, how about my boots?" said he. "Can't possibly have them done, sir," was the answer. "Donnerwetter, I have something to say about that!" roared Bismarck, and he left the shop. In about half-an-hour he returned, with two enormous dogs. "Do you see these dogs?" he asked. "Yes, sir." "Well, I swear now that if you haven't my boots ready to-morrow evening, I'll make them tear you to pieces." Every hour afterward, a hired messenger came to the boot-maker and warned him to have the boots done, telling him that his life was really in danger, because the student was crazy, and would surely set the dogs on him if he failed. Bismarck got his boots.

While traveling together recently, three Southern politicians—Legendre, Semmes, and Ben Hill—lunched in a railway restaurant. Messrs. Semmes and Hill attacked the bill of fare to the extent of one dollar and Mr. Legendre contented himself with a seventy-five-cent meal. Breakfast ended, the three gentlemen each handed the waiter a silver dollar. Twenty-five cents was due Legendre, however, and this amount the waiter returned to him on his tray. Mr. Legendre replaced the quarter on the tray to "tip" the waiter. The waiter, placing the money in a glass on his tray, passed it to Mr. Semmes as a gentle reminder of what was expected of him. Mr. Semmes was, however, busily conversing with his friend Mr. Hill at the time, and in an absent-minded way appropriated the tip-money under the impression that it was his change. The waiter was dumfounded, and Mr. Legendre, somewhat embarrassed, beckoned to him and dropped an additional quarter on the tray to soothe his feelings. This the waiter passed to Mr. Hill, with the hope that he, at least, had "caught on," and that Mr. Semmes might finally be brought to a knowledge of his mistake. Again he made a serious error: Mr. Hill dealt with the tip-money just as Mr. Semmes had done in the first instance. The waiter was dumfounded, but before he could attempt an explanation, the party hastened away for their train.

There are circumstances under which the most truthful and creditable statements may be both misleading and unwelcome. During a certain voyage of a Down-East vessel, the mate, who usually kept the log, became intoxicated one day, and was unable to attend to his duty. As the man very rarely committed the offense, the captain excused him, and attended to the log himself, concluding with this: "The mate has been drunk all day." Next day the mate was on deck and resumed his duties. Looking at the log, he discovered the entry the captain had made and ventured to remonstrate with his superior. "What was the need, sir," he asked, "of putting that down on the log?" "Wasn't it true?" asked the captain. "Yes, sir; but it doesn't seem necessary to enter it on the log." "Well," said the captain, "since it was true, it had better stand—it had better stand." The next day the captain had occasion to look at the log, and at the end of the entry which the mate had made he found this item: "The captain has been sober all day." The captain summoned the mate, and thundered: "What did you mean by putting down that entry? What was the need, I say? Am I not sober every day?" "Yes, sir; but wasn't it true?" "Why, of course, it was true!" "Well, then, sir," said the mate, "since it was true, I think it had better stand—it had better stand." The mate then took his departure hastily, dodging the marlinspike as he went.

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\$75.00 to \$250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va.

MAN WANTED \$100, to locally represent a N. Y. Company incorporated to supply Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Jewelry, etc., to consumers at cost. Also a Lady of tact, salary \$40, to enroll members (\$5,000 now enrolled, \$100,000 paid in). References. Empire Co-operative Ass'n (well rated) Lock Box 1610, N. Y.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Arthur Byron comes to town next week with "Across the Continent."

E. H. Sothorn, who comes in a fortnight, will repeat "Lord Chumley" and "The Highest Bidder."

"Paul Kauvar," with Joseph Haworth and Lizzie Rechelle in the leading rôles, will be continued for another week.

"Fatinitza" is to be revived next week, with Soldene, Kate Marchi, Hattie Delaro, Hamilton, and Messmer in the cast.

Herrmann's Transatlantique Vaudeville announce new specialties for their third and last week, which begins on Monday next.

W. A. Mestayer, Theresa Vaughn, and Lillie Grubb are in Francis Wilson's company, which is singing "The Gondoliers."

The London Gaiety Company, with Florence St. John at its head, will show us "Faust up to Date" when it comes here next month.

"Shenandoah" will continue for another week. On Tuesday night, the audience will be given souvenirs of the first anniversary of the theatre.

Rhea has two local graduates in the company which is to support her here in "Josephine," week after next. They are Ida van Siclen, of Oakland, and J. M. Francœur, of this city.

Elle Wilton has been playing Nina Ralston in "Jim the Pennman" at Niblo's, in New York. There were only a hundred persons in the house on the opening night. She is no longer the favorite she was in the old days of the California Theatre.

Max Freeman has had a row with the Aronsons and has severed his connection with the New York Casino. He comes out here in a few weeks to superintend the production of "The Gondoliers," the right to produce the new opera having been secured by a local temple of the heavenly maid and Gambrinus.

Jeffreys-Lewis has been playing Mrs. Sheppard in "The Knights of Tyburn," a version of "Jack Sheppard," recently produced in New York. "Alan Dale"—formerly the critic of *Life* and now with the *Epoch*—says of her performance:

A finer instance of good old-time ranting it would be difficult to find. Miss Lewis roars and rages, fumes and frets, besides indulging in a few incidental screams.

There are fashions in everything with which women have to do, even in applauding in a theatre. My lady no longer gently taps one gloved hand with the other, or raps lightly on the back of the chair before her; she claps her hands with a hearty and long-armed motion that comes in a fair second to her escorts'. The idea comes from New York, where it originated among the tennis-players.

Paul Potter, who wrote "The City Directory" and some other farce-comedy, is now writing a legitimate play. It is for Mrs. Leslie Carter, the Chicago divorcee, and the notable point in the contract is that the playwright must write a scene for an opera-cloak. The cloak cost Mrs. Carter ten thousand dollars in Paris, and merely wearing it is not enough, it must "have the stage" for a scene at least.

The New York *World's* scheme of producing the best original play submitted to it before May 15th, has gone through the country like wild-fire. Shortly after dawn on Monday, messenger-boys began to stream in and deposit manuscripts; by Tuesday, the express-companies were depositing stacks of plays at the *World* building, and the supply has been pretty constant ever since. J. M. Hill is to be the final referee as to the merit of the plays submitted.

In "Money Mad," a play now running in New York, a prayer is uttered by an old negro auntie which has occasioned much talk and has been criticised by the press as sacrilegious. The manager hit upon the expedient of putting the matter to vote, furnishing each spectator, one evening, with a coupon wherewith to express approval or disapproval of the prayer. The result was a great victory for the advocates of the prayer, only twenty-four out of several hundred voting against it.

Lotta Crabtree has been held up for years as the thrifty exception that proves the rule of improvidence among actresses, but in investing in real-estate she is by no means alone. Mrs. Langtry and Modjeska own country real-estate in this State, Emma Abbott has made some very shrewd investments in Kansas City and Denver property, and there are many other instances Georgia Cayvan

has just joined the ranks of female financiers by buying a three-story brick-building in New York.

It has been reported that Edward Harrigan is ruined. This unpleasant rumor is forcibly denied in a three-column article in the New York *Herald*, describing the new Harrigan Theatre, for which a site has already been secured on Thirty-Fifth Street, just off Sixth Avenue, and plans drawn, and which is to be ready for a new series of Mulligan plays in September.

We are in receipt of a note from Reginald de Koven, the composer of "Don Quixote," in which he takes exception to opinions of the merits of his work expressed in the *Argonaut* when the Bostonians produced it here. He submits a letter from Mr. Woolf, the well-known Boston critic, written to him the morning after the production in Boston last November. "Mr. Woolf," says Mr. de Koven, "is at least as eminent a critic as any on the Pacific Slope, and probably even more widely known. If the dictum of your critic be just, he probably enjoys the proud distinction of being alone in his opinion in this country." The letter is as follows:

MY DEAR SIR: Permit me to express to you how much I was gratified and interested by your music last evening, and especially by the grace, freshness, and delicacy of your instrumentation. Taken as a whole, I consider your work by far the best contribution to American comic opera that we, thus far, have had, and it will give me much pleasure to say so in my notice this week. Sincerely yours, B. E. WOOLF.

To Reginald de Koven, Esq.

GERMAN VERSUS ITALIAN OPERA.

I.—GERMAN.

SCENE.—A bald-headed mountain with moss on its cheeks. Red fire squirting up through the cracks. Enter Siegfried Wienerschnitzel with an E-flat tuba in his hand. He meets Wotan Sauerkraut, an aged tramp in a blue-flannel shawl.

WOTAN.

Dot's mein mountain,
(Orchestra—Kee-whoop!)
Don't gone oop!
(Orchestra—Z-z-zip, whan!)

SIEGFRIED.

Got out of mein wayglein,
Du Dickbüchige!
Du al! Galtengesicht!
(Orchestra—Whee-e-eeep, ba-h-h!)
Du Giftverschreiber!
Skoot! Skat!
(Orchestra—B-r-r-r-r-rap too-oo-oo-oom!)

Siegfried knocks Wotan's spear into splinters, and climbs the mountain, playing Wagner's conception of "Climb Up" on his tuba. The orchestra remarks: Wow wow! Tow-rowdle-de-dow-dow! Ki-i-oo-oh-oller-oller-berg-op-zoom-zim-bang-swish-de-schoot-pa-n-n-n-ng!

II.—ITALIAN OPERA.

SCENE.—In the background, a Swiss mountain with a cardboard goat eating cotton-grass off a chocolate-nougat rock. In the middle distance, a section of a French garden, with triangular trees and sand-papered turf. In the foreground on the left, a villa composed of a modern Italian doorway hitched to a Fourth Avenue brick-house. Enter Il Conte di Lunatic. He wears a red feather in his cap, and a long white cloak.

(Orchestra.—Tum tiddi um tum; tum tiddi um tum.)

IL CONTE.

Che adoro Leonora,
Leonora che adoro;
Leonora adoro;
Che adoro Leonora;
Che adoro adoro;
Leonor-ohohonor-ohohonor! (Exit.)

(Orchestra.—Timpi tim tim; timpi tim tim.)

Enter Leonora, in satin and diamonds.

Ah, Manrico!
Ah, Man-an-ri-co!
Rico-Man-an-ri-co!
Ah-Rico-ah-Ma-ha-ha-ha-ha-han!
Ri-i-hi-hi-hi-hi-hi-co!

Enter Manrico, in a blue domino and mask.

(Orchestra.—Pum tiddi um tumi, pum tiddi ping.)

Che adoro Leonora, *di cetera*.

Enter Il Conte di Lunatic.

Data-gala-eez mia cara.

MANRICO (pulling off mask).

Non! She eez mia cara.

LEONORA.

O cie! O rrore!

All three (leaning far over the footlights.)

O Castoria,
Anchoria,
Galoria!

O furoria,
Lumpi dumpli-i-i-i-i!

Di!

The two men retire up stage and fence mildly, one up and one down. Leonora picks out a clean spot, gathers up her Worth gown, and lets herself down gently in a faint. Orchestra.—Pimittidly-dee, pimittidly-dee, tiddle liddle linki trillilli lec.—Puck.

Season 1890.

White Sulphur Springs, at St. Helena, Napa County, has opened for the season; has been thoroughly renovated, and many needed improvements made. A competent gardener at work on the grounds all winter has so completely changed this beautiful resort, that parties who spent the summer there last year will be astonished with the improvements for the season of 1890. For the amusement of children, burros have been provided; for gentlemen, a pool and billiard-table. Electric-bells from the cottages to hotel office is another improvement. The table will be first-class. Address, WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, St. Helena, Napa Co., Cal.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

A Mauzy Musical Evening.

A concert was given at Byron Mauzy's piano ware-rooms last Thursday evening by pupils of Mr. W. H. Daniell, assisted by Mr. H. Clay Wysham, flautist, and Miss Martha Gross, accompanist. A large audience enjoyed the following programme:

Quintet, "The Skylark," Barnby, Miss Thomas, Mrs. McCarty, Miss Horstmann, Messrs. Snook and Mills; song, "Fairest Maiden," Werner, Mr. Abbott; song, "Echoes," Shelley, Mrs. Felton; duet, "I feel thy Angel Spirit," Graben-Hoffman, Mrs. Church and Mr. Stevens; song, "Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark," Bishop, Miss Bickerton, with Boehm flute obligato; song, "Ave Maria," Luzzi, Mrs. McCarty; song, "Love's Proving," Löhr, Mr. Mills; quartet, "Legends," Möhring, Mrs. Church, Misses Wheeler, Louisson, and Horstmann; song, "Three Gifts," Roedel, Mr. Snook; aria, from "Le Pré aux clercs," Herold, Miss Thomas, with Boehm flute obligato; song, "It was not so to be," Nessler, Mr. Stevens; aria, "Air de Salome" (Hérodiade), Massenet, Miss Wheeler; quartet, "Slumber Song," Kücken, Misses Thomas and Horstmann, Messrs. Snook and Mills.

San Francisco Operatic Society.

The San Francisco Operatic Society gave its first performance last Wednesday evening at one of our theatres, and presented "Iolanthe," with a chorus of forty voices and an orchestra of twenty-five pieces. Mr. B. A. Schloh was musical director and Mr. E. D. Crandall was stage manager. The cast was as follows:

Phyllis, a ward in chancery, Miss Alvina Heuer; Iolanthe, Mrs. J. W. Madden; Queen of the Fairies, Mrs. C. L. Parent, Jr.; Celi, Leila, Fleta, fairies, Miss Kittie McCormick, Miss Sadie Howard, Miss Minnie Hall; Lord Chancellor, Mr. A. M. Thornton; Lord Mountararat, Dr. A. T. Regensburger; Earl Toller, Mr. A. Lutering; Sentry, Mr. C. L. Parent, Jr.; Stephon, an Arcadian shepherd, Mr. E. D. Crandall; chorus of fairies and peers.

The Loring Club, on May 5th, elected the following officers for the ensuing term: President, Mr. William Alvord; vice-president, Mr. L. L. Baker; secretary, Mr. W. C. Stadfeld; treasurer, Mr. W. A. Murison; librarian, Mr. C. W. Platt; musical director, Mr. D. W. Loring; music committee, Mr. W. H. Hooke, Mr. J. H. Mundy, and Dr. J. C. Spencer; voice committee, Mr. H. M. Fortescue, Mr. J. J. Morris, Mr. Rudolph Forster, and Mr. F. M. Goldstein.

REAL-ESTATE.

The rumors to the effect that work on the contemplated Crocker Building, at Market and Post, has been suspended, are denied by the *Chronicle*, which says that all the principal contracts have been let, and that they are being filled.

The Macondray Building was sold at auction May 8th. The building stands on an L-shaped lot 45.7 front on Sansome and 52.1 on the north side of Pine, the depth of the outside lines being respectively 137.6 and 50.5. The net annual income is \$10,057. The sale will have to be confirmed by the probate court. James Otis was the purchaser at \$199,000.

Outside land block 882, south of the park, will be sold at auction in subdivisions on Wednesday next.

On May seventeenth there will be sold at auction a block bounded by Point Lobos Road and Clement Street and Sixth and Seventh Avenues.

There will shortly be sold at auction, in fifty-nine subdivisions, the Ashbury Heights block, bounded by Frederick and Clayton Streets and Tremont Avenue. Cement sidewalks will be laid around the block.

Easton, Eldridge & Co. will sell at auction the Howard Tract, West End Addition, at San Mateo on Saturday next, May 17th. The property is divided into one hundred and twenty-five villa residence lots, 50 or 100 by 180 and other sizes. At the same time they will sell two residences near Poplar Avenue, on Oak and D Streets, respectively. The sale will take place on the premises, and a special train will be run to accommodate purchasers, leaving Third and Townsend Streets at 10 A. M.

Among recent sales of interest are the following: St. David's House, on the south side of Howard Street, between Third and Fourth; has a frontage of 40 feet on Howard, of 80 on Tehama, and a depth of 160 feet; contains 200 rooms; price, \$65,000.

Lot and residence on Post Street, near Franklin, lot 50x-137.6; price, \$27,500.

Lot corner of Second and Townsend Streets, 75x160; old improvements; rental, \$4.50 a month; price, \$35,000.

Lot on south side of Jackson, near Front; frame improvements; rental, \$80 per month; price, \$14,000.

Lot 25x85, on the north side of Howard, between Fifth and Sixth; frame building; monthly rental, \$83; price, \$4,350.

Lot 206, 3x137.6, on the north-east corner of Lombard and Leavenworth Streets, in subdivisions; price, \$11,750.

Lot on Powell and Sacramento, north-west corner, west

137.6x137.6; this is the old Livingston residence and sold for \$40,000.

Lot on Broadway and Scott, south-east corner, south 38.2x120; unimproved; price, \$7,600.

Lot on Post, south line, 137.6 east of Taylor, east 33.9x 137.6; three-story house on the property; price, \$21,200.

Lot on Van Ness, west line, 30 south of Pine, south 50x 84.9; improved; price, \$15,375.

Lot on Carl, north line, 375 east of Stanyan, east 150x137.6; vacant; price, \$15,000. This is part of C. N. Felton's block.

Lot on O'Farrell and Pierce, south-east corner, south 137.6x275; unimproved; price, \$55,000.

Lot on Grove, south line, 137.6 east of Lyon, east 109.4x 2137.6; price, \$9,500.

Lot on Eddy and Gough, south-east corner, east 137.6x 120; price, \$37,500.

Lot on Market, south-east line and north line of Fourteenth, north-east 131, south-east 100, south-west 14, south 7.8, west 15.10; unimproved; price, \$43,500.

Lot on Sutter, north line, 49.4 east of Leavenworth, east 33.6x68.9; improved; price, \$21,000.

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DLVI.—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, May, 11, 1890.

Cream and Celery Soup,
Broiled Salmon, Cucumbers,
Calf's Brains à la Ravigotte,
Green Peas, Asparagus,
Roast Beef, Marble Potatoes,
Artichokes, Mayonnaise Sauce,
Ice Cream, Strawberries,
Meringues.

CALF'S BRAINS A LA RAVIGOTTE.—After boiling the brains in half a pint of water seasoned with pepper, a spoonful of vinegar, a little sliced onion, carrot, bay-leaves, thyme, and salt, when the brains are done they should be drained, cut in thin slices, and dressed up like cutlets, sauced over with Ravigotte sauce.

SAUCE RAVIGOTTE.—Put into a small saucepan one tablespoon of chile vinegar, the same of tamarac vinegar and Harvey sauce; reduce by boiling to one-half the quantity; then add a sauce-ladle of white sauce, finish by mixing in one pat of fresh butter, and just before using the sauce throw in a dessert-spoonful of blanched and chopped parsley and two table-spoonfuls of rich cream.

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The Gump Collection.

For lack of time at the late auction many of the Oil Paintings were not put on the easel. They are now on exhibition at our Art Gallery, and will be sold at AUCTION PRICES for a short time.

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Near the Sun,
Milky Way,
The Universe.

Queen Victoria took with her to Aix-les-Bains three
hundred and eighty men, nine grooms, eight horses, one donkey,
seven carriages, seventy-two trunks, three special
coaches, a cooking-stove, two doctors, one surgeon,
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HOOSIER VERSE.

By James Whitcomb Riley.

That Air Youngen.

That air youngen ust to set
By the creek here day by day,
Watch the swallows dip and wet
Their slim wings and skoot away;
Watch these little snipes along
The low banks tit up and down
Amongst the reeds, and hear the song
Of the bullfrogs croakin' 'roun'.
Ust to set here in the sun
Watchin' things, and listenun,
Peared-like, mostly to the roar
Of the dam below, er to
That air rattle nigh the shore
Jes' acrost from me and you,
Ust to watch him from the door
Of the mill.—Ud rigg him out
Sometimes with a book-and-line—
Dig worms fer him—nigh about
Jes' spit on his bait—but he
Never keered much, 'pearantly,
To ketch fish!—He druther fine
Out some sunny place, and set
Watchin' things, with droopy head,
And "a-listenun," he said—
Kindo' listenun above
The old crick to what the wet
Water was a-talkin' of!"

Jever hear sich talk as that!
Bothered mother nigh to me
What the child was cipher'n at.
Come home onct and said 'at he
Knowned what the snakefeeders thought
When they grit their wings, and knowed
Turtle-talk, when hubbles riz
Over where the darters growed
Where he th'owed them, pets o' his—
Little turripins he caught
In the county ditch, and packed
In his pockets days and days,—
Said he knowed what goslings quacked—
Could tell what the killdeer sayes,
And grasshoppers, when they bit
In the crick, and "minnies" bit
Off their legs.—"But, blame!" says he
Sorto' lookin' clean above
Mother's head and on through me—
And them eyes!—I see 'em yet!
"Blame!" he says, "if I kin see
Er make out jes' what the wet
Water is a-talkin' of!"

Made me nervous! Mother, though,
Said best not to scold the child—
The Good Betr' knowed—and so
We was only reconciled
When he'd be asleep—and then,
Time, and time, and time again,
We've watched over him, you know—
Her sayin' nothin'—jes'
Kindo' smoothin' back his hair,
And, all to herself, I guess,
Studdyin' up some kind o' prayer
She ain't tried yet.—Onct she said,
Cotin' Scriptur—"He," says she,
In a solemn whisper, "He
Giveth His beloved sleep!"
And jes' then I heard the rain
Strike the shingles, as I turned
Restless to'rds the wall again,
Pity strong men dast to weep!
Specially when up above
Thrush! the storm comes down, and you
Feel the midnight plum soaked through
Heart and soul, and wonder, too,
What the water's talkin' of!"

Found his hat way down below
Hinchman's Ford, yes, Anders he
Rid and fetched it. Mother, she
Went wild over that, you know—
Hugged it! kissed it!—Turrribul!
My hopes then was all gone too.
Brung him in, with both hands full
O' water-lilies—peared-like new
Bloomed fer him—reached whiter still

In the clear rain—mixin' fine
And finer in the noon sunshine,
Winders of the mill mill looked
On him where the hill-road crooked
In on through the open gate.
Laid him on the old settee
On the porch there. Heard the great
Roarin' dam acrost—and we
Heard a crane cry in amongst
The symphonies—then a dove
Cutterin' on the mill-roof—then
Heard the trick, and thought again,
"Now what's it a-talkin' of?"
—Northwestern Miller.

This Man Jones.

This man Jones was what you'd call
A feller at had no sand at all;
Kind o' consumpted, and underize,
And sallow-complected, with big sad eyes,
And a kind-of-a sort-of-a hang-dog style,
And a sneakin' sort-of-a half-way smile
'At kind o' give him away to us
As a preacher, maybe, er somepin' wuss.
Didn't take with the gang—well, no—
But still we managed to use him, though—
Coddin' the gilly along the rout,
And drivin' the stakes 'at he pulled out—
Fer I was one of the hosses then,
And of course stood in with the canvassmen;
And the way we put up jobs, you know,
On this man Jones jes' beat the show!

Ust to rattle him scandalous,
And keep the feller a-dodgin us,
And a-shyin' round half skeered to death,
And afeerd to whimper above his breath;
Give him a cussin', and then a kick,
And then a kind-of-a back-hand lick—
Jes' fer the fun of seein' him climb
Around with a head on most the time.

But what was the curioust thing to me,
Was along o' the party—let me see—
Who was our "Lion o' the Lion" last year?—
Mamzelle Zanty, or De La Fiere?—
Well, no matter—a stunnin' mash,
With a red-ripe lip, and a long eye-lash,
And a figger sich as the angels owns—
And one too many fer this man Jones.

He'd allus wake in the afternoon,
As the band waltzed in on the lion-tune,
And there, from the time 'at she'd go in
Till she'd back out of the cage agin,
He'd stand, shaky and limber-kneed—
'Specially when she come to "feed"
The beasts raw meat with her naked hand—
And all that business, you understand.

And it was resky in that den—
Fer I think she juggled three cubs then,
And a big "green" lion 'at used to smash
Collar-bones fer old Frank Nash;
And I reckon now she hain't fergot
The afternoon old "Nero" sot
His paw on her!—but as fer me,
It's a sort-of-a mixed-up mystery—

Kind o' remember an awful roar,
And see her back fer the bolted door—
See the cage rock—heard her call
"God have mercy!"—and that was all—
Fer they ain't no livin' man can tell

What it's like when a thousand yell
In female tones, and a thousand more
Howl in bass till their throats is sore!

But the keeper said 'at dragged her out,
They heerd some feller laugh and shout—
"Save her! Quick! I've got the cuss!"
And yit she waked and smiled on us!
And we daren't flinch, fer the doctor said,
Seein' as this man Jones was dead,
Better to jes' not let her know
Nothin' o' that fer a week er so.
—From "Pipes o' Pan."

THE INNER MAN.

There are those who say that pie three times a day
is responsible for the dyspepsia of New England
(says the New York Tribune), but the more rational
belief is that pie is somehow involved with the great-
ness of New England, and is part of that common
glory which gilds our history and irradiates the
path of our future. While it is by no means fixed
beyond controversy, there is yet reasonable ground
for the belief that the Pilgrims brought over pie with
them in the Mayflower. Certainly there were mighty
pasties of venison, and also of fruit baked in Merry
England not long before they went to Holland.
The Indians never knew pie; and the Indians who
were strong and warlike when the Pilgrims landed,
are now a weak and vanishing race, whereas, the de-
scendants of the Pilgrims possess the land. This
coincidence will not be lost to thoughtful minds.
Pie and precedence go together. The men who faced
the British at Concord, the men who toiled all night
at Bunker Hill and fought all the next day were pie-
eaters. Massachusetts was the great pie-eating State,
and Massachusetts furnished more men than any other
State to the Continental Army. There are several
allusions to pie in Washington's correspondence.
He notes on one occasion that his cook had fallen
upon the discovery that apples could be made into
pie. Is it not a fair presumption that this secret was
imparted to him by some New England soldier?
Washington's life-guard was largely made up of New
Englanders, and was first commanded by a New
England. He loved pie, and he felt himself safe
when encircled by the swords of a hundred pie-eaters.
New Englanders have developed the West, and have
carried the flag and the pie to the Pacific. What
was sectional has become national; pie and prog-
ress and patriotism are convertible terms.

If a man must drink, the best thing he can take
with his meals is a little claret or light Rhine wine,
and if he wants something a little stronger, Scotch
whisky with water is the best thing he can have.
The habit of taking a drink early in the morning—
a cocktail or stimulant of that kind commonly called
an eye-opener—is one of the worst things that can
possibly be done. The effect of alcohol is to inflame
the stomach, and it will do this even when diluted,
and will do so a great deal more when taken on an
empty stomach early in the morning. The best
drink that a man can possibly take is milk. Milk,
though, is hardly a drink. One can live longer on it
than on any one thing. Milk is more nearly a per-
fect food than anything; it contains more elements
that go to build up the system than any other article.
Early in the morning, the best drink to take is water.
Tea and coffee drunk in moderation will not hurt
anybody, although they are both stimulants.

Ravioli is the Italian national dish. It is expensive
and is made with great labor. A celebrated Italian
chef gives this definition of its component parts:
"You take," he said, "some breasts of chickens, a
little sausage that is made only in Italy, and of which
very little is used, as it is for flavoring only; calf's
brains, parsley, and bietola, and this is all mixed into
a paste. If you can afford it, you will also use
truffles. Then you make a pastry of eggs, flour,
and butter; there must be no water used. This
pastry is worked hard on a board and rolled as thin
as paper. Then it is cut into forms by using the top
of a sherry-glass. The edges are scalloped and the
paste is put between two layers. Then it is boiled in
broth for thirty minutes and put upon a platter; over
it is poured a gravy such as is used for macaroni,
and the whole is served with plenty of Parmesan
cheese. To make this properly requires an experi-
enced cook; but once it is eaten, the diner will never
forget it. It will linger in his dreams as one of the
delightful things of life."

The wives of the workmen in the Krupp Iron
Works at Essen drink coffee from morning till night.
Some of them consuming a pound of Ceylon coffee
a week. In consequence, there is much complaint
of nervous troubles, weakness, and depression of
spirits. The cure requires rest from work, and small
doses of brandy, and the desire to enjoy these two
remedies causes many of the women to sham more
severe symptoms than they feel.

There are three chefs in the royal kitchen at
Athens—a Danish expert for King George, a Rus-
sian artist for Queen Olga, and a Parisian cordon
bleu for the visitors.

The consumption of bogus coffee in this country
is estimated at thirty-six million pounds a year. One
New England concern manufacturing a "coffee sub-
stitute" is said to clear three hundred dollars a day.

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The Argonaut.

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RANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The *Spirit of the Times* comes to us this week with a long list of candidates for the Republican nomination for governor. The Hon. J. J. de Haven, of Humboldt, Member of Congress of the First District, heads the list; General N. P. Cushman, of Red Bluff, a soldier of merit, is next in order; Hon. Eugene J. Gregory, of Sacramento, mayor of that city, we believe; the Hon. J. H. Jewett, of Marysville, a well-known banker of wealth and reputation; Mr. Rideout, a member of affairs and business man—all these are named in the same connection, together with the Hon. E. F. Preston, of San Francisco, a young lawyer of eminence and ability; Hon. W. W. Morrow, of San Francisco, a present member of Congress, representing us for the second time in the use of Representatives; the Hon. Charles N. Felton, a member of Congress, who held the position of repre-

sentative for four years; the Hon. Thomas R. Bard, of Hueneme, Ventura County, a man of large property; the Hon. Elwood Cooper, of Santa Barbara, well known to the people of the State as an olive-raiser; the Hon. James Adams, of San Luis Obispo; Reuben H. Lloyd, of San Francisco, an attorney, who is represented by Mr. Boruck as one of the most popular men who could be nominated for the office; the Hon. L. U. Shippee, of Stockton, a leading agriculturist and stock-raiser; the Hon. Frank L. Coombs, of Napa, a young man, member of the Assembly, popular with the young men of the State, and (we suppose) a member of the Native Sons of the Golden West. All of these gentlemen are recommended as desirable and proper candidates for the gubernatorial nomination. The balance of the *Spirit* seems to be filled with opposition to "Second Lieutenant" Markham, who is charged by Mr. Boruck with being so unpopular that, in the event of his nomination, he would be defeated by a very large majority. There are other accusations against Mr. Markham, which imply that he lacks sincerity, and are suggestive of the fact that he is not quite to be depended upon in questions of business integrity. On all of these matters we have no opinion, and no information upon which to found an opinion, and consequently shall, for the present, refrain from expressing any.

It seems to us that there would be exceeding propriety in the Republican party nominating the Hon. John Bidwell as its candidate for governor. Of the men who are mentioned, or who are likely to be, there are none more deserving or who have done more or better service for the Republican party than John Bidwell. He was once nominated for governor of California, and, we believe, has always been a true and faithful Republican; he has now received the nomination of the Prohibition party, and it is probable that he will also receive the nomination of the American party. If he shall receive both these nominations, there seems to be and should be none but the best of reasons given for denying to him the nomination of the Republican party. If he should receive the Republican nomination, he would be elected beyond the possibility of a doubt, and consequently, when the Republican party and the American party shall hold their State conventions, it would be for them to determine whether it is not better to make a sure election by the nomination of such a man as John Bidwell, with his past history and his ability, than to take a person whose election would be very doubtful and the propriety of whose nomination would be open to question.

We see no embarrassment in the fact that General Bidwell has received the Prohibition nomination. He has by this act expressed himself in favor of temperance reforms, and we presume that no one objects to his advanced views upon any question if he may be depended upon not to assume hostility to those who entertain honest differences of opinion upon questions of practical politics.

General Bidwell is a Protestant; but if he shall act as liberally as John Carroll, of Maryland, or the present Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, or Archbishop Ireland, of Minnesota, have expressed themselves, in their recent speeches and writings, there would be nothing that would not meet their approbation.

There seems to be no good reason why any governor should not prefer buttermilk to wine, or the religion of Rome to the agnosticism of Ingersoll, provided he does not carry temperance notions or religion into the executive office. He would not suit our ideas of Americanism unless he was American in that higher and better sense which holds race and religion subordinate to the accident of native birth. Even Republicanism would not be entirely acceptable to us if it had not a breadth that would elevate loyalty and devotion to the constitution and laws of the country above every other consideration. Only because General Bidwell possesses the business qualities, the moral sense, and practical honesty to perform the duties of the executive office wisely and well, would we recommend him as qualified for the duties of governor. So believing, we have no hesitation in saying that we should be glad to see him nominated for the gubernatorial chair.

All things being equal, we prefer a farmer to a lawyer; a man of independent means and honesty to a political ad-

venturer; a man of native birth to an alien; a Protestant to a Roman Catholic; an American of sound views and loyalty to any other citizen; and General John Bidwell to any other candidate as yet named.

Since Mr. C. P. Huntington became president of the Southern Pacific Railroad, he seems to have become a correspondent of the *San Francisco Bulletin*. In the brief business trips which he takes—more for pleasure than for business—he seems to pay more attention to the question of politics involved in the running of his road than to the superb scenery which he has the opportunity to observe. Perhaps we feel a little jealous at his growing reputation as a newspaper writer. We can not but come to the conclusion that it would be better for Mr. Huntington if he could confine himself more to grades, curves, and tunnels, more to the operating expenses of his road, the transportation of goods, and the fares of passengers, than to devote so much time to his new occupation. "I can not tell about plans for new roads," says Mr. Huntington, "until I get the present system into better shape. All our roads have been run politically, not financially, and now there must be a change for the better in the entire morale of our system. Our road in the future must be run on a railroad, not a political, basis. Things have been going on in peculiar ways, very different from the ways of some Eastern roads I am familiar with." Then Mr. Huntington goes on to explain "that there is a little valley somewhere up in the Sierras to which six trains are run a day, where there should be only one." Mr. Huntington stood on the platform of the station, and, computing the rates of transportation and fares of passengers, figured that the trains were being run for twenty-four cents a mile. He also observed that the road was carrying passengers to Berkeley, twelve miles for five cents. In contrast, he cites the fact that he owns in Kentucky a little road twenty-eight miles long which had been three times in bankruptcy before he bought it, but he reduced the trains from six a day to one, and the result is now profitable to him as an owner. "We must have less political methods in the future," says Mr. Huntington, and he cites this instance: "One of our men went under instructions to a mountain county and promised one hundred thousand dollars of bonds for the extension of one of the company's lines." Such a thing was never heard of in any railroad methods with which Mr. Huntington was familiar, and the reason of it was "that within the time the road was promised, a vote was wanted from that section." It would seem that Mr. Huntington is given to criticize both the political and business methods of the associates with whom he has been connected in railroad. "The Central Pacific," says Mr. Huntington, "has been a sort of kindergarten;" his policy would be "to build feeders into all the fertile valleys and to put branch roads wherever he sees a district that needs one and can support it." Lake County is especially designated by him as a county adapted for railroad building. He has ordered four surveys, and is considering the practicability of building a road. Another is promised from Oakland to Merced, while the line from Santa Margarita to Santa Barbara, and the one on the west side of the San Joaquin Valley, from Tracy southward, are held for further consideration. The Oregon route, from the Siskiyou Mountains, is to be shortened by a tunnel, which will lower the elevation and shorten the distance. Then Mr. Huntington treats his readers to an interesting incident connected with his business on the Chesapeake, Ohio, and South Western property, which cost whoever built it some seventy millions of dollars, although it cost Mr. Huntington one-half that amount. To show that Mr. Huntington is not crazy in railroad building, he says "he has been offered a profit of four millions of dollars upon this investment." Mr. Huntington also promises certain improvements in Texas upon the Galveston, Harrisburg, and San Antonio, where that road crosses the river. What cause Mr. Huntington has to find fault with the management of the California roads with which he has been connected, we do not know; but it is apparent that he has objections which extend to others than Governor Stanford. Whether Mr. Towne, and Colonel Crocker, and the other active members of the directory who have had the

management and control "of our Western roads," are satisfied with this line of comment, we have no means of ascertaining, but it would seem to us that more than Governor Stanford are responsible for the "errors" which have been committed in the railroad management. Nor do we quite understand what Mr. Huntington expects to gain by arraying against him all the politicians. He has important questions pending before the Congress of the United States, and it is not improbable that many questions of importance may arise before the legislatures of the Pacific States, and while it is desirable that the railroad should retire from politics, it would seem to be more politic if Mr. Huntington would be less pronounced in opposition to politicians. These reflections are submitted with no desire to annoy Mr. Huntington, and are made only in good faith; that the railroads may prosper in themselves, and may contribute to the advantage and prosperity of the whole country, is our earnest desire.

Mr. Huntington, in an interview printed in the *Call* of May 13th, said:

This talk about cutting down salaries and reorganizing the clerical force, the discharge of many and the discomfiture of all, is all nonsense. I have no such intentions, and nothing strange will happen, so far as I know, before my departure for New York, which will be in a very few days. I have always been in favor of paying good salaries, and this road has the reputation of paying higher salaries than any other corporation in existence.

The clerical force is well trained, well paid, and, so far as I know, contented. No reorganization is needed, so far as I am advised, and none will be made for the present. As I have said in a previous interview, the political hangers-on will be asked to leave. We have no use for politicians in connection with railroading, and do not propose to pay big salaries to men who are neither ornamental nor useful.

I have carefully looked into the working of the several departments. I have inspected accounts and questioned methods. The result is that *I am satisfied with the way things are conducted, and am convinced of the efficiency of the men and officers of the several departments.*

Mr. Collis P. Huntington, in his interview just quoted, takes back all that he said by implication of the bad management of railroad affairs. Every man belonging to the administrative departments is to be retained—all except the political hangers-on. "We have no use for politicians," says Mr. Huntington. The same thing was always said by Charles Crocker. Governor Stanford had withdrawn the railroad from the management of political affairs before he consented to take a seat in the Senate of the United States. He has not been officious since he became senator. He has had no candidates for office to elect, and no enemies to punish. He did not permit himself to be used or influenced by Judge Field to withdraw the name of Mr. Waite for register of the land office. Mr. Waite knows that Governor Stanford was his friend all through the affair of sending and withdrawing his name. The *Chronicle* knew that it was deliberately misrepresenting Governor Stanford in that respect. Before us is a telegram from Governor Stanford in these words:

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 11, 1890.—The President had recalled the appointment of Mr. Waite prior to my arrival here. I never had any conversation with him upon the subject. Waite was recommended for the place by the delegation, and the delegation never did anything to have his appointment withdrawn. We agreed upon Sheehan for the place after my arrival here.

LELAND STANFORD.

Now, if Mr. Huntington will himself desist from meddling in political affairs of this State, concerning which he has no information and in the direction of which he has never shown any sense; if he will recall and destroy all the letters he has written approving of Senator Stanford's political measures, all his advice concerning the defeat of William A. Piper for Congress and Mr. Whitney for State senator from Alameda, and obliterate all the political correspondence he has dictated, and recall all the money he has authorized the expenditure of for the defeat of Senator Booth and his election as governor; if Mr. Huntington can expunge all the entries of political expenditures upon the books of the railroad companies in which he has been interested in Congress and in the legislature of California, he will be in a better position to criticize politicians than he is now. Mr. Huntington has spread himself all across the continent in his correspondence; letters compromising his honor are in the hands of an hundred gentlemen in California. He has employed and paid a score of congressional lobbyists. He has authorized the expenditure of money in California which can be justified by no respectable code of even political morals, and if Mr. Huntington will excuse us for the liberty, we will advise him to withdraw from the chair of moral philosophy which, within the past few weeks, he has undertaken to fill. We advise, also, that he make no further effort in the direction of speech-making, and withdraw from his position as correspondent of the *Morning Call* and *Evening Bulletin*.

Mr. Francis G. Newlands, a former resident of San Francisco, now living in Nevada, and from that State a delegate to the recent silver convention at St. Louis, has been interviewed in the *Washington Post* upon the hitch between the House of Representatives and the Senate upon the question of the free coinage of silver as recommended by the National Silver Committee and the friends of monometallism in Congress. Mr.

Newlands is an uncompromising bimetalist. He thinks the administration of President Harrison is hostile to the bimetallic principle; he believes the issue will be an important one in the next Presidential election, and is outspoken in the opinion that the Windom scheme of accepting silver as a commodity is calculated to perpetuate the monometallic fraud which has been put upon the farmers, mechanics, and laborers of the country by Wall Street and English bankers who control silver bullion in New York and London, and the markets of cotton and grain in Liverpool. We give such synopsis of Mr. Newlands's views as our space affords, approving all he says and with emphasis indorsing his utterances upon the political necessity which demands generous bimetallic legislation if the Republican party is desirous of success before the people. Mr. McKinley's views upon the questions of tariff and free-trade will have a divided vote among farmers, manufacturers, and skilled laborers; but upon the question of free and unlimited coinage of silver there can be, and ought to be, no divided sentiment. If the Republican party hesitates or blunders upon this question, the States of California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, and Colorado will cast their electoral votes, and all of them, for the Democratic nominee, whoever he may be, and without the electoral votes of the Pacific States the success of a Republican President is impossible. If the Republican party desires to uphold the administration of President Harrison in its opposition to the free coinage of silver, it will not deserve to receive an electoral vote from any of the silver-producing or grain-growing or cotton-bearing States of the Union. This is a vital question, and if the Republican party does not recognize its importance, it will receive a deserved defeat. The best feeling does not exist between the manufacturing and banking North and East, and the grain and cotton and fruit-growing West and South. The South is solidly Democratic; the North is not solidly Republican. The Pacific States hold the balance of power, and there is no Pacific State which can be relied upon as Republican if the Republican administration now in power has not the courage to restore the bimetallic principle of gold and silver coinage. Mr. Benjamin Harrison is not very popular; his administration is not a pronounced success, and if it were not for dissensions in the Democratic party against the renomination of Grover Cleveland, the contest would be a very dangerous one, with every probability of turning the government over to the Democratic party. If the Republican organization will be true to the American agriculturist, the American mechanic, and the American working-man, and stop palavering with the foreign-born and window-tapping for the Roman Catholic vote, there can be no doubt of the election of a Republican President. The only vote which is indispensable to any party is that of the American farmer of the South and West and farther West, and of the American working-man educated in the common, non-sectarian country school-house. President Harrison has not the sense to know this, nor the wisdom to appreciate the fact that it is the policy of the Republican party to cultivate the American vote by daring to be honest and right, for with the American vote will be recorded that of nearly all intelligent and patriotic foreign-born citizens. The acreage which extends over the South and stretches from the Mississippi River to the Pacific sea is broad enough and has residents enough to outvote any party which lacks the courage of its convictions, and whenever any party on the continent of North America lacks courage to be American, it is time that the government should cease to be Republican, and it is of no sort of consequence what becomes of the country or under what form of government it should continue to be administered.

The bimetalists (said Mr. Newlands) are not satisfied with the bill agreed upon by the conference committee, and they hold that the only way to settle the question definitely, wisely, and for all time is to open the mints of the country to the free coinage of silver as they are open to the free coinage of gold. This question can never be settled until silver is restored to its old position as standard money. So long as it is treated as a mere commodity, even though the purchases of it by the government be largely increased and its market value thereby raised, no satisfactory solution can be reached.

The folly of demonetizing silver is now apparent to every thinking man.

There has never been a time since civilization dawned when there has been enough of gold and silver in the world to meet its demands for money as an exchange of values.

It was necessary, in order to meet the demands of trade and business, to invent credit money, consisting of bank-notes, government notes, etc., which were simply promises to pay standard money, gold and silver. When the demand for money was increasing with increasing population, continental Europe and the United States ignorantly and foolishly destroyed one-half of the standard money by demonetizing silver, thus largely increasing the value of the other half—gold—in the hands of the banks and the money-lending class, and largely diminishing the value of all products and property other than money. Thus, a monetary revolution took place quietly and without public attention being called to its possible results, which has proved more injurious and destructive than all the wars of this century.

In 1873, France paid to Germany an immense indemnity in gold. Germany seized the opportunity to wipe out of existence all the silver coinage of the various kingdoms and principalities of which it was made up, and to substitute therefor a national gold currency. Her silver was thrown upon the market; it forced its way into the French mints for recoinage. France was alarmed and denied coinage to silver; the Latin Union, consisting, in addition to France, of Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy, followed her example. By means of an insidious and secret omission from the Coinage Act of the United States, without public discussion or without public debate, silver, in 1873, was denied the coinage in the United States mints which it had enjoyed from the commencement of the republic, and thus within a short space of time silver, which had been the acknowledged money of the world through all ages, was discredited in almost every civilized country. History does not record so great an advantage given by legislation to

the money-owning and money-lending class; it does not record so great a wrong to the money-owning and producing class. By it the purchasing power of gold was increased very nearly one-half; by it the burden of the obligations of all debtors was increased by nearly one-half, and the value of products, by the sale of which they would be enabled to pay their debts, was diminished from one-third to one-half. This revolution has taken seventeen years to ascertain fully its disastrous effects. Statisticians agree that prices of all commodities have, since the demonetization of silver, fallen over thirty per cent. Wheat has fallen from one dollar and forty-seven cents per bushel in 1873 to eighty-six cents in 1889; cotton has fallen from seventeen cents in 1873 to eight cents in 1889. These are the leading staple products of the country, and the farmers and planters have lost millions by this monetary revolution—their farms are in debt to the money-lending class.

During all this time a ceaseless agitation of this question has been maintained by the bimetalists, who have insisted that the only remedy for existing conditions is to restore silver to free coinage in our mints. The monometallists, consisting principally of the bankers of the East and the classes whose sentiment they control, oppose this upon the ground that it will expand the currency and put in circulation a depreciated dollar. They ignore the fact that when the silver dollar was demonetized in 1873, it was above par, and that as legislation by demonetizing silver has impaired its value, so legislation can restore it to its old value as well as denied coinage and were put upon the world as a commodity like iron or tin, its value would be greatly diminished and that it is the use, as money, of these otherwise almost useless metals, which gives them their chief value.

The result of the conflict of these two forces was the compromise act of 1878, known as the Bland Act, which provided for the purchase by the Treasury Department of not less than \$2,000,000 worth and no more than \$4,000,000 worth of silver per month, the coinage of silver into silver dollars, and the issue of silver certificates, or Treasury notes, calling for and representing such silver dollars. This was partial demonetization of silver. The silver went into the Treasury a bullion and came out as coin or Treasury notes representing coin. The Treasury Department has never yet exercised its full discretion in advancing the coinage to \$4,000,000 per month. It is safe to say that at no time since the war has the administration of the Treasury Department been in sympathy with public demand. It has always been controlled by the financial sentiment prevalent in Wall Street. England has been controlling the financial policy of the United States through its banking connections in New York city. That city may be regarded as an American on all questions relating to both finance and the tariff.

Secretary Windom's plan is apparently friendly to silver, but it really hostile to bimetalism, and maintains a monometallic standard. It is not a bimetallic bill.

The agitation of free coinage has reached such proportions that must be met by legislation. The monometallists know that they can defeat favorable silver legislation, and as usual are fighting it with view to effecting a compromise. The Republican party was committed by its platform to favorable silver legislation; the Treasury Department, through the Windom Bill, seeks apparently to increase the purchase of silver by the government, but really endeavors to fasten upon the country more firmly the monometallic gold standard. The Bland Bill was a step in the direction of free coinage; the Windom Bill is a total abandonment of it, and involves even a repeal of the Bland Bill. The Bland Bill recognizes silver as a commodity so far as its purchase by the government is concerned, but when purchased is issued as money in coin, and became a legal tender for all debt public and private. The Windom Bill proposes to buy silver as commodity, and to issue warehouse receipts for it as a commodity called Treasury notes, thus more thoroughly demonetizing silver than it is now demonetized. No more pernicious system of adding to the currency of the nation could be devised. The government is nothing to do with issuing warehouse receipts for any commodity whether wheat, cotton, or silver. Its function is to issue money. The principle of this bill is correct, what objection can there be to government establishing warehouses for wheat and cotton and issuing warehouse receipts therefor, which shall pass as money? and what objection is there to the new proposition of allowing the owners of lands in the country to mortgage them to the government, the latter issuing notes therefor, secured by mortgage, which shall have currency as money?

The measure proposed by the bimetalists for the free coinage of silver is that any one shall have the right to take his bullion to the mint to have it coined into silver dollars, which shall be a legal tender. A matter of convenience, silver certificates may be issued, which may be redeemed in coin. The bimetalists claim that as the market value of silver has been reduced by legislation, it can be restored by legislation, and that it only needs courageous leadership, on the part of the United States, in the present condition of public sentiment throughout the world, to compel all the countries which have demonetized silver to restore it to its old position as a money metal.

The measure proposed by the moderate silver-men represents, some measure, a compromise sentiment providing for the purchase of the government of 4,500,000 ounces per month of silver and the issue of Treasury notes therefor, which shall be redeemable in law money of the United States, either gold or silver or greenbacks, according to the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury. Under this measure, all bullion coming to the Treasury is immediately minted. The third proposition is the Windom proposition, which does not monetize silver, but simply issues warehouse receipts for it. The undoubted effect of this bill will be to anchor this country to the monometallic gold basis, and by indirection to put a stop to the further monetization of silver.

The Republican party will go to the wall at the next election unless it realizes the absolute necessity of some legislation upon the monetary question; the country is in a restless and dissatisfied condition; West is mortgaged to the East; the farmers and producing classes chafing under a sense of outrage and wrong; the Democrats, heartily by Mr. Cleveland, are giving them to understand that the present favorable conditions are the result of the tariff. Whatever may be the cause, the people will hold the party in power responsible for existing conditions unless they are relieved. Many Democrats are content that this condition of dissatisfaction should last until the next Presidential election, in the hope that it will result in the overthrow of the party in power. The people understand that the prevailing depression is largely caused by the contraction of the volume of the current by reason of the demonetization of silver, and they insist that that same shall be naturally increased by the output from the mines; it has been through the ages. The farming and planting class understand that it is to their interest to increase the market for silver and advance its price; that by making silver dear to England, they prevent her from doing as she is now—purchasing our silver at the per cent. discount and utilizing the same at its old purchasing power in India, which is a monometallic silver country, in the purchase of wheat and cotton. It is this which has caused a great falling off in exports from the United States to the Liverpool market of wheat, cotton, and has resulted in a loss estimated at over one hundred millions per annum to the wheat and cotton-growers of this country. I know that if silver can be made dear to England, she will have to go to America for her wheat and cotton, instead of to far-distant India.

The Republican party, recognizing the necessity of passing so thing as a party measure, has been holding caucuses upon this subject and the result has been a difference between the Republican members of the House and the Republican members of the Senate as to the measure to be pursued. The House committee appointed by Speaker R. said to be a gold monometallic, has adopted the principal feature of Secretary Windom's Bill, that the silver going into the Treasury bullion should come out as bullion, and should never be money, always a commodity; the Senate committee, holding to the view whatever silver goes into the Treasury should come out as money either in the shape of silver dollars or in the shape of Treasury notes redeemable in lawful money of the United States—gold, silver, or greenbacks—at the discretion of the Treasury. The committees of the House have met in conference, and the result has been an acceptance of the Senate bill, with a proviso which gives it some of the qualities of a Windom Bill. The bill provides for the purchase of 4,500,000 ounces of silver every month and the issue of Treasury notes therefor, which shall be redeemable on demand in lawful money of the United States. So far the bill is unobjectionable. The silver which goes into the Treasury as bullion comes out as money, but there is a proviso which negates this, and leaves it to the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury, upon the demand of the holder of any of the Treasury notes to redeem the same in bullion at its market price. Under this

\$4,000,000 ounces of silver would be purchased per annum, and Treasury notes probably exceeding that amount in dollars would be issued therefor, for the increased purchase of silver would rapidly raise its price from ninety-six cents an ounce to its old price of \$1.29 an ounce. What would prevent the bankers of New York who were hostile to an expansion of the currency, and who were hostile to silver, from collecting large quantities of these Treasury notes, presenting them to the Treasury Department and receiving bullion therefor, and thus contracting the currency largely, and at the same time putting more silver bullion upon the market and depressing its price? What would prevent England, or some concern acting in the interest of England, whose whole Indian trade is dependent upon maintaining the present low price of silver bullion, which she can buy and utilize at its old purchasing price in India for wheat and cotton, from collecting these notes and presenting them to the Treasury Department for redemption in bullion?

Mr. Newlands represents a large class of independent votes. He is a man of wealth and has the courage of his convictions. It is the class that is holding the balance of power in the nation. There is a very large and a very dangerous vote which is directed in lines hostile to the welfare of the country and its republican institutions. The independent and non-partisan vote that does not care for offices, or honors, or emoluments, that has no time or inclination to meddle with party affairs, is the one to which Mr. Newlands belongs—not to an organized party, but to the great unorganized sentiment which now so universally pervades the United States. This we call the American party—the party of the future—the party which is within the Republican party, and will either control or destroy it in the immediate future, unless the Republican party shall have the courage of its convictions and dare to take strong position upon a non-sectarian platform, and shall dare to assume an attitude of opposition to any possible union of church and state, or the permission of any dictation from an alien priesthood or a foreign church in the civil administration of our government. The American party has the right to assert that if, for any reason, the Republican party in the State or nation shall not have the courage to assume American principles, it will consider the Republican organization as its most formidable and dangerous enemy, and so treat it.

The most important intelligence of the week is the discussion now going on in the Senate of the United States over the free and unlimited coinage of silver. It is the most important public question now agitating the public mind. It involves the prosperity of the agricultural and working classes, and upon the successful passage of the bill hangs the destiny of the Republican party at the next Presidential election. It is a matter of pride that the ablest minds of the Senate are enlisted as the friends of bimetalism. Jones, of Nevada, is the orator in lead; Stewart of the same State is working in the trenches. The senators from California with Mitchell, of Oregon, Squires, of Washington, and Wolcott, of Colorado, are doing good service in the ranks, for they are all representatives of silver States and they know that their States can not be depended upon for Republican majorities if the administration and the Treasury Department succumb to the influence of Wall Street and defeat the Silver Bill.

The country will not stand this nonsense, and the senators named know it. There are more debtors than creditors in the country; there are more men paying interest than receiving it; there are more persons working hard to make an honest living than there are usurers, bankers, and gamblers, who spend their time in cutting coupons.

The Berlin correspondent of the Paris *Temps* scouts the idea that Bismarck's retirement was accomplished of his own free will, and gives these interesting details of what is said to be the real cause of the quarrel between the emperor and the chancellor:

The mind of William the Second was actuated by two sentiments—ratitude to Bismarck for services rendered and impatience under the man's yoke. On his return from Norway last summer, the emperor began to consider the retirement of the chancellor, and openly spoke of it. To Count Herbert Bismarck, for instance, he remarked: "If your father should go into retirement, you, at least, will remain with me." This was believed at that time to be simply a mark of solicitude for the chancellor's health. After the return of Bismarck to Berlin, at the beginning of the present year, the situation grew worse, and it became intolerable. Bismarck was annoyed because William invited himself to his parliamentary dinners, which in reality were only meetings or councils where the chancellor was in the habit of lecturing the hesitating deputies. The presence of the emperor was an obstacle to all his combinations; and, while the public considered the visits of the emperor as a mark of favor, Bismarck regarded them with hostility. After he had succeeded for some time in restraining his anger, the fact failed him when the Berlin Conference was called. The chancellor's remark that the emperor "wanted to be an honorary member of the International," was brought to William's ears, and he became easily irritated. Then came the famous banquet of the Diet of Brandenburg, at which the emperor threatened to pulverize his adversaries. At the court, this phrase was regarded as a menace to Bismarck. When his majesty was deeply wounded when the chancellor caused to be stricken out of an impassioned speech a clause which he (Bismarck) considered as indiscreet and liable to bring about international complications.

Among the hostile elements that caused the overthrow of a great chancellor, the *Temps* correspondent includes the mily and following of the Hatzfeldts and the growing influence of "that English woman," as Bismarck used to call the widow of the Emperor Frederick.

The new disease, alleged to be a successor to the grip, and called "La Nona," is said to be a form of the *pellagra* and is caused by the use of mildewed corn-flour, which is consumed in North Italy in the shape of polenta. The victims sink into a peaceful sleep and die unconscious, instead of reeling their heads off and living, as in the grip.

A LOVE MATCH.

"Cockaigne" on Lord Weymouth's Marriage to Violet Mordaunt.

The marriage of Lord Weymouth, eldest son and heir of the Marquis of Bath, to Miss Violet Mordaunt, daughter of Sir Charles Mordaunt, Bart., has revived in society's mind and mouth the scandal which twenty years ago was the talk of the civilized world as well as of the kingdom, and blasted the fair name of the bride's unfortunate mother. Lady Mordaunt was one of the famous Moncrieffe sisters, whose beauty won for them some of the greatest marriages and proudest alliances in Great Britain. One became the Countess of Dudley, another the Duchess of Athole, another Lady Forbes of Newe, and another Lady Mordaunt.

They were all penniless girls, as the world kindly terms young ladies who are not heiresses, but their beauty was simply distracting. Men went down like sheep before them. Such a family of beauties English high life had never known. Even the "Handsome Hamiltons," as the family of the Duke of Abercorn have for generations been called, owing to the exceptional good-looks of its members, both male and female, had to yield up the palm for the first time in history to the Moncrieffes. A wonderful sameness of style and similarity of feature distinguished them. Tall and stately, slight and graceful, a lissom willowiness imparting itself to the perfectly molded limbs and figure of each, to the small waist and swelling bust, it needed no face of ravishing beauty to captivate the already enthralled beholder. Yet faces of ravishing beauty had they, in all the perfection of womanly beauty as decreed by the rules of true art. Swan-like throats, dove-like eyes, peach-like skins, Grecian profiles, pearly teeth, low foreheads, carmine lips, and silken tresses all combined together to produce such visions of female loveliness that Englishmen, for the first time in their lives, took no heed of the fact that their faces were their fortunes, but adored them as if they had millions. It was a pleasing spectacle, and showed that, after all, the English male mind, when it came to the contemplation of marriage, was not so sordid as people supposed. Everybody wanted to marry the Moncrieffe girls as soon as one after another they appeared in London society. They each might have had a hundred husbands if they wished, and the law allowed it.

Among their most ardent admirers was the Prince of Wales. As a husband, of course, he was out of the running; but as an admirer he was just as enthusiastic as anybody. Then, as now, "Tummy's" admiration and patronage, his notice and regard, were profitless to the recipients of it. Indeed, they were injurious. Lady Dudley, who is thought to be the handsomest of the sisters, first attracted his attention. But Lady Dudley would have none of it—sensible woman that she was. It is a matter of history that she snubbed him from the first, and showed him as plainly as a woman could that she did not desire his notice. It is a pity that Lady Mordaunt was not possessed of the same cautious discretion, and had not the same opinion of the prince's motives. But it was not only in accepting compromising attentions from the Prince of Wales that Lady Mordaunt exhibited the weakness of her moral character. She had several other admirers whose delicate attentions aroused the suspicions of Sir Charles. The two most prominent were Viscount Cole (eldest son of the Irish Earl of Enniskillen) and Sir Frederick Johnstone. These, with "Tummy," made a charming triumvirate of seducers, contemporaneous in their actions.

At last, Sir Charles Mordaunt brought divorce proceedings against his wife. He did not make "Tummy" a co-respondent with the other two, because he could not very well do that; but when the trial came off, the Prince of Wales was examined as a witness before the House of Lords, that being the only tribunal having power to compel him to answer on oath. He was asked point-blank if any improper relations had existed between him and Lady Mordaunt. His sworn answer was "No." Of course it was pretty well known—believed, at all events—that he perjured himself. One of the burning questions of the day, at that time, was whether he was justified in committing perjury to shield the name of a woman. There were two sides, of course, and it became almost as serious a topic of extended discussion and as prolific of quarrels as the genuineness of the Tichborne claimant. The prince doubtless thought he did right. At any rate, he got off scot free, while his friends and coparceners had to pay the piper. Sir Charles obtained a decree of divorce, and by degrees the whole thing wore itself out as a subject of conversation.

The daughter of such a woman as Lady Mordaunt (who subsequently was said to have gone out of her mind), was not exactly the sort of match that a father and mother would approve for their son. As a matter of fact, both Lord and Lady Bath were very much against it, and did everything they could to dissuade their son from making such a connection. They got the Duke and Duchess of Teck to fetch down their pretty daughter, Princess Victoria, for a visit to Longleat, Lord Bath's celebrated country-house, in hopes that their son might be tempted to transfer his affections from Miss Mordaunt to her. But not a bit of it. Lord Weymouth said he would marry no one but Miss Mordaunt. Then his father asked him to wait a year. He agreed to this, but at the end of the year he was just as much in love as ever and quite as determined. So there was no help for it, and Lord and Lady Bath reluctantly gave their consent.

The Marquise of Bath is a very rich one, and the family seat, Longleat, is one of the show-places of the kingdom. The heir to the title and estates could make almost any marriage he chose, and the success of a comparatively obscure girl, with the shadow of a mother's dishonor hanging over her, in capturing him over the heads of all the belles of last season and all the daughters of a hundred earls who have been waiting for him to throw the handkerchief in their direction, shows that romance has not quite died out of the English aristocracy. Like the marriage of the Duke of Portland to the girl of his heart, it furnishes a refreshing relief to the con-

ventional nuptials of the day, whose initial points and motive power of proceedings are all to be found in the previous monetary "arrangements" brought about by parents and guardians, and conducted by the family lawyers on both sides. LONDON, April 26, 1890. COCKAIGNE.

In reply to the offer of the Louisiana Lottery Company to give the State a million dollars a year for a new franchise, the *New Orleans Times-Democrat* says:

The *Times-Democrat* believes that for the State of Louisiana to reject the munificent offer thus made would be unwise. We are in no condition financially to decline so large a sum of money for purely sentimental reasons. There is not a State institution to-day that is fully provided for. The meagre sum allotted each is paid in warrants, which are truly a fickle currency, paid to-day in cash and a few months hence suffering a discount of fifty per cent. Our system of common schools is suffering, not from disinclination of the people to have their children enjoy the blessing of an education, but from poverty of means to provide such instruction as will result in endowing the youth of the State with the rudiments of a good English education. Our levees are utterly inadequate barriers to protect our wonderfully fertile cotton, cane, and rice districts from the floods. Unless we increase the present rate of State taxation, there seems to be no hope that we will, for many years to come, be able to provide a revenue sufficient to meet the actual necessities of the State. The acceptance of the license from Mr. Morris, for maintaining a lottery, will place the State financially upon such a footing that all her varied governmental necessities can be thoroughly and even generously provided for. To add to our revenues half a million dollars per annum, is to double the public-school term in the State, to see that all our insane are cared for, to construct and maintain a satisfactory levee system, and, in general, to relieve the State of the larger part of her present burdens.

Much attention has been attracted by the important announcement that the Secretary of War had proposed to the Secretary of the Interior the enlistment of a full regiment of Indians as a part of the United States Army. The following remarks upon the subject by Captain John G. Bourke will be of interest at this time:

Viewed in the light of military efficiency, no finer soldiers can be found anywhere in the world than the American Indians. Their skill and courage in campaigns have been attested time and again, and by no more willing witnesses than the officers and soldiers of the regular army, whose business it has been to pursue and to fight them. We have here under our hands the most perfect of material, needing no instruction in horsemanship, in marching, in competency to look out for itself in all sorts of weather, under every kind of disadvantage, skilled in the use of the rifle and revolver, dexterous in plotting as well as evading ambush.

A Frenchman, Lesigne by name, has written a book the aim of which is to destroy the commonly received story of the life and deeds of Jeanne d'Arc. He says:

The legend of the burning of Jeanne d'Arc seems to be due to a desire to make her fulfill the whole prophecy of the ancient Merlin, who was supposed to have said that the islanders would put her to death. So far from this being the case, she seems to have been subsequently married to Robert des Armoises. There is in existence a document, drawn up in the names of "Robert des Armoises, Chevalier, Seigneur de Tichemont, Jehanne du Luys, la Pucelle de France, dame du dit Tichemont, ma femme." The identity of Jehanne du Luys, Dame des Armoises, and Jeanne d'Arc is proved by several documents, among these being a part of the Chronicle of Saint Thibault de Metz, describing her meeting with her brothers, and mentioning her marriage. After this, she lived quietly, probably fearing further persecution at the hands of the church.

Concerning the true motives of the philanthropic Stanley, the Philadelphia *Times* says:

That the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition was a relief expedition in a very different sense from what the world has been taught to believe, is becoming clearer every day. It was not so much intended for Emin's relief as to relieve the schemers who have designs upon Central Africa from Emin's hold upon his province. Emin was in the way of those philanthropists who wish to civilize the Africans as the American Indians were civilized two centuries ago. It must be confessed there is something of a shock in finding that the unselfish Stanley was not so unselfish after all in his Emin expedition.

The last official statistics of Rome show that the city must have lost a large percentage of its population since the last census. Although only twenty houses have been built there in the last three years, four thousand houses, with living room for twenty thousand persons, are now vacant. The transient population is thought to have fallen off also. Hardly six thousand strangers went there to see the big carnival this year, while in former years the number was little short of one hundred thousand.

"How much 'British gold' has actually been invested in American breweries since the furor for this kind of syndicates sprung up a year or so ago?" Mr. N. E. T. Tovey, editor of the *Brewers' Journal*, has kept account of all sales actually made and makes this answer to the question: "Nearly sixty million dollars is the aggregate of the share and loan values of the companies now actually floating American breweries on the English market."

The experience of the Omnibus Cable Company, of Philadelphia, should demonstrate to all street-car companies the advisability and necessity of roof-seats on cars. The Broad Street line there has its roof full nearly all the time; the seating capacity is almost doubled; the same weight in rolling stock avails for almost double the patronage; and the better view attainable on the roof attracts many women as well as men.

Ivan Pernet, the postal agent at Colon, has issued an order that should be carefully read by persons in the United States having correspondence with that town. It is to the effect that all correspondence received at that office addressed "Aspinwall" will be returned as misdirected, as the geographical and official name of the town is "Colon," and Americans up here alone have ever called it anything else.

In an interview with Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, that journalist said positively that if New York is not unanimous in 1892, she can not nominate the candidate of the Democracy.

There are said to be three or four ladies well known in London society who are determined to appear at the next meet of the Coaching Club on horseback, astride.

A CRY FOR HELP.

One night, when the storm had come up from the south-east apparently for the sole purpose of renewing war with its old enemy, the Peninsula of Monterey, I left the ancient town, crossed the neck of the peninsula, and descended on the other side of the Santa Lucia slope to see the mighty battle on Carmel Bay. The tearing wind, which, charged with needles of rain, assailed me sharply, did nobler work with the ocean and the cypresses, sending the one upon a riotous course and rending the other with groans. I arrived upon a cliff just beyond a pebbly beach, and with bared head and my waistcoat open, stood facing the ocean and the storm. It was not a cold night, though a winter storm was at large; but it was a night of blind agonies and struggles, in which a mad wind lashed the sea and a maddened sea assailed the shore, while a flying rain and a drenching spray dimmed the sombre colors of the scene. It was a night for the sea to talk in its travail and yield up some of its mysteries.

I left the cliff and went a little distance to the neighborhood of a Chinese fishing-station, where there was a sand-beach; and here, after throwing off my coat and waistcoat, I went down to have a closer touch with my treacherous friend. The surf sprang at me, and the waves, retreating gently, beckoned me to further ventures, which I made with a knowledge of my ground, but with a love of this sweet danger also. A strong breaker lifted me from my footing, but I outwitted it and pursued it in retreat; there came another afterward, and it was armed, for, towering above me, it came down upon me with a bludgeon, which fell heavily upon me. I seized it, but there my command upon my powers ceased; and the wave, returning, bore me out. A blindness, a vague sense of suffocation, an uncertain effort of instinct to regain my hold upon the ground, a flight through the air, a soft fall upon the sand—it was thus I was saved; and I still held in my hand the weapon with which my old friend had dealt me the blow.

It was a bottle. Afterward, in my room at Monterey, I broke it and found within it a writing of uncommon interest. After all these weeks of study and deciphering (for age and imperfect execution made the task serious and the result uncertain), I have put together such fragments of it as had the semblance of coherence; and I found that the sea in its travail had yielded up one of its strangest mysteries. No hope of a profitable answer to this earnest cry for help animates its publication; it is brought forth rather to show a novel and fearful form of human suffering, and also to give knowledge possibly to some who, if they be yet alive, would rather know the worst than nothing. The following is what my labor has accomplished:

I am Amasa D. Keating, an unhappy wretch, who, with many others, am suffering an extraordinary kind of torture; and so great is the mental disturbance which I suffer, that I fear I shall not be able to make an intelligent report. I am but just from a scene of inconceivable terrors, and although I am a man of some education and usually equal to the task of intelligent expression, I am now in a condition of violent disturbance, which I fear will prove a hindrance to the understanding of him who may find this report. At the outset, I most earnestly beg such one to use the swiftest diligence in publishing the matter of this writing, to the end that haply an expedition for our relief may be outfitted without delay; for, if the present state of affairs continue much longer, any measure taken for our relief will be useless.

I will hasten to the material part of my narrative, with the relation only of so much of the beginning as may serve for our identification.

On the fourteenth of October, 1852, we sailed from Boston in the brig *Hopewell*, Captain Campbell, bound for the islands of the South Pacific Ocean. We carried a cargo of general merchandise for the purpose of trading with the natives; but we desired also to find some suitable island which we might take possession of in the name of the United States and settle upon for our permanent home. With this end in view, we had formed a company and bought the brig, so that it might remain our property and he used as a means of communication between us and the civilized world. These facts and many others are so familiar to our friends in Boston, that I consider it wholly unnecessary to set forth them in fuller detail. The names of all our passengers and crew stand upon record in Boston, and are not needed to be written here for ampler identification.

No ill-fortune assailed us until we arrived in the neighborhood of the Falkland Islands. Cape Horn was its ugliest aspect (for the brig was a slow sailer, and the Antarctic summer was well gone before we had encountered bad weather), an unusual thing, Captain Campbell assured us; from that time forward we had a series of misfortunes which ended finally, after two or three months, in a fearful gale, which not only cost some of the crew their lives but dismantled our vessel. The storm continued, and, the brig being wholly at the mercy of the wind and the sea, we saw that she must founder. We therefore took to the boats with what provisions and other necessary things we could stow away. With no land in sight, and in the midst of a boiling sea, which appeared every moment to be on the eve of swamping us, we bent to our oars and headed for the north-west. It is hardly necessary to say that we had lost our reckoning; but, after a manner, we made out that we were nearly in longitude 136.30 W., and about upon the Tropic of Capricorn. This would have made our situation about a hundred and seventy miles from a number of small islands lying to the eastward of the one hundred and fortieth meridian. The prospect was discouraging, as there was hardly a sound person in the boats to pull an oar, so badly had the weather used us; and beside that, the ship's instruments had been lost and our provisions were badly damaged. Nevertheless, we made some headway. The poor abandoned brig, apparently conscious of our desertion, behaved in a very singular fashion; urged doubtless by the wind, she pursued us with pathetic struggles—now heaving on, again stern foremost, and still again plunging forward with her nose under the water. Her pitching and lurching

were straining her heavily, and with her hold full of water, she evidently could live but a few minutes longer. Meanwhile, it was no small matter for us to keep clear of her, for whether we would pull to this side or that she followed us, and sometimes we were in danger. There came an end, however, for the brig, now heavily water-logged, rose majestically on a great wave and came down side on into the trough; she made a brave struggle to right herself, but in another moment she went over upon her beam, settled, steadied herself a moment, and then sank straight down like a mass of lead. This brought upon us a peculiar sense of desolation; for, so far as we knew (and Captain Campbell had sailed these seas before), there was hardly a chance of our gaining land alive.

Much to our surprise, we had not rowed more than twenty knots when (it being about midnight) a fire was sighted off our port bow—that is to say, due west. This gave us so great courage that we rowed heartily toward it, and at three in the morning, to our unspeakable happiness, we dragged our boats upon a beautiful sand-beach. So exhausted were we that with small loss of time we made ourselves comfortable and soon were sound asleep upon firm ground.

The next sun had not done more than half its work before any of us were awake. Excepting some birds of lively plumage, there was not a living thing in sight; but no sooner had we begun to stir about than a number of fine brown men approached us simultaneously from different directions. A belt was around their waists, and from it hung a short garment, made of bark woven into a coarse fabric; and also hanging from the belt was a heavy sword of metal. Undoubtedly the men were savages; but there was a dignity in their manner which set them wholly apart from the known inhabitants of these South Sea Islands. Our captain, who understood many of the languages and dialects of the sub-tropical islanders, found himself at fault in attempting verbal intercourse with these visitors, but it was not long before we found them exceedingly apt in understanding signs. They showed much commiseration for us, and with manifestations of friendship invited us to follow them and test their hospitality. This we were not slow in doing.

The island—we were made to know on the way—was a journey of ten hours long and seven wide, and our eyes gave us proof of its wonderful fecundity of soil, for there were great banana-plantations and others of curious kinds of grain. The narrowness of the roads convinced us that there were no wagons or beasts of burden, but there were many evidences of a civilization which, for these parts, was of extraordinary development; such, for instance, as finely cultivated fields and good houses of stone, with such evidences of an æsthetic taste as found expression in the domestic cultivation of many of the beautiful flowers which grew upon the island. These matters I mention with some particularity, in order that the island may be recognized by the rescuers for whom we are eagerly praying.

The town to which we were led is a place of singular beauty. While there is no orderly arrangement of streets (the houses being scattered about confusedly), there is a large sense of comfort and room and a fine character of neatness. The buildings are all of rough stone and are not divided into apartments; the windows and doors are bung with matting, giving testimony of an absence of thieves. A little to one side, upon a knoll, is the house of the king, or chief. It is much like the others, except that it is larger, a chamber in front serving as an executive-room, where the king disposes of the business of his rulership.

Into this audience-room we were led, and presently the king himself appeared. He was dressed with more barbaric profusion than his subjects; about his neck and in his ears were many fine pieces of jewelry of gold and silver, evidently the work of European artisans, but worn with a complete disregard of their original purpose. The king, a large, strong, and handsome man, received us with a kindly smile; if ever a human face showed kindness of heart, it was his. He had us to understand at once that we were most welcome, that he sympathized with us in our distress, and that all our wants should be attended to until means should be found for restoring us to our country, or sending us whithersoever else we might desire to go. "It was not at all likely," he said (for he spoke German a little), "that any vessel from the outside world would ever visit the island, as it appeared to be unknown to navigators, and it was a law upon the island that the inhabitants of none of the other islands should approach." At certain times of the moon, however, he sent a boat to an island, many leagues away, to hear some rare products of his people in exchange for other commodities, and should we so desire, we might be taken, one at a time, in the boat, and thus eventually be put in the way of passing vessels. With what appeared to be an embarrassed hesitation, he informed us that he was compelled to impose a certain mild restraint upon us—one which, he hurried to add, would in no way interfere with our comfort or pleasure. This was that we be kept apart from his people, as they were simple and happy, and he feared that association with us would bring discontent among them. Their present condition had come about solely through the policy of complete isolation which had been followed in the past.

We received this communication with a delight which we took no pains to hide; and the king seemed touched by our expressions of gratitude. So in a little while we were established as a colony about three miles from the town, the quick hands of the natives having made for us, out of poles, matting, and thatch, a sufficient number of houses for our comfort; and the king placed at our disposal a large acreage for our use, if we should desire to help ourselves with farming; for which purpose an intelligent native was sent to instruct us. It was on the tenth day of May, 1853, that we went upon the island, and the fourteenth when we went into colony.

I can not pause to give any further description of this beautiful island and our delightful surroundings; but must hasten away to a relation of the terrible things which presently befell us. We had been upon the island about a month, when the king (who had been to visit us twice) sent a messenger to say that a boat would leave on the morrow, and that if any one of

us wished to go, he could be taken. The messenger said that the king's best judgment was that the sickly ones ought to go first, as, in the event of serious illness, it would be better that they should die at home. We overlooked this singular and savage way of stating the case, for our sense of gratitude to the king was so great that the expression of a slight wish from him was as binding upon us as law. Hence from our number we selected John Foley, a carpenter of Boston, as the hardships of the voyage had developed in him a quick consumption, and he had no family or relatives in the colony, as many others of us had. The poor fellow was overcome with gratitude, and he left us the happiest man I ever saw.

I must now mention a very singular thing, which upon the departure of Foley was given a conspicuous place in our notice. We were in a roomy valley, which was nearly surrounded by perpendicular walls of great height, and from no accessible point was the sea visible. On several occasions some of the younger men had sought to leave the valley for the shore, but at each attempt the native guards set over us had suddenly appeared at the few natural passes which nature had left in the wall, and kindly but firmly had turned our young men back, saying that it was the king's wish we should not leave the valley. The older heads among us discouraged these attempts to escape, holding them to be breaches of faith and hospitality; but the knowledge of being absolute prisoners weighed upon us nevertheless, and became more and more irksome. When, therefore, our companion was taken away, an organized movement in force was made among the young men to gain an elevated position commanding a view of the sea, in order to observe the direction taken by Foley's boat. The plan was to divide into bodies and move simultaneously upon all the points of egress, and overcome, without any resort to violence, the two or three guards who had been seen at those points. When our men arrived at these places they encountered the small number it was customary to see, and were pushing their way through, when suddenly there appeared a strong body of natives, who drew their heavy swords and assumed so threatening an attitude that our men lost no time in retreating. A report of this occurrence was made to the colony, each of the parties of young men having had an exactly similar experience. While there appeared to be no good ground for the feeling of uneasiness which spread throughout the colony, a sense of oppression came over the stronger ones and of fear over the weaker; and, a council having been held, it was decided to ask an explanation of the king.

Other things of some interest had happened; among them a surreptitious acquiring of considerable knowledge of the island language by me. For this reason, I was chosen an ambassador to the king. My mission was a failure, as the king, though gracious, informed me that this plan was necessary in securing complete isolation from his people; and he instructed me to tell my people that any member of our colony found beyond the lines would be punished with death. In addition to this, the king, seemingly hurt that we should have questioned the propriety of his actions, said that thenceforward he himself would make the selections of our people for deportation. The man's evident superiority of character impressed me with no little effect, and the sincerity with which he regarded us as belonging to a race inferior to his in mental and moral strength, confounded me and placed me at disadvantage. When I took the news to the colony, a mood bordering upon hopelessness came upon our people. The ones of hasty temper suggested a revolt and a seizure of the island; but this was so insane an idea that it was put away; once.

Not long afterward, the king sent for Absalom Maywood, one of our young men, unmarried, but with a mother among us. Maywood, at first very low with scurvy on the brig, he drifted into other ailments, and was now an invalid and much wasted. I will not dwell upon the pathetic parting between him and his aged mother, nor upon the deeper gloom that fell upon the colony. What was becoming of these men? No might know whether they were taken and none could grieve their after-fate. Behind our efforts to be cheerful and industrious there were heavy hearts, and possibly thoughts and feelings that dared not seek expression.

The third man was taken—still a sickly one—this time consumptive farmer, named Jackson; and some time afterward a fourth, an elderly woman, with a cancer; she was named Mrs. Lyons, formerly a milliner in South Boston. Then the patience and hope which had sustained us gave way and we were in a condition close upon despair. It was then that the cooler ones among the men assembled quietly and debated what to do. Our captain, a man quiet, brave, still the leader in our councils, and always advising patience and obedience, presided at this meeting. There was one dreadful thought upon every mind, but no man had the courage to bring it forth; but after there had been some discussion without any profit, Captain Campbell made this speech:

"My friends, it does not become us longer to seek to conceal the thought which all of us have, and which, sooner or later, must be spoken. It is a matter of common knowledge that upon many of the islands of these seas there exists a horrible practice of cannibalism."

Not a word was spoken for a long time, and all were glad that it had come out at last. Not one man looked at his neighbor or dared raise his glance from the ground, and there was a weight upon the hearts of all.

"Nevertheless," resumed the captain, "it is extremely difficult to believe that this evil is upon us, for you must have noticed that only the lean and sickly ones have been taken and surely this can not mean cannibalism."

Some had not thought of this, and they looked up quickly with brighter faces; whereupon Captain Campbell proceeded:

"You must have noticed, however, that all of the sickly have gone, and this brings a new situation upon us. I have an idea, which I will not give expression to now, if my desire in calling you together was to determine its correctness or falsity. For this purpose, some man of daring agility must risk his life."

Nearly every man present made offer of his services, the captain shook his head and begged them all to remain quiet.

"It is essential," he added, "that this man understand the language, and I fear there is not one among you."

Each man, taken aback, looked at his neighbor and then all at me, as I stepped forward. The captain regarded me gratefully, and said:

"Let there now be a binding of secrecy among us, for the others of the colony must not know now, and perhaps never. If our fear find a ground in truth, there is all the greater reason for keeping these matters secret among ourselves. Is that well understood? Then, Mr. Keating, the plan is this: When the next one of us is taken, you are by strategy, but in no event by violence, to escape from this imprisonment and discover the fate of that one and make report to us."

A week afterward (these things occurring now with greater frequency) Lemuel Arthur, a young man of twenty-two, was taken away about one o'clock in the afternoon. My whole plan having been studied out, I arrayed myself in the style of the natives, stained my skin with ochre, blackened my eyebrows and hair with a mixture of soot and tallow, and without difficulty slipped by the guards and found myself at large and free upon the island. I gained a high point and saw no sign of a boat making ready to put off. When darkness had come I descended to the village. I kept upon the outskirts and remained as much as possible in shadow. I dared not talk with any one, but I could listen; and presently I learned something that made my heart stand still.

"It has been so long since we had one," said a native to his fellow.

"Yes; and this one will be delicious. They say he is young and fat. Why, we have not touched any since the four men and their woman with the jewelry came upon the island from a wreck."

"True; but this one will not go around among so many of us—many must go without."

"What of that? Those not supplied now will have all the keener relish when their turn comes. All that are left now are good and fat, as the king has taken away all the lean and sickly ones. He would not allow the people to touch them, although some of them begged very hard. So, to make sure, their bodies were placed in the kiln."

So heavy a sickness fell upon me when I heard this that I was near upon a betrayal of my presence; and certainly I lost some of the talk which these men were having. Presently I realized that nothing indicating a horrible fate for my friends had been said—my own fears were sufficient to give a frightful color to their language. When I looked about me again they were gone, and so with much caution I moved to another part of the town, keeping always in shadow. At a certain place I heard another conversation, as follows:

"Does he know what they will do with him?"

"No; but he fears something. He does not understand the language. He tried to get away this afternoon to go to the sea-shore, where he thought the boat was waiting, and when they made an effort to keep him quiet he became very angry."

"What did they do then?"

"They took him to the king, who was so kind that the young man became quiet. Our king is so gentle and kind, and they always believe what he tells them; whereupon the fellow broke into a hearty laugh."

"And do the others suspect nothing?"

"There is doubt about that. Kololu, the farmer, has reported that they appear uneasy and disturbed, and hold secret meetings."

"What do you think they would do if they should discover everything?"

"Revolt, I think, for they appear to be fighters."

"But they have no arms, and we are more than a hundred to one."

"That is true, and so no lives would be lost on either side. After the revolt they would merely be kept in closer confinement, and no harm would come in the end. They could be taken one at a time, as is the present intention."

"They might refuse to eat enough, and hence become lean."

"That would come about surely, but it would last only for a time; for you have noticed that even our own people, when condemned, though they lose flesh at first, invariably become reconciled to their end, and at last become fatter than ever."

The words of this man, who was evidently a functionary of the king, inspired me with so great a horror that I could bear to hear no more; so I moved away, considering whether I should return to the colony and report what I had heard already or remain to see this ghastly tragedy to its end. As here was nothing to be gained by returning at once, I decided to stay, for through the horror of it all might come some suggestion of a means of deliverance.

I soon became aware, by the making of all the people toward a certain quarter, that something of unusual importance was upon foot; so as best I could I worked my way around to the point of convergence, which was in the neighborhood of the king's house, and there I saw an extraordinary preparation under way. A large bonfire was burning in an open place; standing around it, in a circle having a generous radius, were hundreds of the strange half-savages of the island, kept at their proper distance by an armed patrol; in a clear space at one side on higher ground was an elevated seat, which I surmised was reserved for the king. Manifestly, matter of some importance was to be attended to, having kely a ceremonious character. The most curious feature of all this affair was the activity of a number of workers engaged in dragging large hot stones from the fire and arranging them in the form of an oblong mound. This mound had no peculiar feature—a hollow space, about six feet long and two feet wide, was left along its length, and the men, under the instructions of a leader, were fashioning it to a depth approaching two feet, all the stones being very hot and difficult to handle.

While they were still at work, the great repressed excitement under which the people labored found an excuse for expression in the arrival of the king, who, tricked out in unusual finery, walked solemnly ahead of his attendants to his elevated seat. Then he gave an order which, from my distance,

I could not hear. I pushed a little closer under the safety which the occasion lent, and overheard this conversation:

"How many will get some of it?"

"Only forty, I hear. You know the women are not allowed to have it."

"Yes."

"The leading men will be supplied. It makes them strong and wise. The next one will be given to sixty of the men who carry swords."

"And the next after that?"

"Two more of the swordsmen; and so on until they all have had some, and then the common people will be taken in like rotation, but given a smaller allowance."

At this juncture, a strange procession moved from the king's house. It was led by two priests chanting dolefully; behind them walked four men, armed with curious implements—flails, no doubt. Then came four warriors, and behind them, firmly bound and completely naked, walked my young friend, Arthur; after him came six warriors. Arthur's white skin showed in strong contrast to that of the brown men around him. His face was very pale, and his eyes, staring wide, swept a quick glance around for a stray hope.

The group stopped in front of the king; the natives faced and made an obeisance and awaited further orders. Before all this had been done, a man in front of me said to another:

"Those hot stones will cool, I fear."

"There is no danger; they will keep their heat a long time. If they were too hot, they would burn it."

"True."

"They are much too hot now, but it will be some time before they will be needed."

"Will they use the sword first, as they did with those who had the jewelry?"

"No; the best part then was spilled. This is a new idea of the king's. The flails will do just as well and will make it very tender besides. Our king is a wise man."

By this time young Arthur (the king having given his order) was surrounded by the armed men, and between him and them were the four who carried flails. His hands had been bound to a strong post sunk in the ground. The king raised his hand as a signal, and the four men brought down their flails with moderate force upon Arthur's naked body. These implements were heavy, and evidently care was taken not to break the skin. When the poor fellow felt the blows, he shrank and quivered, but uttered no sound. They fell again.

What was I doing all this time? What was I thinking? I do not know; but when the second blows had been delivered and Arthur had cried out in his agony, I sprang through the encircling line of savages, dashed into the midst of the group surrounding the prisoner, snatched a sword from a warrior, cut Arthur's bonds, and told him to run for his life, leaped upon the king and split his head in twain, turned, caught my dazed young friend by the hand, and fled at full speed with him into the darkness. Never had been a surprise more complete—the people had seen one of their own number, as they supposed, free the prisoner and murder their king. Soon there came a howl, and some started in pursuit; but—there was the body of the king! there was no longer authority, their expectations had been aroused and then disappointed—our pursuers fell off, one by one, and the others, thus discouraged, gave up the chase. We ran to the shore, found a boat, and put out to sea.

We are free—we two; but to what purpose? We have no idea of the direction of the land; we are without food; we dare not return to our friends, for only in the desperate hope of our finding land can there be the least encouragement for their rescue. We have rowed all night; it is now well into the following afternoon; we have had nothing to eat or drink, and we are beginning to suffer; we both are naked and the sun seemingly will burn us up. I therefore make this record with material which I had been prudent enough to provide for such an emergency, and I shall now give it to the sea, with such earnest prayers for its discovery as can come only from a most unhappy human being in a desperate extremity.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1890. W. C. MORROW.

From "The Poetical Works of Bret Harte," published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, 1876:

SAN FRANCISCO FROM THE SEA.

Serene, indifferent of Fate,
Thou sittest at the Western Gate;

Upon thy heights, so lately won,
Still slant the banners of the sun;

Thou seest the white seas strike their tents,
O Warder of two Continents! . . .

From verses printed in the *San Francisco Call* of May 11th, 1890, signed by Louise Francine Welcker:

SAN FRANCISCO FROM THE SEA.

Calm, indifferent of Fate,
Queen city of the Golden Gate.

Upon thy hills, when day is done,
Still slant the banners of the sun.

Thou seest the white waves strike their tents,
O keeper of both continents. . . .

Not a line that we have seen has appeared in any San Francisco paper about a bill that has passed both houses of the New York legislature—a bill consolidating the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Yonkers, Long Island City, and several other towns and cities. Manhattan, as the new city would probably be called—which, by the way, is much more euphonious and American than the hybrid name New York—would contain something over three million five hundred thousand souls (says the *Boston Globe*). This would make the metropolis of the New World very nearly the size of London and very much larger than any other city on earth. In a generation it would outstrip the great English metropolis and hold the first place among the largest cities of the world. The bill now awaits the signature of the governor.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

A syndicate of rich Hamburgers have given to Prince Bismarck two estates at Friedrichsruhe, to round out his property symmetrically.

In describing a magnificent country-place near New York, the *World* says: "In general terms, the house is the most magnificent in America. John W. Mackay's house in California cost a little more, it is said, but does not rival Rockwood Hall in any other respect." Where is Mackay's "house in California"?

Domenico Cappeletto, a journalist of Padua, Italy, sent his newspaper an account of his own suicide and then shut himself in a room, lighted a charcoal fire, and underwent asphyxiation. In a foot-note, he advised the editor to print one hundred extra copies, as he thought there would be an unusual demand for the paper on account of his death.

It will be interesting to see what Emin Pasha does with the vast store of presents which he has taken with him to gild annexation pills which native kings and chiefs were to have swallowed. The list included toy cannons, gunpowder, helmets, carpets, breast-plates, silver plate, velvet robes, mechanical toys, Edison phonographic dolls, model steam-engines and steamboats, one sewing-machine, and a clockwork bear.

William Dean Howells lives in an apartment-house in Boston. Mr. Howells is devoted to out-of-door rambles amid the pleasant suburbs, and to long walks through the crooked streets of the old part of the city. Mrs. Howells has great talent for painting. Since the death of their eldest daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Howells live quite a retired life. A charming coterie, however, of personal and literary friends, have made Boston attractive and pleasant for the novelist and his family.

Mr. Robert C. Winthrop was told by the young door-keeper of Congress the other day that he must not go upon the floor of the House, as that privilege was confined to members and ex-members. "Oh, yes," said Mr. Winthrop, "I have the privilege of the floor. I was a senator once, but probably before your time. I am also an ex-speaker of the House." Then he good-naturedly told the young man who he was. Mr. Winthrop filled the unexpired term of Daniel Webster.

King Milan, now called Count de Takovo, has leased the house once occupied by Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg for ten years, at the rate of eight thousand dollars a year, and he enjoys life as a typical Frenchman is supposed to do. He is a member of the Jockey Club, also of the Cercle de la Rue Royale, and in these clubs he allows no one to call him "majesty," but is satisfied with a simple "monsieur." The French are wondering where and how he disposes of the many precious gems that are sent from the shops to his home.

In 1878 (says the *National Zeitung*), Prince Bismarck was on his way from Friedrichsruhe to Berlin. At a small station Von Caprivi took the same train and was introduced to the chancellor by a common acquaintance. Bismarck and Caprivi conversed earnestly together all the rest of the way to Berlin. In the evening of the same day Bismarck said to a friend who called at the chancellor's palace to welcome him back to town: "I have often thought about my successor and wondered who he would be. To-day I met him."

Johann Orth, the former Archduke of Austria, left London, a few days ago, for the countries of South America bordering on the Plate River, with his vessel, the *St. Margarethe*. After disposing of a miscellaneous cargo, Herr Orth will sail for Chile, where he will reload his ship with saltpetre. Before starting on his travels, Herr Orth spent some time in Hamburg. He succeeded in making arrangements with several large firms for the disposal of many tons of saltpetre, which is now extensively used in Germany, France, and Belgium in the manufacture of smokeless powder. The *St. Margarethe* carries the Austro-Hungarian flag, and is under direct command of Captain Sardin, a Dalmatian.

Edmund Yates tells this curious story, now current in Berlin: "Emperor William, some weeks ago, sent in an anonymous essay to the annual competition of the general staff, which Count Waldersee not only criticised, but ridiculed. The emperor, who was present, became so excited that General von Caprivi, who was listening, began to suspect his majesty must be the author, and he at once proceeded to support the ideas of the writer, which he eulogized, describing the essay as in every way admirable. The emperor then disclosed the secret and begged Count Waldersee to tell him candidly whether General von Caprivi had convinced him that his majesty's views were correct, the result being that the count repeated his former observations, but in milder terms. Then the emperor could not conceal his anger, the result being that the count went to Italy for a holiday, and probably it was General von Caprivi's appreciation of his majesty's essay which first recommended him for the position of chancellor."

On his accession, the present Czar, Alexander the Third, declared his determination to accept as a sacred heritage the constitution which his ill-fated father had signed, and to do his utmost to realize it. His imperial majesty even went so far at the time as to appoint a commission, under Count Loris Melikoff, for the preparation of preliminary laws. All was being satisfactorily arranged, in council, and the proceedings were nearing their close, when M. de Nabokoff entered in a state of great excitement and announced that he was the bearer of an imperial decree. This document was read to the assembled statesmen. It proved to be no other than the Czar's decision to abide steadfastly by the old régime, and to keep unlimited power in his own royal hands. Words fail to describe the effect this astounding intelligence produced. Loris Melikoff was the first to rise. "Gentlemen," said he, "which of us is a scoundrel?" whereupon, amid the prevailing tumult, the Privy-Councillor Pobedonoszeff declared that he, by his majesty's command, had expressed his views on the question at stake, and was pleased to have gained their hearing. The assembly dispersed, and the plan of a new constitution was at once shelved.

THEY BLUSH UNSEEN.

But "Van Gryse" says the Over-Modest Maidens Suffer Agony.

Some days ago, at an afternoon reunion of a large and charming family, I was called upon to witness the painful spectacle of an exceedingly shy and nervous child, forced by parental command into singing a song before the company of its aunts and uncles. The child suffered intensely. It was evidently of a shrinking and docile disposition, and, fearing to disobey its father's order, rose trembling and broke forth into a nursery ditty in a thin, tremulous little voice, full of tears and pathos. Everybody was uneasy. The stern parent, annoyed at his offspring's lack of success, was unrelenting in exacting the fulfillment of his command. The child, with the desperation of a nervous nature driven to bay, went doggedly on to the end, its eyes fixed on a picture on the wall, its voice momentarily growing more uncertain. Probably singing by itself in the seclusion of its sunny nursery, its little, thin, sweet voice had sounded exquisitely fresh and pure, and its performance had seemed a thing to be heard and approved of men, but singing thus it was only horrible to both performer and listener. When the last notes died away, the stricken warbler rushed toward its mother and cast itself weeping upon her shoulder. An adjacent lady, turning toward her companion, said in an undertone:

"It is as much as the manners of a shy child are worth to make it go through a torment like that."

And this again suggested the question: "What happens to the shy children?" Here in New York—whatever it may be in other places—every other child you meet is consumed with an attractive and overshadowing bashfulness under which the sufferer can hardly lift its head. Dumbness is the usual form it takes. All attempts to open conversation are met with a baffling silence, even that leading question, generally so successful with the young of the human species: "What is your name, my dear?" elicits no response. The little golden-bellied fairy, who, twelve years from now will be the great belle of the Four Hundred, with enough *savoir-faire* to manage a score of lovers, has to-day the greatest difficulty in muttering a nervous "yes" or "no" under the drooping curls of her yellow hair. Almost all of us, going back over our own recollections, can recall a time when this same youthful coyness marked us for its own and cast a blight over our young life. Where is it now? When your *vis-à-vis* at dinner says to you: "Please pass the mustard," do you still turn scarlet up to your pompadour or your bang, as the case may be? When you enter a room in which there are two or three gathered together, does it still seem to you that, in Napoleon's words, "the eyes of all Europe are upon you," seeming to be on the outlook for all your deficiencies?

To repeat—what *does* happen to the shy children? Has any one, even in America, seen a shy young lady? Never—they are as rare as dead mules. Great travelers in this republic of ours report a case or two of a bashful young man blushing unseen in Oshkosh and Podunk, but all such are freaks of nature, horrible monstrosities, strange births, like two-headed nightingales or six-legged hens. The average American youth and maiden have enough—according to the vocabulary obtaining in the portion of the country where they live—*savoir-faire*, cool nerve, frozen gall, self-poise, brazen cheek, grand air, common sand, and graceful ease to cover the rest of the earth and lap over on the edges.

And yet all the shy children, like the sickly savages, do not die. They show as strong an inclination to survive as the first among the fittest. They seem to slough their shyness as a snake does its skin, to drop it off them as the French bather drops her bath-robe on the verge of the sea. Some outgrow it gradually, with obvious pain and struggle; some kick it away of a sudden, like a shoe that pinches. A girl who, at sixteen, is speechless and blushes as she breathes, at eighteen is capable of conducting one conversation and listening to another—than which no greater test of a master-mind, thoroughly purged of all bashfulness, can be met with in the entire curriculum of society. The feeling that made her silent and awkward and self-conscious seems to have gone out, like the light of a candle in a wind. There is not a trace, a recollection of it left. Where is it? Can an attribute, which evinces itself so strongly in childhood, be entirely eradicated in so short a time? Can any one change his temperament to that extent? And this defect of extreme surface sensibility is as much a part of the nature possessing it as the leopard's spots are of his hide or the Ethiop's color of his skin.

It does not die or disappear, it merely is forced into another channel. The shy man or woman, though pressed into the first rank of the struggle, is a shy man or woman until death. It is ingrained in them, built into their bones, fused into their blood. They can no more get rid of it than they can change the color of their eyes or the shape of their fingers. But they can modify it, train it into other ways, hide it, cover it up, like an ugly stain. Every one possessing it does these things. It seems to be regarded as a blight, a sort of discreditable birth-mark. You never meet people who will admit that they still suffer when they are brought suddenly before the public eye or introduced to a stranger, but they will all tell you what torments they underwent in their childhood and how valiantly they have overcome them.

Almost all odd, eccentric, or remarkable manners rise from shyness, and here in New York, where freaks in manners are as numerous as freaks in dime-museums, the bashful man and woman have their home. A stranger, especially a Western stranger, mingling much in society, is immediately struck by the number of people—principally young women—who have most haughty and repellent manners. The inexperienced one will set this down either to excessive pride of position, or a bad attack of angomania; the English lady of fashion being cold enough to act as an ice-cream freezer. Americans from other quarters of the country can not reconcile this chilly and unresponsive demeanor with a preconceived notion of the geniality and warmth of our people, and leave New York with the sweeping dictum that "it has become such a cosmopolitan

city that even the young women get their manners from abroad, and very uncongenial manners they are.

But these young ladies are merely the shy children grown up. It would never do for them to grow up awkward and clumsy, with dumb tongues and hanging heads. They learn this very soon, and strive to hide their failing. The easiest way of doing it is by acting the *grande dame*, for the silence of a splendid-looking young woman may be set down as the silence of a great hauteur and not the silence of a person whose forehead is bedewed with drops of agony because she can think of nothing to say. It would be gall and wormwood to their fashion-loving spirits to be looked upon as speechless and dull from an excessive nervous sensitiveness, but they can bear being looked upon as icy, forbidding, and disdainful, for these are attributes permissible in the swim.

The lives of these shy creatures are anything but pleasant. They are rarely popular, because they offend people with their apparent disdain. Under a repose of manner which is simply magnificent, they suffer untold agonies of bashfulness. Upon an introduction, they can not think of anything to say outside the ordinary commonplaces, and men leave them, annoyed, finding them so unresponsive and stupid. No one suspects what is really the cause—for you would as soon suspect the Pyramids of getting up and balancing to corners as suppose that one of these splendid creatures, with her haughty, magnificent air and stately carriage, was terrified to death of you, and was enduring torments in trying to keep up her end of the conversation. You leave them angry and aggrieved, your pride hurt in the thought that they have either considered you too small game to try a shot at, or condemned you as stupid by the mere glance of your eye. Naturally you never tackle one of them again, and you tell other and less timorous swains of your experience, and that bearding the lion in his den is not a circumstance to getting a response out of Miss Jones.

The poor sufferer seems to be a sort of destroying angel, who spreads discomfort in her wake. She exhales a chill and penetrating air which banishes all warmth and brightness. She is like the ghost in the weird tale, upon whose appearance all the lights grew gradually dim and the color and glow were slowly seen to die out of the fire. When she appears at a dinner—cold, majestic, severe, haughty—she makes every one feel uncomfortable and uneasy. When people on either hand try to engage her in conversation, she answers shortly but politely, as though she preferred being let alone, and found general conversation a bore. No one can scintillate for her pleasure, for a good and responsive listener is absolutely necessary for the inspiration of wit. Momus could not be merry under the steady, unswerving look of a pair of large, bovine, lustreless blue eyes, which express nothing but blank dullness. And all the time the owner of the eyes is suffering silently but intensely, wishing herself home, and filled with disgust at the effect she sees herself producing.

A girl whose name almost weekly adorns the society columns of different papers, whose father and mother are in the vanguard of the Four Hundred, who herself, with good looks and money and position, is the envied of the unknowing, is one of the most unfortunate of these afflicted beings. Those who have known her since her childhood, know her to be bright, full of originality and charm, fond of books, and unusually highly educated, but painfully bashful. When she was eighteen she came out. The high social position and great wealth of her family, combined with the fact that she was the only daughter of that generation, forced her into the front rank of the very gayest, most brilliant, most dashing society. She suffered at her first balls much as the victim suffers before execution. She was too conscious of the absurdity of her weakness to dare to acknowledge it to any one, and setting her teeth she went desperately in. With the air of a princess, she endures the pangs of a nervousness which would not be felt by an ordinary cook or lady's-maid placed suddenly in the same position. Very few people like her, because it is generally supposed that she is the possessor of a supreme and unbending pride, and that she gives herself the most absurd airs. And all this of a girl who is the most gentle, simple-minded, docile creature in the world.

NEW YORK, May 9, 1890.

VAN GRYSE.

Occasionally some relic-seeking lunatic escapes from his keeper and commits depredations. A person of this class visited Springfield, Illinois, the other day, and mutilated the marble sarcophagus inclosed within the catacomb of the Lincoln monument. Reaching through the iron grating with a heavy cane, he knocked off a piece of the marble, raked it out, and carried it away. As this is only the last of a series of similar acts of vandalism, a stout iron-fence is to be put around the monument to protect it.

Bruno Gansel, of Chicago, has the sleigh in which Napoleon made his flight from Russia in 1812. It is an ancient and worm-eaten affair, little care having been bestowed on it of late years, and attached to it are three little silver bells. Napoleon rode in this vehicle to a little Silesian town, where he exchanged it with Gansel's father for a light traveling coach. Gansel has documents attesting the genuineness of the sleigh.

This remark of Dr. A. Golovina, of Varna, Bulgaria, himself a Christian, on his co-religionists, is curious: "The Turkish population of Bulgaria, instead of increasing, is diminishing daily, which is a pity, as it is a good race—industrious and honest, and much more elevated than the Greek-Bulgarians, who are drunkards and usually people devoid of all morals."

The woman reporter who is trying to get admission to the press gallery of the House of Commons has got so far along as a statement by the speaker that there is no law to prevent her being admitted there. It was coupled, however, with the remark that as there was also no law to admit her there it might be just as well to let things stand as they are for the present.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Fairies.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rusky glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkilb he crosses;
On his stately journeys
From Slievejoe to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig one up in spite,
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rusky glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

—William Allingham.

Castles in the Air.

The bonnie, bonnie bairn, who sits poking in the ase,
Glowering in the fire with his wee round face;
Laughing at the fuffin' lowe, what sees he there?
Ha! the young dreamer's bigging castles in the air.
His wee chubby face and his touzie curly pow,
Are laughing and nodding to the dancing lowe;
He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe his sunny hair,
Glowering at the imps wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towering to the moon!
He sees little sogers pu'ing them a' doun!
Worlds whonbling up and down, bleezing wi' a flare,
See how he lous! as they glimmer in the air.
For a' ase sage he looks, what can the laddie ken?
He's thinking upon naething, like mony mighty men.
A wee thing makes us think, a sma' thing makes us stare,
There are mair folk than him bigging castles in the air.

Sie a night in winter may weel mak him cauld:
His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak him auld;
His brow is brent ase braid, oh, pray that daddy Care
Would let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air.
He'll glower at the fire! and he'll keek at the light!
But mony sparkling stars are swallow'd up by night;
Aulder een than his are glamour'd by a glare,
Hearts are broken, heads are turn'd, wi' castles in the air.

—James Ballantyne.

Fairy Days.

Beside the old hall-fire—upon my nurse's knee,
Of happy fairy days—what tales were told to me!
I thought the world was once—all peopled with princesses,
And my heart would beat to hear—their loves and their distresses;
And many a quiet night—in slumber sweet and deep,
The pretty fairy people—would visit me in sleep.

I saw them in my dreams—come flying east and west,
With wondrous fairy gifts—the new-born babe they bless'd:
One has brought a jewel—and one a crown of gold,
And one has brought a curse—but she is wrinkled and old.
The gentle queen turns pale—to hear those words of sin,
But the king he only laughs—and bids the dance begin.

The babe has grown to be—the fairest of the land,
And rides the forest green—a hawk upon her hand,
An anbling palfrey white—a golden robe and crown:
I've seen her in my dreams—riding up and down:
And heard the ogre laugh—as she fell into his snare,
At the little tender creature—who wept and tore her hair!

But ever when it seemed—her need was at the sorest,
A prince in shining mail—comes prancing through the forest
A waving ostrich-plume—a buckler burnished bright;
I've seen him in my dreams—good sooth! a gallant knight.
His lips are coral red—beneath a dark mustache;
See how he waves his hand—and how his blue eyes flash!

"Come forth, thou Paynim knight!"—he shouts in accents clear
The giant and the maid—both tremble his voice to hear.
Saint Mary guard him well!—he draws his falchion keen,
The giant and the knight—are fighting on the green.
I see them in my dreams—his blade gives stroke on stroke,
The giant pants and reels—and tumbles like an oak!

With what a blushing grace—he falls upon his knee
And takes the lady's hand—and whispers, "You are free!"
Ah! happy childish tales—of knight and fairie!
I waken from my dreams—but there's ne'er a knight for me
I waken from my dreams—and wish that I could be
A child by the old hall-fire—upon my nurse's knee!

—W. M. Thackeray.

An American bar and a winter-garden on the roof of the new premises of the Pelican Club in Soho, is the latest London idea.

PARISIAN NOTES.

"Parisina's" Budget of Gossip from Lutetia.

The Concours Hippique is over and we miss it dreadfully. If the weather were fine it would not so much matter, but it has been either too wet or too cold for driving save in a closed brougham—and what pleasure is that for a woman, her dress being entirely concealed? There are people, of course, who attend these meetings for the sake of the riding, though certainly nine-tenths of the spectators bestow as much attention on the company in the tribunes as they do on the lists. They like to be seen there themselves, moreover; the "Hippique" is the fashion. It is also the great toilet show of April, and has been this season particularly rich in millinery. Such hats! The brims of some, I am sure, must have measured eighteen inches from stem to stem. I counted twenty-four ostrich-tips on one of these erections, and a dozen full-blown roses on another, with foliage and huds in proportion. Fortunately, they were generally made of lace or fancy straw, or the wearers might as well have been seated underneath open umbrellas for all those behind would have seen of them. And the men patronize the *promenoir* at the hack in preference to the seats, so possibility of recognition is important. The *femmes du monde* use the *promenoir* merely as a means of access and egress to the different places—happy are those who can command a seat in the reserved boxes—whereas *les belles petites* hover about on the skirts of the henchmen. As you know, each member and subscriber has a certain number of ladies' cards at his disposal, but they are anonymous, or they would not be quite so generous with them in certain sets. If Mlle. Chose, or Mme. Trois Etoiles, exhibited the name of the donor on the piece of red pasteboard dangling from her bodice, it might be awkward for him. This year the riders in pink divided the honors with the military; fewer horsemen than usual tasted the humid depths of the rivulet, and the general opinion is that the *concours* was an unmitigated success.

One afternoon, as I was wending my way toward the palace, I met a procession of *fiacres* issuing therefrom—cowslip-yellow vehicles drawn by very passable specimens of horse-flesh and driven by coachmen habited in conventional garb of gray with shiny white hats. There is something ridiculous in the idea of a Paris cab as a candidate for a prize, and the spectacle excited some laughter among the by-standers, which did not, however, seem to disturb the equanimity of the jehus, who whipped up their animals and smiled contemptuously from the height of their box-seats; those who had won a *fiacre* of *rubans* looking particularly high and mighty. Let the common crowd laugh their loudest, cabby wins. The *fiacre* is the fashion. Yes; you may well open your eyes, the *fiacre* is no longer vulgar and despised. Some needy nundane, with more brains than brass, and more bounce than brains, decided that it would be a very swell, very *fin-de-siècle*, as well as an economical thing, to hire a cab by the month, and so have done at once with extortionate livery-table-keepers and the worse troubles of proprietorship, and the idea was such a good one that others followed suit.

There is nothing like your regular worldling for tricks of his sort. See how he has taken up with the cheap restaurant. Five years ago he would rather have dined on a enny roll—when cash fell short—than have demeaned himself by going to Duval's; but some knowing pioneer set the fashion for cheap dining-houses, other companies have been tarted, and there is a perfect fungus-growth of these establishments all over the city. Madame deals at the Bon Marché or the Louvre; Monsieur tools about in a yellow ah, driven by a coachman in a white hat, and contents himself with a dollar dinner—thus are democratic principles making headway under the Third Republic.

A new way of extorting money out of long-suffering subscribers to charities, funds, etc., has been imported into Paris from London; it is a decided aggravation on the old system—if one looks at it from the subscriber's point of view—but it is a wonderful invention for collecting large sums with small donations. In London it is called the "A-B-C" system; in Paris it is picturesquely likened to the snowball which gets bigger and bigger as it rolls. Some enterprising philanthropist wishes, let us say, to start one; he writes a note, which he numbers No. 1, begging friend to give fifty centimes and to send two letters in the same style (only with No. 2) to two of his friends; the latter each write in the same way to two others, and that is series No. 3; this multiplication goes on till series No. 16 is reached. And then comes the implicated part of the affair—the paying of each individual by centimes, which is a heavy job. The donations of series No. 16 amount to thirty-two thousand and some odd francs; this money filters back through the persons who have sent 15, 14, and so on, till the whole is collected in the hands of the starter of this gigantic concern. Now this may be a good idea, and the writing part of it seems simple enough, but when that is done the paying is quite an undertaking. Why, one would have to keep a regular banking account to see that every one paid up his pence in due time. The worst of it is, too, that it is sufficient if one person could hack out, for the whole subscription to crumble down like a pack of cards. All Paris was eager at first to take up these "houles de neige," and quite as eager to hang on to one; however, this ardor has cooled down considerably since then, and nowadays everybody who is the slightest thing in the world to do, turns tail and flies when he hears the words *boule de neige* mentioned.

An important event in the Parisian literary world this week has been the publication of a work by M. Auguste Vacquerie, which he styles a "drama," though it is really an immense philosophical poem. The author has been preparing and tinkering over it ever since the last few years of the Empire—it is to say about twenty years. The idea of the poem is somewhat curious; it is modeled on the second part of Goethe's "Faust," and the heroine is Futura, a daughter of Faust himself and of Helen of Troy—a rather startling union most people will say, but if you read the prologue, you will

find that it is the marriage of Science—i. e., Faust—with Beauty. Their child is a sort of vague representation of the ultimate perfection which the poet believes, or hopes, mankind will attain. A subject of this scope opens up, as you perceive, an almost unlimited field for speculation, and M. Auguste Vacquerie has, indeed, in his poem touched upon politics, morals, abstract philosophy; he has introduced into verse most of the momentous questions which all thinkers put to themselves in the nineteenth century, but does not, as you probably suspect already, venture so far as to give a satisfactory answer. In politics, M. Vacquerie is an absolute Republican, for one of the characters in his drama, styled The Soldier, and who is the incarnation of all that is savage, blood-thirsty, and destructive, is named at one moment Emperor, and he is afterward upset and condemned to death, but saved by Futura, for M. Vacquerie does not go the length of beheading monarchs. He has written a goodly number of lines—and fine ones, too—upon education, and all the papers have published some stanzas which he puts into the mouth of a traveler, rebuking a child who refuses to learn, and telling him that he is wrong in longing to be free and to see the world, for he who travels most is he who traverses the whole range of human thought which he finds in books. The end of the drama is happy, and, at the same time, full of a certain sort of grandeur. Futura has invited all living things to be seated at a banquet—the "banquet of light"—in the time of the millennium, we suppose, as all unhappiness, all sorrow, all wickedness, seem to be banished from this gathering together of the whole world; but while the guests are saying to each other "Everything that lives in the universe is here," the stars are the infinite answer: "Are *we* there?" You see, M. Vacquerie's end is as mystic as the rest of his poem. On the whole, "Futura" is a strange work, full of deep, one might almost say sublime, ideas; its scope is almost universal, yet it is somehow unsatisfactory, inasmuch as it never solves any of the problems the author exposes in its pages.

Awaiting the two Salons to be opened at the Palais de l'Industrie and the Champ de Mars, some minor art-shows have succeeded those at the clubs. All the world was in and out of George Petit's gallery last week to view the collection of pictures and studies exhibited by Mlle. Ahhema. The private show-day was quite a little art solemnity of itself. Louise Ahhema is an indefatigable worker, and there were some thirty oil-paintings, pastels, and water-colors, most of them the result of the labors of this winter, in the course of which she has also painted a large picture for the Salon. If I wanted a small portrait that should bring out all the salient points of physiognomy and he a pleasant likeness withal, I should go to Ahhema. She excels in them. Her portrait of Lesseps was capital. With a pretty face she is equally at home; that of a charming *brune*, in a green jacket and pink chemise, particularly took my fancy. And could anything be more life-like than the young *Boursier*, Roland Gosselin? There is a freedom, too, in her compositions, rarely obtained by a female artist. A delightful picture is that of a flowery dell, overlooking the sea, with a dainty Parisian figure in the foreground, full of light and breadth and air. Some bold sketches of flowers attract special attention—a panel of great red poppies, another of chrysanthemums, and several fans, in which pastel and gouache are cleverly blended. Louise Ahhema's fans are quite the fashion; the Princesse de Joinville owns one, and she, moreover, executed the pastel picture "30 Mai, 1864, et 30 Mai, 1889," which the children of the Comte and Comtesse de Paris gave their parents on their silver wedding-day, and which is also on show at Petit's—views of Château d'Eu and Sbeon House, divided by a branch of roses de France.

PARIS, April 21, 1890.

THE PARABLE OF HAPPINESS.

By Joaquin Miller.

A rich man's goodly son did go
Afar to find true happiness.
He tracked the treasures of the snow,
And Indus tracked. The stormy stress
Of hill set seas, the peace of palm-set plain
He searched and eager searched; yet searched in vain.

The hundred hattered battle gates
Of Thebes, the storied temple door
Of Delphi, oracle of fates
Or sacred shrine or holy store
Of healing things he saw; yet day by day
Grew care upon him like a mantle gray.

Still had he honors oft, and great,
For goodly was his heart and keen
His wit and generous his state.
And much his eager eyes had seen.
Yet happiness came not; and over all
His ways and days there ever lay a pall.

And he grew fretted; came to feel
That fate had hounded him; he said:
"Ah, cursed of God!" His heart grew steel
And stone; and bitter grew his bread.
At last, outworn, he turned him, with a sigh,
To seek his childhood's home and cheerless die.

And there he sat him, all apart,
A moody, selfish, sullen thing. . . .
Yea, God had given him a heart
Far back. But he had sought to bring
True happiness unto himself alone;
So God instead had given him a stone.

One day a child passed where he sat
Mid his ancestral wood and moaned.
The barefoot thing did start thereat
And starting, fell. He grudging groaned
Some selfish word, the while he stooped and hore
The bleeding waif to his own stately door.

And oh, the rising sun he knew
That day, and all his after days!
His pent soul widened till it grew
To reach, as reach the dear sun's rays,
All things that lay about, before;
Nor wailed he out for happiness once more.

—The Independent for May 10th.

The influenza visited Greenland last May, in an epidemic form, before it had been heard of by the rest of the world.

THREATENING LETTERS.

The Curious Epistles Emperor William Received while at Versailles.

In the Paris public library (says the *Transatlantic*) is kept a bundle of curious letters which were found at the main head-quarters of the German Staff in Versailles after the siege of Paris in 1871. As is well known, Emperor (then king) William resided in Versailles at the time. The letters are addressed to the emperor, and are very interesting, especially from the fact that on many of them are to be found characteristic comments made in King William's own hand. For the most part, the letters contain threats and reproaches, entreaties, prophecies of requital in the shape of dire miseries, and even curses, all directed to the person of the conqueror of the French. The letters are generally without signature. They are mostly by Frenchmen, although many bear English, Belgian, Italian, German, Swiss, and Holland stamps.

"Cease the slaughter which has no sense," writes one from Strashurg; "spare the blood of honest citizens. Think how many families are already wrapped in mourning!"

In a woman's hand: "King of a Christian people! In the name of the God of peace and love, in the name of thy august wife and noble son, I adjure you to terminate the murderous fight between two peoples, created to love and respect each other. Rivers of blood flow, the cries of the dying are heard! Look at the people deprived of shelter and food, look at the burning village—and listen to the voices of conscience, crying 'peace, peace!' Sign an honorable peace, and thy name will be glorified for all time."

On the margin is written in the king's hand: "For a brotherly union, two are required, and to conclude a peace two are required also. I am one; where is the other?"

Here is a letter of a different kind: "The homeward of the Alsatian capital excites deep disgust—not to your people, but to you, king. . . . You have made war, not alone upon the fortress and the soldiers defending it, but upon peaceful citizens, women, children. . . . You have covered your name with eternal infamy."

Again: "Shame, King William, shame! You wish to annihilate the vanquished. Shame! We thought you were a Christian; you are an executioner."

Curses are mainly heaped by women. One writes: "King of Prussia, you have deprived me of a brother, parents, possessions; he accused! The misfortune you bring with you—may it fall upon the heads of your own children. . . . Continue the work you have begun. O king, I, a wife and mother, curse you. King of modern barbarians, and your descendants, may you be accursed forever! You have violated the rules of honor, inciting the thoughtless French with low intrigues. Woe, woe to you!"

"Old rascal!" writes an Englishman; "and you have the assurance to speak of a God-appointed mission to unify Germany! I am not a Frenchman, but I detest you. The whole world detests and scorns you."

Again: "Godless wretch! Your barbarous hordes have plundered, burned, colored with blood everything; are you contented?" Signed: "A Frenchman who does not like you." Comment in the king's hand: "It would seem so."

Another: "You assume an awful responsibility. Your fame will dissipate as smoke, and the nation will call you to account for the blood shed."

A young girl writes: "Mr. King. Very unkind on your part to hold in captivity my three uncles. If you do not liberate them, I shall shoot you. I have the honor to salute you, and give you twenty-four hours for reflection."

The king wrote on the margin of her letter: "From November 20 to February 9, 2,256."

Here are threats intended to act upon the imagination: "Old man on the verge of the grave! Why do you want extension of territory covered with blood and dead bodies, since the time is near when you will want only a few feet of land?"

"What answers will you give the Most High before whose throne you are soon to appear?"

"God will revenge himself upon you to the fourth generation. The punishing hand will fall upon you, your family, and your people."

These threats made no impression, no comment being appended to either of the letters.

The monarch was more sensitive when in the letters his honor was assailed.

One writes: "When your majesty stepped on French soil, you said: 'I make war upon the soldiers, not upon the peaceable citizens; the German people wishes to live in friendliness with the French.' You have not kept your word, and have violated the laws of honor."

Elsewhere: "You had announced that you fought Napoleon. He has fallen. Now you contradict yourself."

Again: "King, you have said: 'I declare war against Napoleon and his dynasty, and not against the French nation.' . . ."

The emperor wrote on the margin: "I never said this."

To one letter reproaching the emperor for continuing the war after the fall of Sedan, the following is appended: "Has then the government of defense of September 4th asked for peace? On the contrary, it declared implacable war. It was not for Prussia to ask for peace. . . ."

Here is an extract from a minister's letter: "King! Have you, in the intoxication of victory, forgotten that, in your own words, you fight the empire, not France? Your confessor should have reminded you that 'government over self is higher than government over others.'" The emperor commented: "In my proclamation I said nothing of the kind. On the fourth of September, the republic declared merciless war. Who, then, is to blame that the war continues?"

In one letter it is charged: "You hate the republican form of government and wish to destroy it." The emperor corrected: "It is decidedly all the same to me what form of government the French have."

A philosopher opines that international law ought to forbid the bombardment of capitals. The emperor observed: "When they are not fortified."

VANITY FAIR.

How much money does a young woman need for her comfortable and adequate support? is the problem Referee J. Alfred Davenport has found it necessary to solve in a case involving the expenses of a New York girl who is a "ward in chancery." The actual cost of supporting a girl depends upon the girl and her resources. She is endowed by nature with adaptability, and, given two hundred dollars or two thousand dollars a year, will manage, in some way best known to herself, to live and be reasonably happy. To be specific, Mr. Calvin Brice's beautiful yellow-haired daughter could not keep herself in bonbons, driving-gloves, and stationery with two hundred dollars a year. Colonel Fellows's daughter spends two hundred dollars for athletics alone; pretty Miss Fanny Pryor has an allowance of sixty dollars a month, every penny of which she devotes to the purchase of new apparatus for her private gymnasium or special instruction in physical culture. Rumor has it that the sweet and gentle Miss Helen Gould has two thousand dollars for pocket-money alone, out of which sweets, scent, notions, reading matter, music, stamps, and alms are provided for. A noted beauty, who lives on Madison Avenue, pays eleven hundred and twelve dollars every year for massage treatments, Turkish baths, shampoos, and hair-trimming. These are not extravagant notions, but absolutely requisite for bodily health and personal comfort. Each of Sir George M. Pullman's pretty daughters has an allowance of three thousand dollars, and their accounts are always overdrawn. When Mrs. Snell-McCrea-Green was little Allie Snell, of Chicago, she had the rent of a white-stone house in Ada Street, opposite the Snell mansion, to pay her candy and millinery bills, and Miss Doane, daughter of J. W. Doane, the wholesale grocery prince of the Windy City, is allowed three thousand dollars for her clothes, and never has enough money in June to pay her traveling expenses to the family country-house in Connecticut. When Amélie Rives was paid for "The Quick or the Dead?" she "got something to wear," to use her own words, and the India-silk night-gowns, the *crêpe-de-chine* dresses, the cloth suits and opera-wraps, and the model Worth toilet that she had longed for all through her girlhood, were purchased, together with the silk stockings, pretty boots, and a few pieces of inexpensive jewelry, amounting in all to about six thousand dollars. All the facts mentioned refer to sweet, simple, womanly girls under the guidance and judgment of sensible, forceful mothers.

A girl who was born on Murray Hill nineteen years ago, and has always lived in New York, perhaps comes the nearest to the young woman in whose behalf Referee Davenport is at work, of any of the above, since she has the fads, tastes, and advanced ideas peculiar to the Gotham girl. "For the past three years," said her mother, "it has cost us eighteen thousand dollars to maintain my daughter, but, confidentially, she has expenses that are peculiarly individual. In the first place, she has the childish habit of sucking her tongue and thumb, which not less than seven doctors have tried, but failed, to cure. The fees for that alone amount to something like one thousand dollars a year. Since January, I have paid," referring to a ledger, "a great deal of money for special instruction. Here are the items:

Physical psychic culture.....	\$260
Banjo lessons.....	50
Riding lessons, habit, and saddle.....	285
Voice building.....	30
Pearl necklace.....	150
Solitaire ring.....	75
Dresses.....	225
Gloves, flowers, perfume, and candy.....	112
Chamber set.....	700
Début toilet.....	90

"She belongs to several charity organizations, and during Lent and Easteride her contributions amounted to about fifty dollars. That makes a total of two thousand and twenty-seven dollars. We go to the country next month, and I doubt if three thousand dollars will cover the cost of her dresses, shoes, gloves, hats, and parasols, and the expense of her swimming, reading, and riding lessons. Her clothes are not made of expensive material, but they are well made. All her instruction is received from private teachers, who charge not only for the lessons, but traveling expenses also." A lady of twenty-two, who was recently divorced, and who is to be married as soon as she lays aside the mourning she wears for her baby, shows a list of wants that may surprise Mr. Davenport. The laundry bill alone for her silk underwear amounts to thirty dollars a month, and the artist who sings her hair, restores her complexion, and prepares her vapor baths, presents a bill of fifty dollars every four weeks. A dentist charges two hundred dollars a year to keep her pretty white teeth in order, and the cost of a special doctor for a pet weakness is five times that amount. No girl can live in New York, keep pace with society, and make a genteel appearance with less than eighteen hundred dollars a year. This does not provide for the toilet, living expenses, or entertainment further than the weekly *matinée* and the season-ticket for a course of art talks, chamber concerts, and lectures. It buys gloves, toilet articles, books, an occasional print, an inexpensive jewel, a friendly gift or two, flowers, perfumes, notions, and the *bric-à-brac* in which nearly every artistic woman indulges. It pays for the rainy-day four-wheeler, for repairing and refreshing the wardrobe, and for the medicated bath, the regular hair-dressing and face-cleaning

which go to make up good grooming. It is the price of elegance and æsthetic culture.—*New York World.*

A consoling thought for the married is thus set forth by the *Fortnightly Review*: "If all husbands throughout England were to be carried to-morrow into permanent exile, the incomes of their wives remaining undiminished, the wives would still, on the whole, regret their removal, and would be in the aggregate not more but less happy than at present. And if this is so, it means that more married women in England to-day are glad to be married than sorry. Of course there are many unhappy marriages, and no doubt some which seem to the outsider to be happy enough are in truth not so. On the other hand, a good many marriages which may seem to the on-looker intolerable are not really intolerable at all to those concerned."

At the New York theatres (says the *Providence Journal*), some of the girls now wear a black waistcoat with three buttons, displaying the largest possible expanse of snowy shirt-bosom, and the high collar and white bow are an exact reflection of the gleaming and starchy articles that have so long formed the mainstay of full-dressed masculinity. An old broker, who seldom notices how his pretty daughters dress, chanced to be at the theatre on a recent night with an old club crony, and, in looking about the house, he caught sight of his two girls in a box-party. They both wore the masculine get-up, and the broker strained his eyes to make out what it all meant. He fumbled in his pocket and secured a twenty-five-cent piece, which he hastily jammed into the opera-glass machine in front of him. Securing the glass, he leveled it with a great exhibition of agitation upon the box wherein his daughters sat, and gazed long and hard. Then, turning to his companion, he begged him to look and tell him what his girls had on. The other old fellow peered through the glasses and said: "It's that devilish dress-reform business, Charley. They are trying to get all the girls up like men now, you know, and yours have caught the fever." The broker took a card from his pocket and scribbled something on the back. Summoning an usher, he directed him to hand it to his daughters in the box. It said: "Stand up and let me see if you have on trousers." The girl received the card and read it. Then, looking about the bouse, she caught her father's anxious eye, smiled reassuringly at him, and stood upright for him to satisfy himself that the lower half of her still retained the appearance of modest womanhood. The old man fell back relieved, and in all sincerity told his friend that he thanked heaven his girls were only half fools.

"Lady Colin Campbell's decision to go on the stage," said the English agent of a well-known theatrical firm in New York, "was a very wise one. The people who are ridiculing her forget, or are ignorant of the fact, that she is one of the most beautiful women in England. Her beauty is not of the Mrs. Langtry type, but rather of the order of the women of Spain. She has dark eyes, the blackest hair conceivable, and is of the brunette type. Her face is prettily molded, but what her success as a beauty will especially hang upon is her figure. She is quite six feet tall, and all of her life she has been an enthusiastic athlete. She fences, rides, rows, and is adept at every sport known to women in England. This means a good deal, for English women are even invading the cricket-field nowadays. Lady Colin had always affected to despise the stage, but her success as a novelist has not been such as to warrant her devoting her time to that, and she naturally looks toward a more lucrative profession. Her husband is pensioned by his family, and is living in obscurity in one of the garrison-posts of India. He is one of the most unpopular men in his remarkably unpopular family."

Mme du Noyer, whose "Correspondence" with an unnamed lady in Paris is now translated for the benefit of English readers, flourished in the latter part of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth. The letters begin a year or two before the death of Mme. de Sévigné. The Grand Monarch was by this time the husband of the widow Scarron, and the court had become devout, or pretended to be. According to Macaulay, marshals of France were much in prayer; and there was hardly one among the dukes and peers who did not carry good little books in his pocket, fast during Lent, and communicate at Easter. Mme. du Noyer's correspondent declares that the court had greatly degenerated. Even the Duc de Bourgogne had turned pious; and his wife and the Duc de Berri were the only ones who had any life in them. The fashion of piety spread to the provinces. Society in Toulouse, says Mme. du Noyer, is very devout; though the ladies who went so regularly to the Carmelite Church were far too fond of whispered conversation with the gentlemen who knelt near them, on subjects quite different from those treated of in their missals. Nor is other evidence wanting in these letters to show that the fashion introduced by Mme. de Maintenon made no deep impression on the inclinations of society. Both at Versailles and in the provincial towns from which Mme. du Noyer's letters are dated, the manners of the age were what we should call remarkably free. Mme. du Noyer, herself a lady of irreproachable demeanor, tells any number of anecdotes which her

translator can only indicate by lines of asterisks, while some of those which bear repetition point to anything but a high standard of morality. One of her more decorous stories is that of a ladies' duel: "A lady at Beaucourt having met at a party a young lady of rank, who had formerly been her husband's mistress, and whom she suspected of probably being so still, said such stinging things to her that the young lady—who has a very short temper—threw a candlestick at her head. As every one was playing cards, the guests did not at first pay much attention to the quarrel; but as soon as it was noticed that it had gone beyond mere invective, they did all they could to stop it. The ladies were made to kiss each other, and they thought everything was then at an end; but they were mistaken, for the young lady pinched her enemy's hand while they were making peace, and on the next morning sent her a challenge." The result was a duel with rapiers. One of the fair combatants got a sword-cut in the left breast and the other a dangerous wound in the thigh. Intrigues and seductions are the commonest of incidents in the letters. A pretty Breton girl, Mlle. de Lessevin, tried to circumvent a fickle lover, the Chevalier de B—, by producing what she believed to be a written promise of marriage; but it turned out that "the undersigned" had only undertaken "to dust (*épousseter* instead of *épouser*) Mlle. de Lessevin any time I am requested by her to do so," at which everybody laughed. Mme. du Noyer's own daughter was the heroine of a very sad story; her betrayer being no less a personage than Voltaire. Mme. du Noyer's friend recounts the earlier history of Mme. de Maintenon, and tells the story of the luckless Mlle. la Fontanges—"beautiful as an angel but as silly as a goose," as the *Aché Choisy* said. The young beauty was presented to the king by the then reigning favorite, "who, to disconcert her, unbuttoned the neck of her riding-habit, and said: 'Look, sire, is not that lovely?'"

Mrs. Annie Jenness-Miller thus writes in her magazine: "A widow or divorcee, no matter how youthful, should never be married in a white gown. The white robe is symbolical of original purity, and twice donned loses its significance, as does also the wreath of orange-buds and the flowers which are properly the prerogative of the girl bride. A traveling-dress is considered good form; but some widows prefer a rich gown of heliotrope brocade, pale-blue satin duchesse, or, in fact, anything that appeals to the individual fancy. Widows are sometimes embarrassed to know what disposition to make of the first wedding-ring. It should be removed so soon as the lady has pledged her troth, for no man likes to be continually reminded of his predecessor."

The rather conscious look which comes over the heated and blazing faces of the fat women who ride in Central Park to reduce their weight is immensely amusing. Yesterday (says a New York paper) one slim and graceful riding-master had twelve ladies under his charge, and their total weight must have been very close to two thousand pounds. In the case of one or two exceedingly short women there was an exhibition of billowy and longitudinal expanse which was reminiscent of Barnum's baby elephant. Twelve very fat ladies, squeezed into tight babits and galloping up the steep hill to the reservoir in the boiling sun, was a spectacle filled with suggestion. Some of the observers laughed, but it needed only a glance at the determined faces of the would-be feminine athletes to kill all idea of mirth. It was a very serious business indeed to them.

English women (says a shoe-maker) have large feet and know it. They live up to them serenely, and wear great boots and shoes, square-toed, broad, flat-heeled, with a naïveté that amuses and scandalizes their American cousins. They do not care tuppence for feet. In the great tide of American girls who rushed across the Atlantic last spring to revel in a London season, there was a gay little Philadelphian, bright as a brand-new dollar, witty, clever, but accounted, in the contest of beauty in her native land, decidedly plain. One good point, indeed, she possessed beyond question, and that was her feet. They were simply bewitching. Small—she wore No. 1—slender, with an instep arched like a Spanish señorita's, they were things of beauty and joys forever, and the young woman to whom they belonged squandered her substance in silk stockings and ravishing shoes when she was on the point of starting for England. "There," she sighed to herself, in rapturous anticipation, "I shall be appreciated. My feet will probably create a furor, and I should think, ought to secure me an earl at least." She came back in August a sadder and a wiser girl—without the earl. "It's all a snare and a delusion," she pouted at luncheon to her interested friends; "those English girls have feet that are simply enormous—enormous! I only saw one who wore a smaller boot than a seven. But they have no refinement of feeling, no artistic sensitiveness at all. Not a soul ever mentioned mine! Not a single soul! I kept them displayed as artlessly and prominently as I could wherever I went, and not one living human being spoke of them. The queen, when I saw her, had on low black slippers, something like ankle ties, and crowded into them her fat feet in white stockings! That's the sort of thing they admire over there!"

London Advertisements.



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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Arthur T. Quiller Couch is the name of the author of "The Splendid Spur" and other successful novels. His pseudonym is "Q."

Mr. Robert E. Francillon has lately appeared as the editor of the *Royalist*, a magazine started to do what seems perfectly unnecessary and supererogatory—to champion the cause of the Stuarts.

In the May *Century* are two brief unsigned articles on Marie Bashkirtseff, written by women. One critic is very enthusiastic, the other much less so. The "views" are accompanied by new portraits and by reproductions of some of Marie's pictures.

Mrs. Lynn Linton has a story to tell in one of her last literary lamentations—a story of curiously intimate relations between a certain author and a certain reviewer. The author wrote a book and the reviewer wrote sixteen different reviews of it in sixteen different periodicals. It is a good story as it stands, and it may be a pity to spoil it by asking whether rumor is right in naming Mr. Rider Haggard as the author and Mr. Andrew Lang as the reviewer.

The May *Century* is a Memorial Day number. It has two articles on "Valor and Skill in the Civil War." Brander Mathews contributes "A Decoration Day Reverie"; Walt Whitman, a "Twilight Song for Unknown Buried Soldiers, North and South"; John Vance Cheney, an ode on "The Fallen"; Robert Burns Wilson, a paper on O'Hara's "Bivouac of the Dead"; Mr. Kilmer, a paper on "The G. A. R., as Seen from the Inside"; and Rossiter Johnson, one on "Martial Epitaphs."

In Germany, Georg Ebers, since his venture on biblical grounds by his latest work, "Joshua," is the object of sharp attacks by both *litterateurs* and theologians. The criticisms urged against his productions are that his heroes, while pretending to be old Romans, Egyptians, Germans, or, as in the latest instance, Jews, are really in their actions, words, and deeds entirely modern men and women. A German critic has succeeded in showing this in a most amusing manner. He has, in a brochure called "Memphis in Leipzig," shown that the local coloring of Ebers's Egyptian novels are, to a great extent, taken from modern Leipzig, the home of the author.

In a recent book appears a curious letter written by Mrs. Carlyle and telling how Miss Georgina Craik began her career as a novelist. "The small, pox," writes Mrs. Carlyle, "made a very pretty girl into a very plain one, and the consciousness of her spoiled looks drove the girl's exuberant young life all inward, which has ragged and erated under a shy, embarrassed, self-conscious exterior, till finally, after thirteen years, it has burst out in a passionate, all-for-love, three-volume novel." To this unkind and uncharitable statement, Mrs. Carlyle adds an opinion which, to say the least, is not enlightened: "To have written even a 'successful' novel is a fault as well as a misfortune for a young lady, I think."

The expiration of the copyright on the "original" edition of "Webster's Dictionary" has flooded the country with cheap reproductions of the edition of 1847. That the vocabulary of forty years ago is scarcely that of to-day may be seen by instancing a few of the words added to the latest supplement of the work, as published by G. & C. Merriam & Co., of Springfield, who hold the copyrights to the revised editions:

Agonistic, altruism, atomizer, Albert-type, auto-type, bur-lap, anesthetic, aphrodisiac, alcoholism, antagonism, atropism, atomicity, bacillus, bacterium, biology, biogenesis, bioplasm, after-glow, antimacassar, aplomb, baby-farm, back-log, bad-minton, baking-powder, balmarol, bashi-bazouk, bath-chair, bicycle, bill-head, block (railroad system), blood-money, book-beer, Bohemian, bronco, bench-show, bonanza, bread-winner, breakbone-fever, and bulldoze.

This excellent paragraph is in the current number of *The Writer*, in a page of "Advice to a Literary Aspirant":

If your story or poem makes a successful sensation, it may cause the papers to talk of you, and that you can not help; but if you cause the papers to talk, it will never make your story or poem a success, and can only cast a reflection on your good sense and good breeding. If the "literary aspirant" would only remember this and act upon it, it would be a good thing for him or her. A newspaper success is not a real success. If you happen to belong to the Pegasus Club, which is largely composed of journalists, and if you are a pretty good fellow and—like Colonel Sellers—"love the newspaper boys," you will find your name constantly appearing in print. Indeed, you will read so much about your genius that you will wonder why the publishers are so slow to accept your manuscripts, and why the public which has seen so much in the papers about your "cozy little flat," your "bric-a-brac," and your manner of working, is so slow to buy your books. The reason for this apparent want of appreciation on the part of the publisher and the public, is that your success is only that of a "pulling." Your work has no real merit, and your name would never be seen in print if you were not on such good terms with the amiable but indistinguishable young men who fill the columns of the daily papers.

New Publications.

"The Danvers Jewels" and "Sir Charles Danvers," a novel and its sequel, are issued in one volume of the Franklin Square Library published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 40 cents.

"Carrie's Letters to Her Emil" is a collection of letters written during courtship and after marriage, with a postscript in which the recipient of the letters pays a glowing tribute to his wife's memory. It is not easy to guess why these letters have been published to the world. Published and for sale by

The Bancroft Company, San Francisco; price, 50 cents.

"Alive," a novel, translated from the French "Heury Gréville," by Rear-Admiral William G. Temple, has been issued in the Town and Country Library published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Fruits and How to Use Them," by Mrs. Hester M. Poole, is a manual for housekeepers, containing seven hundred recipes for the preparation of foreign and domestic fruits. Published by Fowler & Wells, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, \$1.00.

"Syrin," by "Ouida"—in much the old style; not as fine as "Wanda" or as pathetic as "Bébé" or "Under Two Flags"—and "The Rajah's Heir," by some English novelist, are the latest issues of the Series of Select Novels published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents each.

The interesting series of papers, "The Nature and Method of Revelation," which Dr. George Park Fisher, of Yale University, has been contributing to the *Century* in the past few months, have been collected and revised by the author, and are now issued in a volume with the same title. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, 1.25.

"The Hammer," by Alfred J. Church and Richmond Seeley, is a story of Maccabean times, opening in 174 B. C., with the downfall of Jason, the high priest, to the end of the struggle of Judas and his brethren against the enemies of his faith. It is strong in historical coloring, but it is not a dramatic story. It is illustrated by John Jellicoe. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, \$1.25.

L. P. McCarty, the well-known statistician and economist, has laid aside the compiling of facts for awhile and has taken to generalizing them; that is, he has just published the results of thirty years' observation and experience in a little book called "A New Philosophy: A Radical's Idea of Health, Happiness, and Longevity." It contains a great amount of information and good advice. Published and for sale by Samuel Carson & Co., San Francisco; price: paper, 50 cents; flexible cloth, 75 cents.

"The Feet of Love," by Anna Reeve Aldrich, is a modern novel of the erotic school. The frontispiece is a portrait of the author, whose face seems more in consonance with the directness and force of some really good passages in the book rather than with the sultry passion which is the most notable and the least admirable quality of "The Feet of Love" and "The Rose of Flame," her book of poems of passion—which in some instances equal the productions of Ella Wheeler. Published by the Worthington Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"Emigration and Immigration: A Study in Social Science," by Professor Richmond M. Smith, of Columbia College, is a valuable consideration of one of the most important problems now before the American people. It is clear and concise, and each statement is abundantly backed up with statistics, affording a scientific justification and necessity for a radical change in our policy with regard to emigration. The opening chapters are devoted to the nature of the question and the history of emigration and immigration; subsequent chapters discuss the political and economic effects of immigration, its relation to population, to society, to labor interests, Chinese immigration, restrictive measures, and the question of principle. The volume concludes with a bibliography and an index. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$1.50.

The series of translations from foreign authors, which the Harpers inaugurated so happily with "The Odd Number," has reached a third volume in "Pastels in Prose," translated by Stuart Merrill, illustrated by H. W. McVickar, and with an introduction by William Dean Howells. The "pastel in prose" is a species of literary composition which has been classed as "ranging from the dramatic to the lyrical in character, and, in some instances, resembling the story in form"; it is wholly new in English literature, but has been a favorite with certain French writers for some years. Mr. Howells's introduction is a little critical essay which goes far to support the claim that the American realist is as impeccable a literary critic as is Zola in France; but even it can not confine the little gems within the limits of definition. When one has read one or two of them, one sees that "pastels in prose" is both accurate description and most appropriate of names. There are twenty-three writers from whose works selections are made, among them being Théodore de Banville, Alphonse Daudet, Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, Judith Gautier, Charles Baudelaire, Emile Hennequin, and Catulle Mendès. Catulle Mendès and Stéphane Mallarmé furnished the translator final proof-sheets of selections from their new volume, and Ephraïm Mikhaël, Pierre Quillard, and Achille Delaroche each wrote a "pastel" especially for the volume. The translation has been wonderfully well done by Mr. Merrill; the peculiar charm of the originals has not been lost in retelling them in smooth and grace-

ful English. The illustrations, by McVickar, range from the frontispiece—the face of a pretty woman printed in colors—to thumb-nail sketches scattered through the text and along the margins, and are all marked by the exquisite finish that has characterized Mr. McVickar's work in *Life* and *Harper's*. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

A new weekly is about to appear in St. Louis under the name of *As You Like It*.

A volume on "Newspaper Reporting in Olden Times and To-day" will be added to the Book-Lovers' Library.

Joseph Howard, the well-known correspondent, writes concerning a paragraph which recently appeared in this column, and says that his letter to the *Boston Globe* is not syndicate but special matter.

The foreign press association in Paris has been broken up through internal dissensions, and the principal correspondents have resigned their membership, among others those of Germany, Belgium, and England, who constituted its leading spirits.

In this week's issue of the *Illustrated American* are a number of instantaneous photographs of baseball games. The players are shown not only while they are on their feet, but while in the air, either in the act of catching a high ball or of sliding for a base.

The thirty days' imprisonment of Dilworth Choate, the reporter of the *New York World* who was caught in the jury-room at the close of the Flack trial, expired a week ago, but he is still in jail, being unable to pay his fine of two hundred and fifty dollars.

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* announced that it would send the two most popular school-teachers on a summer vacation-trip to Europe. The St. Louis *Chronicle* followed suit, announcing that it would send the two most popular clerks in the South-West to Europe.

The *North American Review* has suffered considerably of late by the fact that some newspapers have "lifted" articles bodily from it without permission. The abuse has become so obnoxious in some cases that General Bryce has been compelled to take legal proceedings for the protection of his copyrights.

Robert P. Porter, Superintendent of the Census, has addressed a circular to every paper in the United States requesting that two copies, printed during April, be sent. One of the papers will be bound and preserved in the library of Congress and the other will be deposited in the National Museum.

The Chicago *Evening Post* appeared upon the streets of Chicago Tuesday, May 4th, in its first edition. The *Evening Post* is published by the Chicago Evening Post Publishing Company, James W. Scott, president. It is understood that John R. Walsh, who is largely interested in the Chicago *Herald* with Mr. Scott, is also interested in the *Evening Post*. The building at 164-166 Washington Street has been purchased, and, at an expense of nearly one hundred thousand dollars, refitted for newspaper purposes. On Monday, May 3d, two editions of the paper were printed for the inspection of Mr. Scott, and it was determined that there would be no excuses to make for the paper and no corrections. An expense of very nearly one thousand dollars was involved in the "proofs" of the two editions, though only twenty-five papers were printed and none were allowed to leave the office. The whole staff was placed for business, all the machinery was set in motion, and all material used just as if the paper were being printed for circulation.

The change that has been made in the *New York Ledger* in the past eighteen months is one of the most remarkable in the history of modern journals. It had passed its fourth decade as a "story" paper. Suddenly it was altered to a sixteen-page sheet, the size of the *Argonaut*, printed on good paper, with large, clear type and handsome illustrations. Its literary tone may be judged from the current issue, which contains chapters of serials by Amelia E. Barr and W. C. Kitchin; an installment of an illustrated article on African exploration, by Herbert Ward; and articles, poems, and short stories, by Mayo W. Hazeltine, Madeline Vincent Dahlgren, James Parton, the Rev. James McCosh, ex-president of Princeton College; Frank Dempster Sherman, and others. That the change has not decreased the *Ledger's* circulation is shown by the fact that the J. H. Bates Advertising Agency, having overcome the rule that excluded all advertisements from the *Ledger*, is paying forty thousand dollars a year for the exclusive use of its last page. The *Ledger* is accorded by Rowell's Directory a circulation of over one hundred thousand.

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SOCIETY.

The Mills Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills gave a delightful dinner-party last Tuesday evening at their residence on Octavia Street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington, Miss Huntington, and Mr. A. M. Huntington. Beautiful roses graced the table and a sumptuous menu was served. Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Campbell entertained the party afterward in the parlors with songs. Miss Laura McDonald was also heard in a ballad. Mrs. Huntington, who possesses a voice of much sweetness and purity, did not sing, owing to a severe cold. She was richly dressed in a toilet of black silk, draped with rare Chantilly lace and cut décolleté. Her ornaments were pearls. The pleasant affair terminated about midnight.

The O'Connor Lunch-Party.

A most pleasant affair of the past week was the lunch-party which Miss Lillie O'Connor gave in honor of Miss Fair last Wednesday at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius O'Connor, 823 O'Farrell Street. With innate taste the dining-table had been prettily decorated by the charming young hostess in a manner that called forth many admiring remarks from her friends. Sweet-pea blossoms in their numerous harmonizing shades formed the centre piece and sprays of the flowers were scattered with artistic effect among the rich and sparkling service. A most delicious menu was served and the afternoon was delightfully passed in its enjoyment. Those present were:

Miss Lillie O'Connor, Miss Fair, Mrs. Henry Alexander, Mrs. Charles N. Law, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Nellie Joliffe, Miss Lillie Minsh, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Mary Bowen, Miss Minnie Burling, Miss Irwin, Miss Gertrude Hyde, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Florence Reed, Miss Marguerite Bucknall, and Miss Bessie Shreve.

The Dean Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean gave a charming dinner-party at their hotel recently, to celebrate the birthday anniversary of their son, Mr. Walter L. Dean. Lovely roses and rare orchids adorned the dining-table, and the menu was bounteous. A string orchestra provided concert selections during the progress of the dinner, and several hours were very pleasantly passed in dining and conversing. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Jr., Miss Belle Grant, Miss Mamie Reynolds, Miss Laura Bates, Miss Wheeler, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Mr. E. M. Greenwood, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Percy Morgan, and Mr. George Bates.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Theresa Fair has issued invitations for the wedding of her daughter, Miss Theresa Alice Fair, and Mr. Hermann Oelrichs. It is to take place at her residence, 1120 Pine Street, at half-past eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, June 3d. A reception, commencing at nine o'clock, will follow the ceremony.

Mrs. George H. Tay has issued invitations for the wedding of her daughter, Miss Jeanie Lindsley Tay, and Mr. Edward Putnam Danforth, which will take place at her residence, 1005 Leavenworth Street, at nine o'clock Wednesday evening, May 28th.

Mrs. Volney Spalding will give a dinner-party on Saturday evening, May 31st, to Miss Fair and her bridal party.

Colonel A. G. Hawes gave an elaborate dinner-party at the Pacific Union Club recently in honor of General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., Admiral George Brown, U. S. N., and Captain G. C. Remy, U. S. N. A sumptuous menu was provided and the affair was made one of much enjoyment.

The commencement exercises of the class of '90 of Irving Institute will be held next Wednesday evening in Metropolitan Hall.

Miss Agnes Burgin gave a pleasant dinner-party recently at her home on Golden Gate Avenue, in honor of Mr. Elisha Dyer, of New York. A delicious repast, followed by an informal musicale, made the affair very enjoyable. Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Hanlon, Miss Laura McDonald, Miss Torbert, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, and Mr. J. Fred Burgin Jr., were also present.

"The Fairy's Revenge," an extravaganza, will be presented at Tarrant's Academy on Monday evening, May 19th, by the pupils.

Mr. James Grieg, secretary of the San Francisco Lumber Company, was married last Wednesday afternoon to Miss Isabel L. Quint, daughter of the late Judge Leander Quint. The ceremony was performed at her home, 1309 Mason Street, in the presence of but a few relatives and friends. Later in the day they left for the East, en route to Europe; they will be away three months.

The commencement exercises of Miss Lake's school will be held at the First Congregational Church on Tuesday evening, May 27th.

The commencement exercises of the class of '90 of the Van Ness Seminary will be held at the First Presbyterian Church on Thursday evening, May 2d. The graduates are Miss Frances Nora Bionetti, Miss Elizabeth G. Haight, Miss Agnes Florence Sadler, and Miss Bessie Younger.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent Americans:

Mrs. A. M. Parrott arrived in New York a week ago after prolonged tour of Europe. She will probably break her

overland journey by visiting Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson at Colorado Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Huntington, Miss Huntington, and Mr. A. M. Huntington party will leave for New York to-day in their private car, after a pleasant visit here of several weeks. It is their intention to return in September and pass the winter season here.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. Eleanor Martin and her son will leave to-day for Washington, D. C., where they will join Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Mrs. J. Condit-Smith, and the Misses Condit-Smith, and then the entire party will leave for Europe, where they will travel until next October.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding will pass the season at the Hotel del Monte. Miss Lena Blanding will join them there as she returns from New York, where she has been visiting Mrs. Frank E. Bowler during the past winter.

Mr. N. K. Masten, of Oakland, and his daughter, Mrs. Frank I. Kendall, went East a week ago by the Southern route, and will pass a month in New York and other cities visiting friends.

Miss Bandmann will pass the month of June in San Rafael with Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Bandmann.

Mrs. Theodore Sutro has recovered from the injuries she received recently from a runaway horse. She gave a dinner-party a short time ago in honor of her cousin, Mr. Henry F. Clinton, a young lawyer of Vancouver, B. C. Her brother, Rev. H. Clinton, is now en route here from England.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Bowie, Mrs. Isaac Friedlander, Miss Bessie Bowie, the Misses Friedlander, and Mr. T. Cary Friedlander went to San Rafael last Thursday to remain there during the summer.

Mr. Thomas Whitely, the well-known stock-broker, has gone to the Hotel Vendome for the summer. Mrs. Whitely, who has been there for the past month, is greatly improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Walkington have gone to the Hotel Vendome, San José, for the summer. Mrs. Walkington's father, Dr. F. F. Jewell, the eloquent Methodist divine, is now located at San José.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wheaton, of Oakland, are at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Cushing and Miss Jennie de la Montanya were in Constantinople when last heard from, but by this time are traveling through Spain.

Mrs. O. W. Easton, mother of Mr. Wendell Easton, accompanied by her daughter, Miss E. B. Easton, has gone to the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Bohn will spend part of the month of June at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Miss Edith Taylor, and Miss Carrie Taylor left last Thursday to visit the Yosemite Valley. They will be away about ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. William Brown will leave on June 1st to pass a month at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Mrs. E. Blanding Coleman and her son are at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Mme. Pedemonte de la Peña, a titled lady from Brazil, is stopping at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Dr. C. A. Bartal, a distinguished scientist from Cambridge, Mass., is at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Hanlon have gone to Tihuron for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Sutro and party of friends will go to the Yosemite Valley to-day.

Mrs. A. P. Willey and Miss J. M. Cate, of Boston, are at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Mrs. O. Devoe has engaged apartments at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Mr. George S. Ingersoll has gone to the Hotel Vendome for a brief rest and recreation.

Mr. F. S. Chadbourne has engaged apartments for his family at the Hotel Vendome.

Miss Florence Reed will spend most of the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Captain and Mrs. W. B. Baker and Miss Mattie Baker, of San José, will pass the summer at Pacific Grove.

Judge and Mrs. O. C. Pratt and Mr. O. C. Pratt, Jr., are visiting their ranch in Butte County for a few weeks.

Hon. and Mrs. B. D. Murphy and Miss Mary Murphy, of San José, will pass the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Lena Schell is visiting friends near Redwood City.

Judge and Mrs. F. E. Spencer and Miss Grace M. Spencer, of San José, will make a trip to Victoria, B. C., in June and may extend their outing to Alaska.

Mrs. R. F. Bunker and her daughters have returned home after their tour of several months in the East and Europe. They will occupy the Fox villa in Redwood during the summer. Mrs. Dr. Kahn will accompany them.

Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Nellie Smedberg are visiting friends in New York city.

Mrs. William Ashburner left the city last Monday for New York, en route to England, where she will remain several months.

The Misses Deming, of Sacramento, Miss Evelyn Sperry, of Stockton, Miss McNutt, and Miss Smith are now in New York city.

Mrs. K. S. Dillon and Miss Dillon are passing a few weeks at the ranch of Mr. H. S. Crocker near Cloverdale.

Hon. Charles V. Follen is in New York city.

Judge and Mrs. H. H. Bohl and Mr. Alice Bohl are passing the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Eastland will pass the month of June at the Hotel del Monte.

General and Mrs. Walter Tuohull will pass the summer at Santa Cruz.

Miss Virginia Hanchett has been passing the week at Sacramento with Mrs. J. B. Wright.

Mr. J. D. Carr, of Salinas, was a recent visitor at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Sands W. Forman and Mrs. William L. Ash were recently the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Peters at Stockton.

Hon. Romualdo Pacheco has arrived here on a visit from his ranch in Mexico.

Judge and Mrs. Rising have returned to Virginia, Nev., after a pleasant visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. Giles Gray, of Oakland, are at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Mr. James G. Taylor, Jr. is at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Carrie Platt will pass the summer with friends at Auburn.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee has returned from a pleasant visit to the Hotel del Coronado, and will pass most of the summer at her residence in Fruit Vale.

Mr. George A. Pope is paying a visit to New York city.

Mr. Louis Hirsch will leave for Europe in June, intending to join Mr. Joseph Livingston in Germany and make the tour of the world with him.

Mr. James V. Coleman has returned from his European trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson are now located in San Rafael, where they will remain until the end of August.

Mr. W. P. Buckingham has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow are visiting friends in Boston.

Miss Laura McDonald will pass part of the summer at San Rafael.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw have been passing the week at the Hotel del Monte.

Baron and Baroness von Schröder are at their ranch in San Luis Obispo. Mrs. W. E. Holloway is their guest.

Mr. Evan J. Coleman was visiting the Hotel del Monte recently.

Mrs. John Skae and Miss Alice Skae returned from New York last Monday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Donald de V. Graham has gone to the Hotel del Monte for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey and Mr. Frank D. Willey have secured apartments at the Hotel Vendome in San José, for the summer.

Mrs. John W. Coleman, Miss Jessie Coleman, and Mr. Harry L. Coleman are visiting the City of Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Page Brown will go to the Hotel del Monte in June.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, and Mr. Herbert E. Carolan are now located in San Rafael for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. George V. Goodman has been passing the week at the Pacific Ocean House in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Boyd are making a tour of the Northern part of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins will pass June and July at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall have gone to San Rafael for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker left London a week ago and are now in Paris.

Colonel E. A. Belcher has resigned his position in the law

department of the Southern Pacific Company, to take effect at the end of this month, and after a vacation of a few weeks he will resume the practice of the law upon his own account.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker will go to the Hotel del Monte on June 1st, for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Hopkins departed last Wednesday on a trip to the Yosemite valley. They were accompanied by Mrs. Bliss, Miss Florence Lockwood, and some other friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon have taken a cottage at Newport for the summer.

Mrs. A. A. Nickerson and the Misses Maud and Myra Nickerson will return from Germany about the latter part of June.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway returned from the Hotel del Monte last Monday.

Miss Dulce Bolado will pass part of the summer at San Rafael.

Mme. E. Crabbe and Miss Jeanne Crabbe have returned from a visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard will remain in the city during this month, owing to the illness of Mrs. Pinckard.

Mr. Hugh Tevis was at the Hotel del Monte recently.

Mr. A. E. Horton, founder of San Diego, arrived here on the steamer *Merizo*. He will remain in the city for some time as the guest of Mr. H. H. Bancroft.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Jarboe and Miss Kate Jarboe will pass the summer at their cottage in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller have returned from a visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman, Miss Dora Boardman, and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hill will make the Hotel del Monte their abiding place during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Rideout and Miss Grace Rideout will soon go East to pass the summer at the leading watering-places.

Mr. George H. Rice, freight-manager of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., with Mrs. Rice and daughter, Birdie, are sojourning at the Hotel Vendome for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. A. Johnson, of the Palace Hotel, have gone to the Hotel Vendome, San José, for the summer season.

Dr. Walter S. Thorne has taken apartments for his family at the Hotel Vendome, San José. Mrs. Thorne and Miss Grace Thorne lend their valued assistance at all the social entertainments that make the hotel so popular.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Pierce will be at the Hotel del Monte during the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook and Miss Mamie Holbrook will reside at the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford will be at the Hotel del Monte early in June.

Mrs. William S. Ellis and Miss Hope Ellis will soon leave to pass a month at the Hotel del Monte.

Consul and Mrs. Denis Donahoe and Miss Rose Donahoe are now located at San Rafael for the season.

Senator and Mrs. W. E. Dargie, of Oakland, will soon return from their Eastern trip. They will go to the Hotel del Monte for the month of June. Miss Dargie will accompany them.

Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Huntington and Miss Minnie Hennessy are enjoying a visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dean and Miss Dean have left Oakland to pass the summer at San Rafael.

Mr. John W. Mackay is expected here soon from New York.

Miss Lillie Brush will remain here permanently as the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Volney Spalding.

Mr. and Mrs. James Crump, *né* Hanlon, of Baltimore, are expected here in July on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter D. Witham, Mrs. Francis Blake, Miss Blake, and Miss Edhel Pomeroy have been visiting the Hotel del Coronado during the past week.

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs is expected here from New York about May 30th.

Mr. H. H. Sherwood will leave here in June to pass three months traveling in Europe.

Mrs. Volney Spalding returned from a visit to Heidelberg early in the week, and on Friday went to San José to remain until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Harrison Smith are now at San Rafael for the season.

Colonel C. Fred Crocker went to Sacramento on Thursday for a brief visit.

Misses Violette and Stephanie Whitney, of Oakland, will pass the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. George S. Ladd will sail from New York to-day, going direct to Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Hillard M. Judge, who have been stopping at 1115 Nan Ness Avenue, will remain in town until July.

Mrs. Carlisle P. Patterson, Miss Lizzie Patterson, and Mrs. Pierre La Montaigne left for the East on Friday.

Mrs. Samuel G. Murphy has been visiting Mrs. James Forester at Mare Island.

Miss Lena McKinstry has deferred her visit to Vancouver, B. C., owing to the death of her grandfather.

Mrs. Carl W. Jungren has returned from a visit to her husband at Sitka, and is the guest of Mrs. Dr. Carman at Vallejo.

Mr. George Vernon Gray has been the guest of Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre at Menlo Park for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. William E. Collier returned to her country home near Clear Lake last Wednesday, after an enjoyable visit here.

Mr. Henry MacLean Martin departed for Montana last Wednesday, and will be away several months.

Mr. George A. Newhall will return to the city next month after an absence of three months.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker, who have been traveling in Europe for over a year, are expected to return home about the latter part of June.

Mrs. Hall McAllister is entertaining Miss Julia Peyton at her residence in Ross Valley.

Mrs. C. F. Mullins and Miss Alice Mullins have secured apartments at the Hotel Vendome for the season.

Mrs. Sidney M. Smith is at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Judge J. D. Thornton has gone to New York for a brief trip. Mrs. Thornton is still at 1115 Van Ness Avenue.

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REASONABLENESS OF THE CHARGES at Del Monte, next to its equality of climate and elastic facilities and the multiplicity of other attractions which no other resort in the world affords, causes the tourist to marvel at the *ne plus ultra* of hotel accommodations. Indeed, more wonder is elicited from those who have traveled extensively, on account of the reasonableness of the hotel charges at Del Monte, than from all other things. Terms for Board by the day, \$3 and upward; parlors from \$1 to \$2.50 per day extra; children, in children's dining-room, \$2. For further information, address

GEORGE SCHONEWALD, Manager, Monterey, Cal.

Pears' Soap

(Scented and Unscented)

SECURES A
BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiania, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

WELLS, FARGO & CO. BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Capital and Surplus.....\$4,694,805.04

Directors:

LLOYD TEVIS, President; JNO. J. VALENTINE, Vice-Prest.
Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Charles Fargo, Geo. E. Gray, C. F. Crocker.

H. Wadsworth, Cashier.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.



26th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1890

Home Mutual Insurance Co. No. 216 Sansome Street.

Capital (Paid up in Gold).....\$300,000 00
Net Surplus (over everything).....244,884.41

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. L. N. SHEPARD
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY
GENERAL AGENT.....ROBERT H. MAGILL

London Assurance Corporation

Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720.

Northern Assurance Company

Of London. Established 1836.

Queen Insurance Company

Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.

Of Hartford, Conn.

ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

South-east corner California and Montgomery Streets (San Deposit Building), San Francisco.

GEORGE GOODMAN,

— PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURER OF —

ARTIFICIAL STONE

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Office, 307 MONTGOMERY ST.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 1, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the third day of June, 1890, at the hour of one o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

JEROME A. HART, Secretary.

Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California.

AGENTS WANTED by an old reliable firm for large profits, quick sales, SAMPLE FREE. A rare opportunity. Geo. A. Scott, 542 Broadway, N. Y.



401 & 403 SANSOME ST., S. F.

IMPORTERS OF ALL KINDS OF

PRINTING AND WRAPPING PAPERS

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A minister had traveled some distance to preach, and at the conclusion of the morning service, waited for some one to invite him to dine; but the congregation dispersed without noticing him. When the house was nearly empty, the minister stepped up to a gentleman and said: "Brother, will you go home to dinner with me to-day?" "Where do you live?" "About eighteen miles from here." "No; but you must dine with me," answered the gentleman, with a flushed face, which invitation the clergyman gravely accepted.

A New York judge went over to Ireland recently and met the brother of "Tom" Costigan, a well-known district leader in one wing of the Democracy. The judge told "Tom's" brother in Ireland all about what a great man "Tom" had become, about his popularity and influence, and devotion to politics. The brother, instead of sharing the judge's enthusiasm, looked anxious. "Before you go," said "Tom's" brother, "please satisfy me on one point. Isn't all this attention to politics interfering with my brother's business?"

In one of the interior counties of Maine a case was called that had long been in litigation. The chief-justice—who at that time was plain Judge Peters—thought it impracticable to keep the suit longer in court, and advised the parties to refer the matter. After due deliberation they assented, agreeing to refer the case to three honest men. With a grave smile, in perfect keeping with judicial dignity, Judge Peters said that the case involved certain legal points which would require one of the referees, at least, to have some knowledge of law; therefore he would suggest the propriety of their selecting one lawyer and two honest men!

A prisoner was being tried in an English court for murder; evidence against him purely circumstantial; part of it a bat found near the scene of the crime—an ordinary round, black hat, but sworn to as the prisoner's. Counsel for the defense, of course, made much of the commonness of the hat. "You, gentlemen, no doubt each of you possess such a bat, of the most ordinary make and shape. Beware how you condemn a fellow-creature to a shameful death on such a piece of evidence," and so on. So the man was acquitted. Just as he was leaving the dock, with the most touching humility and simplicity, he said: "If you please, my lord, may I 'ave my 'at?"

Seated in a street-car near two sweet young things, who were full of the beautiful ingenuousness of girlhood, the following portion of their conversation reached a Boston *Gazette* writer: "Oh, Amy, I have a frightful rip in my riding-habit and forgot to have it mended. Lend me yours to-morrow, will you?" "Yes, indeed, dear." (With emphasis and the utmost sweetness): "But I'm awfully afraid you'll find it too tight; I wear a twenty-one corset, you know." "Yes." (A slight but very impressive pause.) "I think perhaps I can get it together, though; I wear a nineteen." It was clean-cut as the stroke of a razor; beautifully given and beautifully taken. Both faces preserved their calm and placid expression and a new topic of conversation was started almost instantly.

An old lady who belonged to the times when courtesy was more elaborate than it is now, administered rather neatly a rebuke to a lad who did not come up to her ideas. She had known the boy's father when he was in Harvard, as now was the son, and as the latter could hardly remember his parents, who died in his infancy, he was always eager to learn all he could about them. The youth met the old lady at a country-place one summer day, and had an interview with her upon the wide veranda, where she was sitting when he arrived. He lifted his hat, and then, replacing it upon his head, went on talking with the old dame, who regarded him with looks of disapproval. "Do I look like my father?" the young man asked at length. "I can not tell," the old lady replied, dryly; "I never saw him with his hat on when he talked with a lady."

In "Twixt Old Times and New," Baron de Malort describes a remarkable incident which occurred during Maximilian's unfortunate reign in Mexico. During a hasty retreat, the horse of Lopez, one of Maximilian's officers, was killed, and he found himself on the ground helpless and at the mercy of the pursuers. Seeing his captain in this sad plight, one of the men, an Indian (not Mexican, for the Mexicans all passed him in wild haste, without taking notice of his piteous appeal), stopped his horse, and told him to jump up behind—an invitation he had not to renew a second time, for with the agility of a cat, Lopez took his seat behind the Indian, and, using four spurs instead of two, they soon rejoined the others. But the double load was almost too much for the little beast, and after a time it slackened its pace and threatened to break down. Seeing that the pursuers were gaining ground, Lopez coolly drew his revolver, and treacherously, from behind, blowing out the brains of his brave rescuer,

he threw him down, and continued alone his wild retreat.

Victoria is a great stickler at formality; she will not tolerate anything like a breach of custom (writes Eugene Field to the *Chicago News*). The custom is that, whenever the queen visits a town, she shall, before leaving that town, knight the mayor thereof. The form of dubbing a knight is exceedingly simple. The candidate kneels before her majesty; she asks his name; he gives it simply "Andrew Jones," or whatever it might be; the queen touches him with a sword and says: "Rise, Sir Andrew Jones." On one occasion, the queen was about to knight the mayor of one of the smaller cities she had been visiting. The poor fellow was scared almost out of his wits. He was so nervous that when the queen asked his name, he answered: "Mr. Thomas Hopkins." Whereupon her majesty, incensed at this breach of custom and making no allowance for the poor man's trepidation, exclaimed: "Rise, Mr. Thomas Hopkins," and, throwing the sword aside, sailed indignantly out of the room.

In a sleeping-car, one morning (says the *West Shore*), a young woman was just emerging from her berth, toilet-case in hand, when a sudden lurch of the car, caused by whirling around a curve, caused her to plunge more energetically than gracefully across the aisle and into the opposite berth. "Now, see here, madam!" expostulated a muffled masculine voice; "I suppose I may be allowed to protest—" She did not wait to hear anything further, and just then a lurch in the opposite direction sent her back without any effort on her part to a sitting posture in her own berth, when to bring affairs to a climax, a gentleman who had occupied the berth immediately over hers and who had, unfortunately, chosen that particular moment in which to descend, swung himself vigorously down into her lap. The young woman declares that, like Nancy in the novel of that name, she for one awful moment trembled upon the verge of meeting his blushing and shamefaced apologies with uplifted hand and the irate exclamation: "You beast!" But, unlike Nancy, she thought better of it.

Montague Williams, the famous London lawyer, tells in his "Reminiscences" a curious anecdote of a gentleman who, going to sleep in a railway carriage in a compartment having but one other occupant, woke and missed his watch. Instantly he accused his fellow-traveler of stealing it. The other indignantly denied the charge, but was arrested. When the case came up in Bow Street the prosecutor, greatly confused, stated that he had made a lamentable mistake, having discovered since the arrest that he had left his watch at home that morning by inadvertence. Nothing remained but to tender his sincerest apologies to the innocent man in the dock. Sir James Ingram, who was presiding in the court, bereupon observed: "It is a most remarkable occurrence. To show, however, how liable we all are to make these mistakes, I may mention, as an extraordinary coincidence, that I myself have only this morning been guilty of precisely the same oversight as the one in question. I was under the impression when I left my home in Remington that I put my watch (which, I may mention, is an exceedingly valuable one) in my pocket; but on arriving at this court I found that I must have left it at home by mistake." When the judge returned home that night, one of his daughters met him and exclaimed: "Papa, dear, I suppose you got your watch all right?" "Well, my dear," replied the magistrate, "as a matter of fact, I went out this morning without it." "Yes, I know, papa," his daughter replied, "but I gave it to the man from Bow Street who called for it." Of course the "man from Bow Street" was a shrewd thief who had been in court that morning, had heard Sir James tell the story of his "extraordinary coincidence," and, no doubt stimulated by the remark about the great value of the watch, had taken this simple method to obtain possession of it. Nor did the victim ever see his property again.

Carpets

Furniture

641 TO 647 MARKET ST.

LARGEST STOCK LATEST STYLES LOWEST PRICES

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

641 TO 647 MARKET ST.

Upholstery, Window Shades

(Established 1854.)

GEORGE MORROW & CO., DEALERS IN HAY AND GRAIN PRIVATE TRADE SOLICITED.

No. 39 Clay Street, - - San Francisco.

Educational.

Mr. ALFRED KELLEHER, Teacher of Vocal Music,

Desires to announce that he has resumed teaching. Class lessons of one hour of four of the same voice will be formed. Ladies' class for vocal and musical instruction and part songs Saturday, from 11 A. M. to 12 M.
2324 Clay Street, San Francisco.

Mme. B. ZISKA, M. A.,

Having returned from Europe, is prepared to receive a very limited number of young ladies for advanced course of private instruction in French, German, and English. Foreign languages and literature a specialty.
A class in drawing and penmanship, under direction of Mr. Carl Eisenschimmel.

1606 California Street.

MISS LAKE'S Boarding and Day School for Girls

WILL OPEN IN THE NEW BUILDING,

1534 SUTTER STREET, cor. of Octavia,
On Wednesday, January 8th, 1890.

MISS M. LAKE, Principal.

ST. MATTHEW'S HALL SAN MATEO, CAL.

A SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR.

REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER, M. A., PRINCIPAL.

THE LARCHER SCHOOLS

— OF —

LANGUAGES

SAN FRANCISCO, OAKLAND,

FLOON BUILDING, HAMILTON HALL,

SAN JOSE—RUCKER BUILDING, And BLAKE and MOFFITT B'ldg.

EDWARD LARCHER, Principal.

BEECHAM'S PAINLESS. PILLS EFFECTUAL.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

For BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS

Such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Fullness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness, and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blisters on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c.

THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES.

BEECHAM'S PILLS TAKEN AS DIRECTED RESTORE FEMALES TO COMPLETE HEALTH.

For Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver, etc.,

they ACT LIKE MAGIC, Strengthening the muscular System, restoring long-lost Complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. One of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PROPRIETARY MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, who fill your druggist does not keep them WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS on RECEIPT of PRICE, 26cts. A BOX. (MENTION THIS PAPER.)

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

A Berlin antiquary has discovered in a hollow cane the dagger with which Ravillac assassinated King Henry the Fourth of France. The dagger was stolen from the Palace of Justice, in Paris, in 1815.

A bill to abolish suits for breach of promise of marriage has actually been introduced in Parliament. Such actions at law have become so frequent that Sir Roper Lethbridge has drafted a bill to stop them.

The kola nut was experimented with during the German autumn manoeuvres of last year with such evidences of its ability to enable men to endure immense physical labor that the German War Office ordered thirty tons of it for consumption in the army.

Quail-fighting was a sport once popular in ancient Rome in her most luxurious days. Even in Greece, where, to the honor of the race he it said, the gladiatorial shows of the Romans never became popular, quails were kept for fighting purposes; in China, sparrows are set at one another; and the English proverb, "That heats cock-fighting," tells of the coarse fibre of the Anglo-Saxon only a few years ago.

The most astounding surgical operation that has been performed, says a Paris correspondent, is that of *dégraissage*, or the removal of fat from the body. Drs. Marx and Demars have carried out the operation upon a literary man, M. Hironelle. They raised the skin and cut away four and one-quarter pounds of the adipose tissue. The patient was under chloroform while thus being pared away. The skin was then stitched on. More than a week has passed since the operation, and M. Hironelle now feels quite well, and is overjoyed at the improvement in his figure. He says he only suffered from

headache, the effect of the chloroform. It is arranged that he is to undergo further parings, or *dégraissages*, in other parts of the body.

An old lady in Vienna ordained in her last will and testament that a Strauss waltz should be played at her funeral, for which each member of the orchestra was to receive a ducat. The heirs objected at first, on religious grounds, but the provisions of the will were distinct, and could not be violated without endangering their own claims; so Strauss and his musicians were engaged and placed in a circle around the grave, and while the coffin was being lowered they played the favorite waltz of their late lamented admirer.

The Chicago Addressing Company employs from fifty to sixty-five people. "We can furnish addresses of any class of persons wanted," says the manager; "we have a list of consumptives in the United States that cost twenty thousand dollars to compile, and I am now preparing a list of people suffering from asthma and from rheumatism. We regularly furnish addresses of deaths, births, marriages, etc., to persons who want to send circulars. Our bill for postage was over one hundred thousand dollars last year."

Lieutenant von Barhy, of the Twelfth Hussar Regiment, Germany, has taken the most interesting ride of late. He was riding with the troops in the neighborhood of Merseburg, when his horse took fright and bolted. All efforts to restrain him being fruitless, he gave him the rein and waited his opportunity to jump off. To his dismay, the animal swerved suddenly in the direction of a plateau, overhanging a broad expanse of water; a few moments, and both horse and rider would be over the edge. A bright flash was seen for a moment, the sabre of the officer fell upon the head of his steed, and they both came to the ground, the man safe.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE-ROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE
AUGUST 1900
OF
STEWART'S LABEL
ON THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN

The Memphis, Tenn., *Commercial* expounds its ideas on advertising as follows: "To make a picture in words—which is what the successful writer of an attractive advertisement must do—requires a great deal of experience, a superior knowledge of the business advertised, and of the public appealed to. An advertisement to be effective ought to be direct, and to be direct, it must be brief. Instead of occupying a page, therefore, with a grouping of one thousand articles for sale at such and such prices, it would be better for an advertiser to divide that much space in equal parts in all the advertising pages of a paper. Thus, for instance, if there are five pages devoted to advertising, he would be represented on every page and be brought to the attention of the public in five different places. Nothing pays a merchant better than direct advertising. It keeps him before the public and makes custom for him. It is constantly drumming for him and sounding his praises as a man every way preferable in his line. It is taken for an evidence of enterprise. And on the principle that the man who travels farthest, sees the greatest number of dealers, and sells the greatest quantity of goods is the best drummer, so the newspaper that travels farthest and is seen by the greatest number of readers is the best paper to advertise in."

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From April 13, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José....	* 12:45 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis....	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax....	4:45 P.
8:00 A.	Marine, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa....	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff....	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles....	11:15 A.
10:30 A.	Haywards and Niles....	3:45 P.
10:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore....	8:45 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers....	** 6:00 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José....	9:45 A.
3:30 P.	ed class Ogden and East....	10:45 P.
4:00 P.	Stockton and Milpitas, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa....	9:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore....	* 8:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and San José....	* 6:15 P.
5:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Eugene, and East, Knight Landing, via Davis....	10:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards and Niles....	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans and East....	8:45 P.
8:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East....	9:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION, Narrow Gauge.

7:45 A.	Excursion train to Santa Cruz....	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz....	6:20 P.
* 2:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz....	* 11:50 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos....	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:25 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations....	2:30 P.
8:30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations....	6:12 P.
10:30 A.	San José and Way Stations....	5:02 P.
12:01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations....	3:38 P.
* 3:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations....	* 10:00 A.
* 4:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations....	* 7:38 A.
5:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations....	9:03 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations....	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations....	7:28 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted.
** Mondays excepted.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., March 21, April 5, 20, May 5, 20, 30, June 4, 14, 19, 29.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M. every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesday, 4 P. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket office, 214 Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO.,
General Agents, San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA
San Blas..... Friday, May 23, at 12 M.
Taking freight and passengers direct for Acapulco, Champerico, San José, Acapulco, La Libertad, La Unión, Punta Arenas, and Panama.
This steamer will make a special call at Tonala.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:
China..... Wednesday, May 21, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking..... Saturday, June 14, at 3 P. M.
(via Honolulu.)
City of Rio de Janeiro..... July 8, at 3 P. M.
Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & Co., Gen. Agents.
Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN
NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.
Commencing Sunday, April 6, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 4:20, 5:30, 6:30 P. M.
Extra trip on Sundays to Sausalito at 11:00 A. M.
From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 3:30, 5:00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 5:30 P. M.
From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:40, 7:45, 9:30, 11:15 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 5:00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, 10:55 A. M.; 12:00 M.; 1:15, 2:45, 4:00, 5:00, 6:05, 7:00 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6:30 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.
From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:55, 11:05 A. M.; 3:35, 5:12 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:12, 9:20, 10:10, 11:15 A. M.; 12:20, 1:40, 3:00, 5:15, 6:30 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6:38 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.
From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 10:05 A. M.; 12:05, 2:15, 4:10, 5:40 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:45, 9:45, 10:40, 11:40 A. M.; 12:45, 1:55, 3:30, 4:40, 5:45, 6:50, 7:45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 7:10 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.
1.30 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 7:00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco at 12:25 P. M.
5.00 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Tomales and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Tomales daily (Sundays excepted) at 5:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco at 8:45 A. M.
8.00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 8:15 P. M., same day.
6.30 P. M., (Sundays only) from San Francisco for Tomales and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Tomales (Sundays only) at 6:00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 9:15 A. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tomales, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.
Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Point Reyes, \$1.75; Tomales, \$2.00; Howard's, \$2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, \$3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, F. B. LATHAM,
General Manager. Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 329 Pine Street.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 27, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:
From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:15, 6:45 P. M.; Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:15, 6:15 P. M.
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 7:55, 9:30, 11:40 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05, 6:25 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:10, 3:10, 5:15, 6:25 P. M.
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—7:15, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 12:05, 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.; Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.	
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
9:20 A. M.	5:00 P. M.		7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.				4:40 P. M.
5:00 P. M.				7:25 P. M.
		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Linton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.		
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.			10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.			7:25 P. M.	7:25 P. M.
		Hopland and Ukiah.		
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.		7:25 P. M.	7:25 P. M.
		Guerneville.		
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.		7:25 P. M.	7:25 P. M.
3:30 P. M.				10:30 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:05 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs and Stewart's Point; at Cazadero for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakesport, Bartlett Springs, Lower Lake, and at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Willits, Cahto, Calpella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.
EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Linton Springs, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Guerneville, \$7.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80; to Sebastopol, \$2.70.
EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Linton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20; to Sebastopol, \$1.80.
H. C. WHITING, General Manager.

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Steamer, From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1890.
Belgie..... Tuesday, June 3
Oceania..... Thursday, June 26
Galle..... Saturday, July 19
Oceania..... Tuesday, August 12
Galle..... Thursday, September 4
Belgie..... Saturday, September 27
Oceania..... Tuesday, October 1
Galle..... Thursday, November 13
Oceania..... Saturday, December 6
Belgie..... Tuesday, December 30
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TO SHARPEN THE APPETITE,

improve digestion, purify and enrich the blood, cleanse and strengthen the system and build up the flesh, if reduced below the standard of health, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal.

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, nervous prostration or exhaustion, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease, the greater the number and diversity of the symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions, for a reasonable length of time.

"Golden Medical Discovery" acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying

organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening and healing their diseases. It cures all humors, from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula, Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings" and Enlarged Glands.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is the only Blood and Liver medicine, sold by druggists, guaranteed to benefit or cure in every case, on fair trial, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded. **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors,** No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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is offered by the manufacturers of **DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY**, for a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases, no matter of how long standing. 50c., by druggists.



STAGE GOSSIP.

Next week will be a lively one at the theatres, with Crane in "The Senator," Sothern in "The Highest Bidder," and Rhea in "Josephine."

"Pinafore" is to be revived in New York next week by the Duff Company.

Oliver Byron will play the leading rôle in "Ten Thousand Miles Away," next week.

"The City Directory" passed its one hundredth performance at the Bijou in New York a week ago. It is enjoying unabated popularity, and will continue in the metropolis for some weeks yet.

"Fatinitza" is to continue another week. "The Gondoliers" is in active preparation.

Fay Templeton's career as a comic-opera prima donna is announced to recommence in September in New York.

Rhea is supported by William Harris, J. M. Francoeur, W. R. Owen, Ida van Sieten, Marie Knowles, and other less known people.

Emma Thursby and Adele aus der Ohe are among the musical people who will visit San Francisco this autumn.

"Shenandoah" has played one of the most successful engagements ever known in this city. The "standing-room-only" sign has been displayed in the lobby almost every night, and application had to be made several days beforehand to secure good seats.

Bronson Howard has written a new society play which is to have its first production in this city in a few months.

The company supporting W. H. Crane in "The Senator," consists of Georgie Drew Barrymore, Lizzie Hudson Collier, Mrs. Augusta Foster, Miss Jane Stuart, Miss May A. Penfield, James Neill, K. D. Frawley, Henry Bergman, George F. De Vere, William Herbert, Henry Braham, and J. C. Padgett.

People used to refer to E. H. Sothern as "young Sothern" because he is the son of his father. With the flight of time his younger brother, Sam Sothern, would seem to have the better right to the designation. But Lord Chumley retains the title, perhaps as a popular acknowledgment of his sudden and high success in spite of his youth.

The scale of prices for admission to "The Senator" has been raised to a dollar and a half for orchestra and dress-circle seats, but the demand for seats has been very heavy. Applications for seats for the opening night were so numerous that the management had to disregard many of them. However, those desiring seats can probably be accommodated by the kind-hearted speculator.

Hoyt's new play, "A Texas Steer," has been tried in New Bedford, and is pronounced "hy no means high comedy, but less coarse than some of Hoyt's pieces." It is "a political satire and study in social evolution," and the central figure is a Texan who is sent to Congress.

A concert that must have been worth hearing was given in New York at the Metropolitan Opera House last week by Eugen d'Albort, Dr. Hans von Bülow, and an orchestra. The two pianists played a concerto for two pianos, Dr. von Bülow directed the "Leonore" overture, No. 3, the overture to "Oberon," and Mendelssohn's "Scotch" symphony, and he conducted for D'Albort when the latter played Brahms's piano concerto, No. 2.

Louis Aldrich has produced his new play, "The Editor," in New York, meeting with fair success. The principal rôle is a Western editor whose adventures in New York are somewhat like those of Colonel Silas K. Woolcut, of "A Gold Mine," in London.

Mrs. Potter is in Australia with Kyrie Bellew, meeting with varying fortune. In Melbourne, her performance elicited the following from the *Argus* of that city:

A stagey sticking out of arms,
A frequent faint, a feeble totter,
A voice which rather bores than charms,
A handsome gown—that's Mrs. Potter.
Though seeming less the more she's seen,
'This compliment 'tis fair to pay her:
When Mrs. Potter plays Pauline
She is indeed a poor-lean player.

W. J. Florence is to act with Joseph Jefferson again next season. The New York *Sun* is authority for the statement that his salary then is to be increased by three hundred dollars a week, bringing the total up to one thousand five hundred dollars a

week. This is a pretty good salary for an actor in a company with Joseph Jefferson; and Viola Allen and the others in the support must bring the salary list up to a surprising figure.

"STAGE LAND."

Habits and Customs of its Inhabitants.

THE GOOD OLD MAN.

He has lost his wife. But he knows where she is—among the angels!

She is not all gone, because the heroine has her hair. "Ah, you've got your mother's hair," says the good old man, feeling the girl's head all over, as she kneels beside him. Then they all wipe away a tear.

The people on the stage think very highly of the good old man, but they do not encourage him much after the first act. He generally dies in the first act.

If he does not seem likely to die, they murder him.

He is a most unfortunate old gentleman. Anything he is mixed up in is bound to go wrong. If he is manager or director of a bank, smash it goes before even one act is over. His particular firm is always on the verge of bankruptcy. We have only to be told that he has put all his savings into a company—no matter how sound and promising an affair it may always have been, and may still seem—to know that the company is a "gone-er."

No power on earth can save it, after once the good old man has become a share-holder.

If we lived in Stage Land, and were asked to join any financial scheme, our first question would be: "Is the good old man in it?" If so, that would decide us.

THE COMIC LOVERS.

The comic lovers have nothing to do with the play, but they come on immediately after anything very sad has happened, and make love. This is why we watch sad scenes on the stage with such patience. We are not eager for them to be got over. Maybe, they are very uninteresting scenes, as well as sad ones, and they make us yawn; but we have no desire to see them hurried through. The longer they take, the better pleased we are; we know that when they are finished the comic lovers will come on.

They are always very rude to one another, the comic lovers. They are more than rude—they are abusive. They insult each other from morning to night. What their married life will be like we shudder to think!

And so, with bitter badinage, do they hang about in the middle of the street, showering derision and contumely upon each other. They wrangle for full ten minutes, when, with one culminating hurst of mutual abuse, they go off together fighting, and the street is left once more deserted.

It is very curious, by-the-by, how deserted all public places become whenever a stage character is about. It would seem as though ordinary citizens sought to avoid them. We have known a couple of stage villains to have Madison Square and a bit of Broadway entirely to themselves, for nearly a quarter of an hour, on a summer's afternoon, while they plotted a most diabolical outrage.

As for Union Square, the hero generally chooses that spot when he wants to get away from the busy crowd, and commune, in solitude, with his own bitter thoughts; and the good old lawyer leaves his office and goes there to discuss any very delicate business over which he particularly does not wish to be disturbed.

THE ADVENTURESS.

She sits on a table and smokes a cigarette. A cigarette on the stage is always the badge of infamy. In real life the cigarette is usually the hall-mark of the particularly mild and harmless individual. It is the dissipation of the Y. M. C. A.

But behind the cigarette on the stage lurks ever black-hearted villainy and abandoned womanhood. The adventuress is generally of foreign extraction. The had woman is entirely of continental manufacture, and has to be imported. She speaks English with a charming little French accent, and she makes up for this by speaking French with a good sound English one.

The friends and relatives of the stage adventuress are a particularly irritating lot. They never leave her. When she is married they come and live with her.

They know her dreadful secret, and it keeps them in comfort for years. Knowing somebody's secret seems, on the stage, to be one of the most profitable and least exhausting professions going.

She is fond of married life, is the adventuress, and she goes in for it pretty extensively. She has husbands all over the globe, most of them in prison, but they escape and turn up in the last act, and spoil all the poor girl's plans.

The adventuress dresses magnificently. Where she gets the money from we never could understand, for she and her companions are always more or less complaining of being "broke." Dress-makers must be a trusting people where she comes from.

The adventuress is like the proverbial cat as regards the number of lives she is possessed of. You never know when she is really dead. This is, however, very trying for her friends and husbands—it makes things so uncertain. Her husbands, on hearing that she is dead, go into raptures, and rush off

and marry other people, and then, just as they are starting off on their new honeymoon, up she crops again, as fresh as paint. It is really most annoying. But it is not only the adventuress who will persist in coming to life again, every time she is slaughtered. They all do it on the stage. It must be most disheartening to the murderers.

As for the young man who is coming home to see his girl, you simply can't kill him. Nature and mankind have not sufficient materials in hand, as yet, to kill that man. You can waste your time on earthquakes and shipwrecks, volcanic eruptions, floods, explosions, railway accidents, and such like sort of things, if you are foolish enough to do so; but it is no good.

There will be thousands of people killed—thousands in each instance—but one human being will always escape, and that one human being will be the stage young man who is coming home to see his girl.

He is forever being reported as dead, but it always turns out to be another fellow who was like him, or who had on his (the young man's) hat.

"Ah, thank heaven—thank heaven for that!" ejaculates his sobbing old mother, and the comic man is so overcome with devout joy that he has to relieve his overstrained heart by drawing his young woman on one side and grossly insulting her.

On the other hand, and to make matters equal, as it were, there are some stage people so delicate that it is next door to impossible to keep them alive.

The inconvenient husband is a most pathetic example of this. Medical science is powerless to save that man when the last act comes round. He looks healthy and robust enough, yet down he drops without a word of warning, stone-dead, in the middle of the floor—he always dies in the middle of the floor. Some folks like to die in bed, but stage people do not. They like to die on the floor. We all have our different tastes.

The adventuress herself is another person who dies with remarkable ease. All had characters die quickly on the stage. Good characters take a long time over it, and have a sofa down in the drawing-room to do it on, and have sobbing relatives and good old doctors fooling around them, and can smile and forgive everybody. Bad stage characters have to do the whole job, dying, speech and all, in about ten seconds, and do it with all their clothes on into the bargain, which must make it most uncomfortable.

It is repentance that kills off the bad people in plays. They always repent, and the moment they repent, they die. Repentance, on the stage, seems to be one of the most dangerous things a man can be taken with. Our advice to stage wicked people would undoubtedly be: "Never repent. If you value your life, don't repent. It always means sudden death!"

The stage adventuress would be a much better woman if it were not for the heroine. The adventuress makes the most complete arrangements for being noble and self-sacrificing, that is, for going away and never coming back, and is just about to carry them out, when the heroine, who has a perfect genius for being in the wrong place at the right time, comes in and spoils it all. No stage adventuress can be good while the heroine is about. The sight of the heroine rouses every bad feeling in her breast.

We can sympathize with her in this respect. The heroine often affects us in precisely the same way.

There is a good deal to be said in favor of the adventuress. True, she possesses rather too much sarcasm and repartee to make things quite agreeable around the domestic hearth, but she has not got a stage child—if she ever had one, she has left it on somebody else's door-step. She is not oppressively good. She never wants to be "unhanded" or "let to pass." She is not always being shocked or insulted by people telling her that they love her; she does not seem to mind it if they do. She is not always fainting, and crying, and sobbing, and wailing, and moaning like the good people in the play are.

Oh, they do have an unhappy time of it—the good people in plays! Then she is the only person in the piece who can sit on the comic man.—J. K. Jerome.

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MEDICATED

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Gives fresher Charms, to the old renewed youth.

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Wellesley Park



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The Event of the Season

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ON THE GROUNDS.

Wellesley Park, adjoining Redwood City, San Mateo County, has been artistically laid out with winding avenues and drives, shaded by magnificent oaks and other beautiful trees, with which the park abounds, giving it a natural beauty that can not be equalled, and which justly entitles it to be called

The Gem of the Santa Clara Valley.

A home amid such beautiful surroundings can not fail to inspire a love of nature and furnish to the business and professional man of the city a panacea for all the many ills incident to an urban existence.

To the east stretches the great Bay of San Francisco, and toward the west rise the picturesque mountains of the Coast Range, while to the north and south the long sweep of the Santa Clara Valley, fading into the blue horizon, lends a romantic expression to the scene.

The Climate is Mild

And equable, and the summer breezes here, softened into delightful zephyrs, distribute the fragrance of the fields and the delicious odor of spring flowers over Wellesley Park, invigorating and resting all who may dwell in this favored spot.

The Neighborhood

Is the choicest in the State, and claims as residents some of our wealthiest and most aesthetic people, while the educational advantages are unsurpassed, fine schools and the great

Stanford University

Being within reasonable distance. The property is fenced, while the main entrance is beautified by a massive archway, with handsome gates, as shown in the cut above, giving to the property a characteristic individuality that can never be destroyed.

There are 50-foot lots for those who desire a modest home site, and villa subdivisions of about one acre and upward for those desiring grounds of a more pretentious character.

The large main of the Spring Valley Water Company extends along the front of Wellesley Park, and the purest and sweetest water can be had from wells at a depth of about twenty feet.

To the home-seeker this sale offers an opportunity to secure a suburban residence near the city that will always be proud of, and to the speculator it offers a certain opportunity for a large advance in value, as land in Wellesley Park is sure to realize in time the highest price of any suburban property in the Santa Clara Valley.

BE SURE TO ATTEND THIS GREAT SALE.



Grand excursion to Wellesley Park on account of this monster Auction Sale will leave by special train from Southern Pacific Railroad Company's Depot, Third and Townsend Streets, on Saturday morning, May 31, 1890, at 9 A. M. Round trip tickets, 50 cents.

These Special Excursion Tickets can be obtained on Monday, May 26th, and until the morning of the sale at the office of BOVEE, TOY & CO., 19 Montgomery Street, and also at the S. P. R. R. Depot, May 31, 1890.

A Free Collation will be served on the grounds.

TERMS OF SALE—One-third cash; balance in one and two years, at 7 per cent.

For further particulars, maps, catalogues, etc., apply to the auctioneers, BOVEE, TOY & CO., 19 Montgomery St., San Francisco.



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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Claws in the will: Fingers of the lawyers.—*Boston Herald.*

"Is that your domestic?" "No. She is my imported."—*Life.*

Necessity is the mother of invention, and likewise the father of lies.—*Puck.*

If the boys do not kiss the misses, then the girls will miss the kisses.—*Binghamton Leader.*

It is the man who is too full for utterance who never knows when he's loaded.—*Boston Post.*

Man is often fonder of his dogs than he is of his kin; but, then, a dog can never contest a will.—*Puck.*

Reporter—"Have you seen Patti this morning?" Elevator-boy—"Yes; I saw her and raised her."—*Puck.*

Edith—"It's the little things that tell in this life." Alice—"Well, you'd think so if you had two small brothers, as I have."—*The Jester.*

First Housekeeper—"What is your idea of the height of sarcasm?" Second Housekeeper—"Calling servants 'help.'"—*Somerville Journal.*

The health journals and doctors agree that the most wholesome part of the ordinary New England country doughnut is the hole.—*Troy Times.*

Innocence abroad: He—"And where are you going next?" She (Cook's tourist)—"Milan." He—"Why, you are in Milan, now." She—"Oh! are we? Well, then, Geneva."—*Life.*

Miss A.—"Jack is attracted by Miss Gilter's money rather than by her personal charms, isn't he?" Miss B.—"I judge so. I heard him speak of her the other day as his *financé*."—*Life.*

Colonel Atkins (of Denver)—"Young man, what was that dose you gave me afore you yanked th' tooth?" The dentist—"Cocaine and whisky, sir." Colonel Atkins—"Pull some more!"—*Judge.*

She—"Shakespeare is simply marvelous." Young Talkley—"He is, indeed. Even the names he gives his minor characters have a deep significance. Look at Pistol, for instance. He was always loaded."—*Ex.*

Old Million—"What? Want to marry my daughter! Why, the child is hardly out of school-dresses yet. She needs a mother's care as much as ever, sir." Young Poorchap—"Oh, that's all right. I'll live here."—*Life.*

Friend (leaving the office with the broker)—"I say, old man, you didn't lock your safe." Broker—"No; I never do. It cost three hundred dollars, and I don't want burglars to spoil it for the little that I've got in it."—*Chatter.*

Three days out from Sandy Hook: Captain of the Nausea—"And now, madam, we are only four miles from land." Lady (anxious to get ashore)—"Where? where?" Captain of the Nausea (pointing downward)—"There!"—*Life.*

Brightwit's boy—"Father, was there ever any ship which carried more people than the City of Paris?" Brightwit's boy's father—"Yes, my son, the May-flower. She carried all the ancestors of the American society."—*Elmira Gazette.*

Tangle—"Maria, you're making a terrible noise on that piano. What is it you're trying to play?" Mrs. Tangle—"Why, it's the 'March of the Old Brigade.'" Tangle—"March, is it? I thought it sounded like somebody walking on the piano."—*Light.*

First masher (trying to introduce himself)—"May I have the pleasure of learning your name?" Saucy young thing (without stopping)—"Pearl." Second masher—"Are you the pearl of great price?" Saucy young thing—"No; I'm the pearl before swine. Good-bye."—*Ex.*

She—"I'd like to have this gold-beaded cane engraved with a monogram of my husband's initials." He—"What is the name, please?" She—"Isaac Henry Saunders." He—"Well—er—unless you're rather High Church, won't that monogram look a little peculiar?"—*Life.*

Mrs. Figg—"Did you ever notice how Deacon Pottshy always begins his prayer with 'Father, thou knowest better than we'?" Mr. Figg (who goes to church merely to please his wife)—"Yes; he thinks he is flattering the Lord by admitting that he knows more than himself."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Jack—"Ah, old fellow, there is no season for love like summer. You can take your girl out on a moonlight night for a long walk. It is so much nicer than having to talk to her in a gas-lit parlor." Harry—"It is very pleasant, I know; but still it has its disadvantages. A fellow can't turn out the moon."—*Epoch.*

Boy—"Mother wants you to come right away, please." Woman doctor—"Has it stopped raining?" Boy—"No; but please come at once, for my little brother is awful sick." Woman doctor—"Well, I have lost my rubbers, and I can't find my umbrella; besides, I must wait here for an hour yet, for I expect my dress-naker."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

ARMY AND NAVY NEWS.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., and Miss Cecilia Miles, who were to have gone to the Yosemite Valley last Monday, were obliged to postpone their visit for awhile owing to the indisposition of General Miles.

Captain and Mrs. Woods, formerly Miss Minnie Mansfield, who have been in Arizona since their wedding, will soon be stationed at the Presidio.

Engineer F. O. Maxon, U. S. N., has been ordered from Washington, D. C., to Mare Island to relieve Engineer C. C. Walcott, U. S. N., who has been placed on waiting orders.

Lieutenant A. W. Wood, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Nipsic* from the *Independence*.

Surgeon S. P. Hamey, U. S. N., has been ordered detached from the *Ranger* and placed on waiting orders. Passed-Assistant Surgeon A. C. Hoffenger, U. S. N., of the Portsmouth Navy Yard, will relieve him on the *Ranger*.

Ensign William A. Gill, U. S. N., who was detached from the *Ranger*, has been ordered to the Naval Ordnance Proving Grounds at Annapolis.

Ensign W. S. Burke, U. S. N., and Ensign Creighton Churchill, U. S. N., have been ordered to the *Charleston* from the *Ranger*.

Ensign J. L. Jaymes, U. S. N., and Ensign A. M. Beecher, U. S. N., have been detached from the *Charleston* and ordered to the *Troquers*.

Lieutenant Charles G. Lyman, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence.

DLVII.—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, May 18, 1890.

Clam Chowder.
Chicken Croquettes. Saratoga Potatoes.
Veal Stuffed.
String Beans. Stewed Celery.
Roast Lamb. Mint Sauce.
Carrot Salad.
Cocoanut Pudding. Cherries.

STUFFED LOAF.—Mince what is left of a leg of veal; mix with it pepper, salt, a little mace, and a little onion, if preferred. Take a stale baker's loaf (an outside one is preferable, as it has more crust); cut a hole about three inches square in the bottom of it and scoop out all the soft; then, after heating the mince in a spider, fill the loaf with it; replace the square piece of crust and tie it up; then put the loaf into a spider in hot fat and turn it over until the whole is a dark brown. Garnish the dish and it will be a very attractive dish for the table.

The California State Floral Society will hold its second annual spring exhibition of plants and flowers at Irving Hall on May 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, and 24th. Special prizes of value will be offered for the best and most original floral design, the largest and best collection of tea-roses, cut blooms, the largest and best collection of orchids in bloom, and the largest and best collection of pelargoniums in bloom.

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REAL-ESTATE.

Park Block 386, at the terminus of the Geary and Powell Roads, bounded by Sixth and Seventh Avenues and C and D Streets, will be sold at auction in subdivisions on Monday, May 26th, by order of the Probate Court.

Bovee, Toy & Co. are to sell the Wellesley Park property at auction on Saturday, May 31st. It adjoins Redwood City, in San Mateo County, the favorite location for suburban residences, and is artistically laid out in winding avenues and drives. It will be sold in 50-foot lots and subdivisions of an acre and upwards.

Among recent sales of interest are the following:

Lot on Howard Street, 275 feet west of First Street, with two dwellings; dimensions, 41 feet 8 inches front by 85 feet in depth; price, \$14,500.

Lot at No. 1919 Howard Street, with a substantial two-story, twelve-room dwelling-house; price, \$11,000.

Block 240x600 feet, between P and Q Streets and Forty-Fifth and Forty-Sixth Avenues; price, \$5,100.

Lot on Geary Street, near —, 68 feet 9 inches front by 120 feet deep, brought \$12,500.

Lot and residence at 909 Taylor Street; price, \$10,950.

Lot 25x85 feet on Howard Street, near Second; price, \$8,800.

Lot and two-story brick residence, with nine rooms, on Pine Street, with a lot 34 feet 4 1/2 inches front, and a depth of 137 feet 6 inches, situated 117 feet 10 1/2 inches west of Dupont Street; price, \$8,950.

Lot on Stevenson Street, 20x70 feet, with two tenements, located 75 feet west of Third; price, \$7,900.

Lot on Bryant, south-east line, 340 feet north-east of Fourth, north-east 75x80; price, \$12,000.

Lot on Vallejo, south line, 137.6 west of Laguna, west 137.6x137.6; price, \$28,000.

Lot and residence on Octavia, west side, 72.6 north of Pacific, north 137.6x72.6; price, \$29,000.

Lot on Mason, west line, 77.6 north of Geary, west 77.6, north 22.6, east 20, south 57.6, to beginning; three-story frame lodging-house on the property; price, \$20,000.

Lot on Sacramento and Walnut, north-east corner, east 137.6x127.6; unimproved; price, \$10,000.

Two fifty-vara lots on the north-east corner of Taylor and Ellis; old one-story frame improvements; purchaser, James G. Fair; price, \$20,000.

The residence of the late John Kohler, on the north side of Post, between Franklin and Gough, has been sold for \$25,000. The house is a handsome one, and stands on a lot 50x37.6.

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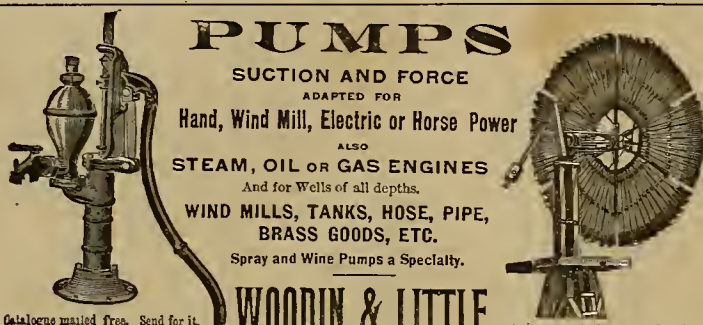
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The Argonaut.

VOL. XXVI. No. 22.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 2, 1890.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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The San Diego *Sun* of May 20th contains an account of "another thrust" at Stanford by his successor in the presidential chair of the Southern Pacific. It is but one of a series which Huntington has given his predecessor since the first thrust of the rapier in San Francisco. These secret stabs have attracted notice whenever they have occurred, and they have happened regularly and for so long a time, from Puget Sound to San Diego, confirming the impression that the feud is irreconcilable and that it is the purpose of Mr. Huntington to carry his personal vindictiveness beyond social or business limits into the field of politics. On the occasion referred to at San Diego, Mr. Huntington was holding conversation with Mr. Babcock considering the question of building a line to that place, when the following incident occurred:

"Mr. Huntington—'You must remember, however, that there is not such profit in railroading now, and that the Southern Pacific's working expenses exceed those of any other road. We pay our employees such higher salaries than other companies.'

"Mr. E. S. Babcock—'Why is that, Mr. Huntington?'

"ANOTHER STAB AT STANFORD.

"Mr. Huntington—'There is really no reason for it that I know of. I no doubt accounts for Mr. Stanford's popularity on the coast.'

"Colonel Crocker—'Mr. Huntington, I will have to object to that remark. That has nothing to do with the salary question. The natural condition of things on this coast makes higher salaries necessary.'

"After a few more words, which showed that an iceberg stood be-

tween the affections of Huntington and Stanford, the committee resumed the conference about San Diego."

We print the above because it is the first time, so far as we know, that Colonel Frederick Crocker has intimated his unwillingness to listen to any remarks derogatory to Governor Stanford. We interpret this incident not as indicating his intention to take sides in a controversy which has assumed somewhat the appearance of an uncomfortable and dangerous personal hostility, but as an evidence that he is not willing to see a friend and copartner stabbed in the back by an angry and vindictive personal enemy. We expect of Colonel Crocker fairness and impartiality in the very embarrassing predicament in which he is placed, and it will be agreeable to know that he is willing to assume a position which does not indicate that he looks with indifference upon the most unusual altercation between two old friends and men who have together performed so great a work as has been achieved by the five Sacramentans who have successfully builded the first transcontinental railroad.

It was an unpleasant revelation, not only to Governor Stanford and his personal friends, when this feud burst forth, but it is an embarrassing one, and will be attended with unpleasant consequences to the railroad property if it shall be permitted to continue. These consequences will affect ALL the stockholders and bond-owners of the road, whoever they may be, not less the Crocker and Hopkins estates than the interests of Governor Stanford and Mr. Huntington. There are large interests surrounding this property that will be injured if this contest is carried to its legitimate conclusion.

Mr. Huntington may think that he holds a position from which he can, with safety, assail Governor Stanford without himself being wounded by the boomerang which he hurls. Perhaps, in his resentment, he is indifferent to personal consequences, and will hurl his shafts, not heeding where they will fall or whom they will hurt. Perhaps Mr. Huntington may be impressed with the conviction that he can withdraw the railroad from politics and prevent Governor Stanford from being reelected senator. But if he can do this, he will defeat the Republican party of California and place railroad legislation in the hands not of the Democratic party, but of its enemies in both parties. Perhaps Mr. Huntington may be advised that he can reduce wages, discharge employees, and get along without the friendly assistance of country journals, or weed his pay-roll of all men who do not work on his cars, or in his shops or offices, or who are friendly to Governor Stanford, whom he not only displaces, but whom he is intent upon humiliating. Perhaps Mr. Huntington thinks that there are not men as rich and determined as himself, who are interested in competitive railroads, and who are intent on pushing them into the State of California. Perhaps Mr. Huntington does not realize the fact that he is a stranger to California; that he is, in no sense, identified with its interests; that because of his social position, his family surroundings, his views upon the Chinese question, and his personal qualifications, he is not personally popular, and perhaps he thinks that he ought to displace Governor Stanford not only in the United States Senate, but in the hearts of the people of California. But Mr. Huntington is mistaken and misinformed. The alliance of his niece, Miss Clara, with the prince of a German house, and the building of a two-million-dollar mansion on Fifth Avenue, and the introduction of his new wife to the aristocratic Four Hundred of New York, have not so favorably impressed the better classes of California society that they can be made to forget the charity of Mrs. Stanford to kindergartens or the benevolence of Governor Stanford in making the young people of the State the residuary legatees of his wealth for their education. Governor Stanford and his wife are loved and honored, and when they die, will be remembered by the people of California; when Mr. Huntington shall be dead and forgotten, and all his social ambitions perish in baccarat and palatial residences, the walls of the Leland Stanford Jr. University will stand a surviving and imperishable monument to the Stanford name and the Stanford memories.

Let Mr. Huntington not forget that in assailing the Stan-

fords he is liable to unloose the hounds that will have no compunction in devouring him and his interests when they get maddened by the chase. Let Mr. Huntington take heed lest he shall unchain passions and resentments which, when they get upon the track of his wealth, he will find it difficult to restrain.

Perhaps Mr. Huntington will stop for a moment to reflect that he is not in harmony with popular opinion in this State upon the Chinese question, and that by the many thousands of men upon his pay-rolls, he is not over much beloved, and that the "high wages" so sneeringly alluded to by him, and which gave so great popularity to Governor Stanford, account for the fact that the wages of labor have been so strongly maintained throughout the entire Pacific Coast, and why of all our millionaires the name of Leland Stanford is most loved and honored.

The spirit of this article is not in laudation of Governor Stanford, whom we very much honor, nor is it intended to criticize unkindly Mr. Huntington, of whose wealth and power we stand in no fear. We are under no personal obligations to either that have not been honorably paid, and the journal we have the honor to edit is under no pecuniary obligations to any of the railroad companies they have had the privilege and profit of administering. We are too familiar with the history of the roads and the character of the men to remain indifferent while Mr. Huntington is attempting to injure Governor Stanford. We think him personally ungrateful. We think him the inferior of Governor Stanford in every quality which entitles a man to personal respect and which should entitle him to public esteem. But above both these men, our regard for the one and our complete indifference to the other, we regret this senseless quarrel, because it is calculated to involve the community in its entanglements and injure the best interests of the citizens of San Francisco and the State of California in their material interests. For years an unfortunate conflict has existed between railroad magnates and the commercial community; legislatures, supervising councils, and courts have been involved in long and bitter controversies. These things were happily almost ended. The government at Washington was prepared to accept a settlement of unadjusted obligations which recognized the equities of the early struggle. The courts have adjudicated claims and laid down principles which are accepted by the companies; nearly all controversies existing have been reconciled; Governor Stanford had been elected United States Senator; Colonel Crocker and Creed Haymond had been sent to the Republican National Convention; Colonel Crocker, and other recognized friends of the railroad company, had been invited to participate in Republican party affairs; all disputed rivalries and entanglements had been adjusted, and the time Mr. Huntington selected to withdraw the railroad from politics, was just when all political quarrels were settled and when the company had passed every danger-signal. This quarrel plunges the company back into the angry and troublesome agitation, because Mr. Huntington hopes to defeat Governor Stanford in his reelection to the United States Senate. He may succeed—he may fail. This concerns Republicans and Democrats. It does not concern us or the *Argonaut*, for we are American, and if our journal can not survive without suppressing its opinions, it had better die. It does not concern its editor, for when he becomes afraid of any man because of his wealth, his power, or his malignity, it will be of no importance whether he writes or not.

It is undoubtedly very appropriate and desirable that the State of California should be represented at the Columbian Fair, to be held at Chicago. The city of San Francisco and other sections of the State should embrace the opportunity to make a thorough exhibition of all the resources of their respective localities. To do this properly the State and municipal governments should make such generous appropriations as may be done within the law and within the bounds of reason. But it may be remembered that the voice of the press is liable to be somewhat strained in this direction when the fact is recalled that Governor Waterman has named three editors out of four as commissioners and

alternates. It will also be well for business men, property-owners, and tax-payers to reflect that the motive prompting members of the chambers of commerce and boards of trade, politicians, and the general body of advertising enthusiasts of our beautiful State, is not entirely disinterested and unselfish in pushing this opportunity to undue dimensions. We shall be very glad to see California present an exhibit of its soils, and give a faithful representation of its climatic conditions, and by a presentation of its cereals, vegetables, fruits, stock, and through art and photographic views give such glimpses as shall convey a rational comprehension of the attractions of our locality. When we hear of an appropriation of one million of dollars from the State treasury and for the issuing of bonds from the city of San Francisco to provide funds for making "the best display at Chicago," we become suspicious, lest we may be led into folly and extravagance by a class of people more prominent when money is to be expended than when taxes are to be gathered for the settlement of debts needlessly created. Orchardists, fruit-growers, fruit-packers, vineyardists, wine-producers, the great cellars filled with the product of the vine, great drying concerns like that of the Mikado Company at Fresno, the great corporations engaged in raisin-drying, fishing, and canning; the railroad corporations, the Alaska Commercial Company, the great breweries, refineries, and all persons pushing their special productions into public notice and competition for their own profit, may be depended upon for their own exhibits, and must raise the money to make their own display. If Governor Stanford, Mr. Haggin, Mr. Baldwin, Claus Spreckels, Porter Ashe, Count Valensin, or any of the wealthy gentlemen who are engaged in money-making industries, would present their fruits, or wines, or horses at Chicago with a view to the ultimate realization of any profit therefrom, let them pay for it, and not call upon men less wealthy than themselves to contribute for a display which will not directly or immediately benefit them. The expenditure of money from the State or municipal treasuries is justifiable and defensible only when it contributes to the health, comfort, safety, pleasure, and profit of the general body of the community upon which it is levied.

The following extracts from the *Phoenix* of Riverside, indicate the direction of public opinion now shaping itself in every part of California. The first is a fair sample of what the press will say in every town where there is fair railroad competition. The second extract is an indication of existing feeling in the minds of all honest men and all independent and fearless editors:

The great Collis P. Huntington has been here. The whole staff of the corner of Fourth and Townsend Streets were along. Crocker and Stuhls, Fillmore and Hotchkiss—all these men came to inspect Riverside and to see how many car-loads of fruit would be sent away from here in the course of time. Their minds were full of sorrow to behold the most prosperous town in Southern California without the dominating pale of the Southern Pacific management. They came to look over the field, preparatory to getting an entrance here. We welcome the Southern Pacific as we would any other road. We want them, but if they wish to build into Riverside, they must be ready to pay for it. They must not expect to get free rights of way, they must not ask for donations for depots, they must come prepared to put up some of the good coin which they have taken out of here the last fifteen years; they must show their appreciation of Riverside by paying liberally for right of way and depot grounds.

When Huntington came West a few weeks ago, and succeeded to the position made vacant by Stanford's resignation, he made many remarks derogatory to the senator's character. He reiterated many times that the Southern Pacific had gone out of politics and that no railroad money should be used any more to further the political ambition of Stanford or anybody else connected with the railroad. He was severely taken to task by Stanford and leading newspapers, and took back everything he had said in a letter to Senator Stanford. But Collis P. continues to make the same statements, which conclusively shows that he can not be a strict adherent to the principles of veracity. Mr. Huntington promises to do many things, which he will gracefully back out of in the course of time. He said his road is out of politics, which has not the stamp of truth on its face, for he will use his or the railroad money to defeat Stanford and elect Steve White. Do the Southern Pacific people believe that they can beat Stanford and elect White? Do they believe that the people of California, the Republicans of the State, will send Democrats to Sacramento to down the benefactor of the youth of the State? Compare Stanford with Huntington and other small fry of railroad and Democratic politicians. Stanford—who has donated many millions already, and will give the balance of his immense fortune to the cause of education—has too strong a hold on the affections of Californians. His name will be known centuries hence, when Collis P. and the other small potatoes of the Southern Pacific will be forgotten five years after their demise. What has C. P. Huntington ever done for California? Nothing—absolutely nothing. He has taken his money East, built palaces in New York, and bought a poor, good-for-nothing German princeling for his daughter. Can the people of this State have any respect for such a shoddy aristocrat, for such a man, who uses his immense wealth to toady to royalty, and spend it away from the State which made him rich?

Perhaps it would be well to state, explanatory of the following communication, that the Junior Order United American Mechanics is a very strong organization throughout the Eastern States, there being in Pennsylvania alone over thirty-three thousand members.

The first council was organized May 17, 1853, being instituted by several members of the parent organization, the Order United American Mechanics. Its membership increased so rapidly that in the

course of a few years it completely outstripped that older order, and as a natural consequence, a separation took place. Gradually, with its growth, its objects were enlarged and many members of the parent order joined its ranks.

Less than a year since, the movement was started in Chicago, Ill., which was the first in that State; now there are twenty-four councils in Illinois, twelve of which are in Chicago. The order has done much to promote the interests of America and Americans, and should be well supported by the young men of our Golden State, not only for the grand object of aiding to support our government, but for the more selfish motive of personal interest, as it is one of the particular features of this order to assist all Americans in every way, both in business and society, morally and materially.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: There is a movement now in progress in this city toward the establishment of a council of the Junior Order United American Mechanics, its object being to foster and encourage the American sentiment among the young men of the United States in the following manner:

First, to maintain and promote the interests of Americans, and shield them from the depressing effects of foreign competition; second, to assist Americans in obtaining employment; third, to encourage Americans in business; and lastly, to uphold and maintain the public-school system of the United States of America, and prevent sectarian interference therewith.

The name Junior Order United American Mechanics may possibly mislead your readers into thinking that this is a labor organization. This is not the case however; its objects being simply and entirely as set forth above—to promote a patriotic sentiment among the youth of the United States. The word "junior" does not mean that we are an association of boys, it having been adopted to distinguish it from a parent order, the Order United American Mechanics. Neither does the term "mechanics" mean literally the men who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, for members are accepted from all channels of life; here all meet in democratic equality; all assemble under the same roof, limited by nothing but the Constitution of the United States.

As the order welcomes young Americans from all walks of life, so it receives into membership all, regardless of their political or religious affiliations, requiring only a true American heart. A perusal of the foregoing objects clearly shows that the great central idea of this organization is to stimulate and foster the love of home and country; to incite in the minds and hearts of its members a pure, patriotic sentiment; to join them in unity for the furtherance of the mighty purpose: to place the United States at the head and front of all the nations of the earth, and to uphold and defend that bulwark of our free institutions, the public schools of America. It further proposes to work for the enactment of such a law as will prohibit the entrance into the United States of all immigrants who are not of a desirable class; that the laws as they stand at present fail in accomplishing this object, we are all aware.

The United States still remains the universal dumping-ground for the scum of other nations. All other nationalities in this country have their organizations to assist their countrymen. Is there a place vacant?—they make application for it for one of their own people.

Go into the shop or office of any of the foreign-born, and you will find the clerks or workmen of the same nationality. Go into the shop or office of an American, and you will find whom?—people from all countries. Is this as it should be? We believe that charity begins at home, and propose that Americans shall assist Americans.

That we are born on American soil should tend to make us one blood and one kin. Is it not one's bounden duty to help the members of his own family and show a preference for them? With malice toward none, we believe that an effectual barrier should be erected against the stream of corruption which is flowing in upon us from all sides. In aiding our brothers, we but live up to the great truth, that to pity distress is but human, to relieve it is God-like. We consider it our sacred duty to maintain, protect, and defend the heritage left us by our patriotic forefathers—the Constitution of the United States—and, further, that it should be taught to every scholar in that great institution, the public school, which has been the making of so many noble men and women for this country. Could any organization have nobler aims or purposes?

We make no appeal to any one, but we do believe that every young man calling himself a native-born American should wade to see the necessity of such a work. To such a one who, believing in the worth of these subjects, is willing to work for them, we extend a cordial invitation to join us in the endeavor to accomplish a realization of these purposes. Respectfully yours, THREE MEMBERS.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Arabians.

To the people whom the ancient Greeks called the Phœnicians, to the Hebrews known as the Cushites, sometimes called the Ethiopians, but known to us as the Arabians, the ancient and modern civilized world owe, to a large extent, their knowledge of the arts and sciences; to them, learning and civilization, in its incipient stages, owe their earliest development.

This people, who are said to be the descendants of Shem, are undoubtedly an indigenous race to the soil of Arabia. Their habits and manners indicate a distinct people. Their ethnological characteristics indicate a distinct origin. The earliest traces of art and civilized modes of living are found in the Arabian peninsula.

There we discover monuments, dwellings, palaces, memorials, and works of art, of luxury, and utility of such ancient date that the mind wanders back to a prehistoric age. In seeking their origin, many of the most useful inventions of the present day find their counterpart among these remains. To them we are largely indebted for our knowledge of chemistry, astronomy, and mathematics. They gave us the twenty-six letters of the alphabet. They were the first to apply their knowledge of chemical compounds to the useful arts. They applied their knowledge of astronomy to navigation, being the first navigators known to history. Their discoveries and settlements extending all through the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean, the Atlantic, around the coast of Africa, and even across that ocean to the American continents. This latter fact is now being in the process of verification from tablets lately discovered on the coast of Brazil.

The science of mathematics they applied to the erection of monuments in various countries, even to their palaces and dwellings, to calculating the precession of the equinoxes and astronomical discoveries.

The alphabet, as before stated, was invented and used by them. Pliny ascribes to them the great glory of the invention of letters.

They were the first to use gold, silver, copper, and brass in works of luxury and ornamentation. Homer alludes to the flourishing condition of their manufactures, their high attainments in useful arts and inventions. The silver vase, proposed by Achilles as a prize at the funeral games of Patroclus, was a work of a skillful Sidonian. The gold-plate silver-bowl, given by Telemachus to Menelaus, Hephaestus received from the King of the Sidonians. The wonderful brass ornaments sent by King Hiram to Solomon attest the remarkable skill of these people. They worked in iron mines in various countries; in the far-off land of Thule, on the shores of Cornwall, they obtained iron for exportation. They had settlements in Spain and India, working the gold mines of those countries. Their household furniture was made from the hard woods of different regions of the world. Their cooking utensils, of copper, tin, iron, and clay; the pottery of those ages surviving to the present day.

They were the first spinners and weavers. They had garments made of the finest silk, cotton, and linen. The purple of Tyre was the finest of dyes. The garment Hecuba offered as a propitiatory gift to Minerva was the work of Sidonian women. They built the finest and largest ships that then navigated the ocean. Their commerce extended to every known country of Europe and Asia.

Herodotus, in opening his history, honors them by giving them the first place, and said they distinguished themselves by their long and enterprising voyages. They exported to Argos, among other places, the produce of Egypt and Assyria. Pliny describes the Phœnicians as the first discoverers of the science of astronomy and

the art of navigation. "Ulysses is left on the Island of Ithaca by the Phœnicians, who sail away to well-peopled Sidonia."

They were undoubtedly the first people to use the mariner's compass. They annually sent their navigators on voyages of discovery. They spent three years, according to Herodotus, in a voyage around the coast of Africa in the service of King Necho, going out by the Red Sea and returning by the strait's mouth, passing the Pillars of Hercules into the Mediterranean.

Every season their ships sailed to the Canary Islands to obtain the shell-fish purpura, so abundantly used in their dyeing establishments.

It is generally assumed that nautical science was not known to any extent previous to the beginning of the fourteenth century, and that the mariner's compass, the astrolabe, and other scientific instruments to aid navigation were not known previous to that age. The invention of the mariner's compass has been attributed to Flavio Gioja, of Italy, in the year 1302, but abundant evidence now exists which proves the use of that instrument previous to that date. In a French poem, written in the year 1180, the mariner's compass is very fully described. Again, it has been supposed that Marco Polo brought the mariner's compass from China in the year 1295. But the poem above cited was written before he was born. Humboldt states as a fact that the mariner's compass was brought to Europe by the Arabians, and nothing is more reasonable to assume than that the mariner's compass was known to the Phœnicians, the greatest maritime people of antiquity, considering their many long voyages, which sometimes occupied many weeks in the open sea, and, as Strabo records, they practiced night sailing, which a knowledge of astronomy and the magnetic needle only could make safe.

They were the inventors of glass, although some writers have attributed, without the slightest proof, the invention to the Egyptians. It is of record, however, that certain merchants of Phœnicia—returning in a ship laden with naron of soda, were compelled by stress of weather to land on a sandy tract under Mt. Carmel—placed their cooking-pots on lumps of naron on the sand, which fused by the heat of the fire from the first glass; and as is well known, these are the two main elements in the manufacture of that article. The glassware of Tyre and of Sidon was famous and preferred throughout Greece and Italy. The oldest transparent glass-vase yet discovered was found by Mr. Layard at Nimrud. It is of a date seven hundred and twenty-two years before the Christian era. For a long period the ethnologist divided the people of the earth into five separate races—the Caucasian, the Mongolian, the African, the American, and the Malaysian—but of late years this system has been considerably modified, and the distinct races are made more numerous, as the diversity of people on the same continents differ in many physiological respects. They possessed a common language, differing from that of other nations; were darker skinned than the European; were the first to manifest any degree of civilization; were the most enterprising people known in history; were famous navigators and colonizers, the only commercial nation then known, the earliest inventors in arts, the most able scientists, and from them the Aryan and ancient European people derived all their knowledge of letters, astronomy, chemistry, and arithmetic. They carried civilization and the arts to the most remote portions of the earth. In mining enterprises they employed forty thousand men, in navigation as many thousand more, in arts and manufactures some hundreds of thousands. Their commercial enterprises were recognized and praised by all the ancient writers of history; even the poets sung their praises, and yet to all the world their land was a mystery, and the Arabian was often alluded to as the "Mysterious Ethiopian." Men saw their great enterprises, their wonderful achievements, acknowledged their indebtedness to them for many of the comforts and luxuries of life, yet of the inner life of this people as little was known by their contemporaries as we do in the present day.

Herein, pursuing his inquiries concerning the nations of antiquity, was constrained to say: "The severest loss ancient history has to mourn—a loss irreparable—is the destruction of those records that would inform us of the affairs, the government, and the enterprise of the Phœnicians." The lost records of this whole race would indeed shed a great light on the past. Had the Carthaginians destroyed Rome, and not Carthage by Rome, we might have had those records, and Europe would not have had to lament a dark age and await the coming of the Arabian a second time in Europe to bring to a benighted people enlightenment and civilization, for it was not until the Moors conquered Spain and established schools of learning at Cordova and other cities, that the European could merge from the darkness which a bigoted priesthood had thrown around him. But of this more anon. We have not even the names of their great men—the philosophers, historians, and poets. The name of no scientist comes down to us. They too, doubtless, had their Confucius, Socrates, Aristotle, Pythagoras, and Plato, their Newton and Copernicus, their Pliny, Livy, and Plutarch, their Demosthenes and Cicero, their Homer and Virgil, but name of none comes not one immortal, never born to die. Why is this? In a measure we may account for it. First, all learning with them, as among the Egyptians, was merged in the priesthood. They were the custodians of all knowledge, kept all manuscripts and all the secrets of scientific discoveries; they guarded their libraries with such sacred care that the outside world had no access to them. Each man was doubtless taught all that it was necessary to know in his own calling, and no more. When their cities were destroyed, their libraries shared a similar fate, and last, when that great iniquity was perpetrated by Rome—the destruction of Carthage—all the literature and records of these people perished by that act of vandalism. No traces even of their language remain. The Sanscrit, the Hebrew, the Greek, and Latin all survive it, and yet neither of them was spoken in so many parts of the world. At the present day, their descendants in Arabia speak a different dialect, unlike the ancient Cushite. The people who gave us the alphabet, the nine digits, or numerals, the mariner's compass, many useful arts and manufactures, to whom the European has twice been indebted for his learning and knowledge of science—leaves no record of its own, and that two thousand years should pass away before mankind began to rescue from oblivion traces of your history, and to acknowledge the indebtedness of the civilized world to your early skill, your enterprise, and great scientific attainments, the many useful possessions of the present day.

The Egyptians have a recorded and well-authenticated history extending back more than seven thousand years before the Christian era. About four thousand years before Christ, Manetho, the Egyptian historian, states that the country was invaded by the Phœnicians, who reigned there for over five centuries. To them he attributes the building of the great pyramids, though this has been claimed for later dynasties by those who wish to deny, though not able to disprove, their antiqueness. Besides, these ancient monuments show many of the characteristics of Phœnician workmanship. The late French explorers have found at Rasud, in Arabia (the ancient Arvad), the walls which encircle this old city, which were constructed of immense blocks of stone, eleven feet square and sixteen feet long. All through Arabia and Asia one finds remains of the gigantic stone-work of this people. I have alluded to the antiqueness of Egypt, as there was an intimate connection between the Egyptians and Phœnicians. As ancient, however, as was the civilization of Egypt, of which there is abundant proof, I wish to show that the Arabian civilization was much older; and this must be evident from the character of the two peoples. The Egyptian seldom went abroad. His commerce was carried on by foreigners. We hear of but one great conqueror among them—Sesostris. He invaded Asia and part of Europe as far as Thrace. Therefore, their knowledge must have been acquired from abroad, and who more likely to teach them than their neighbors, the Arabians, who were great travelers and a nation of great enterprises, penetrating the remotest corners of the earth, carrying to them the arts and sciences. They too, were mighty conquerors. We find traces of their occupation among the most ancient races of Asia. Chaldea, which next to Egypt claims the most remote antiquity, shows at its ancient centres of population the remains of ante-Cushite occupation. So many traces of the early Arabian civilization—monuments, memorials, and tablets that the mind is filled with reverence for this remote people, mingled with regret that we know so little of the traditions of this wonderful nation.

The oldest capital of Chaldea was Ur. This city was built at the mouth of the Euphrates, with the open sea before it. It was built by the Phœnicians. Its ruins are now a long distance from both—more than one hundred and fifty miles. A moment's reflection on the vast period of time required to effect a geological change so great as this will enable us to see to what a remote age in the depths of antiquity we must go to find the beginning of civilization in the Mesopotamian Valley. The traditions of Asiatic nations bring civilization from the south, and connect its origin with the shores of the Erythrean Sea, meaning the Arabian Gulf and these traditions are confirmed by inscriptions found in the old ruins of Chal

deas. These reveal the fact that these first civilizers were neither Semites nor Aryans, but a third and older race, who are just beginning to be recognized by the ethnologist.

It is apparent that no other race did so much to develop and spread civilization; that no other people had such an extended and successful system of colonization; that they seem to have monopolized the agencies and activities of commerce by sea and land; and that they were the earliest ruling race.

And here I may as well correct an erroneous impression which prevails to a great extent—that the Arabians are a nomadic race, half-civilized beings, roaming about the desert of Sahara and the Arabian peninsula; an Ishmaelitic race, whose hands are raised against all men, and all men against them. This is true of this people only to a very limited extent. Some few Arabian tribes, mixed with those of many Semitic nationalities, roam about Asia and Egypt as shepherds, but of the large majority of this people, they dwell in villages, towns, and cities of large extent and population, having a semi-republican form of government, somewhat the same as that recognized in the free Hanseatic towns of the present day. The Arabian peninsula is not a desert, but all through its interior there exists a fine extent of cultivated country, with cities well built, possessing all the arts and cultivation of the best civilized communities.

In 1852-53, Mr. William Gifford Palgrave spent six months in the Arabian peninsula, traveling through it from west to east. He tells us that he began this journey "supposing, like most people, that Arabia was almost exclusively the territory of nomads." His preparations for traffic and intercourse with the natives were made in accordance with this supposition, which, he adds, was a grievous mistake, (which he soon became aware. Instead of nomads and "uninhabitable wastes," he found a rich and beautiful country, a settled and civilized population, and, throughout nearly the whole of his journey, cities, towns, villages, and a regular government, where "Bedouins stand for little or nothing." The nomads, found chiefly at the north, constitute scarcely one-tenth of the population, and he seeks to impress upon his readers that the wandering Bedouins must not be taken as representatives of the Arabian race, for "they are only a degenerate branch of that great tree, not its root or main stock."

It was this race that, in the seventh century, became the masters of more than half of Asia, all Northern Africa, a large portion of Europe, and were masters of Spain for eight centuries. It was during their occupancy of the Spanish peninsula at the revival of learning under their influence took place in Europe. For many centuries previous to their advent, the darkest superstitions prevailed among all uses of the European population. Few men of learning appeared, and the genius of those who sought vent in discoveries was suppressed, and the mass of people groveled in the grossest ignorance. Neither the nobility or priesthood had learning sufficient to understand the ancient systems of philosophy, when merely a priest in the land of Alfred could translate Latin into his mother tongue, with the conquest of the Moors came new light. They established schools of learning at Cordova, Seville, Murcia, and other centres of population, which became famous among the scholars of Europe, who flocked to these academies to enjoy the benefit of the superior learning of these Arabs, whose religion they desecrated. They gave an entirely new face to pharmacy and chemistry. They introduced a great variety of salutary medicaments into Europe. As physicians, they were the first in Europe. They introduced the manufacture of paper in Europe. They taught algebra, till then unknown. They were the first to apply gunpowder to military science, which revolutionized the whole system of modern warfare. At Cordova, there were eighty free schools; these were opened to all the scholars of the world. The circle of letters and science was publicly expounded by professors, whose reputation for wisdom attracted not only the scholars of Christian Europe, but of France, Italy, Germany, and the British Isles. The public library contained six hundred thousand volumes. Women, as well as men, contended for the prizes, not merely in eloquence and poetry, but in the more recondite studies. Granada, in the words of the historian, became the common city of all nations. They maintained commercial relations with all the surrounding nations of Europe. The reputation of its citizens for trustworthiness, says a Spaniard, was such that their *habeo word* was more relied on than a written contract is now among us. Even the nomadic Arabs of the desert of the present day retain the same strict regard for their word.

If the splendor of this people and the high state of cultivation existing among them I will give a slight description, first mentioning the Alhambra, the celebrated residence and palace of Granada. This palace was erected on the summit of one of the hills, and was capable of containing within its circuit forty thousand men. It consisted of thirty towers. The ascent was through groves of poplars and orange-trees, and fountains by the roadside. It was in the interior decoration of this wonderful edifice, or buildings—for this palace consisted of many—that the Arabians expended all their taste and art. The chambers were all paved with marble and ornamented with marble pillars, sustaining arches of pure Arabic form. They were adorned with stucco, and with a species of porcelain, which freshly retains its gold after the lapse of five centuries. The Court of Lions, so called from the sculptures which adorn its fountain, has no fewer than one hundred and fifty-eight marble pillars. The hall of the Abencerrages, so called from the massacre of that famous tribe, had a central saloon, communicating with the other apartments of the palace. Every possible variety of combination which could be devised by man was employed to decorate the wall and ceiling, and the style of the execution is the most exquisite that can be conceived. The lines regularly cross each other in a thousand forms, and after manifold windings return to the spot whence they began. The ceiling is equally extraordinary, beautiful, and worthy of admiration. It represents a series of grotesques, from which depend stalactites painted in various colors.

The golden saloon, so called by the Arabs from the profusion of gold ornaments which it contained, within which was the hall of the ambassadors, on entering which the beholder is lost in astonishment at the exquisite taste and elegance of decoration which characterizes every part of it.

The ancestors of this people, the ancient Arabians, four thousand years ago, is what Diodorus Siculus says:

"Having never been conquered, by reason of the largeness of their country, which flowed in streams of gold and silver, and likewise their beds, chairs, and stools of their feet of silver, and all their household stuff is so sumptuous and magnificent that it is incredible. The porticoes of their houses and temples in some cases are overlaid with gold. The like wonderful cost they are throughout their whole kingdoms, adorning them in some parts with silver and gold, and in others with precious stones, and other things of great value, for they have enjoyed a continuous and uninterrupted peace for many ages and generations."

Other writers, Agatharchides, speaks of them having "curiously wrought gold vessels drinking-vessels in great variety, and incredible profusion of costly furniture in general; an extraordinary magnificence reigning in the decorations of their houses. These people have enjoyed these things from the earliest times, and there is no time known in the history of this people when their civilization was not so established."

The earliest and most ancient allusion to them, whether by historian or poet, is the way spoken of as having established cities, an extensive commerce, and the most scientific nation among their contemporaries.

At I have endeavored to establish by this article is that we have been for centuries attributing to other nations and races the origin and propagation of civilization, while a race but little regarded in history, but whose civilization can be traced earlier than either the Egyptian or the Chaldean, has been ignored, and the race which is justly their due has received until very lately no acknowledgment, and many of the ablest writers, scarcely even recognition. But the whirlwind of discovery from oblivion this ancient mother of civilization, and places her name on the monument of recorded civilization, highest in the temple of fame.

Why did not this great nation continue to exist as a power in the civilized world? why should a nation so great in all the elements of prosperity decline and decay, and even become so low in the scale of nationalities as to be almost forgotten? The seeds of dissolution lie in every nation itself as they are hidden in man by the too common indulgence in luxuries and intemperance, a nation sows the seeds of an early dissolution, as with individuals. The nation becomes bloated by much feasting and strong drink, and succeeding generations become corrupted and effeminate. Wars, with all their disasters, come to hasten the decline, and the nation follows, religious persecution destroys its best intellects, and, lastly, cities are destroyed by younger and vigorous nations, their seats of learning and centres of civilization pass away with the glory of the people. New nation-

alities arise. They, too, in their turn, by the same processes decline and decay, to live only in the remembrance of their former greatness and power.

History but repeats itself, and the many phases of life to-day find their counterparts in the ancient past. It will repeat itself in the future. Nations have risen to great power, ruled others with iron sway, have fallen from their greatness, and become in time the slaves of others; oftentimes the nations most oppressed have risen in turn and become the successful conquerors of those who oppressed them.

The child becomes the lusty youth; the vigorous man then, yielding to old age and decay in the vital energies, becomes a very child again. The same thoughts and feelings, the same motives, actuated our forefathers, as they do the generations of to-day. The strifes and contentions of to-day are the same as they were ten thousand years ago. Men were influenced by the same motives, suffered the same aggressions and wrongs, were influenced by the same passions, and committed the same crimes. The noblest sentiments of the sage can be traced back to an age beyond our written history. But the experiences of the past should never be lost to us. We should so regulate our own affairs that our nationality should never decay or die, but so live that each succeeding generation will carry on the good work we have so well begun.

J. A. MAGAGNOS.

MRS. SMITH'S GOOD TIME.

"Van Gryse" unravels a Metropolitan Mystery.

Let us call her Mrs. Smith. Her right name is much more impressive and has a charming prefix, for ladies of her kind have everything charming about them, from their small slippers to the jeweled pin in the top of their heads. Any one who goes frequently to Del's, to the matinee, to Fifth Avenue between three and six, to the opening days of fashionable milliners, to the spring exhibitions of paintings, to any place where the gay world congregates—without invitation—may see her and form his or her own estimate of what kind of a person she is.

In appearance she is pretty and rather quiet; in age, a little over thirty. She never has any money at all; in fact, she will tell you quite seriously that they are going to be turned out for rent, and that the children are going barefooted—yet she has everything of the very latest and most expensive. When violets are twenty-five cents apiece, Mrs. Smith always wears a bunch in her coat; when boas of feathers first came over from Paris, Mrs. Smith had the prettiest to be bought in town; when marquise rings adorned the fingers of the only Four Hundred, Mrs. Smith had a beauty nearly an inch long; when rich young ladies wear silk stockings only when arrayed in their war-paint, Mrs. Smith never wears any other kind. And all this when it is known abroad that the butcher talks fiercely of suing the Smiths for his bill.

Mrs. Smith is always expensively dressed, with an odd, original touch about everything she wears. I first saw her at a sort of lawn fête in summer-time, where ladies are generally supposed to dress gaily and in light colors. Mrs. Smith wore pale-green crepe skirts, a green-velvet bodice cut out in the neck, a huge straw-hat with a wreath of green flowers round it and a pointed crown fully eight inches high, immensely long yellow gloves, and yards of gauze-veiling twisted round her neck. She looked as if she had come out of *La Vie Parisienne*, or a water-color sketch by Léon Moran. The mind of man can not picture anything more piquant, striking, almost grotesque, than the figure of Mrs. Smith in this costume. There were a young girl and a man with her, and they walked about looking at the people, and the people looking at them as if they were escaped lunatics.

After that I saw her often. She constantly lunched and dined at Delmonico's. She drove out on a coach to Pelham; she went to everything in the way of theatres worth seeing; she was always on hand at reception days of clubs and charity balls. The peculiar thing about her was that she was never without the young girl and the man. It was not always the same young girl and the same man; but in style they were all so similar that they might just as well have been the same. The girl was invariably very pretty, young, and fresh looking. The man—no longer in his first youth—gentlemanly, reserved, and well dressed. When they sat together over their meal or the play, the girl was always lively, full of a sort of gracious vivacity, laughing and sparkling, and making little funny sallies which caused the gentleman to laugh. She always seemed a charming girl, with her fresh cheeks and attractive smiles. Mrs. Smith herself was not particularly talkative, but she took in everything. She knew just who was about her, and she saw every detail of every costume within sight of her keen black eyes. She ate her dinner with the relish of a *gourmande*, loitering over choice dishes, moving her fork slowly in a small hand blazing with rings, sipping her wine with a knowing air, and between the courses leaning back in her chair and surveying the people from the shade of her large curly brimmed hat.

Many people who saw Mrs. Smith had misgivings regarding her. They did not know anything about her and they thought that, after all, that was not to be regretted. Ignorance, in this case, though not precisely bliss, was a thing to be cultivated. Mrs. Smith did not seem to care in the least. When she had her pink-cheeked maiden and her middle-aged admirer with her she seemed to be perfectly content. There was a Mr. Smith, everybody knew, who kept in the background, and there were little Smiths, who were coming up like flowers any way they wanted. Mrs. Smith, in her prodigious hats, her violets, and her marquise rings, did not seem to think about these incumbrances, but with her faithful two, had a good time.

One morning at Del's, a short while ago, a lifting of heads and a sudden concentrating of glances toward the entrance, a *frou-frou* of silk skirts, and a delicate perfume of violet extract, proclaimed the advent of something charming. It was Mrs. Smith, fresh as the spring, with a huge bunch of violets in three shades in her jacket, and two Parma violet pins in enamel confining her collar at the neck. There was the usual small-waisted damsel with her and a bald-headed man, with stiff joints and pointed beard. They sat down by the window, and while Mrs. Smith studied the *carte*, the younger lady talked in a sprightly fashion and the man listened, smiling condescendingly.

It so happened that the ever-present B—— was there—B——, who knows everything and every one in New York. There were bows between him and Mrs. Smith, and then he

left his seat and crossed over to speak with her. For some moments he stood beside her talking. She was very lively and pretty and gracious, introduced him to the young lady but not to the man, and the three had a few minutes' talk, which seemed very jolly and bright. When B—— left them his face was decorated with a pleased smile. It was the most natural thing in life to hurry out after him and request him to unravel the mystery of Mrs. Smith.

"Oh, Mrs. Smith," he said, laughing, "she's all right. She has her little idiosyncrasies, that's all. She likes a good time, that's all that's the matter with Mrs. Smith. Old Smith gives her a lot of rein, but the minute she is too lively he'll draw it tight again."

"And what will happen to the good time?"

"She'll take care of that. Smithy, as I said, has her idiosyncrasies. Her good time is not every one's good time. She loves gaiety like a debutante. She's perfectly happy if she can eat a good dinner, or see a play, or go any way where there's a swell within eyeshot. She doesn't care for any man living. She hasn't got the first instincts of a flirt or a coquette. She's nothing but an empty shell. There is not a single thing inside her—good, bad, or indifferent. She has no feelings at all in any direction, except a sort of *tendresse* for the society of well-dressed people and a sentiment for a good dinner."

"Don't her people object to the way she carries on?"

"But she doesn't carry on. She has never had a flirtation in her life; never had an admirer but old Smith. She is one of the most circumspect women to be found in the city. She has no dislike to her husband or her family, but they simply don't amuse her so well as the outside world does. Mrs. Smith lives for her good time, and though she is the biggest fool on earth in most things, she's really clever about her good time."

"How is that?"

"You've noticed how she always has a pretty girl with her? Well, that girl is always a nice, pretty, bright, agreeable girl, a charming girl, her one fault an intimacy with Mrs. Smith. Then there is always a man—older, well-off, generally vain, pleased by Mrs. Smith's blandishments. She introduces the two at a reception, a play, a dinner. They talk; Smithy oversees and steers the conversation. Afterward she meets them at different places and tells each what a desperate impression they have made on the other. They are both flattered. The girl was very pretty and bright, and has really fallen a desperate victim—that's what the man thinks. The girl thinks that here is an opening for some fun—he is awfully nice and has lots of money and is dying to see more of her. *Dear Mrs. Smith!* So dear Mrs. Smith arranges a little dinner at Del's, which, of course, she must chaperon. The couple are at their best, feeling that at each moment the *vis-à-vis* is falling deeper in love. After the dinner, Mrs. Smith makes more little confidences. 'My dear, he is perfectly crazy about you,' and 'Mr. Jones, I beg of you not to trifle with that dear child's happiness by making her fall so frantically in love with you.' And then, as each of the lovers feels that, out of human kindness, they ought to be kind to the victim, there is a party to the matinee, and Mrs. Smith enjoys the play and a large corsage bouquet."

"And this is how she has her good time?"

"Precisely. She's much cleverer than you'd ever suppose. Why there is not a single play that woman doesn't see, and the dinners she has eaten at Del's would go back from here to the Crusades. She has the best possible kind of a time—a perfectly safe time, and has never been gossiped about in the least. She has got this Beatrice and Benedict business down to such a fine point now that she has no rival—there must be a chaperon, you know, and Mrs. Smith is the best chaperon in New York."

"You know all about her?"

"Certainly. I was in the toils myself for a season. Miss Somebody or other, a delightful girl, was said to be blighting her young life with love for me. She believed that I was blighting mine. We have both now recovered from the blight—though mine was to the tune of a dozen dinners and theatre-parties, and bouquets and candies by the car-load. My flirtation was one of Mrs. Smith's most successful campaigns. She had an unusually good time that winter, and I see she still has hopes of me as good material for another. She just introduced me to that girl now—Miss Thingumbob, from some place in the suburbs—very pretty, bright as a new cent; thinks that old bald-head is dead in love with her. Should the old bald-head not come up to time—and he looks as if he might be rather unmanageable—Mrs. Smith will tell that dear girl that 'Mr. B——, you remember we met him at Del's that day—is dying to meet you again. Such a nice fellow, and not a bit fond of girls!' Oh, I know her—a singed cat dreads the fire. I think of my twelve dinners and my sixteen theatre-parties, and my mastodon bill at Klunder's, and my enthusiasm for Mrs. Smith's chaperonage grows cold."

"But don't the Beatrice and Benedict get on to the way Mrs. Smith is using them as a means to attain her good time?"

"Sometimes toward the end of the season it generally strikes them with a dull, sickening thud. But then, you see, Mrs. Smith's flattery is of a particularly insidious kind—the kind you want to believe. It is only human when you hear a delightful girl is pining for love of you to believe that it is true, and to sacrifice yourself for the sweet creature by giving her a large amount of your society. And after the season is over, and his lovely admirer has gone to the seaside or the mountains, even then it is next to impossible for the male victim to confess to himself that he has been made a fool of. He still clings to the original theory that she adored him. He wants to believe it, and he generally does. Oh, Mrs. Smith is a wonderfully clever woman, one of the cleverest in town."

NEW YORK, May 22, 1890.

VAN GRyse.

Thomas Seymour Denton has invented the word "manu-print," verb, adjective, and noun, for work done with a typewriter. It is at once more accurate and suggestive than "manuscript" for such work.

THE DAYS OF GOLD.

By Dr. J. C. Tucker.

The New York and California Mining and Trading Co.'s flag flew, for the last time, above its great tent in "Happy Valley," San Francisco, on the evening of July 15, 1849.

All of the property of the association had been speedily and profitably disposed of, except that which nobody cared to buy—plows and seeds; so Mr. David Hawley, who adjusted the settlement of our company's affairs, took them, along with the sad-irons and Eastern mining machinery of impracticable device, as part stock of the hardware-store he intended opening. Then the seventeen members of the defunct company, for the first, last, and only time, metaphorically kissed, shook hands, and went their several ways rejoicing.

The Mineralogist, Carpenter, Farmer, and the Doctor of the disintegrated corporation started together for the mines. There were no steamboats at that early day, and we took deck-passages on the little schooner *Olivia*, bound for the "Embarcadero at Sutter's Fort" (now Sacramento City). The little vessel was but seventy-five feet long, with a cabin ten by ten. Deep with freight, she also carried seventy passengers on deck, who were only too glad of the opportunity of going at sixteen dollars apiece, furnishing their own blankets and food.

Not a man on board had ever been up the route before. We had neither chart nor map. All we knew was what a drunken sailor-miner—who came down from the mines in a small boat—called out to our captain: "Keep a north-easterly course." At sundown, we were in the entrance to Carquinez Straits and Napa Creek, undecided which to take. And just there—on the bar—with a strong wind and counter-tide making a choppy sea, the deep-water captain anchored in mid-stream. All night long we sat or stood upon the heaving deck of the little swell-washed craft, drenched to the skin. We were too crowded and cold to move about or sleep, and wearily welcomed the windless morning and warming sun.

The second night found us anchored inside the mouth of the Sacramento River. There the conditions of the previous night were reversed, for it was warm and calm. But no sooner had the wind subsided than the mosquitoes enveloped us in a cloud. Scarcely a man on board could open his eyes in the morning; while every face, except a darkey's, was distorted by swelling. Two more nights of misery we passed upon the river, reaching the "Embarcadero"—three miles above Sutterville, then quite a town—on the fourth day after leaving San Francisco. There we pitched our tent upon the bank, at the confluence of the American and Sacramento Rivers.

Sacramento City at that time was gay with tents and canvas-houses, in which music, gambling, drinking, and indiscriminate shooting were the chief entertainments. There was but one wooden-building—a one-story store-house—owned by Sam Brannan, at the foot of I Street. It was filled with miners' trunks, left at a storage charge of several dollars each a month. The frame store-house had this monopoly, until a certain Yankee, named Knight, built a two-story hotel, bearing the unique sign, "Rest for the Weary and Storage for Trunks."

Learning that Stewart's fast mule-train—the first across the plains—had just arrived at Sutter's Fort and would sell mules, the Geologist and myself walked the three miles out to the fort to buy an unknown quality of mule. Now be it known that in those days but few of these interesting animals found their way north of Mason and Dixon's line, hence none of our party had ever seen one in New York. In a traveling circus, the Farmer had seen an educated ass (quadruped), and competently explained the miscegenation of mule pedigree, but none of us had ever interviewed that long-eared prodigy that "has neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity." Considering how very small, lean, and sore-backed the weak-looking animals were, one hundred dollars apiece seemed to us very exorbitant.

The Geologist knew all about horses, but while too curiously inspecting a chafed spot upon the rump of a little raitailed, white-eyed mule, he suddenly found both hind feet of the brute in his lap. Like a sedimentary deposit, "he lay upon the floor, and the subsequent proceedings interested him no more." The Geologist was paunchy and hard hit in two tender places—his stomach and pride. He would neither examine nor negotiate further. I might do as I pleased.

Meanwhile, all of the mules, excepting the white-eyed Jezebel and three others, were sold. For these the owner now raised his price to one hundred and fifty dollars each. We were obliged to have two pack-mules at any price, so out of consideration for the feelings of the Geologist, I omitted the evil-eyed kicker in the purchase.

Sleep that night renewed the confidence the Geologist had in his knowledge of horselfish. Early the next morning, he and I undertook to show off our superior intimacy with mules. But I observed that in grooming his animal the Geologist never got behind, he always went around "the peaked end of the critter." He had already named the pot-bellied Beelzebub "Nellie," after a pet mare at home. While, with kindly reminiscences, he rubbed the animal down—doubtless to her an entirely novel attention—he indulged in gently murmured terms of endearment that evinced a growing affection on his part—alas, only too misplaced and short-lived. An unseen and tender chafe, made by the cinch of the pack-saddle, was unhappily touched by the stooping Geologist, who, fearing only the animal's hind feet, was ever "looking backward." His broad back presented to the vicious brute an opportunity that she seized with her teeth, and with a middle lift took the Geologist off his feet. This rupture of friendship and pantaloon was a rending and lasting breach between the Geologist and his mule. He never looked that mule in the face again, lest he should slay her, he sadly said, while his poses and reposes for a week after were simply lateral contortions. The Farmer more successfully succeeded the Geologist in the care of that vicious beast. My mule was a

rough-haired, long-legged animal, whose eye always met mine when within kicking distance. My time was yet to come.

The next morning we struck camp. My mule's load consisted of two fifty-pound sacks of flour and one of barley on top, with all of the tinware—kettles, frying-pan, etc.—tied on. The beast stood like a Centaur, while, with the greatest care, I gently adjusted the saddle-blanket, pack-saddle, and load. I did not want to hurt him by cinching up too tightly, so I tied on all of the tinware on top, the while only half-concealing the sense of superior tact which I felt was mine. The last knot was bent in the lashing; casting off the halter I had, with the manner of a veteran vaquero, exclaimed: "I'm ready!"—when the circus commenced. Suddenly my mule shook himself with a vigor that, originating at his nose, vibrated, like an earthquake, to his stiffened tail; he turned the entire saddle-load and tinware under his belly. Then, jumping stiff-legged a few bounds, he commenced kicking; away went the battered pans, amid clouds of flour. I hung on to the halter until Mr. Mule stood upon his hind legs, boxing out for my head with his front hoofs, and rushed me over the rope. Then he lit across the country, out of sight. By the trail of barley, flour, and family plate, we had no difficulty in finally recovering the brute. He was slowly returning on his trail of feed, eating it. He did not believe in deck cargoes.

Then it was that I fully appreciated the stern, seated animosity of the Geologist. The next morning that mule had his head tied up in a bag, while his feet were hobbled both before and behind. I had reached this triumph of mind over matter, preparatory to repacking, when I noticed a man sitting on a stump near by, picking his teeth with an immense pocket-knife. Of questionable age, dressed in Missouri "butter-nut-colored" home-spun clothing, his lean figure was at least six and one-half feet long.

"Stranger, I reckon you'd like to get shut of that 'eer beast?" he said.

"I'd like to shoot him, if that's what you mean," I unamiably replied.

"I reckon you're a Yank," from him.

"I reckon I'm not; New Yorkers call only New Englanders Yankees."

"Stranger, let me pack that 'eer critter for you, onc'st. I was raised on a Missouri mule-farm."

"If you will, I'll be eternally obliged to you," I replied.

Then the butternut-colored border-man slowly rose, closed his great clasp-knife, and recklessly casting off the hobbles, head-bag, and halter, roughly adjusted the saddle upon the animal's back. Placing a great No. 12 cowhide-boot against its ribs, and throwing his whole weight backward upon the other leg, he suddenly drew down the cinch-lacing until the rings nearly met. Simply uttering an "Ah, ha!" of recognition of his butternut conqueror from the border State, the brute braced out his four legs and quietly submitted to the skillful loading and lashing of the man from "Pike County, Missouri." I traded an extra bowie-knife for a butternut-shirt, and ever after was master of the situation—where bossing mules was concerned.

The reader who has never had border experiences, especially in earlier days, may think due prominence and space are here given to that sagacious animal—the mule. But faithful and enduring as is the horse, he utterly fails, body and spirit, alongside the patient, sturdy little mule, who ever exhibits the slender strength and calm self-care derived from his paternal side, combined with an intelligence even superior to that of the maternal. It is said there are one million five hundred thousand mules in the United States—the largest population of that class of animal in any country on the globe. Spain comes next, with one million three hundred thousand. The mule is a hybrid—the offspring of the jack-ass and the female horse. They are singularly superior to the offspring of the male horse and the female ass. Magnificent mules—tall, symmetrical, enduring, intelligent, the finest in the world—are found in Spain and Italy, especially around the Mediterranean Sea. In Spanish-America, also, they are widely bred and used. For long saddle-journeys, their easy pacing gait is much preferred. The use of asses is lost in the obscurity of ancient history, as is that of the hybrid mule. Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, rode into Jerusalem upon an ass, the Bible tells us, while other history speaks of the use of the mule for chariot, war, and saddle service. They were invaluable in transportation use during the War of the Rebellion. As in the case of crossing human race-blood, ethnology tells us, between the Ethiopian and the Caucasian, the product, the beautiful octoroon, is generally a barren woman, so nature in the equine animal seems to have set her seal at the mule line. In every way superior to either of her progenitors, the female mule rarely produces offspring. It is said that but three instances of colts from that source have been known in the United States.

In Spain—and throughout the Spanish-American countries lying across the great range of the Cordilleras—there are few wagon-roads, and transportation is by means of large *cavalas*, or pack-trains. By the *arrieros*, or muleteers, it is asserted that these great strings, sometimes of hundreds, led by the most sagacious, or bell-mule, display intelligent concert of action almost beyond belief. In places of danger, especially after dark, the leading mules throw their ears forward to catch sounds ahead. Those in the centre of the line direct their ears outward to detect "side issues," while the rear animals drop their ears backward. Upon reaching camp, by a word from the *patron*, the bell-mule is halted while half the line pass him and stop at the order, the mules at the two ends of the line advance until they form a semicircle, with the bell-mule at the concavity. There they patiently stand until the great curved pack-saddles are taken off and placed upon the ground, constituting a sort of corral, or barricade. When driven in for the morning start onward, the mule whose eyes and nose do not guide him to his own pack speedily feels the cruel lash of the muleteer. Jim McCue, the great horse-doctor and rancher near San Rafael, says "a mule knows more in a minute than a horse does in a day."

But this dissertation upon mules has led me from the narrative of our trip to the mines. We four trudged onward on foot, driving before us our two pack animals up the American

River trail past Lindsdorff Ranch and Hangtown, until we reached our objective point, Sutter's Mill, the place where gold was first discovered. The preceding winter of '48 had been unusually dry, they told us, and judging from the parched and embrowned hills and plains, we could well believe it. Remembering what Bryant, Fremont, and others had written of "the flower-clad plains of California," we condemned those accounts as unconscionable departures from all veracity; but the succeeding spring, with its boundless glory of verdure and flowers, gave us a realization of the peculiar seasons of the Pacific Coast. Unlike the fine wagon-roads that, graded with easy ascent, now go winding over the mountain steppes and open of the Sierras, were the mule-trails we then followed through the cañons and gorges of the foothills and mountains.

We were leaving the brown, sun-dried hills behind and climbing the higher altitude, following most of the time some water-course, through deep, darkened ravines, now fording and wading, then pushing aside the fragrant bay and laurel undergrowth, or clipping away obtruding pines that exhaled sweet resinous odors in reproachful protest; starting up deer, coyotes, and small game at every turn; camping at bright bubbling springs and singing streams; sleeping beside camp-fires of great fallen trees, on beds of sun-dried mountain grass, a last sleepy look, caught by some swiftly gleaming meteor, glancing downward from the starry, azure canopy above us. Young, strong and buoyant with no earthly care or pain, we tramped onward to that gilded future we believed so surely awaiting us beyond. To us there was no such thing as fail. Life's path to riches and power was before us—upward and onward, Excelsior! What if our feet grew weary and sore?—the exhilarating mountain air gave vitality to hearts filled with visions brighter than rainbow hues, happier than childhood's fairy dreams, dauntless as the deer that dashed across our path. Oh, for one volt of the irrepressible electricity that then went surging through our happy hearts—for one day of the sunny weeks we wandered careless and graceless, through those mountain glades of gold where no shadows, save those through smiling foliage, fell upon our upward path!

In youth we look forward, in old age backward. The light and shadows upon life's downward trail are deeper-hued than glinting sun and shifting shade that checker our young road. We have awakened from the gilded dreams. The flowers have faded and the song-birds hushed. More sombre grow the shadows, more subdued the lights, as years dim and dwarf the vivid visions fading into bitter griefs, the darkened memory intervening. Bright youth, with his triple crown of freedom, health, and hope, unconsciously gleams all there is of pure happiness in life—yet yearns for something more, unknown and unattainable.

OAKLAND, May, 1890.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Farewell to Tobacco.

May the Babylonish curse
Straight confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind
(Still the phrase "wide awake")
To take leave of thee, great plant!

Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate;
For I hate, yet love, thee so,
That whichever thing I show,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrained hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More for a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine!
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine!
Sorcerer! that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take
'Gainst women! 'Thou thy siege dost
lay.

Much, too, in the female way,
While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses, or than death.

'Thou in such a cloud dost bind us
That our worst foes can not find us,
And ill-fortune, that would thwart us
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
While each man, through thy height-
ning steam,

Does like a smoking Etna seem;
And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Seditious fruitfulness.

'Thou through such a mist dost
show us
That our best friends do not know us,
And, for those allowed features
Due to reasonable creatures,
Likens't us to fell chimeras,
Monsters—that who see us, fear us;
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex can't show
What this deity can do—
As the false Egyptian miracle?
Aped the true vapors thou may'st raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze;
But to the reins and nobler heart
Can'st nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born!
The old world was sure forlorn,
Wanting thee, that aidest more,
The god's victories than, before,
All his panthers, and the howls
Of his piping Bacchantals.

These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of thee meet: only thou
His true Indian conquest art;
And, for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyrus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Clematis did ne'er presume—
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sovereign to the brain,
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Frained again no second smell.

Or, as men, constrained to part
With what's nearest to their heart
While their sorrow's at the height
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gall,
On the darling thing, whatever,
Whence they feel it death to sever
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thine
Friendliest of plants, that I must
thee,
For thy sake, tobacco, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise,
But, as she who once hath been
A king's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will hate
Any title of her state
Though a widow or divorced
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Catherine of Spain;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joy
Of the best tobacco boys:
Where though I, by sour physis
Am debarr'd the full fruition
Of thy favors, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snail
Sidelong odors, that give life
Like glances from a neighbor's
And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces;
And in thy borders take delight
An unconquered Canaanite,
—Charles L.

THE SALON OF 1890.

"Parisina" discusses its Notable Canvases.

"A very French subject," said a fellow-journalist to me, apropos of Lefebvre's "Lady Godiva" before which we stood. Yes, it is strange that prudish Albion should furnish us with a legend so aptly fitted to the brush of a modern French artist. The master in question has painted it *con amore*. "The woman of a thousand summers back" is no lascivious nymph, but a true heroine, sacrificing her womanly modesty for the people whom she loved; she rides "clothed on with chastity," a single female attendant leading her horse, through the long, narrow, mediæval street, with its closed shutters and barred doors, while the birds sing in the cage above her head and the white doves swooping down cause her to start and shiver and the faithful companion to draw aside in dread. The catalogue says nothing about Peeping Tom, "the one low churl, compact of thankless earth," and the French public, learned in little lore but their own, will not miss him.

This picture is the first one that attracts your attention on entering the Salon. The next is Munkacsy's ceiling—an allegory, after the manner of ceilings, of the early Italian Renaissance. All the great masters of this epoch are grouped on marble steps with balustrades of porphyry, and in the neighborhood of Titian, two females cast in celestial mold. A little removed from such unclerical company and midway between it and the substantial Renown who hovers above, is Pope Leo the Tenth with Michael Angelo. Unfortunately, even though you throw yourself back as far as possible on the divan opposite, you can not in any way see the composition aright; all the perspective is out, since it is painted to hang from the roof, not on the wall. Perhaps both you and I may some day see it in its place in the Museum of Vienna; in the meanwhile, we admire it in spite of all drawbacks.

Having picked out two big plums, let us find some simpler fruit. How that old copper stev-pan of Vollen's glows! and how its yellow tones are set off by the unscrapped veil of soot outside; the peaches make your mouth water, and the pumpkin agreeably suggests pie. Here is the first of a somewhat long list of American artists—Truesdale, who has painted a flock of sheep and a rough sheep-dog and rustic shepherds (none of your Arcadian masqueraders), and a bit of homely landscape, with the band of a master. "Gratuitous Vaccination in Paris"—a queer title for a picture, but French artists his year have adopted the members of the medical profession as favorite models. This doctor of Scalbert's has a golden beard and he works from the heifer—a new light presumably. Rochegrosse pleases me; he is never banal. We have seen so many Roman matrons and maids attitudinizing that it is fresh to see them sitting round a table like ordinary mortals. It appears that when gladiators were scarce they took up with quails, which—if we may trust Rochegrosse—are as bad as fighting-cocks once their blood is up. Two of them are going at it tooth and nail; a third has been vanquished. The audience is watching the combat with intense interest. This artist is not only learned in Roman pictures; he can paint the interior of an Egyptian barem under the Eighth Dynasty as if he were a resuscitated mummy. Since I saw that "Nouvelle arrivée au Harem," I know what sort of penny toys the Theban children used to have, and bow their mothers plaited their hair. The "Fresh Arrival" is a fair Circassian, and she sits old upright amid her new companions with a prim air, conscious of the inspection to which she is subjected. The others stand round in dumb wonderment; presumably they never saw olden locks before. One is toying with a curl, and none of them look a bit jealous, though the new comer is likely to be a time favorite to-morrow.

If I had been Tattgrain, I should have called my picture "Old Neptune." The leather-faced, dreadnaught-coated fishman there, spearing plaice with a sort of trident, standing knee-deep in the water—dimpled with little eddies and opalmed by the combined reflection of sky and sand—smells old. Charles Sprague Pearce, why have you come to town? preferred your glimpses of Oise scenery to your poor town-ward mother and child. In the same room is Henry Bann's "Corsican Bandit," seated under the shade of his native ictus, amid scenery of the most picturesque description—a charming little *genre* picture. Athletics are all the rage here now, and I can fancy Parisian school-boys being much attracted by Maurice Potter's "Arabs Playing at Kourah"—a game that certainly kicks up a lot of dust and is played with flat sticks, shaped something like those used at golf. Very French, even redolent of Zola, is yonder symphony in white, of a young fellow, one Roger, a favorite pupil of Duez: the interior of a laundress's shop, with linen banging about and several pots of flowers done up in white paper and a cream pot on the table, for it is the *patronne's* fête day. She for whom these presents have been purchased is busy ironing, but so busy that she can lend a willing ear to the compliments of a blue-bloused workman who has dropped in; her employees look up from their occupation of counting freshly mended shirts, curious and amused. His compliments may be *regence*, but they are surely broad.

Luminais has not much imagination; he is always painting ductions. This time it is the carrying-off of a Gallic man by a red-haired Gaul; he has got her on his horse—huge dapple-gray—and they are fording a stream. Both are the costume of Adam and Eve before the fall. There is a usual number of nudities at the Salon. Emile Lévy has painted, once more, the well-worn subject of Silenus at his old mimes; and, to judge from appearances, he is having a high time with some rather neat nymphs in the foreground, while a pair of his hopeful pupils are gamboling with a buck-jumping nkey in the rear. Another nude figure has been dubbed "leur du Mal" by Henri Martin, wherein poetry and realism are curiously blended—life-studies seem to be carrying young artists rather far—further than decency warrants. Turn away from such poison flowers as these, disgusted. A uslinger rather before MacEwen's curious composition, underfully clever in its rendering of a Dutch interior. It includes two figures—a girl reading the Bible and an old father

rodding. Is he dreaming, or am I dreaming? What is that filmy white shadow athwart the chair, beneath the window? Yes, surely it is the wife and mother—"L'Absente"—absent in the flesh, but present in the spirit. Apparitions seem rather the fashion this year. Strange medley of the material and unseen world! In the same room with MacEwen's wraith is that of Beatrix: a neatly dressed mediæval bead and nothing to speak of in the way of body, floating about in a green bit of pasture, while Dante sits under a tree, drawing angels, as he tells us he was wont to do on the anniversary of his mistress's death. Real enough, however, is Moreau de Tours's fine *brune*, seated in a garden-chair and lightly clad in a blue-gauze drapery.

Another medical picture: the interior of the pharmaceutical laboratory at the Faculté de Médecine, professors and students as large as life, including two *étudiants* in such natty aprons that I fear the thoughts of the male pupils may wander from science to lighter subjects if they do not keep a careful lookout. You can not have followed the Salons for a year or two without having remarked the taste the French artists exhibit for the dressing-room—they delight in the female form in every phase of undress—but it is the first time I have seen a young woman depicted in the act of cutting her corns. Well, Mousset has done it, and done it well. The washing apparatus is all in the most approved modern style. From "La Toilette" to Maignan's "Naissance de la Perle" is a jump. One is not usually led to think of an oyster in connection with the human form divine; yet here is an open shell with a beautiful nymph curled up inside, from whom a genie of some sort, flying head downward on a shaft of foam, is snatching a kiss. The scene of this idyl is laid at the bottom of the sea, amid a crowd of strange fishes and still stranger coral reefs. Are we to suppose the artist went down in a diving-bell?

There are so many portraits that I forbear to mention them for the most part. Bonnat gives us a new Carnot. We have seen him in cast-iron, but the eminent *maitre* prefers him in leather; there is no accounting for tastes. He is still to be painted in flesh and blood. Heally shows a very good likeness of Jules Simon; Mlle. Beaury Saurel an equally good one of Mme. Cohen, one of the few women who wear the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Munkacsy's portrait of Princess S— is a beautiful bit of painting. What a charming dress, and what a lovely boudoir! Miss Singer has painted her master, Barrias, at his easel. But of all the portraits three carry off the palm; they are: a Mr. G—, by Lefebvre; a raw-boned school-boy, by Dubois; and a delicious little girl on horseback, riding through a wood—the daughter of the artist, Gerôme—by Aimé Millet. One other, too, deserves mention. The catalogue tells us it is a M. H. de C—, otherwise I should have deemed it was meant for a typical "Fin-de-Siècle"—white waistcoat, gardenia, *piéd plat*, all complete, even to the coat-of-arms on the wall behind—a duck *couchant* on a field *argent*—and the glass of "fine champagne" held between the dude's finger and thumb.

Of landscapes, I think there are fewer than usual. Pelouse has painted for the delight of our eyes two exquisite views of the marsby banks of the Eure. What talent the man has! One seems to hear the ripple of the water and the low call of the wild-fowl. How the sun beats down on the corn-stacks in Guignon's harvest! Mrs. Julia Dunn, of California, has contributed a peaceful English landscape in early morning—a thatched cottage fronting the river and a grassy slope; we have seen pictures by this artist before, and we hail a new one with pleasure. Howe's cattle, too, are old friends—not good to meet with though, in a narrow lane; and though De Vuillefroy's bulls are kept well in hand by those sturdy Spanish peasants, we will give them, too, a wide berth. Jean Paul Laurens, who has painted so many grim Inquisitors and gray-cowled monks in his time, has chosen a less sombre subject for his brush this year, namely, the beautiful flower-garden in Provence, where the seven troubadours of poetic memory laid the foundation of Les Jeux Floraux. True, they are monk-like in their garb, these mediæval rhymsers, albeit it is fashioned of scarlet cloth, and each of the seven is the exact picture of the other six. Lamy's "Dream of Spring" consists of a field enameled with fair blossoms, hollyhocks growing in rank grass, young poplars shivering in the breeze, and maidens clad in their own beauty disporting themselves in the verdant meadow, quite regardless of such ills as influenza. No, this is too bad, for the picture is admirably painted and fair to look upon.

A group of young farmers, very tipsy indeed, Bacchus presiding over a punch-bowl in the back-ground, while Miss B— peeps from behind a curtain, and a forward minx in a daffodil-yellow gown of curt dimensions, boistered on the shoulders of a couple of bearded men, screams herself boarse. Nice company for St. Agnes! But according to M. Glaise, she frequented strange places. This large canvas exhibits a great deal of talent ill-bestowed. François Flameng, on the contrary, has put an equal amount in as small a compass as possible. I would rather possess his "French Army marching on Amsterdam" than many a Meissonier I know. What a ragged, ill-shod crew that revolutionary army was, and what victories it gained! Detaille is at his best in his "Artillery of the Guard Imperial." An officer on a big black charger is riding bard in the front of his men; behind him thunders the field-artillery. There is no end of spirit and go in this composition, and it deserves the highest honors. Pity Detaille has had them all conferred upon him long since, but you can not have your cake and eat it, as we know.

This closes the list. Doubtless there are many other works well deserving mention, but I must not weary out your patience, and beside I must confess to some little weariness myself, after two days spent in the galleries of the Palais des Champs Elysées. To-morrow all the world will be gathered there for the Vernissage, and on Friday the Salon opens to the general public, unless between this and then—no I will not even suppose that the threats of the anarchists can end in anything but smoke and talk.

PARIS, April 29, 1890.

PARISINA.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Jay Gould's daily income has been estimated at \$7,446; Cornelius Vanderbilt's, at \$15,249; John D. Rockefeller's, at \$18,715; and William Waldorff Astor's, at \$23,593.

Mr. Stephen A. Douglas is said to realize only about one hundred dollars a year from a plantation in Mississippi, which cost his father one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars.

Von Moltke's attack upon Bismarck in the Reichstag the other day was doubtless a surprise to everybody except, perhaps, the few who happen to be acquainted with the "silent linguist."

Countess Tolstoi makes hektograph copies of her husband's books that are under ban in Russia and thus circulates them in the mail. She has nine living children, the oldest, a daughter, aged eighteen.

Richard Vaux, ex-mayor of Philadelphia, who, when secretary of legation at London, in 1836, danced with Queen Victoria, is nominated for Congress in Samuel J. Randall's district, and will stand a good chance of being elected.

Joseph Mayr, who played the part of Jesus Christ in the Passion Play at Oberammergau, in 1880, will assume it again this year. He has been in training for months past. The "training" consists in letting his beard and hair grow, and abstaining from beer, although he is a Bavarian.

Since the last public appearance of Campanini, the tenor, he has been undergoing treatment for a buskiness that affected the clearness of the high notes. A doctor found there was a little tumor back of the vocal chord. Every day the past three and a half months, and sometimes twice a day, this tumor has been operated upon. The doctor says now that he will be able to sing all right in concert within a month.

Oliver Bell Bunce, who died in New York May 15th, has been associated for many years with the Messrs. Appleton, and was editor of *Appleton's Journal*. As an author, his works include "The Opinions and Disputations of Bachelor Bluff," "Timias Terrystone," "Don't," "My House," "An Ideal," and "The Story of Happinoland." He was among the first who paid marked attention to illustrated works, and *Picturesque America* was his suggestion.

William Blades, a printer, born in Clapbam in 1824, was the highest authority on the first of English printers, Caxton; the same Caxton who, in the belief of the London organ of Irish home-rule, printed the Shakespeare folios. Mr. Blades wrote much else, including at least three other separate works on Caxton. He wrote on numismatics, on "The Medallic History of Printing," and on "Shakespeare and Typography." In 1881 appeared a curious and excellent little volume, with vellum covers, entitled "The Enemies of Books," such as servants, gas, and worms. It may not be true that Mr. Blades is the last of the race of learned printers in England, but it might be difficult to name his successor.

The queen's visit to Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild at Waddesdon, announced last year but then abandoned, was duly made. The discontented complain that the queen leaves her greatest nobles unnoticed while bestowing this signal mark of favor on Jewish financiers. Baron Ferdinand has no business connection with Messrs. Rothschild. Lord Rothschild, the present bead of that house, has long stood high in the queen's esteem. Baron Ferdinand's Waddesdon château is modern; is, in fact, of his own creation, but one of the finest in England, and is filled with a collection of various works of art which would be difficult to match anywhere. The queen can hardly be blamed for wishing to see Waddesdon.

The row that finally ruptured the firm of Gilbert & Sullivan is said to have all been on account of a carpet. Their business has always been done on a sharing system, expenses of all kinds being charged against the receipts, and the profit that is left divided between Gilbert, Sullivan, and D'Oyly Carte, their manager. While Gilbert was in India, just after the production of "The Gondoliers," Carte purchased some new carpets for the theatre, and when Gilbert returned he objected to the expense. Carte maintained that the purchase was justifiable, and the two appealed to Sullivan, who sided with Carte. Gilbert is endowed with a temper that is not mild, and when he gets into a row he generally sees it through. He did in this instance, and the result has been the dissolution of the partnership.

It is probable that to no living man does humanity owe a greater debt of gratitude than to Dr. Carl Koller, the discoverer of the application of hydrochlorate of cocaine as a local anæsthetic. One of the most distinguished American ophthalmic surgeons, the late Professor C. R. Agnew, said he "would rather be the discoverer of cocaine anæsthesia than President of the United States." A few drops of a weak solution dropped into the eye, robs it of sensibility to such an extent that operations otherwise causing most excruciating agony are not in the least painful. It may be of interest to know how near others came to winning the laurels so justly yielded to Dr. Koller. A recent surgical writer says: "It is true that the anæsthetic effects of cocaine had been discovered before Koller's researches secured its wide application. In 1855 an alkaloid had been extracted by Gadecke from the leaves of *erythroxylon coca*. Two years later, and independently, Dr. Samuel R. Percy, of New York, exhibited an alkaloid he had isolated; and as far back as 1868 Schroff had discovered that cocaine produced insensibility of the tongue when held in the mouth; while Morena y Maiz discovered, by hypodermic injections of the acetate, distinct loss of sensibility over a circumscribed area. And yet it was left to the brilliant young Austrian to make the application and win immortal renown," for in September, 1884, at the Ophthalmological Congress in Heidelberg, a young man hitherto unknown, born in Bohemian Austria in 1857, announced his important discovery.

THE BLACKNESS OF DARKNESS.

Lost in the Vast and Gloomy Labyrinths of the Mammoth Cave.

THE GUIDE'S STORY.

No, sir, I don't hold myself responsible. I don't count the folks that I take into the cave, and I don't count 'em when they come out. It's my business to give each of 'em a torch, and tell 'em to keep close together and follow the guide. It's every man's business to count himself and see that he isn't missing.

As to this stranger and what happened to him, all I know is just as I tell you.

It was the evening trip—we make two trips a day, morning and evening—and a different guide goes each time. On this particular evening I saw the party collected, about a dozen or so in all. I gave a torch to every one of them, and told them not to get scattered and to keep an eye on the light ahead. The torches were all right—I always see to that myself—and the cans were full of oil, and the wicks were trimmed, and everything was regular.

We were to take the short route. There are two routes—one is fifteen miles long, counting the whole way in and out again, clear to Mary's Vineyard and round by Echo River and the Dead Sea. The other is seven miles long, and takes in Mammoth Dome, the Star Chamber, and Fat Man's Misery.

We took the short one, as I say, and started in as usual. I made the regular stops, pointed out the different things, setting off red-fire in one place and throwing up lighted rags in another, so as to show it all off.

The folks were talking to each other and getting off jokes, sometimes asking me questions. How was I to know it wasn't all right, and that one of them wasn't there any longer? I heard no call, and everything went on just as it had done a hundred times before, and the folks themselves didn't seem to miss any one, either.

So I took them through, and over the Bottomless Pit and back again, and out at last to the place above ground that we'd started from. And then they scattered up the hill to the hotel, laughing and talking, and I went to my own room at the back of the house, over the kitchen, and turned in. It's a tiresome trip when you have to take it every day, and there is not the same excitement in it when you've done it a few thousand times.

I never thought of a poor fellow wandering around there in the dark, and never, maybe, to be found again, and folks laughing and talking, or sleeping safe and quiet over his head, while he was going mad with fright and danger down below them.

But how were they to know? and how was I to know? I didn't count them, as I say. When I had fixed them all right to start with, and told 'em to keep close and not lose sight of my light ahead of them, what more could any man have done?

That's all I know of what happened that night.

THE STRANGER'S STORY.

I was in the city of Louisville in October, 188—, and, being within a few hours' ride of Mammoth Cave, I resolved to see it before returning home. So I took the train one bright sunny morning, and by noon was at the railway junction, where a single car and engine were waiting to convey passengers by a little narrow-gauge railroad to the cave, twenty miles away.

When we arrived at what was called the "hotel," I found it to be an irregular, shambling structure of wood, old and out of repair, and two stories high. The floors were uneven, the bedrooms small, with cheap, common furniture and bedding—everything, in fact, about the house only multiplied the first impression of an uncared-for, rambling country-tavern of the olden time.

Finding that the next party to enter the cave would not start till six o'clock that evening, I registered my name, and, after a dinner by myself in a queer old dining-room, went out for a stroll.

After what I have said about the house, I feel bound to confess that a big modern hotel would have been out of keeping with the surroundings. All was wild and picturesque for miles around it; woods and rocks and low hills, and deep ravines with trees growing down the sides, and dark depths into which the sun never seemed to have shone; hardly a sign of civilization anywhere.

When, in a deep wood, I came across a dilapidated old negro trying to shoot a gray squirrel with a single-barreled shotgun which might have come from Noah's ark, he seemed to be a natural part of this queer, out-of-the-world place, and the report of his gun, when he missed the squirrel, sounded dreadfully loud in the solemn stillness that was everywhere.

Except for the old darkey and his gun, it might have been the first day after the world had been finished, and myself the first man who had ever broken its solitude.

It was growing dusk when I got back to the hotel, and supper was already over, so I had a hurried meal by myself again, and then went outside, where I found the party for the excursion already assembled.

There were about fifteen persons in all, and as I was unacquainted with any of them, I silently added myself to the company. A small tin-lamp, lighted, and suspended in a wire frame to keep the flame from our clothes, was given to each of us, and we started off through the gathering darkness in single file.

A little way from the house we went down by a narrow path into a deep ravine about fifty feet wide. The sides of the ravine rose steeply up on either hand when we had reached the bottom, and in front of us and still farther down we could see a great blackness that filled the ravine from side to side; it was the entrance to Mammoth Cave.

We clambered down some rough stone-steps one after the other, and found ourselves on a level with the great arch of blackness that faced us; and it was with mingled feelings of

awe and curiosity that I passed under the over-arching ledge of rock, and stopped to look back from the midnight gloom around me at the faint, dusky light outside, and then turned and followed my companions.

If I had known then to what I was going—if I could only have foreseen what was to happen before I would see that outward light again!

I will not attempt to describe what has been so often described already. I knew in a general way that there were winding avenues, and rooms, and stalactites hanging from the roofs, but I had expected to find everything on a small scale, a sort of peep-show underground—and it was the immensity of everything which surprised me.

The main avenue, along which we walked, was always at least thirty feet wide, and sometimes a hundred, and the roof of it was from forty to seventy feet above our heads.

We came to great rooms, two or three hundred feet wide and as many feet long, and over a hundred feet high, with huge bowlders scattered about, which must have been carried down by a river that once poured through the cave and out into the ravine by which we had entered, and there were stalactites hanging from the roofs—not long, slender needles of white, as I had imagined them, but immense, grayish columns, which began above instead of below, some of them almost reaching the ground and some only part way.

Then there was an avenue a mile long, whose walls were covered by myriads of rosettes, that seemed to have been carved in stone, cave-flowers curiously twisted into floral clusters and garlands, and there were rooms with drifts of snowy crystals on the rocky floors, the ceilings being so thickly covered with the same substance that the firing of a pistol would bring it down like the flakes of a snow-storm.

When we left the main avenue and went into the side-passages, sometimes so narrow that we had to go in single file, and then again suddenly opening into another great room, there were always new marvels to greet us, not least amongst them the little wooden bridge over the Bottomless Pit, across which we went and heard how a man had once let himself be lowered by a rope to a depth of three hundred feet into the black chasm.

All this and a great deal more we could see dimly by the light of our lanterns; and when the guide lighted oiled rags, which he had with him, and tossed them up into the air, and when he would go off by himself to some big rock and set off a lot of red fire, the effect was weird and beautiful, and we could see what a wonderful thing the Mammoth Cave is.

After the first half-mile or so, the party had not kept close together. A few were always with the guide, but the rest straggled behind in twos and threes, stopping here and there to examine some curious formation, and then hastening on to rejoin those whose lights could be seen twinkling ahead in the darkness.

I was last of all, and not knowing any of the party and being too much impressed by everything around me to care to talk, I followed on by myself, and was well satisfied to be alone.

There was apparently no danger; the main avenue was so wide and shut in by a natural wall of rock on both sides that there seemed to be no possibility of missing it, and though its winding course often hid the lights ahead of me from view, a few steps brought them always into sight again; and even when we had left it and had gone into some narrower way, the rocky wall seemed to lead us straight onward, and though the guide had told us not to lose sight of each other, and to keep as much together as possible, it seemed an unnecessary caution.

I gained greater confidence at every step, and at length, in the Avenue of Flowers that I have told you of, I stopped to knock off one of the stone rosettes as a memento of my visit.

I had to search for a stone to use as a bammer, and it took a little time to find one; but when I tried to break off the flower it was a harder job than I had expected, and at last the stone broke in my hand. So I gave up the attempt, and hurried after my companions.

They were not in sight—that is, I could see no lights ahead—but I was sure of coming on them at the next turn, and I felt no alarm. I walked on rapidly, keeping close to the wall and watching for the twinkle of a lamp, and surprised to think how far ahead the others had gone in the little time I had stayed behind them.

But no lights appeared, and on raising my lamp to the wall to make sure that I was still in the Avenue of Flowers, I saw to my dismay that there were no flowers there!

I started to go across the avenue to the other side, but three steps brought me suddenly up against a rocky wall—I had missed my way.

But I couldn't be far out of the right road, and I hurried back again as fast as I could go, holding my lantern high up so as to see the flowers when I should come to them. Just as I thought that I must be at the place, the wall at my side disappeared.

I went several steps toward where it had been a moment before, thinking that the passage had grown wider, but there was no wall there, and I knew that I had come somehow into one of the large rooms.

For the first time I began to feel frightened; I halloed as loud as I could, and again, louder and louder, but there was no answer, and the gloom around me seemed to be of a deeper blackness, and the awful stillness to be more appalling.

I stood still and tried to keep my senses about me, and to think it all out calmly. I remembered that the guide had told us that if any one got lost he must instantly blow out his light and sit down, and not move from the spot; for so long as his light was burning he would try to find his way out, and he would only go farther wrong, and his only hope was to remain where he was until he was missed, and a guide would come and find him.

But then, didn't I know that I must be near the right avenue, and that I must surely find it if I went a little farther? Ah, yes, that was exactly what the guide said that

a lost man would think, and that he must *not* think, but blow out his light and sit down.

Accordingly, I sat down and took up my lamp to blow it out.

But that little light had suddenly become my only friend, and though it only threw its rays on a few feet around me it was a cheery thing to see, and the thought of being utterly alone in the silent blackness was overwhelming. Still, it would not be for many hours, and so soon as I was missed they would come to search for me, and I took the lamp again and gathered all my resolution to blow it into darkness, when a fearful thought shot across my mind.

Who was to miss me? And how would any one ever know?

My heart seemed to stop beating, as I remembered that I had stayed behind the rest of the party and had spoken to no one; they would never miss me: they would leave the cave as they had entered it, and go their ways in the morning, and never think of me again.

The cold sweat broke out on me as I realized my true position, and I was thankful that my little tin-lamp was still burning. I took it up and hugged it, I shook it to see how much oil might still be left in it; there was a chance yet that I could get back to the main avenue and wait there for the party's return, and with almost a hope I got up for a fresh start.

But which way had I come into this room? I was standing in the midst of total blackness, except for the little circle of light made by my lamp, and any idea of direction was impossible. Yet something must be done, and I went forward until I came to the wall, and followed it round until I reached at last a narrow passage which opened from it.

Now was this the same passage by which I had come before? and would I only be going back again? I could not tell; it was a miserable, horrible uncertainty. But it might be the way out to life and liberty, and I entered it and went rapidly along.

I halloed as I hurried onward, and once or twice I thought I heard an answering cry, but faint and far away. I was sure of it once that I stopped and laughed out loud, and set my loudest yell in answer, and then listened, thinking sure that I heard the faint response again.

Then I would think I saw the blessed lights dancing ahead of me, and my heart leaped in terror lest they would be out of sight before I could reach them or make them hear, and would rush on until my breath failed me, and I would lean against the wall to rest, with a sickening fear of the dreadful possibility that I might be only going away from help instead of toward it.

And then I knew, as if some one had told me, that my nerves were being strung to a greater tension than they could bear, and that if it lasted much longer there would be danger of my brain giving way.

But the impulse to hurry on was irresistible; a kind of madness to reach the other members of the party, a desperation to free myself from the horror of a living death, seized me and impelled me onward. I broke into a run. I felt rather than knew that the avenue I was in was winding and changing, and as I was rushing wildly along, I ran into son broken stones, which must have fallen from the roof, and pitching forward I fell headlong, and the lamp went with me and was extinguished in the fall; I was in total darkness!

I do not know whether the fall had stunned me, or whether it was the numbness of despair which from that moment seemed to settle on my brain. I sat up and felt in all my pockets for a match, going through it mechanically and without the least hope of finding one, for I knew that there was no match there.

I saw as in a waking dream the world outside—my friends at home, my partners in business, the whole round of work and pleasure on which the next day's sun would be shining—but I saw it as a dead man might see it in his grave.

The darkness around me was not the darkness of the upper world, which is merely the absence of the sun—it was blackness into which the sun had never shone, a dense, impenetrable blackness walled in and roofed over and buried underground; the stillness was not the stillness of the upper air, broken by the continuous murmur of nature, if by nothing more—it was a silence that was part of the awful blackness, a voiceless, terrible void. I sat there in the midst of it, conscious in a dumb, dazed way, that I was the man who was sitting there, that with life and light and friends so near me I could never reach them—I was buried alive!

I am not quite sure of what happened afterward. I know that the first impulse to find my way out remained with me, and that though I often sat down with the intention of remaining in that spot to die, the impulse to go on would raise me up again and push me forward.

I have no idea where I went, nor how long a time I was thus blindly wandering. I remember once getting up a groping my way along by the wall, and that after awhile I felt a curious softness under my feet, and that I stooped down and touched it, and knew that it was sand, and that soon afterward my feet were suddenly cold and wet, and I knew that I had stepped somehow into water.

I gave some exclamation in my surprise, and a hundred voices seemed to answer me, calling and calling for a long time before they died away, with a mournful, wailing sound.

I remember thinking that I would turn back, and that I knew that these were the voices of men who had been before me.

I think, but I am not sure, that I tried to find the wall the passage by which I had come, putting out my hands in darkness, and then that a strange deadness came over me and that the awful silence and blackness seemed to come last into my brain.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

I have read the above manuscript, and the writer of it asked me to complete it.

I was attending a medical congress at Louisville in October last, and I went with a party of friends to see Mammoth Cave. We arrived at night and entered the cave

next morning with a guide, to take the long route and see as much as possible.

Toward the end of our inward journey, we had come to Echo River, and after waking the echoes, which sounded on for ten seconds after the voice had ceased, we were about to get into the boat to be rowed across, when the guide, who had gone off a little in order to light up the scene, gave a sudden cry: "Great Jerusalem, if here ain't a dead man!"

We hurried to the spot, and by the dim light of our lanterns saw him bending over the body of an apparently lifeless man. I put my fingers on the pulse and could detect no motion, but on tearing open his vest and shirt and putting my ear to his heart, I could hear the faintest possible heart-beat.

There was no need to ask how he came to be in such a strange position; it was plain that he must have lost his way and have dropped at last where we found him, dying from exhaustion and the terrible strain upon brain and nerves.

The rest can be told in few words. We took the oars and seats out of the boat and made a litter, and laying the man upon it, we hurried toward the outward air as fast as the circumstances would allow.

On reaching the mouth of the cave, one of our party ran up to the hotel for some brandy, which I forced into the stranger's throat, and after rubbing him and employing the medical means usual in such cases, I had the satisfaction of seeing him return slowly to consciousness.

His prostration was plainly due not so much to hunger as to the severe mental and nervous strain to which he had been subjected while lost in the cave. I could understand, from my own journey through that vast and gloomy labyrinth, how fearful such an experience might be, and I had him carried to the hotel and put to bed, where I watched by him for the rest of the day.

By the next morning he was in a fair way to be himself again, and was able to tell me the main incidents of his singular adventure, and by comparing dates, I found that he had been for two nights and one day in a situation which would have driven most men stark mad.

It was a fortunate circumstance that his aimless wanderings had led him at last to Echo River, or he might have fallen in some untraveled passage of the cave and his fate have been forever unknown.—*W. Ricard in Youth's Companion.*

There are four hundred and thirteen species of trees found within the limits of the United States and territories, sixteen of which, when perfectly seasoned, will sink in water. The heaviest of these is the black ironwood (*Condalia ferrea*), found only in Southern Florida, which is more than thirty per cent, heavier than water. Of the other fifteen, the best known is the lignum vite (*Guaicum sanctum*) and the mangrove (*rhizophora mangle*). Texas and New Mexico are the homes of a species of oak (*quercus grisea*) which is about one and one-fourth times heavier than water, and which, when green, will sink almost as quickly as a bar of iron. It grows only in mountain regions, and has been found westward as far as the Colorado desert, where it grows at an elevation of ten thousand feet. All the species heavier than water belong to tropical Florida, or in the arid west and south-west.

The problem of measuring the moon's heat has been solved at last by one of the professors at South Kensington. By means of quartz filaments, he has produced a thermopile of almost incredible delicacy. By this remarkable apparatus, he can render sensible the heat of a candle up to the distance of a mile and three-quarters, and by directing the minute-disk of the instrument to the moon, he has shown that the warmth received from its reflected light is equal to that given out by a candle at twenty-one feet distant. Observation seems to show that, although the moon's face is under the blaze of an unclouded sun for fourteen days, it remains comparatively cool, and that whatever heating it does ultimately receive is rapidly gained and as rapidly lost.

Professor Gluck, of Berlin, has succeeded in substituting catgut, ivory, and bone freed from chalk for defects in the bony structure, muscles, and nerve sinews. In more than one case he has restored muscular freedom to crippled hands, prevented shortening of the legs from surgical operations, and reestablished lost nervous control.

Mr. Charles H. Murray, supervisor of the city of New York of the United States census, lately received a morning mail, made up largely of official schedules, which weighed over a ton and which required five two-horse mail-wagons for its conveyance.

THE INNER MAN.

A London friend of mine—himself a man of culture and refinement (writes Harold Frederic to the *New York Times*), has educated his oldest son to be a cook. In the first place, the boy had an obvious natural genius for cookery. When he was ten years old, it was his delight to be allowed to take charge of the kitchen and make the whole dinner himself. Three years later he could construct complicated pastry and confections. The talent seemed worth cultivating. Accordingly, he was taken to Brussels and placed in charge of the *chef* of a celebrated restaurant there. The sum of five hundred dollars was paid for six months' tuition, and at the end of that time he obtained a certificate of proficiency. Thence he was taken to Paris, where he began a term of higher study under the *chef* of the Grand Hotel. Here the premium paid was not so high, because the lad was now of some use in the kitchens. Getting his certificate there, the boy has now returned to London, to begin the serious work of his profession. He has been apprenticed for three years to M. Charpentier, the renowned *chef* of the new Savoy Hotel. During this period he will get a salary of only fifteen shillings per week, something under four dollars, but at the end of the three years, when he will be twenty years old, he will be able at the outset to command twenty-five or thirty dollars per week, which, with ordinary luck, will increase to something like one hundred dollars within the next dozen years. What comes after that must depend on his own talents, or, rather, on whether he has only talent instead of genius. About the money-making possibilities of this queer profession there can be no doubt. Public attention was directed to this not long ago by W. K. Vanderbilt's importation of Joseph, the celebrated *maitre d'hôtel* of the old Bignon's. Joseph had ten thousand dollars a year, and gave the place up, partly on account of dislike for the servants about him, partly because the commission system did not flourish in America. This last is a most important item with the European *chef*. M. Charpentier, of the Savoy in London, for example, gets a salary of seven thousand five hundred dollars, but his commissions are supposed to represent an additional ten or twelve thousand dollars annually. This theory of a cook's right to control all the purchases for the kitchen, and to receive commissions from all the trades-people, is an established feature, not only in swell hotels but in great mansions, and even moderately big private houses in both England and France. "But how will it affect your son socially?" I asked; "will he be able to associate, as an illustration, with the class of men you meet, and that he would have met had you made him an engineer or a solicitor?" "Oh, yes," the father replied; "there would be no trouble about that." The master-cooks, it seems, are a highly dignified and important class of people. "They have a club in the West End," he went on to tell me, "where the annual subscription is one hundred dollars—a very high sum for a London club." This apprenticing of an English gentleman's son to the *chef* of the Savoy may be the initial move in a social revolution.

Edward Atkinson, the well-known political economist and writer, having, as he affirms, "tried all his life to help the poor and failed, has lately turned his attention toward assisting the rich." Mr. Atkinson has invented with his own scientific brain a wonderful oven called "The Aladdin Oven," which he intended for the use of the laboring classes. As that portion of humanity still clings to the traditional cast-iron stove, the inventor has sought to impress the economic and labor-saving properties of this new one upon the wealthy. The oven is composed of wood pulp, and, being air-tight and heated by a large kerosene-lamp, is devoid of cinders, coal dust or ashes. A fine dinner of meat, vegetables, and other viands can be cooked to a turn in the wonderful oven, as a large company of Mr. Atkinson's friends can testify, several delicious dinners having been enjoyed lately in Boston, under the inventor's supervision, at the cost of an ordinary meal.

In the "New South," the race of good, old "auntie" cooks of ante-bellum days has well nigh shuffled off this mortal coil. Few descendants are left capable of preparing meals such as the old régime boasted about. The new generation of cooks are "friers" and "greasers." That is, they fry everything they can and get just as much grease into the food as said food will absorb. Into the frying-pan go chops, steaks, chicken, and whatever else can possibly be put there. To the Northern man in the South, this cookery question is a source of aggravation, until he feels like the irate hotel guest who asked the waiter if the coot in the coot-pie could fly. "Yes, sah," was the answer. "Then don't give me any coot in mine. Anything that had wings and could fly and didn't get out of this blasted country, I despise too much even to eat."

The favorite confection of the American woman is chocolate. If one stands for a few moments in any shop where sweets are sold, one is satisfied as to this beyond a doubt. Out of every ten pounds which pass over the counter in their dainty boxes, six pounds are some variety of chocolate.

LATE VERSE.

His Starlight.

You, who at my elbow sit,
By whose eyes my lines are lit,
How shall any poet's pen
Go aniss or falter when
Stars like these shine out above—
Beacons kindled there by love—
Lighting up the paths below
Where he wanders to and fro?

Is it strange the rhymes should kiss
Under such a spell as this?
They but mimic those, my sweet,
Who of old were wont to meet—
Meet and linger at the bars
Making love beneath the stars:
We ourselves were happy rhymes
In those dear, betrothal times.

Take this lyric: every line
But reflects the stars that shine
O'er my shoulder telling me
Of my sweetheart's constancy;
And if any word appear
Vague or needless, say you, *Here*
Went a cloud across his skies;
This is where its shadow lies.

But if any turn of phrase
Tempt your lips to lip its praise,
Know you there the poet caught
From your eyes the graceful thought;
All the merits of his song
To those constant stars belong—
To those tender eyes that brim
Full with love to gladden him!

—Frank Dempster Sherman in *May Lippincott's*.

Æsop and the Beasts.

He sat among the Woods, he heard
The sylvan merriment, he saw
The humors of the beast and bird,
The pranks of donkey and of daw;
And in the lion and the frog,
In all the tribes of swamp and den,
In deer and hare, in stork and log,
Marked the similitudes of men.
"From these, of these," he cried, "we come;
Our hearts and brains descend from these,"
And lo the beasts no more were dumb,
But answered out of brakes and trees.
And thus, perchance, their saying ran:
"Nay, not from us your folly springs,
O, deeply fallen race of man,
Bewildered about empty things!
For we have neither hope nor dread,
We look not forward nor behind,
We lead the life our fathers led,
We live like clouds, or streams, or wind;
For we have neither doubt nor faith,
For we are neither bond nor free;
We hear the word that Nature saith,
And nigh to Nature's heart are we.
Behold, we neither laugh nor weep,
Are well content with everything;
But ye would fly, that scarce can creep,
And ye would speak, that scarce can sing;
Nay, were there cause for moan or mirth
"Tis we—not you—should sigh or scorn.
O latest children of the earth,
Most childish children earth hath borne."

They spake, but that misshapen slave
Told never of the thing he heard,
And unto men their portraits gave
In likenesses of beast and bird.

—Andrew Lang in the *Independent*.

REAL-ESTATE.

One hundred and seventy residence lots on Clarendon Heights are to be sold at auction by McAfee, Baldwin & Hammond at Irving Hall, on Thursday, June 5th, at noon. These lots, facing on Stanyan, Alma, Rivoli, Belgrade, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Streets and Clarendon Avenue, command a magnificent view, with the opening of the boulevard on Sixteenth Street, the extension of Market Street, and the establishment of Stanford Park in the immediate neighborhood, will make Clarendon Heights a fashionable residence section.

The remaining property of the Donahue Estate in Oakland will be sold at auction next Wednesday, June 4th, by Shainwald, Buckbee & Co. at their salesrooms. It comprises fifty-nine acre and half-acre villa lots in Vernon Park Tract, fronting on Claremont Avenue, College Avenue, Broadway, and Vernon Streets, and is of easy access by the State University and Telegraph Avenue cars.

Wellesley Park, adjoining Redwood City, in San Mateo County, is to be sold at auction on Saturday, May 31st, by Bovee, Toy & Co. The property is among the most fashionable for suburban residences, has been very tastefully laid out, and is offered in subdivisions ranging from fifty-foot lots to more than an acre.

The Arthur R. Briggs Company will sell at auction on Saturday, June 7th, a limited number of lots in University Park. The terms of sale are easy, and the nearness of the property to the Leland Stanford Jr. University makes it especially desirable for residence or as an investment. A special train will leave Third and Townsend Streets at 10 A. M. on the day of the sale to carry intending purchasers to the grounds.

The Eastland and Millwood tracts, in Mill Valley, Marin County, are to be sold at auction in villa lots and subdivisions of one or more acres on Saturday, May 31st. The sale will be conducted on the grounds by S. W. Fergusson. This property is only fifty minutes' ride from the city, and is situated in one of the most charming valleys in the State.

The revenue of the Carleton Club, London, last year, was \$170,000 and the expenditure \$90,000, which included a loss on the dining-room of \$15,000. There are 8,000 candidates for election as ordinary members, so it is stated.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Half a loaf is better than the dyspepsia.—*Life*.

He (making a party call)—"I think party calls are great bores, don't you?" She (receiving)—"Yes, indeed."—*Life*.

"That is a wide-awake baby of yours, Bronson." "Yes," replied Bronson, with a yawn; "particularly at night."—*Harper's Bazar*.

He—"I have three thousand a year. You could certainly live on that." She—"Yes; but I should hate to see you starve."—*Life*.

He—"Do you play, Miss Lakeside?" She (from Chicago)—"Don't I? I bluffed the governor out of a century last week on a bobtail!"—*Life*.

Amy—"There's a hole in your stocking as big as a dollar." Mabel—"A gold dollar or a silver dollar?" Amy—"No; a paper dollar."—*Ex.*

She (at the theatre)—"Oh, dear, this is simply awful! I can't see a single thing." He—"I'm a little better off; I can see a hat."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

"John," said the dying man, "will you be one of my pall-bearers?" "I shall be only too glad to, old fellow," replied John, sympathetically.—*Harper's Bazar*.

"I called on Mrs. Snap, to-day, and found her bathing the baby in the wash-tub. Haven't they a bath-room?" "Yes; but her husband is an amateur photographer."—*Life*.

Bagley—"Say, Brown, there's been a railroad accident down below here, and your mother-in-law, who was on the train, was buried in the debris." Brown—"How deep?"—*Puck*.

Ted—"This is the second time you have been engaged to that girl. Look out you don't lose her again." Ned—"Not much fear of that; she is ten years older now."—*Harper's Bazar*.

"Heavens! You have been eating pears, and now you have sauerkraut. How will they go together?" "That's for them to settle. I don't bother myself about it."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"John," said the minister, "will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" "Now, here, parson, what's the use of asking questions like that? What do you suppose I am after; a divorce?"—*Life*.

Blinks—"What sort of comic papers do they have in Europe?" Jinks—"Excellent." Blinks—"Are the jokes like ours?" Jinks—"Exactly. Same jokes, in fact, only a month older."—*New York Weekly*.

Whipper—"I should think you'd prefer Miss Partidge. It's true she doesn't dance as well as Miss Pider; but she is so much plumper." Snapper—"Well, I was brought up to like grace before meat."—*Puck*.

Student (to servant)—"I thought you had finished sweeping my room." Boston servant-girl—"Beg pardon, sir; but I was just decomposing." Student—"What?" Boston servant-girl—"I was returning to dust."—*Puck*.

An exchange says "it is proposed to call the operator of the type-writer a manu-printer." Quite a number of gentlemen are calling their type-writers "Darling," "Love," "Dear," and other pet names.—*Norristown Herald*.

His mother (suddenly opening pantry door)—"Here now, sir, what are you doing up there?" Tommy—"Oh, nothin' ma; nothin'. I'm jist lookin' fer my Sunday-school lesson-sheet; it's got lost, somehow."—*Boston Beacon*.

Florist (to committee)—"You want an appropriate floral design, do you? What was the decedent's business?" Spokesman—"He was an attorney." Florist—"How would something in the shape of a lyre strike you?"—*Munsey's Weekly*.

"This," said the museum lecturer, "is the far-famed phantom Fiametta." "I don't see no phantom," said one of the audience. "Well, that ain't my fault. She's there. If you can't see a ghost, you can't blame me."—*New York Sun*.

Smithers (who has been selected to row in the university eight)—"I am sorry, captain, but I don't think I will row this year. I am going to study, and study hard." Captain of the crew—"Indeed! Well, I want you to stop this d—n fooling and get into that boat!" Smithers gets.—*Life*.

Captain—"Sergeant, note down Private Grasgrun—three days on bread-and-water for slovenly turn-out on parade." Sergeant—"Beg pardon, captain, that won't make the slightest difference to him—he's a vegetarian." Captain—"What? Then put him for three days on meat and soup!"—*Humoristische Blätter*.

Brown's wife has eloped and Smith meets him tearing along the street. Smith—"What's the matter, old man?" Brown—"My wife has eloped, and the pair have lost their money and have stopped at Trenton." Smith—"For heaven's sake, Brown, don't do anything rash. Where are you going?" Brown—"To telegraph them money."—*New York Tribune*.

VANITY FAIR.

At ten o'clock one morning (says the New York Sun), the most beautiful of all the beauties in the Four Hundred was walking down Fifth Avenue between two young fellows who were both very much captivated by her lovable charms, and to them this fair maid said that she had been searching in vain for some pansies to wear to Mrs. So-and-So's dance that evening. "I am to wear a gown that pansies would go beautifully with," said she; "and they are my favorite flower, too. How stupid it is of all the florists to miss having them to-day." The young men deliberated for an instant, and then offered simultaneously to secure a bunch of pansies and send to the beauty before evening. "Oh, it is kind of both of you, I'm sure," said she; "but I have been to every one on Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and there isn't a pansy to be had. If you should get me some you would deserve a prize." "Then offer a prize," exclaimed the young men together. The girl laughed and asked for a suggestion. "How would a drive in my phaeton for to-morrow do?" asked she. "That would be bliss," said one of the young men; "but I think the prize ought to be given at the dance to-night." "Well, what do you say to an extra waltz?" "If you can not be more generous I suppose that would be as much earthly happiness as we could well ask for," was the reply. "Oh, I tell you what I'll do!" cried the girl, suddenly struck with a brilliant idea; "the one who brings the flowers to me first shall kiss my hand." "Oh!" exclaimed the young men; "you don't mean it?" "Yes, I do," she replied. "Your bare hand?" ventured one of the suitors. "Yes, with my glove off." This arrangement was agreed to, and, hiding the girl good-morning, the young men started off upon their mission. They separated a few blocks further on, and each took a hansom cab.

At half-past seven o'clock that night, a disconsolate-looking figure ascended the steps of the pansy-loving beauty's residence, and asked to see the young lady. In a few sad words he acquainted her with the fact that he had traversed Manhattan Island from one end to the other, and that he had failed to find a pansy. While relating his story, the other young man was ushered in. His face was aglow with joyous anticipation as he advanced enthusiastically to the trembling maiden, and, with a quick movement, threw aside the paper covering from a huge bunch of the most perfect velvety pansies. "Where—where did you get those?" gasped the unfortunate loser of the race. "I went to Philadelphia for them, my boy," cried the other. "Oh, how absurd!" said the girl, pleased beyond expression at the compliment this exertion implied. "Why, I would have gone"—rejoined the victorious youth, as he extended his hand to receive hers—"to New Orleans if you had only made the time limit a little longer," and bending over the snowy little hand, he pressed his mouth long and warmly upon it. "I have been compelled to go without food or drink since leaving you," suggested the glowing youth, raising his eyes to the girl's. "Oh, then you must take dinner with us." "I was not thinking of that. I thought the fast might be worth an extra prize." The look that he received from the proud beauty reassured him to such an extent that he bent again and took at least half-a-dozen kisses from the beauteous maiden's band. "Now, what do I get?" asked the disconsolate one. "Oh, I'll give you a boutonniere out of these pansies," laughed the girl. According to all romantic laws, the engagement of the lovely lady and the brave man, who so richly deserved the fair, ought to be announced in good season. It must, however, be said that the fair coquette will, in all likelihood, wed the other.

"Women make strange mistakes in the artistic—to coin a word—of dress," says an artist, "but one of the strangest is the way in which they treat their necks when wearing a low corsage. Nearly every woman believes that a black-velvet band heightens the beauty of her neck. Especially if it be long and slender does she insist upon putting black velvet about it. And thus she makes it look even longer and slender. The effect of black close up to the neck and face is always to make them look thin. A very stout woman, with a neck too plump, may employ the black band with advantage, but the thin woman should wear a light ribbon, white or blue, or a string of pearls or of gold beads if she wants to produce the pleasantest effect."

Louis Sherry, only a few years ago a waiter at the Brunswick and now the caterer favored by the highest circles of New York society, gives this explanation of his success: "I soon saw that my chance of making a big success lay in my novelties of service. Pinard and Delmonico furnished as fine entertainments as need be, but were conservative. My opportunity lay in giving people the novelties that my competitors neglected. Here are some instances: 'The Mikado' came to town and everybody went 'Mikado' crazy. I set to work to get up odd Japanese figures in colored ice-creams that were wonderfully fetching. I bought up every tiny Japanese parasol in the market and those coming. Then I stuck parasols in the bands of my Japs and sent them out. I couldn't fill all the orders, and people

ordered them of Delmonico, Pinard, and others. But I had all the parasols obtainable, and consequently a monopoly of the ice-cream Japs. My prices kept the Japs from becoming common, and a great many rich customers were sent my way in consequence, and they stayed with me. Another of my novelties was the Jane Hading hat. I modeled elaborate bonhonniers after the hat. It wasn't long before I began to take a yearly trip to Paris to get ideas. I began to adapt the very latest Parisian crazes into all sorts of novelties, and to make a point of getting them out in New York as soon after the crazes started in Paris as possible. I never served an order without embellishing it with something new. I offered premiums to my employees for suggestions of novelties, but I found I could invent more in an hour than they could, all together, in a month. For example, one of my patrons recently gave a dinner to D'Oyly Carte. I made gondolas the features of all the decorations. Lawrence Hutton gave a dinner to Henry Irving. My ice-cream piece was an elaborate representation of Mephistopheles, introducing Faust into the witches' kitchen, worked up from an engraving. Miss Reynal's wedding was one of my greatest successes. I wanted to signalize it by a great novelty. My eye was resting on a carpet-pattern at the time. It was a fleur-de-lis. There was my novelty for Miss Reynal's wedding and I made for her a fleur-de-lis table."

Quite a number of the gilded youth of New York will fail to appear in gorgeous raiment to-day (said the Herald recently). They have London tailors. These London tailors have a way of getting their goods through our custom-house without paying the government duty. All you do when you are on "the other side" is to leave your measure. In due time you receive by mail certain samples from which to choose. A five-cent stamp carries the pattern that suits your aesthetic soul to the tailor, and in the course of a month a mysterious package is left at your lodgings. It contains your trousers, *et cetera*. It has become quite a business, but there are tears in the air. The game is up. The other day the officers and detectives watched a wagon-load of these packages from a newly arrived steamer, and at the critical moment arrested everybody concerned and impounded the horse and wagon. Waistcoats of lovely hue, coats with a truly English twist in them, were ruthlessly confiscated by the score.

Only a Boston girl would dare undertake the task of dramatizing Virgil's *Æneid*, retaining the defunct language of the Latins. There are in the second and third classes of the Girls' Latin School more than a score of devoted students of Latin who were so thoroughly in love with the hero of Virgil's poem that they determined to immortalize his wanderings by portraying them before a Boston audience. The effort was a success, of course. Not a word of English was spoken while the curtain was up. Of course there were some, even in a Boston audience, who were a little "rusty" on their Latin, but they were not kept in ignorance of what was being done on the stage. The acting was realistic, and although a trifle amateurish at times, left no doubt in the minds of the spectators as to what was intended to be represented. The story of each act was told in English before the rise of the curtain. The task of arranging the play was done by the girls without assistance, it is claimed. Their ages are between fifteen and eighteen years. They committed to memory several hundred lines of Latin, studied the characters until they were thoroughly familiar with the rôles they were to assume, arranged their own costumes, and provided their own scenery. The selection of costumes bothered them more than anything else. They put in a deal of hard study. The libraries were ransacked for books relative to the subject, and other channels of information were explored. They knew that there must be some slight difference in the costumes of males and females, and they recognized that difference in arranging their garments. But their modesty would not permit them to be too exact in reproducing the male attire.

At a dinner given recently in New York to some charming young women, the hostess devised something very pretty and really new. Instead of the guest card, at each plate was placed some trifling gift, and the young women were told by the hostess that each one had been selected and placed for some particular guest, who was to select her own place by the token, if possible, and hit upon that of somebody else if she could. The fun came when the guesses were made. One particularly pretty young woman found a tiny mirror at the place which she did not select as her own. Another young girl, of literary aspirations, found a tiny gold pen at her plate. A very clever horsewoman found a tiny silver scarf-pin in the shape of a silver stirrup; and another, who is known to be fond of sweets, had a tiny bonhonnier, filled with candied rose-leaves.

It is not a case of a pretty woman here, a nice-looking girl there; it is beauty everywhere (writes a correspondent of the *Illustrated American* in Montevideo). From the flower-girl, who places a posy of gardenias by my plate at dinner, to the millionaire's daughter, who is rubbing her pretty nose against the pane of a jeweler's shop in the Calle Veinte Cinco,

admiring the works of Parisian artists—they are intoxicatingly lovely. A plain face on a girl here acts like a shock to one, much as the appearance of a leper in Delmonico's would. But, alas! the Montevideana is not satisfied with the complexion nature has given her. She paints the lily. And then she is not brilliant in conversation; in fact, she is rather dull. She grows stout, too, while she is still a young married woman, for she does her duty to the republic to which it has pleased God to call her, and many a Montevideana matron can boast that she has ten sons and daughters—to "rise up and call her blessed." Again, it frequently happens that the hairs which the cares of housekeeping cause to fall from their heads land upon their upper lips. The becoming Spanish *mantilla* has been discarded by the upper ten, and is worn only by women of the middle class, who, in their turn, have thrown aside the high comb of their ancestresses. Every one appears to be well dressed, and one sees nothing of the poverty that stares one in the face at every corner in London, nor the cheap tawdriness of the Bowery. The women, from the rich *estanciero's* wife and daughters down to the servant-girl, have a *chic* about them that recalls the Parisienne. It is a very rare thing to see a Montevideana of the better class walking about the streets in the daytime, and not often are they to be seen driving in their very smart turn-outs. When any *fête*, such as the Carnival, is going on, they grace the balconies along the *corso* with their presence, playing with their fans as only women of Spanish blood can, and shooting shafts from their bewitching eyes that would transfix St. Anthony himself. At night they come out in force, walking in bevy up and down the streets, or listening to the military band in the Plaza Matriz. More often than not they have no duenna with them, and only on the rarest occasions are they accompanied by a man. However intimately a man may know a Montevideana, it is contrary to all etiquette for him to address her in the street. This accounts for the free and easy way in which they are allowed to perambulate at night. If a man attempted to talk to a Montevideana on the street, be she matron or maid, I do not think he would soon forget it. I am not certain that the police would not "run him in." At the bathing-places along the banks of the River Plate they are as rigid as "the British matron" herself would be about keeping the two sexes far apart. And yet the way these girls stare at one is enough to make a modest man like myself blush to the roots of his hair. And how they do use those great big eyes of theirs! And a man may stare back to his heart's content. The girls would be very much disappointed if he did not. They live upon admiration.

The most remarkable work Patti performed at the Metropolitan Opera House was in exposing the so-called Four Hundred. During the whole Wagner series (says *Chatter*) we saw the beautiful opera-house in the possession of the "millionaire set." It is their opera-house. They built it, and they maintain it at a great annual loss. This they know full well, and, apparently, they mean that every one else shall understand it. The consequence, each season, has been that the rest of the public has had to endure loud talking, bursts of laughter, constant parading from box to box, and incessant stirring in all the boxes. These very rich social leaders care nothing for music; they do not pretend to. They never listen or applaud. They control the Opera House as a close corporation, and they use it as a sort of society exchange. They make their calls upon one another in the boxes during the singing, they formulate their plans for social festivities to come in the boxes during the singing; they tell their jokes, exchange gossip, do their courting, quarreling, dress-parading, and practical joking in the boxes during the singing. The real lovers of German opera are in the top and bottom of the house, in the pit and the gallery. A very queer thing about the German opera is that a great many mechanics, shopkeepers, and struggling musicians (all Germans, and all intensely interested in the music), hire seats in the gallery by the season. Those who are better circumstanced take orchestra-chairs one night at a time. The chatter, laughter, and bustle in the boxes is positively painful to these people. Worse yet, it is insulting to them. Still worse, it is disgraceful to all who indulge in it, no matter who they are or how rich they may be. When Patti appeared the house was crowded. Apparently the multitude loved music; certainly those who did not love it but came to see Patti showed respect for those who did. You would have been surprised at the contrast between her audiences and those at the German opera. It was an audience of ladies and gentlemen. When Patti sang, not a whisper or rustle was heard. When she paused, the applause was as hearty as ever was heard. When she was not on the stage the lesser vocalists got an intelligent, respectful hearing. The dignity of those assemblies contrasted with the abandon of the glittering social queens and princes on Wagner nights in such a way as to stamp the latter as ill-bred, coarse, and vulgar. Among opera-goers what we style as the Four Hundred are lightly spoken of as "The Gang."

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"The Light of the World" is the title of the epic which Sir Edwin Arnold is writing in his Japanese home. The subject is the life and teaching of the founder of Christianity.

"The Anglomaniacs," an anonymous story of New York society, with illustrations by Dana Gihson, will begin in the *June Century*. It is understood to be written by one of Mr. McAllister's Four Hundred. A series of memoranda on the life of Lincoln will be printed in the same number, with a full-page illustration, showing the exact appearance of the stage and proscenium-boxes at Ford's Theatre on the night of the assassination.

The *Epoch* reports that Nym Crinkle has just completed a novel—"a romance of New York life, as he puts it."

Rudyard Kipling has nearly completed a novel of some length, but will first publish a volume of short stories entitled "The Book of the Forty-Five Mornings."

The ex-Empress Eugénie devotes most of her time to the preparation of a memorial volume, containing the letters of her husband and son, and the proceeds from the sale of which will go to the fund for the relief of widows made by the war of 1870.

One of the evils of allowing the "libraries" of fiction to be entered as periodicals, and hence to take advantage of the cent-a-pound rate for second-class matter, is that not only adults are cheaply supplied with trash, but our youth with the most deleterious literature, sufficiently indicated by such titles as "The Mysterious Marauder, or the Boy Burglar's Long Trail," "Gold-Trigger the Sport, or the Girl Avenger," etc. An effort is making to reduce these pseudo-periodicals—the very regularity of whose appearance is the most alarming feature of them, and finds a premium in the present law—from second-class to third-class (eight cents a pound), where honest books are found. A bill is now pending in the House of Representatives (No. 7558), and it is desired that letters should be freely sent to members of the Senate and House Post-Office Committees urging the passage of the measure. The chairmen are (Senate), Philatus Sawyer, of Wisconsin; (House), H. H. Bingham, of Pennsylvania. To write to the district's representative is also an efficient mode.

In his forthcoming book, "Old Friends," Andrew Lang describes the meetings in a mystic land of the characters of one novelist with those of another. He makes Trollope's unsurpassable Mrs. Proudie picture Becky Sharpe's assault on the bishop, and brings before us Barry Lyndon playing cards with Allan Stuart Breck, of "Kidnapped."

The present interest in African affairs renders timely the appearance of Herbert D. Ward's "Five Years with the Congo Cannibals." It will be published in a few days by Robert Bonner's Sons.

Walter Besant, the English novelist (according to a cablegram), has formulated a scheme by which he proposes to evade the copyright law. He intends forming what may be called an authors' trust, formed of authors in England, France, and the United States. He suggests that books over which authors desire to extend the United States copyright laws shall be written in collaboration with some American writer. It makes no difference, he claims, how little of the book is written by the American. Therefore, he would have an English author, when he desires his books to get the benefit of American copyright, to make a combination with an American author, by which a small amount of the book would be written by him, and he would file the book for copyright as being an American production, subject to American laws. Thus Haggard, who now claims to lose twenty-five thousand dollars a year because he can not get an American copyright, could have Bunner or Aldrich put a few touches to one of his books and have his name attached as a literary partner, then all rights could be reserved and Haggard would get royalties. Each English, German, and French author could choose a literary partner, and so, practically, the benefit of international copyright could be enjoyed without the passage of the bill recently defeated at Washington.

New Publications.

"The Kreutzer Sonata," by Count Tolstoi, is the latest literary sensation in Europe and America. It has been forbidden by the censor in St. Petersburg, and passes from hand to hand in manuscript; France, England, and America, however, have it in published books. Since it is neither religious nor political, the Russian censor must have suppressed it or its immorality. And he had reason: it discusses marriage and free love with barbaric frankness, and its conclusions are that marriage kills love, that an equal exaction of purity from men and women would confine men, but would emancipate women, and that enforced celibacy, eternal and constant, is the only possible solution. These views are expressed by one Posdnicheff, who relates to the narrator, with whom he is traveling, the story of his ruined life; is love for the girl whom he was to make his wife, the happiness of their early married life, his growing

jealousy, his discovery of his wife's duplicity, and the murder in which he concludes the tragedy. Edmund Gosse has said of the book that if it is a study of jealousy culminating in homicidal mania, it has a place in fiction, but if Posdnicheff be Tolstoi and voice Tolstoi's views, then "The Kreutzer Sonata" should never have been published. It is difficult—if not impossible—to decide between these two hypotheses; but it is undeniable that the analysis of the workings of jealousy in the human mind is masterly, and the use of the famous violin sonata that Beethoven dedicated to Kreutzer is most artistic. The first translation to appear in English is by Benjamin R. Tucker. Published by Benjamin R. Tucker, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.00.

"Beatrice," by H. Rider Haggard, has been issued in paper covers in the Glohe Library, published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Zola's "La Bête Humaine," translated, is issued as "Human Brutes" in paper covers in the Library of Realistic Fiction, published by Laird & Lee, Chicago; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"The English-American," a story by Emma Homan Thayer, has been issued in paper covers by Donohue, Henneberry & Co., Chicago; for sale by the San Francisco News Company; price, 50 cents.

"The Clemenceau Case," by Alexander Dumas fils, has been translated into English by William Fléronaud, and is published by the American News Company, New York; for sale by the San Francisco News Company; price, 50 cents.

"Odette's Marriage," a novel by Albert Delpit, has been translated by Emily Prescott, and is published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 25 cents.

"In Her Earliest Youth," a new novel of Australian life, by "Tasma"—whose "Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill" seemed to have opened up a new field for the novelist, and was accordingly successful—has been issued in the Franklin Square Library. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 45 cents.

"How Shall We Revise the Westminster Confession of Faith?" is a bundle of papers discussing the essential features of the revision movement, written by seven divines of the Presbyterian Church: Llewellyn J. Evans, Marvin R. Vincent, Samuel M. Hamilton, Erskine N. White, Charles H. Parkhurst, Charles L. Thompson, and Charles A. Briggs. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, \$1.00.

"The Captain of the Janizaries," by Dr. James M. Ludlow, a novel, more history than fiction, which made something of a stir when it first appeared, some years ago, has been reissued in a new edition. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Story of Russia," by W. R. Morfil, reader in the Russian and Slavonic languages at Oxford, has been added to the story of the Nations Series. The author has gone, as far as possible, to original sources for his information, and has produced a very interesting and valuable book. He considers first the country and the people of Russia and the origin of the Russians, and then, after four chapters which carry the record from the eleventh century to the reigns of Ivan and Peter, he carries the history of what may be called modern Russia up to the present day. The last three chapters are given up to a consideration of Russian literature and of the social condition of the people, and to bibliographical details. The volume has an index and is fully illustrated. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, \$1.50.

Some Magazines.

Following will be found the tables of contents of some of the current magazines:

The May *McMillan's*—"Kirsten"—XXXI-XXXIV, by Mrs. Oliphant; "A Moral Crusader," by Goldwin Smith; "Getting Ready," by W. Warde Fowler; "Our Boys in Florida," by Arthur Moreflore; "George Wither," by John Fyvie; "Some Passages in the Life of Hamish MacGregor," by "The Cry of the Parents"; "Ronald Lester"; and "Prince Albert Victor in Travancore," by J. D. Rees.

The *New Review* for May—"Studies in Character"—Henry M. Stanley; "Tithes," by Lord Brabourne; "Fasting and Its Physiology," by Dr. Robson Roose; "The Seamy Side of Trades-Unionism for Women," by Lady Dilke; "The Sunlight across My Bed"—II., by Olive Schreiner; "Lungs for Our Great Cities," by the Earl of Meath; "A Lecture against Lecturing," by Professor H. Sedgwick; "Holidays for Poor Children," by Mrs. Jeune; and "The World's Desire"—IV.-VI., by H. Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang.

The *June Atlantic*—"The Novel and the Common School," by Charles Dudley Warner; "The Turn of the Tide," by H. W. P. and L. D.; "Sidney"—XVII.-XIX., by Margaret Deland; "The National House of Representatives: Its Growing Inefficiency as a Legislative Body," by Hannis Taylor; "Rod's Salvation," Part Two, by Annie Eliot; "Cart Horses," by H. C. Merwin; "The Babes in the Wood," by Olive Thorne Miller; "The Eight-Hour Law Agitation," by Francis A. Walker; "An Arthurian Journey," by "Over the Teacups"—VII., by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "A Short Defense of Villains," by Agnes Repplier; "God in His World," by William Morris's "New Work"; and verses by Annie Fields and Mary C. Gates.

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In a recent article in Blackwood's Magazine, the author was referred to as the first of Polish novelists, past, or present, and second to none now living in England, France, or Germany. He has, says the reviewer, Dumas's facility for conceiving and carrying out a complicated historical romance; he has much of Bret Harte's dry humor and laconic pathos, and a good deal of Turgeneff's melancholy suggestiveness, with some of his delicacy of touch.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent San Franciscans:

Mr. Herman Oelrichs will arrive here from New York on Thursday, May 29th, accompanied by his best man, Mr. George Pollock, and Mr. Isaac Townsend. They had the use of Mr. Vanderbilt's private car Cupid.

Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger will leave for the East and Europe about July 1st, and will be away three months. Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Smith, Miss Smith, and Mrs. Thompson, of Oakland, will soon leave to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dick are passing the summer on the Isle of Wight.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott are now in Berlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli J. Hutchinson will be at Santa Cruz during June.

General and Mrs. Walter Turbott will pass the next four weeks in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Crittenden Thornton will be at Santa Cruz during June and July.

Mr. H. H. Hobbs and Mrs. Frank Pray are passing a few weeks at Santa Cruz. They will soon be joined by the Misses Jennie and Anna Hobbs.

Mrs. Jennie and Mrs. Walter D. Witham, Mrs. Francis Blake, Miss Blake, Mrs. Byron Digging, and Miss Ethel Pomero have returned from a delightful trip to Colorado, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and other southern points.

Major and Mrs. J. W. McClung will pass the month of June at Blytheade.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe and Miss Kate Jarboe are now domiciled in their cottage at Santa Cruz for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Masten, of Oakland, are the guests for a week of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Dunne at their residence, 215 Sutter Street.

Miss Lena Schell will pass the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard will go to San Rafael on June 1st, to remain a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, nee Carroll, have returned from their wedding trip to Salt Lake City.

Senator and Mrs. W. E. Dunne, of Oakland, will return soon from their visit to Washington, D. C., and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Hastings are at their country home in Green Valley for the season.

Miss Rose Rich and Mr. B. Rich were in Florence, Italy, when last heard from.

Mr. E. F. Preston has gone East and will be away several weeks.

Mrs. Alexander G. Hawes went to Honolulu on the last steamer to visit Mr. and Mrs. Hatch, and was accompanied by Mrs. E. E. Rail. Mrs. Hatch will be remembered here as Miss Alice Hawes.

Mr. D. O. Mills will return to New York in a few days.

Mrs. A. H. Wilcox and Mrs. C. Tyler Longstreet will return in a few days from an extended European tour.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker left London on May 24th, en route home.

Miss Cora Caduc is visiting Mrs. F. P. Tuttle at her home in Auburn.

Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Carrie Taylor, and Miss Evelyn Carlan have returned from an enjoyable visit to the Yosemite Valley and will pass the next four weeks in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan and the Misses Daisy and Ruth Ryan are at their summer residence in Menlo Park.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre, Miss Mary Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre are passing the summer at Colonel Eyre's villa in Menlo Park.

Mrs. W. J. Lowry, Miss Lowry, and Miss Isabel Lowry are passing a few weeks at Cazadero.

Dr. and Mrs. A. Warner, Mrs. A. W. Moulton, and her daughters, Mrs. J. A. Davis and Miss Florence Moulton, are passing the summer near Mill Valley, in Marin County.

Miss F. Anita Plum is visiting Captain and Mrs. Philip at Vallejo.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown will be at the Hotel del Monte during June.

The Misses Piers, of Santa Clara, are visiting Mrs. Morrison at her residence on Hyde Street.

Mr. Daniel T. Murphy and Mr. Fred R. Webster will pass the month of June at the Hotel del Monte.

Captain William B. Collier has returned to Lakeport after a short absence.

Mrs. Alvina Hayward, Mrs. T. Hawley, and Mrs. A. W. Rose are at San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs will leave Calistoga the latter part of June, to pass the month of July at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase have been paying a visit to Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre at Menlo Park.

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard and Mr. O. Shafter Howard were at Santa Cruz early in the week.

Captain and Mrs. K. S. Floyd, Miss Floyd, and Miss Matthews have gone to their summer home near Clear Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa will pass the rest of the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Walter L. Dean, Mr. E. M. Greenway, and Mr. A. H. Small passed Saturday and Sunday at the Hotel del Monte.

The Misses Dimond have been entertaining Miss Laura Bates at their Menlo Park villa.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Harrison Smith are in San Rafael for the season.

Mrs. A. Chabot and Miss Nellie Chabot, of Oakland, will pass the remainder of the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bancroft will pass the summer at the White Sulphur Springs, in Napa County.

Mrs. Modjeska has returned from the East, and will pass the summer at her ranch near Anaheim.

Mrs. Gertrude Franklin Atherton is passing the summer with her sister in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson returned from the Hotel del Monte early in the week, and have gone to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Jerome Lincoln and Miss Ethel Lincoln recently paid a visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Etta Tracy returned to the city last Tuesday after a pleasant visit of three months to friends in Portland, Or.

Mr. George Bonny returned from the Hotel del Monte early in the week.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and Miss Childs, of Los Angeles, are expected here soon and will pass several weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. B. F. Sherwood, of New York, is visiting Mrs. J. D. Fry at her residence, 1218 Jackson Street.

Mr. Chauncey M. St. John will leave on Friday to visit friends at Santa Rosa.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Verrington, of Carson City, Nev., are here on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourn and Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Griffith are visiting Grass Valley.

Colonel and Mrs. P. A. Finigan will pass the summer in Napa Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. William Allender, nee Rabe, are passing their honeymoon at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. M. Theodore Kearney will be at the Hotel del Monte during June and July.

Mrs. Alexander J. Perry has returned from her Eastern trip, but Miss Perry will remain East a month longer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks, nee Childs, of Los Angeles, are expected here on a visit soon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mullins and Miss Alice Mullins will soon pay a visit to Coronado Beach.

Colonel E. A. Ketcher will soon leave on a visit to Olympia, Seattle, Tacoma, and other Northern cities.

Mrs. McKinstry and Miss Laura McKinstry will be at Santa Cruz during June.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Boyd left last Monday for Portland, Or., and from there will visit Alaska. En route home they will visit Yellowstone Park.

Mrs. James F. Houghton, Mrs. Morgan Bulkeley, and Miss Minnie Houghton will go to the Hotel Vendome, in San José for a month, and in July will be at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Mailliard are at San Rafael for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wayne Belvin are enjoying a visit to Seattle.

Mr. George Loomis, Mr. Samuel Newhouse, and Mr. Tindal, of London, have gone to Newhall for a brief visit.

Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg has returned from an extended Eastern and Southern trip.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Miss Lake's School.

The commencement exercises of Miss Lake's School were held on Tuesday evening, May 27th, at the First Congregational Church. The class of 1890 comprised Miss Estelle Jacobs, Miss Bertha Jacoby, Miss Bertha Joost, Miss Lily Liebes, Miss Edith Levy, Miss Lily Sherrard, Miss Sara Silverberg, and Miss Julia Marks. The following programme was given, and it afforded enjoyment to the large and fashionable audience in attendance:

Organ prelude, Mr. Samuel D. Mayer; prayer; duet, "Oktob-Winter-Reigen, Nicolai von Wilm"; Misses Blethen and Winters; salutory; "American Holidays and what they Represent," Miss Edith Levy; chorus, "Greeting," Mendelssohn, class; French essay, "L'Impératrice Eugénie," Miss Julia Marks; violin solo, "Fantaisie Pastorale," J. W. Singele, Miss Mabel Woodbury; essay, "Human Faces and what they Reveal," Miss Lily Sherrard; Delarte Exercises, class; essay, "Popular Delusions," Miss Lily Liebes; piano solo, Impromptu, G flat major, Chopin op. 51, Miss Bertha Joost; essay, "The Tantalus of To-Day," Miss Sara Silverberg; comedy, "Realistic Reading"—present of the club, Miss Blanche Corwell, Miss Sensation, Miss Rose Steinhart, Miss Far Fetch, Miss Mabel Woodbury, Miss Gutral, Miss Flora Smith, Miss Aspiration, Miss May Kutz, Miss Simplicity (a guest not familiar with realistic methods), Miss Marie Bald, Miss Imagination, Miss Leonie Liebes, Miss Ranter, Miss Della Mills, Miss Overton, Miss Gertrude Blethen, Miss Force, Miss Kate Taylor; duet, allegro, Scharwenka, Misses Crawford and Haselet; essay, "Angelica Kaufman," Miss Estelle Jacobs; duet (mandolin and piano), "La Sérénade—Valse Espagnol, O. Métra, Misses Liebes and Dudley; French recitation, "Jeanne d'Arc," Alfred de Musset, Miss Marie Baird; vocal solo, "In Alto Mare," La Costa, Miss Marie Williams; German essay, "Wert und Bedeutung der Modernen Sprachen," Miss Bertha Jacoby; chorus, "Autumn Song," Mendelssohn, class; piano solo, (a) "Wedding March," Grieg, (b) "Hark, Hark, the Lark," Schubert-Liszt, Miss Dudley; vaudeville, "We See as We Are," Miss Bertha Joost; address to the graduates, Hon. John Garber.

The De la Mothe Concert.

A concert was given by Mme. Christin de la Mothe last Monday evening, which was well attended and interesting. The following numbers comprised the programme:

Piano solo, (a) prelude, Bach, (b) caprice, Salomon, Mr. Alvah Glover Salmon; vocal solo, "Ah! Mon fils" ("Prophète"), Meyerbeer, Mme. Christin de la Mothe; violin solo, ballade et polonaise, Vieuxtemps, Mr. Hermann Brandt; guitar and mandolin duo, "Bebenian Girl," Balfe, Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood; cornet solo, Mr. Louis Harrison; vocal solo, "Heaven hath Shed a Tear," Küchen (with violin obligato), by Miss Mary Durkin; cello solo, "Reverie," Dunkler, Dr. Arthur T. Regensburger; recitation, "A Beautiful Dream," Krüger (by request in German), Mme. Annie Athens Hill; romanza, "Amo," Mattei, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; piano solo, (a) mazurka No. 2, Godard, (b) etude, Salmon, Mr. Alvah Glover Salmon; vocal solo, "Emani Involami," Verdi, Miss Mary Durkin; harp solo, "La Source," Blumenthal, Professor Solano; vocal solo, "La Reine de la Chypre, Halévy, Mme. Christin de la Mothe; trio, "Ave Maria," Owen, Mme. Christin de la Mothe, Miss Mary Durkin, and Mr. A. Wilkie.

The Withrow Musicales.

The pupils of Miss Marie Withrow gave a musicale on Saturday evening, May 24th, assisted by Fraülein Anna Werner. The following programme was presented:

"Hark, the Zither" ("Carmen"), Bizet, Miss Isabel Hobron; "The Garden of Sleep" (ballad), Di Lara, Miss Cbarletta Buhner; "My Aunt, Poor Soul" ("Der Freischütz"), Weber, Miss Anna F. Cummings; Liederkreis, Nos. 5 and 8, Schumann, Miss Elsie B. Withrow; "Eri tu" ("Un Ballo in Maschera"), Verdi, Mr. Fitz Roy Tobin; valse arietta ("Romeo e Giulietta"), Gounod, Miss Florence Jacquay; "Nella fatal" ("Lucrezia Borgia"), Donizetti, Miss Isabel Hobron; (a) Warum-Aufschwung, Schumann, (b) Abendlied, Raff, Fraülein Anna Werner; "Omnia leggers" ("Di-norah"), Meyerbeer, Miss Charlotta Buhner; "As figliuol" ("Der Prophete"), Meyerbeer, Miss Anna F. Cummings; "Stella" (waltz song), Faure, Miss Elsie B. Withrow; "Elsa's Traum" ("Lohengrin"), R. Wagner, Miss Florence Jacquay; "O du mein holder Abendstern" ("Tannhäuser"), R. Wagner, Mr. Fitz Roy Tobin; duette, "Fu la sorte" ("Aida") Verdi, Misses Jacquay and Hobron.

The Fabian Musicale.

An interesting musicale was given by the pupils of Mr. S. Monroe Fabian on Saturday afternoon, May 24th. A large audience was entertained by the following programme:

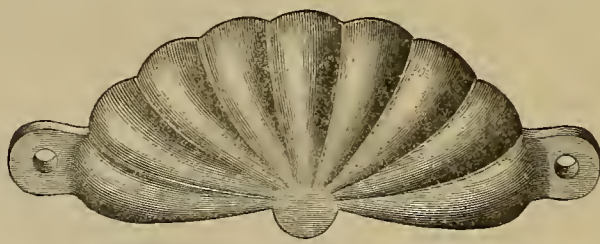
Duo, "Marche Triumphale," Goria, Misses Jean Mary and Florence Husb; fantasia, "La Sonnambula," Bellini, Miss Bessie Channel; Concert-Stück, V. Weber, Miss Lilian Ormann; rondo, capriccio, Mendelssohn, Miss Florence Husb; nocturne, Chopin, Miss Rose Stoly; Polacca brillante, V. Weber-Eulow, Miss Henrietta Martin; "La Cascade," Pauer, Miss Jean Mary Husb; Cachoucha, caprice, Raff, Mr. Benjamin Fabian.

The modern type-writing machine is engaging a great deal of attention from the modern inventor. A man in Milwaukee has been experimenting for months with the idea of introducing keys which shall print short words instead of letters, but it is feared this will extend the key-board and complicate the mechanism to such an extent as to be impracticable. One very handsome machine has just now been turned out and put on the market, which weighs only twelve pounds, and can be carried like a port-manteau. This economy in size is accomplished, to a great extent, by reducing the length of the type-bars to something like one-quarter the length of those in the older machines. The central cylinder is reduced in size to a corresponding extent, and as the type under this arrangement only travels an inch in response to the touch instead of three inches, greater speed is, of course, possible. More than this, the latest machine does away with the ink-ribbon, which, in the earlier machine, is a very great source of trouble and expense.

The eel is, in common with most fishes, a cannibal. It is said that eel-fishers, on placing a large eel in the basket among others, observe it going at once to gobble up a smaller fellow-captive, instead of abandoning itself to despair over its own misfortune. A few years ago, two large eels were found dead by the side of a pond. One had evidently attempted to swallow the other, but had been choked in the effort. The "swallowee" was stuck fast in the swallower's throat, out of which it was with difficulty drawn. A second eel-story is still more curious. In the summer of 1871, a fisherman caught in a net an eel which weighed about two pounds and a half. While he was killing it, another eel, weighing quite a quarter of a pound, was ejected from its stomach, and, strange to say, out of the stomach of this second eel came a third, weighing a little over an ounce.

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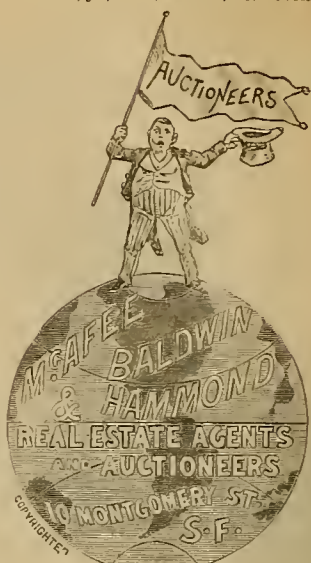
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Facing Stanyan, Alma, Rivoli, Belgrave, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Sts., and Clarendon Avenue.

Only within the past few years has the great value of property commanding a marine view been appreciated here. Nor has it yet, by any means, reached its topmost point. Those who think it folly to pay three hundred dollars per front foot on Pacific Heights, will find themselves more mistaken than the purchasers. Land will go far beyond that figure there. What Pacific Heights was a few years ago, Clarendon Heights is to-day. From here, one of the most enchanting views of the ocean is obtained. The Golden Gate and the bay are plainly seen. The park, presenting always a scene of verdant beauty, is at the very threshold, while to the south and west rise majestic hills, protecting it from the prevailing winds and fog. The rapid growth of the city in all directions, and especially toward the west, is driving values upward at a heavy pace, and he who hesitates now will soon find the opportunity to secure a homestead at a small sum lost to him forever. Clarendon Heights possess every feature necessary to make it a

FASHIONABLE RESIDENCE SECTION.

The lots we offer are a portion of the possessions of a wealthy syndicate, several of the members of which have in anticipation the erection of costly mansions there, while already in the near vicinity can be seen many pretentious residences in course of construction.

Purchasers at this sale will reap the benefit and the rich reward following those most important enterprises, the opening of Sixteenth Street, which boulevard is to pass within a block of the northern limits of this property, the extension of Market Street south of it, and the establishing of another great recreation ground.

THE STANFORD PARK,

The proposed location of which can be seen by referring to the guide maps in our catalogue. These are all enterprises which are fast assuming a definite shape, and their consummation is only a question of a few years at the most.

TAKE THE HAIGHT OR OAK STREET CARS

Or Free Bus at 17th and Market Sts.

It will pay you to inspect this property. You can do so by taking the Oak or Haight Street cars, getting off at the terminals (Haight and Stanyan Streets), and walking south a few short blocks. The name "Clarendon Heights" appears on a large sign on Clarendon Avenue, at the southern extremity of the lots we offer. Each lot is fenced and a bill giving the number, size, and location of every lot is on the property.

A BEAUTIFUL DRIVE.

Is out Ashbury Street, past Mount Olympus, and thence to Clarendon Avenue.

Free Bus will leave Seventeenth and Market Streets on Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday preceding the sale at 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 P. M., and on the day of sale at 10 A. M.

A View of the Bay.

A View of the City and the Beautiful Golden Gate Park.

EXTRAORDINARY TERMS.

Only 20 per cent. cash. Balance in 6, 12, 18, and 24 months, with interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. A view of the importance of this sale, and to accommodate more comfortably than our salesroom will permit the large attendance, we have secured for this occasion IRVING HALL, 139 Post Street.

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PERFUMERY FACTORS
from every flower that breathes a fragrance.
SWEET SCENTS
LIGN-ALOE. OPOPONAX
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May be obtained of any Chemist or Perfumer.
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SOCIETY.

The Bixler Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. David Bixler gave a brilliant reception on Saturday evening, May 24th, at their residence on the corner of Union and Pierce Streets, as a compliment to Mr. Wilson Barrett, the prominent English actor, now visiting this city. Elaborate preparations were made for the affair, about one hundred guests were invited to participate in the pleasures, and everything passed off most successfully. The spacious grounds fronting the residence were brightly illuminated by hundreds of Japanese lanterns, which hung from the trees, making a pretty spectacle for the arriving guests. The residence was ornate with beautiful and fragrant flowers tastefully disposed where the combinations would be most effective. Marguerites in mammoth clusters lent their beauty to the main salon, Duchesse de Brahan and Niphotos roses gave a delicate finish to the music-room, and richly colored nasturtiums, white roses, and canary-colored sweet peas produced charming effects in the library. The hand-misters of the hall staircase were adorned with foliage and hlossoms and set with white toy-halloons, while the walls were draped with white gauze run with glistening silver threads. Here and there in the apartments were seen large spider-webs wrought of copper-colored threads which were suspended in windows and at doorways, and occasionally one was seen traced in white on the surface of a mirror. The entire effect was artistic and pretty.

Mrs. Bixler was assisted in receiving by Miss Helen Hyde, and after giving her guests a most cordial welcome, she introduced them to Mr. Barrett. A string orchestra was in attendance and provided excellent dance music throughout the evening. The art-gallery attracted many to an inspection of its paintings and statuary. At midnight a delicious supper was served at small tables, which were set in all of the rooms. Nothing was neglected that could have made the affair more pleasant.

The Danforth-Tay Wedding.

A most delightful affair of the past week was the wedding of Miss Jeanie Lindsley Tay and Mr. Edward Putnam Danforth, Naval Officer of the Port of San Francisco, which took place at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. George H. Tay, 1005 Leavenworth Street, last Wednesday evening. The house was beautifully decorated with the loveliest blossoms of the season, mingled with trailing vines and mountain fern sprays and graceful draperies of light-tinged tulle and gauze. The ceremony was performed in the presence of only the relatives of the contracting parties at half-past eight o'clock by Rev. Dr. Wikoff, of the Congregational Church. Miss Hattie Tay acted as maid of honor and Mr. Robert B. Woodward was best man, while the bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her mother. Previous to the ceremony Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was played until the bridal party reached the rose-embowered hay-window where the nuptial knot was tied.

The bride looked charming in an elegant toilet of white faille Française, made with a long court-train. The V-shaped corsage was trimmed with point d'Aleçon lace, and the short sleeves were puffed at the shoulders. The front of the skirt was loosely draped, but the train was made plain. The long bridal veil was of white-silk moiré; her elbow gloves were of white, undressed kid, and her hand-houquet was of Bride roses.

Miss Hattie Tay appeared in a becoming costume of white crêpe de Chine, made walking length. The corsage was cut square, without sleeves, and was prettily adorned with broderie Romienne. She carried a bouquet of fair blossoms and wore long gloves of white, undressed kid.

Mrs. George H. Tay was handsomely attired in black bengaline, made with a court-train, the corsage being trimmed with Duchesse lace.

The wedding reception commenced at nine o'clock. Only about one hundred and fifty invitations had been issued for it, as the residence could not comfortably hold more. Congratulations were extended to the happy couple by the constantly arriving guests until ten o'clock, when an elaborate supper was served at tête-à-tête tables. Afterward dancing was in order, and the hours until early morning were happily danced away, to the music of Ballenherg's orchestra. The popularity of the newly wedded couple was evidenced fully by the many gifts they received, all being elegant and costly and many of them useful. Mr. and Mrs. Danforth left the city the next day, and will pass about three weeks at Coronado Beach and other Southern resorts.

Honors to Mr. Henry Heyman.

His Majesty Kalakaua, King of Hawaii, through his chamberlain, recently appointed a committee, comprising Consul-General McKinley, Mr. John D. Spreckels, Mr. E. R. Lienthal, and Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., to meet Mr. Henry Heyman, the well-known violinist, and present to him the commission and decoration as Knight Companion of the Star of Oceania, and an appointment as solo violinist to the royal household. The presentation took place on the evening of May 21st, at an elaborate dinner which was given at the Bohemian Club in Mr. Heyman's honor. Mr. E. R. Lienthal made the presentation speech, referring pleasantly to Mr. Hey-

man's earnest efforts to promote the cause of music on this coast. The recipient responded in a happy vein, thanking the royal donor and his representatives, and then proposed the health of the king. Appropriate speeches were made afterward by others present, and the affair was made a very enjoyable one in every way. Those present were:

Mr. Henry Heyman, Consul-General D. A. McKinley, Mr. E. R. Lienthal, Mr. John D. Spreckels, Mr. George T. Bromley, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., Mr. Leon Sloss, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Judge J. H. Boalt, Dr. J. E. Lienthal, and Mr. Nathan Landsberger.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Fair and Mr. Herman Oelrichs, of New York, will take place on Tuesday evening, June 3d, at the residence of Mrs. Theresa Fair, 1120 Pine Street.

Miss Jennie Blair will give a tug-boat excursion around the bay on Friday, May 30th, in honor of Miss Fair and Mr. Herman Oelrichs.

Mrs. Volney Spalding will give a dinner-party on Saturday evening, May 31st, in honor of Miss Fair and Mr. Oelrichs.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young will give a dinner-party at their residence, 1919 California Street, complimentary to Miss Fair and Mr. Oelrichs, on Sunday evening, June 1st.

Miss Letitia Aldrich, daughter of Mrs. Louis Aldrich, of this city, will be married in Washington, D. C., Tuesday, June 3d, to Mr. Wildman, of Boise City, I. T.

Mrs. M. H. de Young gave a pleasant matinée tea last Tuesday at her residence, 1919 California Street, in honor of Mr. Wilson Barrett. The apartments were adorned with fragrant flowers, and the afternoon was made very delightful. Readings were given by Mr. Barrett and Mr. Richard Hotaling, and Mr. Donald de V. Graham and others entertained the guests with songs.

The wedding of Miss Rose Finley and Mr. Peter J. McGlynn is announced to take place on Wednesday, June 4th, at St. Mary's Cathedral.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant W. J. Carlin, U. S. N., has arrived here from Washington, D. C., and will act as inspector of steel at the Union Iron Works.

Lieutenant Charles B. Vogdes, First Infantry, U. S. A., has gone to Fort Gaston, Cal., on temporary duty.

Captain William E. Hopkins, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Mason and will soon proceed East.

Hostesses are frequently impelled to adopt some fantastic and fortuitous method of determining who shall take whom into dinner, but anything sillier than a device resorted to the other night by a lady of position in London society can hardly be imagined. The male guests were put up at auction, and knocked down to the highest bidders in imaginary sums. Sir Redvers Buller was the most valuable human chattel exposed for sale, and was finally secured for a trifle over a million, whereas one of the party only fetched half-a-crown. The only amusing part of the game was the description of the human wares by the auctioneer, who hit them off very cleverly. A fresh surprise was in store for the company after dinner, as a coffin was brought in by the servants, which was found to contain the dead body of a lark and the inscription "Our little lark is o'er." It is almost incredible that such puerilities can entertain sane and sober adults in this so-called progressive age.

If in all Germany there are those who rejoice in the retirement of Bismarck they are women. Bismarck has always had a very distinct conviction that woman had a sphere and that she ought to stick to it. It is told that upon one occasion the Countess Waldersee remarked to the chancellor that the Empress Frederick was a lady of ripe political judgment. "Yes," answered Bismarck, "I am sure of it, for the politics of the ladies lies in the nursery and the kitchen, and I am aware that the empress is an admirable wife and mother." "But," argued the countess, with a good deal of vehemence, "a woman may have interests outside the nursery." "Certainly," said Bismarck, "when her husband is content to rock the cradle."

Eugen D'Albert to William Knabe & Co.

Translation from the German.

During my sojourn here I had frequent opportunities to make myself acquainted with the Knabe pianos, and from fullest conviction I declare them to be the best instruments of America. Should I return here for artistic purposes—which may be the case very soon—I shall most certainly use the pianos of this celebrated make. I give this testimonial with pleasure, voluntarily and entirely unsolicited, for the house of Knabe. EUGEN D'ALBERT.
NEW YORK, May 16, 1890.

— AN OPPORTUNITY FOR A PLEASANT OUTING in the country is offered by the special excursion to Wellesley Park, in San Mateo County, which is to be made under the auspices of Bovee, Toy & Co., Saturday, May 31st.

— DR. SYLVESTER AND SUBLETT, dentists, cor. Sixth and Mission. Painless operations for nervous patients. Telephones—office, 3214; house, 3451.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

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An entirely new process of reproducing the beauties of Nature. Among the views in stock are some taken in the Yosemite Valley, Southern California, and Alaska, size 10x12 inches, price 75 cents each, or \$3.75 for five, in handsome cloth portfolio. Send for descriptive list to

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Clarets, White Wines, and Olive Oil.



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The perfection of a
Dry Wine.

THE
VIN BRUT.
The highest grade
of Champagne
without sweet-
ness.



A Perfect Complexion!



Beauty--How Acquired.

The principal tale-bearer of age is the skin of the human face. To regain a youthful appearance one must scale this outer skin off, and form a new one entire: Mme. A. Ruppert's world-renowned Face Bleach does this without injury or harmful effect, cutting the callous, filling from the pores, and drawing out completely all discolorations or impurities. One bottle, \$2.00; three bottles (usually required to clear the complexion), \$5.00; sent to any address on receipt of price. Send four cents postage for full particulars to MME. A. RUPPERT, 121 Post Street, Parlors 7 and 8, over O'Connor, Moffatt & Co.'s.



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BEST MADE, CUT RATES
THE BANCROFT COMPANY
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From now until our semi-annual Inventory, June 15th, we shall sell SPECIAL LINES in each department at CLOSING-OUT PRICES.

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Latest Styles

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THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Göteborg, Christiania, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Capital and Surplus.....\$4,694,805.04

Directors:
LLOYD TEVIS, President; JNO. J. VALENTINE, Vice-Prest.
Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Charles Fargo, Geo. E. Gray, C. F. Crocker.

H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.
Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.



26th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1890

Home Mutual Insurance Co.

No. 216 Sansome Street.

Capital (Paid up in Gold).....\$300,000 00
Net Surplus (over everything).....244,884.41

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. L. N. SHEPARD
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY
GENERAL AGENT.....ROBERT H. MAGILL

London Assurance Corporation
Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720.
Northern Assurance Company
Of London. Established 1836.

Queen Insurance Company
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.
Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.
Of Hartford, Conn.

ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.
South-east corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Old Mammy lived in North Carolina, very near the line. When the boundary between that State and Virginia was changed she was told that now she lived in Virginia. "Well," she answered, "I am powerful glad. I always heard that Virginny was a healthier State than North Carolina."

"A woman went recently into a bookseller's shop to purchase a present for her husband. She hovered round and manifested the usual indecision, whereupon the assistant in charge, to help her out of the difficulty, suggested a set of Shakespeare. The would-be purchaser met this proposal, however, with the prompt remark: "Oh, he read that when it first came out."

At the great trial of political prisoners in St. Petersburg the other day, one of the government witnesses, after staring at the flock of prisoners standing before him, turned to the president of the court with the naive inquiry: "Which do you wish me to recognize, sir?" An admirable example of obedience to authority, but one which does not reflect credit upon the mode of administering justice in the kingdom of the Czar.

A celebrated manager of a Parisian theatre (says New York Truth), in response to the request of a tender bud who applied for a position, counseled the young lady in a fatherly manner, but, failing to dissuade her, he then gave the following advice. "Where shall I go, monsieur," said she, "in order to learn?" "To the devil, mademoiselle," was the brief rejoinder, "but return in six months. I will then see what I can do for you."

The late Senator Beck once fell asleep after dinner in company with a couple of prosy members of Congress. One of these reproached the senator. "I have not been asleep," said Beck; "and, to prove it, I will back myself to repeat all you have been saying." The wager was accepted, and he recited a long story which the Congressman had been telling. When he had pocketed his money, Beck said: "Well, to confess the truth, I never heard one word of it. I went to sleep because I knew that about this time in the evening you would tell that story."

Once upon a time, Rufus Choate was in Washington and had spent all the money he had with him, besides exhausting his bank account by checks on it. He and Daniel Webster were alike in respect to bank accounts, that they knew no other use for one than to proceed to exhaust it. But Choate needed money, and went to Webster to borrow some. "I have a dollar," said Webster, musingly, and then he added: "But see here, Choate, you say you want five hundred dollars. Make out your note for that amount, I'll indorse it, and Corcoran & Riggs will let you have the money." Choate immediately agreed, when Webster continued: "While you are at it you may as well make the note for a thousand and give me five hundred dollars, too." And so the note was drawn, and, remaining always unpaid, is retained as a souvenir in the banking-house of Corcoran & Riggs at Washington to this day.

Two teachers of languages were discussing matters and things relative to their profession. "Do your pupils pay up regularly on the first of each month?" asked one of them. "No, they do not," was the reply; "I often have to wait for weeks and weeks before I get my pay, and sometimes I don't get it at all. You can't well dun the parents for the money." "Why don't you do as I do? I always get my money regularly." "How do you manage it?" "It is very simple. For instance, I am teaching a boy French, and on the first day of the month his folks don't pay the money for the lesson. In that event I give the boy the following sentence to translate and write out at home: 'I have no money. The month is up. Hast thou got any money? Have not thy parents got money? I need money very much. Why hast thou not brought the money this morning? Did thy father not give thee any money? Has he no money in the pocket-book of his uncle's great-aunt?' That fetches them. Next morning that boy brings the money."

Mr. Barkley tells a story in his "Bulgaria Before the War" which proves that the Turk will not allow himself to be outdone even by any of his countrymen. He says: A friend of mine was one day shooting in the vineyards at Rustchuk, when he was stopped by an old Turk and told that trespassers were not allowed, and that he must clear off at once. My friend turned to comply, but before leaving said in Turkish: "What manner of man are you? I have shot in these vineyards for years without a word being said to me, and to-day I have passed over many miles and spoken to many owners of vineyards, and you are the only one who has raised the slightest objection. The vineyard is yours, and you have the right to object to my being here, so I shall leave your ground, but I never received such treatment from an Osmanli before."

The Turk, who, up to this time, had been squatting on the ground, jumped up, and, with a marvelous display of energy, began protesting. "My good fellow," he cried, "you shall not say so! Others have shown you hospitality, and I will not be behind them. Go where you like, eat what you like, carry away all you like, and all the vineyard is yours to do as you like with." The Englishman thanked him, and it ended in the two squatting down and having a feast on grapes together.

Some ten or twelve years ago an incident happened at Gibraltar which illustrates the practical views of a certain class of people. A subaltern named O'Donohue was the officer of the guard at the Elphinstone Guard. At this point of the well-known rock, there is a sheer drop of over one thousand feet. A lieutenant, who had taken too much champagne at a mess dinner, walked over the rock and undoubtedly was dead before he reached the rocks far below. When the officer of the guard, upon being relieved, made out the report of his guard, he made no mention of the fact. Indeed, when he came to fill in his report and reached the question, "Has anything extraordinary happened while you were officer of the guard?" he wrote in the blank space reserved for the answer, "Nothing." Of course he was summoned before Lord Napier, of Magdala, the governor of Gibraltar. When he appeared, Lord Napier asked: "You were officer of the guard at Elphinstone Guard yesterday?" "I was, sir." "And this is your report?" "It is, sir." "Lieutenant M—— was killed by walking over the rock?" "He was, sir." "You knew that when you made out your report?" "I did, sir." "That he was killed?" "Yes, sir." "And yet you said in your report that nothing extraordinary had happened on your guard?" "I did, sir." "Well, Mr. O'Donohue," said Lord Napier, sternly, "don't you think it is extraordinary when a lieutenant walks over the rock, falls one thousand feet, and is killed?" "Indeed, sir," was the prompt reply, "I should think it was extraordinary if he had fallen that far and not been killed."

Before Judge Stewart was elevated to the bench (says the Baltimore Sun), he had a case in the city court in which he was fearful of being thrown out of court, as the opposing counsel was cutting down his claim, as it seemed probable that the jury, if they gave him a verdict at all, would find for a less amount than one hundred dollars, of which the court could not take jurisdiction. Lawyer Stewart resolved to put a bold face on the matter, and demanded of the jury a verdict for at least one hundred and twenty-five dollars. When the verdict was rendered, Lawyer Stewart was much surprised to find that it was in his favor for two hundred and eighty-seven dollars. He afterward asked an acquaintance of his who was on the jury how the verdict had been reached. "You see, Mr. Stewart," said his friend, "we could agree upon no amount, and finally it was resolved that each jurymen should write a sum on a piece of paper, and the total should be divided by twelve, which should be the verdict. Knowing that all the others were for a small verdict, I wrote three thousand dollars." On another occasion, Lawyer Stewart made a bold, but as he believed, unsuccessful, claim for a verdict of two hundred dollars, and was correspondingly astonished when the jury gave him two hundred and fifty dollars. "You see, Stewart," said a friend of his upon the jury, "there were ten of us who would have given you any amount you asked, but there were two who wanted to give one hundred and fifty dollars only. Finally it narrowed down to one hundred and fifty against two hundred and fifty dollars, the smaller amount being championed by the two men, and it was resolved to write the two amounts on slips of paper and place them in a hat, which was to be held by one of the two men while the other drew one of the papers, the amount written on it to be our verdict. This was done, and the slip with two hundred and fifty dollars came out, which verdict was accordingly rendered. But you ought to have seen the faces of those two men," continued the jurymen, "when I informed them that I had written the larger amount on both slips of paper."

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Of all Druggists, but beware of Imitations.

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BUSINESS COLLEGE,

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For \$75 this College instructs in Shorthand, Type-writing, Book-keeping, Telegraphy, Penmanship, all the English Branches, and everything pertaining to business, for six full months. We have sixteen teachers, and give individual instruction to all our pupils. Our school has its graduates in every part of the State. Send for circular.

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FOURTEENTH YEAR, FIFTEEN PROFESSORS AND TEACHERS.
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For catalogue or information, address the Principal,
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Boarding and Day School for Girls

WILL OPEN IN THE NEW BUILDING,
1534 SUTTER STREET, cor. of Octavia,
On Wednesday, January 8th, 1890.
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SAN FRANCISCO, OAKLAND, HAMILTON HALL,
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For BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS SUCH AS
Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Impaired
Digestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver, etc.,
ACTING LIKE MAGIC on the vital organs, strengthening the muscular system, and arousing with the rosebud of health
The Whole Physical Energy of the Human Frame.
Beecham's Pills, taken as directed, will quickly RESTORE FEMALES to complete health.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Price, 25 cents per Box.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.
B. F. ALLEN CO., Sole Agents for United States, 365 & 367 Canal St., New York, who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price—but inquire first.
(Mention this paper.)

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

A giant named Catoni, who was more than seven feet high and proportionately stout, has just died in Italy after having collected two thousand dollars from a museum in Rome for the right to his skeleton.

Trade-marks were known in ancient Babylon. China had them as early as 1000 B. C. They were authorized by Parliament in England in 1300. Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, is said to have had a lawsuit over his trade-mark.

The British Museum has among its treasures an almanac three thousand years old. The days are written in red ink on papyrus, in columns, and under each is a figure, followed by three characters, signifying the probable state of the weather for that day.

Stanislaus Litsevitich, a wealthy citizen of Liubart-off, Russia, who was severely bitten by a mad dog thirty years ago, has just died of hydrophobia, after frightful torments. The doctors declare that there is no doubt that the original bite was the cause of the disease.

The latest invention is a hat with clock-work fixed in the crown. When wound up, it causes a little door to open on one side of the hat, when the figure of a young man appears and makes a polite bow, thus saving the wearer the trouble and inconvenience of taking off his hat every time he meets an acquaintance in the street.

The civil engineers who are engaged in sounding the Coosa River, a few days ago made a singular and almost unheard-of discovery. The sounding-drill penetrated a rocky formation about eighteen inches thick, and then dropped through into another

body of water fifty feet in depth, proving that there was a river under the river at least the entire width of the stream, and from twenty-four to sixty feet in depth.

It is said that one of the great Eastern trunk-line railroads deliberately provides for a loss of many thousands of dollars a year upon the meals served in its dining-cars, and charges the loss to the advertising account, in full knowledge that the talk such prodigal outlay will create is as good as that amount of money's worth in printer's ink. A man had for breakfast in one of those cars, one day in April, a trout, a game-bird, and a bowl of strawberries-and-cream, besides coffee, rolls, butter, and a glass of milk. The meal cost a dollar, and his wife told him she could not buy any one of the principal dishes in the markets for that sum of money.

On the day following the terrible cyclone of May 4th, in Hamilton County, Texas, a man and a woman, seated in a two-horse wagon, were going along the Hamilton and Goldthwaite road in the direction of Goldthwaite. The off horse was gray. Following them was a man on horseback and a loose horse. Witnesses, whose veracity can not be doubted, say that they saw the cyclone strike the parties and saw them carried high into the air, where they were swallowed up by the dark cloud and were not seen again. The man on horseback was sitting on his horse in the air when last seen. The woman was taken from the wagon and was plainly seen in the air higher than the tops of the trees. A large number of men have been searching the surrounding country for their bodies. Nothing so far has been found except a bunch of woman's hair, a lady's plush satchel, a pair of saddle-bags with sheep-shears in them, and a man's vest. A wagon-tongue, supposed to belong to this wagon, was found driven into the ground some distance away.



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"Her grace of motion, and of look, the smooth and swimming majesty of step and tread, The symmetry of form and feature, set The soul afloat, even like delicious airs Of flute and harp."

For her matchless look of grace and motion, this regal beauty was indebted to perfect health, restored by the use of that unequalled, invigorating tonic and nerve, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which set in healthy action every function and gave purity and richness to the blood. For delicate, feeble, nervous women, it is an inestimable boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It is invaluable in subduing nervous excitability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. See guarantee printed on every bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years. Manufactured by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. One a dose. Sold by druggists.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE-ROLLERS. NOTICE. Beware of Imitations. AUTOGRAPH OF OF THE GENUINE HARTSHORN.

While the painted or gilded sign and the pretentious show-window, the circumstantial array and the felicitous arrangement may be very excellent as business accessories, the impressions they make on passers-by are apt to be transient and generally unproductive; but the printed notice in the daily or weekly journal, or in the favorite magazine, attracts the eye and arrests the thoughts during the lulls of active duty, or amid the quiet seclusion and convenience of home, perhaps leading, soon or late, to a pecuniary result.—F. H. Palmer.

The clean newspaper has, in the long run, the most permanent patronage and circulation. The paper which goes into the homes and is read by the families is the paper which counts its subscribers by the year, instead of depending on the fluctuating sales of the news companies, and it is after all the family newspaper which swings the power.—Reading (Pa.) Times.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From May 25, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 12:45 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax.	4:45 P.
8:00 A.	Maricopa, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East.	11:15 A.
10:30 A.	Haywards and Niles.	3:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	8:45 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	** 6:00 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José.	9:45 A.
3:30 P.	2d class Ogden and East and Knight's Landing via Davis.	10:45 P.
4:00 P.	Stockton and Milpitas; Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and San José.	† 6:15 P.
5:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	10:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards and Niles.	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans and East.	8:45 P.
8:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

† 7:45 A.	Excursion train to Santa Cruz.	† 8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Castville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	6:20 P.
* 2:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	* 11:20 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:25 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:30 P.
† 7:50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion.	† 8:25 P.
8:30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, Soledad, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:12 P.
10:30 A.	San José and Way Stations.	7:30 P.
11:05 A.	Emanuel, Cemetery, and Baden.	12:32 P.
12:01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	5:13 P.
* 2:30 P.	(Del Monte Ltd) Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.	* 11:15 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	* 10:00 A.
* 4:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 7:56 A.
5:20 P.	San José and Way Stations.	9:03 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.	† 4:28 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ** Mondays only. * Saturdays excepted. * Mondays excepted.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., March 21, April 5, 20, May 5, 20, 30, June 4, 14, 19, 29.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket office, 214 Montgomery Street.

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PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

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Taking freight and passengers direct for Mazatlan, Acapulco, Ocos, Chamerico, San José de Guatemala, Acapulco, La Libertad, Corinto, Punta Arenas, and Panama.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama: City of Peking, Saturday, June 14, at 3 P. M.

(via HONOLULU.) City of Rio de Janeiro. July 8, at 3 P. M. China. Thursday, July 31, at 3 P. M.

Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates. For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & Co., Gen. Agents, Gro. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

SAUSALITO-SAN RAFAEL-SAN QUENTIN via NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, April 6, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows: From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 4:20, 5:30, 6:30 P. M. Extra trip on Sundays to Sausalito at 11:00 A. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 3:30, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 5:30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 7:45, 9:30, 11:15 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, 10:55 A. M.; 12:00 M.; 1:15, 2:45, 4:00, 5:00, 6:05, 7:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 6:30 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:55, 11:05 A. M.; 3:55, 5:12 P. M. (Sundays)—8:12, 9:20, 10:10, 11:15 A. M.; 12:20, 1:40, 3:00, 5:15, 6:20 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 6:38 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 10:05 A. M.; 12:05, 2:15, 4:10, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 9:45, 10:40, 11:40 A. M.; 12:45, 1:55, 3:30, 4:40, 5:45, 6:50, 7:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1:30 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 7:00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12:35 P. M.

5:00 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Tomales and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Tomales daily (Sundays excepted) at 5:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco at 8:45 A. M.

8:00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 8:25 P. M., same day.

6:30 P. M., (Sundays only) from San Francisco for Tomales and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Tomales (Sundays only) at 6:00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 9:15 A. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rates.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tamalpais, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.

Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Point Reyes, \$1.75; Tomales, \$2.00; Howard's, \$2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, \$3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, F. B. LATHAM, General Manager. Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 329 Pine Street.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 27, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:15 P. M.; Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:15 P. M. From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 7:55, 9:30, 11:40 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05, 6:25 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:15, 6:25 P. M. From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—7:15, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 12:05, 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.; Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. DESTINATION, Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
9:20 A. M.	9:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.				4:40 P. M.
5:00 P. M.				7:25 P. M.
7:40 A. M.		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg.		10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7:25 P. M.	7:25 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 P. M.	7:25 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:25 P. M.	7:25 P. M.
3:30 P. M.				10:30 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.		10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	7:25 P. M.	7:25 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs and Stewart's Point; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Lower Lake, and at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lake, Willits, Cahto, Calpella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Litton Springs, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Guerneville, \$7.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80; to Sebastopol, \$2.70.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Litton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20; to Sebastopol, \$1.80.

PETER J. MCGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt. Ticket Offices at Ferry and 222 Montgomery Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA. Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG. Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1890. Belgic. Tuesday, June 3. Oceanic. Thursday, June 26. Belgic. Saturday, July 19. Belgic. Tuesday, August 12. Oceanic. Thursday, September 4. Belgic. Saturday, September 27. Belgic. Tuesday, October 21. Oceanic. Thursday, November 13. Belgic. Saturday, December 6. Belgic. Tuesday, December 30. Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco. For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No. 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent. GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.



Claudian—in the terse and simple language of Captain Fanshawe—was a bad man. He did not, however, as Captain Fanshawe did, go about informing every one of the already too apparent fact, he allowed people to find it out for themselves, which, judging from the reputation he enjoyed among his fellows, they seem to have done with unflinching thoroughness.

In the prologue we see Claudian at the zenith of his glory and his badness. He is great, glorious, rich, young, but his ideas on *meum et tuum* are somewhat vague. Nothing is safe from his desecrating hand, and, as in the case of the king, he makes it clearly understood that he can do no wrong. When he wishes to purchase Serena—a slave-woman, who is the wife of another—one dares object, such is the power of the great man. Even Serena's husband, showing pardonable anger at the thought of his treasure being left from him, is quelled by the mere glance of the Claudian eye, and, like the soldiers in "Lohengrin," falls down in a swoon before he has been so much as touched with a sword's point.

In the *mélée* which follows, Serena escapes to the cave of Holy Clement—a hermit. Here is sanctuary, but the indefatigable Claudian follows her even to the shadow of the cross, scoffs at the idea of sanctuary, and stabs Holy Clement in the side with a short-sword. Clement welters in gore, Serena faints, and Claudian, *solus*, expatiates on the glories of eternal youth. Then Clement comes to life again, ceases to welter in gore, rises to his feet, and curses Claudian root and branch. Among the many curses of tradition and history, this is unique and horrible. Margaret of Anjou's curse, Gerard's curse, with his grewsome wish that the accursed may "kiss white-hot iron in hell," King Lear's curse—none of these are a circumstance to Clement's. Claudian will live on, eternally young, but all those he loves, pities, or helps will be blasted and blighted forever.

This is the story of the play. For three following acts Claudian is depicted, tortured by the curse, a pariah on the earth. Death and disaster follow in his path. He is the destroying angel. The golden touch of Midas was not so horrible as the lonely desolation enforced upon Claudian. When the gods condescended to bestow earthly immortality, they made it as unpleasant as possible for the objects of their benefaction—probably that they might not be troubled in future with demands for such inconvenient gifts. The Wandering Jew did not enjoy his long life. There was Tithonus, too, who, united to the lovely Aurora, begged eternal life from the gods, but, in the excitement of the moment, forgot to stipulate for eternal youth. The gods, animated by that Olympian sharp dealing which distinguished most of their transactions with wool-witted mortals, took him at his word. Tithonus grew so old that She and Methuselah were mere children in comparison, and yet he kept on living. Aurora, as young and lovely as ever, naturally grew tired of him, and did not conceal her desire to have him "removed," as the nihilists delicately express it. How wistfully he watched her maturational departure.

In the vulgar language of the later nineteenth century, Claudian would be called a "hoodoo." He completes the triumvirate of those remarkable beings—Jonah, Claudian, and Jinks Hoodoo. They were all the same. When they came, "unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster," until, as in Jonah's case, his companions, becoming desperate, cast him into the sea. Even to the whale which swallowed him Jonah brought discomfort, and succeeded, fortunately for himself, in putting the kibosh on the daring leviathan. But the similarity between Claudian and Jinks Hoodoo is even closer. Whenever they come anywhere, the most unpleasant things happen. Jinks, entering the portal of a young ladies' seminary, the porch falls down and almost crushes some of the "sweet girl graduates in their golden hair." Just so with Claudian—leading the blind Almida in through the portals of his stately palace, the whole palace suddenly crashes down about their ears, and only the fact that the stone pillars are held up with wires prevents them from coming in violent contact with the heads of Claudian and Almida.

Much as he longs to do good, evil is his portion. He is the very up-as-tree of men. A penny given by him to a beggar is sufficient to cause the death of her infant. A young man whom he befriends is taken to the battlements and hurled off into the raging torrent. A beautiful damsel who loves him is stricken blind. All these accidents, with others of the same nature, extending over a space of a hundred years, have wrought a radical change in the

once debonair Claudian. When he hears that the charming Almida loves him, he is moaning with grief, and clasping his hands above his head, cries out that this is the most bitter of all his misfortunes. Then and there only do we realize how the transformation into a "hoodoo" will change a man in the short space of one hundred brief years.

Claudian, as represented by Mr. Wilson Barrett, is a haughty, magnificent, handsome being, without intricacies of character. His motives are all simple and to the purpose. Speech was not given him to conceal his thoughts, as Talleyrand observed last week, but apparently to ask for what he wanted and to express natural displeasure if he did not get it. Mr. Barrett is somewhat similar in his style and his general effect to Mr. F. B. Ward. They both rely greatly on a fine presence and clear elocution. Mr. Ward has more subtlety, more finish in his personations; but they are both heroic, romantic in their appearance and their style, broad in their effects, and satisfying to that class of play-goers who like to have their blood curdled rather than their intellects fed. Mr. Barrett's performance of Claudian is broad, blunt, and effective. Subtleties of delineation are not in his repertoire, and would not be possible in his branch of art. He has force without fineness; style without distinction. His personation is sinewy, but not graceful. Everything he does should be viewed at long range, as it has been calculated to take by its dazzle and broad dash. As some one has said of Rossetti's poetry, it is "too painty." Mr. Barrett will make a point with a strong attitude, where his face will be almost expressionless. But as the attitude is fine and graceful and expressive, it is pleasant to see, though not, perhaps, inspiring.

Both Mr. Barrett and Miss Eastlake are interesting, apart from their play, in showing the radical difference between the English and American actors of a similar class. English actresses seem to rely for their success not on the fineness of their finish, the delicacy of their art, but on the power of their own individuality. Art to them is secondary to the magnetism of an attractive personality. They do not make themselves into the characters they represent; they make the characters to fit themselves. The first feeling on seeing Ellen Terry is one of keen disappointment. She appears commonplace, stagey, inartistic, a lanky, affected woman, without originality. Half an hour later, you are under the spell of her extraordinary individuality, the charm of which can no more be described than her lack of finish be condemned. Every part she essays is pulled out or pushed in to fit the requirements of her style, yet no one was ever heard to complain, or to wish that she would try to follow the French method, where the actor sinks his personality in the character he portrays.

Here in this country we have second, third, and fourth-rate actresses tripping in the footprints left by Coquelin, elder. They follow the high standard set by the polished Frenchman, and in consequence, among the younger lot there is hardly one whose individuality is strong enough to color a character, to dye it with a rich, lasting tint. Their surface-fine portrayals are as ineffectual as unanswered prayers, as fleeting cobwebs on grass, as quick to pass from the memory as reflections from a mirror. They seem to wish to eliminate from their performances all that would lift them above the mediocre and the ordinary. Miss Eastlake, without her *souçon* of individual color, would be entirely commonplace. She is not artistic or finished, and has no elegance in any direction, but she has an attractive personal tone, which makes her a pleasing stage figure, though her acting may be crude and unpolished. It is singular with how little art she manages to make her picture. In some places she does not act at all, in others acts so much, in the ordinary stage sense, that she makes you think of Mrs. Potter when she unfurls her banner to the breeze and takes the field. What did Miss Georgia Cayvan and the rest of the noble army of graceful sobbers think when they saw Miss Eastlake drop a few silent and perfunctory tears on the corner of her overdress?

The play, as a classical and romantic tale, is interesting. There is a little too much of a pair of comedy lovers—Belos and Edessa. These two are as modern as the Eiffel Tower, talking and fighting like Jenny and Jessamy. Their language is quite slangy and they make it appear even more so by their tone and manner. In their antique garbs they are as incongruous as the donkey in the lion's skin. Both are clever in their way, but rather wearing, as they so constantly interrupt the march of the play onward toward retribution and the drop curtain. Their modernness is a most inharmonious element, as everything else in the performance is carefully calculated to give an impression of classic simplicity and severity. G. B.

A Paris newspaper says that when a manager goes to that city to recruit an orchestra, he must visit every ward in the capital. "From time immemorial the players on brass instruments have inhabited Montmartre; violinists and violoncellists, Batignolles; the cornets, Belleville; and many instruments, Grenelli. Ask for them elsewhere than in the wards to which for centuries they have flocked, and you will not find them."

John Burns had an offer of twenty pounds for the old straw hat he wore during the great dock strike.

DLXIX.—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, June 1, 1890.

Chicken Soup.
Fried Clams. Cold Slaw.
Lamb Chops. Green Peas.
Asparagus. Baked Cauliflower.
Roast Veal. Potato Croquettes.
Vegetable Salad.
Cream Pudding. Cherries.

CREAM PUDDING.—Beat up four eggs a little; strain them; add a teaspoon of fine white sugar, the rind and juice of a lemon, and one pint of cream. Line a pudding-dish with puff paste; put in the mixture; bake half-an-hour.

POPPE'S LUCK.

How the Family is Spending the Money so Easily Won.

Everybody has been anxious to see Charles Poppe, the Clements Constable who won the \$15,000 in the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, but he has remained out in the country ever since he came in to send the ticket forward for collection. The money came forward promptly, and was duly paid over to Mrs. Fannie Poppe, whose receipt for the money the express company holds.

The Poppes, like many others, have bought tickets from time to time, but heretofore have not had any luck. They could hardly believe their eyes when they saw that one of their tickets bore the magic figures which entitled them to one-twentieth of the grand prize of \$300,000. Mr. Poppe came into town at once and sent the ticket forward by express for collection. He was considerably embarrassed financially, and several persons were laying their plans to attach the money for the husband's debts. Mrs. Poppe, however, headed them off, and the transfer of the money to her was made through the San Francisco office of the express company.

Their good luck does not seem to have turned their heads, and Mrs. Poppe is putting it to good use. She has purchased a band of one thousand sheep for her son, and he and his father are herding them up in the foothills. Those who want to see Mr. Poppe will have to take a trip up the range for that purpose. He has sold out his livery-stable business to the man who has rented the hotel belonging to his wife, and the Poppes propose to settle down to pastoral pursuits.

The money so easily won by the expenditure of \$1 will clear off an incumbrance on Mrs. Poppe's property, and with the balance left, after doing this and paying for the sheep, a ranch will be purchased and made a homestead, thus furnishing a certain provision for the family for all time to come. Wet-sell, who claimed to have an interest in the ticket, has not as yet been able to establish it, and the chances are that he never will, as the courts will not recognize ownership in a lottery ticket, so the Poppes are likely to enjoy the full benefit of their luck whether they are entitled to it or not.—*Stockton (Cal.) Independent, April 9th.*

—THE SUMMER GIRL, WITH HER COMPLEXION of peaches and cream, will be tanned like an Indian before autumn unless she uses Rachel's Enamel Bloom, which is absolutely harmless, and not only protects the skin from the sun, but beautifies it. For sale by all druggists.

The Gump Collection.

For lack of time at the late auction many of the Oil Paintings were not put on the easel.

They are now on exhibition at our Art Gallery, and will be sold at AUCTION PRICES for a short time.

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FRANK M. SMITH, formerly of the Occidental Hotel, has purchased the QUAKER RESTAURANT, 30 Ellis Street. First-class cooking, quick service, prices reduced.

COOKING !

Vacation Classes in Elementary Cooking will commence June 2d at the Cooking School of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, 325½ Geary Street. Early applications desirable. Classes in more advanced cooking are also being formed.

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Excursion Train will leave depot, corner of Third and Townsend Streets, at 10 o'clock A. M., Saturday, June 7th. Sale will begin at 12:30 sharp. Lunch served on the ground.

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The Hotel Vendome, San Jose, California, is the favorite summer-resort on the Pacific Coast. It is situated in a large park of beautiful trees of forty years' growth, the grounds, lawns, and shrubbery being in the highest state of artistic cultivation. The hotel is furnished completely with the richest and most elegant furniture, and contains 225 rooms, with all modern improvements. Electric-lights, gas, Otis elevator, hot and cold water, steam, or grates, in every room. The cuisine is unsurpassed, and the service and attention perfect. Croquet, lawn-tennis, and children's play-grounds well arranged. Headquarters for the world-celebrated Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton. A fine livery stable connected with the hotel. Ladies' billiard-parlors and gentlemen's club-rooms.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Georgie Drew Barrymore has three children, the oldest a lad of twelve years of age. Ethel Barrymore, who is only ten, wants to be an actress; her mother objects, but she points to the fact that her mother, her grandmother, and her great-grandmother have been on the stage, and says that "it's a kind of shame to spoil the record."

W. A. Brady will be seen in Dion Boucicault's melodrama "After Dark," next week.

The phonograph is utilized for both comedy and melodramatic effects in "The Silent Partner," the breezy comedy which J. B. Polk introduced to New York last week. In one scene it repeats to his jealous sweetheart a love-letter received by the hero, and later it convicts out of his own mouth the thief for whom the lawyer had been unjustly accused.

The London Gaiety Company, comprising Florence St. John and seventy-nine other people, will open here in "Faust Up to Date" on the sixteenth of June.

"The Gondoliers" is announced for local production on the ninth of June. It has dropped almost out of sight in the East, but a large share of its ill-success is due to the niggardly manner in which D'Oyly Carte gave it its first production in New York.

Next Monday will commence the third and last week of W. H. Crane in "The Senator."

Richard Mansfield produced his new play, "Beau Brummel" in New York last week, meeting with fair success. The play is a comedy, ignoring the poverty and imbecility in which the famous fop's last days were passed, and making him a presentable person, witty and audacious rather than insolent and vain. It is said to contain some very brilliant dialogue.

"Held by the Enemy" will begin its third engagement in this city on Monday next.

The great play, the play which shall be selected as most meritorious from all those submitted to the New York World before May 15th, and for which as a prize a first-class production is assured, has not yet been chosen. There were more than three hundred and twenty-five manuscripts submitted, one hundred and fifty of them coming in during the last week of the competition.

"Donna Juanita" is to be continued for another week.

"A Long Lane," which is to be played here in a week, is by Sedley Brown, who is an actor and has used his experience to construct three plays within the year.

Wilfred Denver, in "The Silver King," one of Wilson Barrett's most admired rôles, has been reserved for his third and last week in town.

Wilson Barrett will devote Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings and the Saturday matinee of next week to "Ben-My-Chree"; on Thursday, there will be a triple bill: "A Clerical Error," "Chatterton," and "The Color Sergeant"; and on Friday and Saturday evenings, he will present his latest success, "Nowadays."

"The Old Homestead," an agricultural play which has for many months amused bucolic visitors to Gotham, will be given here in a few weeks.

A suit at law has just been awarded by default against Sophie Eyre, who has been playing in New York lately. The itemized account on which it was based is as follows:

One blonde wig, \$50; one red wig, \$25; one wig made over, \$18; some hair bleaching, 75 cents; one wig block, \$2.50; screw for wig block, \$1; one wig cleaned and hair added, \$2.50; pinching iron, 75 cents; natural curly wig, \$40; blonde wig remade and hair added, \$27; a large bottle of aureoline, \$3; wig block, \$3; wig cleaned and dressed, \$2. Total, \$170.50; paid on account, \$77.50.

A notable feature of this bill is that the items are apparently all for legitimate stage purposes, with the possible exceptions of the aureoline and that awful accusation of "some hair bleaching, 75 cents."

Fay Templeton is to make her reappearance on the American stage in August in a new burlesque, which is being written for her. She is baving her costumes made in Paris.

The Madison Square Company is to spend five weeks here this summer, presenting this winter's New York successes as well as the more popular pieces of their old repertoire.

The English system of selling programmes to theatre-goers does not prevail in America, because our managers can make more money by selling the privilege of providing free programmes to a printer, who recoups himself by selling space to advertisers. It is a picayunish business, however, for a theatre which boasts of its handsome appearance and disregard of expense where the pleasure of its patrons is concerned, and the leading Eastern theatres are substituting neat cards for the cheap and bulky advertising-sheets that our theatre-goers have to put up with.

The Junior Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. J. H. Rosewald, will give a musicale on Friday evening, May 30th, assisted by Misses Ada and Lizzie Park.

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ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 4, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the third day of June, 1890, at the hour of one o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

JEROME A. HART, Secretary.

Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California.

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Unequaled climate.

Best of neighbors.

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Building Lots and Villa Tracts will be sold on most liberal terms.

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A Free Collation will be Served on the Grounds.

Tickets for sale at depot or at Bovee, Toy & Co.'s office, 19, Montgomery Street.

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Dr. Edward McGlynn, a Catholic priest better known than any other in the country, is visiting San Francisco. He will receive no courtesies from the clergy of his faith here, however. Were he to call at the Episcopal mansion and send in his card, His Grace, Archbishop Riordan, would claim a lady's privilege and be not at home. Should the Very Rev. Vicar-General Prendergast encounter Dr. McGlynn on our streets, he would avert his pious eyes and pass by on the other side. Any priest who should offer him hospitality, or even show him the polite attention which gentlemen of the same profession are wont to practice one toward the other, would be disciplined with a severity such as is inflicted in the army on insubordinate private soldiers. Yet Dr. McGlynn is a good Catholic. And besides being a devout believer in the doctrines of the church, he is a man of pure life and superior intellect, who wins the respect and affection of the people of his last parish, St. Stephen's parish, New York. The offense of which he has been guilty, the crime for which he has been cut from communion with his brethren and made a boycotted cast in the Catholic world, is that he reserves to himself the right to be an American citizen. He chanced to hold the opinions in political economy which did not meet with the approval of Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, who laid objections to Dr. McGlynn's views before the Pope, and

the doctor refusing to make a lying recantation, he was suspended from his priestly functions and excommunicated. This is the history of his case as it stands on the holy official record; but that record, scandalous as it is, does not tell his worst offenses. The Catholic Church, as it exists in New York, has no use for priests of Dr. McGlynn's temperament, calibre, and character. It is organized there for plunder. It is the partner and co-worker of Tammany in the misgovernment of the metropolis and in the systematic, continuous robbery of the treasury of the city and State. The taxes are levied with the church's demands in view. There is not one of its charitable institutions, so-called, that is not to it a source of revenue, a pretext for stealing. It is immensely rich, and is in politics to keep what it has and gain more. Archbishop Corrigan, the local chief of this bandit organization, is fitted by nature and training for his command. He is an Irish-American, of a type that is familiar to every city of the Union which has fallen under the dominion of Hibernian brigands—a man of narrow intelligence, but within his limitations fully endowed with the sort of ability which keenness, cunning, covetousness, and an entire absence of scruples give. Were he not a priest he would be a political boss, a brother to our own Buckley. Dr. McGlynn espoused the cause of Henry George when the Californian philosopher ran for mayor of New York, and Corrigan attempted to silence him, ostensibly on the ground that George's land theory was un-Christian and pernicious, but really at the solicitation of the Tammany freebooters, who feared that George's candidacy threatened Democratic ascendancy and their grip on the public purse. Corrigan, probably, had no more understanding of George's land doctrine at the time than he had of Darwin's theory twenty years ago, when every pulpit flapped an ear at it and gave it a hoof. Wise or foolish, George's scheme of abolishing poverty commended itself to Dr. McGlynn, who could see no reason why he should be selected for censure when Bishop Nulty and other Irish prelates accepted and preached it. But Corrigan wished to be rid of this priest for other than political reasons. Dr. McGlynn's field of work lay among the very poor. He has a warm heart, and their dreadful sufferings made him suffer and think. He carried an American head on his shoulders, and saw clearly enough that a belief in the Immaculate Conception, Transubstantiation, and the Pope's Infallibility was inadequate to clear away the ignorance, the hunger, the vice, and crime which swarm on squalid acre after squalid acre in Manhattan Island. He saw that the carboic treatment by education was needed, and so championed the public schools; he perceived that the curse of poverty, which is inflicted upon great masses of men and women and little children, is due not altogether to the sins of the individual, and he looked for an explanation to science and a cure through political action. And, worse than all, he went among the poor as a helper, not as a beggar from the church to make them poorer. That was the core of his offending in the eyes of his superior officer, Corrigan, the bandit chief, who holds that the gospel should be preached to the poor, in order that not the poor, but the church, may be benefited.

We have no share in Dr. McGlynn's religious beliefs, and think him quite mistaken in his notion that a common ownership of the land would work a social miracle; but we esteem him as a man who has had the courage to stand out against the authority of any prelate in America, or the Pope in Rome, to dictate to a citizen of the United States what he shall believe outside the domain of theology or how he shall vote. For taking this stand he has been interdicted from the exercise of his profession and chosen means of livelihood late in life, when it is hard to begin anew, deprived of the fellowship of his brethren in faith, set apart as a rebel and a leper, and doomed to eternal damnation. In this monstrous persecution of an American citizen, for being an American citizen, by the criminals of Tammany and an Italian potentate, who claims temporal as well as spiritual authority over kings and presidents, monarchies and republics, the American press has acquiesced, in deference to the Irish-Catholic voter and subscriber. There is no infamy, appar-

ently, that the American press will not commit for the sake of political influence and nickels. It dares not point the people's eyes to the broad and perfectly obvious line between the obedience in theology due to the Roman Catholic Church from Father McGlynn, the priest, and the political rights of Edward McGlynn, the American citizen.

The Argonaut welcomes Dr. McGlynn to San Francisco, conscious the while that its welcome will do him no good, for we are not any more beloved by his church than he is. It would cheerfully burn us both if it could. But he personifies a principle on which the life of this republic depends—a principle for which the Argonaut has battled these dozen years, and which Daniel O'Connell expressed clearly when, in his time, the church, as it always finally does, sided with the heretic and wealthy English against the orthodox, hard-up, and slavish Irish: "All the theology you please from Rome, but no politics." This is why we greet Dr. McGlynn, and hope he will get back his health and have a good time in San Francisco, in spite of the Pope, and the frowning Archbishop Riordan, himself a political vassal of Rome, and all the cold shoulders of the mental peons who form the local priesthood.

The true and comprehensive definition of civilization has not yet been given. It is not to be found in our lexicons or cyclopedias. Neither Guizot nor Buckle completely compassed the task. What civilization is in its essence, in its attributes, in its standards of judgment, are questions yet to be settled. In many respects the civilizations of the past have not been excelled. In poetry, eloquence, and philosophy, in both brilliant rhetoric and subtle logic, they stand unrivaled. Doubtless, in some form or other, all the science of the present time existed in former ages. We conceive that the true distinction between the civilizations of the past and that of the present is the practical application of all progress in knowledge and science to relieve man from his manifold misfortunes. Social and physical science are no longer looked upon as a mere means of mental recreation or impractical speculation. The thoughtful and earnest men of our times go forth to overcome the obstinate resistance of nature, and to bring into subjugation all the material forces and laws. Every new advance in science, every valuable discovery, every important invention, and every new phase of human history, is made subsidiary to the useful purposes of social life. Such a beneficent application of scientific discovery and intellectual progress was entirely unknown to the past. Pythagoras at Crotona, Plato on the Promontory of Sunium, Cicero in his Tusculan villa, thought it unworthy to seek the amelioration of man's social condition by the supply of his vulgar necessities. Plato remonstrated with his friend Archytas because he had framed machines for useful purposes on mathematical principles. And Archimedes was ashamed of those inventions which were the wonder and admiration of his age, and he apologized for this perversion of science. While mathematics were to be esteemed for their mental discipline, they were not to be applied to such useful inventions as would serve to lift life's unnecessary burdens from the shoulder of humanity. The chief object of statesmanship in the old civilizations was to make men virtuous—an impossible task—and the art of healing was restricted to cases of occasional diseases where the constitution was vigorous, while it was considered a prolonged death to employ medical assistance in cases of chronic disorders. It was reserved for the progressive civilization of this century radically to change this whole conception. The chief mission of the politician and patriot, the statesman and scholar, the explorer and experimenter, is to subordinate all the valuable results of private knowledge and personal achievements to the welfare of man and the elevation of the race. The crowning feature of our civilization is the subserviency of all social improvements, discoveries, and inventions to the great effort of raising man from the servitude of ignorance and superstition to the princely inheritance of intelligence and freedom in view of an ultimate humanity. While our statesmanship does not aim at the impossible task of making men virtuous, it seeks the protection of the innocent, the punishment of the guilty, and, by a wise political economy, the improvement of general so-

ciety. The science of medicine is to-day working wonders of restoration and relief, which, a millenium ago, would have been called miracles. They have extended our longevity and have increased the totality of the race, since 1862, by a better hygiene, at the rate of a million a year. It is a great fact that the imperial minds in the republic of letters have anticipated an ultimate humanity—intelligent, virtuous, noble—as the result of the progressive movement of civilization. Francis Bacon, in his "Advancement of Learning," created, in his vivid imagination, an Atlantis, which is being gradually and grandly realized. Man is yet to be delivered from his present weakness, and instead of being the slave, he will become the master of all natural forces. Leibnitz, after careful analysis and comparison, suggested the thought that man seems able to arrive at perfection. He beheld humanity, in distant perspective, reaching heights of happiness which challenge our credulity. He dreamed of a universal language to voice the thought of the world. Like a vision of ineffable beauty, a similar thought dawned upon the tender and eloquent Pascal, who took a step in advance of Bacon and Leibnitz and asserted the great truth that mankind is as one man living always and learning continually. It was Cuvier's magnificent conception, in his "Progress of History," that "the physical good which one does to his fellowmen, however great it may be, is always transitory—but the truths which one leaves behind are eternal." A century earlier, Vico, of Naples—deservedly called the creator of the philosophy of history—gave to the world his great work entitled the "Principles of a New Science concerning the Common Nature of Nations," wherein he sought to prove that great historical events are determined not by chance, nor by the capriciousness of man, but by immutable laws which lead on to progress through vast periods of time. So humanity has been advancing to a better future through mighty revolutions and great historical epochs. The race has been compelled to struggle for existence, but it has been according to the law of "the survival of the fittest." The advancement is like the incoming tide: the undertow may leave bare the shore and carry with it everything within its power, yet each succeeding wave mounts a little higher and leaves its mark upon the strand. Thus progressions and retrocessions make up the complement of human life, and yet in all these changes nothing is lost, for the coin of the past is reminted and comes forth bearing the image and superscription of a brighter and better future. Indulging in this delightful dream of an ultimate humanity through the beneficent progress of civilization, we should lift ourselves above the selfishness of the present hour and embrace in our broad human love the whole human race.

The time is rapidly approaching when American Catholics will be forced to renounce the treasonable teachings of the Papal hierarchy or suffer a loss of political privileges. The surreptitious schemes of the Romish Church to secure political power in America will bring forth but a recompense of confusion. Our people have been too long and well educated in free principles to submit quietly to the imposition of this foreign yoke. Neither pious professions of patriotism nor arrogant demands for increased power and consideration can any longer influence us. The true animus and aims of this arch enemy of American liberty are perfectly patent. Romanism is the same in America as it has been, is, and always will be, wherever it has found a foothold. Romanism is only meek and submissive when it is wholly unable to tyrannize and persecute. As it has acted in the past, so it must act in the future, for the same hideous spirit animates and actuates all its purposes and policies. Liberty, whether political or religious, can not thrive in the same soil with Romanism. If at times Romanism has seemed to support free institutions, it was only when by their assistance it hoped to secure supremacy. For years the Romish hierarchy have simulated an admiration for our American system, but their true feelings and intentions are now made manifest in their recent impudent demands for special political recognition. Emboldened by our past criminal indifference to their treasonable purposes, they now strike out fearlessly for the goal of their ambition. The mask has fallen from their hitherto hidden face, and its infernal lineaments stand out distorted with malignant hatred for all we hold most sacred in American principles and interests. Romanism has been flirting with us as it flirted with the French Republic in 1848, but the faded old adulteress has lost her power to charm, and so now substitutes threats for compliments. It is rather ridiculous when the Pope claims the right of veto in American legislation, which he did recently through his agents in Baltimore, when they most solemnly "protested against the right of any government to affect the interests of the Holy Father by any form of legislation to which his full approbation had not been previously given." When, however, the Pope and the whole Romish hierarchy openly preach and command downright rebellion among American Catholic citizens, it becomes a matter of serious significance. The simple-

minded men, not long since hung in Chicago for preaching anarchical doctrines, were innocent and inoffensive as compared with this red-handed "Man of Sin," who is "drunk with the blood of the saints." The Pope, in his last encyclical, says: "If the laws of the state . . . command anything prejudicial to the church, or violate in the person of the Supreme Pontiff the authority of Jesus Christ, then, indeed, it is a duty to resist them and a crime to obey them." We can not forget, in this connection, how the Pope, in 1863, declared null and void the laws of New Granada; also, in 1856, the laws of Mexico; as, in 1855, he declared void the laws of Sardinia; and, in the same year, the laws of Spain and Piedmont. In all these cases, the special laws which the Pope took upon himself to revoke were in harmony with the essential principles of our American Constitution. Vicar-General Preston, of New York, gave utterance to the following significant words in a sermon January 1, 1888: "It is said that politics is not within the province of the church, and that the church has only jurisdiction in matters of faith. You say: 'I will receive my faith from the Pontiff, but I will not receive my politics from him.' This assertion is disloyal. You may not think as you choose; you must think as Catholics. The man who says 'I will take my faith from Peter, but I will not take my politics from Peter,' is not a true Catholic. The church teaches that the Supreme Pontiff must be obeyed, because he is the vicar of the Lord." And all this is in perfect keeping with the claims of the Pontiff: "I acknowledge no civil superior; I am the subject of no prince; and I claim more than this. I claim to be the supreme judge on earth and director of the consciences of men; of the peasant that tills the field and the prince that sits on the throne; of the household that lives in the shade of privacy, and the legislature that makes laws for kingdoms. I am the sole last supreme judge on earth of what is right and wrong." Leo, in his encyclical letter of November 7, 1885, says: "All Catholics must make themselves felt as active elements in daily political life in countries where they live. All Catholics should exert themselves to cause the constitutions of states to be modeled on the principles of the true church." The oath embodied in the Roman profession of faith, which every Catholic has to take, does not differ materially in the point of allegiance from that taken in the Mormon Endowment House, which the courts have recently decided disqualifies those who take it for naturalization. It is as follows: "I acknowledge the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church as the mother and mistress of all churches; and I pledge and swear true obedience to the Roman Pontiff, vicar of Jesus Christ and successor of the blessed Peter, prince of the apostles." There is no reservation, no exception. The duty to obey the Pope is imperative and absolute over the duty to obey the laws. This doctrine of supreme Papal sovereignty and jurisdiction over all earthly powers and laws has always been taught by the Romish Church in America. It is utterly impossible for those who are bound over body and soul to this despotic power ever to become true American citizens. On page 278 of a book prepared for the use of the Roman Catholic colleges and schools, and bearing the *imprimatur* of Cardinal Manning, we are told that "the civil laws are binding on the conscience only so long as they are conformable to the rights of the Catholic Church." This language is so plain that it can not possibly be misunderstood. The *Catholic World*, for August, 1871, very tersely states the whole matter as follows: "We are purely and simply Catholics and profess an unreserved allegiance to the church, which takes precedence of and gives rule to our allegiance to the State." But this is not the kind of loyalty which our constitution contemplates and which our institutions require. If called upon to choose between serving our government or the power at Rome, every true Catholic would be under the necessity of abjuring his country. This being true, it necessarily follows that every Roman Catholic who occupies a position of political power and responsibility is an enemy in disguise. In view of these un-American and treasonable doctrines, no man who confesses allegiance to the Pope should be allowed to participate as a citizen among us, in either holding an office or casting a ballot. We certainly would not admit to citizenship any man who confessed allegiance to a foreign government. Why, then, should we confer the high honors and precious privileges of American citizenship upon those who publicly acknowledge their allegiance to this politico-ecclesiastical government in Rome? We can not afford to have a divided citizenship. We are guilty of the blindest folly in permitting any man to participate in the political affairs of this country who is either a subject or an ally of a foreign power. The American people do not interfere with the rights of the church, neither will they permit the church to interfere with their politics. In the future, there should be no ballot and no office in this country for the man who takes his politics from the Vatican.

The American public can not be accused of not supporting the newspapers. During last year, there were issued of mag-

azines, papers, and periodicals 3,481,610,000 copies. This is more than enough to give one paper a week for a year to every man, woman, and child in the United States. Some very instructive facts concerning the issue and circulation of these papers are contained in "Rowell's Newspaper Directory." This book, the twenty-second edition of which has just been published, contains very complete statements of the character and business of all the papers—large and small—published in the United States and Canada. Some idea of the care with which the compilation has been made may be gathered from the fact that nearly 16,000 inquiries were sent out to the different papers. Each of these inquiries contained eight circulars, and owing to the variety of queries required for different sections of the country and for different special classes of periodicals, 244 different forms were prepared and sent out. In response to these letters of inquiry, 5,870 reports were received, 320 giving reports of actual circulation for the whole year, 1,133 giving reports for three months, 4,228 giving incomplete reports, and 829 giving no reports at all to circulation, but furnishing other information. Besides the papers thus reported were many that had been in last year's directory and were continued at the same rating, unless word was received that the paper had ceased publication. In this manner, information is presented as to 17,760 periodicals in the United States and Canada, being an increase of 653 for the year. Of these, Canada publishes 812, the rest being published in the different States and Territories. New York stands at the head of the list of States, with 1,778 different publications. Illinois, Pennsylvania, and Ohio follow in that order named, and California stands thirteenth on the list. In proportion to population, California stands at the head of these five States, having one periodical to every 2,518 of the population; Illinois is second, with one for every 2,865; New York, third, 3,655; Pennsylvania, fourth, 4,215; and Ohio, fifth, 4,314. In regard to the interval of issue, the weekly paper is the favorite, owing to the large number of country papers issued in this class. Three quarters of all the periodicals published in the United States and Canada are issued once a week. The monthlies are second, with 12 per cent., and the dailies have 9 per cent., leaving only 4 per cent. for semi-monthlies, semi-weeklies, quarterlies, bi-weeklies, bi-monthlies, and tri-weeklies. The semi-weeklies and tri-weeklies have decreased in number during the year; all other classes have increased. California has 391 weeklies, 82 dailies, 46 monthlies, 9 semi-weeklies, semi-monthlies, 1 bi-weekly, and 1 quarterly. The dailies and semi-weeklies are above the proportion for the whole country. Of the 536 periodicals published in the State, 10 are printed in San Francisco.

But the respective and not the aggregate circulation of these periodicals is the most interesting point brought out in the directory. The number of magazines, periodicals, and newspapers published in a single edition throughout the country is 45,524,000, according to the classification given. This estimate, there are two factors that probably nearly balance each other. On the one side, the estimate is decreased by the classification adopted. All papers having a circulation between 5,000 and 7,500 are classed as having "over 5,000"; between 50,000 and 75,000, as "over 50,000"; thus considerable fractions are often omitted. But, on the other hand, every well-regulated office is supposed to have a circulation agent, whose chief qualification is an inability to distinguish between what the circulation actually is and what it ought to be, and, in spite of the efforts of the publishers of the directory, this official has undoubtedly prepared the report in many cases. But this discrepancy would influence the value of the reports of individual periodicals rather than the whole, and the total of 45,524,000 may be accepted as approximating quite closely to the real number. The average circulation of each periodical is, therefore, 2,335, an increase of 301 over the average of last year, and of 506 over that of two years ago. Compared by average issues, the semi-monthlies stand at the head. The monthlies, dailies, bi-weeklies and quarterlies also have more than the average circulation, while the weeklies, semi-weeklies, bi-monthlies, and tri-weeklies are below the average. The low average of the weeklies is undoubtedly due to the same cause that renders them the most numerous class of publications—a large number of country weeklies. Of the total issue, weeklies have 55 per cent., placing them well at the head again. The monthlies have 22 per cent., and the dailies leaving 7 per cent. for the other classes. Divided according to locality, New York, as usual, heads the list with more than one-quarter of the whole issue; thirty-one States, all the Territories, and the District of Columbia have an issue in aggregate less than that of New York. In average issue of each paper, Maine stands first with 8,293, New York second with 6,078; California is fifteenth with 1,867; and Nevada sixteenth with 1,531. California issues a little less than one periodical to every man, woman, and child in the State. The daily papers throughout the country issue 6,653,250 copies every day, being sufficient to furnish a subscription to every other family on the land; the weeklies have a circulation giving nearly

papers to each family. Turning to the individual periodicals, we find that 27 have a circulation exceeding 150,000 copies. The most striking feature of this list is the number of papers with which the majority of people are unfamiliar. The New York World, and Harper's, and the Century magazines are, of course, familiar to all, but how many people have heard of the National Tribune, published in Washington, D. C., or the Fireside Visitor, the Daughters of America, Golden Moments, or Sunshine, published in Augusta, Maine? Yet these all have circulations of over 150,000. Also claiming circulations of over 150,000, are the Detroit Free Press and the Toledo Blade, the National Police Gazette and the Voice (prohibition). Of papers having a circulation of over 100,000, New York has 24 and Philadelphia 9. The magazines are Harper's, Century, and Lippincott's. But, on the other hand, the greatest number of periodicals in any one circulation class are those having 500 circulation. Of the total of 17,760, 11,118 have less than 1,000 circulation, while only 775 have more than 10,000. Thus 132 papers reach one-quarter of the reading public, and 643 more reach a second quarter, leaving 16,985 publications to divide the other half of the reading public among them. The large number of small papers is due to the cooperative plan of publication, by which a central office issues to a large number of country offices papers printed on one side, leaving the other side to be filled with local matter. Were it not for his system, many country places would be without any paper. Among the New York dailies, the World gives its actual circulation as 185,572 for the daily, 266,351 for the Sunday edition, and 93,304 for the weekly. The Morning Journal, Sunday Sun, and the News claim each over 100,000; the Herald, Sun, and weekly Tribune over 75,000; the Press, weekly Sun, and weekly Times over 50,000; and the daily Times and Tribune over 37,500. Among Chicago papers, the News claims over 150,000; the weekly Inter-Ocean over 100,000; the Sunday Herald over 75,000; and the daily Herald, weekly News, and the Tribune over 50,000; and the daily Inter-Ocean over 37,000. The Boston Globe and the Herald claim each over 100,000; the Philadelphia Evening Item claims over 150,000; the Record over 100,000; and the Press and Times over 50,000. Among weekly papers, Harper's Weekly, Harper's Bazar, Puck, and Texas Siftings claim over 75,000 each; the Judge claims over 50,000; Life claims over 5,000; the Sunday Mercury, 109,000; the Independent over 17,500; the Critic and Nation over 5,000; and the Epoch over 1,000. The New York Weekly claims over 100,000. Among magazines, the Century and Harper's head the list with over 150,000; Scribner's has over 75,000; St. Nicholas over 50,000; the Cosmopolitan and the North American Review over 37,500; the Popular Science Monthly over 12,500; the Forum over 10,000; the Atlantic over 7,500; and the Eclectic over 4,000. By the way, it is useful to see that the cold and cynical editors of the "Newspaper Directory" accord the Nation only 5,000 copies. Yet the Nation has for several years carried this statement at the head of its columns: "The edition of the Nation is this week 8,500 copies." Can it be possible that our truly good friend the Nation lies every week about its circulation? And for thirty-five hundred copies, too? Alas!

Illustrative of the growth of the cooperative idea, the Carpenters' Brotherhood of Philadelphia have just projected an extensive cooperative scheme. Their plan is said to be an arrangement by which the building trades, including everything from stone-masons to frescoers, shall form one grand organization employing thirty thousand men. This organization will make contracts, erect buildings, employ workmen, and divide the profits among the men themselves. This is an advanced step in the right direction. New England manufacturers, realizing the inevitable, are adopting the profit-sharing system. All that is now necessary to make the cooperative plan an assured success is for the government to assist in obtaining buildings, machinery, tools, and raw material for manufactures. When rich men wish to build railways the State aids them; why should not the State assist in founding cooperative enterprises? The day has forever passed when capitalists can dictate the rate of wages for labor. Tyrants with armies have destroyed republics and set up despotisms in their stead, but we have been under tyranny and subject to a despotism growing more astrous every hour. Extreme subjection and suffering have been the lot of the laboring millions, accompanied by no adequate compensation, for surely we need not reckon as worthy such sacrifice the thrill of pride it gives tyrants to feel the necks of their fellow-creatures beneath their feet. But such extreme development of the evils of unjust distribution of the profits of industry can no longer continue in this country of freedom. It is utterly incompatible with our political system that the real sovereigns of the country should be penniless, while their appointed agents are living in wealth. Our fathers, in laying the foundations of

our government, took every possible precaution against the dangerous centralization of political power. They wisely distributed this power into three different departments—the executive, the legislative, and the judicial—and so constituted them that they constantly operate as checks on each other. But as our fathers were almost as equal in physical possessions as in political privileges, they saw no necessity for providing against the dangerous centralization of wealth in the hands of a few individuals. They never anticipated the enormous encroachments of monopolistic corporations and the despotic and irresponsible power of money-kings who have threatened our republican institutions. While our government is theoretically democratic, through these abuses and evils it has become practically aristocratic. Europe has been prostrate for ages beneath an aristocracy of birth—which, like a fiery Etna, has burned and buried its best life—but our beloved nation has been struggling against the withering power of an aristocracy of wealth. This privileged class have not only absorbed the wealth, but seized the political power of the nation. This combines wealth and legislation against the poor. This enthroned power of centralized wealth—with private and public treasures at its command, and the complex, ramifying, and perfect machinery of political engineering working out its purposes—dictates nominations, controls elections, and determines legislation. Thus the distinctive democratic features of our government have been destroyed by this despotic power, which even now laughs in derision at protests and resistance, so that we not only have monster monopolies to handle, but a political plutocracy to combat. The picture is complete when we add that the monopolies and the plutocracy are formed of the same material. But this despotic system is tottering to its fall. It is resting upon an unrighteous basis and can not stand. The tocsin of combat is already calling to the irrepressible conflict. The people are on the march, keeping step to the music of progress, animated by liberty, and guided by intelligence.

The material, mental, and moral progress of mankind is as much subject to a natural law of development as is our growth from infancy to manly maturity. This change and progress is observable in all the departments of human activity. It is as noticeable in religious ideas and ecclesiastical forms as in social customs and mechanical applications. Take the long sweep of four thousand years which history runs over, and the improvement in ecclesiastical forms and ideas is as marked as the advancement of science and the development of mechanic arts and inventions. Religious progress can not be prevented. It may be delayed for a time, but like an impeded river it will gather volume and strength by its retention, and with accumulated energy, clear its channel of every obstruction. Polity and policy, whether political or religious, must, of necessity, change to meet the demands for new adjustments in a progressive civilization. Some one has said that if you plant an acorn in a flower-vase, either the vase must crack or the acorn must die. We say, let the vase crack into a thousand pieces rather than have the acorn perish. All life takes form, but it is form which, by the very laws of life, is subject to differentiation and numberless readjustments. Not heedful of this necessity, many a religious organization, once glowing with life, has become but a whitened sepulcher, whose petrified formalities are but the beautiful sculptured monuments of a departed glory. A formal policy in church or state may be as attractive as the chiseled wonders of the ancient Acropolis, and yet be but the melancholy remembrance of a life that once was, but now is not. The evils under which society has suffered so severely in the past have not arisen from a diversity of religious and political opinions, but rather from fundamental mistakes as to what constitutes authority in church and state. It has been the arrogant pretensions of churches—which have walled themselves in to the cheerless domain of a restrictive seclusiveness and claimed for themselves a special *jure divino* authority and similar bigotries of sect and creed—that have made, through sheer disgust, whole nations infidel. The true American theory is that all forms of government, whether secular or ecclesiastical, should be left to the choice and discretion of the people. And this popular discretion is under but one limitation, which is the law of adaptation. That religion which can be of any service to humanity must be too deep, too broad, and too high to be brought within the cold and cheerless propositions of a doctrinal formula. It would be just as sensible to think of bottling up the sunshine for the use of posterity as of attempting to reduce religious principles and opinions to the angles of a man-made creed. Churches which undertake this impious and impracticable work, doom themselves to barrenness and death. They rapidly lapse into bigotry and intolerance, and their formularies become at length mere petrifications, fossil remains of ideas, which, however significant once, have no longer any adaptation to the conditions of the race. How sad it is, in this day of religious freedom, to behold a church turning

away from a living faith which "works by love," to cling with superstitious servility to the shattered shell of a crumbling creed, from which the original spirit has taken its everlasting flight! The existing forms of church polity, instead of being such as are suggested and sanctioned by the principles of individual freedom and responsibility, would seem to have been borrowed from ancient systems of civil government, whereof force is the vital and controlling element. These are they who dethrone the Christ they profess to serve, while they confer his prerogatives upon mere men. They crown their creeds and lead their king, with only thorns upon his brow, to the judgment-seat of an ecclesiastical Pilate, crying, "Give us Barabbas."

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Reverend Martin.

The following communication, from one of the Protestant clergymen of San Francisco, expresses the average opinion upon the scandalous accident in the life of the Rev. Dr. Martin, nor does the opinion undergo very much change when the incident is traced to its end. This man Martin was educated a Roman Catholic priest—as priest, and while following his vocation, he made the acquaintance of the woman who afterward became his housekeeper. That he married her before he became the father of her children shows that he respected the law, and is proof that he honored the woman he loved more than he respected the canons of a church whose rules he might violate without peril to himself; that he abandoned his wife and children under hope of personal asylum for himself is not creditable to him, if believed; that the Roman Church provides a place of refuge for a criminal who violates the civil law which governs the contract of marriage and the usual law which is supposed to represent the divine injunction, and that the archbishop of Montreal is willing to act as a cover to the crime which this man Martin had committed is not creditable to him nor to the Church of Rome; that Martin, either from personal disappointment, a return of love to deserted children and wife, or compunctious regret for a violation of his duties, leaves the church whose robes he had again used to cover his deformities, and goes back to the church he had left, and resumes his marital and paternal duties, we may accept as an evidence of eccentricity, or cowardice, or conscience. He is either a fool or a criminal, and both these kinds of culprits are found in all churches—Roman Catholic or Evangelical. We print the communication of Dr. Easton as applicable to the condition of things as they existed when it was sent us for publication. Since then, we have heard that Martin has abandoned his Roman Catholic penance, returned to his wife and children, and is making an excuse to justify conscience, his cowardice, and his crime:

ROMANISM AND IMMORALITY.

By Rev. Dr. Easton, Pastor Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco. Romanism, throughout all its history as a church, has nothing more abominable than this recent piece of villainess. "A Montreal priest named Martin is undergoing what is known by the Papal Church as purification for his sins"—but what are the sins of this scoundrel in clerical garb? Some years ago, while he was a pastor in good standing in the Roman Catholic Church, he became enamored, as any flesh-and-blood man might, of the pretty young woman who had charge of his household, and in order to marry her, he left the Catholic Church and became a Methodist. Several children were born to the couple, and they lived happily and respectably until a short time ago, when the ex-priest disappeared. For several days his faithful wife, nearly wild with grief and anxiety, fondly hoped for his return. Her trust was rudely terminated, however, by the announcement that her husband had dishonored his marriage and gone back to the Catholic Church, leaving her to suffer poverty with their children, or else accept charity of an organization, which she, as a true woman, must naturally despise. Meanwhile, Martin, the vile creature, is undergoing a course of alleged purification, as though his greatest sin had not been the cruel abandonment of those whom he had sworn and was under every obligation to cherish and support.

May the despicable wretch remain in such a quarantine forever, and his real leprosy and contamination will cling to him and make him loathsome! But what can we think of a religious system that can shield such moral lepers and wink at such vices?

"Followers of Christ." Bah! The Man of Nazareth would hurl his burning anathemas against such monstrous iniquity! But this is nothing—the record of this system of spiritual wickedness should be read and known of all men. In Drydock's "History of the Jesuits in the German Empire," we read something more startling—yes, revolting—something which proves Romanism as a system to be the patron of vice: "In London there are for every one hundred legitimate births four illegitimate; in Leipzig, 20; in Paris, 48; in Munich, 91; in Vienna, 113; in Rome, 243—the City of Rome the very spot which should best illustrate the influence and power of Roman Catholicism! Why should this disgusting prevalence of vice and immorality be found at the very seat of His Holiness the Pope?" Will Romanists explain to us this charge of Drydock? Will Romanists explain to us how such a piece of iniquity can be tolerated and patronized as in the recent case of Martin? Ignorance and superstition are twin evils she has long patronized; what is her last word on this piece of immorality?

SAN FRANCISCO, May 25, 1890.

The following communication appeared in one of those cowardly journals which over its columns writes as follows: "The editors are responsible for no opinions found in this paper except their own." Because of this cowardly sentiment, we do not disclose the name of the journal from which it was extracted. We reprint it, and are responsible for expressing the opinion that the Rev. Dr. Martin has been guilty of a most flagrant and cowardly crime, and that the Archbishop of Montreal and the Roman Catholic Church are directly responsible for its perpetration, by hiding the criminal offender and condoning the offense:

Rev. Mr. Martin, of Montreal, has disappeared. He was once a Catholic priest, but he fell in love with a woman, abandoned the priesthood, married her, and became a Protestant clergyman. Now, as it transpires, he has abandoned his wife and children, returned to the fold of the Catholic Church, and is doing penance somewhere in the United States for his marriage. The Archbishop of Montreal writes a letter to the Montreal papers about the case, in which he speaks of Martin's wife as "her who had followed him for two years," and "her whom he had called his wife," and says that in returning to the Catholic Church Martin "regretted to leave his children." Now, what kind of a conscience has Martin? And what kind of morality is that represented by the church which calmly encourages a man to abandon wife and children and deny wifehood to the honorable mother of those children? If such things were done in the name of Atheism, people might well say that non-religion has no basis for morals.

William Morris, the poet, and other advanced socialists of London, are making the experiment of introducing the working-man to some of the refinements of the West End Club. The United Democratic Club, formed with this object, will have weekly meetings, with debates, smoking, and singing.

LOUISE.

By Robert Howe Fletcher.

She was purty an' smart, but as wild an' unsartain as a grass-fed cayuse. Her mother was French Joe's widow an' had been livin' in Tin Cup an' round the mines fer nigh on to twenty years. Some said she was rich an' had lots o' dust cached away, savin' it fer her daughter. Which was like enough, as Joe had taken out a heap o' gold in his day, an' the old woman didn't spend anything to speak of. She was mighty fond o' the girl, an' did the best she knowed how by her, but that warn't sayin' much. The fac' was, that country warn't no place fer a woman, let alone a young girl. An' all that Joe's widow could do was to try an' keep her daughter away from Tin Cup. So she had her raised mostly down at Bois' City, but Louise kep' comin' back, an' at last, when she was about nineteen, she come to stay, and drifted into reckless ways, a-ridin' round the hills (she could ride like a buckayro) an' tendin' bronco balls, an' one thing an' another, with plenty to help her on, 'cause, as I say, she was purty an' smart as a whip. There was lots o' the boys would a-married her in a minute if she'd given 'em the chance, but that warn't her style, an' she jest used to laugh at 'em. There was one feller, in partic'lar, named Steve Burke—Buckskin Steve, they called him—who was dead gone on her. An' notwithstanding the fact that he was as ornery a cuss as there was in all Idaho, he was mighty good lookin', an' Louise showed him more favor than any o' 'em. An' Steve, he seemed to think a heap o' that, an' used to brag about it an' 'low that it wouldn't be safe fer no man to talk to Louise while he was around.

Well, Louise was away on a *pasear* somewheres when me'n my pardner come into Tin Cup fer the winter. Jack—that's my pardner—was sick, an' it was as much as I could do to get him into the settlement. An' old French Joe's widow, who had a mighty kind heart, if she was sort o' rough in her speech, took him to her house up beyond the Big Luck mine, an' nursed him till he got well. An' when Louise come back she natchrally got purty well acquainted with Jack, helpin' her mother to keer fer him. The consekens was she took a fancy to him. Which ain't surprisin', 'cause, if I do say it myself, my pardner was mighty clever. There warn't much of anything that he warn't ekal to, from ridin' a buckin' cayuse to readin' a book. He was one o' these yere quiet fellers that no one ever *seyd* he could do anything, only when the time come he'd up an' do it, an' no more words about it. He was a stranger in them parts; I'd only knowed him myself fer about six months, havin' run across him prospectin' up on the North Fork. I didn't know nothin' about him, not even where he come from; but I sort o' took a likin' to him from the first, an' it warn't long before we got to be pardners. He was different from most o' the boys in the mines. He didn't keer fer gamblin', nor drinkin', but 'ud rather be off alone huntin', or fishin', or readin', 'cause he was an eddicated man, was my pardner, an' knowed a heap. An' when he got well of his sickness, Louise didn't make no secret of her likin' fer him, an' used to happen in his way to'able frequent, gen'rally when he was trampin' or ridin' round the hills or down by the river, which he was mighty keen to do after bein' sick so long. Well, when Buckskin Steve seen that Louise had gone back on him, he cut up purty rough, an' swore that he'd get even with my pardner, if it took him till the snow was off the summit. An' I knowed him well enough to count on his keepin' his word—an' keepin' it in some sneakin', low-lived sort o' way. An' after all, what satisfaction that there girl got out o' talkin' to my pardner was more'n I could see, 'cause every time I'd year 'em she'd be as pleased as a mule comin' into camp one minute, an' the next she'd get her back up about somethin' an' be sassy, an' then she'd be sorry an' ask pardon, an' afore you'd know it, like as not, she'd get rarin' mad an' light out. As fer Jack, I'm dead sure he didn't give her no cause to be so contrary, 'cause he had mighty curious notions 'bout women, an' he treated her exactly like he did all o' 'em—quiet an' perlite an' no foolishness. But then you can't gamble on what women'll do, nowadays. Fer one thing, Louise kep' chargin' him with bein' a gen'laman, an' puttin' on airs, which was unreasonable.

"Why did you come here, at any rate?" I heerd her say once; "this ain't your stamping-ground. Don't you s'pose that I know that? *Sacré Bleu!*" (Bein' half French, she did most of her cussin' in that lingo, she said it kep' her teeth white.) "Don't you s'pose I know a gentleman when I see one? What have you done to make you leave your own people? I hope it's something bad—something real bad. I should like you to be as bad for a man as I am for a woman, M'sieu Jack. N'n-n'-no, I don't want you to lie about it!" she chipped in, as he started to say somethin'. "You know that you think I'm bad, and I am—that goes without saying; and you have no business pretending that I ain't. You have no business to treat me as if I was good. You're a fool, Jack Smith, for your pains. We have no use for such notions as yours in this God-forsaken country. There ain't any gentlemen up here; no, nor no ladies, only just—well, never mind!" An' then she stamped her foot an' walked off, but I'm durned if I don't believe she was half cryin'.

Well, things went along that way fer awhile, till one day my pardner says to me: "Bill," he says, "I'm tired of lying around Tin Cup. There isn't much snow in the mountains. Let's strike out an' do a little prospecting."

Now I kind o' spicioned that Louise were at the bottom o' this move, but I knowed my pardner too well to be shootin' off my mouth about what I thought. So bein' tired o' doin' nothin' myself, I agreed to Jack's proposition, an' we started in to get an outfit. The next day we was over at Silverstein's—that was the principal store in Tin Cup—layin' in a stock o' grub, when Louise come in. She walked right up to Jack an' says: "I hear that you're going away."

Jack 'lowed that it was so.

"What are you going for?" says she.

"Because I'm tired of the town," says Jack, "and Bill and I are going to try our luck again at prospecting."

Then she spoke up quick, an' says: "That's not so! You're going on account of me." An' she stood an' looked at him, with her eyes flashin'.

Now, if it had been me, I'd a taken water right then an' there; but Jack, he jest looked back at her, as quiet as you please, an' said: "Well?"

Natchrally, I was countin' on trouble then, but instead o' that, Louise jest seemed to tame down all of a sudden. She got sort o' pale an' drooped her head, an' begun tyin' an' untyn' the fringe on her shawl. Finally, she looked up again an' said, very humble: "Don't go, Jack!"

"I must," said my pardner.

"There's no need of it," she said; "I want you to stay."

But Jack, he answered very positively: "No, I'm goin'."

Then Louise threw her hands out in front of her in a way she had, an' turned on her heel an' left the store without another word. But I seen from the look of her back that it wouldn't be safe fer no man to cross her path jest then.

Now, I ain't what you call superstitious, but when I seen Louise go off like that, it made me kind o' uneasy. I didn't keer fer Buckskin Steve an' his gun no more'n I did fer last year's snow; but when it comes to women—well, it's different. An' I spicioned right then an' there that somethin' was goin' to happen. An' somethin' did happen.

That night I was up at the Palace Saloon, leavin' Jack at home, readin', an' when I come back, along towards midnight, he warn't there. Ordinarily, I wouldn't a-thought nothin' o' that, 'cause it was a habit o' his to go out late at night; but bein', as I say, sort o' broke up 'bout the way things was goin', I got restless an' started out to look fer him. I walked up the street, an' hadn't gone but a few hundred yards beyond the Palace when I seen a little bunch o' men comin' down from the direction o' the Big Luck mine. They seemed to be crowded together sort o' queer, so I walked toward 'em, an' when I got closer, I seen that they'd got a man in the middle o' 'em, with his hands tied behind him, but it was too blamed dark to see who they was. But they seen me, an' one o' 'em says: "Who's that?" An' I recognized Steve Burke's voice. Then I knowed that somethin' was up, an' it wouldn't do fer me to take no chances, so I slid behind a wagon that was standin' near. Then Steve hollered out: "Hold on, there!" an' the others stopped, an' I could hear 'em a-talkin'; an', at last, one o' 'em says: "Well, what of it? It don't make no difference, anyway. Come on." An' they started down past the Palace, an' I dodged along after 'em. When they come into the light from the winders, I seen some o' the boys comin' out o' the saloon, stop, an' have some words with 'em, an' then they follered along an' hollered to others, till, by the time they'd reached Silverstein's store, there was a reg'lar crowd on their trail.

Silverstein's bein' the express-office an' post-office, as well as the gen'ral outfittin' place, was a sort o' head-quarters fer the boys, an' when they all piled in there, I stepped out an' went in along with the rest. At first I couldn't see nothin' fer the crowd, but jest as I was goin' to ask the feller next me what 'twere all about, Steve Burke got up on the counter, an' wavin' his hat fer 'em to keep quiet, he says: "Gen'lmen, you all know that they've had a heap o' trouble lately up to the Big Luck on 'count o' some feller a-robbin' the sluice-boxes, an' you all rec'lect that it warn't long sence Jim Blythe, the watchman yere, found one galoot at work an' drapped him in his tracks. But still the robbin's b'en goin' on right along. Wall, me'n him found the feller to-night what's b'en doin' it. Jim was fer pluggin' him right then an' thar. But I says, 'No,' I says, 'this kentry's gettin' to be as full o' hoss-thieves, an' road-agents, an' sluice-robbers as a dog's back is o' fleas, an' it's got to be the common talk up to Eagle's, an' over to Float Rock that we ain't got no law among us. Now, I says, 'shootin's too good fer this yere feller. Let's take him down an' call the boys together an' do the thing up reg'lar.' An' so yere he is."

Then the crowd hollered an' hooted, an' some called fer to show him up. An' Steve said: "All right, gen'lmen, we'll show him up. He's a sort of a stranger in these parts, but I reckon most of you know him fer bein' the smoothest stranger that ever come 'round this camp—too smooth fer any good. H'ist him up, boys."

An' with that they set the man up on a box, an' it was my pardner!

I knowed it. I knowed when I seen that little knot o' men comin' from the mine an' heerd Buckskin Steve's voice, I knowed my pardner was among 'em. But when it come to chargin' him with bein' a sluice-robber, that I *didn't* calc'late on. An' when I seen him standin' there, lookin' sort o' pale an' rough-handed, with his hat gone, an' his shirt torn, an' his hands tied behind him—but fer all that, with his head up an' a high-toned look on his face, like he was a better man 'n any o' 'em an' didn't give a cuss fer the whole outfit—it jest made me hot clean to the backbone. An' afore I knowed it, I yelled out: "You're a liar, Steve Burke! You cowardly cur! So that's the way you're goin' to get even with him, is it? Not if I know it!" An' I yanked out my gun an' I'd a-laid him out, too, but some durned galoot knocked my hand up so that the bullet went in to the wall over his head.

Then Steve, when he seen who it was, turned mighty white, an' hollered out: "That's his pardner, gen'lmen; he's in with him! Grab hold of him! Don't let him go!"

An' afore I could do anything, some o' 'em ketched hold o' my arms an' I was lookin' into half-a-dozen shootin' irons, an' the end of it was that purty soon I found myself alongside o' Jack in jest about the same fix. An' what's more, the crowd bein' worked up by the scrimmage with me, an' bein' egged on by Steve's talkin', come durned near to takin' us both out an' hangin' us then an' there! But I had some friends in the crowd, an' they 'lowed they warn't goin' to hang no man on somebody else's say so, an' that we'd got to have a trial first. An' some o' the old timers stood in with 'em, so that finally, fer all o' Steve's talkin', they decided on lockin' us up fer the night an' havin' the trial in the mornin'. Accordin'ly, after searchin' us, an' consentin' to take the ropes off Jack's hands, we was shut up in Wells-Fargo's treasure-room, an' a couple o' fellers mounted guard over the door, an' there we were!

"Well," said I, as soon as the door was shut, "dog-gone my skin if this ain't a purty fix to be in!"

But Jack he jest folded his arms an' leaned again' the wal an' didn't say a word.

"What's the meanin' of it all, at any rate?" I went on.

"I suppose that it is as you said out there," said Jack "Steve Burke is getting in his work."

"But what was you doin' up around the mines at this time o' night?" I said, purty hot.

Then Jack, he raised his head an' looked me squar' in the face an' answered, "Bill, don't ask me, for I can't tell you."

"The hell you can't!" I said, starin' at him. "An' wh not?"

"Because I can't," he said.

"Look yere, pardner," I said, sort o' rough, fer I didn't like that kind o' talk, "I want you to understand that the ain't no funny business about this. It's likely to be a question o' life an' death, an' a sort o' death that no man keers to die. Now, once an' fer all, I ask you what was you a-doin' up about the 'Big Luck' sluices!"

But, Jack, he only said like he did before, "I'm sorry, Bill, but I can't tell you."

Well, at that we stood close together in the dim light which come in through the ventilatin' holes over the door, lookin' each other in the face. An' I don't know which was the pale me or him.

After awhile I spoke up, though it didn't sound like I that was a-speakin': "We've been pardners, you an' me, nigh on to a year. You come into this country a stranger, a though a good many o' the boys was down on you, I sort took a fancy to you from the first. An' I believed you to be as squar' a man as ever turned a card. An' I've liked y mighty well. An' if I say it myself, I've stood by you as pardner should. An' now, I don't know, it sort o' looks li I'd been made a fool of. But all the same, Jack Smith, I this yere to say: if you can't tell me, your pardner, what y was doin' up around them sluice-boxes, I advise you to some purty hard thinkin' fer somethin' to tell the boys tomorrow. Fer if you give 'em no more satisfaction'n y give me, they'll hang you so high the crows'll nest in your hair."

He didn't speak fer a moment, an' then he said low quiet in that way he had, like he was thinkin' it over to himse: "Well, I'll have to take my chances. I can only tell them, a tell you now, Bill, that I wasn't robbing the boxes. I see queer to have to say even that. As you say, you have be about the only friend I have had up here and I acknowledge that you have stood by me mighty well, but I suppose that is natural that you should have your doubts about me. Still, there's no use talking of all that, because it can't helped. I don't think that these men will go so far as hang me just on suspicion, but, of course, in a country I this, you never can tell what may happen. So, in case a thing does go wrong with me, I wish that you would burn the papers you find in my room. You will still be frien enough to do that for me, I think. As for the rest o' things, they are yours to do what you please with. Of cou the fellows will set you free, they only put you in here bec' you began shootin'. There is nothing against you and I swear that you had nothing to do with me. And so n good-night, I must get a little rest."

With that he lay down on the floor an' turned his face to the wall. I'm durned if he didn't! Leavin' me stand there, starin' at him.

But that's the kind of a man he was—so blamed mas'ful that you couldn't do nothin' with him. He'd have his spite of all creation. An' not only that, but afore you'd begun to buck again' him, you'd find yourself beginnin' to lieve he was right an' you was wrong. An' the long an' short of it was that it warn't two minutes afore I walked myself over to him an' said: "Jack!"

An' he turned his head an' looked up, an' said: "What you want?" sort o' rough, an' I don't blame him.

"It's only this," I said; "you're not to think I'm the lived cuss that I'm makin' myself out to be, braggin' ab havin' been a good pardner to you one minute, an' goin' b on you in the same breath. I was riled by hearin' charged with bein' a sluice-robber, an' by bein' chucked yere like a rat in a trap. An' when you didn't give me satisfaction to my questions about what you was doin' up the mine, it riled me worse'n ever. But, pard, you know better'n to think I meant what I said. You a sluice-robber. Why, durn my hide! if every man in Idaho was to c' yere an' swear again' you till he was black in the fac wouldn't believe 'em. I'd take your word again' 'em all. I believe that, don't you?"

An' Jack said "Yes," still sort o' short.

"Tell me, then," said I, "that you don't bear me no grud an' shake hands on it."

"Then Jack he raised himself on his elbow an' he give his hand, an' kind o' laughed, an' said: "Bill, old man, you know that you're a mighty good sort of a fellow?"

But fer all he laughed his voice sounded queer, an' I'm to confess that I was feelin' kind o' shaky myself. So I sp up quick an' said: "Jack, I ain't askin' you anythin' don't want to tell me. But, fer God's sake, don't let notion that you've got in your head lead you into definin boys. They wouldn't stand it, an' I couldn't bear to see get away with you!"

"That's all right, Bill," he said; "I don't want them get away with me any more than you do, and I'll do the I can. So now, old pard, go and lie down; we'll both better for a little sleep."

So knowin' that there warn't no more to be got out of I, I went an' laid down. An' I begun turnin' the thing over my mind, but I couldn't get it straightened out no way, ce' that that there Louise had somethin' to do with it. An' I could myself fer bein' such a durned idiot as to give Steve B the chance to corral me, so that I couldn't get on to his an' help my pardner out. A child 'ud a knowed better!

I reckon I must a-fallen asleep puzzlin' over what I sh'd do, bein' plum wore out, fer it didn't seem no time at all w I heerd the door open, an' some o' the boys come in an us to get up, an' I seen it was daylight. Well, I turned

feelin' badly rattled, an' two fellers with their guns in their hands walked me into the store, an' two more fetched Jack. I asked 'em if we warn't goin' to get somethin' to eat to brace up on. But they 'lowed the court was waitin', an' it 'ud be time enough to get somethin' to eat after we was tried an' 'quitted, if we was innocent, an' if we warn't, we wouldn't need to eat. When we come into the store we found it was crowded with the boys. At one end o' the room was a table with about a dozen o' 'em sittin' around it, an' at the head o' 'em, sittin' on a barrel, was an old feller that went by the name o' "The Judge," on 'count of his havin' been a lawyer in Kentucky, where he hailed from. They hauled me an' Jack up in front o' this yere outfit. An' the judge he got up an' called on the boys to keep quiet, 'cause the court was goin' to begin.

Then I up an' says: "Judge, if you'll allow me," I says, "I'd like to git tried first, 'cause I'm tired o' bein' corraled fer nothin'."

But Buckskin Steve, who was one of them sittin' at the table, he chips in quick an' says: "Not much you don't! The other feller's got to be tried first."

Then the judge says to Steve: "Look a-yere, young feller, who's a-runnin' this co't, anyway?"

Steve he started in to give him some back talk, but old Kentuck he shut him up durned quick. Then he turned to me an' got off a whole pack o' law, 'bout my bein' a "accessory fer a fact," which went to prove that Jack 'ud have to be tried first.

"Well, judge," says I, "I'm free to confess that you know a heap more about the law'n I do, but I'll leave it to you, as one man to another. I've been in this country freightin' an' minin' nigh on to four years, an' Jack Smith, yere, ain't been in the camp more'n a few months. Now don't that give me the 'age,' an' havin' the 'age' ain't I entitled to first say?"

Well, a good many o' the boys chipped in an' hollered, "That's so!" An' the judge he hammered on the table an' called the court to order. An' then he says, "What ye say ain't good law, but that's a heap o' sense in it, an' as it seems to meet gin'ral approval, it goes."

"Thank you, judge," says I; "now I'd like to know what I'm charged with."

"As near as I kin make out," says he, "ye're charged with cleanin' up the 'Big Luck' sluices, which bein' felonious an' criminal, entitles ye 'cordin' to the law made an' purvided in sech cases, to be shot on sight, only in this special case ye've ben givin' the privilege o' hangin'!"

"Who charges me?" says I.

But nobody spoke. Then the judge, he calls out fer the witnesses in the case, but there warn't none. Only Buckskin Steve, he got up an' says: "Gen'lemen, you all know that we ketched his pardner in the act o' robbin' the boxes, an' bein' his pardner, I put it to you, don't it stand to reason he's in with him?"

"No, it don't," says I; "in the first place, Steve Burke," I says, "you ain't proved that my pardner was robbin' the boxes. In the second place, there ain't nobody seen me 'round the 'Big Luck' last night, 'cause while you was monkeyin' 'round them sluices yourself, I was playin' poker with the boys up at the Palace."

I seen Hank scowlin', an' cussin', an' talkin' to some of his friends, but I reckon they saw it warn't no use, an' was savin' 'emselves fer Jack. At any rate, no one said anything, an' the judge he spoke up an' said: "Gen'lemen, the co't's o' the 'pinion that thar ain't nothin' b'en proved again this yere pris'ner, Bill Sanderson, an' I move we turn him loose."

An' so, there bein' no objection, the two galoots with their guns let go o' me.

Then I says: "Gen'lemen, I'm much obliged to you fer bein' so fair an' squar'. An' I've only this yere to say. Bein' that this whole business is jest the outcroppin' of an old grudge o' Buckskin Steve's again me'n my pardner, I propose that me'n him go out in the street an' settle it like men, shot fer shot, accordin' to the judgment of the court."

Well, that idee seemed to take with the boys, an' a good many o' 'em hollered to let us fight it out. But the judge he stood up an' rapped on the table an' called the court to order. "My friend," says he to me, "ye're a good talker, but ye're givin' a leetle too fast. Ye've hed your trial an' ye've ben acquitted. But thar ain't all the business thet's befo' the co't. Thar's another pris'ner to be tried, an' thar ain't gwine to be no shootin' 'round yere till he's tried. So now, the best thing you kin do is to make yo'self scarce an' give the next feller a show."

So then I knowed that I was headed off, an' 'twould only do harm standin' there arguin', an' that unless Jack cleared himself there was only one chance left fer me to help him, an' that was mighty slim. Well, I stepped back into the crowd feelin' sort o' desprit, an' I listened to the talk that was begun over Jack. They brought it up again him that he'd ben spendin' money lately, gettin' ready to jump the town; an' a lot more stuff about nobody knowin' where he put in his time o' nights, an' a good many havin' suspicions that he warn't on the squar', an' the like. Then Steve Burke he swore to how him an' the watchman found Jack up 'round the mine. But the judge he warn't nobody's fool, an' he done some right smart questionin', and purty soon brought it out that Jim Blythe, the watchman, hadn't found Jack 'round the sluices himself, but that Steve Burke had come an' told him that he'd seen a man foolin' 'round the boxes, an' then they'd gone together an' found the man comin' down the trail an' had held him up and brought him in. An' things sort o' looked like they was lightenin' up fer my pardner, till the judge come to questionin' him about what he was doin' in the mine, anyway. Then Jack he denied goin' near the sluices or touchin' the comp'ny's property; but as fer tellin' what he was doin' up there, he 'lowed that that warn't nobody's business but his own.

You could a-heerd a mouse squeak, the boys was so still while Jack was talkin'; but when he said that, there was a murmur begun, sort o' low at first, but growin' louder an' louder, like a Chinook wind a-creepin' through a pine forest in winter. I knowed what it meant, an' I didn't stop to year no more, but turnin' to a friend that stood near, I said:

"Jim'll you lend me your hoss?" An' he, bein' interested in what was goin' on, sort o' nodded impatient, an' I slid out mighty quiet, an' singled out that cayuse, an' slingin' myself on his back, I turned his head to the mines, an' rode him like he'd never been rid before. He was a good un, he was, an' laid himself out like he knowed what was wanted of him. Up over the hill an' down into the cañon I sent him, like hell'd broke loose on our trial, an' never drewed rein till I jammed his nose again the French widow's house. Then, without dismountin', I hollered an' kicked at the door, till, at last, Louise herself—thank the Lord!—come and flung it open—I was afeard she might have jumped the place.

As soon as she seen me, she turned pale, an' I knowed then that I was on the right trail.

"Louise," I said, "are you standin' in with Steve Burke on this deal they're givin' my pardner?"

"What deal?" she said, sort o' sullen.

"They corraled Jack in the mine last night," I said.

"Well," said she, "what of it?"

"The boys have tried him fer bein' a sluice-robber, an' they're on the point o' takin' him out an' hangin' him."

Well, when I said that, she seemed to get kind o' weak an' turned white plum to the roots of her hair, an' held on to the door-frame like she was goin' to drop. I was skeered out o' my senses fer fear she would, an' I hollered: "Damn you, if you faint, I'll kill you!"

Then she braced up an' stared at me sort o' wild, an' whispered: "No, no, they won't do that! My God, no!"

"Well, they jest will," I said; "now listen to me. Jack's refused to say what he was doin' up around the mine. He wouldn't tell the court—do you understand?"

Then, all of a sudden, the color come back into her face, an' she clasped her hands an' said, very eager: "Didn't he say anything about—about me?"

"No," I said, "he didn't. An' that's jest where it is. Fer God's sake, Louise, do the squar' thing by Jack! He's al'ays acted like a gen'leman with you. Come with me an' tell the boys what you know. Don't let 'em murder him!"

Then she flashed out: "It's all that villain, Steve Burke's doin'! But I'll get even with him. They shan't hurt Jack. Give me your hand! Quick! Give me your hand!"

An' I give her my hand, an' she put her foot on mine an' swung herself up behind me. "Now," she says, "let him go for all he's worth!"

An' I turned that little horse loose, an' away we tore, back through the cañon an' up the hill to the mine. An' all the time, Louise, with both her arms tight around me, an' her black hair a-streamin' an' whippin' in my face, kep' sayin' between her teeth: "Faster! Faster!" An' all the time that cayuse, a-carryin' double, was doin' his level best an' me a-liftin' him over the rocks the best I knowed how, 'cause if he had missed a foot we'd all broke our necks, sure! An' still the trail kep' a reachin' out ahead of us. At last, jest as we was makin' down the hill, toward the flat where the town was, the wind blowed us the sound o' voices, an' the next minute, turnin' a little rise, we seen a crowd gathered by the side of a fume that runs along there on a trestle. A rope was hangin' from the top o' the trestle, an' it didn't need no tellin' what it meant.

I yead Louise catch her breath in a sort o' a groan, an' as fer me, I waved my hat an' yelled like a drunken Injun, till at last I seen that the crowd begun to take notice of us. In a moment more I had reined the hoss back on his ha'nches on the edge o' the gatharin', and, with what little breath I had left, I said: "Hold on, gen'lemen, I've brought you a witness in this yere case!"

Well, at that, when the boys seen who it was, some o' 'em begun to laugh, an' some hollered one thing, an' some another. But they all made way fer us when Louise begged 'em, an' finally we crowded the hoss in to where Jack was standin' with his hands an' feet tied and his hat off, lookin' mighty white, but jest as defiant as ever. Steve Burke was alongside of him, busyin' himself with the rope. But when he seen me with Louise, he got almost as white as Jack, an' put his hand on his gun and said: "Stan' back, Bill Sanderson! We don't want none o' your interferin' here!"

"Wait a moment, Steve," said I; "I ain't interferin'. I'm jest countin' on the boys, yere, bein' white men an' not Siwashes, an' that they won't hang a man without 'lowin' him a last word fer himself." Then I seen old Kentuck, an' I went on, scarcely knowin' what I was a-sayin': "Gen'lemen, the judge yere knows the law, an' he'll tell you that a man's entitled to the last word. All that I ask fer my pardner is that you year what this girl's got to say. After that, there's nothin' to hinder you goin' on with the hangin', if you've a mind to."

Well, Steve Burke he 'lowed that it shouldn't be. An' by that time others had chipped in, till they was all talkin' at once an' disputin', and some was fer listenin' first an' hangin' afterwards, and some was fer hangin' first an' listenin' afterwards, and there was a heap o' noise an' confusion. An' in the middle of it all, Louise, who was still sittin' on the hoss, held out her arms an' said: "Gentlemen, for God's sake, hear me! This man is no more a sluice-robber than I am. Only hear me, gentlemen, and I'll prove it to your satisfaction."

At that the boys that was nearest us quieted down a little, an' when Louise sort o' hesitated, like she didn't know how to go on, old Kentuck, the judge o' the court, stepped forward an' said: "Go ahead, young woman, don't ye be afeard. If ye've got anything to say, we'll year ye."

An' Louise spoke up an' said: "Thank you, Kentuck, you always was a fair, square man!" An' then she went on a heap steadier an' louder, so as everybody could make out what she said:

"I s'pose a good many of you know that Buckskin Steve, here, has got a grudge against Jack Smith on account of me. Well, yesterday I had some hot words with Jack Smith myself, and Steve, findin' it out, took advantage of my bein' mad to make this proposition: That I should send for Jack to come up to see me at my house, beyond the Big Luck, that night, and when he went home to send him through the mine, as bein' the shortest way back. And Steve was to lay for him and stand him up, and take him in to town for a sluice-rob-

ber. Only, gentlemen, he said he would fix it so that you'd give him twenty-four hours to leave town in, an' that would humble his pride and no more. And I agreed, being, as I say, mad at Jack. And I wrote him a note, so that he came to see me. And I kept him with me till nearly midnight. Well, mother being away, and me all alone in the house, I made him give me his word that he wouldn't let any one know that he'd been with me so late at night. Because, I told him, we had been talked about so much it would ruin me, and my mother, as he well knew, would go crazy over it, and apart from what he cared for me, he owed his life to her, having nursed him when he was so sick. And he gave me his word, as a gentleman, that no one should ever know it from him. But, my God!" Louise bust out, lookin' at Jack an' beginnin' to cry, "I didn't think he would keep it like this."

Then the boys begun to get uneasy, an' Steve Burke seen' it, chipped in quick, "Gen'lemen, are we goin' to hang this yere sluice-robber, or are we goin' to stan' yere all day listenin' to a pack o' lies from this—this—"

"Take care, Steve Burke!" flashed out Louise, turnin' mighty red; "if you know what's good for you, you had better take care! As for what I say bein' lies—gentlemen," she cried, holdin' her hand up, "it's the truth! I swear it! As sure as there's a God in heaven, it's the truth! An' no one knows it better than Steve Burke himself!"

Well, when Louise spoke out so free an' bold like that, it 'peared like there was somethin' in the sound of her voice that no man could doubt what heerd it. An' old Kentuck, he jest took off his hat an' throwed it on the ground, an' said: "Durn my hide, gen'lemen, if I don't believe this yere girl's tellin' the truth! The pris'ner yere was a fool to be let in to takin' sech chances, but it explains mighty reasonable why he defied the co't, an' by doin' it, he acted 'cordin' to my notions of a gen'leman. An' I move we postpone this yere execution till we find out the rights o' the matter."

An' the upshot of it was that, though some o' the boys havin' started in to have a hangin', 'peared like they wouldn't be satisfied till they'd got it, more agreed to what the judge said, an' bein' tired o' standin' 'round doin' nothin', the crowd begun to scatter.

Then Louise, seen' that the trouble was about over, commenced to laugh, an' to cry, an' to carry on like women does sometimes. An' she slid down off the hoss, an' walked over to Jack. When all of a sudden I heerd Buckskin Steve's voice talkin' loud, an' then I heerd him holler out, "No, you don't!" An' the next moment I seen him yank out his pistol an' aim it at Jack! There was a flash, an' a report, an' a scream from Louise. An' the next thing I seen she was hangin' 'round Jack's neck, an' then her arms slackened an' she begun slippin' down, an' by the time I was off my hoss an' by her side, she was layin' at Jack's feet, an' on the breast of her gown was a big, red spot which kep' growin' an' spreadin'!

They had been takin' the ropes off Jack when this happened, an' he jest said, "Oh, Christ!" an' shook himself free o' the boys, an' knelt down an' took Louise up in his arms. The crowd gathered close all 'round, but it was so still we could year Jack say, "Louise! Are you badly hurt?"

She opened her eyes an' looked 'round at us all, an' then up at Jack. "Yes," she said, drawin' a long breath, "I'm badly hurt. Jack, I'm sorry for what I did to get you into trouble; but I was mad, an' he coaxed me, an' I didn't mean that they should hurt you; indeed I didn't. Say that you forgive me, Jack."

"Forgive you," said Jack; "my God, haven't you given your life for me! Oh, Louise, I wasn't worth it."

"I'd rather die for you," she said, "than live. I won't trouble you any more now. Be good to me, Jack, just for a moment, as if you loved me."

Then the tears come in my pardner's eyes, an' I reckon Louise must have seen 'em, fer she said: "Do you care that much?"

An' he jest bit his lip, an' nodded his head.

An' though you could see she was sufferin' an' almighty sight o' pain, she sort o' smiled an' tried to raise her hand up to his face; but right in the act she give a shiver, her hand dropped, an' she stared 'round with a scared look an' cried out: "Jack, I'm dyin'! Hold me close! Oh, Jack, I'm afraid. Don't let me die! don't let me go!" an' with that she fetched her breath hard—an' was gone.

Then Jack, he laid her down very gentle an' knelt by her side, an' I could see his lips a-movin'. Maybe he was sayin' a prar', I don't know. Then he stood up, with a mighty hard look on his face, an' said: "Some of you take her home to her mother, while I go find the man that did this." An' turnin' to me, he said: "Come, Bill."

An' I went with him, an' stoppin' only long enough to get armed an' mounted, we took up Steve's trail, an' follered it till we'd run him down, and by the next evenin' we'd brought him in. An' they tried him that night, an' took him out an' hung him before daybreak on the same spot where he'd fired his last shot. An' me an' my pardner, with our minin' packs along with us, sat on our hosses an' watched the execution. An' when it were done, an' the lanterns blowed out, an' the boys all gone, Jack says, sort o' low, lookin' at what was swingin' there in the keen mornin' air: "It was the old law, a life for a life; but what good does it do, after all! It doesn't give her life back to her again. Poor Louise!"

Edward Atkinson, the famous manufacturer, food-reformer, and political economist, of Boston, is working a new lead. His latest fad is the production of new, cheap, and wholesome food from such cereals as oat and corn-meal, raw wheat, barley, and rye. The material is cleaned, steam-cooked, and pressed into blocks. Out of these he proposes to make dishes that will enable a man to live well at a cost of a dime a day.

An Adelaide, Australia, daily paper has in its employ three men named Day. One of them is called Sun-Day, because he is a clergyman; another, being the cashier, is called Pay-Day; while the third, being a law-reporter, goes by the name of Judgment-Day.

THE LONDON SEASON.

"Cockaigne" on the Pivotal Period of the Social Year in England.

I do not suppose there can be afforded a better illustration of the pertinacious solidity and unwavering conservatism of the English character than the annual London season. Year after year, from youth to old age, do the same people congregate in the British metropolis to do the same things. Now and then there may be some event particular to some year which goes in a small way to distinguish it from its fellows, as for instance, the different exhibitions which have lately been held in London during the summer, beginning with the "Health-eries" and ending with the "Yankeries" and the visit of Buffalo Bill and his cowboys. The Jubilee, too, was another distinctive feature in itself. In the main, however, the "season" remains just the same. It is affected really by nothing of a public description. It may, of course, be true that during the three months' run of every season there are an immense number of public functions, without the occurrence of which the season would be very apt to be voted dull. Yet, throwing out of consideration the royal entertainments, such as drawing-rooms, levees, state balls, and state concerts—which are, after all, hardly to be classed as public functions any more than are garden-parties at Marlborough House, the same discretionary power in the selection of guests being exercised at all—there are no public entertainments which could not be dispensed with, and the season go on just as before. I mean that the same people would come up to London from their country-houses, from their yachts, or from the continent, and the same throng would fill the West End to repletion, with themselves and their gay equipages, from May to August. The same list of balls, dances, evening-parties, receptions, and small dances by duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, viscountesses, ladies, and plain "missuses" in Park Lane, Grosvenor Square, Eaton Square, and Piccadilly, in Mayfair and Belgravia, in South Kensington, Brompton, and Bayswater, would daily grace the fashionable columns of the *Morning Post*. Outsiders might think there was a difference, but people in the swim would not notice any. At all events, they would not acknowledge that there was. They certainly would not leave London because there was to be no Bachelors' Club ball, or no banquets by the lord mayor at the Mansion House; nor would they give up coming to town every season. It is the private balls and entertainments which make the London season, and it is the people who go to them to see each other, to talk to each other, to be seen by each other, and to be talked to by each other, who compose the people whose presence in town render a season possible.

Let these people keep away from London one year. To begin with, there would be nobody to give balls and nobody to go to them. But I do not mean that. I mean that the outsiders whose presence is occasionally bidden at a state entertainment, or their company requested at some public dinner, would soon see what sorry affairs, deficient in smartness, lacking in style, and wanting in form, the public functions would be. London society would not be unlike that of any provincial town, such as Birmingham or Liverpool, or would exhibit the colonial ear-marks of Sydney or Melbourne. The men and women would dress right enough—thanks to their tailors and dress-makers, their valets and lady's-maids—but their talk and their ways would soon give them away. Then would the "Londoner" indeed shine forth in all the charm of absent *Es*s and *o*-joined *Es*s. Then would the ideal Englishman and Englishwoman (as the American so often averages them from resident samples) stand out in hold relief against a background of roast beef and plum-pudding, 'arf-and-'arf, and steaming boiled carrots. What a London season it would be—composed only of "Londoners"! The mind fails to comprehend the anomalous inversion of terms.

It is curious, however, that the swells do keep on coming to London every year and making a season for the inhabitants which would be quite impossible without them. And not only that, but following the identical routine, year after year, without break or alteration, that their fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers followed before them, and that their children and grandchildren will follow after them. In this, I contend, is the natural, inborn conservatism of the Englishman shown more clearly than in anything else he does. There are no Liberals when the London season is made the party platform. It is quite true that the Englishman in this connection is only he of the aristocracy and upper class—the Englishman of high life, in short. What he does might, perhaps, be thought not a fair exemplification of the sentiments of the Englishman in general as he is to be found in the humbler walks of life. If the English aristocracy and upper classes only included men of long line and illustrious descent, the claim might have some weight. All people of an hereditary class are supposed to think alike. They have one common interest at stake, are guided by one motive, and follow on principle one accepted habit of thought and action. With them, novelty is vulgar; change, bad form; originality, eccentricity. To a great extent this is true of the old lines and blue bloods. But the English aristocracy of to-day have too many recruits from the people among them to allow them to claim with justice the superior position by birth which used to be considered inseparable from rank as an *inducium* of high life. If there be still the Cecils, the Grosvenors, and the Percys left in the peerage, there are also the Brasseys, the Allsopps, the Besses, and the Guinnesses—lately admitted. The latter set are just as great swells as the first, when you come to regard their power from a financial point of view. When Joseph Chamberlain comes to be made a peer, he will be another instance. "Our Joe," with a coronet on his head and ermine-trimmed robes flowing from his shoulders, will be a sight worth seeing for those who know him now. I believe it is pretty well known that he has been offered a seat in the House of Lords already. How many times the offer will have to be repeated before he accepts the honor, history only will be able to tell. That he intends to emulate the example of Benjamin Disraeli would seem to be not by any means

unlikely. People do say that you can turn the most rampant Radical into the bluest Tory by giving him a coronet, not to abuse but to wear. It is a pity that Lord Salisbury does not try the experiment with Labouchère.

But to return to the London season. Take it from the first day of May—its ideal initial point—to the twelfth day of August—its ideal terminal date—we find exactly the same procession of events, the same round of regulation occurrences every year. There is the Derby Day, when all London, as well as the West End, goes down to Epsom Downs to see the blue ribbon of the turf run for by the most promising two-year-olds the kingdom can produce. This is the chief May fixture. Then there is the Prince of Wales's dinner-party at Marlborough House on the night of the race, to which all leading turf-men—of rank and position—are invited. In June comes Ascot, with its gorgeous procession led by the Master of the Queen's Buckhounds, and its gold-cup day, when the annual trophy (won by Mr. James Keene's Foxhall in 1880) is raced for. Everybody who is anybody goes to Ascot for the week—if they can. Houses in the neighborhood of the heath are hired at exorbitant rents by those who can afford to pay them, for there is no more swagger thing to do than to have a house at Ascot for the race meeting. The Prince of Wales always takes a house there, or is lent one by some friend. After Ascot the season begins to wane. Three or four balls a night, with accompanying day excitements, must tell on the strongest physiques. The debutantes have established themselves as belles or have been voted failures long before Ascot is reached, and the novelty of a new and pretty face must be postponed until another year comes round. By this time the grand marriages of the year will have been "arranged," and the heiresses gathered by the money-seeking men of title. Yet the balls and dances go steadily on, and people go to them and talk over and over the same things, dance to the same waltzes, eat the same plovers' eggs (not exactly the same), and drink the same champagne.

From this on, two events are waited for with a sense of increasing weariness. One is the Goodwood race meeting, the other the Eaton and Harrow cricket match. The Goodwood week is the last of the fashionable race meetings of the London season. Goodwood is the seat of the Duke of Richmond in Sussex, and the race-course is in the park. One of the most distinguished house-parties which English high life can furnish is invited by the duke to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales, who are always his guests. This year Goodwood will begin on the twenty-ninth of July. The other longed-for event—namely, the Eaton and Harrow cricket match—takes place at Lord's Cricket Ground, and is one of the most fashionable gatherings of the season every year. It lasts two days. That is to say, the play is carried on for about six hours on each day. Eaton and Harrow are the two swellest public schools in England. All the great people's sons and brothers go to one or the other of them. In the cricket match, the honor and glory of the two schools are involved, and Etonians and Harrovians, both present and past, take an immense interest in the result. The Oxford and Cambridge cricket match is another great event of general interest, but from a fashionable point of view it is nothing like the Eaton and Harrow match. Americans who want to see young noblemen play cricket, should go to an Eaton and Harrow cricket match. All the fashion of the season will be in Lord's Ground, and though the cricket may be only very second-rate, the excitement will be very intense. There is nothing left of the London season after the Eaton and Harrow match is over. Grouse shooting commences on the twelfth of August, and no one would think of being seen in London after that.

All these things are the rule every year. One year is just like another. No wonder that Englishmen have become great travelers. They have grown tired of the sameness of the London season. They will not admit it, but they are conscious of it, all the same. Yet they would not alter it all for the world. No matter where they go, or what variety of scene may have refreshed their worn energies, they always come home for the season and go through it with the same interest. Though they may tour it in large-checked tweeds and buff helmets, in flannel shirts and canvas shoes, they return to their black morning-coats, top-hats, varnished boots, and white spats as a matter of course. The Englishman abroad, in the matter of dress, if in none other, is a different creature from what he is at home. No man could be worse dressed abroad—no man could be better dressed at home. They keep all their respectability for their own country. I once met an Englishman traveling in America in the most uncouth fashion. He was on his way to Japan, and his attire was not quite what you would suppose an Englishman of means or position would wear. He was heir to a large estate and to a baronetcy. To show the sort of looking man he was, I will relate the fact that he was once taken by a lady to be a hackman. He was asked once what he intended to do when he came into his property and title. He looked up out of the corner of his eye and said: "I shall have to go home and turn respectable." This he said in the most matter-of-fact way—as if want of respectability were of no consequence in America. Certainly respectability, as he considered it, was about the last thing you would think would suit him or be at all congenial to his tastes. Yet he acknowledged himself willing to adopt its requirements when he got home to England.

Whether Englishmen are the happier for all the form and rule and regulation which direct and govern them in England, I can not begin to say. I should fancy not, really. Yet they appear to be bappy enough, and in this very willingness to be contented under restraining influences which would be unbearable to men unaccustomed to them, they show, I say, an inherent spirit of conservatism which all the liberal political sentiments in the world can not affect or alter. Blind adherence to accepted rule may show a disciplined mind, but it most assuredly is the cause of that lack of personal and individual originality for which Englishmen of the upper classes are noted. Swinburne, the poet, is one of the upper classes, being by birth one of the bluest of aristocrats. There is no

saying how scandalized his family were when he began to write. Had he remained the respectable member of society which his strict bringing up taught him to be, the world would never have heard of him.

When Americans come over to England to live, as has lately become so fashionable, they think the routine of English life very attractive, and are strict followers of the London season. They even seem willing to pay income-tax, which every foreigner in England must pay on all money received by him from his own country after a six months' residence under the English flag. Inhabited house-duty is another tax levied upon foreign residents, to say nothing of local rates innumerable. In a future letter, I shall have something to say about these taxes in a general way.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, May 9, 1890.

OLD FAVORITES.

Quince.

"Fallentis semita vite."—Horace.

Near a small village in the West,
Where many very worthy people
Eat, drink, play whist, and do their best,
To guard from evil Church and Steeple,
There stood—alas! it stands no more!
A tenement of brick and plaster,
Of which, for forty years and four,
My good friend Quince was lord and master!

Welcome was he in hut and hall,
To maids and matrons, peers and peasants,
He won the sympathies of all.
By making puns and making presents;
Though all the parish were at strife,
He kept his counsel and his carriage,
And laughed, and loved a quiet life,
And shrank from Chancery suits and—marriage.

Sound was his claret and his head;
Warm was his double ale—and feelings;
His partners at the whist-club said
That he was faultless in his dealings.
He went to church but once a week;
Yet Dr. Poundtext always found him
An upright man, who studied Greek,
And liked to see his friends around him.

Asylums, hospitals, and schools,
He used to swear were made to cozen;
All who subscribed to them were fools,
And he subscribed to half-a-dozen;
It was his doctrine that the poor
Were always able, never willing;
And so the beggar at his door
Had first abuse, and then a shilling.

Some public principles he had,
But was no flatterer nor fatterer;
He rapped his box when things were bad,
And said: "I can not make them better!"
And much he loathed the patriot's snort,
And much he scorned the placeman's snuffle,
And cut the fiercest quarrels short,
With—"Patience, gentlemen, and shuffle."

For full ten years his pointer, Speed,
Had couched beneath her master's table;
For twice ten years his old white steed
Had fattened in his master's stable—
Old Quince averred, upon his troth,
They were the ugliest beasts in Devon;
And none knew why he fed them both,
With his own hands, six days in seven.

Whene'er they heard his ring or knock,
Quicker than thought, the village slatterns
Flung down the novel, smoothed the frock,
And took up Mrs. Glasse, and patterns;
Adine was studying baker's bills;
Louisa looked the queen of knitters;
Jane happened to be hemming frills;
And Belle, by chance, was making fritters.

But all was vain; and while decay
Came like a tranquil moonlight o'er him,
And found him gouty still, and gay,
With no fair nurse to bless or bore him;
His rugged smile, and easy chair,
His dread of matrimonial lectures,
His wig, his stick, his powered hair,
Were themes for very strange conjectures.

Some sages thought the stars above
Had crazed him with excess of knowledge;
Some heard he had been crossed in love,
Before he came away from college—
Some darkly hinted that his Grace
Did nothing, great or small, without him;
Some whispered, with a solemn face,
That there was nothing odd about him!

I found him at threescore-and-ten,
A single man, but bent quite double;
Sickness was coming on him then,
To take him from a world of trouble—
He prosed of slipping down the hill,
Discovered he grew older daily;
One frosty day he made his will—
The next he sent for Dr. Bailey!

And so he lived—and so he died—
When last I sat beside his pillow,
He shook my hand, and "Ah!" he cried,
"Penelope must wear the willow.
Tell her I hugged her rosy chain
While life was flickering in the socket;
And say, that when I call again,
I'll bring a license in my pocket."

"I've left my house and grounds to Fag—
(I hope his master's shoes will suit him);
And I've bequeathed to you my nag,
To feed him for my sake—or shoot him.
The Vicar's wife will take old Fox—
She'll find him an uncommon mouser;
And let her husband have my box,
My Bible, and my Assmannshausen."

"Whether I ought to die or not
My doctors can not quite determine;
It's only clear that I shall rot,
And be, like Priam, food for vermin.
My debts are paid—but Nature's debt
Almost escaped my recollection!
Tom! we shall meet again; and yet
I can not leave you my direction!"

—Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

King George of Greece is a grandfather at the early age of forty-four years.

THE AMAZONS OF GOTHAM.

"Van Gryse" writes of the Girls in New York's Hunting Set.

The whole New York world has gone crazy on horses. If you can not spot a splint as far as you can see a horse, do not try and talk to a girl. She will simply despise you as an impossible. For the last ten years this has been coming. In the days when the young female was a delicate creature, with pensively drooping curls, a blue sash, and dimples, there was always a doubt in the masculine mind as to whether she knew what a horse really was. Now, if she is a person of *ton*, she knows everything to be known of the noble equine.

Some years hack only an odd occasional woman rode. When the others saw how handsome she looked, they all began to ride. Now every variety of female, from the Young Person with her papa to small-waisted unknowns, go prancing through the park from dawn till twilight. Not only that, but they ride to hounds. All the country clubs about town have their packs, their club-house, and their M. F. H. All the adjacent ladies, animated by that classic love of the chase, both of the hiped and the quadruped, which springs eternal in the female breast, have their habits, their bunters, and their eye for the game.

They love both the chase and the fox, these dear girls. Like most desirable amusements, it is extremely expensive. A good habit costs over a hundred dollars. A good horse—a hunter imported from England, mighty of chest, broad of harrel, stalwart of flank—costs five or six times that much. Then there has got to be a saddle and a groom, and a certain sum ought to be laid by to meet the doctor's bills for setting broken bones. Most of these Dianas ride well. A good many of them are dare-devils, taking every fence and ditch in their road. And all of them, without exception, have a fine vocabulary of hunting slang. To hear the conversation of a group of girls in riding-dress, is to hear a very remarkable thing. Some years ago, some foreign men were petrified to see a little debutante, looking like a young hoy in ber close, dark habit, go up to her horse, run her hand down his front leg, and straightening up, remark to the groom, with a knowing wag of her head:

"A little puffy about the boots, eh, Simpson?"

The hunt, of course, is bound to be a popular institution. It is an amusement to be partaken of by men and women together, with no risk but the comparatively trivial one of having your neck broken. It starts in with a fine breakfast and winds up with a still finer lunch. This is given at the country-house nearest the finish, and the participants of the hunt partake of it in their riding-dress. A trial to their vanity one would think, for, though they were spick and span when they went forth, three or four hours of hard riding have not improved their appearance. They are a good deal tanned and the women's hair blown about and rough. The edges of habit and trousers are generally stiff with mud. It is hard to believe that these sun-burned Amazons are New York women who all the world over have been celebrated for their delicacy and daintiness. But fashion is relentless. Better a bony hand than social oblivion, and a red nose, in this particular case, is above rubies.

But the riding craze goes still further. At the recent exhibition of horses leaping hurdles and ditches, all the animals were ridden by young women, friends or relatives of the owners. As much of the city as could do so, came to look at them. The other half wanted to see how female aristocracy looked *en amazone*. Some of the most high-toned women in the city pranced about the track on splendid mounts from all the great suburban stables. The owners liked it, because the ladies understood the horses and could show them off as well as any jockey. The ladies liked it, being fearless and handsome and much admired. Some of them carried their steeds over bedge and ditch and hurdle like birds. Some were less lucky. One man, from Westchester County, had each of his three magnificent bunters make bad breaks. One balked before a hurdle, almost sending his rider over on her head; another became utterly unmanageable—his rider lost her head, and he had to be taken off the track; a third, after stubbornly refusing a ditch, suddenly wheeled and dashed back across the track for the stables, the terrified Amazon hanging to his neck.

All the sporting-men in town were there to look on at this inspiring show and to exchange bets and comments with the riders. Of flirtation, there was none. It was a serious affair, and every one was there to talk horse and nothing else. Girls, looking as if their mission in life was only to be kissed, had not a thought beyond the success of their favorites, and eyes but for the plunging horses pounding about the track. This is only another example of the tremendous power of fashion. Such a performance is not natural to New Yorkers, who are—the women, that is—the most delicate and fragile creatures in the world. They are not an out-door race, like the English. It is more natural for them to sit in silken boudoirs and eat bonbons, like the Turkish ladies. Yet when fashion issues its iron mandates, they bow the neck and obey. Should it decree the daily use of the thumb-screws or the rack, they would set their teeth, and, unresisting, resign themselves to the torture.

Long Island is really the core, the heart, the hub of the hunting country. There was a hunt-club at Meadowbrook, where Westchester Amazons rode with shot in the beams of their habits, regarding the trousers as most unseemly. Within the memory of man, a broad-brimmed hat and feather, such as Flora Bellamy wore, has been seen on the head of an Orange County Diana. But at Oyster Bay and Rockaway and Meadowbrook, they scorn these trivialities. They are terribly in earnest down there. They hunt with their teeth set, and they worship the horse as the Israelites did the golden calf when Moses was not there to spoil their fun. Here live what is called "The Hunting Set"—a set which daily gains in prominence and power. The men of it are brown and heathered, wear big checks and knickerhockers, call their carriage their "trap," say they went on "the tram-cars," would drop their h's if they dared. The women, too, are brown, but pretty and very neat and exclusive, carry their elbows

out, are great patrons of the tailors, affect reserved manners, and are as much at home on a horse as they are in a rocking-chair.

The hunting set admits to its hosom only members of the highest tone and who think that the sole duty of man is to sit a horse well. Young Anglomaniacs would sell their souls to be admitted to its sacred recesses. The late S. S. Sands, Jr., was one of its great lights. He was as English as if he had been horn within sound of Bow Bells, whereas his people were all old New Yorkers who had made a lot of money in some way now forgotten. He married a lady as fond of the chase as he, and their home at Rockaway was the centre of the hunting set. Fifteen months ago, he was killed out hunting. The widow was so inconsolable that she cut off her long hair. Now she is going to be married in London to a light of fashion. So wags the world away!

Some days ago they had the pony races at Meadowbrook, and all the Four Hundred turned out to see the fun. The racing was poor, the riding good. Some of the men ride as dashing as the Buffalo Bill cowboys. The races were held at the club grounds in what looked like a Kansas prairie, and were as English as possible. San Franciscans would laugh if they could see some of their American brothers forging about in checker-board clothes and knickerhockers, and talking with the broadest kind of an accent. There were Englishmen there by the score, howling along the road in all sorts of rigs and dropping their h's over the boot, and it was all you could do to tell them from the Americans.

Two, particularly British young men there, were pointed out as the Turnures. The Turnures are now among the sacred blest who sit on the right hand of McAllister in glory everlasting. They have worked hard, and now the crown of glory is on their brows and the thirsty henchmen of the press chant their praise. It is said that their name was originally Turner, and as the poet says that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, so a Turner by any other name would soar much higher than he would by the unprofitable patronymic of his forefathers. Accordingly, Turner evolved into Turnure and has remained there ever since. The family, however, were not stationary at this point. They were determined to force an entrance into those blessed realms which shine so alluringly in the distance. They were going to get into society if, as we say in the schools, "it cost a leg." The price of success was not, however, quite so high; that is, judging by the fine display of these attributes to the human frame, which were revealed to the dazzled eyes of the Four Hundred by the knickerhockers of the Messrs. Turnure. They do not want legless torsos in the Four Hundred, and knowing the determination of the Turnure mind, they probably thought fit to admit the family before such a climax was reached.

Their foothold in New York being now secure, this enterprising family are going to make a raid on London this summer. Perhaps the legs will be sacrificed there, for it is said that the English are a most determined and obstinate race where strangers are concerned. They must look to their laurels when they bear the slogan of the Turnure. A whole family, with their minds concentrated on conquest, ought to be able to upset the English Government, let alone the system of society. Meantime, the eyes of New York are breathlessly fixed upon these stalwart pioneers. They dare do all that shall become a man—and a woman, too—and the high aim of their crusade may inspire them to deeds of valor and glory which will put the exploits of the Chevalier Bayard quite in the shade. Should they succeed in their undertaking, British soil will quake under the tramp of an American invasion the like of which was never seen since the allied kings went to Jerusalem.

There were also quantities of pretty women to be seen at these same races. Mrs. Paron Stevens was flying about in her carriage—at least, her trap—in which she had—caught must be the proper word—several other ladies of a little earlier vintage than the celebrated importer of Marlborough the Blest. For Mrs. Stevens, though shining with the golden glamour which cigars brought the late Stevens, is a well-preserved relic of the bronze age. The prettiest woman there was Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg, who looks like a girl of seventeen. She is one of the goddesses of the hunting set, and is famous for having introduced the celebrated "Meadowbrook Hunt Handshake," which is one of those things that must be seen to be credited. It goes up and down and then once around, chassés to the right, crosses over to the left, executes the grape-vine lock, and finally ceases, leaving the participants weary and out of breath. Mrs. Ladenburg wore the simplest little white frock, plain and skimpy, and a little black hat, and, followed by a Dachsund about four feet long and three inches high, went about from coach to coach, and was the most charming picture on the course. Her husband has settled two hundred thousand dollars on her. He is a Jew of a pronounced type. It is said that in by-gone ages—say before the war—his ancestors' noses were one of the sights of Chatham Street.

VAN GRyse.

NEW YORK, May 28, 1890.

Speaking of the new *World* building in New York, J. K. Bangs thus writes in *Munsey's Weekly*: "What a glorious chance the *World* has to place a camera *obscura* in its lofty dome, upon which may be thrown at will whatever scenes may be shifting in the streets of New York. With a stone large enough to take in this city in its vast entirety, surrounded by a corps of vigilant reporters, the movements through our streets of our prominent men, of our criminal classes, of our every day, easy-going citizens could be watched. Murders would be there recorded as they took place, and the murderers could be traced within the city limits. Messenger-boys sent by the *World* on the various errands of the day could be followed by the watchful eye of the reporter far up amid the clouds, their loitering could be noticed—everything, in fact, could be seen by the editor's assistants in that iron cage, with what advantage to the newspaper it would be an insult to the enterprising mind to mention." Here is a hint for Mr. Hearst, when he puts up his *Examiner* building, which, it is said, he contemplates crowning with a dome.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The German Emperor, on his travels, always has with him a big box, filled with the decorations of various orders, to bestow according to his philosophic fancy.

M. Nacquet, the French deputy who is an intimate of Boulanger, is a hunchback and was in great request at Monte Carlo by luck-hunters during his stay there.

Prince Charles of Sweden and Norway was recently summoned to a court in Stockholm to serve as jurymen in a criminal case. But the judge decided that on account of family connections he was ineligible.

How to pronounce the name of Mr. Randall's successor in Congress, Mr. Vaux, has been a grave problem at Washington. It was called Vaw, Voss, Vose, Vawze, and a dozen other things. But Representative O'Neill finally told the clerks of the House to call it Vawks.

During the summer holidays of each year, the immensely wealthy Duke of Westminster takes in about five thousand dollars in sixpences and shillings, paid by sight-seers for admission to his country-seat, Eaton Hall. He gives every penny of it to charitable institutions.

Henry Villard is writing his autobiography for the use of his children. He was born in Germany, and the story of his early days is written in German. His school-days are described in French, as he was educated in France, and his business and social life is written in English.

Sir John Millais looks like a handsome, bard-riding, heef-eating country squire. His bright eyes show no trace of the affliction which is really befalling him—that of an inability to see near objects. He is obliged to paint now with brushes a yard long, and to keep so far away from his canvas that all the delicacy of his work of old days has vanished from the new, but not the force and strength. But though his terms for a portrait are fifteen thousand dollars, he can choose his sitters.

The German Emperor has now taken into his own hands the management of his private fortune, and it is asserted that a short time back he negotiated a loan of two hundred thousand marks, assured by a mortgage on a house in the Lehnitzstrasse in Berlin; before concluding the treaty, the emperor visited the said house himself several times, so as to be sure of his hargain. The loan was made out of the savings from the emperor's private purse, as the papers in the mortgage office in Berlin prove.

The Sultan turns up as a writer of plays, which he has performed in a little theatre in the Yildiz-Kiosk. They are written in French. When he has finished a play, he summons his actors and assigns the rôles, with instructions to have the performance that night. For a plot, he generally takes some complication of his palace, illustrating the troubles or failures of this or that official. The last, which was a great success, exhibited an incapable manager of the royal household suddenly ordered to have dinner for a hundred guests, everything going wrong, and culminating with a servant exploding a bottle of champagne in the manager's face.

Professor Huxley lives in a quiet bouse at St. John's Wood, and in the large, silent garden of that house is erected the studio of the great scientist's artist son-in-law, the Hon. John Collier. In a double way, Mr. Collier claims Professor Huxley for father-in-law. His first wife was a daughter of the professor, but for a long time before her death she suffered from mental disease. All that time Mr. Collier lived with his father-in-law, and eventually married his deceased wife's sister. Such marriages are not legal in England, but, except among clerical people, there is no social stigma on them. Professor and Mrs. Huxley accompanied their daughter to Sweden last year, and there gave her formally in marriage to their son-in-law. The Hon. Mrs. Collier is a most graceful young woman, tall, slender, and elegant. Her bushand constantly paints from her as his model.

Schwarzburg-Sondershausen is a forgotten grand duchy in Germany, with a grand duke, an assembly of fifteen members, and seventy thousand inhabitants. Prince Leopold is brother of the reigning sovereign, and heir-presumptive. As the two princes are getting on in life, and are still bachelors, there is danger of their illustrious family becoming extinct, and the grand duke accordingly suggested that his brother should marry. "Delighted," replied Prince Leopold, "but how am I to keep a wife on four thousand five hundred dollars a year?" "Marry an heiress," said his brother. This advice Prince Leopold took as a deadly insult, as conveying the idea that he was capable of selling himself. He promptly and severely rebuked his brother by publicly causing his baggage to be removed from the palace to a hotel. He is now paying his own board to demonstrate that all princes are not purchasable by heiresses, and a crisis exists in the grand duchy.

The common belief that Stanley has made money by his expedition and that a large share of the Emin Relief Fund has gone into his pockets, is a mistake (says the Edinburgh correspondent of the *London Times*). When he was asked to take command of the expedition, he had lecture engagements in America which would have brought him fifty thousand dollars at least. These engagements he at once canceled. He has not accepted sixpence of pay for all he has done. Nor is that all. He was offered a large sum by a London daily newspaper for any letters he might send home from Africa. He refused the offer, saying that his letters would be addressed to the Emin Relief Committee. When his letters began to arrive, a newspaper syndicate was formed by seven or eight of the leading journals in England and Scotland for the purpose of taking over the letters from the committee for publication. The committee realized from this transaction the sum of ten thousand dollars. When Stanley reached Cairo that sum was placed at his disposal. He was told that he had earned it. He refused to take it, requesting only that a third of the sum should be expended on presents to the

VANITY FAIR.

One of the leading London society journals, in a recent article, laments the decay of what it calls the old English virtue of hospitality. A generation ago, it explained, to meet their host and their acquaintances was a sufficient motive for the guests. Now the entertainment must be fortified by some particular attraction or display. If any local or foreign notability has happened to catch the public eye, and to fill a considerable space in the newspaper reports or the club gossip, his attendance at social entertainments must be secured at all hazards. The attraction may be Stanley hack from Central Africa; Buffalo Bill separated temporarily from the aborigines of his Wild West show; or Signor Tamagno on the "off-night" of Italian opera; but some such feature there must be. If nothing of the kind is furnished by the host, people will not come to his entertainments. The practice is one product of the rise of the common people to importance. Parliamentary leaders and foreign ambassadors soon palled on the social taste, and, in point of fact, the adoption of the low-horn celebrity as an attraction at fashionable entertainments was coincidental with the appearance of a similar character as the figure of interest in fiction. The practice is almost exclusively English. It bears a faint resemblance to the salons of Mme. Récamier and the celebrated hostesses of the later Bourbon dynasty and the first Napoleon. Yet the resemblance is only apparent; because the Parisian entertainers gathered about them a complete society of wits, who might enjoy one another's brilliant conversation. The present English plan is not based upon the assembling in one another's company of men and women of wit and genius. It is not a fair division of privileges, except in so far as the celebrity, in return for placing himself on exhibition, to answer the questions and endure the gaze of the curious, is allowed to enter the halls of fashionable exclusiveness, into which, as is carefully impressed upon him, he would never have been permitted to intrude but for his accidental achievement of notoriety. As for our own country, society, even in the Eastern cities, is as yet too young to need such artificial stimulants to a sated appetite. The chief manifestation of a similar desire is encountered when a foreign nobleman reaches our shores. But the Duke of Marlborough is a feature at a feast where Buffalo Bill and P. T. Barnum would never be thought of. What has much to do with it is the wish of society to gratify its curiosity by association with guests of a totally different sphere of life. London society is in its basis aristocratic; hence its curiosities are men of the people. American society is democratic, and titled aristocrats are to us of foremost interest.

There is a young woman in an Eastern town who has worn about her white throat, during the past season, a very handsome diamond necklace set with thirteen single stones of considerable value. As the parents of the young woman were not persons of wealth, the ornament naturally was the occasion of considerable speculation among her women friends. Finally one young woman, more privileged or more audacious than the rest, remarked on the beauty of the necklace, and asked how she came to have it. With charming frankness, she replied: "Of course it is a very valuable thing, but really its chief value is in its associations. Each one of these stones has a separate and sweet memory for me. You see, it's a composite, and it is made out of the diamond engagement-rings that I have worn at different times. There were thirteen of them, and naturally I couldn't go on wearing them, and as I didn't return them for fear of wounding the feelings of the men, I just had them all set together in a necklace. And now I can wear them all at once comfortably, and besides you see how handsome an ornament I have."

The frock-coat will reign again during the London season. It is "worn open, made of very rough cloth, oftenest very woolly dark gray, and silk lined. The waistcoat is double-breasted and cut low." There is said to be a little hesitation whether waistcoats should match coat or trousers. Last year the houstonière was small—often a single flower. To-day the young man with a flower in his button-hole staggers under a bouquet as large as that of a coachman on drawing-room day—"roses, gardenias, lilies—a very *salmi* of flowers."

The May drawing-room was one of the most brilliant in years, save for the weather. The conventional bodice has given place to a great variety of waists, which are no longer necessarily cut off from the shoulders. There were Directoire bodices, with huge revers turned back and fastened with diamond or old-silver buckles, high Tudor epaulets entwined with pearls, large up-standing wind-ruffs, recalling the Medici period, and small Bolero jackets entirely covered with jewels. In all the drapings one idea prevailed—that at least one-half the drapery covering the bust should be hidden by jewels. The jewel, par excellence, was the diamond. The hair, in most cases, was dressed high, to show off the jewels effectually, and the tiaras, all extremely large, were worn further back than usual. Some were formed of brilliant of great size, widening in the centre, others of graduated stars attached to an invisible foundation.

Ray stars were worn on the side of the head in the shape of crescents, while smaller crescents of the same jewels crossed the bodice and formed the centre to bows of ribbon decorating the side of the skirt. Flights of birds in diamonds and precious gems crossed the bodice and were carried down the front of the skirts. The Duchess of Edinburgh wore a wonderful and exquisite belt of sapphires, and the Duchess of Portland's bodice was encrusted with the same precious gems. Corsets of pearls adorned fair debutantes with charming effect, outlining the youthful figures.

The Princess de Sagan may truly be styled the Princess Metternich of the modern Paris world. Her eccentricities are blamed, commended, and criticised, much as were those of her precursor under the Third Empire. Residing in the splendid house which formerly belonged to a wealthy but peculiar Englishman of the name of Hope, Mme. de Sagan gives extraordinary receptions and parties, for the peculiarity of this superb mansion consists in the fact that the reception-rooms are quite distinct from the other apartments, and that a ball may be given to twelve hundred guests without interfering in any way with the arrangements of daily life. Fancy balls are the princess's great forte. All Paris still remembers the laughter and discussion provoked by her famous animal-hall, the idea of which was more facetious than artistic, and looked on with horror by dowagers and serious people. The princess, unlike most French ladies, dresses in a showy, eccentric manner. She once appeared on the sands at Trouville in a parti-colored costume, the left side all blue, the right all white; the idea carried out in all its minutest details—buttons, gloves, shoes, etc.

It seems to be easier for a good-looking type-writer to get married than any other woman who has to earn her own living. There are country merchants and country professional men, and some city ones, too, who haunt the corridors of hotels where there are type-writers, get acquainted with them, and marry them. A woman who has machines in all of the leading hotels of Chicago says that she is constantly on the alert for good-looking girls to manipulate the machines, for the reason that they marry before they are long at work, and they marry well. Out of eleven type-writers whom she has employed in the last twelve months, eight have married and each one has done well. Not long ago, in the corridor of a prominent hotel, the machine was closed up, and upon a card tied to it was written:

TYPE-WRITER MARRIED AND HAPPY.
NEXT!

Up to the present season, the attempts of daring spirits to innovate upon the "dress-suit" of modern civilization have been unavailing. Oscar Wilde attempted to persuade mankind to wear small clothes in the evening, but he did not win followers. Yet there was much to be said for his proposition. The trouser is neither a decorative nor a neat garment. Sculptors execrate it as the most intractable detail of modern costume. If our trousers ended at the knee, and were supplemented beneath by hoots or gaiters for outdoor exercise and pumps and silk stockings for social occasions, we should be a better-dressed generation than we are. But this is really the only dress reform that has been proposed for men which commends itself to the reason or to the imagination. Certain Parisians have devised to wear scarlet coats in the evening, have actually induced themselves in these vivid articles of raiment, and have induced some Londoners to follow their example. The "full-dress jacket" is in a very different case. It was but the other day that the pioneer of this garment exhibited himself at an informal evening entertainment, and already at small dinners it has usurped the place of the correct and consecrated "dress-coat." In sooth, a full-dress jacket is a contradiction in terms. It is as out of place in a dining-room or a drawing-room as a swimming-suit. The expression of rough-and-readiness it conveys is distinctly belied by the expanse of starched shirt front, the low waistcoat, the gold chain, and the glazed shoes with which it is commonly accompanied.

Of all new things, the newest is white cloth. All the latest and smartest gowns from London show suggestions of this departure in a fresh direction, and the results are, in most cases, so pretty that one quite understands the craze for it. Many of the carriage-gowns are made of it entire, either heavily braided in cream-white silk-cord, or with gold or silver or the other metal pampersities. Again, it is combined with some shade of velvet in the form of full-wrinkled sleeves, collar, belt, and band around the foot of the skirt, the velvet being either olive-green, cigar-brown, electric-blue, or a deep shade of wine-color. The fashion began with the dresses for bridesmaids at smart English weddings being made of white cloth—frequently combined with fur—about a year ago. They were so much admired, and became the figures of slim English girls so well, that the fashion immediately began to spread. It might as well be said, in passing, that this fashion is not for fat women—they should fly from its revelations of the true proportions of those who look quite slender in black. A few women

wear this white cloth on the street, but it is a little too conspicuous there to be in quite irreproachable taste.

Talking to women is a more difficult task than talking to men (declares the *Illustrated American*). The majority of women are necessarily more rapid than men, because they are not even supposed to take any interest in most of the things which make the material of good conversation. With a man, one always has the common ground of the newspaper. The dullest of men can generally get fairly hold of the one idea set forth in a leading article, and this gives him a sort of impetus. Women, however, do not get so much as this. And in consequence of the conventional restraint put upon all their ideas and chances of acquiring ideas, they do not catch more than half the allusions in which, as distinguished from elaborate statements, good talk always abounds. The allusions have to be explained, with the same effect as decanting soda-water.

The so-called smoke-talk has come to be a popular entertainment for gentlemen in London (writes Eugene Field). It is, in short, a stag-party divested of many of those objectionable features which characterize stag-parties in the States. There is very little drinking, but a great deal of smoking and conversation. The host invariably tries to get together a company of men addicted to one fad or another—an interesting commingling of artists, poets, authors, journalists, barristers, actors, etc.—the consequence being an interchange of opinion and ideas that is necessarily productive of general good. The guests wear evening-dress; the host provides pipes, tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes galore, and later in the evening there is a light luncheon. The ladies of the household participate in the occasion to the extent only of receiving the guests and of seeing that the refreshments are properly served.

French women have one great advantage over their English and American sisters. The French woman, until the day of her marriage, is a mere cipher. Anything in the shape of originality and power is discouraged in a young girl; even exceptional beauty is not desired. The mother of a young girl rather under than over-dresses her, and would infinitely rather hear you say: "She is so modest," or "What a graceful young lady your daughter is," than have her physical attributes alluded to. Thus, all the petty jealousies, untrue gossip, and personal remarks which assail an English or American girl having pretensions to rank, fortune, and beauty are avoided, and the lady becomes a possible personality only when she has obtained a husband's protection and care. The single woman is an unknown phenomenon in French society; a girl who does not wish to be married is supposed to have, as a matter of course, a religious vocation, and accordingly becomes a nun without more ado. Every liberty is given as to choice of convent, order, etc., but with one or two exceptions, which prove the rule, every French woman of good family devotes herself to religion or a husband.

"There is comparatively little tight lacing now," said the corsetiere in one of the large New York shops recently. "The cut of corsets obviates the necessity of tightness by giving women the appearance of having a long and slender waist without lacing. Then the scantiness of dress skirts reveals the figure so decidedly that many women are being fitted to larger corsets about the waist to bring its slenderness into proportion with the size about the hips. You see, the dresses are drawn in so about the feet and draped in such a way as to exaggerate the abdomen and hips, and, unless a woman is fairly emaciated, she is inclined to look almost vulgar in the conventional skirt. The great struggle this summer is for small hips rather than waists, for bodices are so draped as to disguise to a certain extent. The vanity of our grandmothers evolved the chrysalis of a corset made of two boards laced together under the arms. Its evolution has been slow, and it is not so very long ago that the most fastidious woman thought she was well fitted in a corset made of straight strips of huckram, with two gores for the bust and one for the hips. Now the variety is endless, and many women send their measure to Paris and have the corsets made to order there. There is something about French corsets that the Americans can not imitate. See all the peculiar little angles and arcs and gores cut in this corset, and fitted in together like a mosaic. You could never find anything in America like that, and the reason is that it was basted and fitted like a bodice on a live model. Every large factory has its line of models corresponding with the different sizes. They stand about in the fitting-rooms, dressed only in long plain gowns of soft silk, which do not affect the fit in the least. They stand while a seam is taken up here and let out there, a gore sharpened, an arc widened. Of course, they are faultlessly shaped women, and the corsets when fitted on women with idiosyncrasies of figure must be changed in places, but even with no alteration they 'catch the figure,' as we call it—fit in to it instead of pulling it in to them, because they are made on a flesh-and-blood model, who can tell when they hurt and pinch and crowd. You can see and criticize the fit of the corset on the model before buying it, if you like, and have it refitted on yourself besides."



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ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 2, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the third day of June, 1890, at the hour of one o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California.
Meeting postponed till Tuesday, June 17th, at same time and place.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Whistler has had the wit to accept and adopt as his own the title which his arch-enemy, Mr. Sheridan Ford, put upon the unauthorized edition of his writings. "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" is shortly to reappear, his publisher tells us, "with Mr. Whistler's special permission." Mr. Whistler describes Mr. Ford's publication as a spurious, incomplete, and garbled version of the true book. On its suppression in London, he tells us, he pursued it into Belgium and obtained the aid of the Procureur du Roi, and at Antwerp seized an edition of three thousand copies on the eve of delivery. Mr. Ford then hastened to Paris, printed another edition, and put part of it on the Paris, or Paris-American, market, but it was prohibited by the Commissaire de Police. An injunction was taken out in America, too. Copies of the unauthorized version are nevertheless in existence. The new and true book will contain the "Ten O'clock," the Ruskin trial, Whistler pamphlets, and much other curious matter.

A copy of Sir Richard Burton's "plain and literal translation" of the "Arabian Nights" sold in Edinburgh recently for one hundred and forty-two dollars.

Mrs. Lynn Linton thus relieves her ruffled feelings in the *Fortnightly*, concerning the British reviewer:

Of a work lately published, one man alone wrote sixteen reviews. The author was his friend; and in sixteen different "vehicles," he carried the flag of his triumph and success. He could have black-balled and kept back to the same extent one who had not paid tribute to the clique, or who was an outsider, against whom it was good fun to heave the traditional brick. This is the secret of certain suddenly attained literary honors—those which have been gained by consensuous acclamation following a mediocre production, rather than by the steadily rising, gradually increasing chorus of praise consequent on the repeated output of good work.

Robert Louis Stevenson writes to Robert Bonner's Sons from Sydney, New South Wales, that his health has greatly improved; that he is in good writing condition; and that he is at work on his story for the New York *Ledger*, which he hopes to complete within a reasonable time. Mr. Stevenson likes the story very much himself, and has become deeply interested in the fascinating plot which he is weaving. He says: "It has something of a Monte Cristo flavor, being the tale of an abominable crime and a singular vengeance. I have great hopes of the tale; the incidents are strange, and so are the characters."

John Hay has made a revision of his "Poems," collecting the earlier and later in one attractive volume, which shows how versatile is the man who can write "Jim Bludsoe" and "The Law of Death."

"Gyp," the racy French writer, is the Countess of Martel in real life. She is a niece of Mirabeau. She has just brought out a book for limited circulation only, called "Une Election à Tigre-sur-Mer," in which she tells her experience last summer at the election at Lyon-sur-Mer, and caricatures several well-known public men. It is expected to create a sensation.

Professor T. C. Mendenhall, Superintendent of the Geodetic Survey, proposes to analyze a literary composition by forming what may be called a "word-spectrum" or "characteristic curve," which shall be a graphic representation of an arrangement of words according to their length and to the relative frequency of their occurrence. He says:

If it shall be found that with every author, as with every element, this spectrum persists in its form and appearance, the value of the method will be at once conceded. It has been proved that the spectrum of hydrogen is the same whether that element is obtained from the water of the ocean or from the vapor of the atmosphere. If it can be proved that the word-spectrum or characteristic curve exhibited by an analysis of "David Copperfield" is identical with that of "Oliver Twist," of "Barnaby Rudge," of "Great Expectations," of "The Child's History of England," etc., and that it differs sensibly from that of "Vanity Fair," or "Eugene Aram," or "Robinson Crusoe," or "Don Quixote," or anything else, in fact, then the conclusion will be tolerably certain that when it appears it means Dickens. The validity of the method as a test of authorship, implies the following assumptions: That every writer makes use of a vocabulary which is peculiar to himself, and the character of which does not materially change from year to year during his productive period; that, in the use of that vocabulary in composition, personal peculiarities in the construction of sentences will, in the long run, recur with such regularity that short words, long words, and words of medium length will occur with definite relative frequency.

New Publications.

A valuable contribution to the study of the silver problem is presented by S. Dana Horton—whose familiarity with the subject renders him well qualified to speak on it—in "Silver in Europe." He treats the matter historically and contemporaneously, and marshals an imposing array of facts in his attack on the gold standard. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, \$1.50.

An exceedingly interesting and valuable hook on our Territory of the Far North-West has been written by Alexander Badlam. It is entitled "The Wonders of Alaska," and treats of the principal points of interest along the Inland Sea, of the scenery and resources of the country, of the traditions and present condition of the native population, and of the extension of civilization in that corner of the earth. The author's position as treasurer of the California-Russian Fur Company, which opened the negotiations for the purchase of Alaska from Russia, and his constant communication with residents and frequent trips thither have given him exceptional opportunities for acquiring information, and his book is

especially rich in legends of the natives and facts regarding the resources and natural wonders of the country. The frontispiece is a view of the Great Muir Glacier, and the numerous illustrations are reproductions of photographs; a number of maps also are given. Published by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco; for sale by the booksellers.

Half-a-dozen stories that George H. Jessop has contributed to recent magazines have been reprinted in a single volume entitled "Gerald Ffrench's Friends." They are the experiences of a young Irishman who drifted out to San Francisco in the early seventies and devoted his energies to newspaper work. The first tells of his experience as editor of a Nationalist organ—the *Irish Eagle*—and the others narrate adventures grave and gay, chiefly in San Francisco, and in which Irishmen are the principal actors. They are all brightly written and dramatic stories, and will prove pleasant summer reading. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.

"Notes on American Schools and Training Colleges," by J. G. Fitch, M. A., LL. D., one of her majesty's chief inspectors of training colleges, is reprinted from the report of the English educational department for 1888-9. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 60 cents.

A book that is destined to attract considerable notice is Captain A. T. Mahan's "The Influence of Sea Power upon History." The part played by the navies of the world has heretofore received inadequate attention, for the very obvious reason that historians have generally been so unfamiliar with the technicalities of navigation as to be incompetent to handle the subject adequately. Captain Mahan brings to his task not only a thorough technical knowledge, but also a clear historical judgment, and the result is a valuable presentation of the naval influence in the great wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It seems a pity that the narrative has been so much curtailed, both at the beginning and at the end. The early development of naval warfare, which occurred before the period treated in the book, would have been interesting, and the modern naval development would have proved even more so. But the period of supreme naval influence is fully treated, and in a manner to leave little to be desired. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$4.00.

"Nature's Serial Story," by E. P. Roe, which has run through half-a-dozen editions since it appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, six years ago, has been issued in paper covers in the Library of Fiction, issued semi-monthly by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

The attempt to present the works of any German philosopher in popular English is one that may appeal to any man, and Dr. Sterrett's "Studies in Hegel's Philosophy of Religion" recognizes this difficulty and avoids it. The studies are more in the nature of comments on Hegel's views than translations, but on this account they are the more valuable. The studies are not unconnected, however, but present a systematic statement of Hegel's views on comparative religion. An introductory chapter explains something of the German philosopher's general system, and an appendix advocates the unity of Christianity. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"Seraph—or Mortal?" by Celia E. Gardner, is a novel in which the principal characters are a fallen seraph, the mortal maiden whom he loves, his rival, a female villain, and a giant. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

The Statesman's Year-Book, which has become so necessary a book of reference, appears this year completely revised and rearranged. The book is divided, as heretofore, into two parts, but the first part now includes only Great Britain and its dependencies, the latter being grouped together instead of being divided according to the grand divisions in which they are situated. The second part includes all foreign states arranged alphabetically. The facts presented have also been considerably increased and are presented with more detail. Under the United States, the principal change is the addition of information regarding the separate States. Governmental, educational, agricultural, and financial facts regarding the different States are given for the first time; also bank statistics, and the statistics of coinage. The brief biographies of members of the Cabinet, and the State censuses of 1885, are omitted. The Presidential vote of 1884, instead of that of 1883, is still given, and the name of the Secretary of the Treasury is printed Hindom instead of Windom. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$3.00.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

The discontinuance, after this college year, of the class in journalism, which was made a feature of the curriculum of Cornell University about three years ago, will be accepted, among newspaper-men, at least, as evidence that the effort to teach journalism in college has not amounted to much, although President Adams says that a reorganization of the

faculty makes it necessary that Professor Brainard G. Smith, who has conducted the class, should devote his whole time to the department of elocution and oratory.

Michael Davitt is to edit a new weekly labor paper in London.

Concerning the *Author*, just issued under the editorship of Walter Besant, a cable dispatch from London says:

Walter Besant has started a genuine crusade against the *Author* on behalf of the author. . . . In the leading editorial, Mr. Besant explains that the new magazine is founded to be the organ of literary men and women of all kinds—the one paper which will fully review, discuss, and ventilate all questions connected with the profession of literature in all its branches. It will be the medium by which the Society of Authors will inform its members generally of their doings, and it will become the public record of transactions conducted in the interests of literature, which have hitherto been secret and hidden for want of such an organ.

A new monthly periodical, entitled the *American Etcher*, will make a specialty of high-class American etching, printed on soft, Japanese paper, mounted at the corners, and inclosed in a mat ready for framing. Besides the monthly plate, each number will contain articles and criticisms on topics connected with etchers and etchings, Fred Keppel, the well-known expert, furnishing a paper for the first number on "What Etchings Are."

The author of the London *Times* articles on "Parnellism and Crime," a Mr. Flanagan, was blackballed when he sought admission to the Athenæum Club in London recently.

A new English quarterly, of a novel character, to be called *Subjects of the Day*, is to deal systematically with important subjects of the day, in a series of articles written by experts, together with a general summary, reviews of books, and a bibliography. The first number will have for its subject "State Education for the People"; and among the contributors will be Sir William Hunter, Sir Philip Magnus, Rev. E. F. M. MacCarthy, of Birmingham, Edward M. Hance, of Liverpool, and Mrs. Emily Crawford. The editor is James Samuelson, author of works of travel in Roumania, India, etc.

The Alexandrian daily paper, called *Al-Akram*, or the *Pyramid*, is a strange-looking paper of four pages, filled with hieroglyphic characters. You read from right to left, and begin at what would be the back of an American newspaper. It is not at all the stupid sheet that one would expect to find the easy-going sons of Egypt publishing, but a live, wide-awake paper. There are telegraphic dispatches from Austria, Tunis, Servia, Turkey, and Vienna on the state of politics in those places, and telegraphic reports from the different states of Egypt. The paper of December 3d contained a column synopsis of President Harrison's message to Congress, received by cable and printed in Arabic. The market reports are very full, particularly the cotton and wheat reports. Two advertisements contain cuts of steam-engines made in London, and they are excellent cuts, too. Another is a hair-restorer illustration, so even the Egyptians are not free from this disguised blessing. The steam-engines advertised operate pumps, and the advertisement is of a machine for pumping water from the Nile in the dry season to irrigate the land. A steam-pump at work on the bank of the Nile would strike one as a curious sight. The cost of the *Pyramid* is four cents a copy, or eight dollars and a half a year.

Some Magazines.

Following will be found the tables of contents of some of the current magazines:

The *June Outing* contains—"The Manhattan Athletic Club—II., America's Place in Athletic History," by the editor—II., "History of the Manhattan Club," by G. A. White; "The Wisconsin Lakes," by A. A. Mosher; "The St. Augustine Lawn-Tennis Tournament," by the Lawn-Tennis editor; "Ladies at the Helm," by F. C. Sumichrath; "Near-by Trout Streams," by Charles B. Bradford; "Wrecked off Carr's Reef," by President Bates; "Epsom and Ascot," by "Merlin"; "The National Guard of Vermont," by Lieutenant Peter Leary, Jr.; "The Canoeing of To-day," by C. Bowyer Vaux; "The Great Dane or German Mastiff," by Edwin H. Morris; "A Morning in the Country—A Week," by Dr. Alfred C. Stokes; "A Revolution in the Cricket Field," by Henry Chadwick; "A Canadian Ramble with Rod and Tent," by Samuel M. Baylis; and verses by L. R. H., C. N. Gregory, and M. L. D.

The *North American Review* for June contains—"Mr. Balfour's Land Bill," by Charles Stewart Parnell, M. P.; "The Federal Control of Elections," by Thomas B. Reed; "American Girls in Europe," by Mrs. John Sherwood; "The Emancipation of the Family," by Mona Caird; "Criminal Politics," by E. L. Godkin; "Sir Charles Dilke's New Book," by the Marquis of Lorne; "A Chat about Gardens," by Ouida; "The Value of Protection," by the Hon. William McKinley, Jr.; "Do Americans Hate England?" by Colonel T. W. Higginson, Andrew Carnegie, Murat Halstead, General Horace Porter, the Rev. Robert Collyer, General James H. Wilson, and Mayo W. Hazeltine; "Speed on the Atlantic," by the builders of the *City of Paris*; "Gambling," by Henry James; "By Captain C. W. Kennedy; "The Single Vote in Congressional Elections," by B. F. Meyers; "Anti-Poverty Recipes," by Felix L. Oswald.

The *Century* for June contains—"London Polytechnics and People's Palaces," by Albert Shaw; "Friend Olivia," VIII., by Amelia E. Barr; "An Artist's Letters from Japan," by John La Farge; "Track Athletics in America," by Walter Camp; "Trusty No. 49," by Octave Thanet; "The Women of the French Salon"—II., by Amelia Gere Mason; "Mère Natchette," by Arlo Bates; "A Modern Colorist," by Albert Pinkham Ryder; "Henry Eckford; "What's the News?" by Eugene M. Camp; "The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson"—VIII.; "The Anglo-manics"—I., "Homer and the Bible," by William Cleaver Wilkinson; "Comparative Taxation," by Edward Atkinson; "Irish Kings and Brehons," by Charles de Kay; "A Word from England on Lincoln," by Henry de Gars; "President Lincoln," by Peterburg; "By C. C. Carpenter; "Lincoln's Visit to Richmond"; "The Stars and Stripes in Richmond," by Colonel Loomis L. Langdon; "General Grant and the News of Mr. Lincoln's Death," by Charles E. Bolles; "At the Death-Bed of President Lincoln," by Colonel A. F. Rockwell; "President Lincoln's Military Guard," by H. M. Kiefer; "Lincoln's Fame," by L. S. H.; verses by Florence Earle Coates, Helen Thayer Hutcherson, Andrew B. Saxton, Edward A. Oldham, Charles Henry Webb, Henrietta Stuart, and Annie Louise Brakenridge.

London Advertisements.

NEW ENGLISH PERFUME, Crab-Apple Blossoms.



(*Malus Coronaria*.)
Chief among the scents of the season is Crab-Apple Blossom, a delicate perfume of highest quality and fragrance.—*London Court Journal*.
It would not be possible to conceive of a more delicate and delightful perfume than the Crab-Apple Blossom, which is put up by The Crown Perfumery Co., of London. It has the aroma of spring in it, and one could use it for a life time and never tire of it.—*New York Observer*.

Put up in 1, 2, 3 and 4 ounce bottles.
THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO.,
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The hats of these celebrated makers are to be obtained from all first-class hatters.



A Perfect Complexion!



Beauty--How Acquired.

The principal tale-bearer of age is the skin of the human face. To regain a youthful appearance we must scale this outer skin off, and form a new one entire. Mme. A. Rupert's world-renowned Face Bleach does this without injury or harmful effect, cutting the callous filling from the pores, and drawing out completely all discolorations or impurities. One bottle, \$2.00; three bottles (usually required to clear the complexion), \$5.00; sent to any address on receipt of price. Send four cents postage for full particulars to MME. A. RUPERT, 121 Post Street, Parlors 7 and 8, over O'Connor, Moffatt & Co's.

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SOCIETY.

The Oelrichs-Fair Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Theresa Alice Fair and Mr. Hermann Oelrichs took place last Tuesday evening at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Theresa Fair, 1120 Pine Street. The arrangements for the affair, which have been progressing for several months, were very elaborate and its celebration was exceedingly brilliant. The bride, who is both beautiful and accomplished, is well known to most San Franciscans, either personally or by sight. She is of the brunette type, with a clear complexion, jet black tresses, expressive dark brown eyes, and a graceful figure. The groom is a native of New York, where he is engaged in business as the head of the firm of Oelrichs & Co., agents for the North German Lloyds. He is tall, athletic, and handsome, possessing more than the average of good looks, is an ardent admirer of manly sports of all kinds, a politician of considerable note, and is highly esteemed by both his commercial and social associates.

Mrs. Fair issued seven hundred and fifty invitations to the wedding reception, about one hundred and fifty of which were accompanied by cards for the wedding, while previous to his departure from New York, the groom sent out two thousand five hundred cards to his friends. So perfect were the arrangements for the wedding that everything was in readiness an hour before the ceremony. The residence had been beautifully decorated by Miss Mary D. Bates, who excelled all of her former efforts in that direction. In the spacious hall, the walls of which are of Pompeian-red embossed paper with an harmoniously frescoed ceiling, a flight of snowy-white doves were seen flying through the air from the staircase to the main salon, each one bearing in its beak a portion of long streamers of red and white tulle, which seemed to sustain a large bridal wreath of ferns, St. Joseph's lilies, and orange-blossoms, suspended at the centre arch, which they were conveying from Cupid's realm to be laid upon Hymen's altar. This happy mingling of doves, graceful draperies, and perfume-laden blossoms made a lovely spectacle, which was accentuated by the glowing colors of the scarlet-hued pinks on the bat-rack, the white dandelion ghosts on the ebony cabinet, the Canterbury bells on the carved table, and the masses of spears of wheat and oats, fern sprays, meadow grasses, and wild-flowers which were the accessories to the main feature.

The nuptial bower was in the main salon. It was arranged at the end of the room, with the curtained bay-window as a background, before which an improved sanctuary was arranged. Here were the prie-dieu of white satin and before it the altar-rail of sweet peas and ferns, joined by ropes of corded silk, while above it was the beautiful bower. Thousands of sweet-pea blossoms of the most delicate shades were in interlaced cordons beneath the ceiling, displaying at intervals pendant loops of white-silk cords which sustained a cime of golden wedding-bells of varied sizes. It was an ethereally delicate combination of colors and ideas, and received high praise from all. Some of the sweet peas clambered over toward the central arch, and there were merged in falling masses of silvery hued Hawaiian volcano grass which fringed the arch, projected from it with pretty effect. Pink and white orchids graced the side mirror and mantel, the front pier mirror was garlanded with Jacqueminot roses intermingled with strands of royal Hawaiian palm fronds, and the gold and crystal table fronting it was massed with pink begonias wound with pink-silk cords in imitation of a spider's web. These were the salient feature of the salon. The drawing-room was decorated with large clusters of La France roses, cordons of snailax, and streamers of pale-blue tulle over which hundreds of butterflies seemed to be in flight toward the bridal bower. The little ante-room was called "Cupid's Dispensary," the name being displayed prominently on a banner of white silk, while pendant hearts, little cupids' bows and arrows, love potions, etc., assisted in carrying out the idea.

The decoration of the dining-room proper was in tones of yellow, with columbine and Paris daisies in artistic profusion. The particular feature here was noticed at the bay-window, from the embrasure of which hung a large panel of Japanese matting, upon which was painted "Drink to the lass; I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass." Below were the brimming punch-bowls. In the library were seen garlands of Niphetos roses, masses of blue hachelor-buttons, clusters of purple agapantha lilies, and pink gladioli, with a setting of ferns, grasses, wheat, and oats. In fact, all through the house not a spot was left vacant that could be beautified by flowers and foliage, and the ensemble was an artistic triumph in decorating.

At eight o'clock the guests commenced to arrive, and they were entertained by concert selections rendered by Noah Brandt's orchestra, under the direction of Mr. H. J. Stewart. Half an hour later a chorus of twenty female voices from the Handel and Haydn Society took positions near the organ at the foot of the stairs and sang the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" as the bridal party came down the stairs and entered the salon. The ushers were Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. F. J. Carolan, Mr. J. D. Pölan, and Mr. A. H. Small; the maid of honor was Miss Birdie Fair, and the bridesmaids were Miss

Jennie Blair, Miss Lillie O'Connor, Miss Belle Smith, and Miss Nellie Jolliffe. Mr. George Pollock, of New York, acted as best man, and the bride was given away by her father, ex-Senator James G. Fair. The impressive ceremony was performed by His Grace Archbishop Riordan, assisted by the Vicar-General Rev. Father Prendergast, Rev. Father Montgomery, and two other members of the clergy. Standing in the sanctuary beneath the bridal bower, the party looked very picturesque. During the ceremony several favorite airs of the bride were played upon the organ, and at its conclusion Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was given.

The bride appeared charming in her wedding-dress, which was very elegant and one of the most expensive ever worn in America. It was made in Paris, but was remodeled by Ghormley in New York. The robe was of heavy cream-white satin, made with a court train three yards long, which fell in deep plaits from a pointed yoke at the waist. The entire front of the skirt was laid in two very deep folds, and was covered with point lace arranged loosely. Over all of these were panels of point d'Alençon lace, extending to the bottom and over the side of the skirt, with three clusters of orange-blossoms. The V-shaped corsage was held to a point below the waist, and was finished with a stiffened De Medici collar of lace, which slightly exposed the throat. Following the outline of the neck were berthas of point d'Alençon lace, laid plain over the bust and slightly drawn in at the waist, falling in two long ends on the skirt. The sleeves of satin were large and full at the top, and were covered with point lace. Confined to her coiffure by a spray of orange-blossoms was the veil of point d'Alençon lace, which fell in graceful ripples to the end of the train. Beneath this was a smaller veil of white moiré, which covered her face. Her gloves were of white undressed kid, and her handkerchief of point d'Alençon lace. She wore no jewels, but carried a bouquet of rare and beautiful orchids.

Miss Birdie Fair, the maid of honor, wore a costume of blanc-ivoire Duchesse silk, made à la Française and covered with embroidered mousseline de soie. Encompassing her waist was a cream-white brocaded ribbon, ending at the back in a large bow-knot. She wore gloves of white kid and carried a bouquet of forget-me-nots and fairy-flowers, tied with silken ribbons.

The dresses worn by the four bridesmaids were made exactly alike, differing only in color. Miss Blair and Miss O'Connor appeared in pale-blue silk, made plain at the bottom, and with a small train. The sleeves of white kid, and carried a bouquet of forget-me-nots and fairy-flowers, tied with silken ribbons. The dresses worn by the four bridesmaids were made exactly alike, differing only in color. Miss Blair and Miss O'Connor appeared in pale-blue silk, made plain at the bottom, and with a small train. The sleeves of white kid, and carried a bouquet of forget-me-nots and fairy-flowers, tied with silken ribbons.

Mrs. Theresa Fair, the mother of the bride, was attired in a rich Parisian gown of princess design, the material being elegant pearl-white tulle shot with stripes, two and one-half inches wide, of pale frost-blue silk, all elaborately embroidered with silver. The front of the skirt was draped with white silk net, artistically embroidered with pearls and finished with a deep fringe at the base. Arranged daintily over this but displaying the front, were flounces of rare point d'Alençon lace the combination of pearls, silver, and lace producing a very rich effect. The corsage was pointed in front and high in the back, with pearls and lace arranged in a deep Van Dyke point to conceal the fastenings. The sleeves of the brocade extended slightly below the elbows, where they were finished by a fall of lace, and at the shoulders were close, high puffs. Her gloves were of white undressed kid, and her ornaments were superb diamonds.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the newly wedded couple received the congratulations of their friends and, later on, of those who came to attend the reception. A couple of hours were pleasantly passed in conversation, admiring the decorations, listening to the music, and inspecting the elaborate array of presents. These comprised diamonds and other jewels, gold and silver service, bronzes, paintings, and in fact everything of worth and beauty that artistic taste could suggest. It is said that ex-Senator Fair presented the bride with a bank account of five hundred thousand dollars and a monthly income through life of one thousand dollars. At eleven o'clock supper was announced, and the bridal party led the way through the east entrance to a large canvased pavilion, which had been erected on the lawn. Here small tables were set for five hundred guests, and the interior was illuminated by one hundred and fifty incandescent electric lights. Bright streamers of vari-colored bunting and long garlands of evergreens radiated from the apex of the tent to the sides, where they were met by masses of ferns, palm-leaves, and flowers. The bridal table, at the extreme end of the room, was decorated with white roses, orange-blossoms, and silvered scarfs among the wedding-cakes and *pieces montées*. Those sitting there received unique souvenir cards of solid silver, bronzed and etched with bells, cupids, and other designs, besides hearing the monogram and date. The supper was very elaborate. Soon after supper, the bride and groom left the house for the Palace Hotel, and about one o'clock most all of the guests had departed from the scene of gayety. The wedding certainly was celebrated in a most brilliant manner, and besides being a happy augury for the bright future of the bride and groom, it was royal evidence of the unbounded hospitality of the hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Oelrichs left the city Wednesday evening in the private car *Cupid* en route to Seabright, N. J., where Mr. Oelrichs has secured a cottage for the season. The honeymoon will be passed there and in excursions on his yacht *Stranger*. Later in the season they will go to Cowes on the Isle of Wight, to take in the English yachting season, and may make a cruise through the Mediterranean.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. John W. Mackay gave a lunch-party last Monday in honor of Mr. Hermann Oelrichs. Colonel M. H. Hecht gave a dinner-party recently at his residence, on Washington Street, in honor of

Professor A. B. Arnold, father of Mrs. Hecht. Covers were laid for ten, and an elaborate menu was enjoyed. The others present were: Dr. Chismore, Dr. Stallard, Dr. Sherman, Dr. Trask, Dr. Regensburger, Dr. J. D. Arnold, Rev. Dr. Voorsanger, and Mr. Louis Hecht, Jr., of Boston.

Miss Coralie Thomas, daughter of Mr. G. W. Thomas, will be married at Sausalito next Thursday to Mr. Wakefield Baker.

The wedding of Miss Annie Tonette Nelson, daughter of Commander and Mrs. Thomas Nelson, U. S. N., and Mr. Frank Warren Gibbs, Assistant Engineer, U. S. N., will take place next Saturday in the chapel at Mare Island.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., passed several days at the Hotel del Monte recently.

Lieutenant Francis J. Koester, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Charles B. Vodge is acting as recruiting officer at Fort Gaston, Cal.

Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant H. B. West, U. S. N., left for Alaska last Thursday on the *Richard Rush*.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Junior Orchestra.

A musicale was given by the Junior Orchestra at Byron Maury's piano warehouses on Friday evening, May 30th. Mr. J. H. Rosewald was the musical director, and the orchestra was assisted by Miss Ada Talcott Park and Miss Lizzie Park, vocalists, and Mr. Clarke W. Reynolds, accompanist. The programme presented was as follows:

Overture, "Alpine Blossoms," Tidd, orchestra; eleventh air varie, De Beriot, Mr. Sidney M. Ehrman; "Flor di Marguerite," Arditi, Miss Ada T. Park; Mazurka de Concert, Rehfeld, Mr. Ben Marx; romanza, Ries, string orchestra; petite fantasia (two violins), Alard, Mr. Raphael and Mr. Manuel Koma; fifth air varie, Dancs, Mr. Julian Goldman; duet, Brahms, Misses A. T. and Lizzie Park; second polonaise, Wieniawski, Mr. Leo Allenberg; "Morning Song," Meyer, orchestra.

A Maury Musical Evening.

A concert was given at the piano warehouses of Byron Maury last Thursday evening, under the direction of Mr. H. Clay Wysham. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Massanello," Auber (Boehm flutes and piano forte), Mr. H. Clay Wysham, Mr. A. F. Shattuck, Professor S. Martinez; "Shadow Song," ("Dinorah"), Meyerbeer (solo whistle), Miss M. Gertrude Judd; concert caprice, Tschak, Mr. H. Clay Wysham; cavatina, "Tell Me, Mary, How to Woo Thee," C. A. Hodson, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; "Grand Trio," two flutes and piano, Op. 16, Beethoven (arranged from quintet by James Mathews), Mr. H. Clay Wysham, Mr. A. F. Shattuck, Professor S. Martinez; "Una Voce Poco Fa," Rossini (solo whistle), Miss M. Gertrude Judd; voice on the Rhine, Op. 70, Rheinhardt, C. Golderman (flute song, with alto flute obbligato), Mr. H. Clay Wysham, Mr. A. F. Shattuck; "Moonlight Sonata," Op. 27, No. 2, Beethoven, Professor S. Martinez.

A compliment has been paid to Miss Mary E. Barnard, the well-known contralto, who has been engaged to sing with the Mendelssohn Quintet Club of Boston next season. She will leave here in September.

Ballenberg will leave for Tacoma on June 14th, to play there until September 15th, when he will return to this city.

Professor E. S. Bonelli has gone East and will visit the conservatories of music in the leading cities while away.

Miss Lena Devine, the vocalist, will soon leave for New York to remain there quite a time.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

ILL EFFECTS OF TOBACCO

Relieved by its use.

DLXX.—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, June 8, 1890.

Vermicelli Soup.
Baked Flounder. Wine Sauce.
Calf's Feet. Mushrooms.
Spinach. Green Peas.
Roast Ducks. Apple Sauce.
Lettuce. Egg Dressing.
Strawberry Short-Cake.
Fruits.

CALF'S FEET.—Boil about three hours in four quarts of water; then take out the large bones, split the feet, and lay them in a saucepan; shake in a little flour, two ounces of butter, a little pepper, salt, mace, half a tea-cup of white wine, a tablespoonful of vinegar, and two tea-cups of the liquor in which the feet were boiled. Simmer this all together about ten minutes, and send it to the table very hot, garnished with sliced lemon. The remainder of the liquor in which the feet were boiled may be used for jelly.

—WILL CARSON, THE ARTIST AND JOURNALIST, has added another to his many successes in a beautiful painting of Tacoma, which he has lithographed. The work is about four feet long by three feet high, presenting a city magnificent in plan and proportions. The architectural elegance and grace of the numerous churches, school-houses, hotels, and public buildings, portrayed in all their elaboration of detail, bespeak a population of culture, refinement, wealth, and modern progress. The coloring is far superior to that ordinarily obtained in work of this kind, being clear, transparent, and delicate. There is not one harsh tone in the entire production, while the grouping and perspective are admirable and correct. Notable scenes and edifices about the city are placed beneath the general view of the city. Among these is one of Mt. Tacoma in its snow-crowned purity and solitary sky-piercing grandeur, in his treatment of which the artist has proved especially happy. Handsomely framed copies have been hung in the picture galleries of the Press Club and Mechanics' Library.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Mary Anderson will have for one of her bridesmaids a daughter of Lord Lytton.

Patti's last American tour made her richer by one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Juliet Corson has the chair of cooking and household economy in Rutgers Female College.

Mlle. d'Albe, niece of ex-Empress Eugénie, at her wedding received gifts which were valued at one million six hundred thousand dollars.

Princess Victoria, a sister of the Emperor of Germany, has announced her intention to pass her life in single blessedness. She will set up an establishment of her own in London.

Julia Ward Howe is said to be almost as tired of constant allusion, in her presence, to the "Battle-Hymn of the Republic" as General Sherman is of hearing the bands play "Marching Through Georgia."

Mrs. Giacometti Progers, the terror of London cabmen, is dead. Her habit was to drive the fullest possible distance for the money, pay the exact legal fare, and then cause the arrest of the cabman for expressing his feelings.

Victoria Alexandrina Violet is the luscious mouthful of names bestowed on Queen Victoria's latest godchild, the Duke of Portland's baby. Besides these three-volume novel names, the infant received a necklace of seed-pearls with a diamond-locket.

Lord Byron's granddaughter, Lady Anne Blunt, her husband, and their daughter are living on the borders of the desert in Egypt, about six miles from Cairo. They have adopted the Arab dress, with the customs of that race, and live a life of simplicity.

Lady Colin Campbell, who has decided to go on the stage, is described as a beauty of the Spanish type, six feet in height, and an expert in every sport known to women in England. Her husband, who is said to be pensioned by his family, is living in one of the garrison-posts in India.

Mlle. Parent and Mlle. Marie Parent are well-known printers and publishers of Brussels, carrying on in that "little Paris" the extensive business founded by their father. Mlle. Marie has written several successful scientific books for young people, and edits and publishes the weekly *La Petite Revue Belge*, the first illustrated juvenile periodical ever attempted in Belgium.

Caroline, the Dowager Duchess of Montrose—known in the sporting world as "Mr. Manton"—has been at Tangier recently, with her young husband and his brother. Youthfully attired in a natty tailor-jacket, with her golden hair crowned by a juvenile, small, white sailor-bat and a tiny white veil, her grace walked about on a pack on a mule. The valet of her lord, wearing the plaid of the clan of his noble mistress, always followed in the wake of these excursions on foot.

Miss Margaret Blaine, now Mrs. Walter Damosch, is supposed to be the "demoiselle aux plumes enragées" described by William Black in his *Harper's Magazine* account of a coaching-trip through England with one of Mr. Carnegie's parties. Damosch was also of the party for a time, and it was then that their romance began. There is a very strong similarity between Mr. and Mrs. Damosch. It takes the form of a pronounced and almost lofty dignity of carriage and manner. The only one of Mr. Blaine's children who inherited the bland and genial manner of the Secretary of State was the late Walker Blaine.

The widow of Dr. Giovanni Lanza has refused King Humbert's offer of a pension. Dr. Lanza was a man of great patriotism and ability, and filled some of the highest offices in the state, but lived in the utmost simplicity, never drawing any salary from his offices, but supporting himself by his private practice as a physician. It is related that while he was president of the Chamber of Deputies, he lived at a modest inn at the capital on thirty dollars a month. When he died, the property left to his widow was very small, and the financial troubles through which Italy is passing have still further diminished it. Learning of this, King Humbert placed at her command a pension for life; but Mme. Lanza declined it. "If he were alive," she said, "he would not have allowed it; now that he is dead, I should be causing him displeasure." The admirers of her husband and her own friends will, however, see that the remainder of her life is passed in comfort.

—THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S *City of Sydney* will sail for Panama at noon on Friday, June 13th, carrying freight and passengers for New York, Mazatlan, and way ports, and for lower Mexican and Central American ports, via Acapulco.

—FULL-DRESS SUITS FOR HIRE, SUITABLE FOR balls, parties, weddings, or receptions, on reasonable terms, at Original Misfit Clothing Parlors, north-west corner Post and Dupont Streets.

—DRS. SYLVESTER AND SUBLETT, dentists, cor. Sixth and Mission. Painless operations for nervous patients. Telephones—office, 3214; house, 3451.

SOCIETY.

The Moore-Macondray Wedding.

At the residence of Mrs. Domingo Atherton, in Menlo Park, the wedding of her granddaughter, Miss Inez Macondray, and Mr. Percy P. Moore took place last Thursday. The various apartments were embowered with beautiful and fragrant flowers and climbing vines, and appeared very attractive. The ceremony took place at noon, the bridal party being headed by little Miss Carmelita Selby. After her came the groom and his brother, Mr. Charles Moore, then the bridesmaids, Miss Julia Tompkins, Miss Claire Ralston, Miss Mary Eyre, and Miss Helen Otis, who were followed by the maid of honor, Miss Christine Barreda. Last came the bride and her brother, Mr. Fred. Macondray, who gave her away.

The bride appeared in an elegant toilet of pure white surah, cut décolleté and made with a court train. The draperies were of point d'Alençon lace, and her veil was of point lace.

The bridesmaids were in pretty, white dresses; Mrs. Percival W. Selby appeared in pale-green silk trimmed with Duchesse lace, and Mrs. Moore, mother of the groom, was attired in crushed-strawberry colored brocade. After the ceremony a delicious *dîner* was served, and later in the day the happy couple came to this city and left for New York in the evening. They will remain away a couple of months, and upon their return will go to King's River, where Mr. Moore will be engaged in business.

The Blair Bay Excursion.

One of the most pleasant of the many affairs that have been given in honor of Miss Fair and Mr. Hermann Oelrichs was the excursion around the bay which Miss Jennie Blair gave on Decoration Day. Her guests boarded the tug *Relief* about eleven o'clock, and sailed to the Seal Rocks first and then to Raccoon Straits where they had luncheon and some dancing. Mrs. Blair had previously presented the excursionists with beautiful corsage bouquets and boutonnières of sweet peas, while Miss Blair gave them as souvenirs silk ribbons, bearing the name of the tug and the date, all of which were conspicuously worn. Mare Island was visited next and inspected, and pictures of the party were taken. About six o'clock they left for home, arriving two hours later highly pleased with their most enjoyable day's outing. Those in the party were:

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Fair, Miss Elise Kelley, Miss Nellie Joffie, Miss Lillie O'Connor, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Lillie Brush, Miss Marguerite Wallace, Miss Dulce Bolado, Miss Marie Voorhes, Miss Kate Voorhes, Miss Julia Bissell, Miss Therese Bissell, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Mollie Torbert, Miss Virginia Hanchett, Miss Mary Bowen, Miss Edith Clarke, Miss Lottie Clarke, Miss Blanche Castle, Miss Phelan, Mrs. McCollam, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. George Pollack, Mr. David Barnes, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Mr. Blair, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. J. D. Phelan, Mr. F. J. Carolan, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. William Douglas, Mr. Alfred Tubbs, Mr. D. T. Murphy, Mr. Sol Lent, Mr. Richard Hotelling, Mr. James Brett Stokes, Mr. George Hall, Mr. Donald E. V. Graham, Mr. Elisha Dyer, Mr. Charles L. Fair, Mr. Durbrow, Lieutenant H. B. West, U. S. N., Dr. Hensberger, U. S. N., Mr. Carter Paige, Mr. William H. Sherwood, Mr. Harry E. Houghton, Mr. Gaston M. Ashe, and Mr. Richard M. Tobin.

The Spalding Dinner-Party.

A charming dinner-party was given by Mrs. Volney Spalding on the evening of May 31st., complimentary to Miss Fair and Mr. Hermann Oelrichs. The spacious billiard-room was utilized for the affair, and covers were laid for twenty-four in the midst of beautiful decorations. Around the walls hung baskets overflowing with fragrant roses, and in one place draperies of pink tulle with a garniture of roses and foliage fell from the ceiling to the floor. The door and windows were outlined with roses and ferns, and the mirror was traced with vines and roses. Roses and ferns rested on the mantel among the crystal candelabra, while from the central chandelier to each corner extended long streamers of pink tulle and heavy cordons of foliage dotted with La France roses. Just above the table and pendant from the chandelier was an elliptical-shaped bar, twelve feet long, formed of perfect La France roses and tufts of maiden-hair ferns. This was prettily reflected in the depths of a large flat mirror which covered almost all of the top of the table, the mirror being framed by La France and other pink roses. All of the globes and lamps had pink shades which shed a subdued light in the room.

At each cover was a pink-silk panel hand-painted in green with the name of the guest, the date, and the initials "F. O." Mrs. Spalding had prepared a delicious repast for her guests and entertained them charmingly. Ritzau's band gave concert selections at intervals, varied by some vocal solos by Miss Mary E. Barnard and violin solos by Mr. Ritzau. The evening was delightfully passed, and it was midnight before the affair ended. Those present were:

Mrs. Volney Spalding, Mrs. Theresa Fair, Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley, Miss Fair, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Nellie Joffie, Miss Lily O'Connor, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Lillie Brush, Miss Mollie Torbert, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Ella Goad, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. David Barnes, Mr. George Pollack, Dr. McMonigle, Colonel Harry Brady, Mr. Robert F. Morrow, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. William H. Sherwood, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, and Mr. Carter Tevis.

The De Young Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young gave an elaborate dinner-party on the evening of June 1st, in honor of Miss Fair and Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, at their residence, 1919 California Street. The long dining-table

was set with rich service and silver candelabra boding scarlet colored candles covered by shades of the same tint. All along the centre of the table were tall clusters of bright scarlet colored pinks, with occasionally some of white in relief, while interspersed among them were waving meadow grasses of pale-green and spears of wheat and oats fronding the pretty blossoms. Silk scarfs of an under-tone ran gracefully through the array of bloom and foliage in delicate harmony. At each cover was a bonbonnière bag of Nile-green and white silk, alternating, holding salted almonds. They were laid in clusters of pinks and were fringed at the opening, while on the side in golden-hued letters the name of the guest was painted. The scene was a charming one when all were seated at the table under the mellow glow of light.

A delicious menu was prepared, and during its service concert selections were played by Noah Brandt's orchestra. After dinner, the handsomely decorated dining-rooms were sought, and the remainder of the evening was devoted to conversation and musical selections, both vocal and instrumental, which some of the guests contributed. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requist, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Stewart, Mr. J. Theresa Fair, Mrs. William H. Smith, Mrs. Bessie G. Smith, Mrs. J. B. H. Cooper, Mrs. M. Deane, Miss Fair, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Mamie Deane, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. David Barnes, Mr. George Pollack, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. Donald E. V. Graham, Mr. George Hall, Mr. Northrup Cowles, and Mr. Frank S. Johnson.

Dinner to Mr. Oelrichs.

The ushers at the Oelrichs-Fair wedding gave an elaborate dinner-party at the Pacific-Union Club last Monday evening in honor of Mr. Hermann Oelrichs. The dining-table was handsomely decorated with La France roses and other bright bloom, while an airy canopy of strands of smilax was formed overhead. Noah Brandt's orchestra gave concert music during the progress of the repast, and several hours were pleasantly passed in dining. Those present were:

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. George Pollack, Mr. David Barnes, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Evan J. Coleman, Mr. Joseph B. Crockett, and Mr. W. E. Holloway.

The Grayson Breakfast.

Mr. Wilson Barrett, the celebrated English actor, was entertained at breakfast last Tuesday morning by Mr. Robert R. Grayson at the Pacific-Union Club. A number of gentlemen were invited to meet Mr. Barrett, and they enjoyed a very elaborate repast. Afterward they took a drive through Golden Gate Park, which made a delightful finish to the breakfast. Those in the party were:

Mr. Robert R. Grayson, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. D. T. Murphy, Mr. H. H. Veave, Mr. Fred. R. Webster, Mr. Alfred S. Tubbs, Mr. W. E. Holloway, Mr. John Follansbee, Mr. Daniel B. Gillette, Mr. J. B. Wattles, Mr. E. A. Bruguiere, Mr. Austin C. Tubbs, Mr. John M. Adams, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, and Mr. J. M. Byrne.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent San Franciscans:

Miss Forman, of Los Angeles, is in the city visiting friends. Mrs. Lewis R. Mead and family have returned from Byron Springs, and have taken a cottage at Coronado Beach, where they will pass the remainder of the summer. Captain William H. Taylor departed for Washington, D. C., last Monday and will be away several weeks. Miss Emma McMillan has gone to Los Angeles on a visit to friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedel and Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard came over from San Rafael last Tuesday to attend the wedding.

Mrs. J. W. Dwinelle, of Alameda, and her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Tripp, of New York, will leave soon to visit Mrs. T. G. Phelps at Belmont.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rosewald went East a week ago on a vacation trip.

Colonel E. A. Belcher left for Washington last Monday. He will be absent a month, and upon his return will practice law.

Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley will return to Hartford, Conn., next Tuesday after a pleasant visit to her parents, General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Danforth, *né* Fay, are passing their honeymoon at Coronado Beach.

Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Brigham have been visiting friends at San Rafael for a few days.

Miss Laura Bates has been visiting the Misses Dimond at Menlo Park for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant has been entertaining Miss Mamie Reynolds at her cottage in San Rafael during the past week.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Yennas have returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schroeder at Redwood City.

Mrs. George Hyde and the Misses Mamie and Gertrude Hyde are at San Rafael for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker are in New York, and are expected home soon.

Mr. Joseph McDonough has leased the home of Mr. Edgar Mills in Menlo Park, for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., are residing in Menlo Park during the summer months.

Mrs. Montgomery Godley is enjoying a visit to the country.

Mrs. J. E. Haggin and Miss Rita Haggin are visiting Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Goodman are passing the summer at San Rafael.

Mrs. Charles Holbrook and Miss Holbrook are passing the summer season at their ranch in Napa Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Jr., will pass the summer at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green and Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Douth have been passing the week at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Low are at San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs are passing this month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott has returned from her European trip, and will pass the remainder of the summer at her residence in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Simpkins, Miss Alice Simpkins, and Mr. H. L. Simpkins have gone to San Rafael to remain a couple of months.

Mrs. Francis G. Newlands is in Reno, Nev., having returned from Washington, D. C.

Mr. John W. Mackay, Mr. George Pollack, and Mr. David Barnes, who have been visiting the Hotel del Monte for a couple of days, will return to New York to-night.

Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Mrs. J. Condit-Smith,

the Misses Condit-Smith, Mrs. Peter Donahue, and Mrs. E. Martin sailed from New York last Wednesday for Europe. Major and Mrs. J. W. McClung are at Blytheedale for the season.

Mr. John W. Twiggs has returned after a prolonged absence in Europe.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair is entertaining Mrs. Alexander McCollam and Miss McCollam, of Mendocino, at her residence on Van Ness Avenue.

Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Perrin and Miss Adèle Perrin have been enjoying a visit to their vineyard in Fresno County. Miss Perrin proposes to go East soon to remain a couple of months.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess and Mr. O. B. Spalding were in Paris when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Tatum have gone to San Rafael for the rest of the season.

Mr. George Crocker went to the Hotel del Monte early in the week.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and Miss Virginia Hanchett left for the Yosemite Valley last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. H. R. Judah has been visiting the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. M. Deane, and Miss Mamie Deane will leave on Monday to pass a month at Golden Meadows, their residence near San Rafael.

The Misses Carmelita and Adèle Ferrer and Mr. Richard Ferrer have returned from their enjoyable visit to the Eastern States.

Miss Claire Ralston has been paying a visit to friends in Menlo Park.

Miss Etta Tucker is visiting her sister in Tacoma.

Colonel C. F. Crocker and Mr. A. N. Towne paid a visit to Santa Cruz last Wednesday.

Miss Alice Skae has returned from Menlo, where she has been visiting Miss Eyre.

Miss Cecilia Miles will return from Washington, D. C., soon, after an absence of four months. Miss Sherman will accompany her.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis are passing the summer at their Menlo Park villa.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Boyd are paying a visit to Portland, Or.

Mr. and Mrs. Percival W. Selby are at their residence in Menlo Park for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Salisbury have returned from an enjoyable visit to the Eastern States. They were entertained at Marshall Hall, Md., for quite a time by Colonel McKibben.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding and Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson have been enjoying a week's visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Mr. Walter L. Dean will go to the Hotel del Monte to-day to remain about six weeks.

Mrs. and Mrs. William Alvord, Miss Ethel Keeney, and Miss Leontine Elakeman are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs and Miss Nettie Tubbs left for the East on Friday to pass the summer at the leading watering place.

Mrs. J. D. Carr, of Salinas, visited the Hotel del Monte during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bowen and Miss Mary Bowen are in San Rafael.

Mr. M. Theo Kearney has been passing the week at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Miss May Hoffman, and Mr. Southard Hoffman, Jr., have gone to San Rafael for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. E. W. McKinstry and Miss Laura McKinstry are at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson are located in San Rafael for the season.

The Misses Minnie and Nellie Corbit came up from San Mateo last Tuesday to attend the wedding.

Mrs. I. S. Van Winkle and the Misses Van Winkle will pass the summer months in San Rafael.

Mrs. James F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton will go to the Hotel Vendome in a few days to remain a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. James de la Montanya and Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Francis are at Paraiso Springs.

Mr. Julius Ludovico and family, of New York, are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Miss Julia Bissell went East last Wednesday and will be away a couple of months.

Mr. J. D. Fiske and family, of Fresno, are passing the summer at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Bandmann and Miss Antonia F. Bandmann have gone to San Rafael for a month.

Miss Maggie Kittle will soon go to San Rafael to visit her sister, Mrs. Basil Heathcote.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills and Miss Mills went to Washington, D. C., last Tuesday and will be away several weeks.

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The late Mme. Pommeroy was, in every respect, a most remarkable woman. Upon the death of her husband, she assumed the entire management of her vast interests, and it has been her life's ambition to make the wine bearing her name the wine of the real aristocracy. Of course, the partiality shown by the Prince of Wales to Pommeroy tended much to render her efforts in this direction successful. How well she has succeeded is apparent to all. Her discerning judgment in appointing the right man to the right place was one of the most striking traits of her character. Confident that Pommeroy could rely upon its own merits, none but the legitimate channels were used in placing it before the public. It is a wine which appeals to the refined taste of all, and although it is the wine of the nobility, it is none the less the favorite of every one possessing a refined and discriminating palate.—*London Journal*.

Bancroft's Railway-Guides

[Extract taken from the *Printing Times and Lithographer*, London, England, April 15, 1890.]

The Bancroft Company, San Francisco, is giving particular attention to the publication of railway guides, of which six monthly editions are issued. Each edition treats of the route, division, or company named alone, and no information, advertisement, or any other matter appertaining to any other part of the country is published, save that in reference to the title of each book, the basis of the publication being to furnish a guide-book for each principal route of each company. The information given is invaluable and only acquired by means of great expense and time. The "Chart of Stage Lines" in each edition is worthy of mention. These charts not only give the different stage lines connecting with the different stations, but also the names of all the places they pass through, together with the number of miles traveled and the hour of arrival and departure. W. B. Bancroft is the father of the idea of the publication, which is being carried out under the able management of E. B. Strong.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

They tell of an engineer on the New Jersey Central Railroad who is one of those men who, no matter what the provocation is, never use swear words. In an accident his locomotive was smashed all to pieces. The engineer walked around the wreck, gazed at it mournfully, paused, and ejaculated: "Oh, fiddle!"

Anent the Prince of Wales's recent visit to Scotland, an amusing tale is going the rounds. While his royal highness was awaiting his train at the railway-station, he fell into conversation with one of the local notables, who had been appointed chairman of the committee to receive and entertain the prince. "This," said the prince, felicitously, "this is really a very old city of yours." "Yes, your royal highness," answered the Scotchman, gravely, "it has ever been considered so."

Caleb Cushing once, at an evening-party in Newburyport, attempting to make himself agreeable, it is to be presumed, said to a pretty, bright-eyed girl of seventeen or eighteen summers, and quite distinguished for her beauty and accomplishments in the circle of her young admirers: "Pray, Miss —, can you tell me how love begins?" And she instantly replied, with a merry twinkle and a smile: "Why, with L, of course," thus discomfiting the distinguished scholar and statesman.

In one of his newspaper letters, Whistler once accused an opponent of praying like Balaam's ass, and the enemy jubilantly retorted by showing that Balaam's dumb ass was inspired of the Lord to "speak with a man's voice and forbid the madness of the prophet." But Whistler as usual found a way to escape. "The gentleman is right," he acknowledged; "on investigation I find that he is right. But he will admit that Balaam's was the only ass who was ever inspired to rebuke the prophet of the Lord."

Prince Albert Victor, second son of the Prince of Wales, commonly known as "Collars and Cuffs," was a roystering blade at school. When he was short of money, as was often the case, he would write to his august grandmother to help him out of his dilemma. The queen always answered his appeals for aid with a kind letter of advice, but no money. On such occasions, Albert Victor would go out into the campus and sell the queen's autograph letter to the highest bidder. A large number of English families have such letters in their possession.

It used to be said of the Dutch farmers of Pennsylvania that it was easy to see on what their hearts were placed—their horns were better than their houses, and their cattle received more care than their wives and children. It must have been a similar condition of affairs in a New England county that prompted the climax of a soldier's speech. A Yankee militia captain, whose company was about to march against an invading enemy, thus depicted the awful consequences of the foe's success: "Gentlemen, they will lay your towns in ashes, murder your wives and children, and pull down your fences."

Herr Goldmark, the composer, who is said to love the children of his brain with a truly fatherly affection, and never to lose an opportunity of seeing how they are treated, was once traveling to hear a performance of his opera, "The Queen of Sheba," and in the train got into conversation with a lady, in whom he became much interested. He longed to make himself known to his fair companion, and at last ventured to say: "I suppose, madam, you do not know who I am?" "No, sir, I do not," replied the lady. "Well, then, I am Carl Goldmark, the composer of 'The Queen of Sheba.'" "Oh, indeed!" was the lady's reply; "and is that a very good situation?"

Wrapped in his dressing-gown and with feet incased in slippers, Franz Liszt was sitting comfortably one evening in his arm-chair, ready for work and inviting inspiration. On the floor above, in the apartments of a banker, a noisy musical soiree was in progress. Polonaises had succeeded waltzes, and nocturnes had followed polonaises, when suddenly the door of the salon opened, and Liszt entered, still wrapped in his dressing-gown. The astonishment of the company may be imagined. With slow steps Liszt walked toward the piano, and the young key-pounder who was sitting at it quickly left his place. Liszt sat down at the instrument, carelessly swept his fingers over the keys as if to prelude, and then, suddenly, he shut down the cover and put the key in his pocket. And immediately, with the same tranquil air with which he had entered, he went out and returned to his room, where he could work at his ease.

There is a Japanese lady in Tokio who, before she received instruction, was a saint of simplicity touching the dress of European ladies. She was anxious to array herself in the garmenture of the noble Faubourg. She was a lady of high degree, and she pressed into her service a gentleman of the French Legation, who undertook to procure for

her from Paris a complete outfit—an edition, in fact, of "The Seen and the Unseen." Promptly he did her bidding, and there arrived from the Rue de Rivoli a mystic box full of weird things, carefully arranged, as per request, in the order (when the box was upside down) in which they should be put on—the dress on the top and the rest below. The upside-down arrangement was, somehow, misunderstood. The lady put on the dress first and other things as they came; and, arrayed in a symphony of lace and *batiste*, that high-born Japanese lady drove to the French embassy to thank her friend for his gallant attention. The poor gentleman is believed to have been ill for some time after.

Bismarck and a friend were out hunting one day, when the friend incautiously walked off into a morass, and feeling himself gradually sinking, called out to Bismarck: "For God's sake, come to my help, or I shall be lost in this quicksand." Bismarck saw that the danger was great, but he retained his presence of mind. "No," cried Bismarck, "I will not venture into the morass, for then I should be lost, too. It is evident your end is inevitable; therefore, to relieve you from the cruel agony of slow death, I will shoot you." And he coolly leveled his rifle at his floundering friend. "Keep quiet," cried Bismarck; "I can not take correct aim. Remember, that in order to put you at once out of misery I must shoot you through the head!" The shocking brutality of this suggestion drove all fear of the morass out of the friend's mind; the unlucky man thought only of dodging Bismarck's bullet, and with this in mind, he struggled so violently that finally, by almost superhuman efforts, he succeeded in laying hold of the root of an old tree and thereby he rescued himself. "It was your presence of mind that saved me," he confessed to Bismarck.

Old Shah-bah-skong, the head chief of Mille Lac, brought all his warriors to attend Fort Ripley in 1862. The Secretary of the Interior and the governor and legislature of Minnesota promised these Indians that for this act of bravery they should have the special care of the government and never be removed. A few years later, a special agent was sent from Washington to ask the Ojibways to cede their lands and remove to a country north of Leech Lake. The agent called the Indians in council, and said: "My red brothers, your great father has heard how you have been wronged. He said, 'I will send them an honest man.' He looked in the north, the south, the east, and the west. When he saw me, he said, 'This is the honest man whom I will send to my red children.' Brothers, look at me! The winds of fifty-five years have blown over my head and silvered it over with gray, and in all that time I have never done wrong to any man. As your friend, I ask you to sign this treaty." Old Shah-bah-skong sprang to his feet and said: "My friend, look at me! The winds of more than fifty winters have blown over my head and silvered it over with gray; but they have not blown my brains away." That council was ended.

A Newark man was walking down to business one morning, when he saw a young woman with a baby in her arms sitting on a church-step and weeping. The man, whom we shall call Jones, was touched by her apparent distress, and asked her what was the cause of it. "I walked into town," she replied, "to have my baby baptized, and now it will cost me three dollars to have the service performed. I haven't the money, and I don't know what to do." "Well, that's a small matter," said Jones; "I haven't three dollars in change, but here's a ten-dollar bill. Take it and I will wait here for the change." The woman returned in a short time, and handed Jones seven dollars. He patted the child's head and went down-town, rejoicing in his own goodness. He felt good all that day, and his countenance shone with an unusual brightness. His associates all noted the change, and finally one of them asked him the cause of it. "I am happier than usual to-day," said Jones, "and the reason of it is that I did three good things on my way downtown this morning." He related the occurrence, and wound up by saying: "So I performed a deed of charity, started a little child on its way to Paradise, and got seven good dollars for a counterfeit ten-dollar bill."

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\$75.00 to \$250.00 A MONTH can be made by working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. **B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1022 Main St., Richmond, Va.**

MAN WANTED SALARY \$75 to \$100, to locally represent a N. Y. Company incorporated to supply Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Jewelry, etc., to consumers at cost. Also a Lady of tact, Salary \$4.00, to enroll members (\$50,000 now enrolled, \$100,000 paid in). References, Empire Co-operative Ass'n (well rated) Lock Box 1610, N. Y.

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Mr. ALFRED KELLEHER,
Teacher of Vocal Music,

Desires to announce that until August 1st he will teach on Wednesdays only, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

2324 Clay Street, San Francisco.

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Miss Emily Edmunds reopens July 28, 1890. Larger premises, with lofty class-rooms and good playgrounds. Graduating, primary, and kindergarten grades. Language classes and music lessons. Special scientific tuition for backward and delicate children, insuring rapid progress without long hours of study.

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FOURTEENTH YEAR, FIFTEEN PROFESSORS AND TEACHERS.
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WILL OPEN IN THE NEW BUILDING,
1534 SUTTER STREET, cor. of Octavia,
On Wednesday, January 8th, 1890.

MISS M. LAKE, Principal.

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SAN MATEO, CAL.

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TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR.

REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER, M. A., PRINCIPAL.

Pears' Soap

has been established in London 100 YEARS both as a COMPLEXION and as a SHAVING SOAP, has obtained 15 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS, and is now sold in every city of the world.

It is the purest, cleanest, finest,

The most economical, and therefore

The best and most popular of all soaps

for GENERAL TOILET PURPOSES; and for use in the NURSERY it is recommended by thousands of intelligent mothers throughout the civilized world, because while serving as a cleanser and detergent, its emollient properties prevent the chafing and discomforts to which infants are so liable. **PEARS' SOAP** can now be had of nearly all Druggists in the United States, BUT BE SURE THAT YOU GET THE GENUINE, as there are worthless imitations.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

The engineers who are laying out the route of the proposed Mexican Pacific Railway, have discovered two mountains which are almost solid masses of iron ore, in the district of Tonalá, State of Chiapas.

The hall of the Palace of the Trocadéro in Paris is supplied with fresh air from the old stone-quarries or catacombs over which it is built. The old quarries act as an immense cooling chamber, and the air is forced into the hall in a strong, dry, cool current.

A venerable trout was recently found dead of old age at its home in a well at Cairnmount, near Kelso, Scotland. The fish was taken from the Tweed thirty-two years ago, and placed in the well where the remainder of its life was passed. It was eleven inches long, and had become very emaciated, weighing only six ounces at the time of its death.

Among the central European Hebrews the married women all wear wigs, no matter whether they be baldheaded or not. Indeed, the more beautiful the woman's hair the more necessary the wig, for it is worn upon the theory that a married woman should make herself unattractive to every man save her husband. The wigs are ugly, brown, and cheap.

The story goes around in London that a ghost has really been seen. A well-known woman, just before appearing in some private theatricals, saw an old friend standing near the entrance of her dressing-room. She greeted him, but he only shook his head and walked away. She learned the next day that her friend had died the day before she thought she saw him.

A Roman doctor has discovered in many of the skulls in different Etruscan tombs, as well as in those

deposited in the various museums, interesting specimens of ancient dentistry work and artificial teeth. The false teeth were in most cases carved from those of some large animal, and in many instances were fastened to the natural ones by gold bands. The skulls examined date as far back as six centuries before Christ.

In Upper Heiduk, in Silesia, a working-man sold his wife, for a term of two years, to a friend for a mark. The wife lived with her new partner in harmony, when one day the lawful husband, thinking he had sold her too cheap, called upon the man and demanded a further sum of fifteen shillings. He said that she had a set of beautiful teeth, which he had forgotten, and he wanted fifteen marks more. The buyer refused, and the husband went to law. The judge said that as he had made a contract for a mark, he was not entitled to any further sum.

The point to which reliance on the memory may be carried safely by proper training is thus illustrated by Mr. Frederic Pincott: "Ranjit Singh could neither read nor write, but he knew all that was going on in every part of a kingdom as large as France. He was an able financier, and knew at all times accurately the contents of all his treasuries, the capacities of his large and varied provinces, the relative power of his neighbors, the strength and weakness of the English. The architectural triumphs of India were nearly all built by men who could neither read nor write. The Indian druggist may have hundreds of jars, one above the other from floor to ceiling, not one of them marked by label or ticket; yet he never hesitates in placing his hand on the right vessel whenever a drug is required. The ordinary washerman goes round to houses with their donkeys and collect the clothes, some from one house, some from another. These they convey to the river and wash, and in returning with the huge pile, never fail to deliver each particular article to its rightful owner."

Brevity is the soul of advertising, as it is of about everything else. To attempt to crowd more than a reasonable amount into any given space is as foolish as the attempt to put two buckets of water into one bucket.

In olden times, newspapers were considered valuable to readers only for their news, and advertisements were mere incidental surplusage, inserted by merchants as a sort of charity to help fill up the paper, and rarely attracted attention. To-day the newspaper is indispensable, not only to the merchant, but to the shoppers of the family, as the universally accepted medium of attracting business. Advertisements are no longer the regulation musty affairs they used to be. They are among the most artistic and attractive features of the popular newspaper, and the frugal housewife scans the business announcements as carefully as the dealer or speculator scans the produce or money markets. These business houses who patronize the newspapers are the ones who secure the bulk of trade. The carefully edited, compact, fresh, complete, cheap, and neatly printed newspaper is the popular favorite, and the only channel through which the public can be reached either for business or sentiment.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From June 1, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	12:45 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	4:45 P.
8:00 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	Haywards and Niles.	11:15 A.
10:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	3:45 P.
12:00 M.	Sacramento River Steamers.	8:45 P.
* 1:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	6:00 A.
* 1:00 P.	2d class Ogden and East.	9:45 A.
3:30 P.	Knights Landing via Davis.	10:45 P.
4:00 P.	Stockton and Milton; Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	8:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and San José.	6:15 P.
5:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	10:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards and Niles.	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans and East.	8:45 P.
8:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Excursion train to Santa Cruz.	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	6:20 P.
* 2:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	11:20 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos, and Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz.	9:30 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:25 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:30 P.
* 7:50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion.	8:25 P.
8:30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, Soledad, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations.	6:12 P.
10:30 A.	San José and Way Stations.	7:30 P.
11:05 A.	Emanuel, Cemetery, and Baden.	12:32 P.
12:01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	5:13 P.
* 2:30 P.	(Del Monte Ltd) Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.	11:15 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	10:00 A.
4:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	7:56 A.
5:20 P.	San José and Way Stations.	9:03 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	(San José and principal Way Stations).	4:28 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ¶ Mondays excepted.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., March 21, April 5, 20, May 5, 20, 30, June 4, 14, 19, 29.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M. every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket office, 214 Montgomery Street.

GOODELL, PIERCE & CO., General Agents, San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA Acapulco... Tuesday, June 3, at 12 M.
Taking freight and passengers direct for Manzanillo, Acapulco, Ocos, Champoerico, San José de Guatemala, Acapulco, La Libertad, Conito, Punta Arenas, and Panama.
For Hong Kong, via Yokohama: City of Peking, Saturday, June 14, at 3 P. M. (via Honolulu).
City of Rio de Janeiro... July 8, at 3 P. M.
Chia... Thursday, July 31, at 3 P. M.
Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & Co., Gen. Agents.
Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN via NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.
Commencing Sunday, April 6, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:
From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 4:20, 5:30, 6:30 P. M.
Extra trip on Sundays to Sausalito at 11:00 A. M.
From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 3:30, 5:00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 5:30 P. M.
From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:40, 7:45, 9:30, 11:15 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 5:00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, 10:55 A. M.; 12:00 M.; 1:15, 2:45, 4:00, 5:00, 6:05, 7:00 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6:30 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.
From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:55, 11:05 A. M.; 3:35, 5:12 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:12, 9:20, 10:10, 11:15 A. M.; 12:20, 1:40, 3:00, 5:15, 6:30 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6:38 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.
From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 10:05 A. M.; 12:05, 2:15, 4:10, 5:40 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:45, 9:45, 10:40, 11:40 A. M.; 12:45, 1:55, 3:30, 4:40, 5:45, 6:50, 7:45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 7:10 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.
1:30 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 7:00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12:15 P. M.
5:00 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Tomales and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Tomales daily (Sundays excepted) at 5:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco at 8:45 A. M.
8:00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 8:15 P. M., same day.
6:30 P. M., (Sundays only) from San Francisco for Tomales and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Tomales (Sundays only) at 6:00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 9:15 A. M.

EXCURSION RATES.
Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rates.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tamalpais, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.
Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Point Reyes, \$1.75; Tamalpais, \$2.00; Howard's, \$2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, \$3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.
Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.
JNO. W. COLEMAN, F. E. LATHAM,
General Manager, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 329 Pine Street.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 27, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:
From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:15 P. M.; Sundays—8:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:15 P. M.
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 7:55, 9:30, 11:40 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05, 6:25 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:25 P. M.
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—7:15, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 12:05, 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.; Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
9:20 A. M.	5:00 P. M.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.		4:40 P. M.	
5:00 P. M.		7:25 P. M.	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	10:30 A. M.	
3:30 P. M.		7:25 P. M.	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	7:25 P. M.	7:25 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	7:25 P. M.	7:25 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	6:05 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	7:25 P. M.	7:25 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Geyersville for Skaggs Springs and Stewart's Point; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Lower Lake, and at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Willits, Gaito, Calpella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.
EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Linton Springs, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Guerneville, \$7.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80; to Sebastopol, \$2.70.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Linton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20; to Sebastopol, \$1.80.
H. C. WHITING, General Manager.
PETER J. McILVINEY, Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
Ticket Offices at Ferry and 222 Montgomery Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY. FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3:40 P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1890.
Oceanic... Thursday, June 26
Gaelic... Saturday, July 19
Belgic... Saturday, August 12
Oceanic... Thursday, September 4
Gaelic... Saturday, September 27
Belgic... Tuesday, October 21
Oceanic... Thursday, November 13
Gaelic... Saturday, December 6
Belgic... Tuesday, December 30
Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No. 207 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Billions Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS.

Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless.

As a LIVER PILL, Unequaled!

ONE PELLET A DOSE! SMALLEST, CHEAPEST, EASIEST TO TAKE.





The Senator, as Mr. Howells says, is "immensely American." He is enjoyed as a "type" in the East, as a familiar friend in the West. The two great sections of the country, both applauding him, will regard him with characteristically different degrees of appreciation.

The Easterner greets him as a contrast, the Westerner as a man and a brother. To the one, he offers an agreeable picture of a type which the dweller on the Atlantic seaboard complacently looks upon as his own antithesis; to the other, he is pleasantly welcome as representing that spirit of enterprise, that single-hearted kindness which give to the Westerner his distinction. Atlantic Slope laughs at the Senator; Pacific Slope laughs with him. The one, with eyes sharpened by the sense of contrast, sees, reluctantly respects, and accords a jealous admiration. The other, gladdened by the sight of an old friend, with appreciation not diluted by the sense of contrast, sees too, but only with the eyes of friendship and affection.

The broader Mr. Crane made the Senator in New York, the better they would have liked it. What is politely called European civilization has been lapping the Atlantic Coast to some purpose. It has smoothed away a great many angles, erased some characteristic marks, and obliterated various antique prejudices. It has also washed the Eastern edges of the country with conventionalism of a narrowness inconceivable to the dwellers in the interior, whose views are broad in proportion to their horizons. It is stuff o' the conscience to the New Yorker to believe in the Western barbarian. In the first place, the point of view is English—the cultivated Briton disdains "the provinces"; in the second, it is the most natural course in the world, when animated by jealousy, not only to circulate your disapproval of the hated object, but to try to persuade yourself that the disapproval is founded on fact.

What, then, can be more pleasantly tickling to an attentive New York ear, an appreciative New York eye, than to have the barbarian set before him in the most complete, comprehensive, cohesive manner that dramatic and literary art can compass? A Western hero whose *genre* was not ridiculous would be frowned down in the Empire City. A Western hero who may have noble qualities and great aspirations and all that sort of thing, but who is contented to be a clown—who, beside an Eastern hero in his fine clothes and his stately elocution, would be as Quasimodo beside Captain Phoebus—is permitted, indeed encouraged, and the public will graciously applaud. The position of the Westerners in the drama in New York is much like that of a jester; while they make people laugh by their absurdities, all is well. The moment they begin to take themselves seriously, there is dissatisfaction, and the public assumes the attitude of one who is cheated of his rights. Like the Englishmen, who cry at the sight of a well-bred American, "This is not an American, this is a cosmopolitan!" the New York audience would exclaim, at the appearance of a man from the Mississippi Valley, who was neither a clown nor a buffoon, "This is not a Western man. We want one of the real Westerners who make us laugh." Eastern Americans are as savage as any others in their censure of Dickens for producing as representative Americans Major Chollop and Mrs. Hominy, yet they do not seem to realize that they are doing exactly the same thing in admitting into their plays only such Western characters as are either examples of idiotic good nature or enterprising vulgarity.

In the American drama, of which there is so much talk just now, the Western drama cries aloud for a place, a fair chance, for justice. New England, which is first in every patriotic movement in this country, has already evolved the American novel, as thin and dry as pressed fern-leaves. It is an ill-favored thing, but it is our own. And now it seems about to evolve a sort of New England drama. The firstlings of this flock are not such as would fill the heart of the patriot with pride. But there is a distinctive air about them—a fresh, vigorous youth in them—though they are the clumsiest and most awkward of hobbledoes. "The Old Homestead" and "Alvin Joslin" are good pictures of their section. They may not be particularly artistic, but they show a feeling for truth. They have the spirit of New England in them, the country of glimmering lakes and peaceful hills, of stony fields and white roads fringed with golden-rod, of low, gray skies and murmuring gray seas.

Further down, New York has its little baby drama. This one is weak on its legs just yet. It is a very sickly infant, having rickets so badly that it can hardly stagger. De Mille and Belasco, with their

New York illusions and their determination to unveil the mysterious glories of the Four Hundred, produce the weakest form of the American drama so far seen. It has not one-third of the vitality of the New England play, though its popularity is equal. Nothing could come out of New England that did not have the stamp of truth upon its face. Everything from there is marked with austere sincerity, a severe earnestness. The New York dramatists have not this sense of truth, and their plays have a canker at the root. Moreover, as in every form of American art, it is over-elaborate, detail is too prominent, all its strength is refined away. American artists work backward. Their work is not produced in a rough mass to be gradually molded into grace, but has grace in the beginning, and must grow into power and force with the flight of time.

The war has its own drama, which promises the best of all. There is no stated place for it, and it passes with equal ease from North to South and back again. The proud Southern men and women are shown side by side with the tranquil Northerners, and both types are treated with justice and truth. So popular and welcome is this class of the American drama that we can even tolerate the introduction of well-known figures, and certainly no people in the world dislike so much to see their dead heroes "in their habit as they lived."

The West alone is unbroken ground. Such plays as "The Danites" and "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler," are merely what you might call character plays. They represent a fleeting epoch, a phase of development which was as unreal as it was brief. Genuine Western people, genuine Western characters, are waiting to be pictured. So far, they must be content to appear, all out of focus, in the centre of a party of trim Easterners, also exaggerated to point the contrast, just as they set "The Colonel" in a circle of the rawest class of aesthetic English. The dramatist has yet to come who will draw a Western man who has passed out of the region of "funny types," who is not a kindly-disposed zany that every one uses as a tool and covertly laughs at, or a blundering, loose-jointed son of the prairie who is always stumbling up against family secrets and knocking down skeletons in closets.

With these traditions before him, Mr. Crane is to be congratulated on having resisted all temptations to unduly exaggerate the Senator. The tone of his representation is perfect. It is shaded to a film and balanced to a hair. It is not his fault that the Senator is made more or less absurd, and that he has that sublime unconsciousness, that child-like obliviousness to the fact that even the people on the stage regard him as a type which would appear to be the main characteristic of the Western aborigine. The Senator is as unnaturally Quixotic in his actions as all Western senators—if we are to believe the plays—always are. He is a perfect angel, whose clothes do not fit him, but who is ready to do the Good Samaritan act from morning till night. Western people in plays, if you notice, are never villains; European and New York furnish these; but, as with the good men in Thackeray's novels, there is always a flavor of the fool about them. With the first appearance of the Senator, despite even Mr. Crane's careful handling of the hero, we know that he is going to do something preternaturally noble, that he is going to sacrifice his happiness in the most unprofitable, ineffectual, and purposeless manner that the mind of the playwright can conceive. This he attempts to do. Common sense is introduced, and he is foiled in his valorous attempt to be one of the greatest idiots on the stage.

When pallid damsels make these sacrifices and pine away to the verge of death, it can be borne, but when a full-fledged American senator, with a sound mind, save on this one point, makes the sacrifice that he is supposed to have made, the quality of mercy that one entertains for the author is strained to the verge of breaking.

The embroglio that centres round Mrs. Armstrong is also defective. The scenes in the second and third acts are so crushed together that they lose their force and distinctness. In fact, it is rather difficult just here to follow the story and to find out how they really do rescue Mrs. Armstrong, for not only is the action too crowded, but the performers speak so fast that there are times when it is impossible to understand them. Mrs. Armstrong and her episode are too light for all the turmoil they create—at least not the episode, but Mrs. Armstrong. She is so feeble that she is nothing—a miserable nonentity over whom it is a pity that so much fine enthusiasm should be squandered. There was not room in the play to have shown the early stages of this lady's flirtation with the Austrian, and it comes on the audience with a shock when she falls upon the diplomatic shoulder. It should be explained that the flirtation does not begin at that interview, as some people might imagine.

Outside Mr. Crane, whose personality dominates all others, Mrs. Hilary is the most attractive figure. Mrs. Barrymore plays Mrs. Hilary and looks like John Drew, her brother, in skirts and a blonde wig. All the Drew family have the same cast of features and the same style of art. Mrs. Barrymore recalls John Drew as much in her sharp, incisive, ejaculatory way of delivering certain sentences as she does in her drooping eyelids and the shape of her nose. She has an attractive part and she puts a good deal of color into it, accentuating a point here and there by her absurdly droll expression of face. The *ingénue* Miss Stuart is clever too, but overacts, as almost all

ingénues do. No living girl ever jumped about in the way Josie does. It is said that Miss Stuart has only been on the stage four months. If this is the case, she has gained remarkable polish and ease for so short a time. G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Next week will witness the first production in this city of "The Gondoliers," Gilbert and Sullivan's latest and probably last opera.

"The Senator," which has been enjoying the cream of the theatrical business of the week, begins its fourth and last week on Monday.

Next week will be the last of the "Held by the Enemy" company in this city. The play has not proved so popular as it was on its last visit.

Miss Eastlake, now appearing in this city, is following the example of all good foreigners, and writing a book about her impressions of this country.

"Faust up to Date" was revised for American audiences—i. e., pruned of puns and injected with cis-Atlantic gags—by Cheever Goodwin, who wrote that perennial burlesque "Evangeline."

The biennial engagement of Mr. A. M. Palmer's Madison Square Company in this city will begin early next month. With the exception of "Saints and Sinners," their plays will probably all be new.

The perennial Irish drama will be seen again in this city next week, when a play will be produced entitled "An Irish Arab"—a title that suggests that class of impossibilities so dear to the heart of the Hibernomaniac.

In "Faust up to Date," Florence St. John is the Marguerite, Addie Conyers the Faust, Katie Barry the Siebel, Lonnen the Mephistopheles, and Charles Danby the Martha. Among the others is a group of skirt-dancers who are said to equal any who have come to America.

The latest development in stage realism is in a drama in which the hero is a cowboy. He lassoes the villain's right hand just as he is about to strike the heroine with an appalling dagger. He is very expert with the lasso, but we are not informed how he acts the rest of the rôle.

The London Gaiety Company, headed by Florence St. John—who has not proved as stunning as was expected, and consequently disapproves of America—will commence an engagement in this city on the sixteenth of this month. "Faust Up to Date" will be their first attraction.

For the last week of his engagement in this city, Wilson Barrett announces the following plays: "The Silver King" on Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday evenings; "Nowadays" on Wednesday and Friday evenings; and "The Lady of Lyons" on Thursday evening for the last special night.

Mrs. Langtry is said to show marked progress in dramatic art in her acting in "Esther Sandraz," especially where she is "furious in denunciation." One of her most striking costumes is described as follows:

She wore a dress, white in front to enhance the tender alabaster of her bust, and black behind to brighten the subtle gold of her neck.

A new departure in dramatic enterprise is to be inaugurated in Paris by the establishment of a Théâtre des Refusés. The manager proposes, honestly and conscientiously, to read all plays submitted to him provided that they have been previously refused by some other manager, but only rejected manuscripts will be considered.

A reaction from Wagnerism to the Italian school is reported from Vienna. Wagner's operas have held sway at the court opera for a number of years, but lately even the added attraction of numerous ballets has been insufficient to draw the public, while productions of "Ernani" and "Trovatore" have crowded the theatre.

The girls of the Gaiety Company are said to be veritable grenadiers. There are two hundred of them in the two London companies, and Marcus Mayer, seeing that the American chorus girl is generally short and chubby, selected forty of the tallest girls for the American tour. Several of them are said to measure nearly six feet.

Richard Stahl's new opera, "The Sea-King," seems to have achieved an immediate success. At the first performance, in Philadelphia, twenty theatrical managers were present, and they all engaged the opera for their respective theatres. Edwin Stevens is compared to De Wolf Hopper, who divides the Eastern play-goer's heart with Francis Wilson.

London is swarming with pianists at the present time. Franz Kummel, Sophie Menter, and Theresa Carreño are there, and a young man named Borwick is coming to the front as one of the "soundest and least affected pianists." Paderewski also is becoming quite the rage. He is said to look the virtuoso beyond question. He is quite young, and has an immense shock of reddish hair, with a small, pale face.

The movement for the elevation of the stage continues. Mr. Duncan B. Harrison now introduces in his play, "The Paymaster," a "gentlemanly set-

to" between Mr. John L. Sullivan and Mr. Joe Lannon. Both contestants appeared in dress-suits, and did not know what to do with their "dukes" until the time came to "put them up." Though the event had no possible connection with the play, it was a decidedly successful card.

Maurice Barrymore, the husband of the Mrs. Hilary of "The Senator," has recently been discovered as the wearer of a toupee to mitigate the excessive and growing height of his forehead. Even off the stage he does not look a day older than twenty-eight, but it was fully twenty years ago when he won the first prize in boxing at Oxford College, and he was probably somewhat more than eight years old then. His youthful appearance is ascribable to his early athletic training and his superb physique.

Magnificent jewels produce very little impression upon a French audience when worn on the stage. It is said that the reason for this indifference is the exceeding perfection to which the manufacture of imitation jewelry has been brought in the present day; for though Mlle. A. may appear loaded down with diamonds that cost a fortune, Mlle. B. will make quite as much effect blazing with artistically set Rhine-stones of no particular value. Mme. Patti alone is now advertised in Paris by the splendor of her diamonds. This has not always been the case, however. Both Mlle. Mars and Mlle. Rachel were famed for their gorgeous jewels, and the announcement that either one of these ladies would appear in a certain play "with all her diamonds" always attracted audiences of extra size.

Foreigners are never tired of commenting upon the amiable nature of American audiences. The art of hissing, which is regarded in Europe as of so much importance, is absolutely unknown here. If an audience is not pleased with a performance, its only way of showing disapproval is by leaving the theatre. Yet it is said that this method of showing a silent contempt for the performance has a far more depressing effect upon the actors than the European method of hissing and deriding.

An interesting judicial precedent has just been established in Hamburg. M. Pollini, manager of one of the theatres, refused admission to a newspaper critic on the ground that the latter had given his performance a bad notice. The court, after deliberation, decided that the manager's course was illegal, and condemned him to pay the journalist five hundred marks for each refusal of admission.

The Gump Collection.

For lack of time at the late auction many of the Oil Paintings were not put on the easel. They are now on exhibition at our Art Gallery, and will be sold at AUCTION PRICES for a short time.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Will you be a sister to me?" "No, I won't."
"Good. Name the day."—*Life*.

"What is there besides luck that amounts to anything in cards?" "A good deal."—*Lawrence American*.

"So old Skinem is dead?" "Yes; I fear he has gone to that country from whose burn no traveler returns."—*Life*.

Mother—"Mr. Bore called to see you, Loise, while you were out." Loise—"How thoughtful of Mr. Bore!"—*Puck*.

"Silence is golden." "You bet. I know several Kentucky men who've made fortunes from their stills."—*New York Sun*.

"Thomas, what is ophthalmia?" asked Speaker Reed's wife. "I don't know," replied the Speaker; "but the eyes have it."—*Life*.

"Don't you detect something burning?" he asked, sniffing the air. "No," replied the other; "I am a detective."—*The Sun*.

He—"Will you marry me?" She—"Can you support me?" He (reproachfully)—"Haven't I supported you every Sunday evening for two years?"—*Epoch*.

Street-car conductor (to driver)—"I wonder what that man is running so hard for?" Driver (looking back)—"Mebby the fool wants ter git on. G'lang!"—*New York Weekly*.

Mabel (mischievously)—"Do you know something I heard about you the other day? I heard you wouldn't say 'Boo' to a pretty girl." Tom (heartily)—"Boo!"—*Munsey's Weekly*.

Economical gunning: Hammerlocks—"Gom, lkey, bay additions!" lkey—"Vat you vand?" Hammerlocks—"Go pick der shot out ohf dot plue-chay, unt ve loat up fer anudder."—*Puck*.

Mr. Mifson (a wealthy widower)—"My little boy is very slow about learning to walk. I really don't know what to do about it." Miss Passay—"Why don't you get him a stepmother?"—*Jester*.

Dillenback (starting another story at 11.55 P M.)—"You know how I hate to walk? Well—" Miss Eugenia—"How forgetful of us! We'll have Thomas call the carriage at once."—*Judge*.

A bad break: Book-keeper—"I'm sorry to say, sir, that my grandmother is dead." Boss—"That's sad. Is she going to be buried this afternoon?" Book-keeper—"Yes, sir; if it doesn't rain."—*Life*.

"Your age, madame?" "I am over twenty, sir." "Your precise age?" "Between twenty and thirty." "Come, tell us in what year you will be thirty." "To-morrow, Monsieur le President."—*Gil Blas*.

"What are you crying for?" "I—boo-hoo—hit me finger with the er-er-hammer—boo-hoo!" "Oh, well, be a man. You never hear me cry when I hit my finger." "N-o-o-o, but you'd whip me if I'd swear."—*Life*.

A recently married lady consulted her lawyer on the following question: "As I wedded Mr. Bandjoe for his wealth, and that wealth is now spent, am I not, to all intents and purposes, a widow, and at liberty to marry again?"—*Tid-Bits*.

Eimer (looking over theatre programme)—"Lemme see: scenery by Daubitt, furniture by Plush & Veneer, pianos from Thumpitt & Co., flowers from—"
Amend—"Ob, say! does it tell you furnished the jokes on the back of the bill?"—*Puck*.

At the police station: Jones—"Sergeant, I've just stopped to say that my little boy has strayed away from home. Will you kindly instruct the men to look out for him? He is six years old and stutters badly." Sergeant McGuff—"Ah, I see, he who hesitates is lost."—*Ex*.

The *News* never kicks on the *Herald* when that paper gets a scoop on it in a legitimate way; but when the *Herald* in its issue of March 21st announces a birth on March 22d, it is taking advantage of inside information in a manner that it hadn't ought to.—*Norfolk (Neb.) News*.

The subject changed too soon: Our landlady—"It's the strangest thing in the world! Do you know, our dear old pet cat disappeared very suddenly yesterday? Excuse me, Mr. Rudolph; will you have another piece of mince-pie?" Mr. Rudolph (promptly)—"No, I thank you!"—*Judge*.

Jamser—"What a wonderful old man De Tanque is for a man who has always been a drunkard." Flamser—"He is somewhat advanced in years, but the cause of it is plain." Jamser—"I don't see it." Flamser—"They're afraid to admit him to the next world for fear he'll swallow all the spirits."—*Ex*.

Mrs. Parker—"What is going to be played at the opera-house to-night?" Mrs. Wildwest—"It is not decided yet." "How is that?" "All I know about it is what I read in the paper. It says they are going to play 'Othello,' or the 'Moor of Venice,' but it didn't say which. For my part, I'd just as lief see one as the other."—*Texas Siftings*.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

A Conundrum.
When lovely women stoops to folly,
And tries to make her daily bread,
What power can soothe her melancholy
When her husband calls it chunks of lead?
—*Texas Siftings*.

Important to Girls.

Two lovers went to the base-ball game
One afternoon in May.
He was a crank; she never had seen
Professional players play.
He faithfully tried to explain it all.
She tried to understand;
But the more he talked, the less she knew
Why he thought the game was grand.
He cheered, he danced, he yelled "Hi! hi!"
She calmly looked about;
And if any one made a three-base hit
She asked if the man was out.
It dampened his ardor to have her say:
"Why doesn't the umpire bat?"
And each question she asked diminished his love,
Though he wouldn't have owned to that.
Till at last she asked in her guileless way,
"Which nine is playing now?"
He broke the engagement then and there,
And now they don't even bow.
—*Somerville Journal*.

The New Inquisition.

"I am a census Inquisitor.
I travel about from door to door,
From house to house, from store to store,
With pencil and paper and power galore.
"I do as I like and ask what I please,
Down before me you must get on your knees;
So open your books, hand over your keys,
And tell me about your chronic disease.
"Are you sure you don't like it? Well, I'm not to blame;
I do as I'm ordered. Wouldn't you do the same?
I'm a creature of law and work in its name,
To further the new statistical game.
"I nose around from garret to cellar,
With my latest improved statistical smeller.
If the housewife objects, I loftily tell her:
'I'm a Socialistic Government feller!'"
—*New York Sun*.

More Census Questions.

Do you hunt? Have you read "Looking Backward"?
Were you born in New Jersey or Maine?
Can you lick postage-stamps? Were your ancestors tramps?
Have you ever built castles in Spain?
Will you go to the country this summer?
Do you like your champagne dry or sweet?
Have you courage enough, when we give you this bluff,
To kick us out into the street?
Is your daughter or wife kleptomaniac?
Do you ever have fits? If so, when?
Do you sing like Bing-binger, the baritone singer?
How long are you out of the "pen"?
Has the street you live on been swept lately?
Do you wear flannels all Summer long?
Is your middle name Peter? Do you like Carmencita?
Is "Some Day" your favorite song?
—*New York World*.

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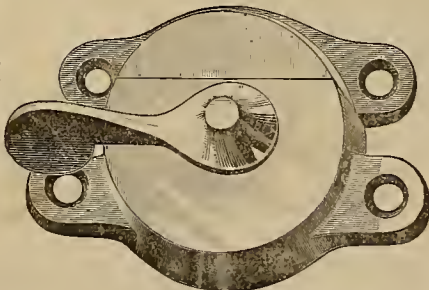
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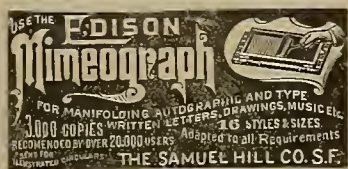
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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The annual meeting of the Yosemite Commission being required to convene in that valley, the writer found his opportunity to escape editorial responsibilities and enjoy an outing in the mountains and groves and beside the valleys and the streams, with the murmuring winds as they chant their anthems among the pines and in the roar of cataracts leaping from lofty heights into granite basins. We did not plan our excursion nor choose the companionship of select friends. We thought it better to escape the penalty of our prominence by traveling as much incognito as is possible to a member of a commission which is assailed by the *Times* newspaper and the *Century* magazine, a small weekly of Washington, the *Examiner* of San Francisco, and every country editor without brains and with scissors—a commission which is open to the assaults of drunken writers, inexperienced, ignorant, and malicious sensationalists, unmarried ladies of unascertained age and unrecognized ability, and of all politicians who desire to abuse the governor of Cali-

fornia for fear he should become a candidate for renomination. So we trusted ourself to the accident of companionable fellow-travelers, of men who were intelligent and ladies who were interesting and companionable.

We departed on Friday evening. The trip covered ten days, and any less time is at the expense of convenience and comfort. We traveled by rail and coach. The trip is a hard one and unenjoyable to those who do not find their compensation in the grandest scenery to be found in any mountain range on the earth. There never was a better time than this summer to visit the Yosemite Valley, and the beauties of its waterfalls will continue throughout the summer. The unprecedented snowfall of the high Sierras will give a plentiful flow of water till late in the season.

The Valley of the Yosemite is grand beyond the powers of description, and the trip ought not to be attempted by any but those in health and physical strength. It should not be visited by the dyspeptic who finds fault with his table, the incompetent artist whose band trembles as he holds his brush, the callow youth who in his emotional ignorance is not competent to consider climatic conditions, or the humbug scientific landscape-gardener who surveys primeval forests, great valleys, and inaccessible heights with the same limited vision that he looks upon country homes, or village lawns, or city parks. The parks of the Sierras are national reserves. The Mariposa Big-Tree Grove lies within a boundless primeval forest, and in itself contains over twenty-five hundred acres; the Yosemite reservation embraces fifteen square miles of territory, within the lines of which there is a valley bounded by almost inaccessible heights, the walls of which vary from two thousand to five thousand feet in height, and from the highest points of which the plummet will swing clear of the base. The valley is twelve miles in length and of varying breadth of more than a mile; through it runs the Merced River, sometimes a gentle stream and sometimes a wild and uncontrollable mountain torrent; in one place it leaps a perpendicular height of twenty-five hundred feet. Yet, for both valley and grove, there is an appropriation by the legislature of California of \$12,500—\$10,000 for the Yosemite Valley, with which we must support river-banks, bridges, hotels, grades, mule service for trails, roads in and out of the valley—down one side and up the other nearly four thousand feet from the floor of the valley—roads which will not jounce fat millionaires or feeble maiden ladies, or disturb the nerves of invalids too feeble to endure the jaunt. One bridge has been carried away this winter by the weight of snow, which could not be shoveled or swept away; roofs have been broken from the same reasons, for most of the houses are unused and unoccupied during the winter months. Melting snows and rains cut deep furrows that must be repaired before the early spring travel sets in, culverts must be restored, the river banks must be walled to prevent overflows, and all this must be accomplished within an expenditure of \$10,000 a year, while every individual mouth in the Yosemite Valley is gaping for largess. We expended \$2,385 on the grove to protect it from fire, leaving \$115 for all other purposes. We shall expend \$2,500 for the coming year, and hope to place the trees beyond the possibility of destruction by forest fires. There are nine commissioners; some of them are gentlemen, and all of them are honest; several are men of wealth, good taste, and have extensively traveled. Their compensation for a year's service is "transportation to the valley and return, with an allowance of four dollars per day for ten days." For this beggarly stipend we are expected to endure the defilement of such journals as we have named, and the whispered malevolence of the drunken, the ignorant, and the incompetent who may be invited to air themselves in the columns of respectable journals.

To the charge of "vandalism" preferred by Mr. Johnson, of the *Century* magazine, we say only this: The writer has known the Valley of the Yosemite for the past thirty years. He had first visited it in company with Judge Ogden Hoffman, Judge Lyon, of the supreme court, two clergymen of Oakland, and certain ladies. It was then but recently discovered. It had remained for centuries as the home and citadel of the Indian race. In it they had fought their last

battle, and over the passage near which the Yosemite leaps from its great height they had escaped into the forest beyond and disappeared. It was then a beautiful place; the grass was thick and green under the shadow of pines and oaks; it was food for the Indian ponies, while pine-nuts and acorns afforded the Indians bread. Now under the trees is a dense and increasing undergrowth of shrubs, oak, pine, willow, alder, dogwood, cotton-wood, azaleas, and ferns, while flowering shrubs grow in a tangled wilderness; in many places an impenetrable jungle; in many places hiding the natural beauty of rocks and waterfalls, of Mirror Lake and sparkling streams. Dead trees are in the water, and dead timber cumber the valley. The beauty is gone to those who think nature untouched and undisciplined is more attractive than art. It is more beautiful to the school of nature's admirers as taught by Henry Law Olmstead, who, when some thirty years ago he was asked to report upon the practicability of a park for San Francisco, wrote and published in the *Bulletin* of that day that a pleasure park was impossible on our peninsula, and recommended for that purpose excavating Van Ness Avenue to a depth of twenty feet, and over its bottom to place soil where pleasure-walks and drives might be provided. It would have cost millions. Mr. Henry Law Olmstead may be as wise as Mr. Johnson, of the *Century*, believes him to be, and as good a landscape-gardener as he thinks himself to be; but, in our opinion, he knows nothing of mountain forestry, his views concerning any of our three great national parks are not worth considering, and his opinions about Yosemite, Niagara, and the Yellowstone, and the one that is to be created in the Adirondacks, would cut but an unimportant and altogether absurd figure.

No man who has written upon the subject of our mountain forests seems to remember that in the dry season there is danger of great and destructive conflagrations; that thousands of timbered acres are swept by irresistible and destructive fires; that in the Yosemite there is imminent danger that the young growth may be swept by terrific and destroying fires, which will consume everything inflammable within its walls, from the Nevada Fall to where the Merced River makes its exit through the narrow cañon into the great valley of the San Joaquin. When this conflagration comes, it will not destroy the Yosemite Valley. Its grand trees and waterfalls will outlive the catastrophe, and, perhaps, the only regret will be in the death of tourists then in the valley, and the more regrettable fact that the lovers of untamed and unrestrained nature will not be there to be cremated.

The Yosemite will always be grand and beautiful, it will always be attractive and enjoyable, and will never be more so than in the present summer of 1890.

Mexico is not only a country of interest and attraction to the adventurer and speculator, but also a sort of wonderland to the scholar and antiquarian. She not only holds inexhaustible and incalculable treasures in her hoary hills to tempt cupidity, but relics and ruins of a long-lost civilization to excite curiosity. It is an extraordinary thing that our antiquarians and Egyptologists have never studiously sought to interpret these wonderful Mexican records of a long-forgotten race. The explorer and scholar may find there to-day the remains of palaces, pyramids, and temples covered with stucco, fantastically ornamented with figures in bas-relief, and with intaglio inscriptions in hieroglyphics. The solution of these inscriptions would, in all probability, reveal facts more important and interesting to us than the interpretation of Egyptian hieroglyphics or the discoveries at Herculaneum and Pompeii. How these massive and magnificent structures were erected, with what tools and instruments they were shaped and sculptured, and the thousand-and-one points connected with the origin and mode of life of the designers and builders, are questions which offer a field of investigation of the utmost value from an ethnic standpoint. Mexico strongly appeals to us by virtue of its antiquity. We are so constituted that the antique inspires us with awe, lifts us into a mood of reverence, chastens and subdues the mind. There we may find customs, manners, dress, and forms of architecture older than the Christian era. You can not take a step in Mexico in

which wonder is not excited, curiosity elicited, and investigation challenged. The Spanish, the Castilian, the Aztec, the Moorish, and the Indian may all be seen and studied, in language, architecture, dress, and customs. From Paso del Norte, for two hundred and twenty-five miles, there is a succession of surprises. By a zig-zag, but well-built road, round, down, up, on—through gramma-grass, along glassy lakes, and by a startling series of the most marvelous feats of engineering skill—we climb the mountains at Zacatecas, cones, crags, and ridges surround us, and seem to make an advance impossible. Chihuahua is the first city we reach, with a population of eighteen thousand inhabitants. Before us are long stretches of cactus-grown plains, and here and there cultivated fields. Then we arrive at Santa Rosalia, with its famous sanitary hot springs. Zacatecas is about half-way between El Paso and the City of Mexico, and has a large population. Its inhabitants are of the ancient type. The circumjacent country is replete with interest and beauty. Aguas Calientes, with a population of forty thousand, is one of the most beautiful cities of Mexico. The plazas are charming, the architecture imposing, and the climate salubrious. Then follow Encarnacion, Silao, and Querétaro. From Querétaro, the road gradually ascends until it finally reaches the ridge or rim which bounds the luxurious and far-famed valley of Mexico. After stopping at San Juan del Rio for dinner, we press on, soon to enter one of the loveliest places of the civilized world—none less than the City of Mexico, with a population of more than three hundred thousand. We are surprised, amazed, delighted with the many wonders and excellencies of this ancient city. Its paintings, music, architecture, fruits, and flowers are so many sources of gratification. Between the City of Mexico and Puebla is Rio Frio Mountain, the road passing over which is about twelve thousand feet above tide-water. The City of Mexico lies west of Rio Frio, on a plain backed by another mountain six miles farther west, with others still nearer on the north and south. Between the western base of Rio Frio and the City of Mexico there are three beautiful lakes—Chalco and Xochimilco on the left and Texcoco on the right, extending to the east end of the city. St. Augustin Tlalpam, a picturesque town, is about eleven miles south of the plaza of the capital. Along the road from St. Augustin Tlalpam and the capital lies the village of Cherubusco, and south-west of them is Contreras. Contreras is situated on the side of a mountain, near its base, where volcanic rocks are piled in great confusion. Mexico is a land of mountains—mountains formed and fashioned by gigantic glaciers, splendid shrines in earth's far-spanning temple—upheaved and sculptured, consolidated and embellished, by Titanic forces. There, among those cloud-capped crags, are great mountain lakes, children of the glaciers, fanned by breezes blowing from immemorial heights; there are waving wild-flowers and stately pines; there the gleam of the butterfly and the majestic movement of the soaring eagle; there eternal winter is on the summit and tropic summer in the dell. If one wants to behold the grandeur and sublimity of natural scenery, one need not cross either the Eastern or Western Ocean, for Mexico, with its sunny skies, verdant valleys, splendid spires, and castellated crags, affords a rich and endless variety of the grand, the sublime, and the picturesque in nature. We have stood in the presence of these scenes with bated breath and brimming eye, when language seemed an impertinence and thought was paralyzed. We recall one vision of spectacular grandeur of beauty. We were standing on the castle-crowned heights of Chapultepec—General Frisbie, a former Californian, Mr. E. L. G. Steele, of San Francisco, and the writer. The summit of Mount Popocatepetl was hidden in a fleecy cloud invisible. Our journey was to end on the following day, and we had not seen Mexico's highest mountain top, when suddenly the curtain lifted and disclosed the beauty of its snow-clad elevation sparkling in the light of a blazing sun, that threw over the valley of Mexico a flood of golden glory. It alone was worth the visit to Mexico.

The interview in the *Examiner* with Mr. W. W. Stow in reference to the money so much needed for carrying on the contemplated improvements in Golden Gate Park, is suggestive of the necessity for increased appropriations by the legislature in aid of the improvements indispensable to the safety, comfort, and convenience of the tourists to the Yosemite Valley and Big-Tree Grove. Commissioner Stow, speaking, doubtless, for the commission of which he is a member, suggests such work as they all undoubtedly think necessary for the improvement of Golden Gate Park. It seems as though \$171,000 would be a very large amount to expend upon 1,050 acres of land, already very thoroughly watered and well reclaimed from drifting sand, well planted with grasses, and well timbered with young trees which only require thinning and pruning, and well provided with walks and drives, policed and guarded by the municipal government.

This seems very much in contrast with the many thousands of acres of territory embraced in the national reser-

vation of the Yosemite Valley and grove of Mariposa sequoias, when we reflect that for the latter the commissioners are provided with only \$12,500, and the few additional hundreds that are received from the tenants of the territory for the privilege of accommodating visitors who resort there for recreation. One hundred and seventy-one thousand dollars for 1,050 acres within the municipal limits of the city, to be drawn from the city treasury and the tax-roll of a single year, seems altogether disproportioned to the sum provided by the legislature of California and the treasury of the general government for 36,111 acres, which, as we have stated, is only \$12,500. The Yosemite Park is national, and is intended not only for the sixty millions of American people, but for the world, and it must be apparent that so vast an extent of country, lying so far out of the march of travel and demanding so large an expenditure, as we have elsewhere suggested, is a very embarrassing charge for the gentlemen comprising the Yosemite Commission. We do not intend to question the necessity of the amount demanded by Commissioner Stow, or to suggest that the commissioners of Golden Gate Park are unreasonable in their demands, but we do say, and with emphasis, that the community and the press and the traveling public should know the difficulties under which the Yosemite Commissioners labor before they are subjected to the unkind criticism which has been leveled against them. The work performed by the National Park Commissioners is without compensation, and they will be justified in resigning from their unpleasant office if they are to be subject to malicious animadversions while no money is provided for such expenditures as in their judgment are necessary for the improvements and betterments which they know to be indispensable.

The trail-saddle service is incomparably better than that which tourists find on the Alps, Apennines, or Andes. A rude, profane, or vulgar word is rarely heard from muleteers, drivers, or guides on the roads which lead from the terminus of the railroad, in the valley of the San Joaquin, till they return thereto. An accident rarely, if ever, occurs on trails or mountain roads. The hotels are well kept, when their distance from civilization and the difficulty of obtaining servants are considered. So we must beg that a charitable construction may be placed upon the annoyances which the traveling public experience in their trip to the valley of the Yosemite and the Big-Tree Grove of Mariposa. The trip will well repay the strong man, the healthy woman, and the child who can endure the hardships of trails and coaches. The hotel in the valley of Wawona is an agreeable resort, most delightfully situated in the most beautiful of all the upper valleys of the high Sierras, through which runs the south fork of the Merced River; it is within eight miles of the Mariposa Grove; to Signal Peak, overlooking the mountains and the valleys, is an agreeable wagon-road; horseback rides to beautiful views and coach-drives are on every side, amid forests primeval. There is plenty of good fishing, and, of all the places in the world, it has the purest mountain air, and is the best place to sleep, and lounge, and rest, amid the murmur of fountains, the rippling of brooks, and the sighing of winds laden with the balsamic breath of pines.

For a period of many years we have received, on almost every Monday morning, a badly written letter, sometimes complimentary, sometimes critical—but always frank—of the opinions of the *Argonaut*. These letters are signed by "D. K."—not Denis Kearney, as he informs us, and we believe him, because Kearney is truthful, and because the letters do not reflect the opinions with which he is credited. These letters, when they began, were ungrammatical, not always correctly spelled, and underlined in bad black ink at almost every word. Our correspondent has improved in writing, spelling, punctuation, and style. Thinking that our anonymous correspondent deserves encouragement and recognition, we have rescued this letter from the waste-basket for publication. It will be seen that the writer is a man who reads and thinks and reasons, sometimes correctly. We are always glad to receive anonymous communications, if they are written for a serious purpose. If they threaten, they amuse us; if they bluster, they delight us; if they are censorious, we are happy; if they are honest or contain an idea, they receive careful reading, and not unfrequently serious consideration. We print the following letter from "D. K." because it contains ideas—some absurd, some we do not approve, and some that we find a thought in:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The monster demonstration in Richmond, Va., on the twenty-ninth of last month, on the occasion of unveiling the statue of Robert E. Lee, late commander-in-chief of the Confederate States forces, does not look very much like the Union being restored or the country reconstructed. The statue demonstration is only one of similar demonstrations at the South for the last five or six years. The country presents a strange anomaly to the world—united in name, but divided in sentiment. The writer knows whereof he speaks, having lived at the South before the Civil War and some years after the war's ending, and is prepared to say that the feeling is more bitter against the North—much more so—than in slavery times. The South is wrong in not accepting the inevitable, as all subjugated peoples should do, like Ireland, Scotland, and Poland, for instance. Judging by the aspect of affairs in this country at present, the union of the North and

South is as compulsory as that of Germany. The South German states are kept in the harness by the military despotism of Prussia. The present bitter feeling will exist so long as the North sees fit to keep up and cherish partisan organizations, like the Grand Army of the Republic, Union League, with numerous others that are a menace to the South and having a very strong tendency to keep alive animosity. It is about time now that the old sneer against other countries was stopped on the union question. As the British Isles stand to-day, there exists more real union, ten to one, than in this country, making allowance for incendiary agitators of the Parnell stamp, who swindled their countrymen at home and abroad out of tens of thousands of dollars. Notwithstanding there are fifty to one more people loyal to England in Ireland than at the South to this government. The writer recollects very well when the federation of the Canadian provinces was consummated some years ago; this was the only country in the world that declared the federation impracticable, impelled, of course, by a jealous, unneighborly sentiment. That union was consummated without the loss of a single life, while in this country at least half-a-million lives were sacrificed for the Union and the abolition of slavery, and neither accomplished, only partially. It is an undeniable fact that in some of the Southern States the unfortunate blacks are worse slaves than ever before—thanks to the rank cowardice of the Republican party. If Mr. Blaine, who has the name of a great statesman, would try and institute some healing measures, as Mr. Gladstone used to say, it would be more to Secretary Blaine's credit than his impracticable Pan-American Alliance. Mr. Blaine knows, or he ought to know, that Spanish-Americans, practically speaking, are the most unreliable people in the world; they are revolutionists by inheritance. The republics of Mexico, United States of Colombia, with the two South American countries—Chile and the Argentine Republic—have shown good sense in keeping out of the bubble. The Secretary of State was not a very practical Union man himself during the war for the Union, as Senator Ingalls tries to make people believe he was. Mr. Blaine took the liberty of deserting the flag of his country by hiring a substitute. Grover is in the same boat. But during the election, when Grover and Jim were candidates for the Presidency, the Grand Army of the Republic and the Republican press tabooed Cleveland for hiring a substitute, there was not a word against Mr. Blaine.

Yours respectfully,
SAN FRANCISCO, June 4, 1890.

D. K.

How can Mr. Stephen M. White explain? As we remember the positions once assumed by him in political affairs, he was once a very pronounced anti-monopolist and was strongly opposed to railroads and very much favored a reduction of fares and freight. Now, if we are correctly informed, he is upon the pay-rolls of the Huntington management as one of the attorneys of the company. If Mr. White is too poor to devote his time to the discharge of official duties as governor of California, how can he afford to act as a senator of the United States when it is considered that the pay and perquisites of the gubernatorial position exceed the salary and mileage of the senatorial office, saying nothing of the cost of an election to the United States Senate? The question obtrudes itself: If Mr. White shall accept the assistance of Mr. Huntington in his candidacy for the United States Senate, is there not danger lest the Democratic friends of George Hearst should combine into an alliance with Republicans in favor of the election of Senator Stanford? And again, if Mr. Huntington has withdrawn the railroad from politics, how shall he or it aid Mr. White or contribute to defeat Senator Stanford in their senatorial aspirations? It seems to us that Mr. Huntington is putting Mr. White in an embarrassing position, and one not intended to be very palatable to Senator Hearst or to the Republican party, and more likely to involve the railroad corporation in new and embarrassing complications, and to renew and awaken vexations which, by the conservative course of Senator Stanford and his present Democratic colleague, have now for a long time been regarded as settled. The new political combination, as it now exists, is Michael H. de Young, Collis P. Huntington, Stephen M. White, and the fight financial.

The Irish question still holds its prominence in the Parliament of England. The Parnell party, under the leadership of Mr. Morley, aided by Mr. Gladstone, continues to work the engine of obstruction, but so far with no probability of overthrowing the ministry by an adverse vote. Mr. Gladstone is now past eighty, and nature has given evidence of weakening power, his voice is growing "husky," he is no longer the "Grand Old Man," and he gives evidence of lessened physical endurance. How better it would have seemed to us if this once-powerful mind had not yielded all its faculties to an ambitious struggle for office and party power. Better it would have seemed had he been content to cut the beeches at Hawarden, to write books like "The Vatican Decrees," to harangue his neighbors at country fairs, and to round off his useful life in the enjoyment of ease with dignity, than to be compelled to die with his political and party boots on.

We are deeply pained to know that our English friends are not pleased with the McKinley Bill, which provides prohibitory duties on tin-plate and other articles of British export. We are sorry to think that Sheffield, the Midlands, South Wales, and Belfast are suffering from our protective system. Having given a free market to ninety-five millions' worth of American competing goods, our importing system should be thrown open to free trade. Might we not recall the adventures of the *Alabama* on the ocean, when we were in difficulty and danger during the Civil War?

Over-education in Germany has led to dissatisfaction and disappointment; in Russia, to disaffection and conspiracy. In Germany, the education is parochial and clerical, and under the general control of priests of the Church of Rome; in

Russia, education is conducted by the priests of the Greek Church. In Spain and Italy, almost universal ignorance prevails. In America, we are doing pretty well with non-sectarian school-masters, and if we had none but Americans as electors, we should have no difficulties with the labor class, and no objection to short hours or high wages.

It was a brave act for Isaac H. Bromley to refuse to shake hands at Chamberlain's with the slogger and drunkard John L. Sullivan, when introduced by John Russell Young. It is bad form for a gentleman to take the liberty of introducing a blackguard, except to a blackguard. It is American, but it is bad form, all the same. Mr. Russell Young, who is a gentleman, made a mistake. We are glad that Mr. Bromley acted the brave and gentlemanly part, and we are not surprised that Sullivan did not resent it.

The American Indian of to-day is thus discussed by Elaine Goodale, who is a teacher at one of the Indian Reservations: "The ideal Indian is tall, finely formed, athletic, and graceful. He walks with the free step befitting a son of the forest, lives royally on game and wild fruits, quaffs the sparkling spring, and fills his lungs with deep draughts of pure air. His strength seems sometimes more superhuman, and his endurance is amazing. We turn from his picture to look with incredulous pity upon the actual Indian of to-day, with his narrow chest and stooping shoulders, puny arms, and delicate hands, sitting over a red-hot stove in an unventilated cabin, and allowing unlimited strong coffee. He can not cut half a cord of wood on a cold day without exhaustion, and if he plows a dozen furrows in the spring the chances are that the red stream gushes from his eyes and warns of almost certain death. When the emissary of an Eastern school comes to the agency for children, how few are left to pass the physician's examination! How many of the most promising youth die at school or upon their return home! People learn with surprise of the great sickness and mortality among Indians on reservations to-day. "Why is it?" they ask; "why is not the average Indian healthy? We supposed him to be, above all things, a vigorous animal." The Indians themselves answer the question with a stern and sad arraignment of our civilization, at least in so far as it has affected their lives. "Before the white man came," exclaims the old man, wrapped in his blanket like a shriveled mummy, "gestulating with his skinny hands; "before the white man came, we were strong—we were alive! We lived in tents, we rode on horseback, we were constantly from place to place. We ate good meat of buffalo and juicy venison, we drank pure water. Our young men never feared, the blood never sprang from their lips; our girls had not those great swellings on their necks and these pale faces. The white man brought us these things. He brought us the flesh of diseased cattle, bad bacon, the coffee that takes away our strength. He sits in the white man's houses and eats these things, and we like the dogs! There are no old men and old women nowadays; very children are dying!" The dreadful truth about this charge is truth. The physicians who have lived among the Indians and died their physique and the conditions under which they live, will tell you substantially the same story—there were no traces of scrofula, consumption, the fearful scourges of to-day, among the Indians of olden time. The transition period of civilization—the change from teepees to close cabins, from warm clothing of skins to shoddy rackets and sleazy calico, from wholesome food to diseased meat and made bread, the excessive use of coffee and other evils incident to the period, among some tribes strong drink and the immoralities of vicious white men—these have ruined the pristine vigor of the aboriginal man!

The major portion of Peru lies east of the Andes. This region is called the Montaña, or wooded country, being, in fact, nothing more than a continuation of the great basin of the Valley of the Amazon, overspread by the same impenetrable, vine-draped forests as those which are seen throughout the two thousand miles from Pará to Tabatinga. This is a region regarding whose character and conditions even the Peruvians of "the coast," or Pacific Slope, possess but little information. Strange as it may seem, in point of time this Montaña is much nearer New York than Lima. A line of steamers (the Booth Steamship Company) sails directly from New York to Manáos, Brazil, making connection there with the excellent Amazon steamboats, which in another ten days reach Iquitos, the metropolis of this region. The average time for completing this immense journey of five thousand or six hundred miles, including delays at Pará and Manáos, is thirty days, and the total cost of a first-class passage a little less than two hundred dollars. From Lima, however, one must either endure the hardships of a journey across the Andes, which occupies about two months or more, or else go by way of Panama, or around Cape Horn, to Pará, and thence to the Amazon.

This world is getting too small to hold certain kinds of people. Two years ago, a bank-messenger in New York carried a package of bank-notes worth forty-one thousand dollars. He cunningly kept on with his work as usual for a year, and then removed with his stolen money to Honduras, where he lived quietly and in much confidence, because there was no extradition treaty between Honduras and the United States; but all this time a detective was shadowing him, and finally got the money from him, and will probably get the man. Last year, a thief was arrested in South America, eight years after the commission of a robbery in the United States. There is now a secret understanding among the police authorities and detective agencies over the greater part of the globe. They assist one another in such ways as to render it all but impossible for a criminal to escape, into whatever part of the earth he may go.

The skin of Arctic voyagers often appears pale, with a tinge of yellowish green, on return of sunlight after the long night of winter. The nature of this phenomenon was studied by Dr. Gyllencreutz, at the instance of Professor Holmgren, in an expedition of 1882-3, and the results have just been published. The conclusion arrived at is that the change is due to an anæmic-chlorotic condition, possibly that of incipient scurvy.

In addition has been made to the facts in the controversy regarding the use of chloroform, in the shape of statistics showing that the accidents due to the employment of chloroform in Paris hospitals during the last ten years have been in the proportion of 1 to 1,236, while the accidents due to the use of ether have been only 1 in 12,581 cases.

THE OAKLAND DISASTER.

By a Survivor.

On the afternoon of Friday, May 30th, having an appointment to meet some friends in Oakland, I went to the ferry, and, taking the quarter-past-one boat, soon arrived at the wharf on the other side. I then walked a short distance to the awaiting train, but finding that the smoking-car was the last one, and there being but two passenger-cars—the first one crowded—I was compelled to enter the one next to the locomotive. The first seats were occupied, so I took one well forward on the left side, about five seats from the end, and seated myself near the closed window. There appeared to be an unusual number of passengers, so I expected some one would wish to share the seat with me; no one came, however, and the train started.

There is a narrow bridge of some two miles in length to be crossed, then a strip of land, then about three hundred and fifty feet of open trestle-work, then a drawbridge over the deep estuary of San Antonio Creek, and then a short distance to Oakland. When we were approaching the termination of the trestle-work, and nearing the draw, my attention was attracted by a curious sensation, which afterward I learned was caused by the reversed wheels of the locomotive, which was within thirty feet of me, the tender being in front. Then there came a tremendous crash and a violent swaying of the car forward and downward, then backward, inclining slightly to the right side. The water commenced rushing in great volumes through the various openings into the car, rapidly increasing in depth. Of course there was a terrible commotion; but thinking that the train had merely broken through the trestle-work, I remained in my seat waiting for the car to settle to the bottom, when suddenly a man dashed across me from the right side, and shattering the glass of the closed window with both fists, forced himself through the hole and disappeared.

By this time the water had risen to my waist, and looking out of the window and realizing at length that we had plunged through the draw and were in the deep water of the channel, I arranged my hat firmly on my head, and taking with me my cane, which did such good service afterward, forth I went through the opening, and heedless of the sharp edges of the broken glass, soon stood outside on the window-sill, and then with some difficulty climbed to the roof of the car and stood upright—I was saved!

I was bleeding profusely from several cuts, but for these I cared but little at the time. Hearing a cry of "Help!" I glanced over the side and saw a hatless man struggling through the window; at some hazard I reached him an assisting hand and soon he was in temporary safety by my side; the car was still sinking slowly, but there was no sound from the interior—all was silent!

Then came swiftly toward us the first boat, but just then seeing a poor drowning man being swept outward by the ebbing tide, I directed their attention to him, they soon reached him, and seizing him by the coat-collar dragged him into the boat.

Then came another and larger boat. We were urged to get into it at once, and taken a few feet to the bridge, upon which we climbed by means of some wet and slippery projections.

There was still the trestle-work of uneven spaces to cross over, with the water glistening some twenty feet below. Now came the good service of the cane. My boots were full of water, my hands bleeding, but I crossed cautiously from one beam to another, and finally reaching the termination, heard, with an internal echo, a woman's voice: "Thank God, we are on land again!"

At this moment, a kind-hearted lady came forward, who insisted on my entering her cottage. She washed and bound up my most troublesome wounds, but I was wet to the skin from my shoulders downward and feared a chill, when very opportunely a freight-locomotive came up and I was allowed by the good engineer to warm myself at his engine fire.

The engineer proposed to me to remain with him, he was bound to the round-house for tools, and would continue a little further to the "junction" and flag the approaching train from Alameda with passengers for San Francisco.

The train was signaled, and on the arrival at the end of the wharf I was quickly passed through the gates and then into the furnace-room, not forgetting to take a good strong glass of whisky at the bar.

My new friends greeted me kindly, and listened with great interest to the story of the dreadful tragedy and my wonderful escape. We soon arrived at the wharf, and after drinking to my health and long life, I received their parting benediction and went on deck again; the passengers had all gone ashore, so I walked quietly up the wharf-way alone.

I was the first of the survivors to arrive, but the news had been telephoned and the city was full of excitement. I engaged a carriage, and with a surgeon, who had been ordered to attend to the sufferers, was soon on the way to my rooms. My wounds were dressed, stitched, and bound up, a complete change of clothing put on, and I proceeded as quickly as possible to send to my anxious friends in Oakland the tidings of my safety.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 9, 1890.

The principle of propelling a vessel by means of a jet of water driven astern, which is soon to be tried on the *Evolution*, the craft now building at New York for Dr. Jackson, has been applied to the English gun-boat *Waterwitch*. She has two outlet tubes, one on each side of the stern-posts, which are eighteen inches by twenty-four inches. On her trial trip she attained a speed of about nine knots, which is about three-quarters of the speed which would have been produced had her horse-power been applied to a screw. Dr. Jackson's craft differs from the *Waterwitch* very materially as regards the size of the outlet tube. This, on the *Evolution*, is of very small diameter, and the jet of water will be driven through it under tremendous pressure.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Order of American Mechanics.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The building up and establishing into prominence of a great American association based on patriotism.

It is to solve this problem, I take it, this order was organized, and that it is no holiday work, those who have been longest engaged in the task fully appreciate. It is not all to organize orders and councils, but the bases upon which they are organized must have some sure foundation in the necessities of the country—necessities not founded upon the requirements of the hour or special occasions, for in this event the people move, as it were, by one impulse, and patriotism needs no spur to vindicate itself.

But what is now sought to be established among the American people is a permanent institution. Our first duty is to create for ourselves a true nationality. While it is true of us, as a people, we are the descendants of various nations, yet, by some pervading principle in our institutions, the first native-born and succeeding generations become thoroughly Americanized, to the extent that a second generation loses all the traits that characterized their ancestors, and can be identified only as Americans.

In the American identity we see demonstrated a gradual but sure homogeneity of the heterogeneous material with which our European ancestry peopled the country. The glory of the country, the stability of our institutions, meet a common sympathy, and should meet a common mode of employment.

It is to segregate all forms of partisanship, create a compact American sentiment, a crystallization of the patriotism of the people into a homogeneous body, having one thought, one aim, and one common duty—the preservation of our country and its institutions, that we may be ever on the alert to oppose the machinations of those who would destroy the foundation stones of our country—free thought, free schools, and free press.

With us we have one cherished institution. Upon its perpetuity and its usefulness we rely to keep and preserve our republican form of government as a sacred heritage bequeathed to our children, and that our children may carry on to the end of time. And while we may allow none to excel us in our devotion to our free public-school system, let us be watchful that those in whose charge the sacred trust of their guardianship is placed do not destroy their merit by extravagance, their usefulness by penury or a false system of economy, giving our enemies grounds for persistent opposition to their existence, sapping away the very lifeblood of our free institutions.

A people who would preserve and continue the enlightened civilization which characterizes our country, must be distinguished for patriotism, influenced by high principles, a devotion to virtuous practices, and an abhorrence of corruption. It is not all that we abhor the malfeasance of others. We must impose on our own people salutary restraints, that the officers whom we may select to carry on the functions of the government shall be incorruptible, and, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion.

If we are influenced only by our prejudices, and in our natural indignation against the bigotry and ignorance of those who oppose the cherished institutions of our country, we are sometimes too prone to place men in power simply because they believe with us; in this we have performed but the least portion of our duty to the land of our birth. It is not all that those we select to represent us in the executive, judicial, and legislative branches of the government should be Americans; we should see to it that their moral characters are equal to their attainments. None more than the members of this order should exercise a sound and judicious discrimination in their selections. If our shibboleth is: "Put none but Americans on guard," see to it that they are honest and capable.

Do not forget that demagogism is ever forward and zealous. Their zeal to attain power is only equalled by their readiness to be corrupted.

Let us not, therefore, be so blind in our devotion to our country as to forget that we must have honest men to carry out honest principles.

When we look to the causes of the fall of the great republics of Phœnicia, Rome, and Greece, we find the preeminently prominent cause was to be found in the corruption of the rulers, the people's own selection—native, and to the manner born. But in those ancient days, the preponderance of ignorance over intelligence was so marked, the wonder has been that they endured so long. Their stability and long success was found in the virtue of the people; but even these succumbed. While the Roman territory was small, and but thinly inhabited, whoever fixed their abode in the city or territory were allowed the rights of citizenship. But when the Roman Empire was more widely extended, and the dignity of the Roman citizen began to be more valued, the freedom of the city was more sparingly conferred, and in different degrees, according to the merit of the applicant. Thus was the arrogant and the supidity of the alien checked. Afterward, when the whole world was divided into Romans and barbarians, foreigners might live in the city, but enjoyed none of the privileges of citizenship. They could neither wear the Roman dress nor had the right of legal property; but, subsequently, these restraints were removed, and foreigners were elected to offices of the highest distinction. Then commenced the downfall of the Roman Empire—first, in the uprising of the ferocious Huns under Attila; then by the supidity and revengeful position of Eudoxia, who invited Genseric, the "Scourge of God," to ravage and pillage the country; and at last culminated when Odoacer, at the head of the foreign residents, overthrew the last remnant of this great empire that for centuries had been mistress of the world. Then followed an age of darkness, when liberty fled, men became mere menials, and kings the servitors of a bigoted priesthood. Education was denied to all save a privileged few. All books that antagonized the doctrines of an insular hierarchy were destroyed. Even freedom of thought was denied, no less than the liberty of the person.

Shall we invite a similar fate? Shall the greed and cupidity of a few among us, taking advantage of our zeal to build up our common heritage, continue to invite from the slums of Europe its denizens, from China its hordes of Asiatic slaves, to freedom and the privileges of the native-born? Not if we, the sons of America, do our duty, and by watchful care anticipate and check the dangers that menace our future.

In Athens, the right of citizenship was enjoyed only by the native-born, and when a foreigner obtained the privilege, it was granted only for some meritorious service rendered the republic.

In the early periods of Spartan history, in order that the number of inhabitants might be increased, all strangers were admitted to the privilege of citizenship, but subsequently the freedom of the city was more sparingly bestowed.

Fifty years ago the poet wrote:

"Where Athens, Rome, and Sparta stood,
There is a moral desert now;
The mean and miserable huts,
The yet more wretched palaces,
Contrasted with those ancient fanes,
Now crumbling to oblivion;
The long and lonely colonnades,
Through which the ghost of Freedom stalks,
Seems like a well-known tune,
Which in some dear scene we have loved to hear,
Remembered now in sadness;
But oh, how much more changed,
How gloomier is the contrast
Of human nature there!
Where Socrates expired, a tyrant's slave,
A coward and a fool, spreads death around—
Then shuddering meets his own;
Where Cicero and Antonius lived,
A cowed and hypocritical monk
Prays, curses, and deceives."

This is the inglorious fate of all nations who allow the zeal and the demagogue to counter come ruin and destruction.

Shall this be the history of this metropolis of the Western continent, the busy haunt whither, as to a common centre, flocked strangers, and ships, and merchandise, once with peace and freedom blessed, now blighted in the full bloom of its prosperity—virtue and wisdom, truth and liberty fled, to return no more.

God forbid that such should be our fate!

It becomes our duty—we, the native-born and patriotic sons of America—to avert so dire a calamity, to preserve the liberties of the people, to advance the interests of the country, that this noble land may be blessed with a higher civilization and loftier aims, that the noble purposes for which this order was founded may become as permanent as the everlasting hills, rock-bound and steel-ribbed—not for a day, but for all time; that our proudest claim to distinction shall be that "I am an American."

Let us by our conduct imitate the illustrious example of the fathers of the republic, and let the good we have accomplished in our time be the patrimony of our successors.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 9, 1890.

Are Ladies Insulted on the Paris Streets?

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I wish to correct a statement made in your paper of May 31st, and would be much obliged if you would insert a few lines to that effect.

People are continually talking of the "dreadful depravity of Paris, where a decent woman can not even go out on the streets alone."

The morals of the city do not concern me, but of this I wish to speak, namely, whether or not a lady can walk out alone, and I assert that it is quite possible to do so.

Many American women, fresh from home, start down the boulevards to look at the shops. They are well dressed, pretty, frequently wearing handsome jewelry, and many of them walk with that particular little mincing wriggle, sacred to the "cocotte" on this side of the water. They smile at the pretty dogs and horses they meet, regardless of the fact that these animals have masters who are liable to take the compliment for themselves. Many pretty girls even glance from under their lashes at the men they meet, and the consequences are they are followed, spoken to, and annoyed. And then the sweet things go home and tell wonderful tales of their experiences in Paris.

There are hundreds of charming girls and women one can meet daily out walking or shopping; they walk quietly, their manners are dignified, and you never hear them complain of being insulted in the streets. The "boulevardier" and the "gommeux" can only talk a respectable woman by her behavior, and will never think of accusing her, unless she invites him. In a city where there are so many of "other kind" it is absolutely necessary for a lady to be careful of her *tenue*.

If American women were a little less giddy in the street, and could conquer their national coquettishness, they would have nothing to fear, for the fault lies entirely with them.

LAC THUN, SWITZERLAND, May 24, 1890.

A MIND DISEASED.

By Guy de Maupassant.

I am going to write what has happened to me. But ought I, dare I, write it?—it is so strange, so inexplicable. If I were not sure of what I have seen, sure that in my reasonings there had been no weakness, no error in my verifications, nor break in the inflexible result of my observations, I should believe myself simply the victim of an hallucination. To-day I am in an asylum for the insane; but I entered here willingly, through prudence, through fear. One being only knows my story—the doctor here. I am going to write it now, I know not why exactly, but possibly to relieve my mind, for I feel it in me continually like an intolerable nightmare.

I have always been a solitary—a dreamer, a kind of isolated philosopher; benevolent, content with little, without bitterness toward men, and without rancor against heaven. I have lived alone, too, because of a sort of embarrassment or constraint produced in me by the presence of others. Still, I did not refuse to see the world, to talk or to dine with friends; but when I felt them for a long while beside me, even the most intimate, they bored me, wearied and enervated me, and I experienced a growing, harassing desire to see them go and to be again alone. This desire was more than a wish, it was an irresistible necessity. And if the presence of the people with whom I found myself continued, if I listened—no, not listened, but heard for a long while their talking, their conversations, something happened to me. What, I do not know—a swoon in all probability. I loved so much to be alone that I was unable even to bear the proximity of other beings sleeping under my roof; to live in a city was equally impossible for me. I suffered agonies there; I died there morally, and was punished in body and nerves by the monstrous crowd that swarmed and rumbled about me even when it slept. The sleep of others is to me even more painful than their speech. I am myself never able to rest when I know, when I feel, behind a wall though it be, existences interrupted by these regular eclipses of reason.

Why am I thus? Who knows? The cause is possibly very simple: I am quickly wearied by all that does not concern me. There are many others in my condition. We are two kinds of people on earth—those who have need of others about them, whom others distract, occupy, and rest, and whom solitude harasses, weighs upon, and crushes; then again, those whom others bore, fret, embarrass, and constrain, while isolation alone calms them and steeps them in repose in the freedom and independence of their thoughts and fancy. In short, it is a normal psychological phenomenon. Some are gifted with the power to live from without, others from within. I, myself, have an external consideration, brief and speedily exhausted, and when it reaches its limits, I experience in all my body and mind an intolerable discomfort.

The result of this is plain. I attach myself and was greatly attached to inanimate objects, which assumed for me the importance of existent beings, and my house becomes and had become a world in which I lived a solitary but active life in the midst of things, of furniture, of familiar trinkets, sympathetic to my eyes as faces. I had filled this house of mine, little by little; I had adorned it, and felt myself content and satisfied. I had had this house constructed in a beautiful garden, isolated from the roads, but at the threshold of a city where I would be able to find on occasion the resources of society, for which, at times, I felt a desire. All of my domestics slept in a distant building, at the end of the kitchen-garden, surrounded by a high wall. The dark envelopment of night in the silence of my lost dwelling—concealed, drowned under the leaves—was to me so pleasant, so restful, that every evening I besitated for hours before going to my bed in order to enjoy it longer.

On the night of which I speak they had played "Sigurd" at the little theatre of the city in whose outskirts my dwelling stood. It was the first time I had heard this delicious musical drama, and I was filled with a lively pleasure. I returned afoot and with lagging steps, my head full of sonorous phrases and my eyes haunted by pretty visions. It was dark—no, black—black to the point that I could barely distinguish the line of highway, and I not infrequently stumbled into a ditch. The distance to my house was perhaps a little more than twenty minutes of a leisurely walk. It was one in the morning—perhaps half-past one, to be exact—the heavens had cleared a little as the night wore on, and now the crescent appeared—the pallid crescent of the moon's last quarter. The crescent of the first quarter is always a gay one—clear and sparkling with silver—but that which rises after the hour of twelve is reddish, sullen, disquieting, the true witches' crescent. All nocturnal rambles have noticed and said the same. The first, though thin as a thread, throws a joyous light which warms the heart and etches the earth with clear-cut shadows; the last a waning glow, so faded that it scarcely casts a shadow at all.

In the distance I perceived the dark mass of my garden and my kitchen wall, and—I know not why or whence—there suddenly came to me a sort of reluctant uneasiness at the idea of entering it. It was very quiet and peaceful, and the great clump of trees looked almost like some tomb in which my house was buried. I opened the gate and passed into the long alley of sycamores which led to my door, an arched and vaulted alley which cuts its way like a high tunnel through opaque thickets and rounds of turf, where beds and baskets of flowers in the thick gloom were but oval spots of indistinguishable tints. As I approached the house a singular disquiet seized me. I stopped, but heard nothing. There was not in the leaves a breath of air.

"What is the matter with me?" thought I; "for ten years I have returned in this way without the least uneasiness affecting me."

I was not afraid; I have never been afraid at night. The sight of a man, a marauder, or a thief, would have thrown me into a rage, and I would have leaped upon him without hesitation. Moreover, I was armed. I had my revolver, but I did not touch it, for I wished to resist the sentiment of fright

that was germinating in me. What was it? A presentiment—the mysterious presentiment that invades the senses of man when going to see the inexplicable?

Gradually, as I advanced, little shudders crawled through my flesh, and when I was before the wall and the closed exits of my vast dwelling, I felt that I must wait a while before unlocking and entering its door. I seated myself on a bench beneath the windows of the salon and rested there, a little shaky, with my head against the wall and my eyes upon the sombre shadow of the foliage. During those first moments I noticed nothing unusual about me. I had roarings in the ears, but, then, this often happened to me, when it seemed, at times, that I heard trains passing, bells ringing, and the marching of a crowd. Soon the roarings became more distinct, more precise and recognizable. I had deceived myself; it was not the ordinary buzzing of my arteries that put these noises in my ears, confused still, but which came, beyond a doubt, from within the building. I heard distinctly through the walls this continued noise—rather an agitation than a noise, a vague stirring of a heap of things, as if they were shaking, displacing, and softly dragging about my furniture. I still doubted the accuracy of my hearing, but once having glued myself against a closed window, the better to test this strange disturbance in my dwelling, I remained convinced—certain, that there was passing in my house something abnormal and incomprehensible. I was not afraid, but I was—how express it?—scared with astonishment. But still I did not touch my revolver, feeling that I had no need for a weapon. I waited.

I waited—I waited a long while, unable to determine upon anything, my mind clear but madly anxious. I waited erect, listening always to that noise, which increased, which assumed, at moments, a violent intensity, which seemed to grow into a growling of impatience, of anger, of mysterious uproar and riot.

Suddenly, ashamed of my cowardice, I seized my key-bunch, thrust the key into the lock, turned it firmly, and with a push, delivered with all my strength, sent the panels flying against the partition. The shock sounded like the report of a gun, and, behold, to that explosive noise responded, from top to bottom of my dwelling, a formidable tumult. It was so sudden, so terrible and deafening that I recoiled a step, and though conscious of its uselessness, drew from its sheath my revolver.

I waited still, but a very little while, for now I distinguished an extraordinary stamping on the steps of my staircase, then on the floors and carpets—a stamping, not of boots or of human shoes, but of crutches—crutches of wood and iron, that clacked like cymbals.

All at once, on the sill of my door, I saw my easy-chair, my great reading-chair, which came out waddling and bobbing! It passed into the garden. Others followed it; those from my salon; then the low sofas and couches, dragging themselves like crocodiles on their short legs; then all my chairs, with goat-like bounds, the ottomans trotting like little rabbits.

I slipped into the shrubbery, where I remained crouching, staring at this march of my furniture, for it was going, all of it, one piece behind the other, fast or slow, according to its build and weight. My piano—my superb grand piano—passed me at the gait of a runaway horse and with a murmur of music in its interior; the small objects crawled on the sand like ants—the brushes, the cups, the crystals, from which the moonlight drew iridescent sparkles and flashes from the shining glass; and the stuffs and bangings spread out in billows, like the waves of the sea. Then my desk appeared, a rare treasure of the last century, which contained all the letters I had received, all the story of my heart; an old story, but from which I had suffered much; besides them, all my photographs.

At the sight my fear was gone; I threw myself upon it; I seized it as one seizes a woman who flees. But it went with irresistible momentum; in spite of my efforts and my anger, I was not able even to slacken its speed. As I struggled and wrestled desperately with this frightful force, I slipped and fell. Then it rolled me aside, dragged me along the ground, and the furniture that followed it began to walk upon me, stamping my legs and bruising them; then, when I let go my bold, the rest passed over my body like a charge of cavalry over a dismounted soldier.

Mad with fright, at last I managed to drag myself to the main alley, to hide myself again in the shrubbery, and to watch disappearing the smallest, the commonest, the most modest, insignificant, and forgotten objects that had belonged to me. Then I heard in my dwelling, sonorous at the moment as are all empty houses, a tremendous noise of closing doors. They banged and flapped from top to bottom of the house, till even that of the vestibule, which I myself—fool that I was!—had opened for this departure, had shut behind the last article. I, too, fled then, running toward the city, and only regaining my composure on encountering in the streets some staring and belated passers.

I went to ring at the door of a hotel where I was well known, first, however, putting my clothes in condition by dusting them with my hands, and stating that I had lost my key-bunch, which contained, of course, the key of the kitchen-garden where my servants slept in a detached house behind the inclosing wall which preserved my fruits and vegetables from the visits of marauders. I buried myself to the eyes in the bed they gave me, but I could not sleep, and I waited for daybreak, listening to the throbs of my heart. I had directed them to notify my people at dawn, and at seven o'clock my valet knocked at my door. His face was worried and frightened.

"Oh, sir," he cried, "a great misfortune has happened last night!"

"Misfortune? What was it?"

"They have stolen your furniture—all of it, every bit of it, to the smallest object!"

But I was sufficiently master of myself to dissimulate, to say nothing to any one of what I had seen; to hide it, to bury it in my conscience like a frightful secret. I replied: "Then they are the same persons who have stolen my keys. The police must be warned immediately. I will get up and join you in a moment."

The search lasted five months. They discovered nothing;

they found neither the tiniest of my trinkets nor the faintest trace of the thieves. If I had told what I had seen; if I had told that I—well, they would have shut me up—me, I say, not the thieves, but the man who was able to see such a thing. I held my tongue. But I did not refurnish my house. I would really have been useless. I did not return to it or see it again.

I went to Paris, to a hotel, and there consulted some doctors concerning the state of my nervous system, which had troubled me considerably since that deplorable night. The ordered me to travel, and I followed their advice.

I began with an excursion to Italy. The sun did me good. For six months I wandered from Genoa to Venice, from Venice to Florence, from Florence to Rome, from Rome to Naples. Next, I ran through Sicily. Then I crossed Africa and traversed that great desert, yellow and calm, where wandered camels, gazelles, and vagabond Arabs, and when in the light, transparent air, came neither fellowship nor night but always day. I returned to France by Marseilles, but despite the Provençal gayety, the diminishing light of the heavens saddened me. I felt again, on returning to the continent, the strange impression of an invalid who has believed himself cured, and whom a dull pain forewarns that the flame of evil is not yet extinct. Then I returned to Paris. At the end of a month I was wearied there. It was autumn, and I concluded to make before winter an excursion through Normandy with which I was unfamiliar.

I started at Rouen, of course, and for a week wanders idly, interested, and delighted through that city of the middle ages, that amazing museum of extraordinary Gothic monuments.

One evening, toward four o'clock, as I turned into a promising street, where rolled a river black as ink called "E de Robec," my attention, fixed upon the bizarre and ancient cotenances of the houses, was suddenly caught by a series of bric-à-brac shops, which followed and faced each other, door to door. They had chosen their retreat well, those sordid traffickers of ancient rubbish, in that fantastic alley, along that course sinister water, under those pointed roofs of tiles or slate where groaned and whirled still the weather-vanes of the past. At the end of these black store-houses, one saw heaped piles the faïences of Rouen, Nevers, and Moustiers; statues painted and statues in oak—Christs, Virgins, saints; church ornaments, chasubles, copes, even sacred vases, and an tabernacle in gilded wood, from which the god had departed. Strange caverns were they, in those strange old houses, filled from cellar to garret with objects of every description, whose existence seemed ended, but which had survived their native possessors, their century, their time, and their vogue to be purchased as curiosities by the new generations. My tentativeness for *bibelsots* re-awakened in me in this city of antiquity I went from shop to shop, traversing in two strides the bridge of four dirty planks thrown across the nauseating current of the Eau de Robec.

Suddenly I beheld one of my most beautiful armoire, the threshold of a vault incumbered with articles, and I seemed the entrance to the catacombs of a cemetery of furniture. I approached trembling—trembling so that I did not touch it. I put out my hand—hesitated. But it truly mine—a superb Louis Huitième armoire, instantly recognizable, though one had seen it but once. Peering still far into the gloomy depths of that gallery, I perceived three my tapestry-covered chairs; farther still, my Henry Second tables, so rare and precious that they had come from Paris to examine them.

Think you of the state of my mind! But I advanced, helpless, strangled by emotion. I advanced like a cavalier the dark ages penetrating an abode of sorcery. And, by step, I found again all that had belonged to me—lustres, my books, my pictures, my curtains and arras arms—everything, in fact, but the desk containing my letters which I could nowhere find. I went on, descending to secure passages, in order to ascend to the upper floors. I alone. I called; no one responded. I was all alone in building, vast and tortuous as a labyrinth. Night came. I seated myself in the darkness on one of my chairs, did not wish to go away. From time to time I cried "Is any one here?"

I had sat there certainly more than an hour, when I felt footsteps. Light steps, slow, I knew not from where wished to run away, but bracing myself, I called again then caught sight of a light in an adjoining chamber.

"Who's there?" cried a voice.

"A customer!" responded I.

"But it is very late to enter the shops."

"I have waited for you since four o'clock."

"Come back to-morrow."

"To-morrow I shall have left Rouen."

I dared not advance, and he did not come. I saw the light of his lantern playing across a tapestry, where angels hovered above the dead on a field of battle. I had belonged to me.

"Well," said I, "are you coming?"

"I await you," he answered.

I got up and went toward him. In the centre of a chamber was a little man, very small and phenomenal. A sparse beard of irregular length, thin and yellowish, creased his chin, and not a strand had he on his head—his hair even. As he held his light elevated to the length of his arm to see me the better, his skull seemed like a moon in a huge chamber, crowded with ancient trash. His face was wrinkled and puffed, and his eyes were nearly invisible.

I bought three chairs—which were mine—and paid for them on the spot a round sum, giving as my address the number of my room at the hotel. They were to be delivered by nine o'clock the next morning. Then I took my departure, conducting me to the door with much politeness.

I went at once to the central commissaire of police, to whom I recounted the theft of my furniture and the every I had made. He asked for time to make inquiry by telegraph of the court which had conducted the original inquiry into the theft, and begged me to await the reply four later the intelligence was in his hands.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

"Cockaigne" says she has Disappeared from English Society.

A noteworthy feature of the present London season—now in the full swing of its annually recuperated vigor—is the absence of Americans of prominence. Whether it be that they have tired of London society or that London society has tired of them, I can not begin to say. It is true enough that there are plenty of New Yorkers, Bostonians, Philadelphians, Chicagoans—yes, and San Franciscans and Denverites—at the different big hotels; but though doubtless most worthy people, and in every way ornaments to any society, they do not seem to attract any attention, either public or private. The Prince of Wales does not know them. Their names are unfamiliar, and they are in London without being of it. When one casts one's mind back to the days (not so very long ago, either) when the name of Minnie Stevens was on everybody's tongue, and follows that era up by a retrospective glance at the reign of Miss Jennie Chamberlaine (almost a jubilee of maidenhood), giving a moment of thought to Mrs. Brown-Potter and Miss Winslow, and remembers the sensation they each made in London, it seems as if the power of the transatlantic belle were gone from her. Miss Marion Langdon was another. The arrival of the American Duchess of Marlborough gave a short spurt to America in the belle line a couple of years ago. But even she has grown *passée*. Indeed, she appears to find her native atmosphere more congenial to her this season.

Of course we have Mrs. Mackay. But Mrs. Mackay, whatever other estimable traits she may possess—and no doubt they are varied and many—never posed in London society as either a beauty or a belle. She was rather the patron of beauties and belles. Besides, you can scarcely call Mrs. Mackay an American any longer. She used to be, but she is not. She lives in London, has lived in London for years, and intends to live in London for the future. She lives like an English woman, talks like an English woman, acts like an English woman, seeks the society of English people, carries on her house on the English plan, and does everything as if she had been born and bred an English woman. America is but a recollection with her, and her nationality a tradition in the minds of her friends who have known her for any length of time. Lady Mandeville, or rather the Duchess of Manchester, is another American but in name. It is true that she has more excuse than Mrs. Mackay, but that does not alter her condition. No one who saw her would take her for an American. So it is with Lady Randolph Churchill. She is, perhaps, the most thoroughly anglicized of all the American-born ladies in English high life to-day. She is a leading Primrose dame, and one of the heads of the Primrose League with the Marchioness of Salisbury. Hundreds of ladies of English birth, women of rank and title and exalted family, do not occupy the foremost position as an English woman that Lady Randolph Churchill occupies. I do not believe the thrust forward and upward in society, which her husband's politics have given her, is altogether as pleasing to the consequently passed-over native-born damsels as it might be. But it does them no good to growl and complain. Lady Randolph Churchill's position is impregnable. But it is the position of an English woman. Gauge her as an American, and what is she?

Mrs. Ronalds is a trifle more American. The strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" ("Yankee Doodle" would be altogether too common and vulgar) suggest themselves to one's ears like the shadowy chords of an Æolian harp when one sees her, and one instinctively thinks of Mark Twain and Bret Harte, but neither sensation lasts long. Mrs. Ronalds is really a very old Londoner. She has lived here many years, and is as popular to-day in the very best society that the Prince of Wales's influence can provide her with, for she is one of his favorites, as she was thirty years ago, when, as Fanny Carter, her voice and beauty were the talk of Boston. She lives in nice style in Cadogan Place (I trust intending visitors will accustom themselves to pronounce this *Kah-dugg'n* before they call upon her), and gives "musical at-homes" of the most *recherché* and *distingué* character. There is a faint tinge of "Hail Columbia" about her parties yet. But it is growing more like the scent of the roses every year—so I imagine.

Sir Thomas and Lady Hesketh are in London this season, having just arrived at 111 Piccadilly. But I suppose that not one person in ten thousand knows that Lady Hesketh is an American. Certainly the fact, if it be generally known, attracts no attention to her of itself. She is to all intents and purposes an English woman. Of course this is as it should be. It is eminently right and proper for a wife to become part and parcel of her husband, even to the absorption of his nationality. But America fades away into the background. There are loads of Americans to-day, mostly old friends of the different ladies, who fondly imagine that the brides of long ago still shine with the American lustre they brought over in their honeymoons, and retain all the individuality which as Fanny this, Jennie that, or Polly the other, gave them prominence and made them belles each in her own locality, before the "English lords" who captured them (and their dollars) transformed them into ladies of title.

The American papers have lately been amusing themselves with summing up the American girls who wear coronets, and, at the same time, flourish the American flag in the faces and sing "Viva l'America" in the ears of the English nobility. I wish these newspaper people and these old friends could meet and see some of these American girls to-day. I venture to hazard the prediction that they would be surprised. They would find a good deal more of willing America in their husbands, and that is not saying much. Whatever of America was perceptible in Miss Chamberlaine, for example, is now vanished and gone in the person of Mrs. Naylor-Leyland. As for Lady Hesketh, I make so bold as to assert that her quondam associates in the days before the steam-yacht *Lancashire Witch* dropped anchor in San Francisco harbor, who remember her as "Flo" Sharon, would not know her again.

She is so awfully English, don't you know. I remember once meeting a San Francisco lady, who was a great friend of Lady Hesketh in her girlhood's days. It was some time ago, by-the-bye.

"There's one comfort about Flo," said she, "and you won't be able to say it of most girls. She'll never go back on her friends. Her position as a great lady in England, and thrown into the society of all the big people on intimate terms, won't spoil her one bit. She'll never forget that she's an American. That's what I think."

The lady had the rather common, exaggerated idea of the high position of a baronet in England. But that does not signify. She would have said and thought the same things of her friend if she had married the Prince of Wales. I wonder what her opinion is now?

After all, it is a difficult matter for American girls who marry Englishmen of title and position to know just what to do to please every one. They would like, no doubt (let us hope so, anyhow) to see and entertain all their old friends at their husband's "castles," "parks," "manors," or "halls," whichever style of abode may be theirs, whenever the old friends may chance to pay England a visit and take them unawares. But there are the husbands to please. Englishmen, and especially Englishmen living at home in England, do not like surprise-parties of any kind. They do not like to have their houses raided by people with whom they have not a thought or feeling in common. They do not care to have their wives called "Soo" and "Loo" and "Fan" and "Pinky" before the sedate groom of the chambers or the austere butler, and they are not particularly devoted to the pastime of hearing their own titles dropped before their own servants merely to suit the democratic and utilitarian tastes of people whose presence is a constant annoyance to them. Old friends of American girls are a torment in England. The majority of them know nothing of the differences which exist between American and English social customs. How can they know? They are utterly ignorant of many of the trifling points of English etiquette, without the observance of which an English establishment could not be carried on. They do not appreciate the changed condition of their former friends, but think they must be exactly the same, only with the addition of fine dresses, diamonds, and plenty of money. Fine dresses and diamonds will be the last thing they will notice in reality, and as for plenty of money, it will only be evidenced by the solid comfort its possession confers. They will bear no mention of money, or observe any oppressive sign of it. If the old friends of American girls who marry Englishmen of title and position wish to remain the true friends of their old-time companions, they will keep as far away from the American girls as they can. Their presence is, at the least, awkward. It is far from a pleasure, and is by no means a kindness. Unless old friends are of a sort, either in looks, style, or manners, to reflect credit on the American girl and make her feel proud of her country in the eyes of her English neighbors, the old friends should take the advice offered to the boys about the monkey's cage at Van Amberg's show and "better keep away."

Who will not say that the American girl married in England has not a trying position and a difficult part? It takes even herself some time before she falls into all the English ways which it is necessary for her to acquire. She finds everything very different from what she expected it to be, and after she has mastered the routine and the rule of things, about the last people she would naturally wish to see would be a lot of her old friends as green as she was and with whose instruction her whole time would be taken up. "You must not do this," "Don't do that," and "You should not do the other," would fill up all her leisure. Then there is the feeling of being quizzed and laughed at. No people quiz so much as the English upper classes.

And it is quite right for American brides who marry Englishmen to become as English as they can as soon as possible. It is a proper tribute of respect to the country of their husbands, and it undoubtedly makes their lives happier. But it plays the mischief with those statistics concerning the American strain in the British nobility. Take Mrs. Arthur Paget—Miss Minnie Stevens that was. Would any American put her down as an American? I mean, any American who did not know who she was and met her for the first time. No English person would think she was an American, and you can apply no stronger test than that. She must, however, be seen without her mamma. I do not think any one ever mistakes Mrs. Paron Stevens for an English woman. Certainly not English people. A mother like that *en evidence* would decidedly spoil the picture.

And so America, just now, is languishing for a prominent representative in London society. There is a vacancy for a beauty and a belle. I am afraid I can not exactly guarantee a success to any candidate who may desire to fill the gap. In a former letter I suggested that the American girl had grown stale in London society. I hold to that opinion still. But I may be wrong. It is very possible that I am. As I should not be sorry to find that I was in error, I hope that some enterprising young lady will make her appearance before long, and catch the prince's eye. She will have to be handsome, self-possessed, witty, and rich. All these recommendations she should have, but none are exactly what might be called indispensable but the last. I can not warrant her a warm reception, and that is why she should not lack self-possession. She will meet enough to tax all she can muster. English people will not welcome her with open arms, and her own country-women, already in residence, will wish her in Halifax. Every new and fresh American draws attention to their own nationality in some way. A new American belle in London society suggests such questions as: "By-the-bye, Mrs. ——— I believe you are an American. I had forgotten." "They tell me, Lady ———, that you are an American. I should never have thought so." "Is it true that you, also, are an American, madam? I heard so to-day." And so on. The American Exhibition and Buffalo Bill were sad torments to these people. Daly's comedy troupe is coming to goad them next month.

LONDON, May 23, 1890.

COCKAIGNE.

"I will arrest this man and question him at once," he said to me; "for possibly he has conceived a suspicion and will make the things that belong to you disappear. Go and dine; return in two hours. I shall have him here and submit him to a fresh examination in your presence."

I dined at my hotel, and ate with a better appetite than I could have believed. I was content, too—they had him.

Two hours later I returned to the house of the officer, who awaited me.

"Well, sir," said he, on perceiving me, "they have not found your man. My agents have not been able to put their hands on him."

I felt myself sinking. "But—you have certainly found his house?" I demanded.

"Of course; and it will be watched and guarded, too, till his return. As for him, he has disappeared."

"Disappeared?"

"Absolutely. Ordinarily he passes his evenings with a neighbor—a sort of a sorceress—the Widow Bidoin. She hasn't seen him this evening, and can give us no particulars. We must wait till to-morrow."

I took my leave. But the streets of Rouen seemed to me sinister, disquieting, haunted. I slept badly, with nightmares at each snatch of sleep. As I did not wish to appear too restless or hurried, I waited till ten o'clock the next morning before returning to the police. The merchant had not reappeared; his shop was still closed.

"I have taken, however," the commissaire said to me, "all necessary steps. The court has been apprised of the affair, and we will go together to the shop, force it open, and you will show me all that is yours."

A coupé carried us there. The agents, with a locksmith, took their places before the door. It was soon opened. But I saw on entering neither my armoire, my chairs, my tables, nor anything else of that which had once furnished my house—nothing whatever—when, the evening before, it had been impossible to take a step without finding some one of my valuables.

The central commissaire, surprised, regarded me doubtfully.

"Well, sir," said I, "the vanishing of this furniture coincides singularly with that of the merchant."

He smiled. "It is true. You were wrong to purchase and pay for those fripperies of yours yesterday. It gave him hint."

"But what is more incomprehensible still," resumed I, "is that all the places occupied then by my things are now occupied by others."

"Oh!" responded the commissaire, "he has had all night and accomplices, doubtless. This house very likely communicates with its neighbors. But do not fear, sir; I shall specially busy myself with this affair. The old fox can not escape us long when his den is guarded."

I remained at Rouen fifteen days. The broker did not return.

On the morning of the sixteenth day I received a letter from my gardener, also the guardian during my absence of my pillaged and empty house; it read as follows:

MONSIEUR: I have the honor to inform you that something occurred last night which no one—the police no more than we—can understand. All of your furniture was returned—all of it, without exception, to the smallest articles! The house is now precisely as it was the evening of the theft. It was done during the night of Friday or Saturday. The ashes are defaced, as if they had dragged it from the gate to the door. They were the same on the day after the disappearance.

We await you, sir, whose humble servant I have the honor to be.

RAUDIN, PHILLIPS.

Awaits me! But no—I shall never return there!

I carried the letter to the commissaire of Rouen.

"A very adroit restitution, sir," he said, "but have patience; I shall pinch this man one of these days, surely!"

But they did not "pinch" him. They have not "pinched" him yet, and I am now as much afraid of him as if he were a wild beast, unloosed behind me. He is unfindable, this monster with a moon skull! They will never take him. He will ever return to his bourse—I, alone, would be able to encounter him there, and I do not wish it—no, I do not wish it!

But if he should return, if he should reënter his shop, who could be able to prove that my furniture was in his house? Here is only my testimony against him, and I know well that it would be mistrusted!

This existence, too, is no longer possible. I am unable longer to guard the secret of what I have seen. I am unable to continue to live like the rest of the world, with the fear of similar things recommencing. I came, then, to find the doctor that directs this asylum, and I told him everything. After questioning me at length, he said to me: "You will consent, sir, to remain some time here?"

"Very willingly," replied I.

"You have an income?"

"Yes."

"Do you desire an isolated apartment?"

"Yes."

"And to receive your friends?"

"No; no one at all. The man from Rouen might dare through revenge to pursue me here."

And I have been alone—entirely alone, for three months past. I am tranquil, or nearly so. I have but one fear: if the antiquary should become mad—and if they should bring him to this asylum! Prisons themselves are not secure.

Translated for the Argonaut from the French by E. C. Vaggener.

Many capricious New Yorkers are having souvenirs, such as ladies' slippers and locks of hair, covered with a thin deposit of silver and displayed in their homes as mementoes. The substances of the articles thus treated are not injuriously affected, and they attract considerable attention wherever shown.

An international beauty show was opened at Rome lately, with imposing ceremonies, but the beauty not being up to the standard, the ladies were savagely hissed, and the exhibition had to be abandoned.

PARISIAN NOTES.

"Parisina's" Budget of Gossip from Lutetia.

The great event of the week has been the first of May manifestations. Of course it was as great a sell in Paris as elsewhere; for it all went off quite quietly. For the three or four days previous, a sort of vague anxiety had been going the round of the town, and the government had been showing its determination not to let itself be trifled with, by making the most alarming preparations; some people thought the whole thing a little overdone—fifty thousand men *do* seem a good many to keep a set of workmen in order, or else the French workmen must be peculiarly dangerous. All available room was filled up with soldiers—there were soldiers in the vaults of the Madeleine, soldiers in the Tuileries, in the Salon, which was to be shut on Thursday; battalions of infantry and batteries of artillery had come up from Versailles—in a word, every one seemed to expect a general blow-up. Nitro-glycerine, petroleum, and such murderous substances had been vaguely hinted at as having been found in the houses of the ring-leaders. And, after such a grand flare-up at the beginning, the whole thing ended in smoke.

May Day was peculiarly fine—every one had hoped some rain would fall to damp the ardor of the "manifestants," as they are called here. The morning passed off quietly; one o'clock struck—that was the time fixed for the commencement of the revolution, only there was not any revolution ready, so nothing happened. All the outskirts of the town—Belleville, Clichy, Levallois—wore their usual aspect. It was only in town, near the Place de la Concorde, that there was any crowd. At half-past one o'clock the delegates—about a dozen of them—filed out of a café opposite St. Lazare Station and walked by twos and threes toward the Chamber. M. Thivèrè, as usual, looked majestic in his blouse, especially when he put on, over his workman's dress, the tri-color scarf. A few stoppages, owing to the crowd, was all that occurred, and the delegates reached quite safely the house, where the "questeurs" received them and passed them on to M. Floquet, who promised to submit their petitions to the Chamber and to draw its attention to the fact of their having acted in a strictly legal manner. *MM. les délégués* then returned, took off their scarfs to oblige the *sergent-de-ville* who seemed to object to them, and went, I suppose, for a stroll on their own account. In the meantime, the police amused themselves now and then by clearing a few streets, such as the Place de la Madeleine and the Rue Royale. The way they went about their business was to submit you to a rapid inspection, and if you happened to please them by your general appearance, they let you pass. I presume that was the rule they acted upon, as I saw a poor old gentleman, who did not certainly look more like a dynamiter than myself, peremptorily ordered to move back. The most amusing sight was the Rue Royale café, full of swells come to look at the "manifestation," but who were much more attracted by a certain lady sitting on the first-floor balcony.

In the Champs-Élysées, nurses and babies were all one could see in the way of bloodthirsty anarchists; the Rue du Cirque was the only place where anything serious occurred; by some unfortunate mistake, a few harmless loiterers were mashed up—or nearly so—between some mounted police (called *Gardes Municipaux*) trotting down one way and some *sergents-de-ville* marching down the other. But the only really exciting part of the proceedings happened in the evening. I had a morbid desire to see some *manifestants* knocked on the head, and so, at ten o'clock or so, took the train down to St. Lazare and thence walked to the boulevards. All was quiet; I was beginning to think the whole thing was a hoax, when suddenly there was a yell and a scramble, and all the revolutionary rioters and sturdy *bourgeois* took to their heels in a most undignified way. I have no shame in saying I followed suit, as I daresay you would, too, if you had seen two lines of cavalry coming steadily down on you with drawn swords. This sort of a panic happened twice while I was there, and after the second, as I had no desire to be trampled on by the crowd, which I feared a good deal more than any amount of police force, your humble servant departed.

What had made the prospect of this gigantic first of May demonstration look so alarming, was the idea that, if Boulanger had a grain of sense, he would surely work his *coup d'état* on that very day. But no—fortunately for Paris—Boulanger either never had any brains or has lost them utterly during his little stay at Jersey. He has done for himself, and by his own fault too. If he had only just put on a wig, come up to Paris, and suddenly appeared at the head of all the strikers, he would have had a chance—and a good one. His friend and supporter, Déroulède, was well aware of that, and announced in his paper Boulanger's arrival, and even published a letter written by the general to Carnot—just like the Duc d'Orléans. A number of friends went over to Jersey imploring the general to come with them to Paris and play his last card. But the *brav' général*, brave no more, did not see it at all, in fact, was quite angry at the idea that they wanted to put his sacred person into danger! The parting between the chief of the Parti National and his followers was naturally rather cool. I can understand and sympathize with the disappointment Laguerre, Naquet, and the rest must feel: Boulanger has utterly gone out. The last straw they clung to was the reflection of a municipal council. But the results of the poll only gave the final blow. On the first Sunday, one Boulangist was elected, against twenty-five Republicans and Conservatives; on the next Sunday, one other Boulangist was victorious; two of them against eighty! it is a meagre result, especially as they had openly declared they would take Paris by storm, like that night on the twenty-seventh of January when Boulanger had a majority of one hundred and twenty-seven thousand votes! At the meeting of the "Revisionniste" committee, it was decided to publish an article, saying that the Boulangists, though defeated, did not mean to revile their successful opponents, but to side with them, so long as they acted according to the interests of the Parisians, *i. e.*, "we throw up

the sponge." It is said Boulanger is not at all broken down, but still believes firmly in the star of his destiny, according to which both 1890 and 1891 are to be unfortunate, but 1892 is to be the year of his triumph! Poor man, he is really so helpless and still that one almost pities him. By-the-by, it is rumored that a little Boulanger—well, that is, of course, if the general gives him his name—is expected shortly at Jersey.

You remember the book I wrote to you about last year, "Les Psychologues"? Well, "Gyp"—that is, Mme. de Martel—is going to publish another one, called "Le Raté." It is about the set of authors which has cropped up lately—the *Décadents*. Any fellow who comes to Paris, tries painting, poetry, politics, prose, and fails equally in everything because he is above working like other people, joins the *Décadents*; he lets his hair grow a few feet long, and keeps it as dirty and as greasy as possible; wears an enormous Italian brigand's hat, or else a topper with flat brims a foot wide; dons velvet coats, ornamented with buttons wherever there is room for them, and also shows a strong liking for scarlet waistcoats. These are all the qualities a *Décadent* wants. He can then write—that is, string words together without any regard for sense; he also has a few little manias, such as suppressing capitals, doing away with stops, etc. A craze like this is all very well, but when they come to putting on airs and reciting their verses to you, it is a little too much. However, they will die out, like most things of that kind.

PARIS, May 9, 1890.

LATE VERSE.

The Song of the World.

At the foot of the Caucasus tipped with snows,
Through the Cossacks' valley the Terek flows,
And the Cossack on guard at the water's edge,
As he watches each shadow of bush and sedge,
Sings to himself a sweet love song,

"*Douchinka, douchinka,*
The night is long.
But my eye is bright, and my rifle light,
And I wait for the day that follows night."

Where the rippling Po through the valley winds,
And the earth with the sea in harmony blends;
Where life is in living, and love never old,
The shepherd keeps watch o'er the straggling fold,
And sings, with the touch of a sigh,

"*Anima mia,*
Bright is thine eye.
I long for the time when the church bells' chime
Shall echo for thee like thy lover's rhyme."

The wild billows break o'er the rock-sheltered coast,
The spray in the moonlight is faint as a ghost,
And the Britany fisher before his shrine bows
In prayer for his love, and a candle he vows,
And whispers in solemn refrain

"*Bien aimé*
I come again."
The gulls sweeping by hear the lover's cry
And the winds call back the words with a sigh.

Through the Roman valley, by Caucasus snows,
By the Icelandic shores the melody flows;
It is ever the same that the lover sings;
He is lost to the world and to mundane things.
While wonderful visions are wrought,
"O Soul of mine,
Thou art my thought!"
The days come and go, Time's sands slowly flow,
But the Love that is planned forever will grow.
—*Flavel Scott Mines in Harper's Weekly.*

The Ride.

We rose in the clear, cool dawning, and greeted the eastern star;
"To saddle!"—our shout rang sharply out by the huts of Kerf Hawar.

The dervish slept by the wayside, the dog still dozed by the door,
No yashmaked maid with her water-jar bent low by the swift stream's shore.

The poplar leaves, as we mounted, turned white in the veering wind,
And the icy peak of Hermon shone pyramidal behind.

We had looked on the towers of Hebron, and seen the sunlight wane

Over Zion's massive citadel, and Omar's holy fane;
We had passed with pilgrim footsteps over Judah's rocks and rills,
And seen the anemone torches flare on the Galilean hills.
But our eager hearts cried, "Onward!—beyond are the fairest skies."

Where rippling Barada silvers down the bower of the Prophet lies."

So we plunged through the tranquil twilight, ere the sun rolled

grandly up,
And brimmed the sky with its amber as Lebanon wine a cup.
We dashed down the bare brown wadis, where echo cried from the crag;

There was never a hoof to linger, and never a foot to lag;
We raced where the land lay level, and we spurred it, black and bay;
Then the crimson bud of the morning flowered full into dazzling day.

The dim, dark speck in the distance grew green and broad and large,

And lo! a minaret's slender spear on the line of its northern marge.
Then, oh, what a cheer we lifted, and, oh, how we forward flew,
And, oh, the balm of the greeting breeze that out from the gardens blew!

And now we rode in the shadow of boughs that were blossomsweet,
While the gurgle of crystal waters rilled up through the swooning heat.

Pink were the proud pomegranates, a rosy cloud to the sight,
And the fluttering bloom of the orange was white in the zenith light;

And sudden, or ever we dreamed it, did the orchards give apart,
And there was the bowered city with the flood of its Orient heart;
There was the endless pageant that surged through the arching gate—
There was the slim Bride's Minaret, and the ancient "sireet," called Straight."

And now that the tide was ended, there was rest for man and beast;
For our trusty steeds there was shelter, and grain for a goodly feast;
For us there were growing marvels, and a wonder-wealth unold.
In the opulent glow of the daytime, in night with its moon of gold,
For sherbet and song and roses, with a love-smile flashed between,
Recur like the beat of a measure in the life of a Damascene.

We will rise in dreams, Beloved, by the gleam of the morning star,
And ride to the pearl of cities from the huts of Kerf Hawar.
—*Clinton Scollard in the Independent.*

AN UNHAPPY MILLIONAIRE.

Can One Pay too high a Price for Wealth?

I was recently traveling on an express-train, called the "Cannon-Ball," flying northward through Tennessee (writes E. J. Haynes). In the drawing-room car there sat a curiosity. He was dressed in the poorest attire, though every garment was whole and scrupulously clean. His outward appearance was that of a common day-laborer, but his hands were small and shapely, and his features were finely cut and beaming with intelligence. We were all puzzled over him. How could a man dressed so poorly put himself to the expense of a drawing-room car? Was he a miser or a harmless eccentric? Or a miner with his leather belt beneath his blue jeans loaded with diamonds and gold? Was he a chieftain from South American mountains come to the States to negotiate the spoils of frays among Andes passes whose thumb could and had nodded the execution of many an unlucky traveler? Or was he a lunatic in charge of some of our fellow-passengers and bound for an asylum? No one knew.

As the train sped on, we saw this strange man begin to write. He threw off several pages from a pad in a nervous way. He seemed restless the moment he was unemployed. He walked the car as if he would fly faster than our too fast "Cannon-Ball." He gazed out of windows eagerly on the blue-grass farms of Kentucky, and always he seemed to be straining his eyes ahead. He consulted his watch. Lo! I was a costly, massive gold thing, and gleamed with the twink of precious stones. Some one surely saw it, before it dropped back into his coarse pocket. Before nightfall, we had all seen the watch often, for it was almost constantly in his thin, trembling hand. His foot tapped the carpet constantly whenever the train made any halt. He was being consumed by time. We all agreed that the most likely solution was that he was a fugitive from some fear.

No. At length we saw a gentleman take from his hand the sheets of manuscript, before mentioned, and briefly thank him. A little later, in the smoking-room, it was agreed to inquire boldly of this recipient of the written matter, whom we knew to be an editor, "Who is that peculiarly enigmatic an interesting personage?" Quite likely some reader may accuse us of rude impertinence, but, if so, that will show the reader has never been shut up all day long on an express-train with nothing to do but amuse himself with his fellow prisoners.

"That gentleman," replied the editor, "is one of the richest men in the United States. He is an authority on minerals. He is a thoroughly educated metallurgist. He is the owner of an immense tract of land away down in South America; granted to him by the government for services rendered. He is just returning, after being away two long years. Let me read you what he has just written for my paper, descriptive of some recent discoveries in metal deposits."

The editor then proceeded with several pages, clear, an even elegant in diction, and faultless in style, bright with facts and description.

"This poor man is anxious to see his wife and babies. He left his baggage to take care of itself at New Orleans. He did not even pause to buy a civilized suit of clothing. He is in the same dress in which he came down to the coast from the mountains and took ship. He says, possibly, on his way to his house, he will stop at a clothier's, if he can make his heart wait; but the 'Cannon-Ball' Express he would have clothes or no clothes, to fly north. He is almost beside himself, now that he draws near, with his hunger for his loved ones, whom he has not seen for so long. Why, gentlemen, it is nearly four months since he had his last letter from his palatial home to which he is speeding."

"How much has he made?"

"Several millions."

"How long can he remain at home?"

"He hopes about sixty days."

"Poor fool! The price he pays for his millions is too high." Each of us agreed on that. Every one of us, turn, said it in one shape or another. This millionaire numbering off his heart-beats seventy-five or eighty each minute, the same as the rest of us, counting off his allotted number of days, weeks, and months, using up the sands in his hour-glass of vitality; and all this vast sum spent away from home. He was throwing into the scale, against millions of gold, so large a quantity of his life in savage mountains. I was risking the end, that may be sudden with the strong, and risking it so long away from almost everything that man could buy. A millionaire, forsooth! And yet I never live so poorly, even for a day, as he has for the last year—I will have nothing but day's wages. I never endured such privations, such heartaches, such dangers, such lonely hours, such companionship of a beggarly crew of Indians and half-breeds.

Too high a price, especially if he has not five years more to live. Too high a price, especially if he has shortened his days by planting malarial decay in his bones. Too high a price, as his wife loses her bloom by worry in her palace waiting by the window. Too high a price, as his boy grows without the imprint of his father's fashioning hand, without that affection which comes from association only, without the hinge of memory of a father revered on which to turn his subsequent life. Too high a price, if the millionaire can see the little daughter who died last winter and can only visit her grave, marked with costly marble.

There are some things worth more than millions. The excluded wretch who loves money more than youth, health, home, and country, who values the means of comforts more than the comforts themselves, pays too high a price.—*N. York Ledger.*

The British Museum possesses a Chinese bank-note issued from the imperial mint three hundred years before the circulation of the first paper-money in Europe. The first bank in Europe was that of Barcelona, established in 1401.

IN THE DOG DAYS.

"Van Ghyse" pictures an American Family at a Summer Resort.

The weather is beginning to get hot, and New York is beginning to empty itself. The horror of the city in hot weather is not to be described. New York in summer is no better than a simmering caldron of ugliness. The pavement beneath you is scorching, the sky above you brazen. The sun has power to blister the paint on doors and the skin on the napes of necks, and dead walls throw back the heat like red-hot furnaces. You walk in the park and the benches are full of loafers, somnolent with the sun. In the glare, the leaves hang down from the trees like leaves of rubber.

Everything is covered with dust or perspiration. Everywhere horrible smells rise on the motionless air. There is not a decent-looking person to be met with from Thirty-Third to Fourteenth Street. The most hideous-looking flaneurs have taken possession of Broadway and go lounging along as if the whole town were their playground. There are women in dragged skirts and muddy boots, with old hats smashed down over their eyes, and uncurled locks hanging over their ears, and men in greasy coats, and split boots turning up at the toes, and gloves with every finger out, and furry-looking silk-hats set jauntily on one side. It would seem that the whole Rialto had inundated the town.

You have never seen these people before. They have been hibernating all winter in some dim corners of the city. The gay and debonair crowd on Broadway never sees them. But when fashion sweeps the town clean with her broom, out come these night-birds blinking in the bright light and go fluttering up and down the great thoroughfares in their dragged plumes.

The only other people you see are a few Western tourists and English. You can always tell these in a moment—the English especially. The peculiarity of the modern Briton is his passion for getting himself desperately overheated. When a scorching day comes along, he puts on his heaviest tweeds and walks in the sun during the warmest hours of the day. About the Fourth of July, you always meet English people pounding up Broadway as if they were going for a wager. Their faces emulate the hue of their flag, their collars are melted, but with that truly admirable phlegm which characterizes their race, they plod on unmoved, severely tranquil, stoically indifferent.

But to return. The summer exodus in New York is becoming every year larger. The city literally empties itself on mountain and sea-shore. It is practically abandoned. This is something quite recent. Once upon a time, only rich people went away in a sort of magnificent, Roman style, with manservants and maid-servants and cattle, and the stranger too, if he was agreeable. Then families began to go away in a humbler way, because the hot weather was so bad for the children, those that were at that mysterious period of their existence known to mothers as "the second summer" often dying if they remained in town through July. After that, there was the summer-hotel, with moderate rates and fine chances for showing off costumes, and then the cottage, where the children could yell all day on the front balcony and no one would make a complaint.

Soon it was not the thing for any of the domestic menagerie to stay in town. There are stories told of people who put up the shutters, and hide the furniture under brown holland, and live in the basement. True or untrue, this showed the public's spirit. Every one went away, and the master was left alone, either to dine solus in his great empty dining-room, under a chandelier veiled with pink mosquito-netting, or to dine at the club with those other old and experienced spirits, who always sit on all the evening papers. If his elder sons were with him, it was more cheerful, but they were generally off somewhere on their own account. The old man dreaded the time when the family were away; dreaded the solitary dinner and the long dull evenings, sitting in the fading light by the open window and looking at the reflection of his bald head shining in the great pier-glass opposite under its swaths of pink net.

Always on Saturday he and the boys went down and spent Sunday with the family. The family were taking their pleasure expensively at a huge hotel on the sea-shore. It was terrifically fashionable and proportionately high-priced. The family, accustomed to well-ventilated, high-ceilinged, spacious rooms, spent a long and happy summer in half-a-dozen square wooden boxes, up three stories, and with such thin walls that when the people in the next wooden boxes talked, you might as well have been in the same room with them. For these luxuries the family paid six dollars a day apiece. They were also supposed to be having a madly bilious time. The many-sounding sea was visible from the front windows, which a considerate architect had put into each box to prevent the unfortunate occupant from dying of asphyxia on his first night of habitation, and though contemplation of the sea is much affected by poets, to the ordinary biped who goes to a summer hotel to be able—at any time of the twenty-four hours—to contemplate the sea is not worth six dollars a day.

The family, too, when at home were very exclusive, and when objectionable visitors came, always sent down word that they were one and all smitten with nervous headache, in the most timely and fortunate fashion. Down at the hotel behold these shrinking Dianias elbow to elbow with Tom, Dick, and Harry—and a good deal worse. Up on that third flat there are the most awful children. It is so hot up there that all the doors opening into the hall are kept open in the afternoon. Exclusive people, like the family, hang up green muslin-curtains in the doorways, so that they may sit about in limp and corsetless deshabille and no one be the wiser.

The curtains swell out and in on the breezes from the sea. The corridor is quite quiet, a little siesta would be nice just now. And at the moment, when this thought floats gently through the sleepy brain, the children begin. They play tag in the corridors and squeal and shriek. Then they run along the passage, trailing one hand against the wall. This hand in succession brushes aside every one of the out-swelling cur-

tains. The children see glimpses of disheveled ladies, who start and cry and look frightened. Heads, with ruffled hair, are thrust out, the curtain held tight round the neck with one hand, and the marauder is severely reprimanded. After this, the children quarrel and then cry. Mamma puts her head out, and the listeners bear her say, in a honeyed voice: "Why, darlings, ar'n't you making a good deal of noise?" There are groans from some of the open doors when this remark is made, and mamma, in angry surprise, consoles the warriors with kisses and candy.

The next silence is broken by a siren voice singing. It comes from the room of the lady who wears the black hat trimmed with oranges—not real oranges, artificial ones, with green leaves. She is a gorgeous but lonely person, one of the kind who bring on the family's nervous headaches. At about three, the hottest hour of the day, she begins to sing. She has a mighty voice, strong enough, you would suppose, to blow the window out of her little bandbox of a room, and she sings nearly the whole score of "Trovatore." She sings steadily, tranquilly, stoically, on to half-past five. Then there is a lull, when she is supposed to be either sucking lemons or eating lumps of sugar. A little before six, she breaks out with renewed energy into "The Jewel Song." This dies away with a series of ejaculatory trills, very reluctantly, toward six. "The Jewel Song" dies hard, for the trills keep breaking out in a sort of exasperated, persistent way well on to fifteen minutes after.

Between six and seven, every one makes the grand toilet for dinner. The singer renders the hour one to be remembered by singing in a spasmodic way right through it. You can almost tell what she is doing by listening to her. When she is preoccupied in getting up her back hair into the proper coil, the song goes down into a sort of deep grumble, not exactly dreamy, but absent. When she has looked at the hair with the hand-glass and finds it quite to her taste, how she does break out! Buoyant, exultant arias fill the corridor, and we all know that the set of that coil must be a thing to melt a heart of stone. During the completing of her toilet, odd, disjointed snatches of song ring out like the tocsin, and sudden descents of silence tell when those last finishing touches are being executed. At seven, after a full five minutes of deadly stillness, the door opens, a frou-frou of skirts, accompanied by a strong perfume of violet extract, proclaims her advent into the corridor, and charming, in white satin and beads, pearl powder, and a diamond crescent, she descends to dinner.

It takes everybody an hour to dress, because the rooms are so small that no one can find anything. All the trunks are in the passage, and people come diving out of the curtains, tear open their trunks, tear out the desired costume, and dive inside the curtains again in a state of palpitating fear. When a man walks down one of these corridors between the hours of five and seven, it is etiquette for him to make a great clatter, to pound with his feet, to cough as though in the last stages of consumption, to sing manly songs like "McGinty" in a deep bass voice; to strike on the trunk-lids with his cane, to talk to himself even, as people do on the stage. Should he not take these precautions, his approach will be greeted by a series of shrieks which will go far toward frightening him to death, and as he passes along, he may rest assured that from the crack between the curtains a lovely but vengeful female eye is studying him for future reclamation.

Dinner—the family say, when expatiating on the glories of their summer—is the brightest jewel in the day's crown. It is long, and the various dishes are mysteriously veiled in thick sauces. Here the remnants of breakfast and lunch may masquerade under fine French names and kindle no distrust in the eye of faith. Here, should there be flies, no one can tell them from truffles, unless in light-colored desserts, and then they look like currants. Everybody does honor to the cook by eating too much. It is only natural, after all, for there is nothing else to do. The meal extends over an hour and a half; between the courses the family lean back, clasp their hands over their waists, and in placid contemplation study the costumes and the chevelures at the adjacent tables.

Then comes the long, cool evening. When papa and the boys come down, they sit out on the piazza and smoke and look at the moon on the sea. This will be Saturday evening, and all the papas and boys are down for the Sunday. Each little family has its own group on the piazza, with papa in the middle and the family seated round in shaker-chairs. Nobody talks, because the dinner lies somewhat heavily on every one's inner consciousness. The surf booms down below on the sand, the regular muffled beat of horses' hoofs on the hard road is borne hither on the faint breeze. The shaker-chairs creak as their occupants lazily rock, and heels tap on the broad walk along the bluff. From the sea, there comes a pungent salty smell, and mingles with the delicate breath of perfume which hovers about each group on the piazza. The smoke of cigars and cigarettes circles upward in lingering spirals, and papa says, slowly, between two puffs:

"What do you people do down here all day long?"

To which the family answers, with one voice:

"Nothing."

VAN GRYSSE.

NEW YORK, June 5, 1890.

The pigmies rediscovered by Stanley in the great African forest represent the oldest race on the globe. "They have held their lands," Mr. Stanley said, in his address before the Royal Geographical Society, "for more than fifty centuries, have outlived the proud Pharaohs of Egypt, Babylon, Nineveh, Persia, and the Roman Empire. They were born before the foundations of the tower on Shinar Plain were laid, and they unite prehistoric times with the nineteenth century."

One disadvantage of civilization was shown recently in London by the dilemma of a gentleman who had brought an African boy to England from a place one thousand miles from the coast. The boy had suddenly declined to behave. In Africa, the gentleman could have either flogged the boy, or put him in irons, or done both; but such proceedings are illegal in England. He applied to a magistrate to know what he should do. The magistrate did not know.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Emin Pasha has demanded from the Egyptian Government seven years' back pay and a pension.

James Carlyle, the last surviving brother of Thomas Carlyle, has just died near Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire.

Ex-Senator Sawyer, of Alabama, now earns his daily bread as a second-class clerk in the War Department at Washington.

Detaille has several trunks full of canvases bearing his name, which he has seized, from time to time, when they were presented to him for verification.

D. Edgar Crouse, a rich bachelor of Syracuse, N. Y., is finishing a stable which is said to have cost over seven hundred thousand dollars. It is palatial in all respects, even to the comparatively small portion which the horses will occupy. There are rooms finished in costly woods, tiled mosaics, and other elaborate ornamentations. In the dining-room is a side-board that cost two thousand dollars, while the anvil and tools of the blacksmith-shop are nickel-plated.

Judge Joseph Cox says that General Sherman said to him once: "Cox, a mule is the easiest animal to ride in the world. I always preferred to ride one during the war. In a picture representing the burning of Atlanta, the artist has me seated on a fiery steed, with fury in his eye, etc., while the houses are burning and the soldiers are tearing up the railroad iron. Well, I was there; but I was not on a prancing horse, but I was straddle of a plain, common, every-day mule."

General Longstreet is making a brief visit to St. Louis—the first time he has been in the city since 1858. He said to a reporter: "I was in the regular army then, and General Grant and I were warm friends. I remember the last time I was here Grant and myself sat in a little poker-game in the old Planters' House." "Did you come out of the game all right?" "Well, if I remember right, I did. The general gave me a five-dollar gold-piece in the morning. But I have never played cards since then to amount to anything. That was when Grant and I were young lieutenants."

The Pope's resident physician follows his holiness about almost like his shadow, and is forever going to and fro with a thermometer in his hand, looking for the slightest breath of an intrusive draught that might venture to blow rudely near the head of the church. Sometimes these precautions are carried to an absurd pitch. When Leo the Thirteenth was to officiate, during the winter, at the Sistine Chapel, the doctor had huge braziers of charcoal set burning there all night beforehand, and when the morning arrived, the atmosphere was so oppressive that half the ladies had to leave the chapel fainting while mass was being said, and the Pope himself got a violent headache.

A Siberian Cossack, Dmetree Pjesbkoff by name, is now on a ride from Blagovjehensk, in Eastern Siberia, to St. Petersburg. The distance Pjesbkoff will have to cover before he reaches his destination is about five thousand four hundred English miles. The intrepid rider set out on the seventh of November last, and on the twenty-seventh of February, one hundred and thirteen days afterward, at two o'clock in the afternoon, arrived at Omsk, having accomplished nearly three thousand three hundred miles of his journey. On the third of April he resumed his task, and was expected to arrive in St. Petersburg at the end of May. The hero of this remarkable feat—a man of some education—is commander of a hundred in one of the Cossack regiments stationed on the Amour. The same horse will carry Pjesbkoff from one end of his journey to the other. It is thirteen years old, and is much under the average size.

A familiar figure, known as the "Black Horseman," has disappeared from Berlin since Prince Bismarck's departure. He was the chancellor's private courier, and had been in his employ since 1866. His real name was Ludwig Lewerström. During the Austrian and Franco-Prussian Wars he served the prince, and was the only German witness of the meeting between his master and the Emperor of the French on the morning of September 2, 1870, which completed the humiliation of Napoleon the Third and practically closed the war. He carried important messages during the days at Versailles, when the articles of capitulation were being prepared, and the same dark figure galloped incessantly between the palaces of Emperor William the First and of Emperor Frederick and the home of the chancellor during the periods, not so far apart, when the German rulers lay at the point of death. The fact that the courier was usually clothed in black gave him the name of the "Black Horseman."

Matthew Somerville Morgan, the artist, whose familiar signature of "Matt Morgan" is known on both sides of the Atlantic, died in New York recently after an illness of three days. He was born in London, April 27, 1839. He studied scene-painting and worked at the Princess's Theatre, afterward becoming artist and correspondent for the *Illustrated London News*. In 1859, he reported the Austro-Italian War for the *News*. He was afterwards joint editor and proprietor of the *Tonahawuk*, an illustrated London paper, and its artist. Morgan was also one of those who established the *London Fun*, among the others being Frank C. Burnand of "Happy Thought" fame, and W. S. Gilbert. In 1870, Morgan came to America as cartoonist and caricaturist for Frank Leslie, but left him, and became manager for various New York theatres. In 1880, he went to Cincinnati, where he was manager of the Stobridge Lithograph Company till 1885, and did much to improve theatrical lithography. He also founded there, in 1883, the Matt Morgan Art Pottery Company and the Cincinnati Art Students' League. Morgan has been a contributor to the exhibitions of the Water-Color Society, and has painted a series of large panoramic pictures representing battles of the Civil War, which was exhibited in 1886. At the opening of "The Brazilian" at the Casino, on the evening when he died, two of his scenes were used for the time.

VANITY FAIR.

As custom will not permit a well-born German girl to work for her living, and as the number of noble families with little property is large, a young lady who suddenly found herself destitute would have to face an embarrassing problem in Germany, were it not for the institutions peculiar to the land and known as *Stifts*, which are intended for the maintenance of destitute ladies of high birth. Many of these have been founded and endowed in Silesia and Saxony. At the head of each is the *Stiftshofmeisterin*, who is appointed by the crown, and whose office gives her high rank of precedence at court. The appointment of the ladies is in the hands of committees, but each is required to have a certain number of quarters. The ladies need not be orphans; if their parents are alive, they spend so many months a year with them; and when they marry, a suitable dowry is provided. But the chances of marriage are small, and in many cases they spend their whole lives in the *Stift*, and a dreary existence it is, as a rule, there being an almost entire lack of interests and occupations. The mere arrangements for living are on the most comfortable scale. One *Stift* in particular is palatial. It was built about two hundred years ago in the Italian style, with a grand approach of terraces and steps. Within is a great marble hall, with magnificent staircases on either side. On the first floor is a salon forty feet high, with a painted ceiling, and on the same floor are the guests' rooms and the *Meisterin's* apartments. The ladies are lodged above, the seniors having two rooms each. They all furnish their own rooms themselves. They have their private laundry, their maids, and their carriages, and, in fact, every luxury to which their birth may be considered to entitle them.

W. W. Story, in his "Conversations in a Studio," says: "The dress-coat is the great product of the French Revolution, and it is curious how it came about. The old coat out of which it was created was not beautiful in itself, but it had a certain character and effect as a costume. It was long in the skirts, and buttoned across the chest. The sleeves were loose and turned up, with facings from beneath; while in full dress lace-ruffles depended over the band. Also the coat was faced with a different-colored lining, which it showed when unbuttoned. In walking, the skirts, faced also, were turned back and buttoned up to two buttons on the back. Gradually it was lopped and reduced to the thing it now is. The skirts in front were cut away instead of being turned back. But the foolish buttons behind were still kept after their use had gone. The front was permanently turned back, and the coat made too narrow to button, the foolish cuts now remaining in the collar, representing the old division of the front lapels. As time went on, more and more of the skirts were cut away, until they were reduced to the ridiculous swallow-tail in which Beau Brummel said there was safety. The collar was then piled up behind the facings, and colors were done away with, and thus, little by little, grew up the glorious thing called a dress-coat."

A writer in the *Illustrated American* says: "In New York the effort of women to attain a masculine manner is growing rapidly. It is a phase of our craze for aping the English. Not long ago I stood in a small shop in Fifth Avenue selecting some gloves indifferently, while the clerk lounged against the counter and languidly examined his nails. Occasionally he yawned. The drowsy hush of the place was accentuated by the purring of a lazy cat. The lethargy of spring pervaded it all. Suddenly the door was flung open and in stalked a girl of today, her beautiful head held high in the air and her face suffused with the ruddy glow of perfect health. A bulldog tagged at her heels. The entrance of the girl was like a blast of chilly air on a sultry August day. The curtains fluttered. 'I say,' she said imperiously to the suddenly aroused clerk, 'you really must have another go at my shirts.' 'Yes, miss; what's wrong?' 'What's wrong? Oh, I say, what's not wrong? Bosom rumpled, sleeves too short, and no end of things. Upon my word, it's wretched.' She was a magnificent-looking creature, and the prevalent craze for masculine attire had permeated the very depths of her soul. Her hair was braided and laid so close to her head that the outline was as snug and clear as that of a short-cropped boy. She wore a shirt with a standing-collar and conventional cravat, and her two-button gloves were of a masculine cut. A boutonniere and the tip of a rather horsey-looking handkerchief decorated her double-breasted jacket. Her sturdy little boots were covered by white gaiters, or 'spats,' and she swung a small-sized umbrella in one hand. 'Shirts have no sex,' she said, shortly; 'you fit all the men of the family perfectly, yet neither my sister nor I can get satisfaction.' It may be remarked in passing that I had sunk into the limbo of the past. The bulldog had fallen asleep on the floor, the cat had resumed her doze, and I leaned against the glove-case, ignored and shrouded in oblivion. She was a superb creature, but how our grandmothers would have stared aghast at her affectations of manliness as she stood there in a public shop fitting a shirt! She seemed altogether admirable to me at first. Then I felt uneasy. Then came the senti-

ment of regret. She spoke in a louder tone, and the silly 'New Yorkaise,' with its commanding note and the affectation of stable-boy English, jarred like a file on my nerves. Her errand being completed, she whistled to her surly bull-dog and strode away with her head in the air. I found myself thanking God under my breath that she had not lighted a cigarette. Of course it was no business of mine; but have we not all a sort of proprietary interest in that most stupendous and lovable thing on earth—the American girl?"

It is so unusual to see a valet in the homes of the wealthiest Americans, that a *Sun* reporter started out on a tour of investigation the other day to learn just who had one and what his duties were. The first source of information that the reporter tapped was Chauncey M. Depew. "Valet!" he exclaimed in surprise; "why, we don't have any such thing in this country. The valet, as the Englishman and the continental European understand him, is a person who saves one the necessity of doing almost everything but thinking, and I don't know but that he is occasionally employed to fill even that office for his employer. He is supposed to be possessed of great tact and to be able to understand what he is expected to do almost upon the instant that the master frames the thought. He takes care of his master's clothes, seeing that they are always properly brushed and laid away, and puts out every morning those that are to be worn that day. He keeps his master's shoes polished and his studs in his shirt. He has the morning bath ready at the precise moment that the master leaves his bed, assists him to dress, has his razor sharpened, and shaves him with grace and dexterity. If the gentleman goes traveling, the valet puts in the trunks all that is required, and sees that the baggage is checked and the rooms secured at the hotels. He arranges about the railway tickets and the hotel bills, and, so far as possible, takes all the care and trouble of the master's hands. I am talking now about the ideal valet, according to the European conception. But unfortunately, perhaps, such a servant is rarely found, and that is one reason why the valet is practically unknown on this side of the water. Furthermore, even the best servant must have his directions, and the American of social, or professional, or business standing has no time to waste in that way. He can't stop to be assisted in dressing or undressing, because he can do it so much quicker and more satisfactorily unaided. He is not the kind of person who wants to have a man dogging his heels and toes at every move. He would feel nervous and constrained under such circumstances. He is accustomed to think of a dozen different things while he is doing one, and he can't keep this up when a stranger is constantly in his way. The American does not want somebody else to dictate the style of clothes he shall wear each day, any more than he is willing to accept the hotel rooms selected by another. He wants to see the rooms himself and determine upon their fitness before he accepts them. In fact, he is altogether too independent a person to bother with a valet." By the way, Mr. Depew sounds the *f* in "valet," after the English fashion. Mr. Ward McAllister, the expert on social questions, was studying the effect of the portière between the two parlors at his home on West Thirty-Sixth Street when the reporter entered his presence. "We don't have any, don't you know," he said, when he had learned the reporter's errand. "There may be a few young men who have valets" (Mr. McAllister did not sound the *f*), "but there are so few of them that they don't count. I suppose Tom Howard and a few young men of the same class have them, but no more. No, the custom is not American, don't you know, and not suited to us."

The shoe-dealer does not exist who does not know the woman with a number five foot who "wears a number three shoe." She is the hane of clerks who are green in the shoe business, but the old hands know her well. She is sharp, and the dealer who tries to palm off a shoe with the size altered to suit her demands, must needs be cautious and thorough in his work. She has "caught on" to the fact that the size is marked on the lining as well as on the sole, and after satisfying herself that the shoe fits perfectly, she scrutinizes the sole and the lining most carefully to assure herself that the unscrupulous salesman is not palming off shoes of a larger size. A Western dealer has most thoroughly overcome this little difficulty by an ingenious method. He stipulates that all goods bought shall be without size-marks on the sole. The mark inside is erased or blotted out, and a size-sign placed on the sole with pen and ink. This is perfectly intelligible to the salesman, but is passed over by the customer as a cost-mark and never questioned.

A dispatch from the Tuxedo Club, Tuxedo Park, says: "Carmencita's heels seem still to be flying in the air. They made such an impression that it will take Old Father Time's sharpest awl and heaviest peg hammer to knock off even the top lift of recollections. And as for those lemon-candy hose, with their rock-candy accompaniment of skirts—well, the gentlemen who sat in the front row of seats in the ball-room will not forget them as long as they are able to sit up and take mint-juleps. The trend of

gossip has been in the direction of the gentlemen who sat together in one corner of the theatre and displayed such a knowledge of Spanish dances. One of them threw his soft hat on the stage at a moment when bouquets were flying in that direction and his action was not understood for a moment. But with a well-assumed naïveté Carmencita picked it up deftly, and then, as though inspired by the incident, placed the hat upon her own raven locks and with a jaunty little swagger began a 'hat dance.' The coterie of men supplemented their exhibition of Spanish customs by keeping time to the patter of her feet and shouting 'Brava!' Some folks may wonder why Carmencita should be 'invited' to the sacred precincts of Tuxedo when other professional women of a higher standing had been denied that privilege. But let it be known far and wide that the 'dance artist' was not invited. She was hired. And while all the ladies of the park were really much pleased with her finished and artistic performance, their overtures were confined to applause at a very respectful distance."

"He had thrown aside the curtains of two or three berths occupied by women," so runs a letter in a New York daily, signed "Alfred Traveler," complaining that sleeping-car passengers from Montreal are rudely awakened by the porter fifteen miles out from New York. The writer gave his experience and added: "It seems that the gentleman of color had not only awakened me in this fashion, but had also thrown aside the curtains of two or three berths occupied by ladies, and had told them that it was time for them to dress for New York. One of the ladies, when she had dressed herself, called the porter to account for invading the privacy of what was practically her sleeping-apartment. She said, very truly and very indignantly, he would not have dared to enter her room, and yet he had unhesitatingly pulled aside these curtains and had taken her by the arm." Superintendent Flagg, of the Wagner Company, says: "If the writer of the card will give me the name of the car on which he alleges the rudeness of the porter took place, I will see to it, if the man is guilty, that he is discharged." On sleeping-cars in California, the porters would be amazed at any such rules. The writer has repeatedly seen negro porters open the curtains of berths, seize sleeping ladies by the arm or shoulder, and shake them to arouse them.

The great increase in the number of resorts during the last fifteen years is one of the most marked features of American social life, and has permanently modified the character of Americans generally, especially those who live in cities and towns. Summer resorts are now fully equalled, if not outnumbered, by winter, spring, and autumn resorts. Indeed, many old-time summer resorts are now entering the lists as all-the-year-round resorts, a proof that there is a tendency on the part of the people to seek rest and recreation at other times than summer. The increase of wealth is rapidly producing a leisure class whose members are able to leave home at any time. But it is not merely the leisure classes who are learning to take a vacation at other times than summer. Many business-men are beginning to discover that they can afford to drop business for a short time in winter in order to make a trip down South or to the Pacific Coast; and others are willing to exchange their usual summer vacation for one in winter or spring.

J. W. K., the Philadelphia correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, writes: "Society in town is taking bets on the question as to how long the new Woman's Club is going to last. The ladies who comprise it represent the inner circle of the temple of fashion. They began in a small way, with charity as an object. But recently they have taken a big brown-stone house in the most fashionable part of the town, and as the cost of running the establishment will be large, the yearly dues have been placed at a steep figure. A matron, with a large fashionable following, has been elected president, and the membership includes many of the married women and huds of society. The furnishing of the house is going to be something splendid. They are going to have a café, of course. But parties are divided on the question as to whether they shall have a French cook and their own waiters, or have their meals sent in from a fashionable club near by. Most advanced of all, they are going to have sleeping-chambers which may be used by members of the club under certain regulations. This is an evidence of progress that may make some disturbance, for since the men in society have learned just how advanced the club is going to be, there is decided muttering among the more conservative of them, and even those who are disposed to be free and easy are wondering whether a ladies' rival to men's clubs is just what they wish to support, anyway, especially if they are going to be open at remarkably late hours and provide sleeping-chambers. The advocates of the club, sleeping-chambers and all, argue that this is the way it is done in London, and that husbands or fathers never think of worrying because their wives or daughters remain out at the club all night. But, then, Philadelphia is not London. So the matter goes, with perhaps a growing strength for the anti-club people, especially a club with sleeping-rooms."



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May be produced by the use of Mrs. GRAHAM'S EUGENIE ENAMEL and ROSE BLOOM.

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Price of each, \$1.00; the two sent anywhere for \$2.00. For sale by all druggists and at Mrs. Graham's establishment, 103 Post Street, San Francisco. Send stamp for my little book, "How to Be Beautiful."

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,

24 Post Street, San Francisco.

For \$75 this College instructs in Shorthand, Type-writing, Book-keeping, Telegraphy, Penmanship, all the English Branches, and everything pertaining to business, for six full months. We have sixteen teachers, and give individual instruction to all our pupils. Our school has its graduates in every part of the State. Send for circular.

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THE BOSTON FAVORITE
BEST MADE, CUT RATES

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Stanley's book will appear, it is expected, about the middle of June. A copy will cost, in England, ten dollars and fifty cents, while the French version—published under the title of "H. M. Stanley dans les Tenebres de L'Afrique"—will cost only about five dollars.

The following particulars concerning the late Fletcher Harper are of interest:

Fletcher Harper, who died on the twenty-second instant at his home in New York city, had been a member of the firm of Harper & Brothers for twenty-one years. His father, Fletcher Harper, was the youngest of the brothers who founded the house. He was born in New York on October 7, 1828. At the age of sixteen, with his father's consent, he shipped to China before the mast. On his return he entered Columbia College, leaving it at the end of his junior year to go abroad. Coming back to this country in a year, he was with Harper & Brothers for a time, and then became part owner of the *Times*. In a year, however, he returned to the publishing firm, where, for a time, he had charge of the Harper periodicals. Before the death of the first Fletcher Harper, in 1877, there was a Fletcher Harper in each of four generations of his branch of the family. Of these, the youngest alone is now left—the great-grandson—although the venerable widow of the first Fletcher and the great-grandmother of the last survives in a green old age.

Rider Haggard has just sent his new book to the press. It is called "Eric," and is a Scandinavian romance of the bloodiest description, with but few survivors in the last chapters.

Concerning the pseudo-superiority of the magazines of the day, *Life* has this to say:

Some one of the genial contemporary critics was taking Mr. Andrew Lang apart the other day, because he had written a piece for a contemporary magazine about "the typical American"—something, the critic intimated, he was quite incompetent to handle. Of course, he was, and the critic has Mr. Lang's own word for it, for he says so himself, very distinctly, in his very own article. Not that it signifies (for, of course, Mr. Lang's real purpose was not so much to describe the typical American, as merely to write a short essay for a magazine). He did it well, for it is a job that no one understands better than he. Some familiarity with the current magazines encourages the opinion that the primary purpose with which most of the articles in them are written is not so much to impart information to the reader, or to relieve the writer's mind of any sort of pressure, as purely and simply for the sake of writing an article. It is a very pretty occupation to write for the magazines, only what is written for the sake of writing should be read for the sake of reading, and not with any ulterior purpose of penance, the performance of duty, or the acquisition of knowledge. Wherefore, if any person affects any species of superiority, as being a reader of magazines, over other persons who are mere readers of newspapers, let him abate himself, and come down off the roof of his self-esteem. If the magazines amuse him, well and good; he is repaid for his trouble; but if he thinks they will be received in evidence of culture, and of intellectual fibre, he shall be disappointed. It is no more austere to virtuously ignore more to read them than to talk to a pleasant woman at an evening-party. It is agreeable, of course, but that is all there is of it.

Paul du Chailu's rewritten and condensed edition of his old work, entitled "Adventures in the Great Forest of Equatorial Africa and the Country of the Dwarfs," will be published early this month. The earned members of the British Royal Geographical society were disposed to doubt Du Chailu's account of these dwarfs, to whom Stanley recently made his visit.

Mr. H. M. Alden is announced to be the author of the recent anonymous hook, entitled "God in His World."

A syndicate letter has this to say of Patti as a potential authoress:

Before Patti reached New York, she had made a partial understanding with a certain editor that she should write an article for his magazine on "How to Take Care of the Voice." In some manner, this fact got into other editorial ears, and when the famous singer reached New York, she found not less than fourteen literary offers awaiting her. They were all of the most lucrative character, and averaged on two hundred and fifty dollars per thousand words to one thousand dollars for an article of any length. With this state of affairs confronting her, Patti absolutely refused to write anything, although all the literary "modern conveniences" were offered her in the way of stenographers, a phonograph, and one editor offered the services of a well-known author, but he said would write the article if the diva would supply the "points" and her signature.

Professor Hardy, of Dartmouth, instead of publishing a charming novel this season, has in press a work of another class that should command the profound respect of all novel-readers—a text-book of ulcus. It will be out about July 1st, or in good time for the summer vacation.

Philadelphia is said to have organized a Rudyard Kipling Club, upon which the New York *Tribune* marks:

It is safe to say that not one man or woman in a hundred Philadelphia and we may add, in New York, knows either Rudyard Kipling is a man or a new brand of tobacco. Even in England, where his fame is so rapidly reading, he is still far from being a household word. This is the case, the formation of clubs in this country to burn sense under the nose of this new literary light is worse than senism.

Mr. Whittier intends to write a poem of one hundred lines for the approaching two hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration of Haverhill.

Robert Grant has finished a new novel, which is scribed as "the story of an American family told nply and directly."

New Publications.

"Hayne Home," a novel by Anna Oldfield Wiggs, has been published in the Globe Library by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Stanley's Emin Pasha Expedition," by A. J. Auters, of the *Mouvement Graphique*, of Brussels, another American edition of which has already been noticed in these columns, has been published by John B. Alden, New York.

"Social Lepers" is the fetching title of a new vel of the erotic school, written by Wenona Gil-

man, whose portrait serves as a frontispiece. Published by the American News Company, New York; for sale by the newsdealers; price, 50 cents.

"The Way out of Agnosticism," by Dr. Francis Ellingwood Abbot, of Harvard University, is a close argument along scientific and philosophic lines against the agnosticism of the times. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$1.00.

"Bella's Blue Book," by Marie Calm, has been translated from the German by Mrs. J. W. Davis, and appears, with process reproductions of the original wash-drawings, in the International Library. Published by the Worthington Company, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, 75 cents.

"The Mistress of Beech Knoll," by Clara Louise Burnham, is a novel of New England life, so crowded with typical characters, so uneventful in plot, and so local in color and allusions, that few but New Englanders will find much to enjoy in it. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$1.25.

Trelawny's "Adventures of a Younger Son" has been brought out in a new edition. This entertaining narrative of adventure, which has fallen into an undeserved obscurity, is furnished with a biographical introduction by Edward Garnett and several portraits and other pictures, and will be found as readable to-day as it was half a century ago. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, \$1.50.

Those who have read and enjoyed T. R. Sullivan's short stories in *Scribner's*, will be glad to know that a volume of "Day and Night Stories" has been issued, containing "The Lost Rembrandt," "Out of New England Granite," "Cordon," "The Tincture of Success," "The Rock of Beranger," "Maestro Ambrogio," and "Through the Gate of Dreams." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price: paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

"John Jay," by George Pellew, is the latest issue in the American Statesmen Series. It is based on the "Life and Letters," by his son; on Flanders's work; on contemporary biographies and correspondences; on French and American public documents; and on the "Jay MSS." and the "Stevens MSS.," and contains much new material regarding his private life as well as the motives of the early Federalists. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by William Doxey; price, \$1.25.

"The Lawton Girl," by Harold Frederic—the London correspondent of the New York *Times*, who made his debut as a star novelist in *Scribner's* with "Seth's Brother's Wife"—is a story of a factory-girl who comes back to her native town of Thessaly, in Western New York, to live down her early sin. She is instrumental in unmasking the later villainy of the man who had wronged her and thereby uniting the young lawyer, who is the hero of the story, to the woman of his choice, and the nobility and earnestness of her life are an aid to her fellow-workers. The book touches upon several social and economic questions, and will be found suggestive to the thoughtful, as well as interesting to the distraction-seeking reader. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, \$1.25.

"Old Age," by Dr. G. M. Humphry, F. R. S., is a series of reports read before the British Medical Association, giving analyses and generalizations from the results of information collected by members of the association, respecting nearly nine hundred persons who had passed the age of ninety years, including seventy-four centenarians. Dr. Humphry regards old age as a descending development, when in the healthy subject the various organs and functions retain their just harmony, each and all growing weak and less together, until finally they all wear out at the same time. Such old age, he shows, is a product of, and only possible in, advanced civilization, where altruism has taken the place of the struggle for life. The deductions the physician draws seem to show that the indications for longevity are a sound constitution, an active life, and temperance in meat and alcohol—though none of these seem essential. Published by Macmillan & Bowers, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

Journalistic Chat-Chat.

In the June *Century*, under the heading "What's the News?" Eugene M. Camp has an article containing a number of interesting facts about leading newspapers. The article is only three pages long, and is a marvel of condensation. The writer says:

News is an unpublished event of present interest. It is an event, rather than a fact or circumstance, because it contains the element of happening. Editing a newspaper is the process of weighing news. No newspaper ever prints all the news, although many advertise to do so. What is the total annual cost to the wholesale purchasers of news—namely, the publishers—of the entire news-product of the United States? For several years I have been gathering information upon which to base an estimate.

Publishers in this country annually expend something near the following sums for news:

For press dispatches.....	\$1,820,000
"special.....	2,250,000
"local news.....	12,500,000
	\$16,570,000

The business of the Associated Press amounts to \$1,250,000 per annum, and that of the United Press is \$450,000 per annum. The estimate for special dispatches includes telegraph tolls and pay of the correspondents who furnish the news. Here are the average monthly bills for special dispatches of fourteen leading journals:

Atlanta Constitution.....	\$1,100
Boston Herald.....	5,500
Chicago Herald.....	6,500
Chicago Tribune.....	4,500
Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.....	5,800
Cincinnati Enquirer.....	4,750
Kansas City Journal.....	4,050
Minneapolis Tribune.....	3,000
New York World.....	9,514
Philadelphia Press.....	3,600
San Francisco Call.....	3,500
San Francisco Examiner.....	4,000
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.....	11,660
St. Louis Republic.....	3,300

The cost of the "local" news far exceeds that of both the other departments. The weekly bills for local news of the leading New York dailies range from \$1,500 to \$3,400.

When news is delivered upon the news-editor's desk, it has then to be edited; and editors' services command, in Boston, from \$30 to \$60 per week; in New York, from \$40 to \$100; in Philadelphia, from \$30 to \$70; in Cincinnati, from \$25 to \$50; in Chicago, from \$40 to \$80; in St. Louis, from \$20 to \$45; and in San Francisco, from \$40 to \$65. There are 35,000 persons in the United States engaged in work upon daily and weekly newspapers. Half of them receive from \$20 to \$35 per week.

White-paper bills cut a big figure in the outlay of the newspaper publisher. Here are the annual paper bills of eighteen leading journals:

Atlanta Constitution.....	\$63,000
Baltimore American.....	103,000
Boston Herald.....	315,000
Boston Globe.....	326,000
Chicago Herald.....	265,000
Chicago News.....	324,000
Chicago Tribune.....	195,000
Cincinnati Enquirer.....	252,000
Kansas City Journal.....	53,000
Louisville Courier-Journal.....	135,000
Minneapolis Tribune.....	60,000
New York World.....	667,300
Philadelphia Press.....	245,000
Philadelphia Times.....	105,000
San Francisco Call.....	120,000
San Francisco Examiner.....	155,000
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.....	255,000
St. Louis Republic.....	125,000

Following are the weekly composition bills of several of the great dailies:

Baltimore American.....	\$2,000
Boston Globe.....	4,100
Chicago Herald.....	2,100
Chicago News.....	1,500
Chicago Tribune.....	2,500
Cincinnati Enquirer.....	3,200
New York Herald.....	3,750
New York Times.....	3,000
New York World.....	6,000
Philadelphia Ledger.....	2,150
San Francisco Call.....	1,700
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.....	2,700
St. Louis Republic.....	2,000

The New York *Sun* pays \$140 per week to proof-readers; the New York *Times* and New York *Tribune*, \$245 each; and the New York *Herald* and New York *World*, \$315 each. A new "dress" of type for the New York *Times* or New York *Tribune* costs \$12,000; for the New York *Herald*, \$15,000, including mailing type; and for the New York *World*, \$13,890, excluding mailing type. As a rule, new type is purchased annually.

The fact that you regularly receive and pay for the paper is worth to the carrier, in the form of goodwill, \$2 if you live in Atlanta, Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, Cleveland, Louisville, or St. Paul; \$3 if in Pittsburg, San Francisco, or St. Louis; and \$5 if in New York, Philadelphia, or Washington. Even your circumstances are taken into the account—wealth, age, disposition—as affecting your likelihood to continue a subscriber. A route-owner, who regularly receives from a subscriber twelve cents per week for the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, holds the name of that subscriber, when he sells his route, at a stiff \$4 to \$5—the highest, if its list be taken as a whole, of any journal in America. Carriers deliver 60,000 copies daily of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. Newspaper-routes are worth from \$200 to \$2,000 in Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Milwaukee, and New Orleans; from \$400 to \$3,000 in Cleveland, Minneapolis, and Pittsburg; and from \$1,000 to \$5,000 in Chicago, Cincinnati, Denver, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Washington.

Newspapers have two sources of income—advertisements and sales of copies. The former is greater than the latter, but not in a proportion so overwhelming as is generally supposed. Most dailies in our largest cities realize an income in about the proportion of two-thirds from advertising to one-third from subscriptions and sales.

Never before was newspaper competition so fierce as now. Vast investments are at stake and the best brains are commanded at salaries which, already high, are steadily growing higher. Yet here is the opinion of Mr. George W. Childs:

In my twenty-five years' experience I have never seen a daily newspaper injured by competition. If a paper degenerates, as many have done within my recollection, the cause is always to be found inside, not outside, its own office. I have seen one publisher take another publisher's business, never, though, because of the superior ability of the former, but always because of the marked incompetence of the latter. Daily papers are made of dry-rot, sometimes reach the sheriff's hands through political blunders, internal quarrels, or jealous ambitions; but a paper that is successful, wide-awake, and honest can never be injured by competition, however fierce.

London Advertisements.

MESSRS.

LINCOLN, BENNETT & CO.

HATTERS

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Gold Medals and First Prizes: Paris, 1878, 1889; Philadelphia, 1876; Sydney, 1881; Melbourne, 1887.

The hats of these celebrated makers are to be obtained from all first-class hatters.

Advertisement for Piesse & Lubin perfumery factors, featuring a circular logo with the text 'PIESSE & LUBIN', 'PERFUMERY FACTORS', 'SWEET SCENTS', 'LIGN-ALOE, OPOPONAX, FRANGIPANNI, PSIDIMUM', and 'May be obtained of any Chemist or Perfumer, 2 New Bond Street London'.

A Perfect Complexion!



Beauty--How Acquired.

The principal tale-bearer of age is the skin of the human face. To regain a youthful appearance we must scale this outer skin off, and form a new one entire. Mme. A. Ruppert's world-renowned Face Bleach does this without injury or harmful effect, cutting the callous filling from the pores, and drawing out completely all discolorations or impurities. One bottle, \$2.00; three bottles (usually required to clear the complexion), \$5.00; sent to any address on receipt of price. Send four cents postage for full particulars to MME. A. RUPPERT, 121 Post Street, Parlors 7 and 8, over O'Connor, Moffatt & Co.'s.

FOR WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES, and CORNICE POLES

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Advertisement for Freeman's Handkerchiefs, featuring the text 'No Perfume Equals FREEMAN'S "HIAWATHA" For the Handkerchief.'

ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 7, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the third day of June, 1890, at the hour of one o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California. Meeting postponed till Tuesday, June 17th, at same place.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Mlle. d'Albe, niece of ex-Empress Eugénie, at her wedding received gifts valued at one million dollars.

Mme. Letitia Bonaparte Wyse Ratazzi de Rute, the madcap daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, brother of the great Napoleon, is still fascinating and romantic at the age of sixty-eight.

Mrs. Cleveland's mail is little lessened by her return to private life. It contains letters of all kinds, from the praises of admiring school-girls to the pleas of the begging letter-writer, whose name is legion.

Miss Julia Neilson, an English beauty, who made her first appearance on the London stage two years ago, is expected to succeed Mary Anderson in the affections of the English play-going public. Miss Neilson is said to possess a minimum of talent and a maximum of good looks.

Christine Nilsson recently attended a musical soirée in Paris habited in a dress of moire antique of the new tomato-red, relieved with sashes in very pale blue-and-yellow. The blue ribbon of the Order of Isabella the Catholic crossed her corsage transversely, and she wore some splendid diamonds.

Belva Lockwood has a law practice that brings her in more money than a congressman's salary; has property in Washington worth twenty thousand dollars, and a country-place worth five thousand dollars, all acquired in a comparatively short time from her legal business. This is more than she would have if she had stuck to school teaching.

The Empress of Germany, like other European ladies of position, dresses with extreme plainness for church. She wears, usually, a wool walking-dress, wool jacket or ulster, simple round hat, and dark gloves, and is so inconspicuous a person that but for her place in the royal pew of the great Domkirche she would be supposed to be some young country matron on a first visit to the city, rather than the wife of the emperor.

The Dowager Lady de Ros, who was born in 1795, still survives, at the advanced age of ninety-five, in excellent health, and as keenly interested in life as ever. Lady de Ros—then Lady Georgina Lennox—was present at the celebrated ball which was given by her father, the fourth Duke of Richmond, at Brussels, the night before the battle of Waterloo. Few other ladies now living can boast of having danced with "Wellington" that night.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert Victor, while driving out recently near Windsor, saw two foreigners with a brown bear resting in the shade. The royal party ordered the carriage stopped, and the men were requested to allow the bear to dance. They readily assented, and at the close of the performance the queen gave the men some money, although she need not have done so. This shows that the stories of the queen's penuriousness are not true.

Miss Dorothy Tennant, to whom Henry M. Stanley was engaged all the time he was in Africa rescuing Emin Pasha, is a well-known artist, and is also the original of the beautiful girl in Sir John Millais's picture, "Yes or No?" After Sir John had finished the painting, he asked Miss Tennant whether the title should be "Yes" or whether it should be "No." Miss Tennant advised leaving the matter in doubt, and the present title was then given.

Lucy Hooper writes from London that one of the sensations of the Italian opera season at Covent Garden will be the return to the lyric stage of Mme. Gerster. There is to be nothing said about it and no advertisement made of her reappearance till after the first rehearsal has demonstrated satisfactorily the condition of her voice. Mme. Gerster has grown decidedly stout. She has sold her castle in Bologna, and is anxious to resume her professional career so as to enable herself to provide for the future of her two little daughters.

Miss Nellie Dudley, of Frankfort, Kentucky, who lately married Mr. Amyas Northcote, of Chicago, claims descent from the famous Robert Dudley, Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester, the hero of "Kenilworth," while the bridegroom is the son of Queen Victoria's Earl of Idlesleigh, formerly Sir Stafford Northcote, a well-known English Tory. Mr. Northcote is a capable young business-man, whose work and home are in Chicago. An elder brother of his, Mr. Oliver Northcote, married a daughter of the Hon. Hamilton Fish.

Mrs. Jopling is perhaps the most famous woman artist in London. Still in the prime of life, she has been married three times. Her first husband died when she was only a girl. Mr. Jopling, whose name she has made famous, lived till about three years ago, and she has now been for some time the wife of a Mr. Rowe, who makes no objection to her still signing her work and being known generally by the name that she has made celebrated. He says that he is proud to be "Mrs. Jopling's husband." Her pictures this year are mainly portraits. One is of Major Dacre, who is the husband of a fashionable London dress-maker, Kate O'Reilly.

Alexander Tagliaferro, of Alexandria, Egypt, writes to the directors of the Chicago World's Fair that he is in a position to furnish them a sarcophagus

which he believes and claims is that of Cleopatra. It was recently discovered in Caesar's camp, near Alexandria, by archaeologists. After paying the Egyptian Government its dues, the writer says he sold it to a friend for speculation. When the sarcophagus was opened, the contents were in ashes, with the exception of the skeleton, which is still preserved. Tagliaferro says he is prompted to negotiate with the exposition authorities from notices which he has seen in newspapers from the United States, announcing that the Khedive of Egypt has been asked by the directors of the exposition for the mummy of Ramesses. His price is sixty thousand dollars.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

In Some Cases, Yes.

Beneath a fair exterior
A rascal often lurks;
It is true of men and watches:
You may tell them by their works.
—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Noah's Wisdom.

One thing of Noah must be said—
Nor will the truth be strained;
Without a doubt he knew enough
To go in when it rained. —Hay Press.

A Spring Song.

As down the garden path I go,
The new-leaved trees that bend and blow,
All sing this song to the breezes:
"Apple-trees are a-bloom again,
The sweet Spring-time has come again,
With its usual diseases." —Puck.

Your First Trout.

I know no such delicious pain
In the realm of love or reason,
As to hook, pull up, and lose again
Your first trout of the season. —Puck.

Life in the Suburbs.

Short and sharp is his good-by kiss,
As he leaves his Mary Jane.
He plants it à la hit or miss
And runs for the earliest train. —Chicago Tribune.

Whiskers Then and Now.

In olden times, the flowing beard
As revered by the youthful mind,
But now, alas, 'tis scorned and jeered
And glibly coupled with the wind. —Terre Haute Express.

It Hailed.

Hail! smiling spring, hail! smiling spring!
'Twas thus we heard the poet sing.
Then, to his wonder,
Up sprang the wild boreal gale,
And spring did hail, yes, spring did hail—
Did hail like thunder! —Boston Courier.

In Spite of the Funny Man.

Theatre-bats aren't always high,
In spite of the funny man;
And hayseed chaps are sometimes fly,
In spite of the funny man.
Her father's dog's not always wild;
Sometimes you find a well-bred child;
And mothers-in-law are sometimes mild,
In spite of the funny man.

Prohibitionists don't always yearn to drink,
In spite of the funny man;
And the dude occasionally thinks a think,
In spite of the funny man.
Chicago feet aren't huge at all;
The plumber's bill is sometimes small;
And messenger-boys don't always crawl,
In spite of the funny man.

The poets don't have to live on air,
In spite of the funny man;
Those front-row men sometimes have hair,
In spite of the funny man.
Sometimes a brand-new joke is sprung;
Sometimes the ballet-girl is young;
And sometimes wives are not all tongue,
In spite of the funny man.

Society girls at balls wear clothes,
In spite of the funny man;
Sometimes a man pays what he owes,
In spite of the funny man.
Sometimes the type-writer's plain in face;
Sometimes the church-deacon's not at the race;
In fact, this world's quite a decent place,
In spite of the funny man. —Puck.

The Angler's Elegy.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
A jaded crowd sneaks gently o'er the lea—
The fishers homeward plod their weary way,
Concocting lies to tell to you and me. —Pittsburg Chronicle.

On the Fence.

Two women leaned over the backyard fence
(The same old fence) as the sun went down,
While each told the other, in confidence,
The scandals she'd gathered around the town.
For women must gossip, or they can't sleep;
They think that secrets weren't made to keep;
So they lean on the fence in the gloaming.

Two women sat out on the front-door stoop,
In the evening glow, as the sun went down.
They told how their children had skipped the croup,
And they sneered at the minister's wife's new gown.
For women delight in a friendly chat,
Without it their lives would be stale and flat;
So they sit on the stoop in the gloaming.

Two husbands came home from the base-ball game
(From the office, they said), as the sun went down,
Both ready and eager to hear the same
Sweet scandals their wives had hunted down.
For men, though they work, love gossip too—
And that's why their wives seek something new
As they meet and talk in the gloaming. —Somerville Journal.

Experiments are being made in the French Army in training dogs to act as scouts, messengers, and sentinels. The sentinel-dogs are said to scent strangers at a distance of one hundred yards, and it is further hoped to teach dogs to carry messages, ammunition, and food to patrols and detachments on outpost duty. The scout-dogs are trained by teaching them to search fields and thickets in which soldiers, dressed in foreign uniforms, are lying in ambush. To render the dogs the more efficient, their ferocity will be cultivated.

THE INNER MAN.

The learned professor who, once lecturing on entomology, took up in his finger and thumb a grasshopper and chewed it down with relish, and told his students that any one swallowing the glutinous mass of the oyster had no right to look askance at his singular choice of diet, might benefit humanity could he show also that though one may open one's mouth one may not turn up one's nose at a snail as well. The snail has been an article of food for many years in certain regions, served, as Hans Christian Andersen's snail boasted, on silver dishes; but, perhaps owing to our prodigal abundance of rich food, it has never been adopted by us, although there seems to be no more reason for a prejudice against it than against prawns, shrimps, or any mollusk. In France, snails are a favorite dish, and are eaten by many good Catholics as fish in seasons of fast; a nourishing soup, supposed to have peculiar excellence for the consumptive, is also prepared from them, and they are boiled in milk for the same sufferers. In the old days of the Roman epicures they were cultivated by being fed on fattening food, but their natural food is chiefly vegetable. As there are many more than a thousand specimens of them, and they are found nearly all over the globe, it is a pity that any hostility to them as an article of diet should not be overcome.

M. Henri de Vilmorin, president of the Botanical Society of France, recently delivered a lecture on salads, which is full of hints for housewives. He began by speaking of the nutritive value of salads, due to potash-salts, which are usually eliminated from vegetables in the process of cooking, and said that salad is even more desirable in winter than in summer, being a preventive of rheumatism and biliousness. He enumerated the following plants which are used as salads in France: The leaves of lettuce, corn-salad, common chicory, *barbe de capucin*, curled and Batavian endives; dandelion, green, blanched, and half-blanched; water-cresses; purslane; in small quantities blanched salsify tops, of a pleasant nutty flavor; Witloef or Brussels chicory, the roots of celeriac or round-rooted celery, rampion and radish, the bulbs of stachys, the stalks of celery, the flowers of nasturtium and yucca, the fruit of capsicum and tomato, and, in the south of France, rocket, picridium, and Spanish onions. Various herbs are added to a French salad to flavor or garnish it, such as chervil, chives, shallot, and borage. In addition, many boiled vegetables are dressed with vinegar and oil.

The citizens of ancient Pompeii knew what was good. They relished roast pig. A family in that aristocratic city, one of the F. F. P.'s, perhaps, were about to dine on the rich and succulent diet, on the very day that the restless Titan under Mt. Vesuvius expectorated from his fiery lungs the shower of red-hot ashes which entombed the Pompeians in their dwellings. The pig was being cooked, and was probably nearly done at the time, when the volcanic storm burst in and spoiled it. This is not a matter of conjecture, for a mass of indurated lava and ashes has been found in a stew-pan, standing on a cooking-stove, in the kitchen of a disinterred house, and on opening the lump, a perfect mold of a sucking porker was disclosed. A cast was taken of the hollow, and the result was a fac-simile in plaster of the little animal, which had been trussed in scientific style, and is supposed, from the shape of the matrix, to have been just ready for the table.

One of the old Greek philosophers was once approached with the question as to the hour of the day at which one should take his dinner. The answer was characteristic. "If you are rich," said the wise man, "you will dine whenever you please; if you are poor, whenever you have anything to eat." This same philosophy seems to be accepted by the Turks of the present time, judging by what Mr. Barkley says of the practice of this people: "There is a peculiarity about Turkish cooking wherever you are, and at whatever time of the day you ask, 'When will dinner be ready?' the answer is always the same. 'In ten minutes,' and yet I have had all sorts of dishes on the table at the same time. I don't know how it is managed, but I think it is an improvement on our English plan of having to keep to a fixed hour. If no order is given, dinner is served as a matter of course at sun-down, and this habit is usual among all classes."

The number of men who eat corned beef and cabbage at Delmonico's, according to one of the steward's aids, is astonishing. Superkraut is said to be as well served at the Hoffman as anywhere in town. The ignoble onion, the humble cabbage, and the plebeian kraut, as the thoughtless have been wont to consider them, have devoted admirers among some of New York's best gastronomes.

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USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. H. C. McCoy, Algona, Ia., says: "I have used it in cases of dyspepsia, nervous exhaustion, and wakefulness, with pleasant results. Also think it of great service in depressed condition of the system resulting from liliary derangements."

Pierson & Robertson's Price List.

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Messrs. Pierson & Robertson have the pleasure of submitting to you the following prices, which guarantees superiority in Engraving and Material, at low rates. Our sample-book of stationery sent on application.

PRICE LIST.

Wedding Invitation Plate and 100 Notes.....	100 inside Envelopes.....	100 outside Envelopes.....	\$15 00
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No. 4 Wedding Announcement Plate and 100 Notes.....	100 inside Envelopes.....	100 outside Envelopes.....	13 00
No. 5 Wedding Announcement Plate and 100 Notes.....	100 inside Envelopes.....	100 outside Envelopes.....	5 00
Ceremony Plate and 100 Cards.....	Each succeeding 100 Cards.....		3 50
Church Admission Plate and 100 Cards.....	Each succeeding 100 Cards.....		1 75
Reception Plate and 100 Cards.....	Each succeeding 100 Cards.....		5 00
Reception Card Plate, name only, and 100 Cards.....	Each succeeding 100 Cards.....		1 75
Reception Card Plate, name and address, and 100 Cards.....	Each succeeding 100 Cards.....		12 00
No. 1 Reception Plate and 100 Cards.....	Each succeeding 100 Cards.....		5 00
No. 2 Reception Plate and 100 Cards.....	Each succeeding 100 Cards.....		6 00
No. 3 Reception Plate and 100 Cards.....	Each succeeding 100 Cards.....		7 00
At Home Plate and 100 Cards.....	Each succeeding 100 Cards.....		2 00
Visiting Card Plate, name only, and 100 Cards.....	Each succeeding 100 Cards.....		3 50
Visiting Card Plate, name and address, and 100 Cards.....	Each succeeding 100 Cards.....		4 00
	Each succeeding 100 Cards.....		1 75

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H. LIEBES & CO.

Manufacturing Furriers,

Beg to announce that on or about August 1st they will remove from their present quarters, 111 and 113 Montgomery Street, to the elegant and spacious stores,

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THROAT, NOSE, AND EAR. HAS REMOVED TO THE NEW CHRONICLE BUILDING.
227 Rooms 54, 55, 56, Fourth Floor.

GOODYEAR

Gold Seal Rubber Hose



IS THE BEST THAT CAN BE MADE OF RUBBER.



577 and 579 MARKET ST.

SOCIETY.

The Baker-Thomas Wedding.

Sausalito was the scene of a pretty wedding last Thursday afternoon, when Miss Coralie Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Thomas, was married to Mr. Wakefield Baker, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker, of this city. The ceremony was performed in the little Episcopal chapel, where waving fern-sprays and palm leaves were arranged with artistic effect in conjunction with bright-hued buds and blossoms. To the music of the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin," the party entered the chapel at two o'clock, and, after taking their positions in the chancel, the ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Nixon, of Sausalito. Miss Eda Moody acted as maid of honor and Miss Nellie Stow was the bridesmaid. Mr. C. F. Ayer, of Lowell, Mass., was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Claude T. Hamilton and Mr. Frederick Coon.

The bride wore an elegant toilet of white faille Française, made walking length and draped gracefully with embroidered crepe lace. She wore a white hat trimmed with ostrich feathers and tips and carried a white prayer-book and a cluster of white roses.

Miss Eda Moody was attired in a costume of Nile green surlin draped with creamy-white Spanish lace. She wore a Leghorn hat trimmed with white illusion and flowers and carried a bouquet of white sweet peas.

Miss Nellie Stow wore a becoming combination gown of terra-cotta and shell-pink colored surah. Her Leghorn hat was trimmed to correspond with the dress and her hand-bouquet was of sweet peas.

The bridal party and invited guests proceeded to the residence of the bride's parents after the ceremony. Each apartment was graced by fair blossoms in profusion, making the whole exceedingly attractive. A sumptuous *déjeuner* was partaken of there, while a string orchestra played concert selections as an accompaniment. Later in the day, Mr. and Mrs. Baker came to this city and went to the Palace Hotel, and on the following day they departed on a southern tour. When they return, they will occupy a cottage at Sausalito. The happy couple received some very costly and elegant gifts from their relatives and intimate friends.

The Perkins-Whitley Wedding.

Lieutenant C. Marrast Perkins, U. S. M. C., was married last Tuesday to Miss Ora M. Whitley at the home of her parents in Suisun. The parlors were beautifully decorated with fair and fragrant blossoms artistically arranged. About fifty relatives and intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed impressively by Rev. Giles A. Easton, of Berkeley. The bride looked charming in a becoming toilet of white bengaline silk and carried a cluster of Puritan roses and jasmines. The groom was attired in full uniform, and was attended by Captain Thompson, U. S. N., as best man. After the ceremony, a delicious repast was served, and later in the day, the happy couple left for the Hotel del Monte. They will remain there for awhile and then go East to visit relatives. They were the recipients of many elegant presents.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent San Franciscans:

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson went East a week ago. After passing a couple of months at the principal watering-places there they will make a tour of Europe.

Justus and Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Mrs. J. Condit Smith, Miss Condit Smith, Mrs. Peter Donahue, and Mrs. E. Martin have arrived in Antwerp. They will remain abroad until October.

Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley has returned to Hartford, Conn., after an enjoyable visit to her parents, General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton.

Mrs. William M. Stewart has left Washington, D. C., for Virginia, Nev., where she will remain about six weeks. In August she will go to Honolulu with some friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner are visiting the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. William Dunphy and Mr. James C. Dunphy have returned from their European tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, *né* Stetson, are in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker returned to the city last Thursday after an absence of a year and a half in Europe. Captain and Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Griffith, Miss Griffith, Miss Carrie Griffith, Miss Alice Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Kittle, Miss Lucia Kittle, Miss Eva McAllister, Mr. M. Hall McAllister, and Mr. Elliott McAllister comprised a party which left for the Yosemite Valley last Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels are expected here soon from the East.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall is passing a couple of weeks pleasantly at the Blue Lakes, in Lake County. Miss Marie Bucknall is visiting Mrs. Gratton at her villa in St. Helena.

Miss Lotta Farnsworth will leave soon to pass a couple of weeks in Mendocino County.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli J. Hutchinson and family and Mrs. George E. Raun went to Santa Cruz last Tuesday to remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Judah will leave Redwood City tomorrow to pass a few weeks at Santa Cruz.

Mr. John W. Mackay went to New York a week ago, accompanied by Mr. George Pollock and Mr. David Barnes, who came out here with Mr. Hermann Oelrichs.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad and Miss Ella Goad are at San Rafael for the season.

Mrs. J. B. Haggin and Miss Rita Haggin have been passing several weeks at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones and family are occupying a cottage at Elythdale during the summer.

Miss Kate Forbes, of San Rafael, is enjoying a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Judge and Mrs. L. D. McKissick have been at the Yosemite Valley for the past fortnight.

Miss Maud Smith is visiting Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence at San José.

Mrs. I. S. Van Winkle and the Misses Van Winkle are occupying the Fish cottage in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan and family are now at San Rafael for the remainder of the season.

Miss Etta Tucker, of Oakland, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edington Detrick in Portland, Or.

Mrs. C. J. Torbert and Miss Mollie Torbert are at Santa Cruz for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Rideout, of Marysville, have been for a couple of weeks at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills and Miss Mills are in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Badlam are at their summer

home, Arcadia, in the St. Helena Mountains. Miss Maude Badlam and her brother are visiting friends in Washington and Oregon.

Mrs. John W. Farren and Miss Mamie Farren are at the Hotel Vendome, at San José, and on July 1st, will go to the Hotel del Monte.

Misses Maud and Bessie Younger will pass the remainder of the summer at Elythdale.

Mr. Edward Everett has been on a trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Miss Etta Birdsell, of Sacramento, has been paying a visit to friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss and family left for the Yosemite Valley on Friday.

Mrs. W. L. Elliott and the Misses Elliott are residing in the Butterworth cottage at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter are passing the summer at their cottage in Sausalito.

General and Mrs. John T. Carey are visiting the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. E. B. Coleman is passing the summer at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Dunne at San Felipe.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin have gone on a trip through Washington and Oregon.

Miss Florence Reed is passing a couple of weeks in Napa Valley, and in a short time will go to the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Columbus Waterhouse, Miss Waterhouse, Mrs. C. N. Coon, and Mrs. N. J. Brittan went to the Yosemite Valley on June 2d.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Bandmann and Miss Antonia F. Bandmann are passing this month in San Rafael.

Mrs. Robert H. Gilroy will return to England to-morrow after a pleasant visit to her father, Mr. Calvin W. Kellogg.

Miss Helen Bosqui has returned from a visit to Miss Mollie Hutchinson in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. K. G. Brown and the Misses Lillian and Floy Brown, of Oakland, are passing several weeks at the White Sulphur Springs.

Mrs. M. L. Searey and Miss M. H. Munro, of Boston, Mass., are stopping at the Hotel Pleasanton.

General and Mrs. Walter Turnbull are passing this month at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. James F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton are at the Hotel Vendome, in San José, for a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Fritz King are at Elythdale for a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Miss Virginia Hanchett, and Mr. George Crocker have been making a two weeks' visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. John Egges and family are passing this month in Napa Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page and Miss Claire Ralston will go to the Yosemite Valley on June 28th.

Miss Nellie McKee, of Oakland, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward McKee in Portland, Or.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord and Dr. and Mrs. James W. Keeney are at the Hotel Vendome, in San José, for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Booth are passing a few weeks at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. A. Baker and Miss Lou Hayes will go to Alaska June 25th on the steamer *Queen*, and afterward will visit the Yellowstone Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Winsor L. Brown are visiting Napa Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Orestes Pierce, of Oakland, are traveling in Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Hoburg, *né* Gibbs, are enjoying a visit to Santa Cruz.

General and Mrs. John T. Cutting have gone East to remain several months.

Mr. Alfred Poett, of Santa Barbara, is in the city on a visit.

Mrs. E. F. Qualtrough, of Mare Island, will pass the remainder of this month in Napa Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Mr. Walter L. Dean have gone to the Hotel del Monte to remain about six weeks.

Mr. Huro Toland is in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey are passing the summer at the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel have taken the Brittan residence, at Redwood City, for the summer.

Miss Julia Peyton has returned to Santa Cruz after a pleasant stay here at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Le Count and the Misses Le Count are occupying the Hacienda at Sausalito during the summer.

Mr. Adolph Sutro and a party of friends went to the Yosemite Valley last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Gregory are passing the summer at their cottage in Sausalito.

Mr. Mark Sheldon has been paying a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Miss Kate Clement, of Oakland, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page at their home near Georgetown.

Mr. M. F. Brown and family, of Jersey City, have returned from the Yosemite Valley and are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Miss May E. Pope are at their summer home in St. Helena. They have been entertaining Miss Jennie Blair during the past week.

Mrs. Volney Spaulding and Miss Lillie Brush will go to the Hotel del Monte on June 28th, to remain a few weeks.

Mrs. John J. Jones, Miss Jones, and Mr. Roy Jones will soon return from Washington, D. C., where they have been passing the winter.

Mrs. John McMullin is passing the summer at her country home, Casa Blanca, in San Joaquin County.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Bissell are passing this month at the Hotel Vendome.

Mrs. James C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood will remain at the Hotel del Monte until the middle of July.

Mr. James Gamble, of Oakland, is visiting a sanitarium in Lake County.

The Misses Nellie and Maud Hollingsworth, of Woodland, who are visiting friends here, will soon leave on a trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Miss Emma McMillan is at the Hotel del Coronado with a party of friends.

Mrs. D. D. Colton is occupying her cottage on Beach Hill at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. J. William Brown are passing this month at a health resort in Lake County.

Mrs. Tessie Egan and Miss Birdie Fair have gone to the Hotel del Monte for a few weeks.

Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes will be in Santa Cruz during the month of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Abbot Kinney, of Los Angeles, are paying a visit here.

Mrs. Charles E. Green and family are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Martin at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. M. Deane, and Miss Deane have gone to Golden Meadows, near San Rafael, to remain several weeks.

Mr. Harry L. Coleman is enjoying a visit to Napa Valley. Hon. Newton Booth has returned to New York from his extended European tour and is en route home.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, and Miss Sallie Maynard have returned from a trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Colonel and Mrs. Harry K. Willard are passing the season at their summer home, "Willard Villa," in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Nellie Smedberg are visiting friends at West Point, N. Y.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke, Misses Edith and Lottie Clarke, and Mr. E. K. Clarke are passing a few weeks in Napa Valley.

Mrs. George Wheaton and family, of Oakland, are visiting the White Sulphur Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Chadbourne have taken apartments at the Hotel Vendome for the season.

Mr. Alexander G. Ahell and the Misses Ahell are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Hayes, Miss Lucy B. Hayes, and Miss M. C. Hayes are at the Hotel Vendome for a few weeks, and in July will go to Santa Cruz to occupy a cottage there for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Eastland are at the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Jr., intend passing the remainder of the summer at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. A. Pray, of Santa Cruz, accompanied by Mrs. Charles E. Bancroft and Miss Jennie Hobbs, of this city, is passing the month of June in Lake County.

Mr. George Kneipf is soon to leave for Germany.

Mrs. William H. Smith and Miss Belle Smith will pass the

next two weeks at the Hotel del Coronado and then will go to the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. J. E. Thompson, of New York city, is here on a visit and is stopping at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Colonel and Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer are paying a visit to the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. Ellis Wooster returned from Napa Valley last Monday and is passing a couple of weeks at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. Charles A. Baldwin has gone to New York and will be away several weeks.

M. and Mme. A. d'Anglars, of Paris, who are making a tour of the coast, are passing a few weeks at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham, of Oakland, are visiting a health resort in Lake County for a few weeks.

Mr. George C. Boardman and Mr. Samuel H. Boardman have returned from a visit to Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Sherwood and the Misses Jessie, Rose, Isabel, and Winnie Sherwood are passing the summer at their country villa in the Salinas Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Ralston, *né* Grayson, will soon leave for Seattle, where they will reside in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Martel and the Misses Adèle and Ethel Martel are passing the summer at their country residence near Mountain View.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks have returned to Los Angeles after a short visit here.

Miss Lizzie Tevis has been passing a week at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Lizzie McCormick has been visiting Mrs. Robert L. Sherwood at her cottage in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourne at San Rafael for several days.

Mr. William H. Kruse returned to the city last Wednesday on the *Lurline*, after a pleasant cruise to Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill are at the Hotel del Coronado.

M. E. M. Greenway and Mr. A. H. Small returned from the Hotel del Monte last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Hastings came down from Azalea early in the week for a brief visit.

Mrs. Charles Sonntag has been enjoying a visit to the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, of Oakland, visited the Hotel del Monte during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Hopkins will leave here June 15th to make a trip to Alaska.

Mrs. John Skae and Miss Alice Skae are at the Hotel del Monte for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Smith have taken the Johnson cottage at San Rafael for the summer months.

Mrs. Horace Davis and Mr. Norris K. Davis have been passing the week at the Hotel del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. William I. Younger will sail from New York on the steamer *Augusta Victoria* June 26th, disembarking at Southampton for London. Later, the doctor will attend the sessions of the International Medical Congress at Berlin.

Mrs. Durbrow and the Misses Emma and Carrie Durbrow departed last Wednesday for Portland, Or., where they will visit friends for a few weeks.

Mr. Jerome B. Lincoln and Miss Ethel Lincoln returned early in the week from a visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Z. L. Tanner, wife of Captain Tanner, of the U. S. steamship *Albatross*, has returned from the Yosemite Valley, and is at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Judge Ogden Hoffman and Mr. Evan J. Coleman visited the Hotel del Monte recently.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin have taken a cottage at San Rafael for the remainder of the season.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., and Miss Cecilia Miles have been at the Yosemite Valley during the past week.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Gove, U. S. N., are in the city on a visit from Mare Island, and are stopping at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Lieutenant Abiel L. Smith, Quartermaster, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence with permission to apply for an extension of four months more.

Lieutenant Benjamin H. Randolph, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been appointed professor of military science at the University of California, at Berkeley, his duties to commence on September 23d.

Lieutenant-Colonel David S. Gordon, U. S. A., has been visiting here from Fort Bidwell, Cal., while en route to Fort Huachuca, A. T.

Captain William T. Sampson, U. S. N., will be detached from duty at the Naval Academy, June 30th, with orders to report here for special duty in connection with the preparation for sea service of the new cruiser *San Francisco*.

Lieutenant J. C. Moore, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Richard Rush* and ordered to the *Pescenden* at Detroit, Mich., for temporary duty.

Captain John Drum, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence with permission to apply for an extension of six months more.

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26th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1890

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Capital (Paid up in Gold).....\$300,000 00
Net Surplus (over everything).... 244,884.41

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The famous Chevalier d'Eon de Beaumont figures amusingly in one of the chapters of Captain Bingham's book on Louis the Fifteenth. One of the best mots is that of Lord Mount Edgcombe on the later career of this modern Tiresias: "The Chevalier d'Eon de Beaumont was his own widow!"

Ahmed Effendi, the former Turkish Ambassador in Berlin, when entertaining company, was in the habit of distributing sweets among the ladies present. On one occasion he gave a certain lady two or three times as much as the rest. She, vain of her triumph, got an interpreter to inquire the reason of his preference. "Because her mouth is twice as large as that of the other ladies," was the reply.

While Hon. Thaddeus Stevens was practicing law at Lancaster, Pa., a boy sidled up to his desk. "Take off your hat," Mr. Stevens said. "I ain't got my hat on," replied the boy. "What do you mean by contradicting me?" demanded Mr. Stevens. "I ain't got my hat on," persisted the boy; "it's my brother Joe's hat." "Oh," Mr. Stevens said, as he repressed a smile; "well, the next time you have an errand here, bring Joe with you so that he can take off his hat."

A New York lady, coming into her dining-room late one evening, saw a strange man in evening dress, with a light overcoat, standing in front of her sideboard admiring the silver displayed there. He turned as he heard her, not hurriedly, but quietly and composedly. "Excuse me, madame," he said, with a bow; "I have been dining, and having left my coat, returned to get it, and have evidently entered the wrong house. You have some fine silver, I see. Good-evening," and with that he bowed again and walked out.

Secretary Blaine lives in the old Seward residence in Washington. The old house has little in common with the many structures of florid style whose turrets and gabled roofs rise behind the trees near at hand. The other night, at a reception, a lady complimented Mr. Blaine upon his abstaining from the practice of grafting new architecture upon old. "The house is good enough for me as it is," Mr. Blaine replied; "we did not remodel it because we have no desire to have, as the boy said, Queen Anne at the front and Mary Anne at the back."

At a dinner which was given in London by Mr. J. R. Osgood (says the Boston Courier), Mr. Edward King, author and correspondent, was most enthusiastic in his praise of Wagner, not only as a musician but as a poet. "I have no doubt," he said, at length, "that in coming time Wagner will be ranked above Beethoven and Schiller." "I quite agree with you," responded the famous painter, Mr. L. Alma Tadema, who was also one of the guests; "for certainly Wagner is a finer musician than Schiller and a greater poet than Beethoven."

In New York, during the old Bohemian days of Ada Claire, Harry Clapp, George Arnold, William Winter, and the rest (says Chatter), Nat Urner, the novelist, knew every Bohemian, and had got so used to pathetic tales of personal distress that whenever he met a man he unconsciously assumed that man to be in hard luck. Meeting Frank Patton one day, he said to him: "Well, how are you, my dear boy?" "First rate," said Patton; "got an editorial position, got a good wife, got a bank account, and everything is lovely." "Well," said Arnold, "never mind, old fellow; cheer up, cheer up."

A French governor of the South Pacific Colony of New Caledonia assumed his authority while the natives of New Caledonia were still cannibals. There had been rumors of an insurrection, and the admiral called before him a native chief, who was faithful to the French cause, and questioned him as to their truth. "You may be sure," said the native, "that there will be no war at present, because the yams are yet far from being ripe." "The yams, you say?" "Yes. Our people never make war except when the yams are ripe." "Why is that?" "Because baked yams go so very well with the captives."

Daniel O'Connell, the Irish orator, when taking a ride in the neighborhood of his house, had occasion to ask an urchin to open a gate for him. The little fellow complied with much alacrity, and looked up with such an honest pleasure at rendering the slight service, that O'Connell, by way of saying something—anything—asked: "What's your name, my boy?" "Daniel O'Connell, sir," replied he, stoutly. "And who's your father?" demanded the astonished liberator. "Daniel O'Connell, sir." O'Connell muttered a word or two below his breath, and then added aloud: "When I see you again I'll give you sixpence." Riding briskly on, he soon forgot the incident, and fell to thinking of graver matters, when, after traveling some miles, he found his path obstructed by some fallen timber, which a boy was

stoutly endeavoring to remove. On looking more closely, he discovered it to be the same boy he had met in the morning. "What!" cried he, "how do you come to be here now?" "You said, sir, the next time you saw me, you'd give me sixpence," said the little fellow, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "Here it is," said Daniel; "you are my son—never a doubt of it."

During the taking of the census in India in 1881, in a district in the central provinces, some of the tribes took fright and ran away. The district officer finally induced their head men to listen to explanations. Relying on the fact that wagers of various kinds figure extensively in Indian folk lore, he solemnly assured them that the Queen of England and the Empress of Russia, having quarreled as to which ruled over the most subjects, had laid a big bet on the point. He went on to explain that the census was being taken in order to settle the bet, and he warned his hearers in a spirited peroration that if they stayed in the jungle and refused to be counted, the queen would lose her money and they would be disgraced forever, as *nimakh-haram*, or traitors to their salt. The story served its purpose, and the tribes came in.

The subject of "kissing before engagements for marriage" came up at a whist club of half-a-dozen married couples. It turned out that not one of the women had been kissed until her troth was plighted. One of the men had a poor memory; "We used to kiss, sometimes, didn't we?" he said to his wife. "No, sir," she said, with deep indignation; "you never kissed me until after we were engaged; you tried to, and you fought for the privilege, but you never succeeded." "Is that so?" the husband remarked; "I've kissed so many—" "What's that? What did you say?" the wife asked. There was a pause. Intense but suppressed excitement was visible on the faces of the other married men. "I say," said the husband, "I have kissed you so many times that I can't remember when I began." Then the other married men breathed more freely.

A prisoner was being tried for his life in the days when horse-stealing was a capital offense. The evidence was all against him, and he had no defense but an alibi—swore it was a case of mistaken identity, that he was a sailor and was away in the West Indies on some cutting-out expedition at the time when the affair happened—thousands of miles away and knew nothing whatever about it. Just before the vital, or lethal, moment of sentence, prisoner catches sight of a bluff sailor-like gentleman, dozing in the magistrates' seats. "Lieutenant Maintop, ahoy!" he shouts; "the man who can prove my innocence." Sailor-like man awakes with a start, rubs his eyes, is requested by the judge to recognize the prisoner, who excitedly calls to him that he is Jack Bowline of her majesty's ship *Thunder*, one of the boat's crew who cut out the French frigate in Porto Rico Bay. Sailor-like man, flustered at being so suddenly awakened, and finding all eyes fixed on him, declares in his hearty, honest fashion that, though there certainly was a Jack Bowline in his watch, and one of the aforesaid crew, he does not recognize him in the prisoner. Increasing, overpowering excitement of the prisoner, who like all men "will give all that he hath for his life"; sailor-like distress of the lieutenant, torn between the determination to say nothing but the absolute truth and the desire to save a fellow-creature's life. At last, says he, "if the man is Bowline he will be easily identified by a cut on the back of his head from a French cutlass, which he got under my very nose in that expedition, and fell back into my arms." Prisoner's head examined; just such a cut; triumphant acquittal; Bowline and the lieutenant leave the town together in a chaise and pair; cheers and subscription of thirty guineas for the poor, ill-used sailor prisoner. Three months later they were both hanged for highway robbery, prisoner and witness. Lieutenant Maintop and Jack Bowline were old accomplices in crime, the alibi and business of recognition being a well-arranged plant.

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FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

The forests of Russia are stated to cover the enormous area of 494,228,000 acres. Stanley calculated the extent of the great African forest pierced by him at only 224,000,000 acres.

An Australian musician has invented a trombone that is played by steam. Its "God Save the Queen" can be heard at a distance of four miles. He had hard luck with it, however, for the people of his own town drove him out as a nuisance.

It is proposed to connect St. Petersburg with the White Sea by means of a canal one hundred and forty-five miles long. About one-half of it would have to be constructed artificially. The advantages to the central part of Russia of such a canal would be very great commercially, it is thought.

"The beautiful women of the world" are requested, in a circular, to send their photographs to the Baroness Klara von der Deckler, at Tiflis. These will all be examined by a committee of artists, and those selected will be put in an album, with the title "Types of Female Beauty of the Last Days of the Nineteenth Century."

The centenary of a flower has just been celebrated by a banquet in Paris. The dahlia is just one hundred years old in France. It first flourished in that country in 1790. Delegates from the Society of Horticulture and the Cercle Floral of Antwerp were present, and the press was represented by the editor of the *Flora*, the oldest botanical paper in Germany.

The invention of electrical specs and eye-glasses is announced by W. Friedlander, a jeweler of Portland, Or. The device consists of copper and zinc adjustments to the temples of spectacles and to the nose-pieces of eye-glasses, whereby a faint current of elec-

tricity is generated, materially aided by the moisture of the skin. This, it is said, will strengthen the optic and other nerves.

A census of wolves has been taken in Russia. They amount to 170,000, according to the enumerators. They commit great havoc among the sheep and pigs, and during the past year 203 human beings have been devoured by them. The price of a wolf's head is fixed by the government at ten roubles. About 80,000 of them were killed last year. At this rate, if the enumerators are correct in their figures, it ought not to take long to get rid of all the wolves in the country.

The annual list of articles lost during the balls of the preceding season in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg has just been published. It includes a grand cross of the Order of St. Anna, two stars of the Order of St. Stanislaus, two gold coins struck in memory of the coronation of Alexander the Third, at Moscow, five small orders, and fifty bits of women's jewelry valued at thirty thousand dollars. All of these articles which are still unclaimed on June 1st, will be sold, the proceeds to be given to the public hospitals of St. Petersburg.

Mr. A. A. Garside, of Leeds, England, is the latest inventor to attempt to solve the problem of the rotary steam-engine. For many reasons great advantages would be gained were it possible to substitute a continuous rotary motion for the back-and-forward motion of the piston and cylinder by which the steam-engine is moved at present. Mr. Garside's plan is to coil a tube in a spiral around a shaft. The diameter of the tube increases gradually with the distance from the shaft. The steam is introduced through the shaft. The peculiar structure of the coil gives it room to expand, and during this expansion it forces the coil and shaft into rotary motion.

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NOTICE
AUTOGRAPH OF
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ON LABEL
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THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN

Advertising should be to a business what fertilizing is to a farm. You may fertilize a farm one, two, or three years, without any great result, but in the end the soil will be so rich that the value of the farm will be largely improved. The fertilizer is apparently lost, so is the advertising, but the value of the business and the value of the farm should be raised sufficiently to make the investment in advertising, or fertilizers, a good one. Some farms want quick manures; others want deep subsoil plowing, but the great majority need plenty of ordinary manure well plowed in. The farmer rarely thinks the money thrown away, although the first season's crop may not return the full value of the manure.—*Artemus Ward, Advertising Manager "Sapote."*

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From June 1, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 12:45 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	* 7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax.	4:45 P.
8:00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East.	11:15 A.
10:30 A.	Haywards and Niles.	3:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	8:45 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	* 6:00 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José.	9:45 A.
3:30 P.	ad class Ogden and East.	10:45 P.
4:00 P.	Knights Landing via Davis.	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Stockton and Hamilton.	9:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Calistoga and Santa Rosa.	* 8:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
* 5:00 P.	Niles and San José.	* 6:15 P.
6:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	10:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards and Niles.	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans and East.	8:45 P.
8:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

* 7:45 A.	Excursion train to Santa Cruz, Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	* 8:05 P.
8:15 A.	From Santa Cruz to San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 7:55, 9:30, 11:40 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05, 6:25 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:15, 6:25 P. M.	6:20 P.
* 2:45 P.	From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—7:15, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 12:05, 1:35, 3:30, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.; Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.	* 11:20 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos, and Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:25 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:30 P.
* 7:50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion.	* 8:25 P.
8:30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, Soledad, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:12 P.
10:30 A.	San José and Way Stations.	7:30 P.
11:05 A.	Emanuel, Cemetery, and Baden.	12:32 P.
12:01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	5:13 P.
* 2:30 P.	(Del Monte Ltd) Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.	* 11:15 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations.	* 10:00 A.
* 4:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 7:56 A.
5:20 P.	San José and Way Stations.	9:03 A.
11:45 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	(San José and principal Way Stations.)	† 4:28 P.

† For morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted, † Saturdays only. * Sundays only. * Saturdays excepted. ** Mondays excepted.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., June 4, 14, 19, 29, July 5, 14, 19, 29, August 3, 13, 18, 28.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M. every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket office, 214 Montgomery Street.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO.,
General Agents, San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA
City of Sydney... Friday, June 13, at 12 M.
Taking freight and passengers direct for Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, La Libertad, and Panama, and via Acapulco for all lower Mexican and Central American ports.
For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:
City of Peking... Saturday, June 14, at 3 P. M.
(via Honolulu.)
City of Rio de Janeiro... July 8, at 3 P. M.
China... Thursday, July 31, at 3 P. M.
Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & Co., Gen. Agents.
Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN
via
NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.
Commencing Sunday, April 6, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:
From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 4:20, 5:30, 6:30 P. M.
Extra trip on Sundays to Sausalito at 11:00 A. M.
From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 3:30, 5:00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 5:30 P. M.
From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 7:45, 9:30, 11:15 A. M.; 1:30, 3:45, 5:00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, 10:55 A. M.; 12:00 M.; 1:15, 2:45, 4:00, 5:00, 6:05, 7:00 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6:30 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.
From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:55, 11:05 A. M.; 3:35, 5:12 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:15, 9:20, 10:10, 11:15 A. M.; 12:20, 1:40, 3:00, 5:15, 6:30 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6:30 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.
From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 10:05 A. M.; 12:05, 2:15, 4:10, 5:40 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:45, 9:45, 10:40, 11:40 A. M.; 12:45, 1:55, 3:30, 4:40, 5:45, 6:50, 7:45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 7:10 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.
1:30 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 7:00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12:35 P. M.
5:00 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Tomales and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Tomales daily (Sundays excepted) at 5:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco at 8:45 A. M.
8:40 A. M., Sundays only from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 8:15 P. M., same day.
6:30 P. M., (Sundays only) from San Francisco for Tomales and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Tomales (Sundays only) at 6:00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 9:15 A. M.

EXCURSION RATES.
Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tamalpais, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.
Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day following Sunday: Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Point Reyes, \$2.15; Tomales, \$2.00; Howard's, \$2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, \$3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.
Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.
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General Manager. Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 329 Pine Street.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY
THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 27, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:
From San Francisco to Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:15 P. M.; Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:15 P. M.
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 7:55, 9:30, 11:40 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05, 6:25 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—7:15, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 12:05, 1:35, 3:30, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.; Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.	
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
9:20 A. M.	5:00 P. M.		7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.				4:40 P. M.
5:00 P. M.				7:25 P. M.
7:40 A. M.		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Liton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.			7:25 P. M.
		Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 P. M.	7:25 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.			7:25 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.			7:25 P. M.
5:00 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	8:50 A. M.
				6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		7:25 P. M.	7:25 P. M.
			2:25 P. M.	7:25 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs and Stewart's Point; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Keseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Lower Lake, and at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Willits, Cahto, Calpella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.
EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Litton Springs, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.00; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Guerneville, \$7.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80; to Sebastopol, \$2.70.
EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Litton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20; to Sebastopol, \$1.80.
PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
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OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
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YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1890.
Oceanic... Thursday, June 26
Belgic... Saturday, July 19
Belgic... Tuesday, August 12
Oceanic... Thursday, September 4
Gaelic... Saturday, September 27
Belgic... Tuesday, October 21
Oceanic... Thursday, November 13
Gaelic... Saturday, December 6
Belgic... Tuesday, December 30
Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No. 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.



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A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

"You certainly are mistaken," said one young man to another at an evening party, "but that cannot be the young lady I met last winter, though the name is the same. Judge for yourself. This girl has a glorious complexion, while the other young lady—Good heavens, what a skin she had! Covered with blotches and red-headed pimples; it was like a nutmeg grater. Oh no, this cannot be the young lady." But it was, though, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery had worked the miracle. As a remedy for pimples, blotches, eruptions and all Skin and Scalp diseases, it is the most wonderful medicine extant. Of all the many blood-purifiers and remedies for skin diseases, "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only one guaranteed to do all that's claimed for it, or money promptly refunded! Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Salt-rheum, Tetters, Erysipelas, Eczema, Boils, and Carbuncles. In all Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, "Fever-sores," "Hip-joint Disease" and all impurities of the blood, no matter from whatever cause arising, it effects the most marvelous cures. **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Manufacturers, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.**



\$500 OFFERED for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of **DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.**
SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once.
Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists, everywhere.



"The Gondoliers" is one of Gilbert and Sullivan's "off" operas. It is better than "Princess Ida," but not so pretty as "Patience," and is miles away from "The Mikado"—the crowning glory of the now dissolved partnership. Still it is charming. Gilbert and Sullivan could not be otherwise if they tried. It is piquant, it is witty, it is original; but it is not as piquant, as witty, or as original as some of its illustrious predecessors.

The story is Gilbertian to the last extent—paradoxical, gravely absurd, demurely nonsensical. If it were the first opera of the gifted two, it would be considered as delightful as "Pinafore" was, and make quite as much sensation. But we are used to the methods of the colleagues now, and their quaintness has lost its edge. Their ideas, moreover, do not seem to accord as perfectly as of yore. Sir Arthur has taken to composing more serious music, which does not fit Mr. Gilbert's jolly muse as the old, gay, jingling, sparkling music did.

The story of "The Gondoliers" is full of the old familiar faces. There is a foster-mother in it, and a mixed-up pair of babies. Mr. Gilbert is as fond of two infants of confused identity as De Mille and Belasco are of a hero who weeps when Fate is unkind. They came in in "Pinafore." One of them came in in "The Pirates," and a foster-mother in both cases was at the bottom of the trouble. Little Buttercup mixed those babies up, and not a creature knew it. Ruth "apprenticed Frederick to a pirate." Both satisfactorily explain things in the last act—comic opera being more lenient to the foster-mother than tragic opera, which, on the one occasion when a foster-mother was permitted to enter its sacred purlieus, tried to burn her up with horrible agonies and wild shrieks of high C.

The mixed-up babies, grown to young men, find themselves in the accustomed position. They are gondoliers, but one of them is really a king. It only waits to be known which one. To reveal this is the foster-mother's business—one might say her *raison d'être*—and she is held off till the last act, when she will drop on the end of the play, like the sword of Damocles, and cut all the knots. The foster-mother *à la* Gilbert is one of the most useful institutions of the stage—a creature to be encouraged upon the domestic hearth, more necessary in the household than a railway time-table, a directory, or a homœopathic medicine-chest. She is more obliging than the gods were in the days of Æneas, and had just their same convenient way of appearing at the moment when complications of affairs were threatening to spoil everything. After seeing a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, you come away with the idea that the first step necessary to insure comfort and happiness in this world is the cultivation of foster-mothers.

Round the two gondoliers and their two wives humor of the true Gilbert type sparkles and coruscates. There is a third wife—Casilda—introduced, who was married by proxy to the king-gondolier when they were both infants. This is an embarrassment of riches which greatly perplexes the gondoliers. It appears that only two-thirds of them belong to their respective wives, the rest belonging to Casilda, who is married to one of them, but no one can tell which, the foster-mother still lying perdu in the end of the last act. When Tessa, Giuseppe's wife hears this, she says: "Then I am only married to a vulgar fraction," a remark which loses its point before an American audience.

Apropos of English wit, it is a great mistake to try and graft American wit upon it. They are both so different in style, in manner, in idea, and expressions that an attempt to fuse them generally results in the most meaningless hodge-podge. Especially when you put on top of Gilbert's wit, which is really fine-pointed, delicate, and yet deep-rooted, a layer of the common, cheap, sidewalk-slang known as "gags." The beggar on horseback does not sit more uneasily than "gags" on Gilbert's libretto. They are as out of place as sand in sugar. In such a piece as "The City Directory" or a Hoyt farce or a topical song, "gags" have a recognized place, and sometimes fit into it quite nicely. But on an English comic-opera, by the two acknowledged masters of the art, they are as ugly excrescences as clinging fungi on the bark of a graceful and spreading tree.

The Tivoli company probably "play to their audience." This, however, is humoring it too much. It will become so spoiled, that when it goes to "Hamlet" it will want to hear the melancholy Dane break out into the same kind of witticisms in the middle of the great soliloquy. Its taste has already been sufficiently vitiated. "The Gondoliers" is a pretty opera, full of charming, catching melodies and many witty remarks, yet the most enthusiastic applause

was elicited by a dance in the opening of the second act, and by such interpolations as that of Mr. Fitzgerald, when he said, "That was Gilbert's fault," or some such words. Then, in the graceful song beginning "I am a courtier," with its termination in a dignified and stately dance-measure, they introduce some sort of ridiculous "business" in imitation of a front-row looking through glasses, which might be very amusing in the right place, but which is simply ruin to the song that it interrupts. Miss Gaillard, as Tessa, breaks the harmony of one of her arias to squeeze in an "Ah, there!" or two. Apart from the question of taste, it spoils the song.

The Tivoli, nevertheless, is rather a remarkable place. It is said to be unique of its kind in this country. It has no prototype in New York. There, price and tone fall together. For the admission fee, the performance is singularly good. Nobody is startlingly brilliant and yet nobody is excruciatingly bad. Taken as a whole, the performers are fairly competent, and show some of that originality of style which goes further in comic opera than the voices of "the grieving cherubim" would.

Keeping the admission price well in view, one can not but be struck by the fact that Mr. Norman is too good for the place where he is. He deserves a better fate than singing to fifty-cent audiences, for whose pleasure he makes "gags." He is really a clever artist, with an agreeable voice and a pleasant style. But his greatest attraction is that he articulates distinctly. Worse even than getting a letter in an illegible hand is to go to a performance where every one talks so indistinctly that you can not hear a word. Some of the Tivoli company suffer from this defect—or rather their audience suffers—and though you can not expect a great wealth of voice for a half-dollar, you are justified in expecting that you are going to hear what they are all talking about.

The ducal party are the only ones in the opera who articulated clearly. This peculiarity did not descend to their attendant, Mr. Messmer, who was quite speechless with a cold and reminded one of those half-fledged birds who keep opening their beaks but emit no sound, not even the faintest chirp. Mr. Gaillard is handicapped at the outset with a foreign accent, and the lovely romanza which fell to his share in the second act was greatly marred by the fact that you could only hear an occasional word or two here and there. Miss Gaillard, who is a lady of boisterous spirits, was unintelligible because she spoke too quickly. If her performance was more subdued, it would be an improvement. All the ladies of the company might profit by a lesson in elocution from Soldene. Though she is now a sort of pinnacle of history, she has not forgotten how to deliver every sentence so that it makes its point, or how to move in the minutest with a majestic, stately air.

Roughly speaking, the men of the Tivoli company are better singers and actors than the women. This appears to be the case in every light-opera company that we have seen in the city for the past two years. The Bostonians, the Carleton Company, "The City Directory"—in all these the men were much more painstaking and successful than the women. They worked harder, they were more seriously bent on pleasing, they were less self-conscious, they were more interested for the general success of the whole enterprise than for that of the individual. With the women, even in the most earnest, there is a sort of gracefully apologetic suggestion that this is not hard work, but an attractive pastime. They seldom take their own performance with absolute seriousness. There is always a touch of the amateur about them, of the person who is nervously amused and bashfully self-conscious, and who relies on a charming get-up to achieve success. Even in the Tivoli the women had the old-accustomed air of having more faith in their appearance than in their talents. It was obvious that they intended their costumes to do a large share of their acting. There were spaces of silence when the costume had the floor, and the actress inside it took a grateful rest. In a second or third-class opera-bouffe company, the women hardly ever make an attempt really to act a part. They look nice, and recite their lines, and then evidently consider that they have done their duty. The men in the same company will regard their acting as work to be done, and go to it seriously and conscientiously and with the evident intention of, for the time being, assuming a rôle, personating a character. G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Denman Thompson will begin an engagement in "The Old Homestead" next week. The play enjoyed a very long run in New York, probably owing to the constant presence of crowds of bucolic visitors to the metropolis.

The Bostonians have produced a new light opera in Chicago. It is called "Robin Hood," and is the joint production of Reginald de Koven and Harry B. Smith, who are responsible for "Don Quixote."

The London Gaiety Company begins a three weeks' engagement in this city on Monday night.

"A Long Lane; or, Pine Meadow," a rustic drama by Sedley Brown, who assumes one of the leading rôles, is to be given its first hearing in San Francisco next Monday.

Gustav Hinrichs is again to the fore with his big opera company, which began its season's work in Philadelphia a fortnight ago. The company includes

fourteen people, among whom the names of Louise Natali—was she not the Louise Lester who married Louis Natal?—Montegriffo, Del Puente, and C. Cornell.

That Mrs. Leslie Carter is to go on the stage, in spite of the subsidence of the public interest aroused by her divorce case, seems a settled fact. Her *jeune premier* has been chosen from London, in the person of Arthur Daere. Daere is a handsome man of thirty-five, and is among the best leading men on the English stage. He is the husband of Amy Roselle, who will accompany him to this country and may try a starring tour on her own account.

A melodrama with the title "Guilty without Crime" will be seen for the first time in this city next week.

"Faust up to Date" was originally written by George R. Sims and Henry Pettit, who have been turning out the lurid melodramas dear to the British heart for ten years and more. It was revised for the American public by the man who wrote the burlesque of "Evangelioe."

"The Gondoliers" has proved almost as popular as the other Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and will be continued for several weeks.

The New York *World* has announced the result of the play competition for which it offered first-class production at a New York theatre as the prize. "Will o' the Wisp," by Miss Martha Morton, of New York, was selected by the judges—F. F. Mackay, Arthur Wallack, and Alfred Ayres—and is soon to be produced under the direction of J. M. Hill and Ben Teal. Among the plays honorably mentioned was one by Blanche Marsden, daughter of the late Fred. Marsden.

The *pas de quatre* in "Faust up to Date" will be in the hands—or, rather, in the feet—of Lillian Price, Florence Levey, Maude Wilmot, and Edith Rayner.

The local theatres will be realistically bucolic next week. In "The Old Homestead," which is described as "a pastoral drama," hens, ducks, and other farm produce are quite prominent, and in "A Long Lane," which is "a rustic idyl," a hand of sheep come on in one scene and are washed and sheared.

Nat Goodwin is going to take "A Gold Mine" to London this summer, where he will be supported by an English company.

First lady—"I saw you at the theatre last night, but you wouldn't look at me. What were you reading so attentively?" *Second lady*—"I was looking for the cast of characters in the programme, but I didn't find it till I got home."

During the run of "The Old Homestead" in New York, when dead-heads applied for seats, they were partially stunned by the reply from the box-office: "Sorry. There's not a seat left in the house. I can let you have a box or two, though."

The New York Lyceum Theatre has introduced an innovation that commends itself to the summer theatre-goer—the plush seats have been covered with cool linen and light-colored crash has been laid in the aisles.

"The City Directory" has been more successful than any other farce-comedy in New York, and is to return there in October. It is due here in a fortnight.

The cast of "Faust up to Date" is as follows: Marguerite, Florence St. John; Faust, Addie Conyers; Martha, Marie Jones; Siebel, Katie Barry; Mephistopheles, E. J. Lonnien; Valentine, Charles Lonnien; Lord Chancellor, E. H. Haslem; and Old Faust, E. Vasotti. The first act is laid in the exposition grounds at Paris, the Eiffel Tower being a prominent feature of the scene.

The other London Gaiety Company, headed by Fred Leslie, Nellie Farren, and Letty Lind, is to come to San Francisco in May of next year.

"The Private Secretary," which has been a summer success at the New York Lyceum, is to be sent out West in August, coming as far as this city. The present cast, which is an excellent one, will be retained; but "The Private Secretary" has worn its welcome rather thin in San Francisco.

The London papers put a new significance on the small riot in Albert Hall, on the occasion of Mme. Patti's first appearance on her return from America. It seems that her manager came forward and made the surprising announcement that, as Mme. Patti was suffering from a cold, she would not sing the

song set down on the programme, but would oblige with "The Last Rose of Summer." This announcement was not hailed with delight, and she got comparatively little applause. And when she offered to sing "Home, Sweet Home" as an encore, the audience would not stand it. As the *St. Stephen's Gazette* says:

If Mme. Patti was well enough to sing at all, she could certainly have sung some respectable song. It was an insult even to those who patronize ballad-concerts to get up and warble music-hall ditties. So far from wishing her to repeat either one song or the other, what was wanted was one whole piece of vocalism to compensate those present for having gone out into the suburbs to hear a popular favorite.

Johnson's "Universal Cyclopaedia."

Eight volumes, half-morocco, library sheep, and extra levant cloth. A. J. Johnson & Co., 11 Great Jones Street, New York. We take great pleasure in welcoming this cyclopaedia, now in eight handy volumes, to our table. Every home, office, and school needs a good cyclopaedia. Of the 8,000 special and important articles prepared for this work, 1,500 were by our distinguished fellow-churchman, President Barnard, of Columbia College, and Professor Guyot, of the College of New Jersey. Two thousand eminent contributors, in Europe and America, sign their names to their articles. We mention these facts in support of our own very favorable opinion of the work. We like to know who writes what we read. Thirty-three distinguished editors have been in charge of as many departments. From Yale, Dartmouth, Cornell, Amherst, Harvard, Williams; from senators, scholars, clergy, writers, and all ranks and professions, only praise seems to have been meted out to the work, and now that it is put in twice the number of volumes as before, it will be more gladly welcomed than ever. The "freshening-up" of the contents has been carefully done, and the cyclopaedia is now fully up to date, and it is many years later than any work of the kind, so far as we know, now on the market. (\$48 and \$56 the eight vols.)

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"PORTLAND, MAINE, August 6, 1889.—Johnson's 'Universal Cyclopaedia' (revised edition) is an ever-present companion and friend, and I consult it very much more frequently than I do my 'Britannica,' 'Appleton's,' 'Webster's Unabridged,' etc., and very seldom fail to find in it just the kind and amount of information which I need."

From Hon. A. R. Spofford, LL. D., Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

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"There must be fortunes in patent medicines." "I dunno. 'Tain't all profit. Bottles cost money." —*New York Sun.*

A "Mikado" company got stranded on a cannibal island recently, and the chiefs had Ko-ko for breakfast. —*Munsey's Weekly.*

Brown—"Did the landlord see the leak in the roof?" Mrs. Brown—"No; but he saw the pane of glass Johnnie broke." —*Life.*

He—"What are you going to Europe for?" She—"Frankly, to secure a husband. And you?" He—"To get away from my wife." —*Munsey's Weekly.*

"To whom did you how?" "A mosquito. He has some of the finest blood in the State in his veins." "How do you know?" "He just bit me." —*New York Sun.*

"How is Bronson? Holding his own?" "I don't know. He wasn't the last time I saw him." "Where was he?" "On an ocean steamer." —*New York Sun.*

"That boy, who just dropped a bad nickel in the slot, reminds me of the Arab who folded his tent." "How was that?" "He silently stole a weigh." —*Munsey's Weekly.*

"The French in Africa are taking a mean advantage of the King of Dahomey." "How so?" "They are throwing live mice into the ranks of his Amazons." —*New York Sun.*

"Miss Antique is delirious. The doctor says it is the result of great joy." "What caused it?" "The census-taker asked her if there were any other young ladies in the house." —*Boston Herald.*

Miss Lentils (in Boston)—"I have just discovered a poem in this magazine which I can't understand." Miss Beans—"Oh, how nice! Let us organize a club immediately." —*Munsey's Weekly.*

Tommy—"Say, paw, what is a philosopher?" Mr. Figg—"A philosopher, Tommy, is a man who sits around and figures out how other men have so much more money than he has." —*Terre Haute Express.*

First poet—"I am going to get even with the editor of the *Nogood Magazine.*" Second poet—"How?" First poet—"I've sent him a poem, and I've poisoned the mucilage on the return envelope." —*Puck.*

Rev. Longnecker—"Dear, I do wish I could think of some way to make the congregation keep their eyes on me during the sermon." Little Tommy—"Pa, you want to put the clock right behind the pulpit." —*The Epoch.*

Thompson—"You look pale and thin, Johnson. Why will you persist in killing yourself working night and day in such weather as this?" Johnson—"I am trying to earn money enough to pay the expenses of a week's rest in the country." —*New York Weekly.*

Pedestrian—"So you want work, do you? Well, you can get it by going to that factory over there. There is a placard on the door saying there is work for people of both sexes." Tramp—"Sorry, boss, but that don't help me any. I belong to only one sex." —*New York Tribune.*

Reporter—"Did you find any papers or letters on the body of the tramp who was killed at the crossing this afternoon?" Coroner—"Yes. There was a lottery ticket, a description of a three-thousand-dollar cottage, and a diagram showing how to tie a 'four-in-hand scarf.'" —*Terre Haute Express.*

"You wish to marry one of my daughters?" "Yes, monsieur, it is my dearest wish." "I give a dowry of fifty thousand francs with the youngest, one hundred thousand with the second, and one hundred and fifty thousand with the eldest." "You don't happen to have one older still, do you?" —*Ex.*

Widow—"I wish to order a tombstone for my husband's grave, and I want a nice epitaph on it." Stone-cutter—"Yes'm. May I ask your husband's business?" Widow—"Well, he was a-a-a professional card-player." Stone-cutter—"H-m-m-m. How would 'Waiting for the Last Trump' suit, do you think, madam?" —*Ex.*

She was talking confidentially to her bosom friend: "Now that we are married," she said, "John has stopped drinking entirely. I have not detected the odor of liquor about him since our wedding-day." "Was it difficult for him to stop?" inquired the bosom friend. "Oh, no; not at all. He just eats cloves. He says that is a certain cure." —*Life.*

Suspiciously cordial: Miss Honeysuckle (in some trepidation)—"Here's the bill for my new bonnet, papa." Mr. Honeysuckle—"Seventy-five dollars? Why, that's remarkably cheap for so pretty a one; and how well it becomes you." Miss Honeysuckle—"Papa, I believe you are getting ready to tell me that I can't go to Saratoga this summer." —*Ex.*

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NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke for the wedding of her daughter, Miss Edith Alice Evelyn Clarke, and Lieutenant Charles G. Lyman, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., which will take place in St. Luke's Church, at noon on Wednesday, June 25th.

The wedding of Miss Emma G. Welch, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William W. Welch, formerly of Virginia, Nev., and Mr. George Boole, Jr., who is with the Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden Company, will take place at St. John's Episcopal Church on Monday morning, June 23d, at half-past eleven o'clock.

The next important event in tennis will be the third annual tournament for the championship of the Pacific Coast, which will be held in San Rafael on July 4th and 5th, for which entries are already being received and are expected from all the leading clubs of the State. Prizes valued at five hundred dollars have been offered.

ART NOTES.

The California School of Design has issued a special circular to teachers of the public schools informing them that, under new arrangements, they will be received in the Saturday class at two dollars per month, or six dollars for the term of four months. The class continues every Saturday during the year from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M.

Douglas Tilden has forwarded a dispatch to Professor W. Wilkinson, stating that his latest work has received honorable mention at the Paris Salon.

Experiments have been made with electric searchlights, from the top of the Eiffel Tower, to determine their value for purposes of defense to a fortress. It was found that observers stationed a mile away could see men and animals at a distance of six or seven miles.

The seventh annual commencement exercises of the Sierra Normal College, at Auburn, Cal., were held on Thursday evening, May 22d. The large chapel-hall was filled by the friends of this deservedly popular institution. The following excellent programme was presented:

Invocation, Rev. John Chisholm; instrumental duet, Professor Becker and Miss Luback; essay, "Possibilities," Miss Ina K. Stone; declamation, "The Vow of Washington," Mr. William B. McGuire, Jr.; essay, "Fiction," Lathrop Huntley; vocal solo, Mrs. Ward; essay, "Delusions," Miss Mattie F. Hamilton; declamation, "The Old Actor's Story," Mr. Charles O. Davis; vocal solo, Mrs. Fellows; annual address, President M. W. Ward; vocal solo, Miss Morrill; address to class, Professor S. H. Strite; conferring diplomas; benediction.

The members of the graduating classes were as follows:

Normal class—Miss Ina K. Stone, Miss Mima E. Creps, Miss Mattie F. Hamilton, and Mr. Lathrop Huntley; commercial class—Mr. John K. White, Mr. Charles O. Davis, Mr. William D. Curtis, Mr. Archibald McKinley, and Mr. William B. McGuire, Jr.

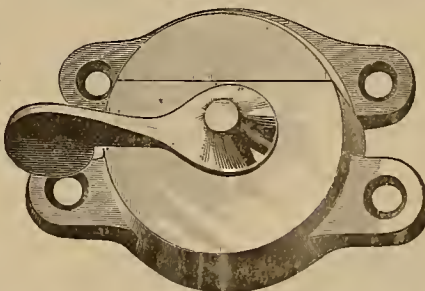
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Broiled Squabs on Toast.
Oyster Patties.
Green Corn, Squash.
Roast Beef. Marble Potatoes.
String Bean Salad.
Cream Cakes. Currant Ice.
Fruit.

CREAM CAKES.—Half a pound of flour, quarter pound of butter, and half a pint of boiling water; pour the boiling water on the butter and put it over the fire. As soon as it begins to boil, stir in the flour; when cool, add five small or four large eggs, well beaten. Drop in tins and bake in a quick oven fifteen or twenty minutes. When they are done, open them at the sides and put in as much custard as possible.

CUSTARD.—Take half a pint of rich cream and add to it two eggs, well beaten, and a little flour; sweeten and flavor to taste and put it on to boil. When done, put in the cakes.

Whipped cream may be used instead of the custard, and it improves the cakes to brush them over with a little beaten white of egg before baking.

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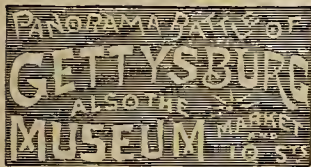
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The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

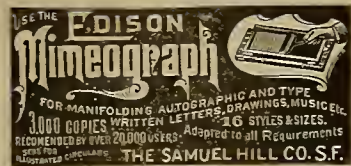
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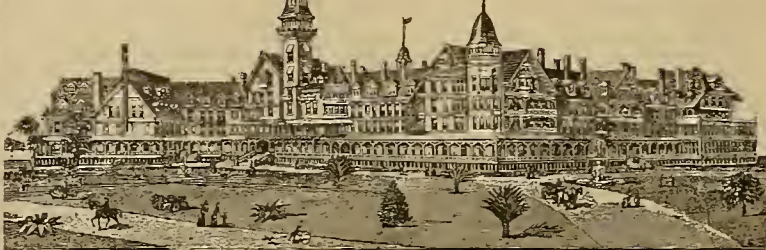


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The Argonaut.

VOL. XXVI. No. 25.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 23, 1890.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The Free-Coinage Silver Bill has passed the Senate of the United States by a vote of forty-two ayes to twenty-five noes. It has to be returned again to the House of Representatives. It will probably be subjected to another committee of conference between the Senate and the House. It has yet to receive the approval of the President of the United States. It has been the fight of a forlorn-hope in the trenches. Wall Street, the combined and desperate money-gamblers, plutocrats, usurers, and dishonest politicians of the country have banded together to obstruct the remonetization of silver, and the fight is not yet won. President Harrison, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the leading Republicans, have acted badly, and, in the opinion of almost universal sentiment, dishonorably. If men like Senators Allison, Cullom, Dawes, Edmunds, Evarts, Frye, Hale, Hawley, Hiscock, Hoar, Morrill, Platt, and John Sherman—all of whom are Republicans, most of whom were Presidential candidates, and nearly all of whom were members of the Republican National Convention that nominated Harrison for President—can explain their course upon the silver

question and reconcile their legislative action and their final vote upon the bill, they will have done that which will go far toward their retention in office and the preservation of the respect they have so far maintained as honest men and intelligent statesmen. The Senate vote, and the very bold position taken by Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, against President Harrison; the open letter of Mr. Newlands, of Nevada; to the Secretary of the Treasury, charging him with a violation of the resolution of the Republican National Convention upon the question of remonetization of silver, indicate that the East and West, the manufacturing and the agricultural States, are, to an extent, widely differing upon the economic questions, of which currency is one. The South is with the West upon all questions that are not entirely political. As we look upon these events, we see the defeat of the Republican party clearly foreshadowed; with a South united and "solid" for the Democratic party, and a North not solid for the Republican party, and willing to betray principles solemnly and deliberately announced in its national platform, it will be strange if the Pacific and silver-producing States do not drift away from party rules which have no binding force and from party leaders who betray party principles. Among the names of the men who have taken a manly part, and have not shrunk from principle and duty, we have pleasure in naming Senators Jones and Stewart, of Nevada. They have done brave work. Than A. J. Warner, of Ohio, president of the St. Louis convention, no one has been more serviceable, or contributed more intellectual force in aid of the passage of the bill in both houses. Mr. Bland, of Missouri, who was chairman of the St. Louis committee on resolutions, is the older, if not the better, silver soldier of them all. Mr. Newlands and Hon. Thomas Fitch exerted themselves in convention, on the executive committee, on the public platform, and in the literary bureau. Senators Teller, Mitchell, Squires, Ingalls, Morgan, Plumb, Reagan, Vance, Vest, Wolcott, and Hearst all did good work. Senator Stanford, absent, was paired for the bill. It was the agricultural South and West against the commercial and manufacturing North. The Republicans of the Pacific Coast and the silver-producing States are mortified at the position taken by the administration and the New England and Middle States Republicans. Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, lost his temper and his dignity. He could not have been sober, for the use of silver for coinage is as old, as honorable, and has been as serviceable for as many years and for as many millions of people as gold. To call it a "hoodlum" measure is unworthy of a senator of the United States, if he was not himself recovering from a convivial symposium. The bill, as it has passed the Senate, may be summarized as follows:

Section 1 provides that from and after the date of the passage of the act the unit of value in the United States shall be the dollar. This may be coined of four hundred and twelve and one-half grains of standard silver or twenty-five and eight-tenths grains of standard gold; said coins to be equal legal tender for debts, public or private. Any owner of silver or gold bullion may deposit it at any mint in the United States to be formed into standard dollars or bars for his benefit without charge, but it shall be lawful to refuse any deposit of less value than one hundred dollars, or any bullion so base as to be unsuitable for operations of the mint.

Section 2 provides that Section 3 of February 18, 1878, shall be made applicable to the coinage provided by this act.

Section 3 provides that certificates provided for in the act, and all gold and silver certificates, shall be of denominations of not less than one nor more than one hundred dollars, and be redeemable in coin of standard value. The provision in the Act of February 28, 1878, requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase at market-price not less than two nor more than four millions of dollars' worth of silver bullion per month, is repealed.

Section 4 sets forth that certificates provided for in the act, and all gold and silver certificates already issued, shall be receivable for all taxes and dues to the United States of every description, and shall be legal tender for the payment of all debts, public and private.

Section 5 provides that owners of bullion deposited for coinage shall have the opportunity to receive coin or its equivalent in certificates provided for in the act, and such bullion shall be subsequently coined.

Section 6 provides for the covering into the Treasury of funds held for the national bank circulation.

During the silver debate in the Senate, Wolcott, of Colorado, justified the silver-producing States for protecting so

important an industry, and said: "The warrant for such a course was given them by some of the Northern and Eastern States, where politics was rated at its commercial value, and where political fealty was made to depend upon the prosperity of the locality where the voter resided." The East and North fought for high protective duties, but when the West undertook to guard the product of its mines, upon which it so largely depends, it was told that its representatives were "sordid and unpatriotic." Criticising the attitude of the administration on the silver question, he accused it of being "unfriendly," said that the President's record was searched in vain for any noteworthy action, and expressed the opinion that if Mr. Harrison's views had been announced among the miners and farmers before election, he would not have received a majority in any State west of the Missouri River. "An open foe was preferred to a secret enemy." "The recommendation of the Secretary of the Treasury struck 'viciously at the interests of silver. The whole purpose of the 'House bill was to degrade and debase silver.' Senator Mitchell said, in the course of his speech, 'that any administration which would set itself against the free and unlimited coinage of the silver dollar would be, as it deserved 'to be, hurled from power.' These are strong words from strong men representing strong Republican States, and if they are not heeded, it is because the President and his administration are composed of men who are weak and blundering."

Miss Kate Field is an amiable spinster of years so mature as to justify suppression of their number. She is both literary and commercial. When we first had the honor of knowing the lady—we might say of being first presented, for we do not feel that we quite know her yet—she was at the head of a great business concern in the city of New York. It had a restaurant in it, where we dined on the third floor. The restaurant is not now in operation. When first introduced, we politely said we were "proud to know her," and she replied that "she was glad we were proud." It was very funny, and we thought it very funny—we were young then, and it was our first visit to the city of New York. We next heard of "Miss" Kate Field at Salt Lake, where she remained still unmarried and where she gathered enough anti-Mormon observations to write a book and justify a lecture tour. The book we have not read, and the lectures we have not heard, and therefore concede to them the presumption of intellectual value. Next, if we remember aright, she visited Alaska and approved the purchase of that territory by Secretary Seward, and commended him for it—doubtless very grateful was Mr. Seward for the compliment, for he was dead, and the fame of the statesman is that his acts, sometimes harshly criticised when living, meet the approval of the wise and good when he is dead. Miss Field is both good and wise.

The next we heard of this most excellent young lady was to find her engaged in the temperance crusade in our own State. She engaged in this work of benevolence at a salary from the wine-growers of California, to write and lecture in the more benighted countries east of the Rocky Mountains, in elucidation of the proposition that the drinking of good, pure wine is a practical scheme of temperance reform, and cures the love for alcoholic beverages—a doctrine which we most fully indorse. In this engagement, it was her misfortune to run counter to Mr. Boruck, private secretary to Governor Waterman, and to incur his most rancorous displeasure, not because the private secretary doubted the wisdom or the necessity of the miracle of turning water into wine at the marriage feast in Galilee, for we must do the governor's secretary the justice to believe that he would have consented to any miracle that at any time would have transformed Miss Kate Field into a married woman. Boruck is the dog that guards the State treasury which is painted beside the treasure-box of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express, not the Cerberus of three heads that guards the gates that lead to the hell matrimonial.

Miss Kate Field's last venture is in the purely literary line. She edits and owns a weekly journal printed at the national capital, and in which she criticises the Yosemite Park and the

Big-Tree Grove of Mariposa. She finds no fault with the size of the sequoias in the grove, or with the height and grandeur of the rocky scenery in the valley, or with the splendor and magnificence of the mountains and forests in which those two wonders of nature are hidden; but she does criticize Governor Waterman and his secretary, and the nine who compose the Yosemite Commission, the stages, the hotels, the roads, the mules, and everything within the water-sheds of both the Merced Rivers; calls the governor a "dog," an "accident," an "incubus," and an "obstinate fool," and charges him with being "vagarious" to the extent of running a weekly journal at San Bernardino, edited by his private secretary, who is charged with the responsibility of "wagging" the proprietor. That we may not misrepresent Miss Field, nor do her injustice, we print the following sample of her literary skill, her exquisite humor, the beauty of her style, the elegance of her diction, and the candid fidelity to truthful narration which so distinguishes the female intellect when involved in personal and acrimonious discussion. We quote from *Kate Field's Washington* of May 28, 1890:

INCUBUS, FAREWELL.—It is said that a well-bred dog never waits to be kicked down-stairs. He stands not upon the order, but sniffing the kick as far off, goes at once. What a pity that California's "accidental governor" did not tear a leaf out of natural history, and save himself the humiliation of being told by his party that his services were no longer wanted! There is one kind of a politician worse than another. A knave may be clever, in which case he will often have sense enough to appreciate the wisdom of upholding virtue, though he have it not. Your knave may be a good fellow in many respects, and may serve his country to advantage, but your obstinate fool is a comet of so eccentric an orbit as to be incalculable to both friend and foe, as likely to strike his own grandmother as his father-in-law. Such a comet is California's incubus, and, though never careering high in the heavens, he has plowed his vagarious way through mountain, valley, and vineyard, until his own constituents cry: "Halt!" The incubus owns a paper, I think, in his own County of San Bernardino. This paper is edited by one who also holds the position of private secretary to said incubus, and who really has been largely responsible for the doings of his chief. In this instance, the tail has wagged the little dog. Flattered into believing he was having his own way all the time, the little dog has not known he was not doing the wagging! Recent advices state that, "owing to pressure of private business," the incubus will not be a candidate for renomination. Strange that his name should have been at the head of his own paper "for governor" up to the last day of grace!

When a woman goes wrong, she goes very wrong; when a woman becomes absurd and ridiculous, she fathoms the profoundest depths and scales the dizzy heights. Governor Waterman and the Yosemite Commissioners can afford to be misrepresented by the *Century* magazine, the *New York Times*, and the *San Francisco Examiner*, but to be clouted and scratched by an irresponsible maiden, like Miss Kate Field, who is protected by her poverty and her petticoats, is something which ordinary men and governors find it very uncomfortable to endure.

Our contemporary, the *Occident*, in a recent issue, contains the following contribution on the doctrine of Providence:

What is commonly known as "good luck" in business affairs and in the avocations of life is undoubtedly the direct result of divine interposition. A man goes down a certain side of a street to his business every morning. He has no reason for walking on one side more than the other. Presently a great wind comes along and topples over a chimney, and had he been on the other side he would have been killed. That was God's mercy that the man's life was saved. Now the question presents itself whether that man would have been more likely to have escaped were he a good man than if he had been a bad one. Let us apply every-day commercial sense to a solution of the question. We will take up one of the great daily papers and scan the events—good, bad, and indifferent—chronicled therein. A careful examination will reveal the fact that far more of the catastrophes happen to the sinful than to the righteous. Let us take another instance. Compare the destruction of churches by fire and disaster with the destruction of theatres. They are fair examples, and the extremes of piety and wickedness. You will find many more theatres going down in ashes, in proportion to their numbers, than churches.

This we believe to be sheer fanaticism. It is utterly devoid of both logic and reverence. As long as such views are presented by those who are supposed to be responsible representatives of Christianity, infidelity will increase in strength and assurance. We do not believe in what is ordinarily called "luck." "Good luck" simply consists in the right man being in the right place, at the right time, with the right idea. To say that God has anything to do with which side of a street a man may walk on, or that his moral character is involved in such divine control of man's physical movements, results in a most fearful impeachment of God's goodness and impartiality. Two men may be driving upon the same road, one is drunk and the other sober. The drunken man is more likely to meet with disaster than the sober one, not because he is wicked, or because the other man is good, but in consequence of the operation of well-known laws that are inexorable in their action. Theatrical buildings are more exposed to destruction by fire than churches, not because of the purposes for which they are erected, but because of their more frequent use and the peculiar mechanical contrivances necessary to theatrical performances. The subject of Providence as a whole is incomprehensible, yet there are many things involved in it that are demonstrable. To a few of these we turn our attention.

We are told that every human heart and material movement is under the inexorable control of irresistible force and irreversible fate. This is materialism, bald and bold, and would give us a universe without a God, a body without a soul, a here without a hereafter. According to this theory, there is no plan, no purpose; things simply happen.

We are told by the so-called orthodox class that everything in human experience and in the world's history is ordered and

controlled by God. According to this popular theory, God personally operates the laws and forces in the universe in such a sense as to involve his direct ordination of each incident and effect of their action. If this doctrine be true, then whatever may be the phenomenon, God is the supreme actor; man and law are His agents. A man is found dead with a dagger in his heart. The murder is a phenomenon. But the fact is, God killed the man, for the murderer and his dagger were equally instruments in God's hand. To be sure, they tell us that the murderer was a free agent, and that he committed this crime through the abuse of his freedom. While this is all true, and determines the guilt of the murderer, yet it does not remove the fact that, according to this doctrine, God used him as a free and voluntary agent in the production of an ordained event. If each human action and physical force is working out the immediate thought and purpose of God, under His direct control, then what a fearful picture of God's character we have in the hideous history of the past. We put the question, then, to this theologian of the *Occident*: Are the storms, earthquakes, fires, famines, protean-formed diseases, as well as the innumerable evils and heart-rending accidents, that occur through human ignorance, negligence, and perversity, directly commissioned by God to produce the incidental effects and specific ends they accomplish?

We are now prepared to lay down two propositions:

God has immutably correlated cause and effect by instituting a grand system of laws and forces, inclosing all structure, existence, and life. These laws and forces He has appointed to work out results agreeable to His ultimate purpose in the origination of the system.

This, however, no more makes each physical effect specifically ordained by God, than that each human act is thus specifically necessitated by God. Everything in the universe is under immutable law. Every particle of matter is bound by that mysterious principle by which all matter attracts and is attracted, directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance. The mountains stand on their foundations, the ocean tosses itself, and all the stars of heaven traverse their mighty paths under the resistless rule of this mysterious force. So, by the law of germination, all vegetable life is transmitted through the earthly flora, according to the creative ordinance: "That grass and herb and tree should yield seed after their kind, whose seed is in itself after its kind." And by the operation of this law, the trees, shrubs, and flowers are now in form, color, and fibre of spray, leaf and blossom, precisely the same that made fair and fragrant the primeval woodlands. What is more uncertain and capricious than the changes of the weather during a week? Yet the powers of vegetation are so nicely adapted to a certain average temperature that trees, plants, and flowers would die if in a year the mean warmth should fall five degrees. Such a variation never takes place. Irregular as our winters are, and uncertain as the summer heat seems, yet we get the needed result when the three hundred and sixty-five days are completed and brought to an average. In chemical combinations, also, we have an instance of the same subtle presence of law. Everything in nature is a chemical compound. And various as the mixtures are, it is found that a splendid regularity rules over them. Whenever oxygen combines with hydrogen, for instance, it will be in a ratio of which eight is the basis. There may be sixteen parts oxygen to one of hydrogen, or twenty-four to one, or forty to one; but no instance can be found, no substance in all known nature, in which the ratio will be nine to one, or seven to one, or any other than strictly eight, or some multiple of eight. So we find that carbon will combine with other substances only in the ratio of which six is the basis; nitrogen in the proportion of fourteen or some of its multiples; iron by parts represented by twenty-eight; and gold by one hundred and ninety-nine. Thus it is plain that the invisible atoms of things are under strictest chemical control. Again, we talk of the uncertainty of life, and, with regard to the duration of any particular person's existence, nothing seems to be more uncertain. But, take a city or State or country into account, and we can tell, with singular accuracy, how many of any ten thousand infants will live to be a year old; how many will pass on to two, three, and five years; how many will weather the diseases and dangers of youth; in a word, what number will be sifted out by each year into the grave, and how few will be left at seventy, eighty, and ninety to tell of a generation that has passed away. Again, even the so-called "lawless" elements in society obey a law. The moral darkness, the social neglects, and the inward depravities of a State or nation reveal themselves in a constant proportion of crimes and criminals. And this is the same immutable law of cause and effect. The best definition, therefore, of Providence is constant and beneficent law. Between the creation and the consummation, God permits second causes to control all material movements and determine the physical condition of the race. The world is one compact, organic thing, and the laws of God treat it as a whole. If the waters' level be disturbed by evaporation, then atmospheric and electric agencies are exerted to restore the

equilibrium. If the heat of the sun disturb by rarefaction the atmospheric balance, then whirlwinds and hurricanes will rush forth to establish the equilibrium. Disturb the electrical equipoise, and bifurcated lightnings will flash through the condensing vapor, and amid the resounding thunder the equilibrium is restored. And so of human society. Crime, ignorance, mortality by pestilence, blight of industry by war, degeneracy of physical power, point back to disturbing elements of evil. Every man, community, and state is in the coil of spiritual and physical laws. The mathematics of social order coldly demonstrate that wrong principles, false laws, and neglect of the conditions of health are terrible realities, and break out on the body-politic in crimes, ignorance, demoralization, and death. While we can not change God's laws, we can control the results of very many of their operations. The effects of those laws that relate to health and morals are entirely determined by human acts and conditions. The sanitary fidelity of communities will reduce, at once, the percentage of mortality. And so an increase of knowledge, ability, and diligence among the people will control to human benefit the operations of many of the physical laws that now result in accidents and disasters. Man must learn to work according to God's laws. If a man will insist on building upon the sand, God will not sustain his dwelling. If man makes that weak which he should have made strong, God will not make that strong which he has made weak, to suit man's arrangement. And it will make no difference whether the man is a saint or a sinner.

The strike against the iron-manufacturers by the iron-molders seems to have resulted in the loss to our coast of the construction of a war-vessel, which would have disbursed for labor and material some three millions of dollars. Just who is most to blame for this unfortunate result, we can not say, not having reliable information upon which to write. The *Alta California*—Mr. Irish, editor—charges Mr. Hearst, of the *Examiner*, his father, the United States Senator, and Mr. Clunie, member of Congress, with a political intrigue, which has led to the rejection of the Union Iron Works' bid for the larger vessel. How much of this is true, and how much of it is newspaper jealousy, we have no means of determining. If San Francisco has lost, through political intrigues, three millions to be disbursed for labor, it has lost three hundred millions through the diabolism of its daily newspapers. They are agreed upon nothing that is good; they have the courage to oppose nothing that is bad, nothing that carries with it coin to their tills, advertising patronage to their columns, or votes to the party in whose interest they may be employed. This quarrel between capital and labor is wrong just to the extent that either refuses to obey the laws of the State, and so far as we can understand the subject-matter of the controversy, the iron companies are right and the iron-molders wrong. We do not believe in labor strikes, nor do we think that moneyed syndicates, to corner the necessities of life, are justified by any moral code. We believe that revolutions are justified and rebellions against the law defensible when willing workers can not find sufficient employment at reasonable rates to maintain themselves and their families with the necessities and comforts of life. Within that line, we can conceive of no controversy that may not be settled by courts and jurors. If there is any existing law that is unjust, it is remediable by legislative action, and the vote is in the hand of every adult male, and the constitution provides that in a republican form of government the majority may rightfully rule, and the minority must submit or rebel. When we hear that labor-leagues are organized for the purpose of excluding boys from learning trades, while the shops are open to immigrants from other lands, we have only contempt and detestation for the principle that prompts their organization, or for the political party that seeks their votes, or for the journal that lacks the courage to declare its convictions. With the controversy, as presented by the *Examiner* and the *Alta California*, we have no concern; with the striking molders we have no sympathy, because, as we are informed, they are responsible for the commission of inexcusable and cowardly crimes; but we have less sympathy for opinions expressed by the *Examiner*, for it is deliberately endeavoring to create a universal labor strike in this city, and such an act of inexcusable folly would entail inconvenience upon all outside the labor class and great suffering upon women and children who belong to it. We venture to quote and approve the opinions expressed by Mr. Irish in his editorial of June 19th:

The striking molders number only a few dozen. The other trades have no grievance. They are working in harmony with their employers, having no contention about the hours of labor or the rates of wages. They have been contributing of their wages for months to the support of the striking molders, but they have no complaints on their own account. These men number thousands. Yet they are deliberately urged by the *Examiner*, under a private understanding with Joseph Valentine, the leader of the strikers, to forsake their work and enter upon a prolonged season of idleness and privation. There was a strike here once of the same sort. The cooks and waiters, composing a union that had dominated their line of labor in this city, struck because the bakers had a grievance against their employers. They were starved out after months of a hopeless, fruitless contest, and many of the deluded men walked out of the city, broken in purse and spirit.

Has the *Examiner* considered the cost of the step that it now advo-

ities; the cost in money to every manufacturing and mercantile interest of the Pacific Coast; the cost in hunger and misery to thousands of men who are now earning good wages, with which they are satisfied and out of which they are enabled to maintain themselves and their families in a comfort that in many cases approaches to luxury; the still greater cost in want and starvation to the dependent and helpless wives and children of the men whom it advises to plunge into the ruin involved in a general labor strike? Has that paper considered the general paralysis that would overtake every channel of trade and every branch of industry? Does it know what a general strike means? Does it know that it would give to every industry of this city, and probably of the State, a blow from which it would take years to recover; that even if such a strike were confined to the various branches of the iron trade, it would be followed by the enforced idleness for months of thousands of other working-men whose employers depend on material products of the foundries, and would be compelled to stop work so long as the threatened strike, in which they had no interest, should last? Yet these are the results which must follow the adoption of the course so recklessly instigated and urged by the *Examiner*.

Labor leagues or political leagues, to secure to their members every right and privilege within the law, to resist every oppression which capital endeavors to place upon them, to resist every exaction and every wrong which money or political power can invent to their annoyance, we fully and entirely approve. But when laborers unite with the laborers of foreign countries against the working Americans and the native-born American boys to despoil them of their rightful inheritance to perform any work on the American continent, at any price they may be willing to receive, and upon any conditions they may be willing to enter into, we denounce it as illegal, unjust, and to the last degree indefensible. If this strike of iron-rollers has deprived them and their co-laborers of three millions of dollars in wages, we presume they will not ask our sympathy, and we hope, if they come to any destitution, they will not solicit our charity.

The International Copyright Bill has recently met its annual defeat in Congress. Year after year the bill has been introduced, year after year voluminous petitions have been forwarded to Washington praying for its passage, and year after year it has been defeated. Each defeat has been succeeded by columns of indignant comment in the press on the dishonesty displayed by Congress; by general lamentations on the literary element in the country at the wrong done to the authors of foreign countries. The lamentation stage has now been reached, and the indignant protests of the authors now fill the air. But the general public has witnessed the repeated feats of this measure with the utmost calm; hardly a ripple of excitement has been caused by the reflections upon the dishonesty of their representatives. Not that they might be expected to resent such reflections—the abuse of congressmen is one of the cherished privileges of American citizenship. But had the general public been interested in the fate of the measure, they would have joined in the chorus of abuse. What, then, is the cause of the lack of interest? Is it because the mass of the people are too much interested in their questions—the tariff, the monetization of silver, the regulation of trusts—to care what becomes of a measure intended to benefit only the writers of books? Or are they blind to the moral aspect of the question; do they look only to their interests as readers rather than to the antagonistic interests of the writers? Or is it patriotism that underlies their concern? The international copyright law concerns itself primarily with the well-being of writers whose residences and interests are in foreign countries. Any law of Congress of course has effect nowhere but in this country, and this law if enacted would diminish the republication of the works of foreign authors in this country. It can have for its support, therefore, only a moral sentiment of doing an act of justice to these authors, or desire to set an example for the legislators of other countries to follow in favor of our own authors. But is this moral sentiment based upon reason? The mass of the people are honest, yet there is no question that the strong recognition of a moral sentiment is confined to the comparatively small minority of writers in this country. Is the moral sense of the community, then, confined to those who make literature a profession? Or is this one of those cases in which the moral intuition of the mass is more accurate than the moral reasoning of the small minority? The object and the effect of the copyright laws are different from the object and the effect of laws intended for the protection of property rights in general. Such a thing as a copyright was unknown to the law prior to the early part of the last century. It was during the reign of Queen Anne in England that the first copyright law was enacted. At that time, literature was being encouraged in every way, and the preamble of this law expressly declared its object to be "for the encouragement of learned men to compose and write useful books." So long as the author retains his work and does not publish it to the world, his ownership is exclusive—it belongs to him as does his watch. But when it is published to the world, it becomes public property. Here the copyright law steps in and says that the author shall have an exclusive right of publication for a period of fourteen years. The law, therefore, created a monopoly in favor of the author for a limited period. One of the most striking features of this legislation is the fact that it was enacted at the time when commercial monopolies were thoroughly

discredited and their obnoxious features were most clearly perceived. The statute finally abolishing monopolies had been passed in 1623, and its full effects were not felt for some years later. It was, perhaps, because of the full recognition of this fact that the monopoly was created only for a limited number of years in favor of the author. All copyright laws enacted since that time have followed in this principle of limiting the time during which the monopoly shall be enjoyed. After the expiration of this period the monopoly ceases, and the right of republication may be enjoyed by any person. This peculiarity of these laws brings out, in the strongest light, the difference between the exclusive right of publication of books and the exclusive right of property, literary and otherwise. And this fact is again seen in the wording of the constitution in the grant of power to Congress to enact copyright laws: "To promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." Again, the title of the first copyright law, enacted by Congress in 1790, is "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned." In 1831, the period for the duration of the copyright was made twenty-eight years, with the privilege of renewal for fourteen years. If, then, the object of the copyright law is the encouragement of literature and, in this case, the encouragement of a literature purely American, is it within the purpose of any such law to extend its protecting arm around the authors of the whole world? Is it even consistent with its true purpose? When it is not the protection of property-rights that is aimed at, what canon of ethics requires that we should encourage and develop universal literature? Is this idea of morality and justice to foreign authors, after all, based upon a confusion of the rights of property and the limited monopoly of publication? The rule of national action is national selfishness. Individual generosity may be a correct rule of conduct, but in the present state of social development is anything but national selfishness possible? The object of a government is to promote the well-being of its citizens, and the attainment of this object should be the consideration in the enactment of laws. The question that presents itself, therefore, is, would this object be most effectively attained by the protection of foreign authors? Or would it be more effective to permit the cheap republication of their books in this country? It is impossible to estimate how many readers have been introduced to the writings of standard authors through the cheap libraries during the last few years. The literary taste of the American people has been immensely elevated by this means. Is this an advantage sufficient to overcome the moral duty to those foreign authors whose publications are thus reprinted? Does the defeat of the International Copyright Bill imply moral depravity, or a failure to perform its duty on the part of Congress?

The course that ought to be pursued by the American party seems to us to be a very plain one. We have been long enough deluded by the hope that one or the other of the great national parties would become sufficiently Americanized to give some recognition of American principles in State or national platforms. They have not done so, for both Republican and Democratic parties in State and national politics are in awe of the Irish and the Roman Catholic vote. On questions of naturalization, elective privileges of public schools, the protection of public lands, and the prevention of pauper and criminal emigration, both parties are in a most cowardly position. There is, we think, no hope in this direction, and the only possible remedy is in the calling of an American convention, the nomination of an independent ticket, and the casting of the vote upon principle in utter disregard of its effect upon other parties. We would nominate, if we had the power, the Hon. John Bidwell, of Butte County, for governor. He is an American, is competent and honest, and would serve the State honorably. We are not entirely satisfied with the course of Governor Waterman, and are glad that we are relieved from the embarrassment of his candidacy. Our connection with his election and the defeat of a former friend, who was nominated for governor, gives us but little satisfaction. We find no encouragement in doing that which party policy alone dictates. The men who compose the American party are, as a rule, not politicians; they ask no official perquisites and are in independent employments; are self-reliant and fully capable of supplying all the requirements which necessity demands. They compose the class of floating voters; they hold the balance of power; and if they can maintain a party organization and keep themselves clear of designing and intriguing members, they can exercise great and controlling influences in the politics of this State. And when it is recognized that there is an American party organization, and that it will cast its vote for honest and competent officials who are Americans, then its vote will be worth obtaining, and nominations will be made by the Democratic and Republican

parties with the hope of gaining its support. The sooner such an organization is effected, the better it will be for the city of San Francisco and the State of California, and should the vote be small, the moral influence exerted by it will be in the highest degree serviceable to good government and beneficial to the best interests of society.

The *Chronicle* has made a sensation over the erection of a very comfortable printing-house. It has invited its friends to the warming, and, it is said, has commemorated the event by the issuance of medals in gold, silver, copper, and white metal, upon one side of which is embossed the medallion of its present proprietor and the castle where he looks down upon his neighbors. The *Chronicle* has the loftiest building in the city, but no longer paints fences with the claim of "largest circulation." The *Examiner* is the "Monarch of the Dailies," and if it does not exceed the younger journal in circulation, will deserve, like Tom Pepper, to be kicked out of hell for lying, if it ever gets there, and we think it will, for if there is no state of future torment for editors of DAILY journals, there is something defective in the providence of God. The *Examiner* will soon have a twelve-story edifice, with a tower to look down upon the ten-story *Chronicle* building, and then we shall see from which dung-hill we shall get the shrillest cockadoodledoo. The *Argonaut* has so long owned its own building, and the land upon which it stands, and the type and material with which it is printed, and we have a so much broader circulation than either or any of our daily journals, that it seems to us somewhat childish, all this rivalry about work-shops and all this boasting about circulation. A forty-page printed sheet, with badly executed pictures upon cheap paper of a Sunday morning, seems absurd, extravagant, and uncomfortable. We never read them, and never saw anybody who did. It is as sensible, however, as it is to send special trains to suburban villages before the people get out of bed or have opportunity to read. The rivalry between sensational newspapers is altogether ridiculous, and is very pitiable when indulged in by journals which have any pretense to honesty and legitimate business. If the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle* had the courage to express their honest convictions, they would be compelled to do business in a three-story building like the *Argonaut*.

The attitude of President Harrison upon the Free-Coinage Silver Bill, the position taken by the Republican Secretary of the Treasury, the now open hostility of Speaker Reed, the votes in the Senate of the United States of nearly all the Eastern Republican senators, are so open and flagrant a violation of party faith and party pledges that it ought to be known and ought to embarrass the Republican party when it appeals again for the popular vote. Mr. Speaker Reed was known, when running for Speaker, to be an anti-silver man, and was openly charged with being under the control of Wall Street influences. He has now disclosed his hand, and is endeavoring, by a most contemptible exhibition of political treachery, to betray his party. The Republican party is sowing to the wind and will reap the whirlwind at the next Presidential election unless its leaders, senators, Treasurer, Speaker, and President turn a sharp corner and head in an honest direction. The Republican party in this State is deeply interested in this issue. The margin is too narrow for treason to work successfully. The spirit of revolt is abroad among farmers, grain-raisers, fruit-growers, and business men, and it is among these classes alone that the Republican party is strong.

Peter Jackson (a negro slogger) "helted a dozen Germans and cleaned them out." The Germans have shown themselves better soldiers than the French in the late Franco-German War. The French, under Napoleon the First, flogged Germany, Austria, Spain, and Italy. Wellington, with the English, thrashed Napoleon. Americans thrashed England and won their national independence, their Fourth of July, their Federal Constitution, and their "Hail Columbia." If one negro can whip a dozen Germans, as stated on the bulletin-board of the *Chronicle*, and Germany can belt France, and France thrash the entire of Europe, and England thrash France, and America England, does it not follow that Peter, the African slogger, is the best man among Germans, French, Austrians, Spanish, Italians, English, or Americans? The darkey wears the champion-belt of the races; civilization holds its breath till an American is found to belt the belt off the belly of the victorious African. It will not do for John L. Sullivan to refuse any longer a contest with Jackson, because, in his opinion, the negro is inferior to the Irish race. Upon this question there is a difference of opinion, and we can suggest no better way of determining the question than a contest between the best man in San Francisco and the best man in the periphery that revolves around the Hub.

Any book of poems which has the word "tyrant" in it can not pass the Russian frontier. The Czar thinks it a direct hit at him. An English book was lately tabooed because it had the sentence, "God's free air." All the air in Russia belongs to royalty.

THE EARTH BUBBLE.

While just this or that poor impulse, which for once had play unstilled,
Seems the sole work of a lifetime that away the rest have trifled.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

Owen Capelle was a literary man who wrote for a living. The expression is not redundant; it is merely accurate. Do all literary men write for a living? Happily not. And, on the other hand, who would be so rash as to venture the assertion that all who write for a living are makers of literature?

With Owen Capelle, literature was at once an art and a business. It was an art because he worked at it reverently, conscientiously, with a considerable degree of talent, and assisted not infrequently by something very like inspiration. It was, again, a business, for the reason that by it he earned the support of himself, wife, and family, bartering his manuscripts and other forms of literary labor with a moderate amount of shrewdness, and after much the same method as that by which the farmer sells garden-truck, or the baker a batch of doughnuts.

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to learn, and it is certainly necessary to this narrative to explain just what Owen Capelle wrote, and how much of an income his labor brought. Several novels of his fabrication had been given to the public by that well-known publishing-house of Vellum & Marble, and from these he had altogether an annual royalty of about one thousand dollars. Of short stories, he wrote ten or twelve in the course of a year, which brought returns according to their quality and length, and averaged under one hundred dollars apiece. He also "turned out" literary articles for a daily journal, and he received a small salary for assisting in the editorial work of a children's magazine. Industrious by nature, and, after his marriage, goaded on by necessity, he worked hard nine hours a day with few holidays; and his income was nearly as large as the salary of a professional baseball player.

It must not be supposed, however, that Owen Capelle was famous. He was moderately well known to a limited circle of readers. In his early years, before writing had become with him a commonplace of daily labor, he had espied Fame strolling in the path a little way ahead of him. It would be easy enough, he thought, to overtake her, whenever he had earned some of his own time to devote to the effort. The years were passing now rather rapidly, for he was of the middle period of life, yet he was no nearer to her, and had almost ceased to lift his eyes in her direction.

One day in the spring-time, it happened that a conversation took place between Mr. Marble, of the publishing firm, and a certain Great Author, of which Mr. Capelle and his affairs formed the subject. The Great Author, who knew Capelle intimately, spoke with no little feeling of his laborious, ill-rewarded career. He declared his belief that the story-writer would have made a splendid name for himself but for the operation of the law of supply and demand. The publisher was surprised. He had been accustomed to look upon Capelle as exceptionally prosperous. He was, however, one of those men who make a principle of maintaining a certain degree of sentiment in their souls—something like a pensioned-off poor relation, who, at rare intervals, may come in for something handsome. He straightway resolved to make an example of Mr. Capelle to his conscience.

"We have been publishing Capelle's stories for several years," said he, "and," he added frankly, "I don't hesitate to say we are making a good enough thing out of them. I expect we ought to do something for him. What would you advise?"

"The best thing in this world," said the Great Author, "is cash."

"Would he take a lift, do you think?"

"You might try him."

"I could put it on the ground that we had made more than our share out of his books. I suspect we have, as a matter of fact."

"Undoubtedly," said the Great Author; "you make us fellows who know how to write books pay for your experiments with those who don't."

The publisher, ignoring this remark, continued: "Suppose I gave him a certain sum and stipulated that he was to use it to pay expenses while he abstained from work and enjoyed a vacation of a month or two. How is that?"

"Prime."

"He might take his wife and children to the sea-shore, for example."

"Yes; or, for a better example, he might send his wife and children there, and stay at home and enjoy life for a brief span."

"His home then isn't—er—"

The Great Author wagged his head slowly from side to side. "Whenever I feel the need of renewing my vows to bachelorhood," said he, "I go to visit poor Capelle at his house that I may regard him while in the bosom of his family. The sight is a perfect antidote to matrimony."

"Perhaps he is happy, though," suggested Mr. Marble.

"I respect him too much to believe it," answered the Great Author.

A few days later the plan for a vacation was submitted to Owen Capelle. He was very much astonished. At first he was inclined to refuse the gift. He knew very well that any respectable character in one of his stories would, after a conflict of diversified emotions, have declined, on the ground that it remotely resembled charity. But for himself, he was compelled to think of Mrs. Capelle and the little Capelles. He was accustomed to tell her everything—for she had a disagreeable way of finding it out just the same, if he did not. What would she say to his declining this offer—yes, and how long would she keep on saying it? The thought of the tall, square person, whom he loved as a man loves a woman that is only his wife, threw him into something very like a funk.

And he accepted.

The sum of money which Owen Capelle received was not enormous, but it was amply sufficient to carry out the plan. Mrs. Capelle and the children were to go to the sea-shore, and the story-writer was to remain in the city, or travel about—as

he chose—with a month's good salary, paid in advance, in his pocket.

"Let us consider that we are making you a present of some time," Mr. Marble had said.

As he rode back from the depot, after putting Mrs. Capelle and a liberal consignment of small Capelles on board the train, the story-writer said to himself:

"What shall I do with it?"

His wife had warned him to keep away from his study, that he might not be tempted to do any writing. Instinctive steps, however, led him into the work-shop. To a methodically industrious man it was a little confusing to be thus suddenly beset by leisure.

Stretched out in an easy-chair, his large pipe filled with fragrant tobacco, he reconnoitred the situation, discussing with himself, one after another, the various uses to which the vacation might be put.

The problem was to find something to do, which he should enjoy doing, and yet which should not be work; an easy enough matter for most mortals, but, as it happened, rather a perplexing one for Owen Capelle.

If he had put his thoughts into words and spoken them aloud, they would have run something after this fashion:

"It will not do for me to take a run out into the country, for I shall find myself instinctively picking up material wherever I go. It would be work in disguise. I might spend the time in some particular line of study. That is very much like work however. Or I might do some scientific reading—I am getting sadly behind on these later discoveries, and some of them would come handy as elements in plots—bah! there is work again."

"Or suppose," he continued, in a vain endeavor to luff to a different tack, "I make use of this blessed gift of days to read, solely with a view to my own pleasure and amusement. Books are written for the public, and am I not a man and a brother? Or have I, by long study of this public, of its tastes and interests, at last fairly cut myself out of it, so that I may not share its pleasures? Alas, when I read, just as when I write, this spectre of many heads looks over my shoulder, offering its comment, deliberate and without appeal, on the style of each sentence, on the thought of every page, and on the moral of the whole work. Thus reading often becomes a source of distress as writing is often one of absolute torture. But if I might read for myself alone, forgetting this direful public—or if I might write for myself—aha!"

He had struck it. One swift flash of thought, and the problem was solved.

He would write—a story—a monologue—a rhapsody—a something without a class—for the one purpose of giving himself enjoyment. The public, for once, should be forgotten—or rather should be embodied in himself. No mortal eye save his own should ever behold what he wrote; no editor nor publisher should ponder over its availability, no critic discourse upon its short-comings, no general reader be afforded an opportunity either to condemn or admire. It should be a work by Owen Capelle for Owen Capelle.

His enjoyment was to be double: first, that of the free, untrammelled writer, and later, that of the appreciative reader.

He sprang up out of the easy-chair, thrilled with the thought of the pleasure which this chance idea had mapped out before him. Up went the window, and the warm spring air—the earth's elixir of youth—entered deep into his lungs, as he breathed hard with the physical joy of an enthusiasm. For a moment, Capelle stood looking out; he listened to the song of the birds, mingled with the soft rustling of tree-branches; he scented the odors of the flowers; every faculty and every sense seemed suddenly drawn to a quivering tension in the ecstasy of freedom.

In that brief space of time the thing which he was to write rose out of dim nothingness and gathered into definite form before his mental vision. There was first an idea, then a plot, then people and a place. The people rapidly donned characteristics and grouped themselves into situations. A nebulous train of incidents stretched along to a climax that towered into cloudy heights. It was like nothing that he had ever written or thought before—it seemed, indeed, like nothing that any human mind had ever divined.

At first, he felt an almost frantic haste to get to his desk and begin writing. The whole thing seemed to be of such stuff as dreams are made on, an insubstantial pageant which might fade and leave not a rack behind. Yet, though the vision had come suddenly, it showed no disposition to depart, but lingered and solidified to an almost tangible reality before his eyes. That it might not escape, he reviewed and analyzed each feature separately until they were all his own mental property to be used as he wished.

As he turned away from the window toward the desk, two thoughts struck him almost simultaneously.

One was: "This will never do for the public!"

And the other was: "But it is only for myself."

During the month that followed, Owen Capelle wrote several hours a day, rapidly, with perfect ease and with the keenest of pleasure. It was a rest and a vacation intensified by a complete diversion.

Thus, by an accident, Capelle had stumbled upon the mislaid happiness of a life-time.

As for the book which he created, it would not be easy to name any class in literature to which it could be said to belong. It was very like what naturalists are accustomed to call a "sport"—an organism that comes not from regular development, but that arises unexpectedly out of a mixture of chance conditions. It was not a novel, nor a fairy story, nor a play, nor a poem, yet it partook of the nature of each and all. Its style was as peculiar as its plan, teeming with quaint figures and mystic allusions, the force and meaning of which could be felt perhaps by none save the writer himself. Yet the work was strangely natural; for, like nature, it was suggestive—and incomprehensible.

It bore the name of "The Earth Bubble," from the utterance of Banquo on the vanishing witches:

"The earth bath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them."

This title had come to him with the first thought of the

plan, and it seemed to have wreathed its weird influence through every part of the work.

At the end of the month the book was finished—a bulky pile of finely written sheets of paper. Departing from his usual custom, Capelle had not reviewed as he wrote, and by the time he reached the end, much of the book had become half strange to him. He now arranged the leaves in their proper order, and bound them together in a single large volume.

"The Earth Bubble" is published," said he, "and it will straightway be eagerly devoured by a limited circle of readers consisting of one person."

Thereupon Owen Capelle settled himself cosily in his large chair, and began to read over the manuscript.

He had scarcely scanned the first page, when the house-servant rapped at the door. He took the card which she brought him, and, as he read the name, a deprecating frown settled upon his forehead.

The card said: "Mr. J. Cecil Hicks."

"I feel a little guilty at disturbing you," Mr. Hicks was saying, a moment later; "for your brother-in-law, Mr. Tucker, with whom I am quite well acquainted, told me that you were very much wrapped up in some new book that you had recently undertaken; but as this is a matter of business which may prove of some profit to you, I ventured to call."

"I was not at all busy," said Mr. Capelle, in that peculiar tone of voice which clearly proclaims the falsehood.

"Perhaps you do not remember me," said Mr. Hicks; "your brother-in-law has introduced me to you quite a number of times."

"Quite a number of times" is good," thought the writer. He said aloud: "I remember you very well."

"Now, to come to business," said the visitor. "In the first place, I must ask you to regard this conversation as strictly confidential, for if it should get out, it would make a laughin' stock of me."

"It shall be as you wish," returned Capelle. He was beginning to feel much wonder as to what this dandified young man was about to propose. Curiosity was in a fair way to overthrow a disposition to be bored. He waited in silence with "The Earth Bubble" still open upon his knee, while Mr. Hicks stretched his gloves and nervously thrust his end of Mrs. Capelle's shawl, evidently preparing himself to unfold a tale.

At last the visitor spoke:

"I want you to write a book for me—that is, to be published in my name. I will pay you more for it than any publisher will give—you can name your own figure. I should like it to be a novel, and, if possible, in rather different style from that in which you usually write, so that there would be less chance of its being recognized."

Here he stopped and looked at Capelle's face, which wore an astonished smile.

"It surprises you, I see. Have you never undertaken a job of that kind?"

"Never," answered the writer; "I am not sure either if I ever heard—"

"Oh, I know it must often be done," cried the other.

"Why not, pray? You can sell a manuscript to me just as well as to a publisher. I would have some good publishing house bring it out over my name. I know that you are a man of honor, and if you gave me a solemn promise that you would never let any one know about the transaction, I should be perfectly safe. I have been talking with your brother-in-law about your books. He says they will bring you about a thousand or fifteen hundred apiece. Suppose, as outside figure, we put the value of the manuscript at two thousand dollars. Put the fame and reputation at a similar sum—that makes four thousand dollars. Very well, I will give you that for a story under the conditions that I name. I go."

He paused for a reply, which did not come. Capelle was attracted by the novelty of the idea of market quotations, fame, and was busy wondering whether the reputation from a moderately successful story could be rated at two thousand dollars.

"Come," said the visitor, "I will make it a round sum five thousand; what do you say?"

Capelle burst out into a laugh. "Not so fast," he said. "I am rather curious to know for what reason you make an extraordinary proposition."

"It is simple enough, I should think," answered Mr. Hicks. "I want the honor and credit of having written the book. I have the money to pay for it, and I propose to get it."

"But why do you not write the book yourself? I should think a man of your—er—originality would find it easy; since you have money to pay for its publication that difficulty would be surmounted."

Hicks shook his head.

"I can not do it," he said; "let me tell you how I am fixed. My father is a rich man—of the firm of Hicks & Calkins, wholesale grocers. He got it into his head that I would be a literary man, and sent me to college, and gave me money to travel and take life easy. Now I am thirty, and I have accomplished nothing; what is more, I never shall. I have a good enough stock of brains, but they are of the kind that don't declare dividends. My family and friends have always expected a great deal of me, and I begin to think that if I do not make a strike of some kind pretty soon, they will come to regard me as a humbug."

There was something in the tone of these remarks that gave Capelle a slight feeling of disgust. The incident ceased to amuse him. He had not the slightest intention of acceding to Mr. Hicks's proposition, and there was no reason why he should draw him out in this fashion. So he interrupted the easy flow of his visitor's volubility, telling him that he had never undertaken work of that kind and would rather be excused from considering it.

"But my money is just as good as the publishers'," said Mr. Hicks.

"Undoubtedly," answered the writer; "I do not think it necessary to explain my reasons for declining your offer. You might perhaps regard them as absurd, but they say 'me,'"

The aspirant for literary honors was not to be thus con-

out off. He continued the argument, and Mr. Capelle listened in bored silence, until an insinuation was thrown out to be effect that perhaps he was not satisfied with the amount offered, and hoped to get more. Then he arose, and put a rather abrupt end to the interview.

When the visitor had departed, the author of "The Earth Bubble" settled himself again to enjoy the reading of his unique work. Presently, when he had turned over half-a-dozen pages, he dropped the manuscript into his lap, and leaning back burst out with a loud roar of laughter.

"What a joke it would be," he exclaimed; "suppose I had agreed to his plan, and had sold him this thing at the price he named. It is certainly different from my usual style—which is what he demanded. He could get it published—by expending a good sum of Papa Hicks's cash. Then imagine the sneers of the critics and the boarse roaring of the public. I believe if I had any taste for practical jokes, I should feel tempted to perpetrate this one."

Such thoughts as these caused the unique elements of the book to stand out more vividly to his notice as he read, and a nowise diminished the pleasure which it gave him. He lallied over the reading like an epicure over a rare dish, and it was several days before the novelty of the enjoyment had worn off.

And then Mrs. Capelle and the little Capelles returned to the city, and dull every-day life began again. "The Earth Bubble" was laid away in an obscure corner amid a heap of ejected MSS. (for it is well-known that even successful writers have rejected MSS.), and Owen Capelle went ploddingly to work on a series of instructive children's stories.

Now there is a certain class of people with whom decisions do not decide. Owen Capelle belonged to that class. He had decided, of course, not to sell "The Earth Bubble" or any other manuscript to Mr. J. Cecil Hicks—but what had that to do with the real outcome of the matter? Mr. Hicks had explained to the brother-in-law the results of the interview, and the latter, as soon as Mrs. Capelle returned from her sea-shore, talked it all over with her.

"Five thousand dollars is a awful lot of money," said the worthy woman, "and the Lord knows we need it bad enough. Owen has just got to sell him that book he has been writing while we were away."

Perhaps it is hardly fair to Capelle to say that the change which presently took place in his attitude toward Mr. J. Cecil Hicks was entirely due to his wife; but the tripartite of her incessant speech had its effect, for he was a man who was ineluctably fond of being let alone. "The Earth Bubble" had given him a *quantum suff.* of pleasure in its creation and in its subsequent reading; but now that the vacation was over, and the impulse which gave the work its life burned out, the manuscript could lay no special claim to veneration. Besides, the sum which Hicks offered, as his wife truly said, was a good deal of money. If the fellow were fool enough to pay for a manuscript which Capelle's experience convinced him a publisher would consider, why not yield—and enjoy a quiet life again.

So Mr. J. Cecil Hicks took away "The Earth Bubble," saving a check in its place.

"I should like to know what you propose to do with it," remarked Capelle, as Hicks carefully wrapped up the manuscript in a large piece of newspaper.

"I shall copy every line of it, verbatim, writing and erasing corrections of words and phrases so as to have it look as though it were my own work. Then I shall destroy the original. If Vellum & Marble will not take it on their own risk, I will stand the expenses of publication. I shall have plenty of illustrations made for it by the best artists, and the paper, binding, and so forth shall be in the latest and most approved style."

"Well, I hope it is a success," said the writer, with a smile that was half sarcasm and half regret.

"At any rate," replied Mr. Hicks, "I shall be credited with having written a book."

Now this is the point where the story of "The Earth Bubble" merges into the history of recent contemporaneous literature. If it should be that the reader has not perused this remarkable book, he has at least heard of it as the reigning sensation in letters. There are those who claim for it a permanent place with the few famous books of the century, and predict for its gifted young author, Mr. J. Cecil Hicks, a splendid future. I believe that he has as yet, however, withstood all the blandishments of the publishers, and rests contented with his one great success.

As for Owen Capelle, he still works ploddingly along doing his best to please the public.

CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD.

LOS ANGELES, June, 1890.

The dome of St. Peter's has been cracking for a considerable length of time, and the number and extent of the fissures are becoming alarming. About a hundred years ago a similar state of things was remedied by encircling the dome with a strong band of metal. The band was heated, and its contraction on cooling was found to be sufficient to close up the cracks. The suggestion now made is that electric welding has come just in time to make St. Peter's safe for another hundred years.

Recent investigations in Indian prisons have revealed a curious physiological condition induced by thieves for the purpose of secreting valuables. They allow a heavy lead bullet to slide down the throat, and keep it in position for half-an-hour at a time. In about a year a pouch is formed, into which anything small may be thrust, without interfering with speech or breath. At present there are in Calcutta jail twenty prisoners with these throat-pouches.

"To meet Mr. H. M. Stanley" are the magic words which every London hostess desires to see upon her cards of invitation at the present moment. The queen has set the example by having a family dinner-party, after which Mr. Stanley was invited to give a short account of his journey, which short account took exactly an hour to deliver.

THE SECOND SALON.

"Parisina" on the Pictures shown by Meissonier and his Associates.

You remember the terrible shindy there was some time ago in the artistic camp here, and how many of the most popular artists cut the Société des Artistes Français and founded a new society of their own. They were applauded by some and blamed by others; but their most ardent advocates hardly expected they would succeed in getting up an exhibition which would prove a successful rival to that of the Champs-Élysées. Nevertheless such is the case.

Who said the Champ de Mars was far off? Who prophesied that the new galleries would be desolate? Not I, or you, of course—we were much too far-seeing for that. Why, if it were for nothing else, common curiosity would send people there, to the scene of last year's revelry. How strange and familiar it seemed to be driven to the Porte Rapp once more and mount the old familiar steps. But the scene was sadly changed, and one peep into the great bare transept showed the transformation which had come over the place. We have nothing to do with this part of the building, however, and the Pavillon des Beaux Arts has not only been clean swept—it is garnished with tall palms and comfortable seats on the ground floor, carpets on the stairs, and more seats and palms on the gallery running round the great hall, reached by two double staircases, and further graced with an elegant drawing-room, upholstered in pale-blue velvet—a charming lounge.

The Second Salon has been installed on the first floor, where the centennial exhibition was housed last summer, and some of the foreign pictures—those of your American artists among the number; but the galleries are not cut up into small rooms by partitions—at least the three principal ones are not—and there is plenty of space and matting beneath your feet, and luxurious sofas to rest weary limbs, and you have not to break your neck staring up aloft, there being only one row of pictures for the most part; in a word, it is the most delightfully arranged art-gallery I ever was in. As to this, there are no dissentient voices save those of the members of the rival society, whom you meet roaming about there with dissatisfied countenances and a nasty smile on their lips, as if they had eaten of something that had disagreed with them. It is impossible for them to find fault with the arrangement, and so they fall foul of the paintings on the walls, and tell you the jewels are unworthy of the casket. Sour grapes, my friends!

The National Society of Fine Arts was determined to have a fine Vernissage, and so it sent out some fifteen thousand invitations to all the best-known people in Paris—cards that would admit two—and every one came. It was awfully crush, of course. But what did that matter. Twenty-four hours after, the thirty thousand visitors had trumpeted far and wide praises of everything, and all the world and his wife must rush to the Champ de Mars to see for themselves this marvelous show.

As you know, Meissonier is the president of the new society, and in the middle of the principal panel of the principal room hangs his last—a most important picture, and one of the best he has ever painted. It is entitled "October, 1806"; Napoleon in his legendary gray get-up, mounted on a gray horse, is watching his cuirassiers charging the enemy beneath a cloud-laden sky, surrounded by a brilliant staff. How solid the figures, how natural the grouping, how horrible the mêlée!

Several American artists are numbered among the members and associates of the Société Nationale. Alex. Harrison shows half-a-dozen pictures on the same line with Meissonier. A year or two ago, I remember to have seen that glimpse of blue ocean beneath the fitful gleams of an invisible moon in the artist's studio. I thought it fine then, in its unfinished state. As it stands now, it is a piece of painting that alone would give the author a foremost place among modern artists. And that river-side scene, with the opal tints on the water, and that sombre marsh-land, with the glow of sunset behind the low line of trees, are exquisite, too, in another way. William T. Donnat has a small panel to himself, on which he exhibits a big portrait of a lady in Empire dress—the dress is charming, the creation of a first-rate couturier; the face, which nature fashioned, somewhat marred by an unbecoming high complexion—and some small portraits, among them a speaking likeness of Theodore Child, the Paris correspondent of the New York Sun.

In Roussin's "Danseuses" we come across the first nude figure in the galleries, of which there is the usual supply. And his dancer is nude with a vengeance, being painted double—herself and her reflection in a pier-glass, while her companion is attired in short, ballet-girl skirts of black tulle. It is amusing to stand in front of Besnard's "Vision de Femme" and listen to the remarks made upon it. The ordinary run of visitors stare in open-mouthed astonishment, while those who swear by this school of art deal largely in superlatives. For myself, like Benjamin Constant, whom I overheard discussing it with his wife, I think there is "something in it, but something gone mad." Imagine a female form painted in corpse-like tones (this sounds queer in a vision of fair woman) against a background of yellow, horse-chestnut leaves, behind a bank of rhododendrons of dazzling hue. A pair of blue spectacles is needed to study it with comfort. Let us turn our back upon it and feast our eyes on Roll's portrait of Jane Hading. The actress is depicted in a black dress, spangled with beetle's wings, her fair arms resting on the fauteuil on which she is sitting, her golden-red hair parted over her calm, majestic brow. I do not like the portrait of Coquelin, the younger, half so well, but what a perfectly realistic young urchin that is at table, to whose appetite a servant-girl is ministering. John Sargent has done better things than this portrait of Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth—a picture of a marvelous gown of green-and-blue and tinsel, such a one as the Thane's blood-stained spouse certainly never wore.

Who are these? Why, the artist John Lewis Brown, to be

sure, with his wife and daughter; they seem out of breath with running, and to be laughing in your face. A funny trio, but marvelous likenesses. Boldini has several other portraits, painted as you draw with chalks; more food for fools to snigger at, though wonderfully clever.

In this room, I note many pictures by Americans: a peasant-woman by William Hyde, a red-haired child by Albert P. Lucas, a portrait of a man in a basket-chair, entitled somewhat obscurely "Dust and Ashes," by Philip Leslie Hale, and an admirable figure of a tall woman in black by Mrs. John L. Hamilton, who elsewhere has a couple of fair children, playing around a jardinière full of roses. Here, too, are Béraud's pictures, which excite a great deal of attention. The gambling-table at Monte Carlo, surrounded by eager faces, all watching the game; some seated with heaps of gold and notes before them, others peering over the shoulders of the first row, taking no heed of their neighbors, dry-lipped, bleary-eyed. "Rien ne va plus!" cries the croupier, and you feel the hush and shiver of excitement in the expectant throng. A black-and-white "Arlequine" makes a pretty picture, and the study of a woman, whose bosom is thinly veiled with black, arrests the steps of each male visitor as he passes. Strange bow a hit of semi-transparent crêpe will attract a man.

The long vista of the second long gallery ends in the "Nature and Art" of Puvis de Chavannes. It is not always easy to know exactly what this artist is driving at. His painting is like an obscure poem, exquisitely rhymed and worded, the sense of which at times escapes you. There are girls painting, women reclining among the flowers and the grass, a mother plucking an apple for her babe, a boy dragging a bough of hops; here a broken column, there a group of art students, in modern attire, sketching; a little further off, sinewy giants piling up sculptured stone, a potter, with tray of jars, in a Greek tunic, and, in the background, a view of Rouen, with its spires and bridges spanning the silvery Seine. The whole is harmonious, pleasant to look upon, and, later on, will be the pride of the Rouen Museum, for which it is executed.

Auhlet knows how to paint a pretty face. Here are two girls going down to their dip in the sea, enveloped in long white *peignoirs*; there is a bevy of females and children fresh and blooming from the salt-sea wave. In another picture, half-a-dozen young women, in light summer raiment, are pulling the roses from a standard bush, half buried in tall grass and bathed in June sunshine. Gervex has painted the editorial-room at the *République Française*—Reinach, Spuller, and *tutti quanti* as large as life; and the painter in ordinary of hay-makers, L'hermite Ste. Clair Deville, delivering a lecture on chemistry at the Sorbonne, a wonderfully grouped and clever picture. You see, the Second Salon has its laboratories as well as the first, and this is not the only one. An artist has placed a pair of lovers in a room full of alembics, in an atmosphere redolent of drugs—*on l'amour va-t-il se nicher* in these materialist days! And a very pretty girl, with a neat figure of her own, is busy testing some murky liquid in another picture. Chinese lanterns too, are quite the fashion; one Rosset Granger has depicted two young women hanging *lampions* on trees, with a moonlit background of sea, and Duez has painted that very *fin-de-siècle* youth, young Georges Hugo, leaning against the side of an open window, through which you catch a glimpse of an illuminated garden. Is it a sarcastic hit on his fondness for pleasure and *la noce à outrance*? One or two of the lanterns have caught fire, the fête is near its close, and the grandson of the poet looks rather the worse for wear. What gorgeous bit of sun-lit garden is this by the same artist? That ought to be a pretty face, only it is half hidden by a coffee-cup; its lord and master sits well in the shadow of the trees on the other side of the table—men like to be comfortable—while the youngsters play about in the open. I like his "sad sea wave," but not so well as Harrison's, and that pretty bit of green orchard at Villerville.

Stevens's works are lauded up to the skies by some of the critics, but to me it is all millinery—even that big-eyed Lady Macbeth and doll-like Ophelia. I prefer Mme. Madeleine Lemaire's Ophelia, tripping in white satin among the flags and bullrushes, and I certainly admire her "Sommeil"—a richly-natured woman cushioned on velvet and wreathed with beavy-headed poppies. Carolus Duran shows several large portraits—the happiest of all being that of his second daughter—a very fine girl in an exquisite toilet of gray-and-pink. Next to them hangs a curious picture by this artist's favorite pupil, Miss Lee Robbins, who has perched a young woman in an Empire dress of white satin on a column, and called it "Sur la Sellette." She has likewise done a courageous thing for a woman—she has painted a nude figure, life-size, and extremely well, too. *Brava!* Miss Robbins.

Have I been trespassing on the reader's patience in this long catalogue of pictures? I trust not. Well, here is *le mot de la fin* and Rixens's *pinxit*: "The nave of the Palais d'Industrie on Varnishing Day." One of the most looked-at of all the pictures exhibited, a crowd of well-known persons, Dumas and Duran, Roll and Puvis de Chavannes, Jeanne Samary, and a host of others grouped about among the shrubs and sculpture, with the artist and his wife in one corner. A detail to be noted—every man has a bit of red ribbon in his button-hole, that of Rixens himself is in the first blush of its crimson; it was awarded to him at the close of the exposition.

PARISINA.

PARIS, May 22, 1890.

Somebody has made a bid of two thousand kreutzers for the cask in which the body of the murdered coachman, Meyer, was conveyed from Denmark to New York and sent back. The barrel has not yet reached its destination, but when it does arrive, it will be taken to one of the hospitals, and the self-confessed murderer, Philipson, will be made to unpack it.

In New Zealand, a Mormon convention has just closed its sittings, at which it was officially reported that there are three thousand Mormons in that colony, and that five hundred converts were made during the past year.

WHY THEY DO NOT MARRY.

"Cockaigne" discusses a Custom which keeps English Girls Unwed.

I believe I am safe in saying that nothing will strike the American who mingles in English high society, and makes a study of it, more forcibly than the unequal treatment which daughters receive as compared with sons. To the American accustomed to regard woman with the chivalric devotion which has made the name of America held in high esteem by right-thinking people the world over, the almost utter indifference which is her portion in English high life, when placed in the scales with man, will be a revelation partaking alike of surprise and indignation. I am sure I do not know why it is so, why it should be so, or why it ever came to be so. It is a slur on English manhood and a discredit to English civilization; and the sentiment, or rather the want of any, which prompts this undervaluation, in these degenerate days, of a sex whom it was the custom, and the fashion, and the delight of all true Englishmen once to honor and revere, to elevate, and to cherish, is in full accord with the principles which, under similar conditions, direct the conduct of the red Indian "bucks" to their squaws. These are hard words, or may seem to be such, but they are not used without justifiable cause; and I think that I may with confidence leave it to any American gentleman who has been educated by American social customs and American national sentiment to place an American estimate on woman, and who has had opportunities of observing her status in England, to say if I am not right. I do not appeal to Englishmen, especially those who may be temporarily residing in America. Naturally they would not agree with me. Anyhow, they would not say so if they did. Very few of the English gentlemen who permanently dwell in the different cities and districts of the United States are what I may term sufficiently "up" in the habits and customs of high life in their native land to give their opinions thereon any weight.

Occasionally Americans who come to England are guilty of a similar kind of deception. I mean visitors, of course; for, compared with the number of Englishmen residing in America, there is but a corporal's guard of Americans domiciled in England. I met one of these once, staying at a country-house. He was a Bostonian, and, until his visit to England, had never traveled a hundred miles from the Hub. Yet from the questions he was asked (and answered) he might have been a walking gazetteer of and guide-book to every State and city in the Union, and a standing authority and book of ready reference on all questions affecting politics, finance, agriculture, mining, commerce, manufactures, trade, the different professions, real-estate, banking, the army and navy, railways and shipping all over America, and the manners and customs of society in every town from Boston to New Orleans, and from New York to San Francisco. He amused me immensely. He was not aware that in me he had a skeptical listener, and, in many instances, one informed to the contrary, and I let him remain in ignorance of the fact to see how far he would go. At first I thought he was an intentional impostor, with motives meriting instant exposure, and I was several times on the point of showing him up. But I soon discovered that a vein of native wit ran through his assumed knowledge of everything, and that he was only gulling the people for fun. It was, perhaps, not exactly a gentleman-like thing to do; but there was no harm in it. He was evidently disgusted (indeed, he told me so afterward) at the pitiful ignorance of America, beyond a generally superficial idea, which the majority of his questioners displayed, and he was only paying them out by humbugging them for not taking the trouble to inform themselves about his country. It was really their own willful, neglectful, and unpardonable ignorance which enabled him to fool them, and they had really only themselves to blame. His replies did not quite reach the limit of Blakeley Hall's description of buffalo-shooting with a revolver from the car-window of a New York local railway train, and for the imparting of which to a credulous Londoner after dinner, that brilliant writer was once taken rather severely to task by a Liverpool gentleman in a complaining letter to the *Argonaut*, but crowded it pretty closely. I will give one or two.

"Oh, Mr. Otis"—only that was not really his name—"have you any peacocks in Boston?" asked a young lady, as one of these stately birds strutted majestically along the stone-balustrade of the terrace on which the dining-room windows looked. It was at luncheon.

"Well, no; not in Boston," said Mr. Otis, putting the string of his double eye-glasses over his left ear, from which it had fallen, as his face wore a very serious expression. "Not now. About two hundred years ago they were so plentiful there, and increased so rapidly—like the rabbits in Australia—that it was found necessary to order their destruction by an act of Congress. It was not intended to exterminate them, but the means adopted being the same as that followed in England to secure the extermination of wolves, namely, the acceptance of a peacock's tail—only it was a wolf's head—in lieu of taxes, before people knew it, all the peacocks were destroyed. Since then it has been tried to reintroduce them, but they seem to know the way their ancestors were treated and invariably fly away."

"Fly away?" in great surprise.

"Oh, yes; the woods are full of them, and they have become our chief game. In fact, no one will shoot quails or partridges, or anything smaller than a peacock."

"Really?"

"Are Americans fond of dancing, Mr. Otis?" This from another girl before starting for a ball in the neighborhood.

"Not altogether," answered Mr. Otis.

"Of course not all together," laughed the girl. "Fancy!"

"Now, it's not so funny as you think," said Otis; "I didn't mean all together when I said altogether. But, as a matter of fact, in some places they do dance all together. In Philadelphia, for example. Instead of couples dancing a waltz, everybody in the ball-room forms a ring, by joining hands, and they all dance round together in that way. There is one good point about it—there are never any duels about

mistakes about partners, for there are no partners, unless you call it one large partnership."

"But do you ever fight duels?" with wide-open eyes.

"Fight duels? I know one man who fought three hundred and sixty-five in one year. That was one for every day in the year, and he used to go around boasting of it, until some one found out it was leap year, and told him. Do you know it annoyed him so that he hasn't fought a duel since and won't, no matter what provocation there is. I've known him to refuse to challenge a man who asked him for a fight from his cigar."

"Do you fight for such trifles as that?"

"Trifles," with a scowl and a voice like the growl of a lion; "that's the greatest insult you can give a man in Boston. But," brightening up, "as I was saying about dancing: In New York, the men dance together always, and the ladies with each other also. At least that's the rule of the Four Hundred."

"And what's the Four Hundred?"

"The four hundred best dancers. Two hundred gentlemen and two hundred ladies."

"Oh!"

One more sample:

"Have you ever seen any Indians—red Indians, I mean?"

The questioner was a young man in the Guards, with a lisp and an eye-glass.

"Red Indians?" asked Otis to gain time, to recuperate from a long account he had been giving a fox-hunting man of the hunting of coyotes in California on mustangs with lassoes.

"Ya-as, red Indians," lisped the Guardsman; "I thought you had 'em in Canada, don't you know? That's America, isn't it?"

"America? Why no. Canada's in Nova Scotia."

"I say! Wh-what? Oh, no fear. Wh-what? Is it really? By Jove, I thought it was in America."

"It is on the north-west coast of Newfoundland."

"Really?"

"But you want to know if I ever saw any Indians?"

"Ya-as."

"Not any red Indians. We have only blue Indians in Boston."

"Oh!"

"But I've seen green Indians in Baltimore. They are very common there. You'll see a dozen in a couple of blocks any day."

"Really?"

"Then there are yellow Indians. They live in Chicago."

"Oh, do they?"

"There are brown Indians, too. They live in New Orleans. I'm sorry not to have seen any red Indians. But there are only a few of them left, and they live on a little island called New York."

"Really? But isn't New York a sort of a town? I think I heard a chap I met at Cannes once say he, too, came from New York, and he spoke of there being a club there. Must be a town if it's got a club, don't you know?"

"I say, it's an island."

"Oh, of course, you must know." And so on through many a similar instance.

I daresay Mr. Otis's conduct will strike many people as most unbecoming a Bostonian. Facetiousness is, I am well aware, not the Hubbert's strong suit, in public at all events. My description of his behavior at Oakleigh Towers may therefore seem extravagant. The only extenuation I can offer for him is the provocation. I could recount much more of his visit, but space forbids. I have also strayed away from my original topic, and whatever room there is left I want for the few words more I desire to say upon it.

The unequal treatment of "girls," as compared with "boys" in high-life families, is shown in very many ways. The inferior education given to daughters is one instance. Girls are taught at home by governesses, because it is vulgar for ladies to go to school or college, and sons go to Eton, Harrow, Oxford, or Cambridge. It is not as if the boys were expected to earn their living when they grew up. If that were the motive of giving them expensive educations, one would not mind. But they do nothing after they grow up, except play cricket and tennis in summer, and shoot and hunt in winter. The class of young men I refer to do that, anyhow. There are exceptions, of course. However, if English young "gentlemen" do not go into the army, can any one tell me what else they do? Are not there commonly at the houses one goes to stay at, two or three sons at home waiting for some occupation to be offered them—some occupation that will suit their high notions and idle proclivities? It does not matter how long they stay unmarried—the longer the better, until they can pick up an heiress. But the girls—poor things—they must try and get settled as soon as they can. They must not think of love—oh, dear no; and all literature encouraging romance and poetry in their natures is carefully withheld from them. Then daughters are not given or left so much money as are sons. Not long since, I was explaining to a lady of title how different the rule in America is; that daughters got the most, and the sons were made to work. She was greatly surprised, or appeared to be. I frequently give this as the reason why there are so many marriages of peers with American girls. "Give," I say, "the money you give your sons to your daughters, and the noblemen will stay in England for their wives." They do not seem to see it, but they will some day.

With a case in point I will conclude. The will of Sir Thomas Edwards Moss, of Otterspool, near Liverpool, and Ennismore Gardens, London, has just been proved. Sir Thomas was a man of prominence, note, and wealth; was a baronet, a justice of the peace (which means a very different thing from what it does in America), and a doctor of laws; and, moreover, left the handsome "personality" of between five and six hundred thousand pounds. He also left several sons and several daughters. Now, how did this personality go? Two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of it, with the family estates, went to the eldest son. One hundred thousand pounds, with three sugar-plantations in Demerara, went to the second son. I do not know what the other sons

got, nor does it signify. I only wish to point out that the daughters were each left five thousand pounds, while the old baronet's executor and man-of-business was bequeathed ten thousand! It was said that the daughters had been amply provided for by the will of other relatives. What such a man would consider an ample provision for his daughters it is difficult to say, and one can not help thinking that if they were so very amply provided for, why give them five thousand pounds extra? COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, May 31, 1890.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Toccata of Galuppi's.

Oh Galuppi, Baldassaro, this is very sad to find!

I can hardly misconceive you; it would prove me deaf and blind

But although I give you credit, 'tis with such a heavy mind!

Here you come with your old music, and here's all the good

brings.

What, they lived once thus at Venice, where the merchants were

the kings,

Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea with

strings?

Aye, because the sea's the street there; and 'tis arched by . . .

what you call

. . . Shylock's bridge with houses on it, where they kept the can

nival!

I was never out of England—it's as if I saw it all!

Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was warm i

May?

Balls and masks begun at midnight, burning ever to midday.

When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow, do yo

say?

Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round and lips so red—

On her neck the small face buoyant, like a bell-flower on its bed

O'er the breast's superb abundance where a man might base h

head?

Well (and it was graceful of them) they'd break talk off an

afford

—She, to bite her mask's black velvet, he to finger on his swor

While you sat and played Toccatas, stately at the clavichord!

What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished, sig

on sigh,

Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions—

"Must we die?"

Those commiserating sevenths—"Life might last! we can bu

try!"

"Were you happy?"—"Yes."—"And are you still as happy?"—

"Yes—And you?"

"—Then more kisses!"—"Did I stop them, when a million seeme

so few?"

Hark—the dominant's persistence, till it must be answered to.

So an octave struck the answer. Oh, they praised you, I da

say!

"Brave Galuppi! that was music! good alike at grave and gay!

I can always leave off talking, when I hear a master play."

Then they left you for their pleasure: till in due time, one l

one,

Some with lives that came to nothing, some with deeds as we

undone,

Death came tacitly and took them where they never see the su

But when I sit down to reason—think to take my stand n

swerve

Till I triumph o'er a secret wrung from nature's close reserve,

In you come with your cold music, till I creep thro' every nerv

Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creaking where a house w

burned—

"Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what Veni

earned!

The soul, doubtless, is immortal—where a soul can be discern

"Yours, for instance, you know physics, something of geology.

Mathematics are your pastime; souls shall rise in their degree,

Butterflies may dread extinction—you'll not die, it can not be!

"As for Venice and its people, merely born to bloom and drop,

Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth and folly were t

crop.

What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop

"Dust and ashes!" So you creak it, and I want the heart

scold.

Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what's become of all t

gold

Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and grov

old.

—Robert Browning.

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THE COACHING PARADE.

"Van Gryse" discusses its Glories and Mrs. Cleveland's Success.

The Coaching Parade is such a very chestnutty subject for a correspondent that one approaches it with apologies. Still, despite the fact that it has been handled delicately, mauled severely, touched on lightly, torn to shreds by the noble army of quill-drivers, it seems that there are still minds to which its glory has not penetrated. When a young man from Chicago says to you, with the sweet innocence which marks the children of that cultured spot, "Do the people *always* ride inside the coaches?" you feel that you must strike one more blow for the good cause.

The Coaching Parade is not "now what it used to be," as our Chicago young man would express himself when his mind had been expanding under the genial influence of Browning. There was a time when August Belmont drove his own coach, when James Gordon Bennett was still an American, when Leonard Jerome was yet in the ring, when the Coaching Parade was a really splendid sight. There would be fifteen to eighteen coaches in line where there are now seven or eight, and every woman in the company would be a beauty where now the beauty is seen only here and there.

There was one Coaching Parade, not so long ago, where the women were so handsome that no one thought to notice either the men, the horses, or the drags. Three of the most celebrated beauties in town sat on August Belmont's coach, dressed entirely in white—hats, gloves, everything—each of them holding in her lap an enormous bouquet of pale-pink roses. Mrs. Potter was there, too, for those were the days of this strange creature's glory, and on coaching days she was always *en evidence*. She was all in gray, with a big hat and plumes, a color which threw out the wonderful coppery shades of her splendid hair. The crowd look and comment loudly on the ladies, who never seem to notice them, which appears to be the correct thing to do—"Sacré canaille!" as the lovely hero of "Ouida's" new book says.

Those who wish to look upon the beautiful beings of society can find no better place than the meet of the parade—unless, perhaps, the opera-house on a good night. At the latter place, you will see more of them, that will be the only difference. At the parade, it is *en règle* for the women to dress very brilliantly—as they dress for a lawn-fête or a garden-party. Light-silk and muslin dresses and large, light hats, or little, fine fly-away French bonnets are the thing. Mrs. August Belmont, Jr., who upholds the tradition in the Belmont family that it always marries beauty, wore the palest possible yellow dress and hat. A young girl, sitting on the seat behind her, was all in delicate sky-blue, with a large hat and drooping blue feathers. The men wear the regular uniform of dark-green coat and kerseymere trousers, and brass buttons all over them, on which the club's crest is stamped. There is another uniform for evening-dress—a dress-coat of dark-green cloth, with a collar of black velvet, a huff cloth waistcoat, and black trousers.

The most thoroughly gorgeous and complete turn-outs are always Colonel Jay's or the Belmonts. Colonel Jay was not on hand at the last parade, which took greatly from the glory of the occasion. For Colonel Jay is one of those glorious beings who carry splendor with them, and shed it round on their surroundings till everything is tinged with light. "Where the MacGregor sits, there is the head of the table"—the MacGregor and Colonel Jay were evidently both masters of the same trick. The colonel, in the words of the Hebrew prophet, is "a howling swell," and the most extraordinary part of it is, while you will not find a person in town to deny this, you will also not find one who is daring enough to say that the colonel is not the picture of one of his own grooms. He looks exactly like an English stable-boy—the same smooth, square, red face and prominent jaw—and yet, at the same time, he looks like a gentleman. It is undoubtedly very queer. No one has ever been able to explain it. Lots of men look like grooms and lots of men look like gentlemen, but to have one man look like both at the same time is as unusual as an English woman with small feet, or a black swan. Mrs. Jay, a very pretty and refined-looking lady, is a sister of Herman Oelrichs.

The two Belmonts, Perry and August, Jr., both drive coaches, and both do it very well, and as Edward Gilmore once remarked: "It takes an athlete and a gentleman to perform the feat." Everything that any of the Belmonts do is always as well done as it can be. The father and sons have all their lives lived sumptuously in the midst of luxury. They belong to that class which is the nearest approach that we hussy Americans have to what are called "the leisure classes" of other countries. They have not had to struggle to acquire money and then learn how to spend it, which, of itself, is an art requiring high cultivation. They have had to learn only how to live in the most perfect style, the most perfect taste, and the most perfectly agreeable manner that money and time can purchase. They seem to have, in the society sense, made the most of their advantages. They are always equal to the occasion. They are never shoddy and never mean. They never commit any of the *gaucheries* which mark with wrecks the path of the *parvenu*, and yet the luxury of their mode of life is unrivaled even in this city of elegant extravagance.

The senior no longer takes part in the parade, but each of the sons has a coach. These are perfect in every appointment, from the leaders' ears to the grooms on the hack seat. These grooms, by the way, are not the least important detail in the "make up" of the two coaches. There are four of them, two on the end seat of each coach. They are all over forty and look as much alike as peas from the same pod. They have been brought up from infancy almost in the Belmont stables, and have now become family retainers who have almost merged their identity in that of the house which they have served for so many years. They match to a half inch in height, to a few pounds in weight, and are the envy and despair of every other coach-owner in the city.

The Belmont drags are quiet and subdued in their general

tone, but faultless in their taste. This even extends to the selecting of the ladies who crown the coach-top with radiance and charm. Father and sons are famous for their unexceptionable taste in what is most delightful in woman. The crowd of idlers can always know the Belmont coaches because they always have the prettiest girls in the smartest dresses. At the recent parade, Mrs. Cleveland shared the box-seat with Perry Belmont. Mr. Cleveland had been asked, too, but he had a previous engagement. He is not quite enough of a sylph to go mounting up and down on coach-tops with impunity.

Mrs. Cleveland was stared at a great deal. She looked pretty in a dark maroon dress, with *gigot* sleeves of a sort of plaid. She has rather a dull complexion, wears her hair rolled up from her forehead with no curls or bangs, and never uses any powder or cosmetic. She has not a pretty figure, and her taste in dress is neither distinctive nor brilliant. But she has a very captivating manner. Casual acquaintances and mutual friends all alike feel and admit its charm. It is at once gracious and dignified, sweet and vivacious. She has the art of making people think she is absorbed in what they say, and never needlessly offends any one. In fact, she is a lady of consummate tact, supplying a want of social usage with the keenest and most unerring instinct. She is a typical American, with all the adaptability of our nation which is so incomprehensible to foreigners.

Her position and success in New York are all of her own making. She has accomplished wonders in the face of tremendous odds. New York is an ugly and uncongenial place to a stranger, and though she had been the President's wife, that was really as much to her disadvantage as it was to her advantage. The power of the anglo-maniac element in New York is unbelievable—it rules certain sets. And though they would not have objected to Mrs. Cleveland as an American, they would have objected to the publicity that was given to her courtship, and the wearying way she has been figuring in the papers ever since she was first heard of. That this was not her fault would not have mattered. Moreover, New York society in its attitude toward any stranger is similar to the two navies in *Punch*, one of whom says to the other: "Who's that, Bill?" To which his friend replies: "A stranger. Let's leave a brick at him."

The Four Hundred are always ready to "leave a brick" at any stranger, especially one who comes with the fell intention of conquering them. They were inclined to be very cold to Mrs. Cleveland. People beforehand had got rather bored with her in the papers. They had come to see her only as she appeared through the medium of the newspaper reporter's rhetoric. Because the paragraphs about her were occasionally vulgar, they were silly enough to think that she was like them. She had then to surmount more than ordinary difficulties in reaching her goal. A woman, entirely unknown, coming from some unheard-of part of the country, and equally dowered with youth, good looks, and money, would probably have found fewer difficulties in her path than the President's wife did.

Yet in an incredibly short space of time, Mrs. Cleveland has won her way straight to the coveted place. She has been stamped with the *cachet* of social success in a dozen different ways; but none of them so effective as her appearance on the coach of Mr. Belmont. This is the crown of glory presented to society's martyrs. When a lady has been seen of men sitting on the left-hand of a live coach-owner on the day of the parade, then she may feel that the foe is conquered and her foot is on its neck. Mrs. Cleveland's is a light foot and will not press heavily. One of her most potent charms is her amiable and agreeable temperament. It is not difficult for her to please. She is also common-senseable and not snobbish. People who are snobs are always those who feel themselves insecure. People who give blows are always those who have received a great many. Mrs. Cleveland received one blow on the head from a pancake, which does not seem, as Desdemona puts it, to have "puddled her clear nature." Her social success is interesting as showing what a clever and ambitious woman can accomplish with a good manner.

NEW YORK, June 12, 1890.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"Cockaigne" Corrected.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The London letter in the last *Argonaut* to hand requires a word or two, in the Mordaunt divorce. "Cockaigne's" letters are always interesting reading, but he has gone wrong this time. The Prince of Wales was not examined "on oath" at all; nor was it before the House of Lords. His royal highness was called as a witness in the divorce court, Lord Penance, unless I am mistaken, presiding. The court declined to have him sworn, stating that they were prepared to accept "his word of honor." The proceedings in the House of Lords really had nothing to do with the guilt or otherwise of Lady Mordaunt. The divorce court declared her guilty, but refused a decree *nisi*, because she had been proved by medical experts during the trial to be insane. Sir Charles Mordaunt carried the matter into the House of Lords to test the point as to whether insanity was a bar to divorce. He eventually obtained his divorce. The points are of some interest, especially that about the Prince of Wales. There may have been some people who doubted his "word of honor," but I never came across them. The court did not, nor was there any evidence given to refute his denial.

Yours truly,

E. FORBES OLPHAM.

54 DAWSON STREET, DUBLIN, June 2, 1890.

Not long ago the owners of a house in the suburbs of New York city left for a few days' visit in the country. A burglar, seeing the house untenanted, got in through the window and "prospected" the premises to his satisfaction. His comfort of mind, however, was presently materially impaired by the appearance on the scene of a couple of policemen, who promptly handcuffed him and removed him to the station. He was in blissful ignorance of the fact that the window by which he entered the house was electrically connected with an alarm in the nearest precinct.

In Paris, the thousands of sardine and other tin-boxes that are thrown away every month, form the basis for an industry which has reached vast proportions, and in which the entire youth of the country are interested. These refuse cans are stamped into tin-soldiers by suitable machines, and sold so cheaply that the poorest children can possess them; yet the manufacturer makes a fair profit, which he could not do if he used new material.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is described by a sea-side letter-writer as looking the picture of health. She is strongly and robustly built, her face is full, and the lines of her mouth indicate determination. She has a fine bead for business, and is growing richer every year.

Sir Robert Peel, who is now in this country, and who is a grandson of the illustrious statesman whose name he bears, puts himself on record as saying: "The less said about Bismarck the better; he is a hypocrite. . . . Stanley may be all right in some ways, but I have never admired him. . . . Miss Tennant, who will be married to him soon, is a lovely girl, and is worthy of a better fate."

A bill recently passed the New York legislature at the instigation of Andrew H. Green, authorizing the governor to appoint a commission for the taking of testimony as to the best means for combining the populations of all the suburbs of New York city (except those in New Jersey) with the city itself. Mr. Green is a petulant old gentleman, satisfied with nothing and bent on reforming everything, and lives comfortably by the management of a great estate. His plan is to combine 4,500,000 people into one city.

The people who are making such a fuss over the youthful escapades and alleged extravagance of M. Georges Hugo have, says *Galignani*, evidently not read every incident in the life of the great poet. Who has not heard of Mme. Blouette, and Mlle. Drouet, the creator of "Lucrezia Borgia"? The strangest of all Victor Hugo's adventures was a little love episode in which, by the especial request of the lady, the great peer of France came to the rendezvous in his majestic robes. A jealous husband, who thought that the poet was paying court to his wife, pursued him. But Victor Hugo, robes and all, went over the tiles to the adjoining house.

M. Ernest Legouvé, the French dramatist, is now living in the house in the Rue St. Marc, Paris, in which he was born eighty-three years ago; and, perhaps, the most interesting chapter of a little book of reminiscences, which he has just published, is his account of this old house, built two hundred years ago, and now occupied by three generations of the same family. To those who are inclined to judge French family life and French character by a survey of Paris current fiction, often as false as it is foul, no better advice can be given than to read this pleasant little volume of chat, from which they can catch a glimpse of the qualities which have made France what she is and which keep her sound at heart.

Alphonso the Thirteenth, King of Spain, whose full prænomen is Alfonso Leon Fernando Santiago Maria Isidro Pascual Antonio, began his official life at an earlier period than most of his hrotber monarchs, having opened the Spanish Cortes in person at the sagacious age of eighteen months. Seated on the throne of Philip the Second, in a white frock of priceless lace, he beamed upon the parliament and court, while his tall and slender young mother, Queen Christina, dressed in mourning, stood at his right-hand and read his royal speech. In summer his majesty lives in the palace of Aranjuez, emowered in green, and famous for its noble English elms, which the melancholy Philip the Second brought back from England with him after his bateful honey-moon with Queen Mary, and some of which are said to have attained a girth of sixty, eighty, and ninety feet.

Grover Cleveland was elected a member of the Century Club at the last monthly meeting. One hundred and fifteen votes were cast in his case, of which eight were black balls. Mr. Cleveland was proposed for membership only a few weeks ago by Joseph H. Cboate. He was seconded by Richard Watson Gilder. The committee on admissions decided, out of respect to the honorable offices which Mr. Cleveland has held, to bring his name before the club to be voted upon out of the regular order, and long before his regular turn would have come. When his name was first proposed, there was a good deal of talk in the club in opposition to his admission. There are a good many Republicans in the club, but Mr. Cleveland's chief opponents were Democrats. The opposition soon assumed so hostile a front that some of Mr. Cleveland's personal friends got up a circular presenting his claims for admission, and distributed it personally among the members. The result was a crowded club-house and a much larger vote than has been cast upon a question of admission for a number of years. So large was the crowd that the usual facilities for voting were inadequate, and a great many club members, who were prepared to vote, had not yet got an opportunity when the time limit expired. "Politics did not come into this question at all," a member of the club said.

More complete details of the recent encounter between John L. Sullivan, the prize-fighter, and Isaac Bromley, the journalist, at Chamberlain's restaurant, in Washington, emphasize the offensive conduct of the noted slogger and the moral courage of the latter. As the story is told by those who were present, a number of well-known newspaper-men from New York and New England stopped over in Washington to spend a day, and Mr. Bromley gave a dinner to several of them in the evening in the main saloon of the restaurant. They had but just seated themselves at table when Sullivan entered the apartment and coolly helped himself to a chair next to the editor of the New Haven *Register*. The latter shoved his chair back, whereupon Sullivan muttered something about being a gentleman, and offered his hand to Mr. Bromley. The latter declined the slogger's proffer, and when he demanded an explanation, replied, looking him straight in the eye: "This is a private dinner-party, sir, and these gentlemen are my guests, and you are an offensive intruder. I refuse to take your hand because you are a bully and a coward." The big slogger blustered about, but Mr. Bromley kept his eye upon him without flinching and demanded that he should leave the room at once. After looking at Bromley for about a minute, and giving vent to some explosive epithets, he turned upon his heel and

VANITY FAIR.

The glove with invisible seams promises to become very popular with London ladies, partly because it makes the hand look smaller, but more because of its pretty mystery as to fastening. The wonder to the masculine mind is how the lady's hand gets inside it, or, once inside, how it ever gets out again, just as the fashionable bodice causes a great amount of speculation among the sterner sex as to its fastenings, for the eye of mortal man is unable to discover hooks, buttons, or lacing. Another important element in the popularity of the gloves is the sagacity of the dealer who sells them. In the window, hung round and framed in with most exquisite godes, sit, stitching on gloves, two picturesque peasant-girls, with scarlet Alsatian bows on their heads, white blouses, and red skirts, shoes, belts, and hretelles of tan leather. Inside all is fitted up with the dainty luxury which women love. Oriental draperies bang in the window, and against them tall arum lilies lift up their pure faces from blue-and-white rays. Scarlet-plush cushions are on the counters, and inlaid Cairene stools receive the fair customers. But all this pretty nonsense has little to do with the popularity of the seamless glove. The glove has fitted up one side of the shop like a gloirdoir, with little bamboo tables covered with current literature, because, she explained, "when ladies come in to buy gloves with gentlemen they will never give their right number. They will say 'sixes' when they know they can't get them on, and sometimes will walk out of the store with gloves they know they will have to send back when they get them home. Sometimes they will run back after they are leaving the shop and whisper, 'six and a quarter,' after they have ordered two sizes smaller. So now I have the table, where the gentlemen can sit and look over magazines and newspapers while the lady is being fitted, so there's less nonsense and argument about sizes, and the glove once on her hand the lady can tell her escort its size, if she likes, two or three numbers less than it is, without making us so much trouble."

The supreme court of Pennsylvania has taken a sensible view of the right of a social club to discipline, suspend, or expel one of its members for improper conduct in the club-house. This was the case of an expelled member of the Union League Club, in Philadelphia, who had appealed to the law to be reinstated. The court of common pleas decided in his favor. It went so far as to hold that the club had no right to expel a member "except for violation of the laws of the State or acts against the organization prejudicial to its welfare." The supreme court reverses this ruling. Its view is that a body of gentlemen, organized for social purposes, has a right to govern itself in its own way. It may, by its constitution, by-laws, and rules, prescribe for what offense and by what procedure a member may be expelled. If these laws and rules are properly observed, if the offender is fairly tried and expelled in accordance with them, it is not the province of a court to overrule the action of the club. Nor has the expelled member any right to complain. He knew what the rules of the club were before joining it and agreed to abide by them or pay the penalty of failure. Courts have too often taken to themselves the right to govern clubs. The supreme court of Pennsylvania has not made this mistake.

Eugene Field writes from London to the *Chicago News*: "A fad in writing-paper is what is called 'lovers' stationery. It is fine note-paper delicately tinted, the most fashionable shade being light pink. The watermark, to be detected by holding the sheet up to the light, is a blending of two hearts, pierced by an arrow. In the lower corner of each fourth page (or reverse of each second half-sheet), appears what at first sight looks like a blemish. But this is the charming feature of the novelty; it is the kissing-spot, for here the correspondent presses his or her lips, and thus a salute is wafted to the absent lover. The kissing-spot is about the size of a shilling (twenty-five-cent piece), and is covered with a thin, aromatic gum that imparts to the lips a pleasing odor and taste. A more ingenious bit of maudlin sentimentality could hardly be devised, yet we must all confess that it is of just such innocent and inane follies that the joy of human life largely consists."

Blondes are said to be disappearing both in England and in America (says the *Illustrated American*). Persons who can look back half a century unite in declaring that there is a marked change in this respect. For every red-haired person seen now, ten could have been met with twenty years back. In New England we are told the blonde has well-nigh disappeared. In New York a reporter recently made an interesting experiment which any one who doubts it may repeat. In the course of fifteen minutes' walk on Broadway he counted two hundred women, young and old, with hair ranging from a medium brown to the darkest shades which all but artists call black. He passed only thirteen women of the pronounced blonde type. Three of these had red hair and the hair of two had apparently been bleached. At the theatre, the same evening, he scrutinized fifty women within easy range, and only six had fair skins, blue eyes, and light hair. They sat surrounded by a bevy of dark women, who gave

its prevailing tone to the complexion of the house. The public schools yielded a similar result. One class of eighty girls had eight blondes among them, another of sixty-five had sixteen, a third of fifty-seven had only seven. Another observer hazards the statement that not more than ten per cent. of New York women are blondes. "Go anywhere where pretty girls congregate, and you meet tall, striking-looking figures with dark hair and big, dark eyes. The blondes are disappearing. And why?" Science steps in with an explanation. Dr. Beddoes, of the British Royal Infirmary in London, declares that after examining the hair of nearly a thousand young women who came before his notice, he has arrived at the conclusion that in matrimony the brunette was preferred over the blonde in the ratio of three to two, and so, gradually but surely, through the selection of dark ladies for wives and through the hereditary transmission of brunette traits, the blondes become extinct.

A philosophical census-man, who has been enumerating the Murray Hill district, where the Four Hundred live and have their being, has been impressed with the fact that very few children are to be found in fashionable families. The *New York World* says of this: "It is a fact susceptible of demonstration that the rich man is simply desirous of perpetuating his family and his fortune. He does not want many sons, because if his wealth is widely distributed at his death, such a distribution, unless the amount distributed happens to be enormously large, is attended with loss of family importance and position. If American fathers were content to leave all their property to the oldest son and allow the younger sons to shift for themselves, American families would probably be as large as English families. We would then hear of the sons of rich American fathers working as dry-goods clerks or seeking their fortunes in the Western mines, precisely as we come across the younger sons of English lords in this country doing all manner of work. The American father will not treat his younger sons in this way, and when the paternal estate comes to be divided up, they usually get their shares. The head of the house, however, does not like to subdivide the family fortune and relegate the family name to the obscurity from which his money has rescued it, and for this reason a rich father is usually very well satisfied if his family of children do not reach beyond the measure of a trio or a quartet. The fashionable mother in society, of course, regards children from a different point of view. Financial considerations do not weigh with her, except as they are given weight by the arguments and representations of the father. She does not desire a large family of children, because it may mean loss of health, and, if not absolute loss of health, it robs her at least of physical vigor and freshness, and brings on the signs of age more rapidly than she cares to see them brought. Outside of this, the care and attention a mother must give to her children mean further worry and physical detriment, from which a woman, who has regard for her nerves and the serenity of her countenance, wishes to be free. A troubled countenance and a delicate society complexion can scarcely go together."

That most enviable of debutantes, the girl of noble birth, whose coming out is heralded with trumpets, and whose presentation how is made to a queen, has trials whose seriousness are apportioned to the splendor of her triumphs. The crush before the throne-room is reached is an ordeal before which the social leaders with steepest nerves quail. Harrowing secrets have occasionally been divulged of ladies shorn of their plumes and veils. At the last drawing-room a lady who entered the room with a nosegay of rare orchids, made her courtesy to the queen with only a bundle of sticks in her hand. And one poor little debutante, wearied with the weight of her unaccustomed train, the crush of the entrance, and all its annoyances, was so wrought up that when at last she was making her long-practiced stately salutation before her sovereign she burst into tears in true girl fashion. The queen-empress, moved with a motherly impulse, took the tired face between her hands and kissed it, saying gently: "Never mind, dear."

Probably one-twentieth of the population of New York city (says the *Illustrated American*) consists of eligible bachelors who might get married if they wanted to, but who do not because they consider themselves vastly more comfortable and better off generally as they are than they could be were they to take wives unto themselves. They are, in some respects, the victims of owners of real-estate, who have rigorously kept women out of their houses, for women are not only more troublesome as lodgers than men are, but they seriously interfere with the comfort of men, because they have the right to the best of everything. By ruling them out the property-owner makes life easier for himself and for his tenants. Having filled his bachelor apartment-house, the owner sets out to make existence as pleasant as possible for the bachelors, and the degree of success he attains is merely a question of money. In this endeavor he is aided by the fair friends of the bachelors, who help decorate the rooms, with well-meaning but mistaken notions, and bestow on the occupants twice the attention they would give to an equally desirable young man

living at a boarding-house, although the latter might cherish far more serious intentions. Thus, petted by landlord and maiden, the modern bachelor lives a life of ease and comfort, and smiles pityingly when he hears that some less fortunate acquaintance is about to give up the freedom and the petting of bachelorhood for the cares and responsibilities of married life.

There is one very complete and very convenient article in general use in England which has never been adopted by the people of the United States. It is the dispatch-box, which English novelists have rendered familiar to all readers of fiction. Several years ago, William Waldorf Astor had one made to order. It is believed to be the first of its kind ever manufactured in this country, and certainly was one of the handsomest ever made. It was covered with the finest Russia leather, and was embossed and otherwise decorated in original and attractive designs. It was also handsomely mounted with silver and gold. The dispatch-box is a small hand-trunk about fourteen inches long, eight inches wide, and four to six inches deep. It is intended to serve not only as a jewel-box, but as a receptacle for stationery and toilet articles as well. It is conveniently divided into compartments adapted to the accommodation of the various articles it is intended to contain, and is lined with velvet or satin, as the taste of the owner may suggest. It has a flat top, upon which a silver or gold plate, containing the owner's name, is usually fixed. The article is one that is conducive to the greatest convenience in traveling, its points of superiority over the more generally used hand-bag, with its single compartment, being very numerous. It is essentially a box for valuables, the English carrying it in their papers, and even money, in addition to jewelry and stationery.

"William the Restless" is the Kaiser's new title, and his last reform is in naval uniforms. The new book of regulations says that an admiral may, when at sea, wear an oilskin sou'wester and coat; but his shirt-front must be perfectly plain and devoid of tucks or frills; the corners of his collar must on no account be rounded or doubled back, and the distance between the rows of gold lace on his sleeves must be .27559 of an inch. When he marries he must go through the ceremony in full uniform, and if he should be in Berlin on a Sunday, in certain parts of the city between noon and four, he must wear his cocked hat. He may wear citizen's dress when shooting, at masked balls, at the sea-side, and when on half-pay; but otherwise, in order to obtain that privilege, he must produce a doctor's certificate to the effect that to wear uniform will injure his health.

A New York journal says: "The fate of the feminine shirt seems somewhat dubious. It is true that fashion-writers have indorsed it and experts claim that it will be widely worn by ladies this year, but sagacious New Yorkers do not care a rap for expert opinions in this respect. There is a rule which nothing has ever been known to break, and which is an infallible guide in all matters of feminine fashion in this town. The most exclusive women on Fifth Avenue may make up their minds to wear some particular fashion of gown, hat, or what not, the fashion-writers may uphold the movement, and the style may be in every way admirable, but if half-a-dozen women of a certain class walk up Broadway at four in the afternoon, exploiting this same fad, it is doomed beyond recovery. For two weeks past, there have been parading on Broadway a great number of hard-featured, bold-eyed, and rather brazen-looking women, who wore feminine shirts of every color of the rainbow. The shirts were of the most distinctly fashionable cut, and they were in every way precise duplicates of those worn by women of exclusive position in New York society, but the fact that they have been taken up by the Broadway paraders has sealed the doom of the feminine shirt as far as this city is concerned."

It is the all but universal custom among the fashionable ladies of Venice of the present day to smoke cigarettes, both when alone and in company. The hostess, at a ball among the nobility, receives her guests with a cigarette between her fingers, and all the fair dames smoke in the pauses of the dance. The wife of the son of Robert Browning, an American lady, created a profound sensation in Venetian society last year by declaring that she would not invite ladies to smoke at her house, and the little daughter of another American lady unconsciously uttered a severe criticism upon the custom. The mother was visiting an Italian woman of title, and in her honor a ball was given in the palace of the hostess. The little girl, who was six years old, was taken by her nurse from her bed to a gallery where she could look down into the ball-room after the company had assembled. She looked at the brilliant sight for a moment in silence, and then asked, in much wonder: "Where are the ladies?" "Why, the hall is full of them," answered the nurse. "Oh, no," said the child; "all those women, but mamma, are smoking."

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\$75.00 to \$250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 109 Main St., Richmond, Va.

MAN WANTED SALARY \$75 to \$100, to locally represent a N. Y. Company incorporated to supply Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Jewellery, etc., to consumers at cost. Also a Lady of fact, salary \$10, to enroll members (\$5,000 now enrolled, \$100,000 paid in). References, Empire Co-operative Ass'n (well rated) Lock Box 1010, N. Y.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A. C. Wheeler ("Nym Crinkle") is about to publish a novel of New York life, entitled "The Toltec Cup."

Miss Agnes Repplier, the *Atlantic's* new essayist, is a clever woman, still in her twenties. She is a Philadelphian.

F. Marion Crawford's new novel, "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance," is said to be a charming story of somewhat the same character as his "Marzio's Crucifix," recently published. It will be issued early in July.

A prominent New Orleans physician, George Howe, is the author of a narrative which will appear in one of the July magazines, entitled "The Last Slave Ship." He gives a picture of life on a slaver just before the war.

The new edition of "Men of the Time," now in preparation, will be called "Men and Women of the Time." Some five hundred new names will be added. The work has long been valuable, in spite of its many gross faults.

Not many books begin their existence in print with an edition of fifty thousand copies. This is one distinction of a volume which is coming out in England—the autobiography of James Berry, the public executioner. One chapter is horribly entitled, "Men and Women I have Executed."

Mr. T. B. Aldrich, who is engaged upon a volume of poems, to be published in the autumn, intends to pass part of the summer in England, where he will arrange for the London edition of the book. His poem, "Batuschka," published not long ago in one of the magazines, was obliterated from every copy admitted into Russia.

William Waldorf Astor has employed artists, at an expense of something like ten thousand dollars, to illustrate one copy of each of his novels. These copies form a private *édition de luxe*, each one being labeled "My personal copy" and occupying a prominent place in his library. Verily, few can thus indulge in the embellishment of their own literature.

"At the Red Glove," recently issued in the *Seaside*, appeared in an American magazine anonymously several years ago, and then was brought out in cloth, still without the author's name. It attracted considerable attention at the time and would have long ago been reprinted by the cheap-library publishers had they not thought it the work of an American author.

Ruskin and Dumas have admirable methods of working. They rise and retire early, work daily till noon, and are then free for the rest of the day. Mr. William Black is one of the unwise workers. Though for six months in the year he "hardly puts pen to paper, except in the way of a private letter, or to make an occasional note," he is thinking out his next novel, the consequence being that he is never entirely free from his work. As he himself says: "Working in this way you have your story continually on your mental shoulders—a Sinbad's 'Old Man of the Sea.'"

The Paris correspondent of the *London Times*, De Blowitz, has made public some pretended extracts from the Talleyrand memoirs. They are given from memory, the correspondent, at the instigation of M. Thiers, it is claimed, having succeeded in reading the original manuscript. He threatens to publish further extracts unless the book appears. The Duc de Broglie declares, however, that the passages published do not come from the genuine memoirs, and adds that many of Talleyrand's papers were tampered with by his secretary, who could imitate his handwriting. He announces that the memoirs are to be published in full before the end of the year.

Concerning the license of novelists, the *Saturday Review* says:

If a clever writer can reconcile it to his interests and artistic conscience, we should allow him to attempt the feat of making impossibilities seem probable and extravagances appear real. He may people a mad world of his own imagining with demons and angels sharply divided. He may introduce the spiritual or supernatural machinery, which seldom works very smoothly, even when put together by a Pulver—theory of "The Haunted and the Haunters" is an exception—and which is exceedingly likely to break down, if, of course, he must hazard all that at his own risk, and with the betting very heavily in favor of seeing his clever oval cast aside. Extravagances are one thing and absurdities another, and we are not speaking of those simply trashy tissues flung by lunatics with no sort of literary vocation, which will not even serve the purpose of soporifics to any girl of discretion who is out of her teens. We think the most permanently popular novels, those which have become the classics of successive generations, although inspired by the genius of a glowing imagination, will be found to be those which have kept most closely to actualities and to hold up a mirror to veritable persons.

There is truth in this (comments the *New York Tribune*), but what will Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Tuckton say to it? And this leads to another question—are the novels of to-day, books which arouse excited interest, discussion, and argument, ever read? Do people read "She" and "Dr. Jekyll" and "The Merry Chatter" over and over as they do "Henry Esmond" and the "Pickwick Papers"?

New Publications.

"The Shadow of a Dream," W. D. Howells's latest novel, would seem to show the influence of the Russian and French novelists whom he has praised so much; it brings up for consideration a social and

psychological question, retaining at the same time the delicate analysis and keen perception of the humorous which have hitherto been his great, one might almost say his only, charm. The principal actors in his story are Douglas Faulkner, his wife Hermia, and his friend, the Rev. Mr. Nevil; the narrator, Basil March, through whom Mr. Howells has spoken in earlier stories, his very feminine and Bostonian wife, and Faulkner's mother complete the *dramatis personæ*. Faulkner insists upon having his old friend, Nevil, constantly with him after his marriage to Hermia; he becomes an invalid; and dies suddenly, having confessed to his doctor that he has been the victim of a horrible nightmare, a dream which constantly recurs. The paroxysm which resulted in his death was observed by March and Nevil to be the bursting forth of a long-suppressed and ever-increasing antipathy to his wife—which, however, he had managed to hide from her. In time, Nevil and Hermia recognize that they love each other, but, on learning the nature of her dead husband's dream—a vision of himself being buried, while Nevil and Hermia mock and triumph over him as they go to the wedding-altar—they are overwhelmed with doubts; they had been acquainted before Faulkner met Hermia, and they did not know when their love began—whether before Faulkner came, during the triangular domesticity, or since the husband's death. This problem it is left to Nevil to decide; and in describing his reasoning, torn at once by unselfish love and a, perhaps, over-strict sense of religious duty, Mr. Howells has achieved a masterly work. And he is wise in cutting the Gordian knot by the death of Nevil, for the futures that March and his wife shadow forth are both unsatisfactory. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Nature's Serial Story," by the late E. P. Roe, which appeared six years ago in serial form, has been reissued in paper covers by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

Rider Haggard's latest story, "Beatrice," is issued in the *Globe Library* published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The sixteenth volume of Katharine Prescott Wormeley's translation of Honoré de Balzac's works is entitled "Fame and Sorrow." It contains six stories. For the first she has retained the original name—"Fame and Sorrow"—disregarding the title "La Maison de Chat-qui-Pelote," which Balzac gave it in 1842; the others are "Colonel Chahert," "The Atheist's Mass," "La Grande Bretèche," "The Pursue," and "La Grenadière." Balzac may almost be called the father of the modern short story, and these fairly represent him, though he has written more dramatic tales, which we hope to see in a future volume. Meanwhile, we can but commend the excellence of Miss Wormeley's translation, which is quite up to the standard she set herself in the earlier volumes. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, \$1.50.

"The Jewel in the Lotos," by Mary Agnes Tincker, first published seven years ago, is reissued in their Series of Select Novels by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"The Corsican Brothers," the story by Alexander Dumas from which the well-known play of the same name was taken, has been published in English translation by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"Married by Proxy," by Frank Dupree, and "My Strange Patient," by Mary Caldwell Montgomery, have been issued in the paper-covered Minerva Series by the Minerva Publishing Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents each.

"Personal Creeds; or, How to Form a Working-Theory of Life," by the Rev. Newman Smith, has a title which is explanatory of its contents, when it is added that the author's purpose is "to reach those men, of whom there are many in these times, who can not believe everything that they have been taught." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, \$1.00.

"As 'tis in Life" is the literal translation E. P. Robins has given to the title of Albert Delpeit's novel, which he has put into good English and published—complete in its three parts, "La Lutte pour la Vie," "L'Amour," and "Justice"—in advance of the French edition. It is handsomely printed and bound, with the original French illustrations, by the Welch, Fracker Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"Java: The Pearl of the East," by S. J. Higginson, is a compact and well-written account of that far-away corner of the earth, intended primarily for children, inasmuch as it is issued in the Riverside Library for Young People. It is furnished with an index and a folding-map of the island. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by William Doxey; price, 75 cents.

"Midnight Talks at the Club," by Amos K. Fiske, is a volume of essays on social and religious topics. Printed originally in the *New York Times*, the

author declares that they then elicited so much comment that he feels justified in giving them the greater permanence insured by book-form. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

During a sojourn in the West of Ireland, in Kerry, Galway, and Donegal, three years ago, Jeremiah Curtin collected a number of Gaelic myths and tales which he has now published in a volume entitled "Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland." In his introduction, which is at once scholarly and interesting to the general reader, Mr. Curtin draws attention to the distinctive features of Irish folk-lore—as, for instance, the particularity with which names and places are preserved, in contradistinction to the vagueness of the legends of middle and eastern Europe—says a few words about the very great age of the Gaelic language, and considers mythology and folk-lore historically and philosophically. The twenty tales in the collection will be heartily welcomed by the three classes to whom Mr. Curtin addresses himself—to the lover of wonderful tales, to him who cares for their social and antiquarian data, and to him who recognizes their worth in studying the history of the human mind. The book is handsome in typography and binding. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, \$2.00.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Mr. George P. Rowell, head of the great advertising agency which bears his name, is traveling on the Pacific Coast for pleasure. He has just returned from Lake Tahoe, is now in the Yosemite Valley, and on his return thence leaves for Alaska. Afterward, he goes East by the Northern Pacific, visiting the Yellowstone Park en route. Mr. Rowell has been cordially received everywhere by the journalistic fraternity. He is accompanied on his trip by Mr. Kaufman, proprietor of the *Washington Star*.

The *New York World* is now printing advertisements in German as well as in English. It is rumored that the experiment is preparatory to starting a German edition of the *World*.

Julian Ralph, writing in *Chatter* of a group of newspaper men at a New York social gathering, says:

A merchant, who was present, said that when he saw such well-bred and intellectual fellows, it puzzled him to decide in his own mind why the newspapers should be so trashy, sensational, and corrupt, as many of them are. He might as well have put a match to a train of powder. Man after man replied, and all adopted one tone. The tenor of what they all said was that the mercantile and speculative spirit dominates the press; that the owners are in the business for profits first and self-respect subsequently; that there is no department of the average newspaper that does not feel the strong and mastering influence of the counting-room; and that the employees are as powerless to oppose the tendency of the newspaper they work upon as the sheets that run through the presses are to dodge the ink upon the types.

"I tremble," said Mr. Morley, "to see the day approach—and I am not sure that it is not approaching—when the humors of the head-lines of American journalism shall pass current as models of conciseness, energy, and color of style."

We referred, some time ago, to the unhappy differences between MM. Ercmann and Chatrain. The private secretary of M. Chatrain, M. Georgel, published in the *Figaro* an attack on M. Ercmann, whom he charged with all sorts of baseness, from cowardice to high treason. M. Ercmann replied by a suit at law, which has just been decided in his favor. M. Chatrain was left out of the case; but M. Georgel is condemned to a month's imprisonment and two thousand francs fine; M. Pigeonnet, of the *Figaro*, to five hundred francs fine; while the two together are mulcted besides in damages of ten thousand francs. The judgment is also ordered to be printed in ten newspapers in Paris and ten in the provinces.

Those who believe that "Democrats do not read," will be interested in the fact that First-Assistent Postmaster-General Clarkson has compiled some interesting newspaper statistics with a political significance, which he made public at the dinner of the Norfolk Club, at Young's Hotel, in Boston. They are thus summarized:

It would be a good thing if every Republican in this country would study Rowell's Newspaper Directory, or any of the standard kindred works. They would see, taking Rowell for authority, that, while there are two hundred and fifty-five Republican dailies printed in this country, with a circulation of over one thousand, there are three hundred and twenty Democratic dailies printed. They would see that, while the Republican dailies have, according to Rowell, a circulation of one million and a half, the Democratic dailies have a circulation of over one thousand each and a combined circulation of two millions and a half. The Democrats have thirteen hundred and forty-six weeklies, with a circulation of four millions and a quarter. "Six years in the wilds of Central Africa," by E. J. Glave; "Orléans," by Florence A. Merriam; "Bat, Ball, and Diamond," by Walter Camp; "Lady Jane"—VII., -IX., by Mrs. C. V. Jamison; "A Divided Duty," by

M. A. Cassidy; "Hurdling," by Herbert Mapes; "Through the Back Ages," by Teresa C. Crofton; "Marjorie and her Papa"—VII., -VIII., by Robert Howe Fletcher; "Crowded out of Crofield"—X., -XI., by William O. Stoddard; verses by Celia Thaxter, Margaret Johnson, George H. Murphy, Grace Denio Litchfield, Katharine Pyle, Laura E. Richards, and others; and the departments.

The *June English Illustrated Magazine* contains—"German Girlhood," by Lady Ellen Hasselt; "Cricket," by W. G. Grace; "Lace-Making in Ireland," by Alan S. Cole; "The Poetry of Sully-Prudhomme," by E. and R. E. Prothero; "A Castle on Mount Etna," by Hamilton Auld; and "The Glittering Plain," by William Morris.

The *June Contemporary* contains—"Compensation for Licenses," by Cardinal Manning and by W. S. Caine, M. P.; "Vested Interests," by Professor Thorold Rogers; "The Law in 1847 and the Law in 1889," by Lord Coleridge; "The Theology and Ethics of Dante," by Professor Edward Caird; "Trusts in the United States," by R. Donald; "Brought Back from Elysium," by J. M. Harrie; "The Perils of Trustees," by Montague Crackanthorpe, Q. C.; "Mute Witnesses of the French Revolution," by Mrs. Emily Crawford; "A Palestinian Utopia," by Thomas Hodgkin; "The Broad Church; or, What's Coming?" by the Rev. H. K. Haweis; "The Betterment Tax," by the Duke of Argyll.

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Gold Medals and First Prizes: Paris, 1878, 1889; Philadelphia, 1876; Sydney, 1881; Melbourne, 1887.

The hats of these celebrated makers are to be obtained from all first-class hatters.



— FOR —
WALL PAPER,
WINDOW SHADES,
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— GO TO —
G. W. CLARK & CO.
653 and 655 Market Street.

PERFECT, PURE.
FREEMAN'S
FACE POWDER.

THE CALIFORNIA
Savings and Loan Society
CORNER OF EDDY AND POWELL STS.

Savings Bank deposits received, and interest paid on same semi-annually, in January and July. Rates of interest for last term: 5.58% on term deposits; and 4.65% on ordinary deposits, free of tax. Deposits received from one dollar upwards. Open Saturday evenings.

STORAGE For Furniture, Pianos, and other goods. ADVANCES MADE. J. M. PIERCE, 735 Market Street.

HEARD AROUND THE CORNER.

A Demi-Dialogue.

Mrs. Packer Crush's drawing-room. Although doing one's best to listen to Hon. Quintus Quorum's synopsis of his last five-hour speech, one can not help hearing Miss Bessie Beauty's clear soprano from the curtained niche near by.

Miss Beauty (coldly)—Ah, good-evening. Yes, if you choose, but I think I can not stay here longer. However, there's room enough on this divan, I suppose.

Some Young Man (in an indistinguishable murmur)—...

Miss Beauty (more coldly)—Not in the least. Why should I be offended?

The Young Man (same)—...

Miss Beauty (most coldly)—Possibly; yet one can't judge from seeming. Many persons seem very different—for a time—from what they really are.

The Young Man—...

Miss Beauty (severely)—Meaning no one in particular.

The Young Man—...

Miss Beauty—You've done nothing—Mr. Brown.

The Young Man—...

Miss Beauty (feverishly)—Your name is "Mr. Brown" as well as "Charles," isn't it? Well, I prefer the former.

The Young Man—...

Miss Beauty—We were engaged.

The Young Man—...

Miss Beauty (judicially)—Because, sir, I feel that we are far from being a congenial—(With sudden energy): Because I desire it—because I want to—because that's my wish—because—because—because—I hate you, Charley Brown!

The Young Man—...

Miss Beauty (passionately)—Yes, I will say that—it's what I mean, and I will say it—I hate you, and always did—

The Young Man (interrupting)—...

Miss Beauty (much agitated)—Yes, I always did—and I always—

The Young Man (again interrupting)—...

Miss Beauty (same)—Yes, I always will, I say—always, always—unless (voice breaks), unless you behave very differently from what you have to-night.

The Young Man (speaks a long time)—...

Miss Beauty (with great majesty)—I have no doubt she is a very charming girl, since you say so, although I must confess I've never heard her generally described as such—but even if I did make the mistake of letting another man have your number, yet to dance with her without first speaking to me—

The Young Man—...

Miss Beauty—Oh, the fact that you couldn't get near me has nothing whatever to do with it. Well, you might have been more to blame. Perhaps you couldn't help it. And she's a very charming girl.

The Young Man—...

Miss Beauty (lofly)—Oh, yes, I excuse you. You might have been more—but no matter. And she's extremely charming! Well, let's drop the whole subject and never mention it again.

The Young Man—...

Miss Beauty (stiffly)—Why, I don't see what more I can do than excuse you. Let us talk about something else. Don't you think this is a pleasant ball?

The Young Man—...

Miss Beauty (indifferently)—Yes, I forgive you. Now, will you take me to mamma?

The Young Man—...

Miss Beauty (with a mixture of manners)—I'm afraid we can never again be quite as we used, although I'll try my best. No, it isn't a trifle—it's a very serious thing, and I'm surprised at your calling it a trifle. I hope you will never more be guilty of such an act—I'm sure I do—and I don't believe I can ever forget it. Yes, I have forgiven you—please don't take my hand. You are forgiven, Mr. Brown.

The Young Man—...

Miss Beauty—Yes, this is what a woman calls forgiveness.

The Young Man—...

Miss Beauty—Oh, if you don't so regard it, I will take it back.

The Young Man—...

Miss Beauty (all ice)—Very well. Here it is—your ring. Good-by.

The Young Man—...

Miss Beauty (with emotion)—You say so, and you've often said it. But I prefer to see love manifested in something besides empty words.

(The Young Man appears to adopt some desperate resolution.)

Miss Beauty (in rapid gradation from repelling scorn to its diametrical opposite)—Mr. Brown! Will you be kind enough to release me? Your impertinence is—oh, are you sure no one can see us?—I'm just as miserable as I can be—yes, I do love you, Charley, and you know it—oh, I wish I didn't—and yet it's rather nice, too—it was all my fault, every morsel—what a little wretch I am!—you ought to have some other girl, like—

The Young Man—...

Miss Beauty (in a voice much muffled, but joyous)—Oh, you mustn't say "confound" anybody, particularly a woman, Charley; for, although I don't positively consider her charming, as you think—

The Young Man—...

Miss Beauty (ecstatically)—Why—why—why did

you say you did, then? That caused the whole trouble. Yes, I began it before, I know; but it was because I knew I was wrong about the dance and that you were going to blame me for it, and I had to anticipate you—ha, ha, ha! And though you afterward did right and let me forgive you—ba, ha—it didn't atone for that "charming!"

The Young Man—...

Miss Beauty (in proud apology)—You see you don't quite understand all about girls even yet, Mr. Charles!—*Manley H. Pike in Puck.*

THE SCIENTIFIC MUSE.

Kissing.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE DOCTOR.

Tell me not in scientific
Pages, such a tale as this;
That diseases most terrific
Gain diffusion by a kiss.

Kissing's real, kissing's earnest,
Though the vile bacillus lurk,
In the kiss that thou returnest,
Trust me Damon will not shrink.

Vain the doctor's adjuration,
Phyllis lightly to me trips;
If there's death in osculation,
Let me take it from her lips.

When a merry maiden fair is,
Medical advice decline;
Let her sweet orbicularis
Oris lightly rest on thine.

Yet since kissing surely pleases,
We by Æsculapian art,
Can prognosticate diseases—
Soft affections of the heart.

Kissing is by Nature taught us,
Kiss the girls, then, when they come;
Though a kiss be, *rite*, Plautus,
Acherontis pabulum. —H. Saville Clarke.

Electro-Infatuation.

Oh, mystic fascination,
Oh, fate idealized,
I'm but a mass of molecules
Reversely polarized!
I'm vanquished by a sorcery
No amulet can cure.

For, love, you are the magnet,
And I, the armature,
The more I circle 'round you,
Love's current stronger grows,
Till leaping forth from heart to heart,
Love's arc electric glows.

Against the ardor of that flame
Insurance won't insure,
For, love, you are the magnet,
And I, the armature.

And when in your dear presence
All trembling I vibrate,
Along Love's telegraphic cord
My yows shall undulate;
Induction ne'er shall drown them,
Nor make their sound obscure,

For, love, you are the magnet,
And I, the armature,
The messages unnumbered
Of fond endearment fly
At once in both directions—
Quadruplex they outvie.

A throbbing heart is at the key,
It dots and dashes sure,
For, love, you are the magnet,
And I, the armature.

I dwell within your field of force,
In that blest region where
Your strength is of the distance
Inversely as the square,
No influence external
Can me from you allure,

For, love, you are the magnet,
And I, the armature,
At last we'll cling together,
Apart no more to roam
With hearts attuned harmonic,
We'll sing of Ohm, sweet Ohm.

One circuit never broken,
While life and love endure,
Forever you my magnet,
And I, your armature.

—*Park Benjamin in Puck.*

To Cyane.

Dearest, if death and dissolution
Were dreams, and life were ever new,
We too might study Evolution
And read the *Forgettingly Genesis*,
And, lapped in soft Elysian slumbers,
Might woo the lagging years to fly;
Soothed by the soporific numbers,
Of many a *Nineteenth Century*.

Were life forever in meridian,
We, too, might watch the chain unwind
That links the primitive Ascidian
With the "supreme Caucasian mind."
But since Time's glass our brief day measures,
And since its sands escape so fast,
The flying hours hold higher treasures
Than all the secrets of the past.

What, dearest, does it matter to us,
Though, as biologists relate,
The same glad life that pulses through us
Once throbb'd within a *Tunicate*?
Though, ere the gods had dreamt of Homer,
The fathers of our ancient stock
Waged war upon the Cyclops
Because it trespassed on their rock?

It may be true, as modern sages
Have proved, that in some tropic sea,
Our aunt, in prehistoric ages,
Was once a sea-anemone.
It may be true, the oldest strata
That form the solid earth's foundations,
Are but the shells of Radiata,
Our prehistoric "poor relations."

But ours is all too brief a May-time
To let our ancestors employ it,
Why should we not enjoy our play-time,
As they, I don't not, would enjoy it?
For howse'er a rocky shelf
Our Aunt Anemone might grow on,
I'm sure she did not bore herself
With thoughts about the Eozoon.

With each new sun whose light we borrow
Our surest theories fade away;
We spurn as falsehood on the morrow
The truths that Science proves to-day.
The Past still baffles all its guessers,
The Present, love, was made for mirth,
Then leave to Blues and to Professors
The secrets of the silent earth!

—*St. James's Gazette.*

The Emperor of Japan is having a state coach built at a cost of one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Miss Florence Nightingale has lately celebrated her seventieth birthday. It is thirty-six years since she organized and directed the military hospitals at Scutari, in the awful campaign of the Crimea.

Mrs. Julia J. Irvine, A. B., A. M., a graduate of Cornell, who is an honor pupil of Leipsic, has received the appointment of junior professor of Greek at Wellesley College. At a late inter-collegiate contest, she took the Greek prize over sixty competitors.

The Queen Dowager of Portugal does not care for expense. She recently bought one thousand pairs of shoes in Paris and ordered seventy dresses from Worth. The dresses were lost at sea, and her majesty promptly ordered seventy more to replace them.

Mrs. Annie Louise Cary-Raymond, the famous contralto, spends her leisure time during her summer outing at the sea-shore in knitting warm shawls for the poor old women who are on her charity visiting-list. But she is compelled to seek out the most hideous shades of wool that the dyer's hand can produce, arranging them in nightmare compositions, to prevent her grateful beneficiaries from pawning their new garments.

The average longevity of literary ladies would indicate that Mr. Charles A. Dana is right in asserting that activity of the brain has the effect of lengthening life. Mrs. Somerville and Caroline Herschel reached the ages of ninety-two and ninety-eight, respectively; Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Edgeworth died at eighty-two; Miss Harriet Lee attained ninety-five and Mrs. Marcet eighty-nine; Jane Porter died at seventy-four, Hannah Moore at eighty-eight, Miss Mitford at sixty-nine, and Mrs. Radcliffe at fifty-nine. The average longevity of the ten ladies named was nearly eighty-three years.

The Cirque d'Été has brought to the notice of the Parisians a young dancing-woman who, like Carmenita in New York, has taken things by storm. Her name is Carolina Otero, and she is enthusiastically described as "entire Spain in a red-satin bodice." She dances and sings and sways her pliant figure from side to side, and backward until her curls touch the silken slippers on her feet. Her movements are exquisitely slow and dreamy, and as she floats about the stage to the tinkling of the mandolin, "it recalls," says an enthusiastic Gaul, "the slow twilight of Spain, with the clear moonlight falling down on the towers and the sleeping blossoms."

A great sensation in educational circles has been caused in England by the publication of the mathematical tripos at Cambridge University. The success of the female students has been phenomenal. The highest educational honor yet won by women has been gained by Miss Philippa Fawcett, aged twenty-two, who is bracketed superior to the senior wrangler. Previous to this, the first place was occupied by Miss Ramsay, who was senior wrangler in the classical tripos in 1887, and second by Miss Scott, who was eighth mathematical wrangler in 1880. The former has since married the master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the latter is a professor in an American university. In addition to Miss Fawcett's wonderful achievement, two ladies figure in the list of wranglers, ten are senior optimes, and four are junior optimes. No women failed to pass, but six men failed completely.

The New York Bell Telephone Company has just completed arrangements for the benefit of the girls in its employ. A large sunny sitting-room has been provided, with wide windows, affording lovely river and harbor views. Turkish rugs cover the floor, and lounges and rocking-chairs invite repose. Three large tables are laden with cups, saucers, plates, spoons, sugar, and milk, while behind two immense urns stands a woman supplying tea and coffee to those who wish either. All this is free, and the telephone-girls at lunch in their handsome room present the appearance of boarding-school pupils. Besides the noon hour each operator has two recesses a day, known as "reliefs." The "Central" then makes herself comfortable with book or fancy-work, or more often catches a little nap. One portion of the dressing-room is divided into lockers, every girl having one to herself.

A newspaper man who called to inquire concerning Mme. Bernhardt's health during her recent illness, was ushered directly into her bedroom, a large room looking out into the Boulevard Pereire, hung with old-mauve silk, brocaded in cream-colored flowers and gold thread, after a design of her own. The ceiling is painted somewhat fantastically in a floral pattern, with a good deal of gilding. On the chimney-piece is the marble bust of a child. The bed is a lofty structure, with four pillars and curtains to match the hangings on the walls—rather a tragic-looking affair, well suited to the dreams of so famous a tragedienne. And throned therein was Sarah herself, in a dressing-gown of white satin, with high sleeves à la Valois, and her hair done up in a most elaborate style. On the coverlid stands a tiny invalid's table, with bouquets of white lilac and roses thereon; also books and a chess-board. Around the room were seated a dozen or more authors, artists, et al., of varying degrees of eminence, who took turns at sitting in the one favored chair, close to the bed-side.

"COMMON-SENSE" SHOES.

"My dear," said young Mr. Inswim to young Mrs. Inswim the other morning at the breakfast-table, "here is the five-dollar bill you asked for; now go and buy a pair of shoes that will pinch your dear little feet to an extent that will make you perfectly bappy; with narrow toes and heels like sulks; and, please, dear, don't bring disgrace on your sex and your family by failing to get a half of a size too small and a width too narrow."

"Oh, but George, love, I'm not going to get that sort of a shoe at all," responded little Mrs. Inswim. "You great teasing thing, I have fully made up my mind this time that I will have a pair of genuine 'Common-Sense' shoes, of the very common-sensical pattern, and after this I'm not going to wear any other kind."

"Oh, of course not, pet. Well, good-by. Good luck to you, dear; only remember that the salesmen are human, you know."

And that afternoon pretty little Mrs. Inswim tripped gayly down the street and entered a prominent shoe-store, with firm resolve distinctly showing itself upon her comely face.

"I would like a pair of 'Common-Sense' shoes," she said to the salesman, "to cost about \$4.50, size '2½,' width 'C.'"

And the deluded salesman congratulated himself upon having a snap.

"Here is our medium 'Common-Sense' shoe at that price," he said, "in fine kid."

"Isn't that too awfully broad?"

"Not so very. That's the 'Common Sense' of it, you know."

"Oh, yes, of course; but what a horrid flat heel!"

"That's to match the toe, you know. We have one still lower, if you like."

"Goodness, no! Well, I suppose if they're 'Common Sense,' they're what I want. They do look odd, though."

"That's because you're not used to them."

"Yes, I suppose so. What a great heavy sole!"

"The 'Hand Welts' are considered more comfortable and healthful than the turned soles, I believe."

"Isn't the vamp rather high?"

"That's another of the 'Common-Sense' ideas. It doesn't bring a seam across the ball of the foot."

"It must make the foot look horribly large."

"Here is the full 'Sense' shoe."

"Mercy! I wouldn't wear that! This is bad enough."

"Would you prefer a narrower toe?"

"Why, I want a 'Common-Sense' shoe, but it doesn't seem to me as though it were necessary to have the toes quite so straight across, and the heels quite so near no heels at all."

"Here is the medium toe and heel; bow would that please you?"

"That isn't a great deal better. Why are sensible things so hideous?"

"I don't know, madam. Here is one a little more shapely."

"Is that the 'Common-Sense' style?"

"Well—no—not exactly."

"If one isn't getting 'Common Sense' at all, one might as well have something more stylish than that."

"Here is the neatest thing we have, then; opera-toe, high wooden heels, and feather-edge turned soles."

"Oh, aren't they too sweet for anything?"

"Yes'm. These have the quarter over with short vamps, madam."

"Oh, yes; and what cute little toes! I'll try these on."

"That seems rather tight. Did I understand you size correctly, '2½,' 'C.'?"

"I've always worn that size. Can't you get them on by pulling a little harder?"

"Perhaps, and by using a little powder. Why, this is '2,' 'B.' No wonder it didn't go on. Here is the correct size."

"That fits beautifully. They're not 'Common Sense,' though, are they?"

"Well, hardly."

"I don't care. I'm sure that none of those horrid things would ever fit me in the world."

"I presume not."

"How much are the pretty ones?"

"Five dollars and a half."

"Oh, well, half-a-dollar or a dollar in a shoe isn't much if one gets just what one wants. I'll take them."

And little Mrs. Inswim took her bundle, paid the extra half-dollar out of her own private exchequer and tripped away.

That evening she came into the room just as Mr. Inswim had got the bundle open and was examining her purchase.

"Glad to see that you got such uncommon-sens ones, my dear," he remarked, quizzically.

Mrs. Inswim tried desperately hard not to notice the sarcasm.

"There's one thing that you did very much to your credit, pet. I see by the size on the lining of the shoe that you got good big '3,' 'Ds.'"

And poor little Mrs. Inswim kept her own counsel, for under the circumstances she didn't have the heart to admit how the salesman had deceived her. —*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

SOCIETY.

The Hibbs-Nelson Wedding.

At Mare Island, on Saturday, June 13th, Miss Annie Janette Nelson, daughter of Commander and Mrs. Thomas Nelson, U. S. N., was united in marriage to Assistant-Engineer Frank Warren Hibbs, U. S. N., who has been on duty for some time at the Union Iron-Works in this city. The ceremony took place at noon in the navy yard chapel, which had been beautifully decorated with flowers and foliage. The chapel was crowded with friends of the contracting parties when the bridal party entered and proceeded to the chancel as Lieutenant James Ashley Turner, U. S. M. C., played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." The ushers were: Ensign John A. Bell, U. S. N., and Ensign R. Galt, U. S. N.; the groomsmen were: Assistant-Surgeon G. B. Wilson, U. S. N., Lieutenant George W. Denfield, U. S. N., Assistant-Engineer W. W. Bush, U. S. N., Ensign Benjamin Wright, U. S. N., and Ensign C. M. Nepper, U. S. N. Miss Alice Hibbs and Miss Florence Nelson acted as maids of honor, while the bridesmaids were Miss Hibbs, Miss Irwin, Miss Lulu Moore, Miss Bessie McDougall, Miss Minnie Moore, and Miss Ludlow. Chaplain Frank Thompson, U. S. N., officiated. Afterward a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, and four hours were very pleasantly passed in merry-making and feasting. At half-past four o'clock the newly wedded couple left for Lake Tahoe on their bridal tour. They received many elegant and costly presents.

Commander and Mrs. Nelson that same evening celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding at their home, and hospitably entertained many of their friends. The grounds around the residence were brilliantly illuminated by Japanese lanterns, and the band of the Independence played concert selections all the evening.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Edith Clarke, daughter of Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke, and Lieutenant Charles G. Lyman, U. S. A., will take place next Wednesday noon at St. Luke's Church.

During the next two months Noah Brandt's orchestra will give morning and afternoon concerts at the Hotel del Monte, and there will be hops each evening.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent San Franciscans:

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford are now in Paris and will soon proceed to Kissingen.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess are expected in New York soon from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Bland, and Miss Lena Bland will leave here early in July to pass a month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. George A. Newhall has returned from his trip to England, and will pass the remainder of the summer at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dunphy, Mrs. Noah Flood, and Mr. James C. Dunphy returned to the city early in the week after an extended European tour. Miss Jennie Dunphy remained in Paris to continue her musical studies.

Mr. Edgar Mills, of Sacramento, who is now in New York city, will leave there soon for Carlsbad, where he will remain a couple of months.

Mr. John W. Mackay returned from Virginia, Nev., last Monday and left for the East on Friday. He will sail for Europe July 10th, and will return here in September.

Mrs. Eugene Casserly, Miss Daisy Casserly, Mr. J. B. Casserly, and Mr. Augustine Casserly have been visiting the Yosemite Valley during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Hopkins left Tacoma last Tuesday for Alaska.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair have engaged apartments for the month of July at the Hotel del Monte.

Misses May and Grace Miller are visiting their brother, Mr. Charles Miller, at Raymond.

Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Birdie Fair, and Mr. James G. Fair, Jr., are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Ira Pierce will be at the Hotel del Monte during the latter part of July.

Miss Alice Simpkins has returned from a visit to Miss Mary Eyre at Menlo Park.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke and the Misses Edith and Lottie Clarke have returned from their visit to Napa Valley.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Miss May E. Pope will leave St. Helena on July 17th to go to the Hotel del Monte for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Main have been paying a visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. George Chalmers, of Stockton, is visiting Mrs. W. P. Buckingham.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis will pass the month of July at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Charles L. Fair is in New York city.

Miss Laura Bates has been paying a visit to the Misses Dimond at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moulton are passing the summer months at their country villa in Fair Oaks.

For several weeks, will be at the Hotel del Monte during July.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel M. Easton are at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Marguerite Wallace is visiting friends at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. W. T. Ellis and Miss Hope Ellis, of Marysville, will go to the Hotel del Monte on July 1st.

Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Miss Edith Taylor, and Miss Carrie Taylor are located in their cottage at San Rafael for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Lawrence Pool will pass the next month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan will pass next month in San Rafael.

Mrs. R. C. Woolworth and Miss Woolworth will go to the Hotel del Monte on July 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Southard Hoffman and family went to San Rafael last Tuesday to occupy their cottage for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller and Miss Carrie Peterson have returned from their visit to New York.

Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger will leave New York for London next Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Mr. Walter L. Dean were in the city early in the week, but returned to the Hotel del Monte on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brown have gone to Santa Cruz for a month.

Mrs. Isaac L. Requa and Miss Requa will leave Piedmont next Friday for the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw will go to the Hotel del Monte on June 26th for the remainder of the season.

Senator and Mrs. W. E. Dargie, of Oakland, have returned from an enjoyable Eastern trip.

Miss Lena Schuch has been visiting friends in Vallejo for several days, and will soon go to Napa Valley for a week.

Mrs. William H. Smith and Miss Belle Smith have gone to the Hotel del Coronado for a couple of weeks.

Mr. George Crocker, Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, and Miss Virginia Hanchett returned a week ago from their trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Hanlon and Mr. J. Fred Burgin, Jr., left on Thursday for an extended Eastern trip.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze and family, who have been passing the past two weeks at New Haven, Conn., left there on Thursday for this city. They will go to the Hotel del Monte next Thursday.

Mr. Adolph Surro and party have returned from a trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. T. H. Ludvici, of New York, has joined his family at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. William L. Ashe will pass next month at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. A. Baker and Miss Lou Hayes will leave next Wednesday for Alaska.

Judge and Mrs. J. H. Boalt and Miss Alice Boalt will leave here July 1st to pass a month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Kittle and family and Captain Griffith and family will return from the Yosemite Valley in a few days.

Mrs. Elisha Cook and Miss Leonide Cook are still traveling in Europe.

Mr. Charles A. Baldwin is at the Hoffman House in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young will leave to-day for the East and will be away about two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill, who have been at the Hotel del Coronado for a couple of weeks, are now at the Hotel del Monte, where they will remain about a month.

The Misses Hollingsworth, Miss Sanborn, and Miss McCollum left for the Yosemite Valley last Monday.

Miss E. M. Smith, of Santa Cruz, has been at the Hotel Pleasanton during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert B. Butler came up from Fresno last Monday and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. H. P. Christy, Miss Christy, and Mrs. S. H. Baker have returned from a pleasant trip to the Yosemite Valley, and are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. C. E. Seabee has returned from Alaska and is at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. Peder Sather, of Oakland, is passing the summer in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Samuel Miller, Mrs. T. J. Bass, and Miss Edith Bass will go to Ukiah to-day to remain a week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Herrmann left last Tuesday for the Blue Lakes, in Lake County.

Mrs. J. C. Skane and Miss Alice Skane left for New York last Thursday. They will pass the summer with friends at Narragansett Pier.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Flood are passing the summer at a country resort near San José. They will be at the Hotel del Monte during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Booth will make a short visit to the Hotel del Monte and then proceed to London and Paris, intending to be away about six months.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Finigan have returned from a trip to Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Fred L. Wooster came to the city on Wednesday for a short visit from Napa Valley, where she is passing the summer.

Misses Alice and Julia Mau are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Bandmann at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Huntington accompanied by their little daughter, Edith, and Miss Omeroff leave to-morrow evening for New York and other Eastern cities.

Miss Edith V. Chaskey, who was visiting in San Rafael last week, will spend next week at Monterey.

Among the many guests at the Hotel Vendome, in San José, are Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Chadbourne, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Driscoll, Mr. and Mrs. I. Nash, Mr. and Mrs. William Weber, of this city, Mr. and Mrs. I. Adams, of Detroit, Mich., and Mr. and Mrs. I. Hayes, of Santa Rosa, Cal.

Mr. C. G. Hooker is at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mrs. E. A. Bruguiere is passing the season at Santa Cruz.

Mr. Harry E. Wise went to Ukiah on Friday for a brief visit.

Mrs. E. E. Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre will go to the Hotel del Monte on July 1st.

Miss Ashe has returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs. Carter Pomeroy in San Rafael.

Mr. W. Mayo Newhall is visiting his ranch in Southern California.

Mrs. George H. Roe and family are visiting the Hotel Vendome at San José.

Colonel and Mrs. Stuart M. Taylor are at Santa Cruz for the season.

Mrs. George H. Wheaton and Miss Wheaton have returned to Oakland after a delightful visit to the White Sulphur Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Sperry, of Stockton, have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Heller are at the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Mrs. J. B. Wooster, Miss Wooster, and Mr. J. B. Wooster, Jr., returned from their European trip last Thursday, and are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis G. Newlands are at their home in Carson City, Nev.

Colonel C. Fred Crocker and Mr. J. A. Fillmore have been passing the week in Portland, Or.

Judge and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet and Miss Fanny Crocker are at Santa Cruz.

Professor de Filippe will leave the city next Wednesday on his summer vacation.

General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., and Miss Cecilia Miles have returned from the Yosemite Valley, and have gone to the Hotel del Monte to remain over the approaching holidays.

Lieutenant and Mrs. C. M. Perkins, U. S. M. C., *né* Whitely, have been at the Hotel del Monte for the past week.

General Parke, U. S. A. (retired), of New York, and Mrs. Parke have been enjoying a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Captain Eli L. Huggins, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., has been appointed aide-de-camp to Major-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A.

Lieutenant George W. Van Deusen, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Canby, Washington, and ordered to join the battery at Fort Columbus, N. Y.

Captain Marcus E. Taylor, assistant-surgeon, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence owing to illness, and has permission to apply for an extension of five months.

Lieutenant J. A. Dapray, U. S. A., will join his regiment in Texas at the expiration of his leave of absence.

Captain John J. Drum, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for two months, with permission to apply for an extension of six months.

Quartermaster-General Holabird, U. S. A., has been retired from service under operation of military law.

First Lieutenant Arthur C. Ducat, Jr., of the Twenty-Fourth Infantry, military instructor of the State University of Nevada, was presented at Reno with a costly silver service by the cadets on the sixth instant, as a token of the esteem and affection in which he was held by the youths, who have been for eighteen months under his instruction.

Lieutenant Ducat left on Thursday for Fort Grant, in Arizona, where he has been ordered by the War Department.

Captain William E. Dougherty, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty with his company and has been detailed to Fort Gaston, Cal., where he will assume command of that post.

Lieutenant James R. Richards, Jr., Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., will leave the Presidio on July 1st, to proceed to Fort Walla Walla, Washington, for duty.

— MOST SELECT BOARDING PLACE FOR A FAMILY. Elegantly furnished apartments, with good service, large grounds, etc., at 1115 Van Ness Avenue.

The Fall River accident, which resulted in the drowning of eight people, was only what is fairly certain to happen when one or two men, who know nothing about boating, pack six or eight women into a small boat and take them out on a rough day.

A few rules might be formulated for the benefit of men who know nothing about the handling of a sail or even an oar. We would suggest these: 1. Don't take more than six women out boating when the water is rough. 2. Don't take six women out when the water isn't rough. 3. Don't take any women out in either case. 4. Don't go out yourself.

The modern idea is that it is better to wound than to kill, not because it is more humane, but because a dead man can be left lying on the battle-field, while a wounded man puts *hors de combat* his comrades who assist him. Therefore, the bullet that passes through half-a-dozen men, wounding each severely, is preferred to the bullet which simply finds its allotted billet and kills only one.

The young emperor at Berlin puts on his visiting-cards, in plain Gothic letters, "Wilhelm, German Emperor and King of Prussia."

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THE REASONABLENESS OF THE CHARGES at Del Monte, next to its equability of climate and elastic effects and the multiplicity of other attractions which no other resort in the world affords, causes the tourist to marvel at the *ne plus ultra* of hotel accommodations. Indeed, more wonder is elicited from those who have traveled extensively, on account of the reasonableness of the hotel charges at Del Monte, than from all other things. Terms for Tourist: By the day, \$3 and upward; parlors from \$1 to \$2.50 per day extra; children, in children's dining-room, \$2. For further information, address GEORGE SCHONEWALD, Manager, Monterey, Cal.

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THE EXTRA DRY. The perfection of a Dry Wine.

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Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

There has been considerable of a change in the personnel of the officers at the Presidio since the transfer of the First Artillery Regiment to New York, and the Second Cavalry to Arizona, which were replaced by the Fifth Artillery and Fourth Cavalry Regiments. The new officers and their families are now comfortably domiciled in the various cottages allotted to them, and all seem pleased with their surroundings.

Each cottage is numbered, those from No. 1 to No. 13 being on the main road; Nos. 14, 15, 16, 19, 21, and 22 are on the inside of the garrison opposite the parade-grounds; No. 17, in the large building near the chapel and popularly known as "the corral"; while Nos. 91, 92, 93, and 94 are the four handsome Queen Anne cottages near the main road, and Nos. 101 and 102 are very near to them. For the con-

venience of visitors the following list will show where each officer is located:

Battalion No. 1, First Lieutenant George E. Sage, Fifth Artillery; No. 2, Captain J. R. Frinkle, Fifth Artillery; No. 3, Captain H. F. Brewerton, Fifth Artillery; No. 4, First Lieutenant G. Adams, Fifth Artillery; No. 5, vacant; No. 6, vacant; No. 7, Major John I. Rogers, First Artillery; No. 8, Captain A. E. Wood, Fourth Cavalry; No. 9, Captain D. Kinzie, Fifth Artillery; No. 10, Captain F. H. Edmunds, First Infantry; No. 11, First Lieutenant Thomas H. Barry, First Infantry; No. 12, Lieutenant-Colonel F. L. Town, U. S. A.; No. 13, First Lieutenant William H. Coffin, Fifth Artillery; No. 14, First Lieutenant A. C. Blunt, Fifth Artillery; No. 15, Captain George W. Dunbar, Chaplain, U. S. A.; No. 16, set 1, Lieutenant-Colonel William M. Graham, Fifth Artillery; No. 17, set 2, 3, and 4, vacant; set 5, First Lieutenant Louis P. Brant, First Infantry; set 6, First Lieutenant L. Wood, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A.; set 7, Second Lieutenant R. A. Brown, Fourth Cavalry, Second Lieutenant F. A. Tripp, First Infantry, Second Lieutenant McClachlin, Fifth Artillery, Second Lieutenant E. M. Blake, Fifth Artillery, and Second Lieutenant G. le R. Irwin, Fifth Artillery; No. 19, First Lieutenant W. F. Hancock, Fifth Artillery; No. 21, First Lieutenant W. R. Hamilton, Fifth Artillery; No. 22, vacant; No. 91, First Lieutenant D. D. Johnson, Fifth Artillery; No. 92, Captain Charles Morris, Fifth Artillery; No. 93, First Lieutenant Frank Thorpe, Fifth Artillery; No. 94, Captain Louis Frechman, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A.; No. 101, First Lieutenant Thomas Ridgway, Fifth Artillery; No. 102, Second Lieutenant W. E. Ellis, Fifth Artillery.

General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., and Miss Cecilia Miles have returned from the Yosemite Valley, and have gone to the Hotel del Monte to remain over the approaching holidays.

If you desire to furnish your house with new artistic effects, they can be always supplied from our establishment.

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The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

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26th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1890

Home Mutual Insurance Co.
No. 216 Sansome Street.

Capital (Paid up in Gold).....\$300,000.00
Net Surplus (over everything).....244,884.41

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SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY
GENERAL AGENT.....ROBERT H. MAGILL

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577 and 579 MARKET ST.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The mayor of a French town had, in accordance with the recent regulations, to make out a passport for a rich and highly respectable lady of his acquaintance, who, in spite of a slight disfigurement, was very vain of her personal appearance. His native politeness prompted him to gloss over the defect, and, after a moment's reflection, he wrote among the items of personal description: "Eyes dark, beautiful, tender, expressive, but one of them missing."

A specialist was called to treat a lady, who manifested so much interest in his surgical instruments that he explained their uses to her. "This laryngoscope," said he, "is fitted with small mirrors and an electric-light; the interior of your throat will be seen by me as clearly as the exterior; you would be surprised to know how far down we can see with an instrument of this kind." The operation over, the lady appeared somewhat agitated. "Poor girl!" said her sister; "it must have been very painful." "Oh, no," whispered the lady; "but just as he fixed the instrument in place, I remembered that I had a hole in my stocking."

Dr. Parr, the celebrated scholar, was once preaching in the country parish of another clergyman, and, as was his habit, used very learned language. The rector afterward said to him: "They could not understand you." "Nonsense," said Dr. Parr; "I am sure there was nothing in my sermon which they could not comprehend." "Well," said the rector, "I will call one of them in and see if he understands the meaning of the word 'felicity.'" So he called in a laboring-man and said: "John, can you tell me the meaning of 'felicity'?" "Well, I don't know, sir," said John; "but I believe it is some part of the inside of a pig."

Mlle. Lange, immortalized in the "Fille de Mme. Angot," was desperately in love with the son of a rich banker, Simons, who, in the expectation of inducing her to renounce a match he abhorred, called on her in person, and met at her house another charming young actress, Julie Candelle, who exercised such violent and sudden fascination on the old gentleman that he not only consented to his son's marriage with Lange, but led her friend to the altar on the same day. The two bridegrooms did not long after, within a short time of each other. After her husband's death, Mlle. Lange wished to have her portrait painted by Girodet. "Will you be taken as a vestal?" asked the painter. "No," answered the widow, "as an honest woman!"

At Cleveland (says a writer in the New York Sun), they put two cars filled with Polish immigrants on the rear of our train, as they had through some accident been belated, and we sped away for Toledo. At about nine o'clock at night a man came into our car, in which Senator Quay had a berth, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, a child has been born in one of the immigrant cars. It's a boy. Although we are in Ohio, I'm a Pennsylvanian myself, and as Senator Quay is also on the train, it is proposed to name that boy Quay Langowski. It has been proposed that we all chip in and raise a purse for the boy." We chipped. Quay saw our whole pile and raised it by five dollars, saying that he should be proud of the honor, and the man passed into the next car. An hour later we learned that no child had been born, and that the fellow had raised seventy-five dollars, and dropped off at some station.

A law-suit has just been brought to an end in Hungary, which had been on trial for four hundred and seventy years. This was an older law-suit by some seventy years than one which has just been settled in Poland. In the year 1490, a farmer in that country laid claim to the ownership of a piece of uncultivated and unused land, about fifty acres in extent, of which another farmer was in nominal possession. The dispute was taken before the court. There it remained, and the usual postponements and arguments took place. The original litigants died; their descendants inherited the suit, and bequeathed it to their heirs. In the year 1889, it was still on the docket, undecided and apparently with no prospect of decision. The litigants, therefore, came to the conclusion to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the suit by compromising it. They reached an amicable agreement on the point at issue, and put an end forever to the long wrangle. "It's fortunate we agreed," said one of the parties, "because if we hadn't both happened to be men of peaceable and accommodating dispositions, that law-suit might have gone on for another four hundred years." "But why," said the other party, "couldn't our ancestors have settled it as easily in 1490 as we have in 1890?" "Because," replied the first, "they were angry. In the interval which has elapsed, you and I have had time to cool off."

Prince Bismarck, some eighteen years ago, came to the conclusion that women are not to be judged according to a more rigid standard than men. So he instructed the German ambassador to turn a deaf ear to what the Montpensiers said about Queen Isabella.

All, he contended, that should be required of a female monarch in the way of morality was what men of the world demanded of each other. The Duchesse de Montpensier's rivalry to her sovereign and sister was based on her own superior virtue. All that rivalry, however, seems now a long way back in the past. Isabella worships her Montpensier grandchildren, who are red-haired imps with, what is rare in Spain, freckled faces. She is now suffered to live as she likes and talk as she pleases, without giving offense to anybody. There never, perhaps, was a more plainly outspoken tongue than hers. The Empress Eugénie used to make a great fuss, toward the close of the empire, about the hereditary and other antecedents of ladies who wanted to be presented to her. She was apprised one day of the marriage of a certain duke, an ex-assistant to an apothecary, whom, for peace sake, Isabella had ennobled, and was asked to receive the lady. "Who is this duchess?" said Eugénie, to her former liege-lady. "There's nothing to be objected to in her," said Isabella; "she's rich, and I hear that she's the Pope's daughter. One can't go higher than that."

The main telegraph-wires in London run through the subways in which the gas-pipes and sewers are placed. The principal arteries are so large that it is easy enough for men to work in them, but the pipes through which the side wires branch off are much smaller, and great care has to be taken to preserve the connection between the main and the lateral wires. Some years ago, men were repairing one of these latter, and carelessly omitted to attach it to a leading line by which it could be drawn to its place when mended. The blunder seemed likely to have serious consequences, for it was thought that the whole of the lateral pipe would have to be dug up in order to get at the broken wire. But one of the men came to the rescue with a happy thought, suggesting that a rat should be procured, and with a fine piece of wire attached to it sent through the pipe. This was done, but to the dismay of the workmen the new hand came to a stop after it had gone a few yards. The inventor of this idea was not yet, however, at the end of his resources, and by his advice a ferret was procured and started on the dilatory rat's track. There was a moment of suspense before it was settled whether the rat would show fight or run away; but this was soon ended by the paying out of the wire, and in a short time the latest addition to the staff of the post-office appeared at the other end of the pipe. It was caught, the wire detached, and then it was set free in recognition of the service it had rendered. By means of the wire the telegraph line was secured, and a long and laborious piece of work saved.

A famous New York painter, an enthusiast in his art, has a craze for models with red hair. He was going through a down-town street when he happened to see a young girl with the all-desired locks hurrying along with a pitcher of beer. She was a striking specimen of animal beauty, and she did not seem to have very much to protect her from the breeze besides the clinging calico-wrapper that draped her fine form. The moment the artist saw her he quickened his pace, calling out as he approached: "Hi there! you girl! you with the red hair. Stop!" She gave a swift look over her shoulder, and, seeing the strange man making toward her, she began to run. The artist did likewise. Down the street fled the terrified girl, her face as white as death and her beer slopping over as she flew along. The street boys joined in the chase, and a policeman, thinking the girl a thief, intercepted and brought her to a halt, panting like a deer. "I haint done nothing," she cried, glaring at the artist, as he came up. "Has she stolen anything from you?" asked the policeman. "Oh, no, indeed," replied the artist; "I never saw her before. I only wanted to ask her to come up to my studio and pose for me. I am an artist, you know, and I need red hair." The boys set up a shout. The policeman looked at the artist as though he were an escaped lunatic, and called him a very eloquent name. The girl, in the meantime, had recovered her breath, and when the undaunted artist asked if she was willing to pose for him, she declined in language that made the gamins howl with delight, and gave to the artist a shock that he will never get over.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Cure SICK HEADACHE.
25 Cents a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

MISSOULA Garden city of MONTANA. Railroad and manufacturing center. Fine water power, rich agricultural lands, mines, lumber, etc. A prosperous city and rich country. Full particulars, including beautiful book, "MISSOULA ILLUSTRATED," SENT FREE upon application to FAIRCHILD, CORNISH & CO., MISSOULA, MONT.

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GEORGE MORROW & CO.,
HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

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AGENTS WANTED by an old reliable firm large profits, quick sales, SAMPLE FREE. A rare opportunity. Geo. A. Scott, 842 Broadway, N. Y.

BONESTELL
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PAPER WAREHOUSE
401 & 403 SANSOME ST., S. F.
IMPORTERS OF ALL KINDS OF
PRINTING AND WRAPPING PAPERS

Educational.

MR. ALFRED KELLEHER,
Teacher of Vocal Music,
Desires to announce that until August 1st he will teach on Wednesdays only, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.
2324 Clay Street, San Francisco.

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES
2524 California Street.

Miss Emily Edmunds reopens July 28, 1890. Larger premises, with lofty class-rooms and good playgrounds. Graduating, primary, and kindergarten grades. Language classes and music lessons. Special scientific tuition for backward and delicate children, insuring rapid progress without long hours of study.

Sierra Normal College
AUBURN, CAL.

Business, Normal, and Collegiate Courses.
A country home and free from the temptations of city life. Thirty boys and girls will be admitted under the direct care of the President and the Preceptress. Eighth year opens August 5, 1890. MOSES W. WARD, M. S., President.

MISS LAKE'S
Boarding and Day School for Girls
1534 SUTTER STREET, cor. of Octavia.

Next term begins Monday, August 4, 1890.

MISS M. LAKE, Principal.

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FOURTEENTH YEAR, FIFTEEN PROFESSORS AND TEACHERS.

A Select School for Young Ladies.

For catalogue or information, address the Principal, REV. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A. M., 1036 Valencia Street, San Francisco, Cal.

ST. MATTHEW'S HALL
SAN MATEO, CAL.

A SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR.

REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER, M. A., PRINCIPAL.

Pears' Soap
Fair white hands.
Bright clear complexion
Soft healthful skin.

"PEARS'---The Great English Complexion SOAP,---Sold Everywhere."

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

Recent experiments show that red uniforms are most easily discernible with electric search-lights, and that blue uniforms are the least conspicuous.

The public debt of the Australian colonies amounts to one hundred and seventy-five million pounds sterling, while the entire population—white, black, Maori, and Chinese—numbers four million.

If the records are to be believed, long life is one of the blessings of Russia. In one year, the deaths were reported of 858 persons between 100 and 105 years old; 130 between 115 and 120 years old; and 3 between 150 and 155.

The shipments of the Brockden shoe-factories during 1889 were 433,452 cases, averaging: monthly, 36,121 cases; weekly, 8,336 cases; daily, 1,389 cases; hourly, 139 cases; or over two and one-third cases for each minute of working time.

Not an island has risen or sunk from sight in the Pacific Ocean for thirty-four years, and geologists say that nature is resting for a future mighty effort. An English geologist predicts that within fifty years a convulsion of nature will sink the whole of New Zealand fifty feet below the surface of the sea.

The telephone must have a new rôle of usefulness scored for it. Sir Humphrey de Trafford, near Manchester, has perhaps the finest kennels in England, the kennelman's house adjoining them. From each kennel a telephone arrangement leads to the kennelman's room, so that when any dog is noisy at night the keeper can speak to him so as to be heard without leaving his room.

One Higgins went up in a balloon at Croydon, near London, recently, intending to drop from a great height hanging from a parachute; but by an acci-

dent the parachute fell without him, and the balloon bounded many thousand feet up in the air, until he lost sight of the earth in a cloud of sleet and snow. The balloon kept on rising until it passed through the snow, and "Professor" Higgins thinks that it reached an altitude of five miles above the earth. As the balloon had no escape-valve, he could not control it. The balloon finally descended thirty miles from Croydon.

Owing to the invention of new processes of extracting the metal from the ore, the price of aluminum in the United States has fallen from twelve dollars a pound to one dollar and fifty cents to two dollars in three years. The product is estimated at eight thousand pounds a month, and the amount produced is increasing rapidly. Aluminum is a white metal of bluish tint, and about as strong as copper, though weighing only one-quarter as much. Metal-workers are only beginning to learn its wonderful qualities and the many uses to which it may be put, either by itself or alloyed with other metals.

In the current number of the *New Review*, there is an interesting article by Dr. Robson Rouse upon fasting men. It would seem that the human machine can consume itself when it gets no fresh fuel, and that this process may last until there is nothing left to consume. Death then ensues, due either to exhaustion or to loss of heat. A fat pig was buried in its sty for one hundred and sixty days under a chalk cliff at Dover. Its weight was reduced from one hundred and sixty pounds to forty pounds. In 1831, a murderer at Toulouse committed suicide by abstaining from food for sixty-three days. A few years ago a lady determined to eat nothing; she died on the fiftieth day. A French doctor who made experiments on animals found that sudden death was not uncommon long before the normal time. This occurred from "syncope."



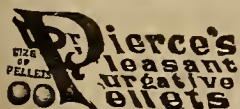
KISSES.

(A la Romeo and Juliet.)

A prominent physician calls the kiss "an elegant disseminator of disease." He says, "fever is spread by it, so are lung diseases." He maintains that if the kissing custom were driven out of the land "it would save one-tenth of one per cent. of human lives" which are now sacrificed. Out upon the gnarled and sapless ragabond! Evidently kisses are not for such as he, and the old fox says the grapes are sour. Let him devote himself to making our women healthy and blooming that kisses may be kisses. This can surely be done by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription which is simply magical in curing diseases peculiar to females. After taking it for a reasonable length of time there will be no more irregularity, backache, bearing-down sensations, nervous prostration, general debility and kindred ailments. "Favorite Prescription" is an invigorating, restorative tonic and as a regulator and promoter of functional action at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, it is a

perfectly safe remedial agent and can produce only good results. It is carefully compounded, by an experienced and skillful physician and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. It imparts strength to the whole system. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggist, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been faithfully carried out for many years.

A Book of 160 pages, on "Woman and Her Diseases," and their Self-cure, sent, post-paid, to any address, securely sealed in a plain envelope, on receipt of ten cents, in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.



DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS

Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless.

Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Smallest, Cheapest, Easiest to Take. One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a Dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cents, by druggists.

Every one in the house tries to get hold of the paper, while the advertising pamphlet, attractive though it may be, is likely to be limited to the hands of but very few, and too generally of the least responsible members of the family. The pamphlet of thirty-two pages must be delivered at once, while, with the newspaper, it is possible to place the matter before the family in thirty-two installments of one page each. Yet notwithstanding the great difference between the cost of newspaper advertising and pamphlet distributing, there are times in which the use of the pamphlet is unquestionably good; but in nine cases out of ten newspaper service is the best.—*Artemus Ward, Advertising Manager "Sapfo."*

An advertisement is and always must be an invitation from the advertiser to the whole or part of the public at large. If the advertiser makes it more than an invitation and carries his urging beyond the province of suggestion, he simply wastes from a half to the whole of the money he puts into it.—*N. C. Fowler, Jr., Advertising Manager Pope Manufacturing Co.*

The man who expects his advertising to bring him immediate and direct sales is simply expecting that which can not from the nature of things exist unless in exceptional exceptions.—*N. C. Fowler, Jr., Advertising Manager Pope Manufacturing Co.*

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From June 1, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José...	* 12:45 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis...	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax...	4:45 P.
8:00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa...	6:15 P.
	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff...	
8:30 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East...	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	Haywards and Niles...	11:15 A.
10:30 A.	Haywards and Niles...	3:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore...	8:45 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers...	** 6:00 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José...	9:45 A.
3:30 P.	Haywards, Niles, and East...	10:45 P.
	Knights Landing via Davis...	
4:00 P.	Stockton and Milpitas; Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa...	9:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore...	* 8:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and San José...	6:15 P.
	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East...	
5:00 P.	Haywards and Niles...	10:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards and Niles...	7:45 A.
	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans and East...	
6:00 P.	Haywards and Niles...	8:45 P.
8:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East...	9:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Excursion train to Santa Cruz...	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz...	6:20 P.
* 2:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz...	** 11:20 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos, and Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz...	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:25 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations...	2:30 P.
7:50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion...	8:25 P.
8:30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, Soledad, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations...	6:12 P.
10:30 A.	San José and Way Stations...	7:30 P.
11:05 A.	Emanuel, Cemetery, and Baden...	12:32 P.
12:01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations...	5:13 P.
	(Del Monte Hotel) Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Monterey, and Pacific Grove...	
* 2:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations...	* 11:15 A.
* 3:30 P.	Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations...	* 10:00 A.
4:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations...	* 7:56 A.
5:20 P.	San José and Way Stations...	9:03 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations...	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	San José and principal Way Stations...	† 4:28 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ¶ Mondays excepted.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., June 4, 14, 19, 29, July 5, 14, 19, 29, August 3, 13, 18, 28.
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M. every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket office, 214 Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA
San Juan. ... Monday, June 23, at 12 M.
Taking freight and passengers direct for Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Unión, Punta Arenas, and Panama.
This steamer will make a special call at Tonalá.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:
City of Rio de Janeiro, July 8, at 3 P. M.
China, Thursday, July 31, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking, Saturday, Aug. 23, at 3 P. M.
Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.
W. R. A. JOHNSON, Acting Gen. Agent.
Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN via NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, April 6, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:
From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.

(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 4:20, 5:30, 6:30 P. M.
Extra trip on Sundays to Sausalito at 11:00 A. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 5:30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 7:45, 9:30, 11:15 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 5:00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, 10:55 A. M.; 12:00 M.; 1:15, 2:45, 4:00, 5:00, 6:05, 7:00 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday 5:30 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:55, 11:05 A. M.; 7:35, 5:12 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:12, 9:20, 10:10, 11:15 A. M.; 12:20, 1:40, 3:00, 5:15, 6:30 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6:38 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 10:05 A. M.; 12:05, 2:15, 4:10, 5:40 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:45, 9:45, 10:40, 11:40 A. M.; 12:45, 1:55, 3:30, 4:40, 5:45, 6:50, 7:45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 7:10 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1.30 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 7:00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12:35 P. M.

5.00 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Tomales and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Tomales daily (Sundays excepted) at 5:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco at 8:45 A. M.

8.00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 8:15 P. M., same day.

6.30 P. M., (Sundays only) from San Francisco for Tomales and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Tomales (Sundays only) at 6:00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 9:15 A. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tamalpais, \$2.25; Howard's, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.

Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Point Reyes, \$1.75; Tomales, \$2.00; Howard's, \$2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, \$3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Coffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, F. B. LATHAM,
General Manager, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 329 Pine Street.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 27, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:15 P. M.; Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:15 P. M.
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 7:55, 9:30, 11:40 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05, 6:25 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05, 6:25 P. M.
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—7:15, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 12:05, 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.; Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco, DESTINATION, Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.
9:20 A. M.	5:00 P. M.		8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		10:30 A. M.
5:00 P. M.			4:45 P. M.
			7:25 P. M.
7:40 A. M.		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.		7:25 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 P. M.
3:30 P. M.			7:25 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:25 P. M.
3:30 P. M.			10:30 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		8:50 A. M.
			6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		10:30 A. M.
			7:25 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs and Stewart's Point; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Lower Lake, and at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Willits, Chato, Calpella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Litton Springs, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Guerneville, \$7.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80; to Sebastopol, \$2.70.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Litton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20; to Sebastopol, \$1.80.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.
PETER J. MCGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
Ticket Offices at Ferry and 222 Montgomery Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

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Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1890.
Oceanic, ... Thursday, July 26
Gaelic, ... Saturday, July 19
Belgie, ... Tuesday, August 12
Oceanic, ... Thursday, September 4
Gaelic, ... Saturday, September 27
Belgie, ... Tuesday, October 21
Oceanic, ... Thursday, November 13
Gaelic, ... Saturday, December 6
Belgie, ... Tuesday, December 30
Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No. 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.
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Within the past six months we have had opportunity to see and judge several types of English drama as represented by English companies. These representations have been on the descending scale. Beginning at somewhere, if not exactly the top, very near it, we have now got down to the very bottom. For there could not be any performance very much more wretched than that given by the London Gaiety Company on Monday evening.

When Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were here a few months ago, we were kindly disposed toward all English players and playwrights. We were willing to pay an unusual price to see and hear this accomplished pair of people; and when we had seen and heard them we were charmed. When the English are refined, they are essentially refined—in their ideas, in their manners, in their life, in their art. Both Mr. and Mrs. Kendal represented that type of the English artist—of which Henry Irving is the finest example—who is cultured, intellectual, painstaking, conscientious, rather than supremely gifted. They have talent but not genius—and, as some one says, "talent is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is." Dramatic instinct takes the place of the divine fire; hard work and conscientious toil supply the deficiencies of an inadequate talent. They are good actors, not because they could not help being so, but because they have determined to be so—have bent every energy in that direction, have forced themselves forward toward fame, have set their souls on achieving success, and worked for it with that still, unflinching, immovable tenacity of purpose which can move mountains. Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains, says somebody else. In which case, actors of the Henry Irving and Kendal variety are the greatest geniuses of their day.

Yet, despite the laboriousness of their style, the high-glaze finish which gives a meretricious glitter to their work, the charm of their performance is irresistible. And it lies mainly in the perfect refinement which characterizes their art. It is delightful to see Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, because they are so polished, such good style, such an easily elegant pair of people. Where they came, an air of good society followed them. Their tone was not a sham one, it was the real thing. Their instinct was perfect, their intuition unerring. They were at home in their good manners, which fitted them as comfortably as an old shoe, and did not set upon them in unaccustomed folds, like a laborer's Sunday coat. There are no actors in this country so finished in this particular style. The Frohman Company make a good attempt at it, but they are miles from the Kendal standard of well-bred ease. Our stage is still alive with great ladies of pincheek and tinsel, and splendid young lords and dukes who look as if their mission in life were to be waiters in French restaurants. We have no company which in delicacy and high tone is comparable with that of the Kendals. After seeing them in such a piece as "A Scrap of Paper," we can only repeat that the English are as thorough in their refinement as they are in everything else they attempt. They seem to have learned the wisdom of Solomon's suggestion of whatever you turn your hand to do, do it with your might.

Following on the Kendals came another English company—Wilson Barrett's. This is of an entirely different calibre. It is to the Kendals what a hearty, stalwart peasant is to an elegant aristocrat. It has little refinement, and no art, but it is honest, straightforward, frank, healthy. The Wilson Barrett company and play is the hee-and-heer element in the English drama. It is not delicate enough for a refined palate, but to a robust, hearty appetite it is welcome and satisfying. The honest simplicity of actors and performance can not fail to set them on a good footing with their audience. There is a good-natured directness about play and players which pleases by its bluff sincerity. Everything is plain and bluntly straightforward. The play moves forward on a few old-fashioned, straight, familiar lines. The emotions portrayed are the same old stock emotions that belong to the era of "the villain-still-pursued-her" plays. You can not say that the story unfolds itself, because it is without a fold, without an intricacy from beginning to end. It just slides gently by toward the climax and the drop-curtain. The plays in their construction, and the company in their art, have that extreme simplicity which is found only in the lower-class of English. Delicacy of finish would be as impossible to the actors as it would be unappreciated by the auditors.

In this type of performance we are far ahead of the English. Lawrence Barrett and Frederick Warde, who, whatever their nationality may be, have identified themselves with the American stage, are infinitely

more artistic, more subtle in their delineations, than Wilson Barrett. Down below them again, in third and fourth-rate actors, who rant and rage and tear a passion to tatters, there is always a suspicion, a suggestion of the artistic instinct. There seems in their acting to be a sort of blind groping after the truth. In the least labored and most unpremeditated of their portrayals, a true note will suddenly ring out clear and pure. The feeling for art, the perhaps unrealized desire for truth, seems to be slowly taking possession of the army of American actors.

This gives to them, no matter where they may stand, a polish which the English possess only in their most advanced stages. Our refinement does not seem to be concentrated on the top layer as theirs is, but seems to be gently percolating through the whole mass. All that is delicate, refined, and elegant in English dramatic art is pressed to the top and stays there. It makes the Irvings and the Terrys and the Kendals beautiful things of their kind, but they absorb it all. There is nothing left for the lower layers. It is a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul. Paul becomes resplendent, but poor Peter! he is an unsightly thing to see in beggary and rags. If there is not enough refinement in English dramatic art to go round, the distribution of it should be more even. It seems to be a case there of all or nothing—the extreme fineness and polish or absolutely none at all. Wilson Barrett and his company, coming just below the top layer, had a little of its delicacy penetrate as far down as their stratum. But below that, not a suspicion, not the faintest tincture, not the smallest fraction of a drop, can filter through. In consequence, the lowest stratum is a fearful and wonderful thing. We have nothing to compare with it in this country. The drama here is a well-kneaded loaf—no part is particularly heavy, no part particularly light. The raisins are not all sunk to the bottom, and the walnuts are not all in an indigestible mass in the middle. But the English dramatic loaf!—eating the top crust would give delight to an epicure, eating the lower crust would give indigestion to an ostrich.

The London Gaiety Company perform a piece which they call "Faust up to Date." This strange thing is called a burlesque. A real burlesque is, at best, rather an inane, imbecile sort of performance, and generally requires the talent of an Adonis Dixey to keep it alive. With Dixey, the burlesque is honored with recognition and becomes an established, incontestable, not disagreeable fact. The talents of Dixey, however, would make anything amusing. If he were in the cast, one might actually sit out such a play as "Starlight"; might really take pleasure in the mild idiocies of "Nadji." Whether he could make "Faust up to Date" tolerable, is another and a more serious question. Atlas held up the world; Hercules cleaned out the Augean stables. But these two were gods, in a small way, and were helped by the other immortals in their tremendous tasks. Perhaps Dixey, with the hierarchy of Olympus at his back, might be able to do something with "Faust up to Date"—but it would be a forlorn hope.

The performance is almost entirely without merit. The English do things thoroughly. When they are refined, they are essentially refined; when they are vulgar, they are the vulgarest of civilized people. The burlesque of "Faust up to Date" is rough, common, dull, pointless, to a most uncommon degree. It is without originality, or brightness, or piquancy. There is one witty remark in it, that of Mephistopheles, when he says the Four Hundred belong to him, and this came out within the last six months in a comic paper. It would be hard to find a dialogue which is a more successful mingling of vulgarity, inanity, absurdity, and silliness. It also sparkles with an assortment of puns to which the hoary fossils in "Evangeline" are new and lovely, and shine with a lambent lustre. Indeed, "Evangeline," which we have generally looked upon as rather a blot on the dramatic 'scutcheon, now appears, by contrast, as one of the most graceful, witty, brilliant, and ethereally refined productions that have ever graced the American stage.

Of Miss St. John, it may be said that she has a voice—really quite a pretty, well-trained voice. The music is of so flimsy and trivial a nature, however, that The Voice—with capitals—has not any opportunity to show itself off. In the second act, Miss St. John sang a ballad about "a fond heart," which was evidently intended to give The Voice a chance to show what it could do. But as the ballad was very dreary, as such ballads invariably are, the experiment was not a success, and the trials of the fond heart were not listened to with that rapturous attention which seemed to be expected. Beside The Voice, Miss St. John possesses a common accent, two long braids of brown hair, and an extensive slang vocabulary.

The voices of the rest of the company are not to be heard with the naked ear. "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter," says the poet, who must have had a prophetic vision of the London Gaiety Company when he wrote those marrow words. Many of their most lovely arias are not heard at all, and these melodies are, indeed, very sweet. They come in so nicely after a stretch of dialogue. The silence is so refreshing. "And silence like a poultice comes to heal the blows of sound," as another poet so feelingly expresses it. These poets had evidently suffered from the shrill-edged shrieks of the opera-house artist and the eloquent stillness of the burlesque singer. Nothing else could have

inspired them to write with so much sympathy and feeling upon a subject which has so little to recommend it to the soaring muse.

For the rest, the members of the company are all tall. Not daughters of the gods, however, for they are described as being not only divinely tall, but most divinely fair.

G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The Madison Square Company will play "Captain Swift," "Aunt Jack," and "A Man of the World," which have not been seen yet in San Francisco, and "Jim the Penman" and "Saints and Sinners," during their coming engagement in this city. It will be something of a novelty, however, to see the latter without Herbert Kelcey and Marie Burroughs.

"A Long Lane" will be continued for another week.

"The Sea King," Richard Stahl's new comic opera, is to be tried at Palmer's Theatre in New York next Monday night. Edwin Stevens, Hubert Wilkie, Laura Clement, and Annie Meyers, and possibly Esther Palliser, of the first "Gondoliers" Company, will be in the cast.

Peter Baker, whoever he may be, will produce a play called "Chris and Lena" next week.

Charlie Reed, Martinetti, Donnelly, and Collier are still the principal fun-makers of "The City Directory," which comes here week after next. The cast of characters and the sequence of scenes remain unchanged, but otherwise "The City Directory" is practically a new farce-comedy. How it has been changed was explained in Charlie Reed's essay on the farce-comedy in general in last Sunday's *Examiner*.

The London Gaiety Company will continue "Faust up to Date" for two weeks longer.

Marie Burroughs is spending the summer in London with her husband, Louis F. Massen. They have secured two new plays, and are looking for more for Miss Burroughs's starring tour, which commences in this city in August. Massen will be her leading man.

"The Gondoliers" seems to go better in San Francisco than in the East, for it has suffered no abatement of popularity as yet. It begins its third week on Monday.

The programmes that theatre managers give their patrons are the last unsightly remnant of the mean beginnings of the theatrical business, when managers had to seize upon every pretext to turn an honest if not over-clean penny. Now that theatres are conducted on a plane in whose operations a few thousands do not figure, they should be above squeezing a few dollars out of advertising at the expense of all sightliness and convenience in their programmes.

Denman Thompson's play, "The Old Homestead," without Denman Thompson, partakes somewhat of the nature of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out, but it seems to please a fair share of the theatre-going public. It runs one week more.

The principal people in the Madison Square Company, which begins its summer season here in a fortnight, are Maurice Barrymore, J. H. Stoddard, Frederick Robinson, E. M. Holland, Herbert Milward, Ada Dyas, Maud Harrison, Annie Russell, Mrs. E. J. Phillips, and Nannie Craddock. Herbert Kelcey and his wife, Caroline Hill, and W. J. Lemoyne will be missed, and, in a less degree, Louis Massen and his wife, Marie Burroughs.

Concerning the recent disagreement between two famous persons, Mr. Gilbert writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

You appear to attribute the termination of my joint work with Sir Arthur Sullivan to a question connected with the opera which he is writing for Mr. D'Oyly Carte's new theatre. I shall feel obliged if you will permit me to state that my secession has no connection, direct or indirect, with the production of Sir A. Sullivan's new opera. For reasons that appeared to me to be sufficient, I have voluntarily withdrawn from further collaboration without, I am happy to say, putting an end to the friendly relations which have existed between Sir A. Sullivan and myself for many years.

Moreover, Mr. Gilbert threatens a libel suit against D'Oyly Carte for the latter's statements regarding the cause of the rupture.

To encourage local composers, Mr. August Hinrichs announces that he will have produced, during *entr'acts*, by the orchestra of which he is conductor, any appropriate composition sent to him. The composition scoring the greatest success will be purchased by the orchestra and published without ex-

pense to the composer. Any person wishing to compete may address Mr. August Hinrichs any time before July 15th at No. 1535 Eddy Street.

New York's Four Hundred is not to be allowed to forget Carmencita during the summer. Arrangements have already been made by which she is to follow the fashionable throng to the Branch, the Beach, the Spa, and the Pier.

W. H. Crane has a phonograph to which he confides his inmost thoughts. He recently embodied his opinion of California in a phonogram, which he sent to a friend in New York. Here is an extract, from which it is to be inferred that Mr. Crane regards independence of judgment as very reprehensible in any one who does not breathe the mephitic odors of the East River:

Californians are a very peculiar people. I am not speaking personally, of course; but as a class, they seem to put themselves up on a little pinnacle or pedestal. They seem to think they know a little more than anybody else. They do not want to know anything about New York or the East. They think California is the greatest State in the world, and that they know more than anybody can tell them, no matter where they come from. I wish that all first-class attractions could say away from here about one year. Let them have something cheap and not very good, and perhaps they would appreciate other things better. I say, and I am not speaking personally, our houses are very large, and we have been treated very nicely, but they seem to know so much! You can't tell a man anything about New York State. He says: "Oh, how about California?" They know it all!

— A CHANCE TO SECURE A HOME NEAR THE Hotel del Monte is offered by the sale of three hundred lots in the Oak Grove Addition to Monterey, which McAfee, Baldwin & Hammond will sell at auction on Saturday, July 5th. It is advertised in another column.

The Gump Collection.

For lack of time at the late auction many of the Oil Paintings were not put on the easel.

They are now on exhibition at our Art Gallery, and will be sold at AUCTION PRICES for a short time.

S. & G. GUMP,

581 and 583 Market St.



317-319 KEARNY ST., bet. Bnsh and Pine.

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DR. J. D. ARNOLD,
THROAT, NOSE, AND EAR, HAS REMOVED to the new Chronicle Building.
227 Rooms 54, 55, 56, Fourth Floor.

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Who Value a Refined Complexion
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POZZONI'S
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It imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations, and makes the skin delicately soft and beautiful. It contains no lime, white lead, or arsenic. In three shades: pink or flesh, white and brunette.

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Under Management of EATON & WHITE.

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SIXTY MILES FROM SAN FRANCISCO. : : TWO MILES FROM ST. HELENA

Take 8 o'clock A. M. boat, foot of Market Street, and return by 6 P. M. same day, or 4 o'clock boat and return by 10 A. M. next morning. Families desiring separate cottages can be accommodated.

Rates--\$2.00 to \$3.00 per Day.

Carriage in Waiting at all Trains at St. Helena. Telephone Connection with San Francisco.



Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government, Indorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest, and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime, or Alum. Sold only in cans. PRICE BAKING POWDER CO. NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO.

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HOTEL VENDOME

The Hotel Vendome, San Jose, California, is the favorite summer-resort on the Pacific coast. It is situated in a large park of beautiful trees of forty years' growth, the grounds, lawns, and shrubbery being in the highest state of artistic cultivation. The hotel is furnished completely with the richest and most elegant furniture, and contains 25 rooms, with all modern improvements. Electric-lights, gas, Otis elevator, hot and cold water, steam, or grates, in every room, the cuisine is unsurpassed, and the service is of the highest perfection. Croquet, lawn-tennis, and children's play-grounds well arranged. End-quarters for the world-celebrated Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton. A fine very stable connected with the hotel. Ladies' billiard-parlors and gentlemen's smoking-rooms.

Pacific Ocean House SANTA CRUZ.

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HOTEL PLEASANTON

San Francisco, Cal.

be most elegantly furnished tourist and family hotel on the coast. Service, table, and appointments unsurpassed. This hotel is situated 450 feet above sea level, commanding an extensive view of the city, bay, and harbor. It contains 250 rooms, all of which are light and sunny. Rates same as other first-class hotels.

MRS. M. E. PENDLETON,
Proprietor and Manager.

CHANGED HANDS.

ANK M. SMITH, formerly of the Occidental Hotel, has purchased the QUAKER RESTAURANT, 30 Ellis Street. First-class cooking, quick service, prices reduced.

At a certain minister he called in to conduct the funeral of a fallen woman, and ever after he will be called to attend nine out of ten funerals of the same class of women. Let a minister officiate at the funeral of a sporting man, and the same minister will be called again and again to do the same service, no matter what he may have said at previous funerals. Many years ago a popular and prominent minister was called to officiate at the funeral of a sport. There was a very large attendance of his fraternity, and the minister, at a glance, took occasion in his remarks to inject some fiery darts into the crowd of the lives they were leading. In the language of one of them, he "roasted us." "That's so," said another, "but he told the truth, and we can't blame him. And if he is around, he shall always conduct the funeral of the boys." It is the same about the doctors. Let a certain doctor be called to attend a case of poisoning, or shooting, or cutting among the general population, and ever afterward he is apt to be called again. It is curious, but true.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Guest—"Bring me a dozen fried." Waiter—"Yessir. Eggs or oysters?"—*Ex.*

Merritt—"Did that critic read your poem and give you his opinion?" Tubbs—"He gave me his opinion."—*Life.*

Tenant (in top flat)—"The roof leaks." Landlord—"Nonsense. None of the people in the other flats say so."—*Life.*

He—"This horse puts me in mind of Lord Nelson." She—"Why?" He—"Because he would rather die than run."—*Yale Record.*

"The rich Count von Alburg is to be married." "To an American girl?" "What a foolish question? Didn't I say the rich count?"—*Society.*

Editha—"I wonder why the dudes wear one eye-glass?" Deborah—"To prevent seeing more than they are able to comprehend."—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

Any—"Mabel, there's the telephone call. Answer it, please." Mabel—"I can't! Don't you see my hair's all down and I look like a fright?"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

"Professor, what's the difference, anyhow, between a fiddle an' a violin?" "Ze same defferenz zat egzeest between ze feedder an' ze violinist."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Tom Mixer—"I wonder why you women are so awfully fond of sweets?" Sally de Witt—"And I wonder why you gentlemen are so awfully fond of 'sours'?"—*Puck.*

"Clara," said he; "Clara—" "Thomas," she whispered, "I do love you; but aren't you a little mistaken. This is Friday night, and I am Sarah."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Ice is too expensive, Mary. You must get along without it." "But how am I to keep the beef fresh and the butter and milk cool?" "You have a fan, haven't you?"—*New York Sun.*

"I wish I had enough money to get married." "What, are you in love?" "Oh, no; if I had enough to support a wife, I would be able now to buy a horse for myself."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Charles Dudley Warner says that the difference between the "faith cure" and the "mind cure" is that "the mind cure doesn't require any faith and the faith cure doesn't require any mind."—*Exchange.*

"Mr. Chumley is a very sensitive man." "In what way pray?" "Why, he was calling here the other evening and I told him he looked quite happy, whereupon he blushed and begged my pardon."—*Judge.*

The scene is a Roman studio: "How do you know that old fellow is an American?" "Because he asked the price of that Madonna. Any other but an American would have asked who painted it."—*Society.*

Man (to brother man)—"What's the use of fretting? Let's be jolly; we have only one life to live." Cat (to brother cat)—"What's the use of fretting? Let's be jolly; we have nine lives to live."—*Boston Courier.*

"Why are you so different from writers like Stevenson and other writers of romance, Mr. Realist?" asked the critic. "I can't imagine," returned Realist. "I guess you are right," said the critic.—*New York Sun.*

The judge—"What's the charge against this man?" Officer—"Not answering census questions." The judge—"I'll have to fine him thirty dollars; but I'll allow credit until publication of the census!"—*Puck.*

"Judge of my horror, madame, as I yesterday caught my little Otto, aged three, in the act of tearing my newly written poems into tiny fragments." Lady—"What! Can the little fellow read?"—*Journal Amusant.*

Colonel Ascomb—"What does that J. in the middle of your name stand for?" Mr. Bascomb—"Oh, I don't care to say whether it's for Uncle John or Uncle James. Both have money, and both hate one another desperately!"—*Puck.*

A Missourian died the other day from having gorged himself with veal and hard cider. He was a member of seven societies, all of which have passed the customary resolutions throwing the entire blame for his removal on Divine Providence.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Interpreter—"Chief Wangbo wants no more beads and brass wire; he says you can not cross his country unless you agree to pay his price." African explorer—"What does he want?" Interpreter—"Two-thirds of the royalties on your next book."—*Puck.*

Book-agent—"Here you see a picture showing the dreadful consequences of drink—the stomach of a confirmed drunkard." Toper—"Dreadful! horrible! Whew! it makes me quite ill to look at it. Lieschen, quick, a drop of brandy!"—*Illustrirte Zeitung.*

She—"You have spent five years abroad! Why, you will feel almost a stranger in your native city—"

will you not?" He—"On the contrary, I will feel at home there for the first time—you see, I have spent those five years in Germany and I return to Milwaukee."—*Life.*

He (reading)—"Chicken, roast beef, roast lamb, turkey, beefsteak and onions—" She (interrupting)—"I know what I would like—that is, if you ate some too!" He (ordering without hesitancy)—"Beefsteak and onions for two!" She (rapturously)—"Oh, George!"—*Ex.*

She—"Charlie dear, what do you suppose causes so many divorces?" Charlie (who has just "popped" and been accepted)—"I haven't studied the question carefully, but should say it was wholly due to the prevalence of marriage." She—"Then suppose we simply stay engaged."—*Boston Beacon.*

Mrs. Fleet No. 5—"John, I declare I must have a new bonnet. This one is not fit to be seen." Mr. Fleet—"Very well, dear, just go up into the spare room and I think you will find a very pretty one there in the closet that a former Mrs. Fleet left here by mistake, just after she got a divorce."—*Epoch.*

"I will be a sister to you," she said. "No," he replied, sadly; "I've got one sister, who wears my neckties, borrows car-fare, loses my hair-brush, puts tidies all over the furniture in my room, and expects me to take her to the theatre twice a week. I think I'll go out into the world and forget you."—*Washington Post.*

Romeo Jimson—"I fear me I must leave thee, beloved. It must be late; very late. I hear the newsboys calling out the morning papers." Juliet Whimston—"Stay. 'Tis not the morn. 'Tis yesterday's papers they sell." Romeo—"Nay. 'Tis today's." Juliet—"Delay yet a little while. 'Tis yesterday's news, anyhow."—*New York Weekly.*

At the fencer's (the ladies' class in session): Visitor—"Is that Eleanor Larkin over there with those girls?" Miss Parianthrust—"Yes. She comes here frequently." Visitor—"Does the exercise do her good?" Miss Parianthrust—"I don't know how that is; but she has a stunning fencing-suit that does her a great deal of good."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Miss Goodley—"I do not think so much of Jack Rounton as I did." Miss Gale—"Why not?" "I went to church with him last night and he volunteered to find the text." "Well, what has that to do with it?" "Oh, nothing, except that I can't say that I have much respect for a man who hunts for the Epistle to the Romans in the Old Testament."—*New York Sun.*

DLXXII.—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, June 22, 1890.

Mullagatany Soup.
Fried Soft-Shell Crabs.
Sweetbreads, Green Peas.
Asparagus.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce. Marble Potatoes.
Tomatoes, Mayonnaise Dressing.
Currant Ice. Coconut Cakes.
Apricots, Cherries, Plums, Peaches, and Figs.
COCONUT CAKES.—One pound of coconut grated fine and dried, one pound of white sugar, and whites of two eggs well beaten. Mix this together with a spoon; make up the cakes in pear form, lay a sheet of white paper on a tin, set the cakes about two inches apart, and bake them about fifteen minutes. Watch them very closely, as they are apt to burn.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company has appointed William R. A. Johnson as its agent in San Francisco. Mr. Johnson has been the company's purchasing agent for the past ten years, and is widely known and esteemed in the mercantile community.

Some Antipodeans have been astonished by the possibilities of book-making. Mr. Theodore Bevan visited the island of Kiwai two years ago, and wrote an account of the cannibal feasts of the natives. Another expedition recently went to the island, and Mr. Bevan's account of them was translated and read to the natives. Some roared with laughter, but others looked at it more seriously, and said it was "bitter language" and "not true." These natives cultivate thirty-six kinds of bananas, twenty kinds of yams, and ten kinds of sweet potatoes.

Santa Cruz.

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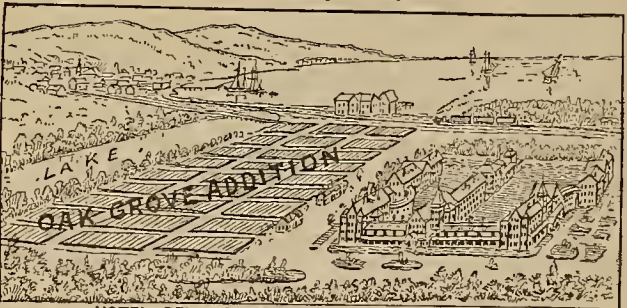
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In the growing controversy which, every day, becomes more intense and bitter between the owners of the foundries and the iron-molders, we must not forget, in our general sympathy for labor, that brains and economy, which resulted in acquired capital, have their rights, and that under the law these rights ought to be preserved and protected. It is well enough to say, as we have often done, that everything is the result of growth, and outcome of labor; this is not better illustrated than in the iron ship-of-war, every manufactured article within its massive hull—from the delicate chronometer by which the course is worked, to the great gun which belches forth its thunders to the enemy—is the result of labor. Without the work of the laboring-man the iron would remain in the mine, the mast in the forest, the rope in the flax; and

yet, if none but men who work with their muscle were employed, mines would remain unopened, forests uncut, the flax would be untitled, gunpowder would remain in the bowels of the earth, and instead of great war-ships, with their ponderous armaments, we should be relegated to the war-canoes and the cross-bows of our savage forefathers. Muscle is not the only thing which toils or which has the power to accomplish results. It is from the brain that come the inventions, the arts, the skill, the organization which directs and guides labor, gives the philosophic rules which enable it to accomplish easily that which without intellectual assistance it could never accomplish at all. Brains are superior to muscle, and are entitled to be better paid; they save labor, assist it, and multiply its sources. One steam-engine which drives a ship does the work of a thousand horses; it follows that the man who invents and builds a steam-engine is entitled to better pay than one horse. One engine which works a pump and saves a ship from sinking in a storm, entitles the inventor who conceived it and the skilled mechanic who built it to more wages than the common sailor who was saved from drowning by the volume of water discharged from the hold, thus keeping afloat and bringing the crew safely to harbor. So we are indignant when we learn that the prices of labor are to be ruled by the wage-measurement of the dullest and most brainless idiot who unwillingly toils for his daily beer. We are impatient when we learn that hours of labor must be limited to the requirements of the idle; that the man with a wife and a dependent family must accommodate his hours and his earnings to the most worthless and idle of tramps. We are angry when told that an American boy must be denied the privilege of learning a trade, for fear that in the future his employment may displace some good-for-nothing, worthless foreigner, who has come from alien lands of pauper labor to usurp national rights in this land of American freemen. Better let the foreign tramp go back to his native land, starve, and give the native-born boy a chance to live and grow in the country where he was born.

If labor strikes are permissible under any circumstances, it is only when they are conducted under the law. The man who wants to strike and starve, or live in idleness and get drunk on beer, has the unquestioned right to do so; but he has no right to say that another man shall not work if he pleases to do so, or hire his services for any number of hours to any man who is willing to pay for them. To establish any other rule is not only unlawful, but, if it is enforced by violence and terror, it is cruel and cowardly. We have often said that the law ought to be maintained and enforced against the powerful and the rich; if not, it can never be administered for the weak and the poor. The poor who toil are always in the majority; the rich, who live in idleness and luxury, are always in the minority. In a republican government, where all adult males can vote, the legislative, executive, and judicial power is in the hands of a working majority, and if they do not exercise their power at the ballot-box to work out all needed reforms, it is because they are not sufficiently intelligent or honest to organize and act. The labor-class is composed of incorrigible fools and cowards if they do not recognize their power and exercise it. The reason why they do not exert more influence in the government and all its departments, is because they are led by demagogues and tongue idlers, who only desire to escape labor.

We have seen the operation of labor strikes in San Francisco and all over the world; labor riots in Eastern and European cities, where the torch and the bludgeon are used to correct abuses that are remediable under the law; railroad riots and conflagrations in Eastern cities, because some crazy fool thinks there is more money in destroying property than in working it; boycotts and assassination in Ireland, because it is deemed better policy to murder a landlord and kill a cow than to pay rent and milk the cow; better to kill policemen and get hanged than to obey the laws; better to support Gladstone and Parnell and beg money to support a parliamentary menagerie than to submit to a strong government. In San Francisco, every greasy cook and dish-washer from foreign lands, every driver and horse-comber from abroad, thinks he is privileged to override the laws, to parade in front of restaur-

rants to prevent customers from entering, to waylay and assault farmer's boys from the country, lest they should hire to drive horses on street-cars, to insult ladies, to prevent their riding, to explode cartridges, and endanger innocent lives so that they may increase their wages as cooks, dish-washers, and drivers by hindering better men from employment.

This iron-molder strike seems to be engaged in spending its force to prevent iron-molders who do not belong to the union from exercising their privilege of selling their labor to employers who want to hire them. This is accomplished by violence, sometimes ending in murder. It is an unlawful and cowardly mode of accomplishing results, and ought to be suppressed by the law. The daily press is acting, as it usually does, most abominably. The *Examiner* is criminal in its efforts to excuse and palliate labor crimes. The *Call*, the *Chronicle*, the *Bulletin*, and nearly all the other daily journals, except the *Alta California*, are behaving in a most cowardly manner. Except in the *Alta* we have not read one just, sensible, manly editorial in condemnation of any labor crime. Political journals want the labor vote for their parties, and all of them are greedy for coin and cowardly to gain circulation. One of the curious facts noticeable in this community of San Francisco, is the fact that the journals who have the courage to stand by the law to advocate the rights of property in opposition to demagogues and politicians, are illiberally patronized, while those that wriggle like angle-worms and crawl through the dirt on their bellies, have the largest circulation, receive the most generous advertisements, and build the loftiest buildings. With these reflections, it does not seem altogether surprising that strikes should flourish, nor that property should be destroyed, nor that murders should be committed. If the press is in any sense a reflection of public sentiment, then strikes, violence, riots, and murder are approved in this community.

The *Argonaut* has opposed all things that lead to disregard of the law; been bold to denounce all actions which arise from a disposition to depise authority or to interfere with the legal rights of property and the personal rights of individuals. We have not consulted our interests in this work, because the defense of property or battling for the right finds but indifferent response from a public such as that of San Francisco, and the best evidence of the truth of the assertion lies in the fact that the circulation and advertising of the daily journals is in the inverse ratio of their respectability and courage. The *Alta*—which upholds honest politics sometimes, and is sometimes courageous when crime is committed—has the least circulation and patronage of the seven prominent daily journals published in San Francisco. The *Alta* rents a two-story edifice, the *Chronicle* owns one eight stories in height, the *Examiner* will build one of twelve stories, and yet we affect to wonder that our politics are corrupt, that our bosses do not lead immaculate lives, that riots occasionally and strikes frequently occur, that our merchants sometimes make fraudulent and criminal failures in business, that our pastors sometimes get involved in scandals they do not volunteer to meet and have not the courage to defend, that our boys grow up with bad habits and girls go astray, and that the morals of our community are not as highly esteemed abroad as we think they ought to be. And while we write in bitter indignation against the laboring class for indefensible and un-American acts, such as denying to American-born boys and girls the opportunity of education in the mechanical arts, in order that foreign adults may be imported to occupy the places which rightfully belong to them as their inheritance, we may not be silent in reference to the crimes of capitalists. There are sins of omission and commission common to both the moneyed and the working classes, and because the poor and dependent have less intelligence to guide them and less resources to support them, we must accord to them greater indulgences when the wolf shows his gleaming teeth at their doors than when discomforts disturb wealth and idleness in its luxurious ease or threaten to wake it from the dream of sensuous repose. The crimes which organized capital perpetrates upon the laboring poor are more cruel, more deliberately malevolent, and a thousand times more indefensible than all the offenses

which arise from working-guilds and labor-strikes or bread-riots. The one class of offense comes from a sense of personal danger. It is the universal sentiment of self-defense aroused for self-protection. Capital combines from cowardice and in order to satisfy its lust for gain. Capital is the bully that oppresses the weak—because they are weak, poor, and indefensible. Labor combines because it is too ignorant to know that it has—under the law and through the law—a better way to work reforms than by violence and illegal acts. Labor can not be patient, for while it deliberates and plans it starves. The crimes which capital perpetrates are too numerous to mention in detail. Oppressive and tyrannical governments depend upon and result from wealth. All the horrors of centuries committed through the feudal age are the results flowing from privileged and wealthy classes clothed with political power. Slavery, from the period of the patriarchs, through the Roman era down to the Civil War in America, is but one and the lesser of the evils perpetrated by the privileged and wealthy few. Standing armies, wars, and dynastic conflicts for succession and for empire, come from few other causes. Trusts, corners, combines, and moneyed syndicates, all are criminal organizations which men of wealth resort to in order to enhance the values of the necessities of life indispensable to sustain physical strength necessary to enable the working-man to endure the hours of toil which the master exacts—usurious interest, a monopoly of lands, special laws for the protection of property, the cost of legal expenses. There is only one proceeding at law which is conducted by the State at the expense of the tax-paying public, and that is prosecution for crime. The rich may oppress the poor by corporate or other exactions, may deprive the poorer man of his land or estate and drive him to a ruinous defense at law, the success of which may impoverish him. If against any of these modes of oppression and devices to which rich and unscrupulous men resort to increase their capital, there should be strikes and unlawful combinations, and out of them should result destruction of life and property and an interruption of the law, let all reasonable, intelligent, and just-minded men calmly consider whether labor has not causes for dissatisfaction, which it has not the intelligence to consider nor the time to remedy. The world is in the throes of rebellion. The working-man has revolted from his yoke, and if he does not lie down in his furrow and patiently wait for relief, it is because the labor he must perform is the penalty of the original sin which the church has imposed upon him as a religious belief. The church and the state are in conspiracy to bind the toilers' conscience and control his acts that capital may secure more than it earns in its coöperation with labor. The two are working in copartnership upon unjust terms, and this revolution will never go backward or be stayed till the classes who possess the wealth, the brains, and the leisure to consider the relations between labor and capital, shall adjust them more rationally and equitably.

The indorsement of Mr. William D. English, at Oakland, by the instruction of the Alameda delegation of the Democratic party to support his candidacy for governor, is an important victory for Mr. English—principally, because it comes from his own county, and it is a significant indorsement when the kind of men who compose the Democratic party in the County of Alameda are willing to say what they have said in reference to his character as a man and a politician. That Mr. English has been an active leader in the Democratic party for many years is recognized by every person who is at all conversant with public affairs in California; that he has held important positions in his party and important offices in the State is well known, and when his neighbors and townsmen, among whom he has lived, give testimony concerning his integrity, his honor, and his service, it must be recognized as of value. The fact that Mr. Michael Tarpey, Mr. James V. Coleman, and Mr. John P. Irish were present to oppose and resist his recommendation is significant when we consider the sources from which opposition comes. What position Mr. Irish professes to occupy in reference to nominations by the Democracy, is as hard to define as it is to determine where the *Alta California* stands as a Democratic organ. The defeat of Mr. Coleman in the first skirmish line is an omen of evil import to his ambition, and coupling Mr. Michael Tarpey with him as one of his chosen lieutenants, announces the probability of his defeat in the State convention. May it not be significant of a secret element at work in Democratic minds? Is it not possible that there is a distrust of the policy of naming a pronounced Roman Catholic for the gubernatorial position? When it is known that the Young Men's (Roman Catholic) Institute is solidly for Coleman, that he has been educated at a Roman Catholic college, that he is a devout believer in the dogmas of the Roman Catholic faith; and when it is not known whether he regards his allegiance to the Pope as higher than his allegiance to the constitution and the laws of the country of his birth, whether he favors public non-sectarian free schools or Roman Catholic

parochial schools, whether he will declare himself as opposed to a division of school moneys, or whether he will remain silent on all these questions, which are agitating the public mind, there might be something of hesitation in the minds of some Democrats whether it would be policy to give him the Democratic nomination for governor. It is popularly understood that the majority of the Roman clergy favor the nomination and election of Mr. Coleman, because he is a Roman Catholic and because they expect from him political favor for that church. It is generally believed that Mr. Tarpey is a staunch adherent of Rome, and that he is, first, a Romanist, and next a Democrat, and lastly an American. His popularity was passed upon by the election of Lieutenant-Governor Waterman; Bartlett for governor was chosen, and Tarpey for lieutenant was left. Perhaps the Democracy had reason to think there was Americanism in the political atmosphere, and though unorganized as a political party, it pervaded somewhat the popular mind. Perhaps the Democratic party do not care to arouse the American prejudice against foreign interference in American politics. These remarks are offered for the consideration of Stephen M. White, James V. Coleman, and such other Romanists as expect to bring church influence to them in securing delegates to political conventions. And we say here, that if we are doing injustice to any Roman Catholic, our columns are open to his reply. To the assertion that "the *Argonaut* drags religion into politics," we answer that the kind of religious organizations which volunteer interference in the direction of political conventions, or the control of political parties, is the proper subject of animadversion when they cease to be religious and endeavor to become political, and this is what we think Irish Catholic classes are endeavoring, more than any other, to do. We quarrel with the Pope's political Irish, not because of their religion, but because their religious organizations interfere in our political affairs, which do not, or ought not to, concern them as Catholics. And now, at the opening of a political campaign, we desire to say that whenever a Roman Catholic, known to be loyal and known to be honest and competent, is presented for office, the *Argonaut* will not oppose him because of his religion. While Mr. English is native-born and Protestant, we are informed by Mr. John P. Irish that his wife is a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and that his children are being educated at parochial schools and being brought up in the Roman Catholic faith.

In the far-away time, when Mazarin was premier and Colbert was comptroller-general of finance, a project was considered for the building of a canal from the city of Paris to the ocean, upon which commercial navies might transport merchandise. But France, since the time of its Bourbon kings, has not been in condition to encourage the arts of peace. From the time of Louis XIV., down through the reign of the first Napoleon and the unsuccessful folly of the third Napoleon, who embroiled France in a war with Germany, which led to her humiliation by the triumph of German armies and the occupation of her capital by German troops, France has had but little opportunity to attend to these works of internal improvement, which would have tended to build up its empire to a greater extent than did the wars of the first Napoleon or the defeat of the third by the combined armies of what is now the consolidated Empire of the German States. It would have been better had there been expended in a French canal the money which the Paris Bourse has aided the unconscionable fraud De Lesseps to rob from the French people and expend in the tropical morasses and jungles of Panama, in the vain endeavor to unite two oceans by a canal navigable for merchant vessels. If the empire of the third Napoleon had been, as he proclaimed it to be, an "empire of peace," and the moneys of the French people had not been devoted to the "glory of war," a navigable canal might have been constructed which would have connected the city of Paris with the commerce of the world. Better would it have been to expend the money and the energy of the French people in this great home work than to have conquered Algeria, or Tonquin, or to undertake the conquest of any portion of Africa. The concession for the contemplated work is asked by a French syndicate without guarantee or subvention of the French Government. It is favored by the Chamber of Deputies, supported by the Paris Chamber of Commerce, the council-general of the Department of the Seine, the municipality of Paris, and over two hundred other bodies representing departments, municipalities, and communes, and there is every probability that the work will be entered upon and successfully accomplished. The River Seine is to be utilized from Rouen to Paris, and made capable of navigating vessels drawing twenty feet of water. A port is to be constructed at Clichy, and the canal will terminate at Havre, already an important commercial harbor. The estimated cost of this great work is from twenty-five to forty millions of dollars. This work is contemplated to render Paris a sea-port and to rival London, which is accessible to ships by the River Thames. This is the kind of "glory" which France has the right to indulge in, and let us hope that

such enterprises will do more for the peace of Europe and the happiness of the French people than attempted conquests on foreign soil or an exhibition of valor on battle-fields. It is in such expenditures of force and coin that reflect the greatest glory of a republic.

The *Chronicle* of July 1st gives the following list of gentlemen as candidates for the various offices to be drawn at the fall election:

For governor—Mayor Pond, of San Francisco; W. D. English, of Alameda; James V. Coleman, of San Francisco; Senator John Boggs, of Colusa.

For harbor commissioners—Paulsell, of San Joaquin; Samuel W. Baring, of San José; L. W. Buck, of Weaver-ville; A. W. Conn, of San Bernardino; J. W. Freeman, of Kern; Senator Jones, of Butte; Archibald Yell, of Mendocino; Benjamin Langford, of San Joaquin; Campbell B. Berry, of Sutter; Arthur E. Shattuck, of Sonoma; and Jefferson G. James, of Fresno.

For Democratic nominees to Congress—Senator Burns, of San Diego; Dr. Chester A. Bowers, of Sixth Congressional District; Judge M. A. Luce, of San Diego; C. C. Wright, of Stanislaus.

For Republican nominees for governor, we hear the names most prominently mentioned of W. W. Morrow, Member of Congress, from San Francisco; Mr. Markham, of Los Angeles; General N. P. Chipman, of Butte; Elwood Cooper, of Santa Barbara; L. U. Shippee, of San Joaquin; Charles N. Felton, of San Mateo; Frank Coombs, of Napa; Charles F. Reed, of Yolo; H. T. Greely, of Yuba.

The Prohibitionists have held a State convention and nominated the Hon. John Bidwell, of Butte, for governor.

Hon. J. J. de Haven declines a renomination for Congress. M. J. Ashmore, of Los Angeles, is a candidate for the Republican nomination as clerk of the supreme court. S. L. Hanscom, of Merced County, seeks the Republican nomination for controller. Eugene Gregory, of Sacramento, as secretary of State. Theodore Reichert, of San Francisco, desires the Republican renomination as surveyor-general. Ira G. Hoyt, of San Francisco, desires a renomination as superintendent of schools. S. D. Waterman, of San Joaquin, desires the same nomination. F. C. Frank, of Santa Clara, is a candidate for nomination as State treasurer on the Republican ticket.

For Republican supreme court judges, the following persons desire nominations: John Hunt; Judges Beatty, Fox, present associate justices; Garoutte, of Yolo; Green, of Alameda; A. P. Catlin, of Sacramento; Aaron Bell, of Shasta; W. A. Cheney, of Los Angeles; Colonel John H. Dickenson, of San Francisco; E. F. Head, of San Mateo; and Jackson Hatch, of Red Bluff.

For Democratic supreme judges, the same journal presents the names of Democratic candidates—Judge Coffey, of San Francisco, now probate judge; Judge Gregory, of San Luis Obispo; P. O. Huntley, of Butte; George E. Williams, of El Dorado; G. F. Harris, of Modoc; and Judge W. T. Wallace, of San Francisco.

As candidates for governor on the American party ticket we hear the names of Hon. John Bidwell, the present nominee of the Prohibition party, and George W. Grayson, of Alameda County.

The American party will, as we are informed, hold a State convention, and place a full ticket in the field for the support of those who think it their privilege and their duty to withhold their votes from either of the stronger and better organized national parties, and if it should happen that for any cause, or by reason of any treason within American ranks, no convention should meet, or meeting, should be betrayed, or any compromise entered into to aid any political party as a whole, or promote the interest of any unworthy candidate, Americans will cast their votes for such individuals as they may be advised are best entitled to support for patriotism, qualifications, integrity, serviceable citizenship, and moral character.

From the *London Telegraph*, of June 11th, we quote from an interview between Prince Bismarck, ex-Chancellor of the German Empire, and its correspondent. We extract from the interview that part which explains the famous "Bismarck diet," prescribed by his physician, and which has reduced his weight to one hundred and eighty-five pounds, and so largely contributed to his health and the general comfort of his physical condition. Presuming that to fat men Prince Bismarck's methods of reducing his flesh will prove more interesting than his opinions upon the condition of European politics, we give the following gossip as to his diet and mode of dining:

During luncheon—at which the two noble hounds assisted, with keen but decorously restrained interest—the conversation was general touching lightly on many topics of interest, and affording to the prince abundant opportunity for the display of his unrivaled anecdotal powers and inexhaustible mother-wit. As the meal progressed, I observed that he drank nothing with his food, and asked him whether "eating dry" were a habit of his own choice, or an article in the dietetic code drawn up for him by his famous "Leibartz," Dr. Schwengerer. "The

A GLIMPSE OF CHINA.

What an Argonaut Correspondent saw in Shanghai and Hong Kong.

The inland sea! A scene indescribably beautiful. One long, delightful picture, full of radiant coloring. Standing on the steamer's deck we enjoy to the utmost the ever-changing lovely bits of nature, for we are running along in close proximity to the coast. We plow through water deeply blue and clear, which changes to emerald green near the shore and laps the long white stretch of beach. Verdant islands are scattered about on either side, wonderfully green from base to summit, and rich in cultivation. Sleepy-looking villages cluster here and there; quaint fishing-junks, with their picturesque sails and dragon-head bows—so like the old-time cuts which fascinated us in childhood—and over all the clear cobalt-blue of the sky. The colors gradually lose their brightness, dimmer and grayer they become in the fading light, the twilight deepens to night, and all is lost in darkness.

What a change of scene the next morning brings—how monotonously gray is everything! All day we steam through the muddy waters of the Yellow Sea, up the Yang-tse-Kiang—which seemed so far away and remote to our infantile minds, as we followed its tortuous course for over fifteen hundred miles through the Chinese Empire. This "River of Golden Sand"—with its rich, inexhaustible fertility and various products, its navigable waters upon which live an immense floating population; this winding, twisting river, with its fitful temper, capricious as a child, calm and placid one moment, wildly tempestuous the next, which affects commerce so largely and has at its mercy the fate of a nation—is bled with great reverential feeling by the people. We cross the bar of the Woosung, cutting our way through swarms of junks and sampans, which seem the only interesting feature in the landscape, for the low, flat banks, gray and monotonous, the squalid dwellings, the Chinese graves, mound after mound as far as the eye can reach, make it, indeed, a dreary, desolate picture.

The last bend in the river gives us our first glimpse of Shanghai, one of the most important commercial cities of China, and strikingly like a big European city, for what characterizes most Anglo-Eastern towns is missing here—the alternation of foreign and native life. The magnificent stone buildings facing the Bund for nearly two miles, banks, hongs, palatial residences, the air of prosperity, the busy, active life, are bewildering. Every traveler is impressed by its importance as a commercial port and the solid magnificence of the European settlement.

A walk along the Bund, a broad, beautifully paved road, lined with trees which give evidences of winter, all leafless and gray, up and down which hurry a strange, queer medley of people—foreign and native—driving alike in stylish little broughams and victorias; sedan-chairs with drawn blinds, carried by four coolies, containing wealthy mandarins, who sit in dignified state, their brocades shimmering through the latticed blinds; *junkies* whirl merrily by with an almost reckless velocity; coolies shuffle along with back-breaking loads, suspended on a bamboo pole; wheelbarrows, quaint and ponderous, pushed by a single coolie with apparently little effort, make it a strange, fascinating scene. This queer, double-seated wheelbarrow, a few years ago, was the only means of conveyance, and is now patronized by the lower classes only. In some parts of Southern China, a heavy sail is attached, which greatly assists in propelling them. One coolie staggers by with the strangest of loads—a squealing pig is lashed on one side to balance the passengers on the other; another appears wheeling a couple of little-fleece women. So picture succeeds picture.

There are evidences everywhere of that barbarous, cruel custom that seems to prevail with all its former vigor, though I believe it is growing less universal in Southern China. Not until one sees the poor little distorted feet can one realize the terrors of that national cruelty—a fashion, for such it is, that makes deformity popular! Over nine hundred years ago, there reigned an empress whose glory was the tiny feet nature had given her. So proud was she of their great beauty that most of her time was passed walking over a cloth of crimson, richly embroidered with golden lilies. The empress—so the quaint story runs—was wont to say "each footstep makes a lily grow." Envy was the feeling it created among the women; it resulted in the bandaging of their feet to rival the "golden lilies" of their sovereign's. But the fashion increased and spread like fire throughout the empire during the reign of a famously beautiful empress, the last of the Tang dynasty. Her marvelous beauty was marred by the fact that she had club-feet; but so successful was she in bandaging them that the tiny feet only strengthened the already popular fancy. So firmly established did this fashion become, so dear were the golden lilies to the heart of the Chinese women, that the persistent efforts of a Manchu emperor to suppress foot-binding nearly resulted in a rebellion. The practically footless women that a push would knock over, who hobble and totter in their little three-inch embroidered shoes, suffer agonies during childhood. At the age of five, the feet are bound; the toes, with the exception of the big one, are pressed down under the sole; bandage succeeds bandage, pain follows pain, intense and prolonged; the pressure is never relaxed until they reach the age of seventeen, and then the golden lilies bloom. These happy results are attained: A husband is found without any difficulty; and—it keeps them from gadding about.

The Chinese population living in the European settlement—outside the native town—is large, the streets are remarkably clean, and the people submit to taxation, feeling their property and position safe—away from the tyrannic rule of the mandarin.

A drive through the native city, a glance at the houses of exceedingly narrow frontage, but wonderful depth, and the hurrying, thronging mass of people, give one an idea of how in minute areas are crammed vast population.

Here and there we see houses with quaint turned-up eaves, gateways and arches with open-work of gilt, decorated bits of

wall, or unique hanging lanterns, portions of balcony, with latticed sides of green porcelain; then, again, a tea-house, gorgeously fitted up, where wealthy mandarins flock for an afternoon cup of tea; where they sit and chatter, mid their rustling brocades, after a drive along the Bubbling Well Road; their dashing little broughams and liveried *mafoos* (grooms) standing in a long line outside. A concession of the road just named was obtained by the Europeans, and it is the finest in the empire. It is very wide, well paved, and shaded in summer with wide-spreading foliage of green, and just beyond on either side are stone residences with wide verandas, substantially built for coolness.

The country of Shanghai is painfully flat and marshy, yet every inch is cultivated. There is not a rise in the ground for over twenty miles, except the graves, mere heaps of dirt by roadside and in bean-field; undecorated and desolate-looking they remain from generation to generation, undisturbed forever.

Our last glimpse of Shanghai, as we paddle away in a little gondola-like sampan, is the Bund, that fairly glows with its myriad electric-lights.

Three days later we are steaming slowly through the fog into Hong Kong Bay. We have been enveloped in the moisture for two days, but as we enter the harbor, it becomes less dense, till only a thin veil of mist hangs between us and the island. Gradually, like the unfolding of a picture, the beauties of Hong Kong are revealed, for as the mist slowly rises, bit by bit of this wondrously lovely land-locked harbor appears. The silvery gray of the water, the strips of pale-green land, with dashes here and there of reddish earth, the golden-brown sails of the old fishing-junks; then, slowly as we pass, the groups of islands, richly crowned with the varied greens of a tropical vegetation, the villages animated with life—all burst into warm, glowing color with the sun; the faint tones disappear, the islands grow into life and beauty, and directly over the bow of the ship is Hong Kong in all its rugged loveliness.

The town of Victoria, flourishing and imposing in appearance, is built on the slope of this mountain island, and from the time it became a British colony—the result of the opium war, in 1841—its advancement was rapid. The almost barren rock, with its scattered fishing hamlets, blossomed into a bustling town, and is now considered the wealthiest and most prosperous of all England's possessions. Queen's Road, the principal street, presents a lively appearance, the buildings are solid and substantial, and everywhere are signs of immense commercial life. Its civil government garrison, Government House, with its beautiful parks, the glittering of bayonets, and the avenues of banyan-trees, resemble in some respects many of the other crown colonies, but its commercial importance as well as its wealth stamps it one of the great shipping ports of the world.

Above the town is the Chinese Quarter, with its usual Oriental coloring; but the ways of the people are modified, their business and social life different to that under the mandarins' rule. Still higher up, in the midst of lovely tropical foliage, are the residences, built entirely of stone, with wide, covered verandas and tiled floors, surrounded by gray stone walls, moss-grown and vine-clad, and crowned with queer, old green porcelain flower-pots, filled to overflowing with the most brilliant of flowers. Great marigold balls, blazing orange in the sun and filling the air with their strange, pungent perfume, a tangle of nasturtiums from pale-yellow to bronze-red, dashes of sweet, fragrant magnonette, or the strong, rich coloring of a crimson tropical flower. Terrace after terrace, road after road, rise from the Bund at water's edge to the sharp blue crest known as the Peak, winding east and west round the island for miles. To this point, two thousand feet above the sea level—the one cool spot in summer—the people flock from the stifling, intense heat below; the moist atmosphere—for the Peak is usually enveloped in soft fleecy clouds—is a most welcome change, as the south-west monsoon which prevails during the summer months is insufferably hot and trying.

We are here in the most delightful season. Hong Kong is looking its loveliest, the air is balmy and soft under the influence of the north-east monsoon. From the signal-station on the extreme point, we get a glorious view of the harbor—men-of-war of every nation, fleets of merchant ships, junks, and sampans dot the water everywhere. The clear blue expanse of the China Sea, the rugged, wild loveliness of the islands with their ever-changing tones, form a picture that never wears the eye.

A sudden turn of the corner brings us to shaded groves of banyan-trees, little glens of tall feathery tree-fern or swaying palm, ravines with great jagged rocks, and tangled vines over which the water dashes and sparkles in the sun, and at intervals, through an opening, a big, gorgeous patch of orange-creepers appears trailing its trumpet-like flower from branch to branch of an old banyan-tree. The race-course and the little English cemetery lie side by side in a big sleepy-looking hollow called Happy Valley. What a strange scene it is during the racing season, one quivering with life, full of an excited, surging crowd of people, the other silent and dreamy with its natural rustic beauty, its little gray stone chapel almost covered by dense trailing vines, and its time-stained graves with their hidden memories.

NELLIE HOPPS HOWARD.

YOKOHAMA, April, 1890.

latter," he replied; "I am allowed to drink only thrice a day—a quarter of an hour after each meal, and each time not more than a half-a-bottle of red, sparkling Moselle, of a very light and dry character. Burgundy and beer, both of which I am extremely fond of, are strictly forbidden to me; so are all the strong Rhinish and Spanish wines, and even claret. For some years past, I have been a total abstainer from all these generous liquors, much to the advantage of my health and my condition, in the sporting sense of the word. Formerly I used to weigh over seventeen stone. By observing this regimen I brought myself down to under fourteen, and without any loss of strength—indeed, with gain. My normal weight now is one hundred and eighty-five pounds. I am weighed once every day, by my doctor's orders, and any excess of that figure I at once set to work to get rid of, by exercise and special regimen. I ride a good deal, as well as walk. Cigar-smoking I have given up altogether, of course under advice. It is debilitating and had for the nerves. An inveterate smoker, such as I used to be, probably gets through a hundred thousand cigars in his life, if he reaches a fair average age. But he would live longer, and feel better all his time, if he did without them. Nowadays I am restricted to a long pipe, happily with a deep bowl, one after each meal, and I smoke nothing in it but Dutch Knaster tobacco, which is light, mild, and soothing. You will see presently; the pipe comes in with the pint of red Moselle. It will be a whole bottle to-day, and you must help me out with it. Water makes me fat, so I must not drink it. However, the present arrangements suit me very well."

A few minutes later coffee and cigars were brought in for the male guests, followed by the prince's prescribed pipe and allowance of "sparkling Moselle."

COMMUNICATIONS.

Is San Francisco too Cosmopolitan?

EDITORS ARGONAUT: While seated in the parlor of the Palace Hotel a few evenings since, I chanced to overhear the following colloquy between two intelligent, and apparently wealthy, gentlemen:

"San Francisco is getting to be entirely too cosmopolitan for me," said one. The other replied: "Yes, it is to me, also, if I rightly understand the meaning of the word 'cosmopolitan.' By the way, what is your understanding of the definition of the word?"

"As applied to this city, without any reference to lexicographers, I should say that it means a place where people from all parts of the world visit, sojourn, or reside. A 'cosmopolite' is a man of the world—one who travels a great deal and who acquires only temporarily a place. But I suppose that a cosmopolite may be known as one who travels a great deal, whether possessed of a 'home' or otherwise. San Francisco is called a cosmopolitan city more, perhaps, from the fact that persons from all parts of the world come here to reside than on account of transient travelers. I desire to qualify the remark that I made a while ago, when I said that San Francisco was becoming too cosmopolitan for me, by stating that I meant in substance to say that too many foreigners of the pauper and criminal classes are coming here to live."

"I concur with you fully," and I confess that this foreign pauper and criminal immigration and the dire consequences that will inevitably follow, unless it be speedily stopped, harrow my thoughts and feelings inexpressibly. The United States Government must unavoidably soon be confronted with a problem far more momentous and more difficult of solution than the currency or tariff. I mean to convey the idea that other questions will sink into insignificance as compared to the subject of alien control of the affairs of the government."

"You exactly express my views. I am opposed, under any consideration, to having the United States made the 'dumping-ground' for foreign human offal; and more especially, when it is a fact that the larger and more feculent bulk of it is 'dumped' in the midst of the most thickly populated districts of our country. What I mean to say is that most of the foreign 'bad element' find their way to our cities—particularly to San Francisco. I would be glad enough to allow this 'scum' to spread over the unoccupied portions of our States and Territories; but, as I have already said, it almost invariably seeks the cities and towns where, in addition to the deadly stench (figuratively speaking) that arises from their putrescent being, they are used by unscrupulous and designing politicians to promote their schemes of personal aggrandisement, to the oppression of law-abiding citizens, and to the detriment of the welfare of the community generally. Our citizens of foreign-birth (notably the Germans) who have resided here for some time, and many of whose children were born and reared in this country, are more opposed, if possible, than the native Americans to the indiscriminate influx of foreign emigrants. And it should be borne in mind that this movement against the tidal wave of foreign feculence that has set in this direction, is not confined alone to citizens 'to the manner born,' but is espoused by both native Americans and American citizens of foreign-birth."

"Why should inebriated, vicious paupers have regard for principle when they have no interest in this government, and when by obeying the behests of the 'bosses' at the ballot-box and elsewhere, they can earn a few dollars and get all the free liquor they want to drink? Our lax emigration laws encourage a combination between the criminal class and the saloon; and thereby render the latter a most potent factor in shaping the political destinies of the United States."

"And into this vortex of political saloons, sometimes from sheer necessity, but often from inadventure and helplessness, good and well-meaning men reluctantly fall. The condition of affairs, under existing law, render it easy for men to be caught in the eddying whirlpool of corruption. Hence the truculence of members of Congress, and the unreliability of courts and juries. But as 'hope springs eternal in the human breast,' we must look to the future for a remedial agent."

"There is a beacon-light just ahead of us, which will undoubtedly 'gild the gloom' and dispel the darkness by which we are now surrounded. A most potent ark of safety (built by both native and adopted Americans) has been provided, and agencies are silently and imperceptibly at work to gather in the demoralized and panic-stricken hordes. A sight of this ark will weave the mass of corruption, as surely did the ark of Noah, which was hidden in the measure of meat."

"This ark of safety is the American party, which was organized at the city of Fresno, in this State, a few years ago. Soon after its organization, its fame spread like wild-fire, and the recognition of its claims and necessity, at that time, seemed to strike all reasoning men with the force of a revivifying electrical current. Soon thereafter, I was present at an impromptu gathering of this party at the Mechanics' Pavilion, in this city, and I will unhesitatingly say that it was the most unified political meeting that I ever attended. The oration (of course) was grand, enthusiastic, and resistless. Unfortunately, this movement was set on foot only a few weeks before the last gubernatorial election. Had it been inaugurated two or three months earlier, the State ticket of the American party would have been elected beyond all peradventure."

"While there has been much demonstration, or show of activity, on the part of the leaders since their last nominating convention, including the short campaign which followed, yet there has been a mighty undercurrent—as powerful as that of the ocean—at work among the people, and to-day I am proud of the consciousness of the fact that the principles of the American party are strong, and are growing stronger daily, in the affections of the people. Its existence and success are rendered imperative and indispensable by the fact that both the Democratic and Republican parties have been petrified in their corruption—they under to the vicious and corrupt classes, both native and foreign, and have thereby ceased to regard the interests and welfare of the American people."

"Necessity and the protection of 'life, liberty, and property' brought the American party into existence. The American eagle has been seen to spread her wings and heard to utter notes of joy. This is a harbinger of peace—the protection of Americans and of American labor, and the supremacy of justice to all, have our people and the people are preparing to rise in their majesty and hurl down the power of the Democratic and Republican parties, and ere long it will be much sooner than we may suppose they will plant the colors of the American party triumphantly over a happy people on the capitol at Washington."

T. J. C.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 1, 1890.

A Washington correspondent thinks that the justices of the supreme Court of the United States are not to be blamed if they do become vain. All day long they sit upon the grand throne in the United States, surrounded by more show of reverence and honor than even the President receives, with theatrical curtains of crimson silk draped behind them, and a great gold eagle over their heads, with page-boys at their elbows, with venerable lawyers bowing before them, velvet carpets to hush the fall of feet upon the court-room floor, negro porters watching over noiseless doors, a dim religious light in the semicircular room, and a never-ceasing throng of awed citizens of this and other lands reverentially staring them out of countenance. The Libyan lion at a circus attracts very little more veneration and awe from the spectators.

THE WHITE SHE-WOLF.

By Gilbert Campbell.

The estate of Kostopchin, in Lithuania, was the property of Paul Sergevitch, a gentleman of means. Like most wealthy Muscovites, he had traveled much, and had spent like water the gold, which had been amassed by serf labor, in all the dissolute revelries of the capitals of Europe. His fortune would not have long held out against the constant inroads that were being made upon it, when an unexpected circumstance took place which stopped his career. This was a fatal duel, in which the son of the prime minister of the country in which he then resided fell by his hand. Representations were made to the Czar, and Paul Sergevitch was recalled, and, after receiving a severe reprimand, was ordered to return to his estates in Lithuania. After a couple of years, he married the daughter of a neighboring landed proprietor. The marriage was a most unhappy one; and at the end of three years the unhappy woman expired, leaving behind her two children—a boy, Alexis, and a girl, Katrina. Paul was very fond of the little Katrina, but did not take much notice of the boy.

Five years had passed since the death of his wife. Alexis was a fine, healthy boy of seven, while Katrina was some eighteen months younger. Paul was lighting one of his eternal cigarettes at the door of his house, when the little girl came running up to him.

"You had, wicked papa," said she; "how is it that you have never brought me the pretty gray squirrels that you promised I should have the next time you went to the forest?"

"Because I have never yet been able to find any, my treasure," returned her father, taking up the child in his arms and half-smothering her with kisses; "because I have not found them yet, my golden queen; but I am bound to find Ivanovitch, the poacher, smoking about the woods, and if he can't show me where they are, no one can."

"Ah, little father," broke in old Michal, the intendant of the estate, who had been valet to Paul's father; "take care; you will go to those woods once too often."

"Do you think I am afraid of Ivanovitch?" returned his master, with a coarse laugh; "why, be and I are the best of friends; at any rate, if he robs me, he does so openly, and keeps other poachers away from my woods."

"It is not of Ivanovitch that I am thinking," answered the old man. "But, oh, Gospodin, do not go into these dark solitudes; there are terrible tales told about them—of witches that dance in the moonlight, of strange, shadowy forms that are seen among the trunks of the tall pines, and of whispered voices that tempt the listeners to eternal perdition."

Again the rude laugh of the lord of the manor rang out, as Paul observed: "If you go on adding your brain, old man, with these nearly half-forgotten legends, I shall have to look out for a new intendant."

"But I was not thinking of these fearful creatures only," returned Michal, crossing himself piously; "it was against the wolves that I meant to warn you. As I came through the marsh last night from Kosma the herdsman's cottage—you know, my lord, that he has been bitten by a viper and is seriously ill—as I came through the marsh, I repeat, I saw something like sparks of fire in the clump of alders on the right-hand side. I was anxious to know what they could be, and cautiously moved a little nearer, recommending my soul to the protection of St. Vladimir. I had not gone a couple of paces when a wild howl came that chilled the very marrow in my bones, and a pack of some ten or a dozen wolves, gaunt and famished as you see them, my lord, in the winter, rushed out. At their head was a white she-wolf, as big as any of the male ones, with gleaming tusks and a pair of yellow eyes that blazed with lurid fire. I had round my neck a crucifix that had been given me by the priest of Streletza, and the savage beasts knew this and broke away across the marsh, sending up the mud and water in showers in the air; but the white she-wolf, little father, circled round me three times, as though endeavoring to find some place from which to attack me. Three times she did this, and then, with a snap of her teeth and a bowl of impotent malice, she galloped away some fifty yards and sat down, watching my every movement with her fiery eyes. I did not delay any longer in so dangerous a spot, as you may well imagine, Gospodin, but hurried home, crossing myself at every step; but, as I am a living man, that white devil followed me the whole distance, keeping fifty paces in the rear, and every now and then licking her lips, with a sound that made my flesh creep. When I got to the last fence, before you come to the house, I raised up my voice and shouted for the dogs, and soon I heard the deep bay of Troska and Branscoe, as they came bounding toward me. The white devil heard it, too, and, making a bound into the air, she uttered a loud howl of disappointment, and trotted back toward the marsh."

"But why did you not set the dogs after her?" asked Paul, interested, in spite of himself, at the old man's narrative; "in the open, Troska and Branscoe would run down any wolf that ever set foot to the ground in Lithuania."

"I tried to do so, little father," answered the old man, solemnly; "but directly they got up to the spot where the beast had executed her last devilish gambol, they put their tails between their legs and ran back to the house as fast as their legs could carry them."

"Strange," muttered Paul, thoughtfully, "that is, if it is truth and not *vodka* that is speaking."

"My lord," returned the old man, reproachfully, "man and boy, I have served you and my lord, your father, for fifty years, and no one can say that they ever saw Michal Vassilitch the worse for liquor."

"No one doubts that you are a sly old thief, Michal," returned his master, with his coarse, jarring laugh; "but, for all that, your long stories of having been followed by white wolves won't prevent me from going to the forest to-day. A

couple of good buck-shot cartridges will break any spell, though I don't think that the she-wolf, if she existed anywhere save in your own imagination, has anything to do with magic. Katrina, my pet, you shall have a fine white wolfs-skin to put your feet on, if what this old fool says is right," and Paul shouldered his gun, and kissing the tips of his fingers to Katrina, stepped away rapidly in the direction of the dark pine woods.

There were no signs of the poacher, and wearied with searching for him, Paul made the woods reecho with his name. The great dog Troska, who had followed his master, looked up wistfully into his face, and at a second repetition of the name "Ivanovitch," uttered a long plaintive howl, and then, looking round at Paul as though entreating him to follow, moved slowly ahead toward a denser portion of the forest. A little mystified at the hound's unusual proceedings, Paul followed, keeping his gun ready to fire at the least sign of danger. He thought that he knew the forest well, but the dog led the way to a portion which he did not remember to have visited before. He had got away from the pine-trees now, and had entered a dense thicket formed of stunted oaks and hollies. The great dog kept only a yard or so ahead, his lips were drawn back, showing the strong white fangs, the hair upon his neck and back was bristling, and his tail firmly pressed between his hind legs. Evidently the animal was in a state of the most extreme terror, and yet it proceeded bravely forward. Struggling through the dense thicket, Paul suddenly found himself in an open space of some ten or twenty yards in diameter. At one end of it was a slimy pool, into the waters of which several reptiles glided as the man and dog made their appearance. Almost in the centre of the opening was a shattered stone cross, and at its base lay a dark heap, close to which Troska stopped, and again raising his head, uttered a long melancholy howl. For an instant or two, Paul gazed hesitatingly at the shapeless heap that lay beneath the cross, and then, mustering up his courage, he stepped forward and bent anxiously over it. One glance was enough, for he recognized the body of Ivanovitch the poacher, hideously mangled. With a cry of surprise, he turned over the body, and shuddered as he gazed upon the terrible injuries that had been inflicted. The unfortunate man had evidently been attacked by some savage beast, for there were marks of teeth upon the throat, and the jugular vein had been almost torn out. The breast of the corpse had been torn open, evidently by long sharp claws, and there was a gaping orifice upon the left side, round which the blood had formed in a thick, coagulated patch. The only animals to be found in the forests of Russia capable of inflicting such wounds are the bear or the wolf, and the question as to the class of the assailant was easily settled by a glance at the dark ground, which showed the prints of a wolf, so entirely different from the plantigrade traces of the bear.

"Savage brutes," muttered Paul; "so, after all, there may have been some truth in Michal's story. Well, it is no concern of mine, and if a fellow chooses to wander about the woods at night to kill my game, instead of remaining in his own bovel, he must take his chance. The strange thing is that the brutes have not eaten him, though they have mauled him so terribly."

He turned away as he spoke, intending to return home and send out some of the serfs to bring in the body of the unhappy man, when his eye was caught by a small white object hanging from a bramble-bush near the pond. He made toward the spot, and taking up the object, examined it curiously. It was a tuft of coarse white hair, evidently belonging to some animal.

"A wolf's hair, or I am much mistaken," muttered Paul, pressing the hair between his fingers and then applying it to his nose; "and, from its color, I should think that it belonged to the white lady who so terribly alarmed old Michal."

Paul found it no easy task to retrace his steps toward those parts of the forest with which he was acquainted, and Troska seemed unable to render him the slightest assistance, but followed moodily behind. Many times Paul found his way blocked by impenetrable thicket or dangerous quagmire, and during his many wanderings he had the ever-present sensation that there was a something close to him, an invisible something, a noiseless something; but, for all that, a presence which moved as he advanced, and halted as he stopped in vain to listen. The certainty that an impalpable thing of some shape or other was close at hand grew so strong that, as the short autumn day began to close and darker shadows to fall between the trunks of the lofty trees, it made him hurry on at his utmost speed. At length, when he had grown almost mad with terror, he suddenly came upon a path he knew, and with a feeling of intense relief, he stepped briskly forward in the direction of Kostopchin. As he left the forest and came into the open country, a faint wail seemed to ring through the darkness; but Paul's nerves had been so much shaken that he did not know whether this was an actual fact or only the offspring of his own excited fancy. As he crossed the neglected lawn that lay in front of the house, old Michal came rushing out of the house with terror convulsing every feature.

"Oh, my lord, my lord!" gasped he, "is not this too terrible?"

"Nothing has happened to my Katrina?" cried the father, a sudden sickly feeling of terror passing through his heart.

"No, no; the little lady is quite safe, thanks to the Blessed Virgin and St. Alexander of Nevskoi," returned Michal; "but oh, my lord, poor Marta, the herdsman's daughter—"

"Well, what of the wench?" demanded Paul, for now that his momentary fear for the safety of his daughter had passed away, he had but little sympathy to spare for so insignificant a creature as a serf-girl.

"I told you that Kosma was dying," answered Michal; "well, Marta went across the marsh this afternoon to fetch the priest, but, alas! she never came back."

"What detained her, then?" asked his master.

"One of the neighbors, going in to see how Kosma was getting on, found the poor old man dead. The man ran to the village to give the alarm, and as the men returned to the

herdsman's hut, they found the body of Marta in a thicket by the clump of alders on the marsh."

"Her body—she was dead then?" asked Paul.

"Dead, my lord—killed by wolves," answered the old man; "and oh, my lord, it is too horrible; her breast was horribly lacerated, and her heart had been taken out, for it was nowhere to be found."

Paul started, for the horrible mutilation of Ivanovitch, the poacher, occurred to his recollection.

"And, my lord," continued the old man, "this is not all; on a bush close by was this tuft of hair," and, as he spoke, he took it from a piece of paper, in which it was wrapped, to his master.

Paul took it, and recognized a similar tuft of hair to that which he had seen upon the bramble-bush beside the shattered cross. He could not repress a shudder, and, after a short pause, he told Michal of the ghastly end of Ivanovitch, the poacher. The old man listened with the utmost excitement, crossing himself repeatedly, and muttering invocations to the Blessed Virgin and the saints every instant.

The next day a fresh horror awaited the inhabitants of Kostopchin. An old man, a confirmed drunkard, had staggered out of the *vodka*-shop with the intention of returning home; three hours later, he was found at a turn of the road, horribly mutilated, with the same gaping orifice in the left side of the breast, from which the heart had been forcibly torn out.

Three several times in the course of the week the same ghastly tragedy occurred—a little child, an able-bodied laborer, and an old woman were all found with the same terrible marks of mutilation upon them, and in every case the same tuft of white hair was found in the immediate vicinity of the bodies. A frightful panic ensued, and an excited crowd of serfs surrounded the house at Kostopchin, calling upon their master, Paul Sergevitch, to save them from the fiend that had been let loose upon them.

Paul felt a strange disinclination to adopt any active measures. A certain feeling, which he could not account for, urged him to remain quiescent, but the Russian serf, when suffering under an access of superstitious terror, is a dangerous person to deal with, and, with extreme reluctance, Paul Sergevitch issued instructions for a thorough search through the estate and a general *battue* of the pine woods.

The army of beaters, convened by Michal, was ready with the first dawn of sunrise, and formed a strange and almost grotesque-looking assemblage, armed with rusty old firelocks, heavy hudgeons, and scythes fastened to the end of long poles. Paul, with his double-barreled gun thrown across his shoulder and a keen hunting-knife thrust into his belt, marched at the head of the serfs, accompanied by the two great hounds, Troska and Branscoe. Every nook and corner of the hedge-rows was examined, and the little outlying clumps were thoroughly searched, but without success, and at last a circle was formed round the larger portion of the forest, and with loud shouts, blowing of horns, and beating of copper cooking utensils, the crowd of eager serfs pushed their way through the brushwood. Frightened birds flew up, whirring through the pine branches; bares and rabbits darted from their hiding-places behind tufts and hummocks of grass, and skurried away in terror. Occasionally a roe deer rushed through the thicket, or a wild boar burst through the thin lines of beaters, but no signs of wolves were to be seen. The circle grew narrower and yet more narrow, when all at once a wild shriek and a confused murmur of voices echoed through the pine-trees. All rushed to the spot, and a young lad was discovered weltering in his blood and terribly mutilated, though life still lingered in the mangled frame. A few drops of *vodka* were poured down his throat, and he managed to gasp out that the white wolf had sprung upon him suddenly, and, throwing him to the ground, had commenced tearing at the flesh over his heart. He would inevitably have been killed, had not the animal quitted him, alarmed by the approach of the other beaters.

"The beast ran into that thicket," gasped the boy, and then once more relapsed into a state of insensibility.

But the words of the wounded boy had been eagerly passed round, and a hundred different propositions were made. "Set fire to the thicket!" exclaimed one. The proposal was agreed to, and a hundred eager hands collected dried sticks and leaves, and then a light was kindled. Just as the fire was about to be applied, a soft, sweet voice issued from the centre of the thicket:

"Do not set fire to the forest, my dear friends; give me time to come out. Is it not enough for me to have been frightened to death by that awful creature?"

All started back in amazement, and Paul felt a strange sudden thrill pass through his heart as those soft, musical accents fell upon his ear.

There was a light rustling in the brushwood, and then a vision suddenly appeared, which filled the souls of the beholders with surprise. As the bushes divided, a fair woman wrapped in a mantle of soft white fur, with a fantastically shaped traveling-cap of green velvet upon her head, stood before them. She was exquisitely fair, and her long Titian red hair hung in disheveled masses over her shoulders.

"My good man," began she, with a certain tinge of aristocratic hauteur in her voice, "is your master here?"

Paul stepped forward and raised his cap. "I am Paul Sergevitch," said he, "and these woods are of my estate of Kostopchin. A wolf has been committing a series of terrible devastations upon my people, and we have been endeavoring to hunt it down. A boy, whom it has just wounded, says that it ran into the thicket from which you have just emerged."

"I know," answered the lady, fixing her clear, steel-blue eyes keenly upon Paul's face: "the terrible beast rushed past me and dived into a large cavity in the earth in the very centre of the thicket. It was a huge white wolf, and I greatly feared that it would devour me."

"Here, men!" cried Paul, "take spade and mattock, and dig out the monster, for she has come to the end of her tether at last. Madam, I do not know what chance has conducted you to this wild solitude, but the hospitality of Kostopchin is at your disposal, and I will, with your permission

conduct you there as soon as this scourge of the countryside has been dispatched."

He offered his hand with some remains of his former courtesy, but started back with an expression of horror on his face.

"Blood!" cried he; "why, madam, your hand and fingers are stained with blood."

A faint color rose to the lady's cheek, but it died away in an instant as she answered, with a faint smile: "The dreadful creature was all covered with blood, and I suppose I must have stained my hands against the bushes through which it had passed, when I parted them in order to escape from the fiery death with which you threatened me."

Paul felt his eyes drop before the glance of those cold, steel-blue eyes. Meanwhile, urged to the utmost exertion by their fears, the serfs plied spade and mattock with the utmost vigor. The cavity was speedily enlarged, but, when a depth of eight feet had been attained, it was found to terminate in a little burrow not large enough to admit a rabbit, much less a creature of the white wolf's size. There were none of the tufts of white hair which had hitherto been always found beside the bodies of the victims, nor did that peculiar rank odor, which always indicates the presence of wild animals, hang about the spot. The superstitious Muscovites crossed themselves, and scrambled out of the hole with alacrity. The mysterious disappearance of the monster which had committed such frightful ravages had cast a chill over the hearts of the ignorant peasants, and, unheeding the shouts of their master, they left the forest, which seemed to be overcast with the gloom of some impending calamity.

"Forgive the ignorance of these boors, madam," said Paul, when he found himself alone with the strange lady, "and permit me to escort you to my poor house, for you must have need of rest and refreshment, and—"

Here Paul checked himself abruptly, and a dark flush of embarrassment passed over his face.

"And," said the lady, with the same faint smile, "and you are dying with curiosity to know how I suddenly made my appearance from a thicket in your forest. You say that you are the Lord of Kostopchin; then you are Paul Sergevitch, and should surely know how the ruler of Holy Russia takes upon himself to interfere with the doings of his children?"

"You know me, then?" exclaimed Paul, in some surprise.

"Yes, I have lived in foreign lands, as you have, and have heard your name often. Did you not break the bank at Hofburg? Did you not carry off Isola Menuti, the dancer, from a host of competitors; and, as a last instance of my knowledge, shall I recall to your memory a certain morning, on a sandy shore, with two men facing each other pistol in hand, the one young, fair, and boyish-looking, hardly twenty-two years of age, the other—"

"Hush!" exclaimed Paul, hoarsely; "you evidently know me, but who in the fiend's name are you?"

"Simply a woman who once moved in society, and who is now a hunted fugitive."

"A fugitive!" returned Paul, hotly; "who dares to persecute you?"

The lady moved a little closer to him, and then whispered in his ear: "The police!"

"The police!" repeated Paul, stepping back a pace or two; "the police!"

"Yes, Paul Sergevitch, the police," returned the lady. "Yes, I have had the imprudence to speak my mind too freely, and—well, you know what women have to dread who fall into the hands of the police in Holy Russia. To avoid such infamous degradations I fled, accompanied by a faithful domestic, in hopes of gaining the frontier, but a few versts from here a body of mounted police rode up. My poor old servant had the imprudence to resist, and was shot dead. Half wild with terror I fled into the forest, and wandered about until I heard the noise your serfs made in beating the woods. I thought it was the police, who had organized a search for me, and I crept into the thicket for the purpose of concealment. The rest you know. And now, Paul Sergevitch, tell me whether you dare give shelter to a proscribed fugitive such as I am?"

"Madam," returned Paul, gazing into the clear-cut features before him, glowing with the animation of the recital, "Kostopchin is ever open to misfortune—and beauty," added he, with a bow.

"Ah!" cried the lady, with a laugh in which there was something sinister; "I fear that misfortune would knock at your door for a long time if it were unaccompanied by beauty. However, I thank you, and will accept your hospitality; but if evil come upon you, remember that I am not to be blamed."

She placed her hand upon Paul's arm as she spoke, and mechanically he led the way to the great solitary white house.

Alexis and Katrina had gone to bed, and Paul and his guest sat down to a hastily improvised meal.

"I am no great eater," remarked the lady, as she played with the food before her; and Paul noticed with surprise that scarcely a morsel passed her lips, though she more than once filled and emptied a goblet of champagne.

"So it seems," remarked he; "and I do not wonder, for the food in this benighted hole is not what either you or I have been accustomed to."

"Oh, it does well enough," returned the lady, carelessly; "and now, if you have such a thing as a woman in the establishment, you can let her show me to my room, for I am nearly dead for want of sleep."

Paul struck a hand-bell that stood on the table beside him, and the stranger rose from her seat, and, with a brief "Good-night," was moving toward the door, when the old man, Michal, made his appearance on the threshold. The aged intendant suddenly started backward, as though to avoid a blow, and his fingers at once sought the crucifix suspended round his neck.

"Blessed Virgin!" he exclaimed; "holy Saint Radislas protect me; where have I seen her before?"

The lady took no notice of the old man's evident terror, but passed away down the echoing corridor.

The old man now timidly approached his master, who, after swallowing a glass of brandy, had drawn his chair up

to the stove, and was gazing moodily at its polished surface. "My lord," said Michal, venturing to touch his master's shoulder, "is that the lady whom you found in the forest?"

"Yes," returned Paul, a smile breaking out over his face; "she is very beautiful, is she not?"

"Beautiful!" repeated Michal, crossing himself; "she may have beauty, but it is that of a demon. Where have I seen her before?—where have I seen those shining teeth and those cold eyes? She is not like any one here, and I have never been ten versts from Kostopchin in my life. I am utterly bewildered. Ah, I have it, the dying herdsman—save the mark! Gospodin, have a care. I tell you that the strange lady is the image of the white wolf."

"You old fool!" returned his master, savagely, "let me ever hear you repeat such nonsense again and I will have you skinned alive. The lady is high-born and of good family; beware how you insult her. Nay, I give you further commands: see that during her sojourn here she is treated with the utmost respect. And communicate this to all the servants—that if any inquiries are made about the lady, no one knows anything about her; that, in fact, no one has seen her at all."

"Your lordship shall be obeyed," answered the old man.

Late into the night Paul sat up thinking over the occurrences of the day. He had told Michal that his guest was of noble family, but in reality he knew nothing more of her than she had condescended to tell him.

"Why, I don't even know her name," muttered he; "and yet somehow or other it seems as if a new feature of my life was opening before me. However, I have made one step in advance by getting her here, and if she talks about leaving, all that I have to do is to threaten her with the police."

"I daresay," remarked the lady, as they were seated at breakfast, the next morning, for which she manifested the same indifference that she had for the dinner of the previous evening, "that you would like to know my name and who I am. Well, I don't mind telling you my name. It is Ravina, but as to my family and who I am, it will, perhaps, be best for you to remain in ignorance. A matter of policy, my dear Paul Sergevitch—a mere matter of policy, you see. I leave you to judge from my manners and appearance whether I am of sufficiently high station to be invited to the honor of your table."

"None more worthy," broke in Paul, who was fast succumbing to the charms of his guest; "and surely that is a question upon which I may be deemed a competent judge."

"I do not know about that," returned Ravina; "for, from all accounts, the company that you used to keep was not of the most select character."

"No, but hear me," began Paul, seizing her hand and endeavoring to carry it to his lips. But as he did so, an unpleasant chill passed over him, for these slender fingers were icy cold.

"Do not be foolish," said Ravina, drawing away her hand, after she had permitted it to rest for an instant in Paul's grasp; "do you not hear some one coming?"

As she spoke, the sound of tiny pattering feet was heard in the corridor, then the door was flung violently open, and with a cry of delight, Katrina rushed into the room, followed more slowly by her brother Alexis.

"And are these your children?" asked Ravina, as Paul took up the little girl and placed her fondly upon his knee, while the boy stood a few paces from the door gazing with eyes of wonder upon the strange woman for whose appearance he was utterly unable to account. "Come here, my little man," continued she; "I suppose that you are the heir of Kostopchin, though you do not resemble your father much."

"He takes after his mother, I think," returned Paul, carelessly; "and how has my darling Katrina been?" he added, addressing his daughter.

"Quite well, papa dear," answered the child; "but where is the fine white wolf-skin that you promised me?"

"Your father did not find her," answered Ravina, with a little laugh; "the white wolf was not so easy to catch as he fancied."

Alexis had moved a few steps nearer to the lady, and was listening with grave attention to every word she uttered.

"Are white wolves so difficult to kill, then?" asked he.

"It seems so, my little man," returned the lady, "since your father and all the serfs of Kostopchin were unable to do so."

"I have got a pistol, that good old Michal has taught me to fire, and I am sure I could kill her if ever I got a sight of her," observed Alexis, boldly.

"There's a brave boy," returned Ravina, with one of her shrill laughs; "and now, won't you come and sit on my knee, for I am very fond of little boys?"

"No, I don't like you," answered Alexis, after a moment's consideration, "for Michal says—"

"Go to your room, you insolent young brat," broke in his father, in a voice of thunder; "you spend so much of your time with Michal and the serfs that you have learned all their boorish habits."

Two tiny tears rolled down the boy's cheeks as in obedience to his father's orders he turned about and quitted the room, while Ravina darted a strange look of dislike after him. As soon, however, as the door had closed, the fair woman addressed Katrina.

"Well, perhaps you will not be so unkind to me as your brother," said she; "come to me," and as she spoke she held out her arms.

The little girl came to her without hesitation, and began to smooth the silken tresses which were coiled and wreathed around Ravina's head.

"Pretty, pretty," she murmured; "beautiful lady."

"You see, Paul Sergevitch, that your little daughter has taken to me at once," remarked Ravina.

"She has certainly taken to you in a most wonderful manner," remarked Paul, with a pleased smile; "you have quite obtained possession of her heart."

"Not yet, whatever I may do later on," answered the woman, with her strange, cold smile. Presently, the child grew tired of her new acquaintance, and sliding down from

her knee, crept from the room in search of her brother Alexis.

Paul and Ravina remained silent for a few moments, and then the woman broke the silence:

"All that remains for me now, Paul Sergevitch, is to trespass on your hospitality, and to ask you to lend me some disguise, and assist me to gain the nearest post-town, which, I think, is Vitroski."

"And why should you wish to leave this at all?" demanded Paul, a deep flush rising to his cheek; "you are perfectly safe in my house, and if you attempt to leave Kostopchin, you will inevitably fall into the hands of the police."

"And Paul Sergevitch will tell them where they can find me?" questioned Ravina, with an ironical inflection in the tone of her voice.

"I never thought—that is—" stammered the man.

"No, you never thought that I could read you so plainly," pursued the woman, pitilessly; "but it is the truth that I have told you, and sooner than remain an inmate of your house, I would leave it, even if all the police of Russia stood ready to arrest me on its very threshold."

"Stay, Ravina," exclaimed Paul, as the woman made a step toward the door; "I do not say whether your reading of my thoughts is right or wrong, but before you leave, listen to me. I tell you plainly that from the first moment that I set eyes upon you, a strange new feeling has risen up in my heart—not the cold thing that society calls love, but a burning, resistless flood which flows down like molten lava from the volcano's crater. Stay, Ravina, be my wife—you are safe enough from all pursuit here."

"And does Paul Sergevitch actually mean to offer his hand to a woman whose name he does not even know, and of whose feelings toward him he is entirely ignorant?" asked the woman, with her customary mocking laugh.

"What do I care for name or birth?" returned he, hotly; "I have enough for both, and as for love, my passion would soon kindle some sparks of it in your breast, cold and frozen as it may now be."

"Let me think a little," said Ravina, and, throwing herself into an arm-chair, she buried her face in her hands and seemed plunged in deep reflection; "listen," said she, at last; "I have thought over your proposal seriously, and, upon certain conditions, I will consent to become your wife. At the present moment, I have no inclination for you, but, on the other hand, I feel no repugnance for you. I will remain here for a month, and during that time I shall remain in a suite of apartments which you will have prepared for me. Every evening I will visit you here for two hours, and upon your making yourself agreeable, my ultimate decision will depend."

"And suppose that decision should be an unfavorable one?" asked Paul.

"Then," answered Ravina, with a ringing laugh, "I shall, as you say, leave this and take your heart with me."

"These are hard conditions," remarked Paul; "why not shorten the time of probation?"

"My conditions are unalterable," answered Ravina, with a little stamp of the foot; "do you agree to them or not?"

"I have no alternative," answered he, sullenly.

The days slipped slowly and wearily away, but Ravina showed no signs of relenting. Every evening, according to her bond, she spent two hours with Paul and made herself most agreeable, listening to his far-fetched compliments and asseverations of love and tenderness either with a cold smile or with one of her mocking laughs. She refused to allow Paul to visit her in her own apartments, and the only intruder she permitted there, save the servants, was little Katrina, who had taken a strange fancy to the fair woman. Alexis, on the contrary, avoided her as much as he possibly could, and the pair hardly ever met.

Meanwhile, curious rumors began to be circulated regarding the strange proceedings of the lady who occupied the suite of apartments which had formerly belonged to the wife of the owner of Kostopchin. The servants declared that the food sent up, though hacked about and cut up, was never tasted, but that the raw meat in the larder was frequently missing. Strange sounds were often heard to issue from the rooms as the panic-stricken serfs hurried past the corridor upon which the doors opened, and dwellers in the house were frequently disturbed by the howlings of wolves, the footprints of which were distinctly visible the next morning, and, curiously enough, invariably in the gardens facing the west side of the house in which the lady dwelt. Little Alexis, who found no encouragement to sit with his father, was naturally thrown a great deal among the serfs, and heard the subject discussed with many exaggerations. One of his most treasured possessions was an old brass-mounted cavalry pistol, a present from Michal; this he had learned to load, and by using both hands to the cumbersome weapon, could contrive to fire it off, as many an ill-starred sparrow could attest. With his mind constantly dwelling upon the terrible tales he had so greedily listened to, this pistol became his daily companion, whether he was wandering about the long, echoing corridors of the house or wandering through the neglected shrubberies of the garden.

For a fortnight matters went on in this manner, Paul becoming more and more infatuated by the charms of his strange guest. To satisfy a whim of hers, he had even dismissed old Michal from his office and forbidden him to approach the house. But the faithful old servant, whose love for the children was stronger than his fear of punishment, took to wandering by night about the exterior of the great white house, urged on by some feeling for which he could in no wise account.

One evening, as Michal was making his accustomed tour of inspection, the wail of a child struck upon his ear. He bent down his head and eagerly listened; again he heard the same faint sounds, and in them he fancied he recognized the accents of little Katrina. Hurrying up to one of the ground-floor windows in Ravina's apartment, from which a dim light streamed, he pressed his face against the pane and looked steadily in. A horrible sight presented itself to his gaze. By the faint light of a shaded lamp, he saw Katrina stretched upon the ground; but her wailing had now ceased. Her shawl had been tied across her little mouth. Over

bending a hideous shape, which seemed to be clothed in some white and shaggy covering. Katrina lay perfectly motionless, and the bands of the figure were engaged in hastily removing the garments from the child's breast. The task was soon effected; then there was a bright gleam of steel, and the head of the thing bent closely down to the child's bosom.

With a yell of apprehension, the old man dashed in the window-frame, and, drawing the cross from his breast, sprang boldly into the room. The creature sprang to its feet, and, the white fur-cloak falling from its head and shoulders, disclosed the pallid features of Ravina, a short, broad knife in her hand, and her lips discolored with blood.

"Vile sorceress!" cried Michal, dashing forward and raising Katrina in his arms; "what hellish work are you about?"

Ravina's eyes gleamed fiercely upon the old man, who had interfered between her and her prey. She raised her dagger, and was about to spring upon him when she caught sight of the cross in his extended hand. With a low cry, she dropped the knife, and staggered back.

Michal paid but little heed to her, for he was busily engaged in examining the fainting child, whose head was resting helplessly on his shoulder. There was a wound over the left breast, from which the blood was flowing; but the injury appeared slight, and not likely to prove fatal. As soon as he had satisfied himself on this point, he turned to the woman, who was crouching before the cross as a wild beast shrinks before the whip of the tamer.

"I am going to remove the child," said he, slowly; "dare to mention a word of what I have done or whither she has gone, and I will arouse the village. Do you know what will happen then? Why, every peasant in the place will hurry here with a lighted brand in his hand to consume this accursed house and the unnatural dwellers in it. Keep silence, and I leave you to your unhallowed work. I will no longer seek to preserve Paul Sergevitch, who has given himself over to the powers of darkness by taking a demon to his bosom."

Ravina listened to him as if she scarcely comprehended him; but, as the old man retreated to the window with his helpless burden, she followed him, step by step; and as he turned to cast one last glance at the shattered window, he saw the woman's pale face and blood-stained lips glued against an unbroken pane, with a wild look of unsatiated appetite in her eyes.

Next morning, the house of Kostopchin was filled with terror and surprise, for Katrina, the idol of her father's heart, had disappeared, and no signs of her could be discovered. Every effort was made; the woods and fields in the neighborhood were thoroughly searched; but it was at last concluded that robbers had carried off the child for the sake of the ransom that they might be able to extract from the father.

The day upon which all search had ceased, Ravina glided into the room where she knew that she would find Paul awaiting her. She was fully an hour before her usual time, and the Lord of Kostopchin started to his feet in surprise.

"You are surprised to see me," said she; "but I have only come to pay you a visit for a few minutes. I am convinced that you love me, and could I, but relieve a few of the objections that my heart continues to raise, I might be yours."

"Tell me what these scruples are," cried Paul, springing toward her, and seizing her hands in his; "and be sure that I will find means to overcome them."

"Listen," said she, as she withdrew her hand; "I will take two more hours for consideration. By that time the whole of the house of Kostopchin will be cradled in slumber; then meet me at the old sun-dial near the yew-tree, at the bottom of the garden, and I will give you my reply."

"But why not come back here?" urged he; "there is a hard frost to-night, and—"

"Are you so cold a lover," broke in Ravina, with her accustomed laugh, "to dread the changes of the weather? But not another word; I have spoken."

She glided from the room, but uttered a low cry of rage. She almost fell over Alexis in the corridor. "Why is that brat not in his bed?" cried she, angrily.

"Go to your room, boy," exclaimed his father, harshly, and the child slunk away.

Paul Sergevitch paced up and down the room for the two hours that he had to pass before the hour of meeting. His heart was very heavy, and a vague feeling of disquietude began to creep over him. Twenty times he made up his mind not to keep his appointment; and as often the fascinations of the fair woman compelled him to rescind his resolution. Now and again he glanced at the clock, and at last its deep metallic sound, as it struck the quarter, warned him that he had but little time to lose, if he intended to keep his appointment. Throwing on a heavily furred coat and pulling a traveling-cap down over his ears, he opened a side door and sallied out into the grounds. The dark shape of the yew-tree soon rose up before him, and in another moment he stood beside its dusky boughs. The old gray sun-dial stood only a few paces off, and by its side was standing a slender figure, wrapped in a white, fleecy-looking cloak. It was perfectly motionless, and again a thrill of undefined dread passed through every nerve and muscle of Paul Sergevitch's body.

"Ravina!" said he, in faltering accents. "Ravina!"

"Did you take me for a ghost?" answered the fair woman, with her shrill laugh; "no, no, I have not come to that yet. Well, Paul Sergevitch, I have come to give you my answer; are you anxious about it?"

"How can you ask me such a question?" returned he; "do not keep me any longer in suspense. Is it 'yes,' or 'no'?"

"Paul Sergevitch," answered the strange woman, coming up to him and laying her hands upon his shoulders and fixing her eyes upon his with that strange expression before which he always quailed; "do you really love me, Paul Sergevitch?" asked she.

"Love you!" repeated the Lord of Kostopchin; "have I not told you a thousand times how much my whole soul flows toward you, how I only live and breathe in your presence, and how death at your feet would be more welcome than life without you?"

"People often talk of death, and yet little know how near it is to them," answered the fair lady, a grim smile appearing upon her face; "but tell me, do you give me your whole heart?"

"All I have is yours, Ravina," returned Paul; "name, wealth, and the devoted love of a life-time."

"But your heart," persisted she; "it is your heart that I want; tell me, Paul, that it is mine and mine only."

"Yes, my heart is yours, dearest Ravina," answered Paul, endeavoring to embrace the fair form in his impassioned grasp; but she glided from him, and then, with a quick bound, sprang upon him and glared in his face with a look that was absolutely appalling. Her eyes gleamed with a lurid fire, her lips were drawn back, showing her sharp, white teeth, while her breath came in sharp, quick gasps.

"I am hungry," she murmured, "oh, so hungry; but now, Paul Sergevitch, your heart is mine."

Her movement was so sudden and unexpected that he stumbled and fell heavily to the ground, the fair woman clinging to him and falling upon his breast. It was then that the full horror of his position came upon Paul Sergevitch, and he saw his fate clearly before him, but a terrible numbness prevented him from using his hands to free himself from the hideous embrace which was paralyzing all his muscles. The face that was glaring into his seemed to be undergoing some fearful change, and the features to be losing their semblance of humanity. With a sudden, quick movement, she tore open his garments, and in another moment she had performed his left breast with a ghastly wound and torn out his heart. She heeded not the convulsive struggles which agitated the dying form of the Lord of Kostopchin, nor a diminutive form approaching, sheltering itself behind every tree and bush until it had arrived within ten paces of the scene of the terrible tragedy. Then the moonbeams glistened upon the long shining barrel of a pistol, which a boy was leveling with both hands at the murderer. Quick and sharp rang out the report, and with a wild shriek, in which there was something beast-like, Ravina leaped from the body of the dead man and staggered away to a thick clump of bushes some ten paces distant. The boy Alexis had heard the appointment that had been made, and dogged his father's footsteps to the trysting-place. After firing the fatal shot, his courage deserted him, and he fled back to the house, uttering loud shrieks for help. The startled servants were soon in the presence of their slaughtered master, but aid was of no avail, for the Lord of Kostopchin had passed away. With fear and trembling, the superstitious peasants searched the clump of bushes, and started back in horror as they perceived a huge white wolf, lying stark and dead, with a human heart clasped between its fore-paws.

LATE VERSE.

The Muezzin.

It is the swift, sweet, Orient sunset hour;
And o'er the city, as the daylight dies,
In melancholy monotone one cries
An exhortation from a tall mosque tower.
The almond-tree is whitening into flower,
A vernal gladness on the garden lies;
There is a softness in the wind that sighs
Amid the branches of the orange-bower.
Two lovers whisper in the perfumed air—
A bird's clear melody is heard above,
He tells the story to his feathered fair
The happy twain below are dreaming of.
That distant call proclaims the hour of prayer—
Their murmured vows proclaim the hour of love.
—Clinton Scollard in July Century.

In a Volume of Sir Thomas Browne.

Strange spoil from this weird garden Memory brings;
Here, hard by Flower de Luze, the night-blast sows
Moon-struck Thessalian herbs; o'erhead (who knows?)
Or from beneath, a sough of missioned wings;
The soil, enriched with mold of Coptic kings,
Bears, intertwining, substances and shows,
And in the midst about their mystic rose
The Muses dance, while rapt Apollo sings.
All-potent Phantasy, the spell is thine;
Thou lay'st thy careless finger on a word,
And there forever shall thine effluence shine,
The witchery of thy rhythmic pulse be heard;
Yea, where thy foot hath left its pressure fine,
Though but in passing, haunts the Attic bird.
—James Russell Lowell in July Atlantic.

Rotten Row, as every Londoner knows, is a corruption of Route du Roi. The Bag o' Nails, a well-known inn in that same city, was, in classic day, the Bacchanals. In the West Indies, there have been some strange alterations in names. The Bog Walk in Jamaica, one of the prettiest river-chasms in the world, was called, by the Spaniards, Bocca d'Agua. The present Wag Water, in the same island, a stream that fertilizes some of the best sugar and tobacco-grounds in the world, was known to the Spaniards as the Agua Alta. Turneffe, a large island and swampy paradise of the mosquito, lying off the coast of British Honduras, is a corruption of Terra Nuova, while Belize, the capital of the colony, is derived from Ballice, a small settlement first founded by the celebrated buccaneer, Wallace, who subsequently became governor of Jamaica. Montreal, in Canada, is a corruption of Mount Royal. In Africa, the most common name for rivers is "Don't know." An explorer asked some native the name, and in the dialect of his tribe, the man at last said: "Don't know." The wanderer, eager for information, put the answer down as the name of the river, and Keith Johnston lithographed it on his maps.

The records of the Cocoa-Tree Club tell of a famous throw at dice which meant the winning or losing of nine hundred thousand dollars. "Ellangowan" says, with regard to modern gambling, that more money is staked in a single night in the Oriental Club at Constantinople than changes hands in half a week in any club in London; that the play at the Jockey Club in the City of Mexico is heavier than in London; and that there are fifty places where gambling goes on in New York for every ten in London.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

The German Empress appeared on review the other day at the head of a regiment of cuirassiers of which she is colonel, clad in army uniform.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland's inheritance from the real-estate of her grandfather at Omaha, is said to be one-sixteenth of eight hundred thousand dollars.

The Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, is making a statue of the queen as she looked in girlhood, to be given to Kensington as a memorial of her majesty's early life there.

Lady Florence Dixey is not a stranger to fame and does not propose to be. Among the things which she has promised to do in the near future is to appear in Hyde Park, riding astride her horse.

Following in the footsteps of Miss Fawcett, who won such distinction in the mathematical examinations of Cambridge University, Miss Margaret Alford has taken first place in the classical tripos. She is a niece of Dean Alford.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe at seventy-eight years is in the same feeble state of mind and body that she has been in for two years past. She spends much of her time in the open air, and is carefully watched over by her daughters at her Hartford home.

Lady Sherbrooke, in her prerogative of a peeress, has a right to take her seat in the gallery of the House of Lords, and has exercised the privilege recently by taking her seat with her husband during the recent debates. Owing to a serious defect in his eyesight, her presence and assistance have been of great service to him.

Mrs. General Grant seems to have found the elixir of youth. Although sixty-six, she is as agile as a woman of thirty, enjoys perfect health, and barring the weakness of her eyes, which were never strong, her faculties are as keen as they ever were. The gray in her hair is scarcely noticeable, her face is plump and of good color. Mrs. Grant dresses in rich black abbey cloths or silk fabrics.

Miss Clementina de Vere, soprano in Dr. Paxton's church, New York city, receives \$4,500 a year for her services, or \$112.50 each Sunday. This is said to be the highest salary ever paid to a choir-singer either in this country or Europe. Miss Jennie Dutton, soprano of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, draws \$3,000 a year from the church and earns \$5,000 more from concert engagements.

The only Harvard College prize open to competition from both men and women is the Sargent prize of one hundred dollars for the best metrical translation of some assigned ode of Horace, and a young woman has captured it this year with the same assurance that characterized the recent prize-winning of her sex at Cambridge University in England. The Harvard young woman, an "Annex girl," is Miss Helen Leah Reed.

Mlle. Rose Maury, who illustrates for five of the best Parisian journals, is the daughter of a station-master in France, and a protégée of M. Duruy, Minister of Public Instruction, who happened to see her sketching in the station when she was seven years old. In two years she took fifteen prizes and eleven "nominations" at the Beaux-Arts in Paris, and in her first year stood first in a class of three hundred. She is now in her twenties, and a great future is foretold for her.

Vassar College owes its existence to a woman, Miss Lydia Booth, a cousin of the founder, Matthew Vassar. Mr. Vassar was planning a hospital on the plan of Guy's Hospital, in London, as his bequest to the community, when his kinswoman suggested the founding of a college for women, which should be to them what Yale and Harvard were to men. Immediate application was made for a charter, and, in 1861, there came into being Vassar College, which on each twelfth of June celebrates "Founder's Day."

The German Emperor is a great smoker and his cigars are manufactured expressly for him (says Eugene Field). Not long ago, sitting on an evening in one of the apartments of his palace, he inadvertently reached out and struck a match on a splendid oil-painting that stood on an easel hard by. The empress was as mad as a wet hen. "Your majesty," said she, "if you were not the emperor and my husband I should chastise you." And she would have done it, too, for be it known that Augusta is a husky dame and one of exceeding lusty temper.

Miss Fawcett's triumph in the mathematical tripos puts the crown on a long series of successes by lady students at Cambridge. They have now been lady "seniors" in all the important triposes—except law. Here is the list: Moral Sciences Tripos—In 1880, Miss Jones was bracketed senior. In 1881, Miss Moberly was senior, and so, in 1884, was Miss Hughes. Historical Tripos—In 1886, Miss Rilesdon, daughter of the late Oxford Professor of Zoology, was bracketed senior, and, in 1887, Miss Blanche Paul was similarly placed. Medieval and Modern Languages Tripos—Here there have been four lady seniors. In 1886, two ladies and no men were placed in the first class. The ladies, who were placed in alphabetical order, were Miss Chamberlin and Miss Skeat, daughter of Professor Skeat. In 1887, Miss Ilverley was senior, and, in 1888, Miss Tuke. Finally, there are three successes of Miss Ramsey in the Classical Tripos, 1887, and of Miss Fawcett in the Mathematical, 1890. Of these eleven lady seniors, two came from Girton—Miss Jones and Miss Ramsay—the rest from Newnham. It is often asked what becomes of lady students when they leave college. A few particulars about some of these lady seniors may therefore be added. Miss Ramsay is now Mrs. Montague Butler, the wife of the Master of Trinity. Miss Moberly is head-mistress of the Tonbridge Wells High School for Girls. Miss Hughes is head of a training college at Cambridge. Miss Chamberlin is instructor in German at Bryn Mawr College, Philadelphia, and Miss Jones is moral science lecturer at Girton.

THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

"Van Gryse" describes it, and discusses Jack Astor as a Partu.

The last expiring burst of the spring season is over and town is deserted. The world and his wife were late in going away this year. They waited for the races at Sheephead Bay and Morris Park, also for the opening of the Madison Square Garden, which society, in that erratic way it has, chose to distinguish by appearing *en masse*.

The performance, generally speaking, was not the success people think. The place is too big for the band, too big and too white and too glaring. The blaze of the electric-lights, which were like the constellations of the heavens nailed on to the pillars, was terribly trying to the women's complexions. Electric-light is not only as intense as the light of the sun, but it is unbefitting in the greenish pallor it casts on the rosiest face, and New York women, save in their extreme youth, are rarely rosy. Still the boxes were full of handsome girls—daughters of culture and fashion—who, in the dress they adopted, displayed the most remarkable variety of styles. Some were in full-dress, jeweled, powdered, laced, and perfumed. Others in demi-toilet, all lace and pale colors and ribbons; others, again, in the demure quietness of street costume, with tight dark hats and high-collared coats.

To these the gorgeous ushers and the gorgeous ballet were as the bursting of Vesuvius to the rising of the evening star. The ushers were simply unspeakable in their splendor, and blazed as we suppose Jupiter might have blazed on that melancholy occasion when the mere sight of him shriveled up poor, curious Semele. The ballet was wonderfully costumed, especially when they all appeared as flowers—violet, daisy, rose—each coryphée rising from her sheath of leaves and petals in a becomingly artistic manner. The costuming was better than the dancing. Most of the performers were foreign, and, despite the terrific exercise these women have to go through, they all seem to grow fat on it. A foreign ballet-dancer, past thirty, is almost always a mountain of adipose, and though it does not interfere with their dancing, it certainly has a tendency to destroy the illusion. Poor old Bonfanti used to dance in the days of her decline, and though she was a second Taglioni in lightness, in weight she was a perfect Jumbo.

They have selected one of the fattest of the corps to represent Columbia on the quest for the national flower. Columbia is a substantial, motherly looking person, such a one as the Greeks would have used to represent Demeter. The only two real fairies in the whole company are those pretty Allen sisters, Ray and Louise, whose careers have been as adventurous as their feet are light. With, perhaps, the one exception of Carmencita, they are the most graceful and charming dancers in the country. The smallest, Louise, has the spirit of Salome in her feet. It would be hard to find so much supple grace blended with such a suggestion of strength. She appears to be made on steel springs—elastic, quick, untripping, spontaneous. It is this spontaneity, by the way, which gives these two girls and Carmencita their touch of individuality. They seem almost to be creating their dance as they go along, as if, in a sudden exuberance of high spirits, they had broken out in a wild dance of rejoicing. The foreign ballerinas seem to have had all the spontaneity and individuality trained out of them. The Allens are also very pretty. The type is Jewish, but attractive, with long, slender limbs, like young racers.

The general verdict on Herr Strauss himself is that there are several of his kind in this country who are his equals. The audience was cold until he played "The Blue Danube," which warmed them up into some enthusiasm. In appearance, he looks like the other members of the gifted family from which he springs—slim and dark and intelligent, with black curly hair, and mustache pointed on the tips, and orders on his coat, just like a French count in an English play. There is a sort of charm about him, rising from the traditions that hang about his name. Strauss—what charming memories that conjures up—strains of passionate, melancholy music, rising and falling like the beating of a heart, summer gardens, and grand Austrian nobles, and the Sophy waltzes sighing out their tender story, and the pale Grand Duchess languishing for love.

In one of the boxes many people noticed a lovely young girl, in pale-gray hat and plumes, looking as if the finest blood in the country had mingled together for centuries in order to reduce anything at once so pretty, so delicate, so fine, and so elegant. She was fair as a Dane, slender as all New York girls are, perfectly finished, and having an air as thoroughbred as Salvator himself. This was Miss Bend, the belle of a season or two, a very beautiful, wealthy, and cultivated young lady, who is said to hold the proud position of the queen of the heart of the only young, unmarried male Astor.

When such a family as the Astor clan has unmarried members, male or female, from fifteen years of age up, the eyes of all Europe and America are upon them. To save themselves from being kidnapped they generally marry young. It is the safest thing to do. Sooner or later some one will marry them, and the main thing to secure is that the captor will be worthy of the captive. Until some years ago there was always a Miss Astor in the market, and Penelope, with her hundred suitors besieging her, had a cheerful time coming to the Miss Astor of the moment. In desperation they married the seemingly least mercenary of the fond band, and so far have lived happy ever after. The only two very rich spinsters who ever succeeded in retaining their spinsterhood were the bitter end were Miss Phoebe Vanderbilt and Miss Catherine Wolfe. And of the former it was said that she was a commodore in petticoats, and of the latter it is known that she possessed so austere and frigid a demeanor that she could have carried fear to the heart of the diamond-decked steel-clerk, and cowed the salesladies at Huyler's.

The only Astor now at large is Jack, the son of William, the cousin of William Waldorf. Jack, if he will excuse the familiarity, is young and lovely and just in the impressionable age, when the fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. Jack's

fancy has lightly turned to thoughts of love in two directions, veering round as the fancies of men, better and worse than Jack, have done since Abraham loved Sara and Hagar. Naturally, Jack is a *parti* to whom the whole rosebud garden of girls will turn encouraging eyes. Cold shoulders, cooked and served with turnips, or uncooked and decked with jewels, are rare things in his experience. Charming faces always smile when they turn his way, and even the severe brows of the modern mothers of the Gracchi unbend when Jack appears upon the horizon.

Hence Jack, suffering from an embarrassment of riches, finds himself in that dreadful position of which Captain Macheath spoke with such feeling, "How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away." T'other dear charmer is away just at present in Paris getting new clothes, in which, it is understood, t'other dear charmer will shine like the star of evening, for she is a young lady of beauty and charm. T'other dear charmer is also well provided with wealth, family, and a Mamma—a Mamma whom you would never think of spelling with anything but the largest kind of an M. This lady, who has great family pride and executive ability—a rare combination, one adds in passing—has performed the same trick with her lovely daughter that Lady Kew did with Etbel Newcome. It will be remembered that when Lord Farintosh went up to the Highlands to stalk deer, Lady Kew and her granddaughter went up to the Highlands to stalk Lord Farintosh. And their efforts were crowned with the success which all hard work deserves.

In the case of the modern mother of the Gracchi, the game has been rather shy. He has not, like children in blind-man's-buff, wanted to be captured. When that young man in the Greek mythology, whose name was as long as Brooklyn Bridge, wanted to put the bridle on Pegasus, Pegasus, though he loved the young man, always kicked up his heels, just as the bit was going in his mouth, spread his great pinions, and soared away. Just so it is with the recalcitrant scion of the house of Astor. Some time ago he was in Paris, enjoying himself in his artless Japanese way, when there appeared at the same hotel the second of the beloved objects—her mamma, her maid, her dog, her hat-boxes, and all the pomp, pride, and circumstance of youth and beauty come to buy new clothes.

This is, indeed, the romance of a rich young man. With palpitating heart, John, the son of John Jacob, greeted her, expressed his joy at seeing her, and—promptly left. "What, then, causes this sudden flight from the environs of beauty?" cries petrified society. But John, wending his way to London by the first and fastest train, makes no reply, but, wrapped in the silence of the sphinx, cogitates on the railway time-table and the instability of human life. The reason for his speedy departure is veiled in obscurity. Perhaps he put the fatal question, and immediately withdrew to allow Beloved Object No. 2 to ponder on it at her leisure. Perhaps he was sickled o'er by the pale cast of fear. However it was, Paris knows him no more this season; his cheerful visage is no longer a thing for foreign maidens to wonder over, or for domestic maidens to yearn after. The second of the beloved objects is still there, collecting the choicest flowers from the gardens of Worth and Felix and Pingat. The first of the beloved objects is in New York, at the opening of the Madison Square Garden, with John, the son of John Jacob, in attendance. It is time for the mother of the Gracchi to return to her native shores.

The two beloved objects are types of beauty. This supports the family tradition, for the Astors, like the Belmonts, have always married beautiful and, generally, gifted women. Strangely enough, with all this infusion of the blood of handsome people, the Astors keep either ugly or simply commonplace in appearance. A handsome Astor is as rare as a buffalo on the plains. The men are intelligent-looking, but not even distinguished in appearance. The women are either plain or insignificantly pretty. They none of them have that grand air—that stunning style which you so often meet with in people of the commonest extraction, who come by it by divine favor. The Vanderbilts are also unattractive in appearance, and in that family they do not care enough about it even to marry good looks. None of the Vanderbilt wives are beauties, but they are all good and intelligent. One or two of the sisters have married handsome men, but the choice was not founded on the appearance. Colonel Shepherd is a splendid-looking man, of the type that grows handsomer as it grows older. Gray hair and good living have done wonders for the colonel, who is now ranked as one of the best-looking men in town. But the old commodore and William were genuinely ugly, and their descendants have improved only as far as education, culture, and a happy life can add to the beauty of a face.

VAN GRyse.

NEW YORK, June 26, 1890.

The sales of Dresden china at the works in Meissen last year amounted to \$475,000, the greatest sum ever realized in a single year. There is a Saxon tradition that the financial condition of the Meissen works is a political barometer. In 1720, for instance, the receipts were only about \$6,000. In 1807 they sank from \$100,000 to \$45,000, to rise again in 1815 to \$120,000. At the approach of the revolution of 1848-49 and of the Austro-Prussian and Franco-Prussian wars, the receipts fell off still more perceptibly.

Canada, according to Dr. J. G. Bourinot, received the title of "dominion" instead of "kingdom," at the time of the confederation of the provinces in 1867, because the Earl of Carnarvon, then British Secretary of State for the Colonies, thought that the latter designation would be objectionable to the United States, which had just before so emphatically objected to the establishment of an empire in Mexico.

A piece of leather, in a New York store, marked "walrus-hide," weighs forty pounds, is one inch thick, and is as hard as an oak plank. Circular pieces are cut from it to make wheels with which metals are polished. Walrus-hide retails for two dollars a pound.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. Peck, the mayor of Milwaukee, has a picturesque habit of prowling around the city in the small hours of the night to see that everything is all right.

The King of the Belgians was having his portrait painted and became bored at the length of the sitting. "Draw a large man, with a big nose, and you have me," he said, impatiently, to the artist.

Dinah Salifou, an African king, was so impressed by the splendors of civilization at the Paris Exposition that, when he returned home, he ordered all his male subjects to wear trousers. So they have killed him.

Henry M. Stanley, although he has long considered himself a citizen of the United States, was not naturalized till May 15, 1885. He was about to start for Africa, and came from London to New York especially for this purpose.

The Hon. William Sprague, the famous ex-United States Senator, the famous boy statesman, the famous war governor, the famous husband of Kate Chase Sprague, and the famous hero of the shot-gun episode of Canonchet, is now chief of police at Narragansett Pier.

Frascuelo, Madrid's most famous bull-fighter, has retired from the ring owing to wounds received during his career of twenty years. At his farewell performance, sixteen thousand persons—from the Infanta Isabella down—were present, and almost went wild in their efforts to testify their admiration of him.

Sig. Crispi, the Italian Prime Minister, recently gave most extraordinary evidence in the Chamber of Deputies of his superstition regarding the evil eye. Sig. Imbriani, having alluded to Sig. Crispi's life as necessarily terminable, the latter fumbled in his pocket, drew out one of the horn-shaped pieces of coral used in Naples as a counter-spell against the "jettatura," and openly pointed it at the speaker.

Mr. Rider Haggard belongs to an excellent Norfolk family of Danish extraction, and is a tall, slight, handsome man, with full blue eyes, fair complexion, and brown hair. From eighteen to twenty-three he lived in South Africa, and probably knows more of the country and its languages than any other living Englishman. He was a briefless barrister before he flowered into a successful novelist, and although he has published eleven long stories, he is barely thirty-four years of age.

Although Prince Oscar Bernadotte has not relinquished as completely as Herr Johan Orth his titles and princely rights, the sailor prince has gone a very long way toward becoming like ordinary mortals. The whole ménage of the prince and princess is on the lines of a fairly well-to-do *bourgeois*, and they live very quietly down at Karlskrona. The announcement of the birth, the other day, of a young Prince Bernadotte was made in one of the local papers, and the advertisement was signed "Ebba and Oscar Bernadotte."

The original John Jacob Astor was the son of a butcher in the town of Waldorf, Germany, and served an apprenticeship at the block with his father until he reached the age of seventeen and took fortune at its tide by emigrating to America. Phil Armour, the big Chicago packer and railroad man, says that he is "only a butcher," and he was such in his youth. Forepaugh, the showman, was the son of a Philadelphia butcher, and when only nine years old, he became his father's assistant in the little shop that made them their living. The two great turfmen of the day, the Dwyers, started in life as butchers, and as recently as 1876, they had a stall in Washington Market.

While all England is continuing to fête Mr. Stanley, it is not pleasant to reflect that his great predecessor in African exploration, Sir Richard Burton, is lying very dangerously ill, neglected and alone, in London lodgings. Yet, in his time and in his own way, the elder traveler accomplished even more remarkable feats than the hero of the hour. His romantic pilgrimage to Mecca and Elahedinah in the disguise of a Moslem devotee, his journey through Berberah to the Sacred City of Harah, where no other infidel foot has ever trodden, were but preliminaries to the great achievement of his life, the discovery of Lake Tanganyika. This discovery paved the way for all that has since been done in Central Africa, and but for the failure of his resources, Captain Burton would undoubtedly have reaped much of the honor which has gone to others.

Mr. Harold Frederic, correspondent of the New York Times, is in Berlin preparing a life of the young emperor under the direction of the emperor himself. William the Second is rather partial to journalists, and he is a voracious newspaper reader. Fifty of the leading newspapers of Europe are brought to him every morning, and he plunges through them with the avidity and the alacrity of a professional exchange editor. He clips whatever seems to be of particular interest to him. These clippings are duly pasted in scrap-books and indexed. When he is in Berlin, the emperor is as democratic as you could wish; he drives, rides, and walks about as freely as old Haroun Alraschid ever did, and he does not at all mind stopping now and again to chat with common folk. But when he retires to Potsdam, he is exclusive. It is hard, however, to keep the small boy out of what he ought not to be in. Three or four urchins made a practice of climbing the wall inclosing the imperial park and of playing at soldiers under the splendid trees. As luck would have it, the emperor and empress rode one morning in that particular part of the park and suddenly came upon the little ragamuffins. Instead of throwing away their broomsticks and skedaddling, the urchins wheeled into line, presented arms, and saluted the imperial couple. William was simply delighted, and he told the boys that he would remember them. So he did. Ascertaining who they were and that they were children of poor people, he has sent them to a military school and will have them educated at his expense.

THE FEAST OF FLOWERS.

"Parisina" writes about the Frolic in the Allée des Acacias.

Paris is in line feather just now.

It is the height of the season. And the Paris season goes on *crescendo* until it finally comes to an end in the grand finale of the great race week, instead of dwindling away miserably like a sentimental love ditty. This year it is proved beyond a doubt that "le season"—as in these latter nineteenth century days it is called—only commences after Easter. During the winter the attractions of the gay resorts down on the Mediterranean are too strong, and though the official and *bourgeois* world may dine and dance and otherwise amuse themselves from Yule to Palm Sunday, *le monde ultra chic* will not—or at least not here, having other fish to fry in pleasanter latitudes.

There is no time in which Paris is more delightful than it is now—when the asparagus is in its prime and strawberries plentiful, when the sun has not yet baked the foliage brown and the air is more or less redolent of roses, when summer is in the first blush of its maiden freshness. It is more or less beautiful everywhere. London is also at its best in June, as all the world knows. And the country, how lovely too, all the more so that it is not yet spoiled by the influx of town life. Last week I spent a couple of days with a friend who, if he had not exactly built himself "a willow cabin," is very rustically installed on the confines of the forest between it and the plain where the corn waves—a delicious green, enameled with the scarlet and blue of the field-flowers, where the only sound is the twit-twit of the quails, the rustle of a partridge wing, and the singing of the wind as it caresses the shuddering wheat ears. We were a small but sympathetic party, and we wandered through the glades of the forest when the morning dew still lay on the grass and in the evening after the moon was up, and we ate our luncheon beneath a spreading oak that shaded us from the midday sun, and the nightingales gave us a concert as we dallied with our coffee-cups after dinner. The weather was perfect, and we all declared this was Elysium, and spoke with withering sarcasm of the empty pleasures of the town. But idling of this sort, must—at least for me—be short lived, it would never have done for "Parisina" to miss one of the principal functions of the season: the Fête des Fleurs. So back I had to come to town, willy-nilly. And, I will admit freely, it did not seem half bad. The roar of the traffic was a little bewildering, to be sure, but bow bright and gay the boulevards looked, how cool and green and rich in rhododendrons and azaleas the Champs Elysées, what a whirl of gayety was in the air, and what pretty dresses the Parisiennes wear, how dainty and clear their complexions (banks to artificial help), and what beautiful weather for a battle of flowers! No sooner had I placed my foot on the Parisian asphalt than I was quite reconciled to the change.

The day before the fête was a busy one for the florists. Tons of flowers had been imported. Women were hard at work weaving garlands, filling baskets and jardinières of osier, shaped to fit the heads and back-seats of carriages, and making up bunches of flowers of all kinds. The shops, indeed, presented a busy scene. I went into one or two and admired the deft manner with which the blossoms and foliage were woven together on a foundation of damp moss almost without touching them. At all seasons, but more especially in winter and early spring, the florists' establishments are one of the sights of Paris. There, lovely roses bloom at Christmas and lilies-of-the-valley appear long before the snow is off the ground, while later, strange orchids and other hot-house plants are to be found, worth almost as much as if they were wrought in the gold and precious stones whose tints they emulate. No one whose purse is not well lined need apply. The prices are enormous. A four-dollar bouquet is a poor thing, indeed, and baskets of flowers are often sold worth a hundred. It is a ticklish trade and requires plenty of capital, and if the profits are large, there are long months when little business is done. A few weeks since, Isabelle, once *bouquetière* of the "Jockey," had to shut up shop; she had got into difficulties and was fain to compound with her creditors. She accused the long-credit system as the reason of her undoing. Fashionable florists must give credit or they would lose their customers; frequently they lose their money as well. Those who deal with them principally are the young-men-about-town, the rakes and the *roués*; the flowers they purchase are lavished on actresses and *coquettes*. I have heard women of the world complain that those of the *demi-monde* get all the best flowers. And, *ma foi!* I think they are right. It is only when a man is going to marry a rich wife that he gives unlimited orders to the florist; then, a bouquet every morning throughout the time of courtship is the rule.

Flowers are sold everywhere in Paris. There is a big flower-market in one quarter or another almost every day in the week; stalls are set up at hundreds of street corners for the sale of cut flowers, which are also hawked about on barrows the year round. These supply all ordinary needs; the florist has to meet extraordinary demands, and among these may be reckoned floral trappings for a pair of carriage-horses and decorations for a landau or calash.

The battle-ground of flowers is not always the same. Perhaps the reader may remember that one year the fête was held in the Tuileries gardens, when it rained pitilessly throughout the day. Since then, the Tour du Lac has been the chosen place; this season it was decided that it should take place in the Allée des Acacias. What a strange thing fashion is, and how absolutely the drive running round the lake has been abandoned for the Avenue de Longchamps—or Acacia Alley, as it is more generally called. We were living under the beneficent rule of Marshal MacMahon when society first took it into its head to prefer the long straight avenue to the sinuous road around the artificial piece of water we are pleased to designate by the pompous title of "lake." It is said that the Duchesse de Magenta, scandalized at the equivocal company to be met there, chose a quieter part of the Bois for her daily drive, and was quickly followed by others of her set. For some time, the *demi-monde* held aloof from the Allée des

Acacias, but as there was no reason why it should not join the duchesses if it chose to do so, and as the road was open to all alike—those with quarterings of virtue and those with neither one nor the other—it gradually superseded the Tour du Lac, which is now given up to foreigners and fiances.

Assuredly the Feast of Flowers was an immense success. The receipts amounted to thousands of dollars; four lines of vehicles crowded the alley, and the sidewalks were black with on-lookers; a great number of carriages were beautifully decorated. The first one which caught my attention was a landau hemmed with thick cordons of blue corn-flowers, and immediately after it drove two ladies, pillowed, as it were, on pink peonies. A few minutes later we crossed a dog-cart, to the lanterns and back of which were attached huge bouquets of roses. From the hood of a calash arose a hedge of white daisies, while the front of the vehicle was ornamented with sheaves of yellow and blue. Here was a carriage smothered in tufts of spirals, alternating with yellow roses; around a second were hung boughs of acacia, perfuming the air; a third was done in tri-color flowers, even to the harness; in a fourth, long spikes of foxglove reared their heads—I heard some one remark there was enough digitalis there to poison a regiment; daisy chains, thick as your arm, hung around a pair of grays; a jaunty victoria was wreathed in laburnum and blue-flags, and a superb calash garlanded with pink roses and white carnations. But I will spare you any more descriptions. You must imagine every variety of flower in season used to decorate vehicles of all descriptions. A tiny cart, drawn by a still tinier pony, was surrounded by a canopy of roses, and beneath the canopy sat a woman in white. I was told she was one of the florists who had supplied much of the floral garnish.

It was a heterogeneous gathering enough. Having ensconced myself in a chair beneath a big tree, I had leisure to look about me. And I found the place was well chosen, for in the near vicinity one of the press committee had taken up his stand; he had a big basket of ammunition by his side, and not a carriage passed but received one of his well-directed missiles, often returned with interest. At intervals the battle was kept up with considerable spirit, then it would flag for awhile, to be resumed when any specially attractive carriage happened to pass.

One thing that amused me most was to note the various expressions of the people as they drove by. There were aristocratic dames of frigid aspect, who, while patronizing the show, seemed to protest against the promiscuity it involved; these had not gone further in the way of floral ornaments than a button-hole for Jean—their fat and sober-minded coachman—and posies for their horses. Others—aye, duchesses and countesses, too—regularly enjoyed the fun. They, forsooth, were not put out when Anonyma passed in her neatly appointed landau; on the contrary, she interested them, and if they were accompanied by a brother or male friend—one who did not happen to be a lover—were not at all averse to his throwing a bouquet into the frail one's carriage, while they took stock of her generally and wondered where she had got her bonnet, and which of the many hair-washes she used. Some of the *irregulières* looked ever so much more correct and stiff-backed than these blue-blooded aristocrats of the *fin-de-siècle* school. A stranger would naturally have put them down in the same list with the frigid dowagers aforesaid, though perhaps they might have marveled somewhat why their equipages were got up so beautifully, as they did not seem to take any part in the amusements of the day, and were only a portion of the pageant, as it were, or why so few hats were doffed as they drove by in all the glory of their flower-decked chariots. This was one phase of the *demi-monde*. Another was represented by *belles petites*, all wreathed in smiles, who nodded recognition to the men they knew, and seemed to be enjoying themselves thoroughly in a good-natured sort of way, throwing flowers right and left, and purchasing fresh ones as soon as their stock was exhausted. And they even ventured, now and then, to pelt a distinctly "proper" carriage with the best flowers they had, mostly choosing those wherein sat pretty children, who would return in kind. The school-boys, especially, were in their element, and would fire away peonies and big things at everybody, taking no heed of class distinctions nor—must it be said—over particular whether they hit you in the eye or damaged your bonnet. Juveniles were in force. Mammals brought out chubby-cheeked babies, dressed in Greenaway gear, who carried large baskets of flowers in their hands, and these were more taken up with their little ones than with the rest of the world. French parents are fond of having their children with them, and I noted a lot of happy families, including "papa," as ready with his missiles as his school-boy son. There were the younger members of the Lesseps brood in a wagonette, with a governess; since the financial and other troubles, the count and countess are not so often seen in company with their numerous progeny. As soon as a dog-cart or phaeton came in view, there was agitation all along the line. The *jeunes filles à marier*, whether the occupants of carriages or seated with their chaperons beneath the trees, drew themselves up, in hope of attracting the attention of the owner of the fashionable turn-out. And it was wonderful to see how these fellows spotted the pretty girls; beauty in the simplest attire was recognized, and roses fell into the laps of many a *bourgeoise* maiden, who would go home and dream of the clubman in his white hat, and invest him with all the virtues in return for a smile, and put his flowers in water and look at them tenderly, and perhaps even treasure the petals after they had fallen to pieces. More than once I noted an expression of vexation on the face of a proud denizen, in one of the elegant carriages, as a dandy threw a posy to sweet sixteen, while she was passed ever.

But you will have had enough of the fête, and so had I at seven o'clock, though the carriages still streamed in, and even the dinner-hour was forgotten. Well, there will be plenty of money to reward the Victims of Duty.

PARISINA.

PARIS, June 11, 1890.

The total length of streets in the Catacombs of Rome has been estimated at nine hundred miles by the latest calculator.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Cruise of the "Rover."

They sailed away one morning when sowing-time was over, In long red fields above the sea they left the sleeping wheat; Twice twenty men of Devonshire who manned their ship, the Rover, Below the little busy town where all the schooners meet. Their sweethearts came and waved to them, and filled with noise of laughter

The echoing port below the cliff where thirty craft can ride; Each lad cried out, "Farewell to thee!" the captain shouted after, "By God's help we'll be back again before the harvest-tide." They turned the Start and slipped along with speedy wind and weather;

Passed white Terceira's battlements, and, close upon the line, Ran down a little carrack full of cloth and silk and leather, And golden Popish images and good Madeira wine.

The crew with tears and curses went tacking back to Florès; The English fort cut the seas where none before had been, And spent the sultry purple nights in English songs, and stories Of England, and her soldiers, and her Spaniard-hating Queen. At last the trade-wind caught them, the pale sharks reeled before them

The little Rover shot ahead across the western seas; All night the larger compass of a tropic sky passed o'er them, Till they won the Mexique waters through a straight of banyan-trees.

And there good luck befell them, for divers times they sighted The sails of Spanish merchantmen bound homeward with their wares; And twice they failed to follow them, and once they stopped benighted;

But twice the flag of truce flew out, and the scented prize was theirs.

But midsummer was on them, with close-reef gales and thunder, Their heavy vessel wallowed beneath her weight of gold; A long highway of ocean kept them and home asunder,

So back they turned towards England with a richly laden hold. But just outside Tampico a man-of-war was riding.

And all the mad young English blood in forty brains awoke, The Rover chased the monster, and swiftly shorewards gliding, Dipped down beneath the cannonade that o'er her bulwarks broke.

Three several days they fought her, and pressed her till she grounded

On the sandy isle of Carmen, where milky palm-trees grow; Whereat she waved an ensign, a peaceful trumpet sounded,

And all the Spaniards cried for truce, surrendering in a row. Alas! the wiles and Jesuitries of sounder-hearted Spaniards,

The Scarlet Woman dyes their hands in deeper red than hers. For every scrap of white that decked their tacking and their land-yards

Just proved them sly like devils and cowardly like curs. For out from countless coverts, from low palm-shaded islands,

That fledged in seeming innocence the smooth and shining main, The pinnaces came gliding and hemmed them round in silence,

All manned with Indian braves and whiskered dogs of Spain. The captain darted forwards, his fair hair streamed behind him,

He shouted in his cheery voice, "For home and for the Queen!" Three times he waved his gallant sword, but the flashes seemed to blind him,

And a hard look came across his mouth where late a smile had been.

We leveled with our muskets, and the foremost boat went under, The ship's boy seized a trumpet and blew a merry blast;

The Spanish rats held off awhile, and gazed at us in wonder, But the hindmost pushed the foremost on, and boarded us at last.

They climbed the larboard quarter with their hatchets and their sabres;

The Devon lads shot fast and hard, and sank their second boat, But the Popish hords were legion, and Hercules his labors

Are light beside the task to keep a riddled bark afloat. And twenty men had fallen, and the Rover's deck was reeling,

And the brave young captain died in shouting loud "Elizabeth!" The Spaniards dragged the rest away, just while the ship was heeling,

Lest she should sink and rob them of her sailors' tortured breath.

For they destined them to perish in a slow and cruel slaughter, A feast for monks and Jesuits too exquisite to lose;

So they caught the English sailors as they leaped into the water, And a troop of horse as convoy brought them north to Vera Cruz.

They led them up a sparkling beach of burning sand and coral, They dragged the brave young Englishmen like hounds within a leash;

They passed beneath an open wood of laves that smelt of laurel, Bound close together, each to each, with cords that cut the flesh.

And miles and miles along the coast they tramped beneath no cover, Till in their mouths each rattling tongue was like a hard, dry seed,

And ere they came to Vera Cruz, when that long day was over, The coral cut their shoes to rags, and made them wince and bleed.

Then as they clambered up the town, the jeering crowd grew thicker, And laughed to see their swollen feet and figures marred and bent,

And women with their hair unloosed stood underneath the flicker Of torch and swinging lantern, and cursed them as they went.

And three men died of weariness before they reached the prison, And one fell shrieking with the pain of a poniard in the back,

And when dawn broke in the morning three other souls had risen To bear the dear Lord witness of the hellish Spaniard pack.

But the monks girt up their garments, the friars bound their sandals, They hurried to the market-place with faggots of dry wood,

And the acolytes came singing, with their incense and their candles, To offer to their images a sacrifice of blood.

But they sent the leech to tend them, with his pouch and his long phial,

And the Jesuits came smiling, with honeyed words at first, For they dared not burn the heretics without some show of trial,

And the English lads were dying of poisoned air and thirst, So they gave them draughts of water from a great cold earthen firkin,

And brought them to the court-yard, where the tall indigo sat, And he looked a gallant fellow, in his boots and his rough jerkin,

With the jewels on his fingers, and the feather in his hat. And he spoke out like a soldier, for he said, "Ye caught them fighting,

They met you with the musket, by the musket they shall fall; They are Christians in some fashion, and the pile you're bent on lighting

Shall blaze with none but Indians, or it shall not blaze at all." So they led them to a clearing in the wood outside the city,

Struck off the gyves that bound them, and freed each crippled hand, And dark-eyed women clustered round and murmured in their pity.

But won no glance nor answer from the steadfast English band. For their lives rose up before them in crystalline completeness,

And they lost the flashing soldiery, the sable horde of Rome, And the great magnolias round them, with wave on wave of sweetness,

Seemed just the fresh profusion and hawthorn hines of home. They thought about the harvests, and wondered who would reap them;

They thought about the little port where thirty craft can ride; They thought about their sweethearts, and prayed the Lord to keep them,

They kissed each other silently, and hand in hand they died.

—Edmund Gosse.

VANITY FAIR.

Much curiosity has been excited by the rumors about the "Colonial Dames," which was heightened by the appearance of a quaintly worded circular, sent to a carefully selected list of ladies among older New York families. The circular, with some unimportant omissions, is an interesting contribution to the interest excited by last year's centennial celebration in revolutionary memories, and reads as follows:

DEAR MADAM: It is proposed to form a society to be called the Colonial Dames of America, to be composed entirely of women who are directly descended in their own persons from some ancestor who emigrated to America and was worthy of renown and esteem before the year 1776. This society is to take a somewhat similar place among the women of America that the Society of the Cincinnati and the Sons of the Revolution do among their husbands and brothers, and is to embody to a certain extent the principles of both. The object of this society is to commemorate the success of the American Revolution and consequent birth of our glorious republic, to promote social intercourse and fellowship among its members now and in the future, to inspire genuine love of country in every heart within range of its influence, by laboring to infuse healthful and intelligent information in whatever concerns the past and tends to create popular interest in the men and events that were instrumental in providing our precious institutions; to collect manuscripts, traditions, relics, and mementoes of by-gone days for preservation; to teach the young that it is a sacred obligation to do justice and honor to heroic ancestors, whose ability, valor, sufferings, and achievements are beyond all praise, thereby fostering the true spirit of patriotism, benevolence, and sisterly love.

We find that you are eligible for membership in this society and cordially invite your cooperation. Should you desire to join it, will you kindly communicate with us at your earliest convenience?

Mrs. Martha J. Lamh, Mrs. Archibald Gracie King, and Mrs. John K. Van Rensselaer are understood to be the chief promoters of this novel feminine organization. It is said that the circulars have met with an immediate and large response. A clubhouse is to be secured.

Writing on "English servants," Julian Ralph has this to say in *Harper's Weekly*: "The servants are a distinct breed from ours. Their work is performed with cheerfulness, their manners are deferential, their ambition seems to be to keep the family good-will and their own places. All hail to caste! A humbug and fraud in every other way, it yet does that much good, it permits servants to be contented, and therefore faithful in their places. But I had some significant talks with servants who waited upon me at hotels. The girl at Laurence's, in Liverpool, who waits on table in the coffee-room, was very anxious to hear about America. Her interest is here, but she was the only servant who spoke to me who was not anxious to come to America. It was because her lover is here that she did not want to emigrate. 'I'll follow no man that lives,' she said; 'if I'm not worth fetching, I'm not worth having.' But the number of servants, male and female, who managed, before I left England, to hint that they would like a chance to go to America, and who had 'hunches' or 'brothers' over here, made a considerable total. One pompous head-waiter in London offered to be my valet about the water if I would pay his fare. When it fell out, even upon a chance visit to a friend in lodgings, with whom I took cold luncheon, that the 'buttons,' who carved the meat, desired a 'situation' in America, I began to feel if George Peabody realized the nature of the choice he had between offering to fit out emigrants to America or building model tenements to keep them at home, it is no wonder he chose the latter course. One more word about English servants. They call themselves so. 'I'm only a servant,' or, 'I went out with another servant,' are phrases I heard used as freely as some of ours put on their mistresses' clothing. And they talk about their 'characters'—meaning letters of reference—quite in a way to recall old times at home."

The interesting and intricate problem as to what constitutes a proper annual allowance for a two-year-old infant, reared in the lap of luxury, possessed of a healthy appetite and precocious tastes, heir to an estate valued at something like six hundred thousand dollars, and yielding a net annual income of twelve thousand dollars, has been solved by a New York lawyer. The infant in question is Francis Marion Whaley, the grandson of the late Commodore Nathaniel L. McCready, who left him a magnificent estate. Since his mother's death, Francis has been taken care of by his aunt, Mrs. Marie Whaley Chisholm. A baby with big expectations and a net annual income of twelve thousand dollars rolling up to his credit, is not like ordinary babies. He required a cow of aristocratic lineage, kept for his exclusive benefit, with the choicest pasture to graze on. He needed an eighteen-dollar-a-month nurse. Trundling in a perambulator would not suit his cultivated tastes; he needed a drive in a carriage every other day. No rag-dolls or cheap rattles would pacify him when he felt like crying. His toys had to be all of tip-top style. To see him properly through teething and measles and other iches and pains that afflict infantile humanity, whether with or without expectations, required frequent visitations from a physician learned in juvenile ailments, whose fees would average five hundred dollars a year. And Baby Francis would need a hange of air every summer, and it would not do to tow him away in a boarding-house. Proper respect for his expectations required that he should sit up at a hotel with his aunt and nurse in something like seventy-five-dollar-a-week style. And to dress him as such a baby ought to be dressed would cost six hundred dollars a year. The referee finds

that when Baby Francis lived with his parents he was "surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries that their high social position warranted." He concludes that Mrs. Chisholm is a "fit and proper person" to look after Baby Francis; that she is entitled to eleven hundred and thirty-four dollars and fifty-eight cents for what she has expended on him, and that, until he arrives at the age of fourteen, three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars "is a suitable yearly allowance to be made for the support, maintenance, and education of said infant."

All women are equally solicitous regarding their personal appearance (says the *Illustrated American*), but while each one maintains individual theories as to correct modes of heightening her charms, scarcely one in a hundred goes below the surface in studying the subject. For instance, women afflicted with a superabundance of flesh will insist upon accentuating the waist-line—danger-line, it should be called, for the *embonpoint* sisterhood. The very instant hips, shoulders, and bust lose their first shapelessness the wise woman will follow the tactics of the wary mariner; as he slips cable and finds salvation in an open sea, she cuts stay-strings and is saved by her release from close quarters. Except for a trimness about the back of her gowns, she ignores curves altogether, and by a cunning adaptation of straight folds and elongated draperies, conceals the encroachments of flesh and breadth. Many a clumsy, unseemly figure would assume fine proportions if this principle could be convincingly impressed on the sex. A man will carry with grace a third again as much avoirdupois as a woman, simply because he permits Nature to use her own discretion in distributing the fatty tissues, and studies perpendicular lines in every garment he wears. The other hit of clever artifice to which women may resort, with a clear conscience, consists in distributing light so that coloring and features may be developed instead of flattened. In more than half the houses, on visits both day and night, the light is inartistically admitted from above. Go into any hall-room where floods of illumination are dispersed from a great height, and the freshest debutante is seen at a disadvantage. Her rosiness is fairly devoured by the greedy glare, and not until one draws her into the dimly lit conservatory are all the delicate tints restored. The secret of preserving one's bloom after nightfall lies in using wax or even paraffine candles as much as possible, and so distributing their soft glow that it will all shine from about a level with the face. "How exceedingly pretty the girls always look at your house," remarked a casual observer, never guessing that one-half the credit was due their hostess, who enhanced instead of ruthlessly dissipating her guests' loveliness by the manipulation of illumination.

And now, after her social conquests in two continents, the Duchess of Marlborough is spoken and written about in private letters as the bold, beautiful huntress. With the party and pack she follows the hounds and tramps through woods and swamp, clad in a knee-deep hunting-suit of gray cloth, with top boots of untanned leather reaching to her skirts; a Russian satchel slung over her shoulder, a rifle in her hands, and a felt hat, ornamented with a pheasant's wing, pulled down over her eyes. The lovely duchess, who is fair and fat, if not forty, has been intensely worried about her size. From some unknown cause she has been expanding in all directions, and it was to limit the extent of her loveliness that she took up first a systematic course of fasting and packing and finally a season of overland exercise. A camper's outfit is carried, and when too far to reach the bunting-box her grace the duchess spends the night under a tent.

Excitement in the breasts of the fair sex of Vienna relative to the trousseau got up by the chief Austrian and Hungarian firms for the approaching nuptials of her Imperial Highness the Archduchess Marie Valerie, youngest daughter of the Emperor and Empress of Austria, reached its culminating point on the intelligence being echoed abroad that the Vienna public would be admitted to a suite of apartments in the Hofburg—the imperial residence—to inspect the trousseau on a certain day, between certain hours, in the latter half of the week. Five salons in the "Radetzky Apartments" were set apart for the exhibition, and the rich assortment of marvels of the toilet and of domestic economy generally were certainly set off to no mean advantage. Household linen was on view in profusion, while articles of under-clothing were in texture and style all that possibly could be desired. The wedding-presents to the bride-elect consisted of jewels of great price, of serviceable and ornamental plate, of porcelain and glass, besides a quantity of beautiful lace.

Apropos of the celebration of Primrose Day in England quite recently, the following is of interest; it is from the *Bucks Gazette* of June 30, 1832, and it describes Disraeli as he appeared on the hustings at High Wycombe, he being an unsuccessful candidate for Parliament that year: "This Adonis of the sable cheek challenges attention to himself by adorning his wrists with cambric, his bosom with lace; he puts a blue band round his hat when the vulgar wear a black one; he carries a black cane with a gold head; his coat is lined with pink silk, and, be-

fore he essays on the hustings, he formally adjusts his ringlets, whose duty is assigned them on his brow. Such a man (we had almost said such a popinjay) appears to say: 'Look on my antagonist and look on me. See him, plain in his attire, plain in his speech. Behold me; will you not vote for a person with my blandishments, and the author of the novel?' The short fact is that he is as artificial a speaker as he is a reformer; that his novel—his 'Vivian Grey'—is as meretricious as are the ornaments with which he bedizens himself." You have heard how, when he tried to make his maiden speech in Parliament, Disraeli was laughed down, whereupon he cried out: "Though I sit down now, the time will come when you shall hear me." His appearance on this memorable occasion has been described thus: He was slowly attired in a bottle-green frock-coat, a white waistcoat (the front of which exhibited a net-work of glittering chains), pantalons of a large fancy pattern, and a black tie, above which no shirt-collar was visible. "A countenance lividly pale," continues the description, "set out by a pair of intensely black eyes and a broad but not very high forehead, overhung by clustered ringlets of coal-black hair, which, combed away from the right temple, fell in bunches of well-oiled small ringlets over his left cheek."

Mr. and Mrs. T—, young married people in Brooklyn, of comfortable but not pretentious fortunes (says the *Evening Sun*), recently had occasion to wonder at a new deference that seemed suddenly to have crept into the bearing of their acquaintances toward them. It was a little inexplicable, to be sure, but none the less delightful, and so they went on enjoying it even while they wondered about it. Now, a short time ago, the young housewife had engaged a demure-looking maid, a very jewel of a servant, and wholly devoted to the interests of the family, but that this maid could have anything to do with the new state of affairs, had not yet occurred to them. On one of the recent warm days, Mrs. T— met a friend on the street and paused for a moment's greeting. "How very fortunate you are to have the luxury of yachting whenever you wish, this dreadful weather!" congratulated her friend. "Yachting whenever we wish!" echoed Mrs. T—; "I do not understand you." "Haven't you a yacht of your own this summer?" asked her friend. "Neither this summer nor any other summer," said Mrs. T—, positively. "Why," answered the friend, "a fortnight ago, my husband and I called at your home on Sunday afternoon. Your maid came to the door and told us that Mr. T— and yourself had gone out for the day in your new yacht." Mrs. T— mused deeply thereat, but decided to say nothing to the maid. A few days later, however, a woman friend calling, said: "By the way, I have not yet seen you driving in your new carriage, I think." "But I haven't any new carriage," replied Mrs. T—, in amazement; "what do you mean?" "Why," answered her visitor, "a short time ago, when I called, your maid told me that you had gone out driving to try your new horses." A sudden light broke upon Mrs. T—'s mind. On the instant of her guest's departure she sought out her faithful servant. "Mary," she said, "did you tell Mr. and Mrs. M— not long ago that we had gone out in our new yacht?" "Yes'm," said Mary. "And did you tell Mrs. C— that I had gone out to try my new horses?" "Yes'm," again said Mary. "And have you told any other things like that to other people?" "Yes'm." And then it came out that not only was Mary perfectly devoted to the family fortunes, but was more ambitious for the elevation thereof than the family itself, and that upon every possible occasion she had given like information to their friends. To one visitor she had said that they had gone out to refresh their country-home, to another that they had gone coaching with a party of friends, and to still another, who had called in the evening, that they were giving a dinner at Delmonico's on that particular night. "Oh, Mary, how could you?" moaned the little mistress; "don't you see what trouble you have brought upon us?" "I ain't seen none yet," responded the astute maiden; "iverybody looks pleased an' goes away and comes back quick again, an' shure isn't that what ye like?" And wasn't it a little unjust that Mary's devotion should have been rewarded by a prompt dismissal?

It is probable that the American Anglers' Association will have no tournament this year. There is some talk of a fly-casting trial in the fall, but no enthusiasm is shown in the matter. A severe blow was administered to this sport a year ago by the competition of many professional fly-casters representing various fishing-tackle houses. A majority of the prizes were won at the last meet by these skilled men, whose only object in entering was to advertise the wares of their respective establishments. The lovers of fly-casting, as an art, are opposed to these advertising tricks.

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USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
Dr. CHAS. H. S. DAVIS, Meriden, Conn., says: "I have used it as an accessory in cases of melancholia and nervous debility, and as a pleasant and cooling drink in fevers, and have been very much pleased with it."

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

An Omaha girl is the heroine of William Black's new romance, "Stand Fast, Craig-Royson." Mr. Gladstone is said to appear in a character named Grandison.

The *Nation* has this to say anent Bret Harte's latest novelette:

It seems a long time now since Bret Harte has given us anything except *Rechnitz*. The materials which make up "A Waif of the Plains" are worn to death. There is a generally accepted belief or supposition that when a story-teller loses the fire and vigor of youth, the compensation for the loss is increased literary grace, a smoother, more polished, more effective literary style. Such compensation, poor as it is, is denied us by Bret Harte. His early stories had a spontaneous perfection of form. They seemed to be born, not made. With Bret Harte, distinctively American fiction (fiction that could never have been written in any country except America) sprang into being. He was the creator, and now he is among the destroyers. It is always said to see a man not only falling short of his best, but belittling it; it is especially so in literature. In some countries there is a custom of giving pensions to literary men who have arrived at the stage of incapacity; America might improve on that custom by pensioning writers when the first signs of decadence are noted, on condition that they shall never more put pen to paper.

Out of the profits of Talleyrand's "Memoirs," the Duc de Broglie and M. Chateilard have promised forty thousand francs to the Alsace-Lorraine Orphanage at Vesinet, the chief founder of which was the duke's brother-in-law, the late Comte d'Houssenville.

The Appletons were not long in filling Mr. Bunce's place, and the old chair is now occupied by Ripley Hitchcock, who is best known by his works on art. "A Study of George Jenness," "Etching in America," and the text accompanying the collections of etchings known respectively as "Some Modern Etchings," "Recent American Etchings," "Notable American Etchings," and "Representative American Etchings." Mr. Hitchcock, whose full name is James Ripley Wellman Hitchcock, is a son of Dr. Alfred Hitchcock, of Fitchburg, Mass., and was born thirty-three years ago. He was graduated at Harvard in 1877.

Harold Frederic, inspired by the example of W. T. Stead's *Review of Reviews*, says:

There is no reason why a place should not be made for a new journal, the *Critic of Critics*, which is to take to itself the judicial and administrative functions of a justice of the peace and a policeman, and to fine, imprison, and club the unruly mob of critics who have heretofore known no law but of their own making.

A newspaper paragraph recently contained a statement that a certain American writer, who is widely known, is accustomed to earn ten thousand dollars yearly with his pen. On seeing the statement the author figured up his actual revenues for 1889. He included royalties on six novels, as well as returns for new work done in that year, and the total was \$2,170.40.

Mme. Patti seems, after all, to have left behind her a magazine article to be published next winter.

The most interesting article that has appeared in the *Woman's World* in a long while is an interview with Mrs. Stannard, author of "Bootles's Baby," who writes over the name of "John Strange Winter." The writer says:

Since the publication of "Bootles's Baby," in 1885, first in the *Graphic* and then in volume form, Mrs. Stannard has written more than a dozen books, most of them being of about the same length. In the aggregate, their sale in this country alone has amounted to six hundred thousand copies. Mrs. Stannard's success seems to have sprung up in the night; but, as she frankly confesses, it is to reality the fruition of many years of toil, sudden as the awakening to fame may have been. Her first fiction, written while still in her teens, was published in the *Family Herald* and similar journals, for which, in about eight years, she wrote no fewer than forty-two novelettes.

"Raising the School-House Flag" is the title of a full-page illustrated poem by Ezekiah Butterworth in the Fourth of July double number of the *Youth's Companion*. This poem expresses the sentiments of the many thousands of school-boys and girls who have been working for a flag to be raised over their own school-houses. The name of the school in each State, and that of the successful writer of the essay which won the flag recently offered by the *Youth's Companion*, are given in this number.

Child's "Delicate Feasting."

Whoever has read a hook or an article to which Theodore Child's name is appended, he it newspaper essay, magazine article, or hook, has remembered him and will welcome any new output of his literary labors as containing both entertainment and instruction; and in this expectation he will not be deceived in "Delicate Feasting," a collection of essays which Mr. Child contributed to *Harper's Bazar* a few months ago, and has recently republished in book-form. He who cats to live will find that it explains scientifically the reason of many gastronomic rules and maxims, and he who lives to eat will admire it as a sound exposition of the art of good living.

The tone of the book is given in the first of the twenty maxims which Mr. Child quotes and comments upon:

A man can dine only once a day.—P. Z. Didsbury.

Mr. Didsbury, it may be remarked, is quoted frequently by Mr. Child as a gastronomer of unlimited experience and impeccable taste, but his fame is first heralded to the world in this book; indeed, Laurence Hutton has called Mr. Didsbury "the Mrs. Harris of high living." This mysterious

authority is worthy Mr. Child's confidence, however; for example, he shows keen observation in his statement of an inexplicable but incontrovertible fact when he says:

When a waiter in a restaurant offers you turbot, ask for salmon, or mackerel when he offers you sole; as language to man, so fish has been given to the waiter to conceal his thoughts.

The other maxims, epigrams, aphorisms, etc., of this initial chapter are culled from Balzac, Goncourt, Monselet, Magy, Brillat-Savarin, Louis the Fifteenth, Dr. William King, Wisdom of the Ages, and other sources, and tend to impress the reader at the start with the gravity of the subject.

The next few chapters are given up to the chemistry of cooking—the elements of which the various foods are composed, the changes that are wrought in them by the six modes of cooking, and their nutritive value—and the succeeding chapters, up to the twelfth, gradually merge from the chemical and physiological to the gastronomic. With his exposition of the fundamental principles and operations of cooking, he mingles a few recipes, not for methods of preparation alone, but for manners of serving. He even goes into the subject of table-manners, unreservedly advising the eater of asparagus to use his fingers—which is eminently proper if the asparagus be properly cooked and served. But when he says, "if you do find asparagus served on toast" (to absorb the water on the stalks as the more common napkin does) "do not offer to eat the toast any more than you would offer to eat the napkin," there will be many to disagree with him, for that toast is simply a dip-toast with a faint flavor of asparagus.

The chapters on relish and seasoning and on salads evince a cultivated and discriminating taste and an exacting breadth of knowledge, as befits the man whose cook compliments her master on his guests, because "none of the gentlemen last night touched the salt-cellar. I could not desire a finer compliment." The special relishes "of a penetrating and fiery nature, fabricated according to recipes bequeathed by deceased noblemen," he characterizes as "diabolical and dyspepsia-producing," and declares that the crust-stan "has figured for years and years on Anglo-Saxon dinner-tables as a hideous and ever-present reminder of the wretched state into which the art of cooking has fallen in Anglo-Saxon countries." The *bouquet garni*, the *court-bouillon*, the *matelote*, the *Romaine*, the *mayonnaise*, the *macédoine*—each is described in its elements, its preparation, and its gastronomic value; and there are recipes for a variety of special salads, from the simplest to the Japanese salad that created half the sensation of Dumas's recent play, "Franchillon."

"The Theory of Soups" and "Practical Soup-Making" are two brief but suggestive chapters, and then come the sauces, household and classical, the latter being "inaccessible to modest purses," "the outcome of the *grande cuisine*" of Vatel, Richelieu, the Prince de Condé, and even the *Grand Monarque* himself, developed in the latter part of the eighteenth century and the first quarter of the nineteenth. In this chapter on sauces, Mr. Child quotes Roqueplan, "nothing is more ugly than a sauce seen in sunlight," and adds, "for this and other reasons, the true *gourmet* avoids breakfast-parties, lunches, picnics, and analogous solecisms."

In the chapter on menus, *hors d'œuvres*, and *entrées*, Mr. Child insists on the importance of the menu, that you may not "find that you have devoted to a simple fillet of beef the attention you would have preferred to reserve for quails." The formula for the composition of a dinner he gives as follows:

It begins with an excitant—oamely, soup, satisfies hunger gradually by fish, savory dishes, and roasts, with which latter a salad comes in to excite the digestion once more, and prepare the way for a vegetable, which will be followed by the dessert.

For household cooking he declares the less said about *hors d'œuvres* the better, and puts the *entrées* in much the same category: "with the warm *entrées* the real interest of a dinner begins, for it is with the *entrées* that the fine sauces are served." Tea and coffee, the paratriptics, conclude this portion of the book.

The six remaining chapters are:

"The Dining-Room and its Decoration," in which he speaks for simplicity and gayety of aspect;

"On Dining-Tables," in which he demands thirty inches of space for each person and six feet back of the diner's chair to the wall, describes many curious fashions of table, and advocates the use of tables at which the guests are seated on one side only and are served from the front rather than over the shoulder;

"On Table Service," in which he commends the English method in eating, calls for napkins thirty-four by twenty-five inches in dimensions—which may be tucked under the chin if one be dining alone—condemns the English habit of crowding the table with "the contents of a whole cutlery-shop, and in the centre a majestic but not immaculate monument containing specimens of all the condiments that Crosse & Blackwell ever invented—an awful spectacle," and favors the service *à la Russe* and candles set upon the table;

"On Serving Wines," in which he introduces a digression, with the suggestion that "at a truly scientific feast each man would have his bottle," adding, and also his leg of mutton, his duck, his partridge, etc., as a partridge has only one breast and a leg of mutton only a few slices which are ideal, instancing the courtesy of a Russian host, to whom he had sig-

nified a desire to taste Russian mutton, and who thereupon had served at dinner "a whole sheep carried steaming-hot upon the shoulders of four Tartar waiters";

"The Art of Eating at Table," wherein he smiles at the mock-modesty of those who "hoist the white flag to call the attention of the whole table" by trying to hide the operation behind their napkin or hand when they use a tooth-pick—which is "necessary for comfort," but to be done "without any scraping, smacking, or sucking noises"—recommends the use of the fingers in eating anything that will not dirty or grease the fingers, and explains the use of the mouth-bowl, which few Americans use; and

"On Being Invited to Dine," in which he adjures the host to bear in mind the great responsibility he assumes in providing another's dinner, and promulgates various reforms, among them an International League for the Protection of Diners-Out, the members whereof are to exchange bulletins on the various hosts and hostesses of the civilized world, of which the following are examples:

Mrs. A.: Sauces dangerous, red wine fair, champagne third-rate, company good.

Mrs. C.: Serves tepid coffee, made with essence, in cups that have not been previously warmed. Dinner at eleven; nothing but *caviar*; nothing to eat. Two habits of her Tuesday dinner-parties died last year.

Mrs. D.: Uses ready-made salad-dressing; the fifth chair to the hostess's right hand is in a violent draught.

Mrs. F.: Serves game on silver dishes, with spirit-lamp burning beneath; result, oxidized snipe.

Mrs. G.: Member of the league; coffee perfect; both the cups, the spoons, and even the sugar warmed.

An index to the two hundred and seven pages makes the book convenient for reference. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

New Publications.

It is doubtful if Jeremiah Lynch's "Egyptian Sketches" would have been so highly praised by the English reviewers—notably in the *London Times*—if it did not present such a favorable view of British rule in Egypt; but the two chapters devoted to that topic are by no means the most commendable in the book. Mr. Lynch writes, not as an Egyptologist, but as one who has lived in Cairo among European residents and natives, observing all that came before his eyes and weighing all that fell upon his ears, and has described this land, where the oldest and the newest civilizations meet, graphically and entertainingly. As an American, he was cordially welcomed by the natives, who became willing guides and cicerones, and he learned much from an American resident, one "Carleton," who had adopted the customs of the land to the extent of taking an Egyptian wife on a three months' term of probation. Not Cairo alone did he see, but Memphis, the pyramids, Luxor, and Thebes, also. The book is handsomely printed and is illustrated with reproductions of photographs. Published by Scribner & Welford, New York; for sale by S. C. Blake; price, \$1.75.

Mary Caldwell Montgomery, the wife of George Edgar Montgomery, has made her début in literature with a volume containing three short stories, "My Strange Patient," which gives its title to the book, "The Trained Nurse," and "A Railway Experience." Published by the Minerva Publishing Company, New York. The same publishers also issue in their Minerva Series "Married by Proxy," by Frank Dupree. For sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents each.

"A Woodland Wooing," by Eleanor Putnam, has been published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

"The Universal Base-Ball Guide," edited by John C. Eckel and Frank Connelly, is the best book of its kind, containing articles by noted players and managers; complete schedules, players' averages, etc., of the leading associations; data about the personnel and games of every professional organization in the country; and portraits of noted players. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

"Doctor Jack," by St. George Rathbone, a lively story of an American's adventures in Spain and Turkey, is issued in the Primrose Edition by Street & Smith, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"The Old Homestead," a story written from Denman Thompson's Play, is published in paper-covers by Street & Smith, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"Sylvie and Bruno," by Lewis Carroll, is not nearly so fresh and amusing as his "Through the Looking-Glass" and "Alice in Wonderland." It is like them a farrago of nonsense, but the nonsense is neither as pretty nor as amusing, for it is not spontaneous; indeed, the preface, in which the author explains his methods—how he treasures up the materials of his stories from dreams, children's remarks, etc., and shakes them up together to form what they will—destroys the illusion before the reader has entered the wonder-house. The illustrations, by Harry Furness, deserve the author's encomiums. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, \$1.50.

"Can Love Sin?" a novel by Mark Douglas, is published in paper-covers by T. B. Peterson &

Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

In the Papers of the American Historical Association, the first part of the fourth volume contains: reports of the secretary and treasurer, a list of members, "Recent Historical Work in the Colleges and Universities of Europe and America," by President Charles Kendall Adams, and "A Catechism of the Revolutionary Reaction," by ex-President Andrew D. White; and the second part is a monograph on "The Origin of the National Scientific and Educational Institutions of the United States," by Dr. G. Brown Goode. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, \$1.00 each.

"Xenia Repniná" is a story of the Russia of today, by Mrs. B. MacGahan, the widow of the famous war-correspondent. Mrs. MacGahan is a Russian by birth, though an American by adoption, and is well equipped to paint modern Russian society, especially that restless and progressive element in it from which the Nihilist leaders, men and women, are drawn. These are the people who figure in "Xenia Repniná," and as a sketch of their life, their motives, and their methods, the book has a distinct value; as a story, however, it is weak and at times even a trifle prosy. Published by George Routledge & Sons, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Five Hundred Dollars and Other Stories of New England Life," a collection of seven bright tales by Heman W. Chaplin, is issued in a second paper-covered edition by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents.

"Practical Instructions for the National Guard of the United States"—Part II., by William R. Hamilton, U. S. A., comprises "Military Signaling," "Grand Guards and Outpost Duty," "Water Transportation of Troops," "Military Customs and Things to Know," and "The New Tactics." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, 25 cents.

"With Fire and Sword" is one of the best historical novels that have been put before the English-reading public in many years. It is a translation by Jeremiah Curtin from the Polish of Henry Sienkiewicz, and the story has to do with the revolt of the Cossack Hetman Hurelietki, who joined the Crimean Tartars, overran the Ukraine, defeated the Polish Hetmans, and almost conquered the Polish Commonwealth two centuries ago. Cossacks, Poles, Lithuanians, Moldavians, Russians, Finns, Swedes, Turks, Tartars, were indulging in a war of annihilation, giving and taking no quarter, drinking themselves into a stupor at night to get up and fight like tigers on the morrow, swooping down like a whirlwind on hamlet and town and leaving a track of desert behind them, and waging such pitched battles as the world has seldom seen—in one instance, the author tells how a little force of fifteen thousand trained Polish soldiers withstood for hours the onslaughts of a horde of more than three hundred thousand Cossacks and Tartars, making of it one of the most vivid and spirited descriptive passages in all fiction. The story that underlies this mighty panorama of carnage is one that for fire, rapidity of action, and absorbing interest, is to be compared only with Dumas's "Three Musketeers." The translator has provided the story with an introduction, which sets the American reader in the proper milieu, and gives all needed information about the historical events. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

Some Magazines.

Following will be found the tables of contents of some of the current magazines:

The *July Atlantic* contains—"Felicia"—I.-III., by Fannie N. D. Murfree; "Richard Henry Lee," by Frank Gaylord Cook; "Science and the African Problem," by N. S. Shaler; "Society"—XX.-XXII., by Margaret Deland; "The States of Athletics in American Colleges," by Albert Bushnell Hart; "The Town Poor," by Sarah Oros Jewett; "Odysseus and Nausicaa," by William Cranston Lawton; "Over the Teacups"—VIII., by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "Fire Horses," by H. C. Merwin; "The Language of the Recent Norwegian Writers," by William H. Carpenter; "A Vesuvian Episode," by William Chauncy Langdon; "An American Definition of Gothic Architecture," "The Master of the Magicians," and verses by James Russell Lowell and Wendell P. Stanford.

The *July St. Nicholas* contains—"The Baby a Prisoner of War," by Margaret Foster Owen; "Cycling," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell; "Lady Jane"—chapters X., XI., XII., by Mrs. C. W. Jamison; "Bat, Ball, and Diamond," third paper, by Walter Camp; "Six Years in the Wilds of Central Africa," fourth paper, by E. J. Glave; "Majorie and her Papa," concluded, by Lieutenant Robert H. Fletcher; "How to Sail a Boat," by F. W. Pangborn; "Crowded Out of Crofield"—XII.-XIII., by William O. Stoddard; "Hawks, and their Uses," by H. W. Henshaw; "Three Little Birds," by Laura E. Richards; "How Hugh Went to the Party," by H. H. Ewing; "Summer Costumes," by Rose Miller Sprague; and verses by Harriet Prescott Spoford, Julia C. K. Dorr, and others.

The *July Century* contains—"A Provençal Pilgrimage," by Harriet W. Preston; "A Taste of Kentucky Blue Grass," by John Burroughs; "The Reign of Reason," by Viola Roseboro; "The Women of the French Salons," by Amelia Gere Mason; "Little Venice," by Grace Denio Litchfield; "A Single Tax upon Land," by Edward Atkinson; "A Single Tax on Land Values," by Henry George; "Mr. Atkinson's Rejoinder to Mr. George," by Edward Atkinson; "The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson"—IX., by Joseph Jefferson; "Nathaniel Bacon, the Patriot of 1676," by Edward Eggleston; "The Anglomaniacs"—II., "A Yankee in Andersonville," by T. H. Mann, M. D.; "Italian Old Masters"—Filippino Lippi, by W. J. Stillman; "Friend Olivia"—IX., by Amelia E. Barr; and verses by R. H. Stoddard, Alice Wellington Rollins, Clingdon Scollard, Helene Thayer Hutchinson, Nathan Haskell Dole, and Zittella Cocke.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Bessie Sedgwick, daughter of Mr. John Sedgwick, of this city, is to be married to Mr. Thomas T. Dargie, of Oakland, on August 7th, at St. Luke's Church, on Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. Mackay entertained at dinner recently at her residence in Buckingham Gate, London, the Spanish Ambassador, Comte de Florian, Lady Francis Gordon and Miss Gordon, Lord and Lady Carew, Lord Greenock, Sir George and Lady Dallas, Mrs. Behrens, Sir Henry Miller, Mrs. Montefiore, Commander and Mrs. Emory, Mrs. Marshall Roberts, the Hon. Kenneth Howard, Mr. Smith Clift and Miss Smith Clift, and Mr. Fitzhenry.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent San Franciscans:

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towse and Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw are among the many at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Hovey have returned to the Palace Hotel after a trip in Lake County.

Mrs. Thomas Preece and family are at Monterey for the month of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Powning, Mr. William Powning, and Mr. John N. Featherston are passing a week at Monterey.

Mrs. R. C. Woolworth, Miss Woolworth, Mrs. Milton S. Latham, Mr. Milton Latham, Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, Miss Jennie Blair, Judge and Mrs. J. H. Boalt, and Miss Alice Boalt went to Monterey on Tuesday, with the intention of remaining there during the month.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Lawrence Pool went to Monterey on Wednesday to remain a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Dresbach and family and Miss Emma McMillan have returned from a tour of the southern part of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Dr. Harry L. Tevis are at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding and Miss Lena Blanding will go to Monterey on July 7th, for the season.

Mr. Chauncey M. St. John is visiting Napa Valley.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Miss May E. Pope will remain at St. Helena until July 12th, and then go to Monterey for a few weeks.

Mrs. R. F. Bunker and the Misses Ella and Ivy Bunker are at the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman, Miss Dora Boardman, and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hott will be at Monterey for a month.

Consul and Mrs. J. Simpson and family are passing a month at San Leandro.

Mrs. W. T. Ellis and Miss Hope Ellis, of Marysville, are at Monterey for the season.

Mr. Albert L. Castle has left the city to pass the holidays at Monterey and Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Isaac L. Requa and Miss Requa, of Piedmont, are located at Monterey for several weeks.

Miss Etta Tracy is passing the summer in Napa Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tuhis went to Monterey last Tuesday.

Mr. John P. Jackson, Jr., Mr. George S. Mearns, and Mr. Samuel F. Hughes have gone to Napa Valley to pass the holidays.

Mrs. G. H. Eggers, the Misses L. and M. Eggers, and Mr. H. C. Eggers have left to make an extended tour of Yellowstone Park.

Mrs. William Alvord and Mrs. James W. Keeney are passing this month at Santa Cruz.

Mr. W. S. Hohart has arrived in London and will soon proceed to Paris to meet his family.

Mrs. James Carolan and Miss Evelyn Carolan have left San Rafael to pass a few weeks at Monterey.

Mrs. L. J. Hanchett and Miss Virginia Hanchett are at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Coleman, Miss Jessie Coleman, and Mr. Harry L. Coleman, of Oakland, are en route to Alaska.

Mrs. and Mrs. N. K. Masten and the Misses Irene and Georgie Masten, of Oakland, are passing a week at Monterey.

Mr. Arthur Castle and Miss Eva Castle have left Carlshad and are traveling in Switzerland.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre, Miss Mary Eyre, and Mr. Perry P. Eyre left Medio Park on Wednesday for Monterey.

Mr. John F. Merrill and family and Miss Susie Sroufe are passing a few weeks in Napa Valley.

Mrs. John Nightingale and the Misses Minnie and George Nightingale, who have been passing a couple of weeks at the Hotel Vendome, in San José, have returned home.

Miss Laura Bates is the guest of Mrs. Walter E. Dean at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Balfour left the city last Tuesday to pass a month at Monterey.

Miss Irwin is the guest of the Misses Dimond in Menlo Park.

Mrs. John W. Farren and Miss Mamie Farren have gone to Monterey for a visit.

Mr. John Vance Cheney is paying a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. A. H. Voorhies and Miss Marie Voorhies are at the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hale have returned to the city after witnessing the wedding of their daughter in England.

Colonel and Mrs. Chas. F. Hanlon, Mr. and Mrs. Peter J. McGlynn, and Mr. J. Fred Burgin, Jr., are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. John Boggs and Miss Alice Boggs are at Monterey for the month of July.

Mrs. Robert Gilroy has arrived home in England after a prolonged visit here to her father.

Miss Edith Taylor is entertaining Miss May E. Pope at San Rafael.

Miss Nellie Corbett, of San Mateo, is the guest of Miss Alice Simpkins at San Rafael.

Mr. Edgar Mills is in London on his way to Carlshad.

Miss Sallie Maynard is visiting Miss Alice Decker in Ross Valley.

Mrs. Volney Spalding and Miss Lillie Erush are paying a visit to Monterey.

Mrs. James Otis is visiting her mother, Mrs. Davidson, in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Joaquin Bolado and Miss Dulce Bolado are at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, né Thomas, are occupying a pretty cottage in Sausalito and will remain there until autumn.

Mrs. J. B. Cooper and Miss Alice Cooper went to Monterey last Tuesday for a week's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page and Miss Bertha Ralston are enjoying a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. D. D. Colton and Mrs. Henry MacLean Martin are at Santa Cruz for the season.

Miss Edith Findley has been visiting friends in San Rafael during the past week.

Mrs. George W. Schell and Miss Lena Schell have been passing the last fortnight pleasantly in Napa Valley.

Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. Walter S. Newhall, Mr. Clinton E. Worden, and Mr. George H. Hellman are at San Rafael.

Mr. Spencer C. Buckbee is at the Windsor Hotel in New York City.

Mr. Hermann Shainwald and Miss Shainwald are making tour of Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Cook are occupying Bird's Nest Cottage at Sausalito. Miss Eva Taaffe has returned from New York and is there with them.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills and Miss Mills have returned from their visit to New York and Washington, D. C.

Miss Lottie Clarke and Miss Kate Voorhies are visiting Mrs. Sampson Tams in San Rafael.

Senator and Mrs. George Hearst are in New York City.

Mrs. John P. Jones and family are en route home from Washington, D. C., where they passed the winter.

Mrs. George C. Shreve, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Mamie

Reynolds, Miss Grace Pierce, Miss Florence Pierce, Mr. Fred Beaver, and Mr. Frank D. Nelson are enjoying an outing at Ben Lomond in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. L. S. Adams and Miss Adams are at Monterey for a couple of weeks.

Mr. Russell J. Wilson is in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Murphy and the Misses Ethel and Addie Murphy are domiciled in San Rafael for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd. C. Peterson are passing a week at Cazadero.

Mrs. B. F. Norris, Jr., Miss Gertrude Govey, and Miss Ida Carleton are paying a visit to Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. C. F. Reed and the Misses Reed are visiting Napa Valley.

Mrs. Homer S. King and Mrs. Frances Edgerton are the guests of Mrs. Smith-Brown at Eschol, her country home near Napa.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, who are visiting New York City, will sail for Europe in a few days.

Mr. Robert R. Grayson is at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Rice and Miss Rice have gone to Monterey for a short visit.

General and Mrs. John T. Cutting are in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dean and Miss Dean are passing the summer at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hanlon, Misses Emilie and Josie Hanlon, and Mr. Daniel M. Hanlon are passing a month at Point Tiburon.

Major R. P. Hammond, Jr., Mr. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. William H. Kruse, Mr. Charles Rolfe Peters, Mr. Lansing E. Mizner, Mr. W. N. Cowles, Mr. George Hall, Colonel Henry L. Brady, Lieutenant L. H. Strother, U. S. A., Lieutenant Samson L. Faison, U. S. A., Dr. Leonard Wood, U. S. N., Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Lieutenant George W. Kirkman, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., left here on Wednesday to pass the holidays at Monterey.

Mr. E. B. Pomeroy, Mr. E. J. de Pue, Mr. M. Stanley, Mr. J. W. Carlin, Mr. George A. Story, Mr. Gray Travisant, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., Mr. Joseph D. Redding, and Mr. James Hamilton, comprising the base-half nine of the Bohemian Club, went to Los Angeles on Wednesday to play ball for a charitable purpose with a nine selected from the California Club of the City of Angels.

Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Merritt and the Misses Agnes and Isabel Lowry are at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Charles A. Grow and Mrs. E. F. Bent have been making a two months' tour of the Eastern States and Canada. They will return to this city on the seventh instant, coming via Portland, Or.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew S. Moseley are the guests of Miss Estelle Simpson in Stockton.

Mrs. George W. Safford, of Sacramento, is at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. Charles M. Keeney and Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman are at the White Sulphur Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. McKittick are passing a couple of weeks at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Cristy, of Pasadena, are in the city on a brief visit, and are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Judge and Mrs. William T. Wallace and Miss Marguerite Wallace have returned from a pleasant sojourn at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. A. Baker and Miss Mamie Hayes, of the Hotel Pleasanton, left for Alaska on July 1st, and will visit the Yellowstone Park afterward. They will be away three months.

Hon. and Mrs. Rounseville Wildman are visiting Mrs. Aldrich at her home on Clay Street. Mrs. Wildman will be remembered here as Miss Letitia Aldrich, and Mrs. Wildman is the recently appointed United States Consul-General at Singapore, India. They will depart for India, July 8th, on the steamer Rio de Janeiro.

Miss A. S. Jones, Miss Campbell, Miss Claire Ralston, Miss E. W. Peck, Miss J. V. de Fremery, Miss Grace de Fremery, and Miss E. L. de Fremery, of Oakland, left Tacoma last Monday on the steamer Queen for Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson went to Monterey last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Suro sailed for Alaska last Monday from Tacoma.

Miss Mamie Burling has returned from a pleasant visit to friends at San Jose.

Mrs. Samuel Miller, Mrs. T. J. Bass, and Miss Lillie Bass have returned from a visit to Ukiah.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Cummings and party, of Pennsylvania, have returned from the Yosemite Valley and are at the Palace Hotel.

Hon. Samuel M. Shortridge is visiting Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Boob are in the city on their way East and are passing a few days at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames and Miss Mamie Hatch are visiting a health resort in Sonoma County.

Mrs. Christian Reis and Mrs. David Porter are at the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Hoyt, of New York, and Miss May Sherman, of Washington, D. C., are with Miss Cecilia Miles at Monterey.

Judge and Mrs. E. W. McKinstry and Miss Laura McKinstry are at Santa Cruz.

Mr. Harry E. Wise is paying a visit to Monterey.

Dr. D. E. Allison is at the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

General and Mrs. Walter Turnbull are passing the season at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Jennings, Mrs. S. J. Burgess, and Mrs. Vedder, of Salt Lake City, are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wood and Miss Eleanor Wood went to Monterey on Wednesday.

Miss Amy McKee, of Oakland, has gone to Portland, Or., to visit her sister.

Miss Lena Brigham, of Oakland, is visiting friends in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. C. J. Torbert, Miss Mollie Torbert, and Miss Agnes Burgin have gone to Monterey for a week's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Boyd are on a visit to Alaska.

Mr. William H. Stinson is enjoying a vacation of a couple of weeks at Santa Cruz.

Professor de Filippé left for Monterey last week, and is spending his summer vacation there.

Mr. Peter J. Donahue left for the Yosemite Valley on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith will depart for the East and Europe in about a week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rucker, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dunne, and Miss Dunne, of San José, are visiting Victoria, B. C.

Miss Minnie Houghton is the guest of Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Shafter, U. S. A., at Monterey.

Mr. Charles O. Alexander has returned from a trip to San Diego.

Mr. Irving M. Scott returned from Washington, D. C., last Monday.

Mrs. A. A. Nickerson and the Misses Maud and Myra Nickerson, who are now in Munich, will return here in September.

Mrs. George W. Beaver is visiting at Monterey.

Mrs. Cosbie, of Sacramento, and her daughter, Mrs. Harry E. Hall, left on Monday to visit Southern California.

Mrs. J. B. Wright, of Sacramento, who is passing a week at Monterey, will leave for the East and Europe next Tuesday.

Mr. Evan J. Coleman is passing a week at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Bothin are guests at the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Judge Garber went to the Yosemite Valley last Tuesday.

Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue is a guest at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle are passing the season at Highland.

Miss Kate Clement, of Oakland, is visiting the Misses Livermore at St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Hastings came down from Napa Valley on Tuesday to pass a few days at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Alexander, Miss Lella Carroll, and Miss Laura Clarke have gone to San Rafael for a week.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., Miss Cecilia Miles, General and Mrs. William M. Graham, U. S. A., the

Misses Graham, and Captain and Mrs. A. E. Wood, U. S. A., are at Monterey.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Charles G. Lyman, U. S. A., né Clarke, are passing their honeymoon in Santa Barbara.

Lieutenant and Mrs. George W. Van Deusen, U. S. A., are at Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor.

Lieutenant R. H. Nohle, U. S. A., will go to Annapolis, Md., in September, to act as military instructor at St. John's College.

Lieutenant J. A. Dapray, U. S. A., who is in Washington, D. C., on a leave of absence, will go to his new station, San Antonio, Texas, in August.

Medical Director and Mrs. Newton L. Bates, U. S. N., and Colonel and Mrs. James Forney, U. S. A., are enjoying a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Dr. Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., arrived in New York June 25th on the *Monongahela* after a quick passage of one hundred and six days. He will be at Newport for several months.

IN THE SOCIALIST STATE.

Time—Seven A. M.

Scene—Breakfast-room of Citizen G, 357a.

Citizen—Ann, is the coffee ready?

Citizen G, 357b—No. I have no beans left. I was too weak yesterday to call for our ounce of beans at the public office. Then we have no wood or coal. They give us only half a pail per day, and that is not half enough.

Citizen G, 357a—Mother, don't grumble.

Wife—I wanted to warn for you yesterday's state dinner.

Citizen—But you know, Ann, I can not eat peas and pork. What will they give us to-day?

Wife—Beans and corn-beef.

He—Always peas or beans.

She—Be patient, old man. You'll have your favorite dish, sour eel soup, on the second Sunday of next month.

He—Has the Socialist arrived?

She—Here it is.

He (reads)—"All children about to reach the age of five years, during this current year, must be delivered to the public academy on the sixteenth instant." "All girls about to reach the age of fifteen years must have their names entered in the marriage-register before the seventeenth." "The former minister of trade had an accident yesterday, while carting manure, and sprained his ankle." "As henceforth all houses are to be built alike, the profession of architect is abolished." "The general dress for next summer is ordered to be a blue blouse, with soldier's trousers. All the military uniforms are to be used up." "Three hundred and fifty-seven former, now useless, goldsmiths, will be employed as street-car drivers, mail-carriers, etc." "Lamps may burn only from 5:30 to 9:30 P. M. from next November 1st." "Four hundred masons and carpenters were sent from New York to Pittsburg to be employed in the mines in that neighborhood. Perhaps their families will be sent after them." "Day before yesterday, two thousand nine hundred and sixty-nine women of over forty years—" Come in!

Inspector of the People's State—Does Citizen G, 357a, live here?

Citizen—My name is Smith.

Inspector—We have no names any more; for one might have a high-sounding, the other a vulgar name. Equality above all things. Now, tell me, why are you still in bed? The public day begins at seven.

Citizen—I am sick.

Inspector—Then you ought to have turned out at six o'clock and reported for examination at the office. Get up immediately. (To the wife)—What are you idling about here?

Citizen—I do not wish you to talk to my wife with such familiarity.

Inspector—Nonsense! We don't know any such thing as familiarity, for we all stand on the same footing. You are detailed to pave the street.

Citizen—But I am a jeweler.

Inspector—Nonsense! Jewelers are no longer needed. Here is an official notification for you. Your oldest daughter will be married to-morrow.

Wife—But to whom?

Inspector—To Citizen F, 3,654, or Citizen L, 639. It has not yet been decided.

Wife—But she would like to have W, 347.

Inspector—That does not concern us. She has to make up her mind, or else she will be sent to Fools' City. Your youngest child is five years old and you have concealed it. I'll take him with me now, and he may come and visit you in about a year. (Father and child get ready and leave the house with the Inspector.)—Translated from the German.

"Pommery Sec."

The Illustrated London News of November 23, 1889, reports that Messrs Pommery and Greno, whose stock of fine champagnes is the largest in the world and commands the highest price in the market, have purchased this year one-sixth of the entire vintage of 1889, which is of excellent quality in every way, the prices paid for this vintage being the highest ever known. The purchase has cost that great firm the large sum of over £600,000—a transaction of magnitude never equaled in the trade by any firm or company. With such unceasing efforts, the above flattering showing of Pommery Sec is therefore not surprising.

—MOST SELECT BOARDING PLACE FOR A FAMILY. Elegantly furnished apartments, with good service, large grounds, etc., at 1115 Van Ness Avenue.

—ATTENTION.—HANDS BEAUTIFULLY MANICURED. Strawberry-cream and complexion baths. Mme. Elise, 404 Post Street.

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Text-Books, Stationery, Globes, School Desks, Maps, Charts, Blackboards, and Kindergarten material.

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POZZONI'S

Is an absolute necessity of a refined toilet in this climate

GOODYEAR Gold Seal Rubber Hose



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IF YOU RIDE HORSEBACK USE THE READY RIDING STRAP



to hold your trousers down, put on or taken off in two seconds. Worn inside the foot only; cannot be seen; trousers hang naturally; fits any shoe. 50c. a pair. Stamps taken. Agents wanted.

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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiania, Legano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

WELLS, FARGO & CO. BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Capital and Surplus.....\$4,694,805.04

Directors:
LOYD TAVIS, President; JNO. J. VALENTINE, Vice-Pres't.
Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Charles Fargo, Geo. E. Gray, C. F. Crocker.

H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.
Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

26th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1890

Home Mutual Insurance Co. No. 216 Sansome Street.

Capital (Paid up in Gold).....\$300,000 00
Net Surplus (over everything).....244,884.41

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. L. N. SHEPARD
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY
GENERAL AGENT.....ROBERT H. MAGILL

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South-east corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mr. Justice Norris, in the Calcutta High Court, recently delivered what is understood to be the shortest summing up on record. It was as follows: "Gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner has nothing to say, and I have nothing to say; what have you got to say?"

Lord Houghton kept a hospitable house, and a motley group used to frequent Upper Brook Street. His sister, Lady Galway, a fine, aristocratic old Tory, once said, of a murderer who was about to be hanged: "He is either hanged, or he is breakfasting with 'Dicky.'" Her brother "Dicky," Lord Houghton, was, she thought, too indiscriminate in his invitations.

A good old lady, the even tenor of whose way had been long kept undisturbed in a secluded hamlet in Vermont, spent the winter with relatives in a city which sustained a lecture-course, and she was persuaded to attend the lectures. The first lecture was by Colonel Ingersoll. She was much displeased, but held her peace. The second was by Mrs. Jenness-Miller on dress-reform; and when the old lady returned from the hall, she exclaimed, in despair: "What! no bell and no chemise? What's a body going to do?"

A Massachusetts senator used often to quote a remark which he once overheard in the White Mountains, at a hotel where he was staying with his family. On the piazza one day a girl near him said to her companion, a damsel of her own age: "Oh, Mari- anne, I do think that gown of yours is just too lovely for anything, and it is so appropriate to wear up here!" The other smiled self-approvingly. "Yes," she said, smoothing down the folds of the frock in question, "I do think this gown sets off the mountains better than any other I ever had on."

It is related of Triboulet, fool to Francis the First, that when a rich noble threatened to have him whipped, he complained to the king. "If he punishes you," said Francis, "I'll have him hanged a quarter of an hour afterward." "If it please your majesty," replied Triboulet, "I wish you would do it a quarter of an hour before." Charles the Simple of France had a fool named Jean, in whom he placed much confidence. "I wish we could change places," he said, one day; "that you could be king and I be fool." Jean looked disgusted. "What!" exclaimed the king, "would you be as banished to be King of France?" "No," was the reply; "but I would be ashamed to have such a fool."

A public singer applied to a theatrical manager for an engagement. He undertook to sing a couple of songs and execute a dance in character at the rate of ten francs per night. The manager looked at the man and seemed to recognize him. "Did you not once appear with a company of strolling players at the Vernon Theatre?" "Yes," was the reply. "But you played most execrably." "I could not help myself." "How was that?" "The manager did not pay the managers of the troupe, so that, when I played my part well, I was applauded, though on the verge of starvation all the while. But if I played badly, the audience pelted me with apples, and thus, at any rate, I got something to eat."

Once at Lord Lansdowne's country-house there was a large party, including Senior, the statistician, and Thomas Moore, who was prevailed upon to sing. All prepared to listen to the charming performance, save Mr. Senior, who sat down at a small writing-table and began to write with a quill upon Lord Lansdowne's very ribbed paper. He was compiling a paper on statistics, or something of that sort. Moore began, but his singing was rendered impossible by the persistent scratch, scratch, and he turned around to see who caused the odious noise. Mr. Senior looked up and said, innocently: "Oh, you don't disturb me, I assure you; pray go on, I rather like it." This caused an outburst of laughter absolutely puzzling to the unconscious statistician.

A Georgia man, Mr. Evans, stood in the Girard Café (says the Philadelphia Press), preparing to mail a letter, and had just moistened two one-cent stamps when they slipped from his fingers and fluttered to the floor. Mr. Evans, who is a portly man, looked at them in disgust, and then stooped to pick them up. Before he could put his fingers upon them, however, they began to move slowly away from him along the floor. He drew back and gazed at the spectacle with astonishment and terror. When they reached the side of the room they began slowly to ascend the wall. It is to be hoped that Mr. Evans is not given to drink, but he hastened to the bar-tender at this point and begged him to feel his pulse. When he returned, the stamps had risen half-way to the ceiling, and were still gliding upward. Happily for Mr. Evans's sanity, the bits of blue paper just then altered their course and began to descend, and soon they were

within reach of his hand. Then the mystery was explained. The moistened stamps had fallen upon a fly's back, and had stuck to the insect, which naturally enough started off with them.

Frederick the Great of Prussia formed a regiment of the tallest men he could procure, and insisted on their marrying the tallest women he could find, with a view of producing a giant race of guards; but in this he was unsuccessful. The men who stood in the front rank were none of them less than seven feet high, and he ransacked Europe and Asia to add to their number. There is a somewhat apocryphal story that Frederick was once reviewing his regiment of giants in the presence of the French, Spanish, and English ambassadors, and that he asked each of these in turn whether an equal number of their countrymen would care to engage with such soldiers. The French and Spanish ambassadors politely replied in the negative; but the English ambassador replied that, while he could not venture to assert that an equal number of his countrymen would beat the giants, he was perfectly sure that half the number would try.

The attorney-general of Minnesota, Mr. Clapp, was the recipient, recently, of distinguished official recognition in the chamber of the national supreme court. Here is his own relation of the occurrence to a number of his legal brethren of St. Paul. "Well, it was this way," said the attorney-general; "I was sitting in the United States Supreme Court, an interested listener to a case that was being argued by several of the most brilliant lawyers of the country. Presently a page touched me on the shoulder. 'Please, sir,' he said, 'are you the attorney-general of Minnesota?' I told him I was, and he informed me that the marshal of the court desired to speak to me. This pleased me immeasurably. I went over to the marshal, and he pointed to an unlighted cigar that I had in my mouth and said, 'It is against the dignity of the court to hold a cigar in one's mouth in the presence of the justices of the court. You will please remove that cigar!' he added, in acid tones. I was so astonished that the cigar fell from my lips."

At a recent naval court of inquiry, in New York, according to the Tribune, much unconscious humor was exhibited. The sailors called as witnesses were quite unused to such proceedings, and went about their work very much as a Sioux Indian might be expected to conjugate a Greek verb. One of them—Bill Bubbles—came shuffling forward, his eyes hunting all round the room, as if in search of some place of safety. "Come here," said the admiral. He came, of course, upon the wrong side. "No, here! What's your name?" "Bubbles." "What's all of it?" "Bill Bubbles." "Bill" Bubbles, take the book." "Book, sir?" "Yes, here!" The admiral stood up, placed his eye-glasses astride of his nose, peered through them at the unhappy Bubbles, and held out the Bible. Bubbles made a motion as if to take the Bible, perhaps thinking it a gratuity. "No, no! just place your hand on it." Bubbles put up his left hand. "No, your right hand." Bubbles put up both hands. The admiral seized the left one between his thumb and finger and removed it. The right remained. "Now, Bubbles." "Yez'r." "Do you solemnly swear that the evidence you will give in this case shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?" "Yez'r." "Well, then, kiss the book." "Hey, zur?" "Kiss the book." "Kiss it, zur?" "Yes, kiss it." Bubbles looked around appealingly, but there seemed to be no help for it, so he placed himself squarely on his feet, drew a long breath, bent over the Bible, and produced a noise which made the admiral jump. For an instant, the Bible seemed to be in peril, and the admiral, rescuing it with a sudden pull, looked sternly at Bubbles and said, slowly: "Go yonder and sit down." Another witness had had trouble with Lieutenant Lumley. "He says, sezee, 'Ef you wasn't so snall,' sezee, 'I'd knock you out of sight,' sezee. 'I'd like to see you do it,' says I. Also, he done it." There is much eloquence in these four words.

BEECHAM'S PILLS ACT LIKE MAGIC ON A WEAK STOMACH. 25 Cents a Box. OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

[Established 1854.]

GEORGE MORROW & CO.,
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401 & 403 SANSOME ST., S. F.
IMPORTERS OF ALL KINDS OF
PRINTING AND WRAPPING PAPERS

Educational.

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Teacher of Vocal Music,

Desires to announce that until August 1st he will teach on Wednesdays only, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

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MR. W. DE JUNG,
1409 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco.
Private lessons. Singing, Piano, Violin, and 'Cello.

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES 2524 California Street.

Miss Emily Edmunds reopens July 28, 1890. Larger premises, with lofty class-rooms and good playgrounds. Graduating, primary, and kindergarten grades. Language classes and music lessons. Special scientific tuition for backward and delicate children, insuring rapid progress without long hours of study.

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Business, Normal, and Collegiate Courses.

A country home and free from the temptations of city life. Thirty boys and girls will be admitted under the direct care of the President and the Preceptress. Eighth year opens August 5, 1890. MOSES W. WARD, M. S., President.

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FOURTEENTH YEAR, FIFTEEN PROFESSORS AND TEACHERS

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A SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR.

REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER, M. A., PRINCIPAL.

Good
morning
Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

It is said to be possible to restore one who is helplessly intoxicated to the almost complete use of his faculties in a very short time by administering to him a half-teaspoonful of ammonium chloride in a tumbler of water.

Every one has noticed the beautiful shadows cast by the electric-light among foliage. A New York manufacturer of wall-paper has grasped these shadows with the aid of photography, and is using them as designs in his business.

A letter posted in England in 1886 has just been received by the person to whom it was addressed, in Ontario. The mail-bag in which it was contained went down when the Cunarder *Oregon* was sunk in collision off Long Island, drifted four hundred miles, and was found half buried in the sand near Cape Hatteras.

The railway stations in Bengal have placards, warning travelers against accepting food or drink from strangers; as the latter may thus administer poisons for the purpose of robbery. Poisons are also put in water as it is drawn from wells, in sweetmeats bought in the bazaar, or in food while being cooked. Fine country, that!

The census has brought out the fact that a man can live in a New York hotel for ten years and never speak to any one or enter into any communication with any one except as to the commonplace affairs of eating and drinking. This champion hermit lives at the Grand Union Hotel, and is known as Bailey. That is all that is known about him.

Lewis Collom, a resident of Norristown, desiring to rest on the beach, at Atlantic City, secured a large board which he drove into the sand. He then sat

upon the ground and leaned his weight upon the improvised chair-back. The board slid and a rusty projecting nail ran deep into Collom's neck, inflicting a dangerous, if not fatal, wound.

In Carlisle, England, tall factory-chimneys are being utilized as sewer ventilators with good results, twenty-nine now being used. The velocity of the rising air has been measured by Surveyor Mekie, and it is found to be twelve hundred and two feet a minute in ordinary weather. The owners of the factories make no objection to this use of their chimneys, and the practice seems to meet with general approval.

The profits of the "Passion Play" this year are expected to reach a quarter of a million dollars, which will be distributed among the actors. In 1880, the profits were one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Many inhabitants of the village of Oberammergau think that this should be the last performance. Last winter, the great cross which from time immemorial crowned the summit of Köhel was blown down in a storm; and there was a superstition that when the cross fell the "Passion Play" should cease. The cross was replaced by an iron one.

The English will not consent to a tunnel under the channel, lest it might serve as a path for an invading foe, and objection is made to the proposed bridge across the channel, not only because it would obstruct navigation, but for the more serious reason that the project is impracticable. As a compromise, M. Bunan Varilla, a young French engineer, who has already distinguished himself, proposes to construct the tunnel to within half a mile of either shore, to build viaducts one hundred and fifty high the rest of the way, and to connect the tunnel and the viaducts with elevators running in iron towers. In case of danger of invasion, he points out, it would be a simple matter to stop the elevators.



GORMANDIZING.

or overeating, or the partaking of too rich and indigestible food, is a common cause of discomfort and suffering. To relieve the stomach and bowels from such overloading, a full dose of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets is the best remedy. They operate gently, yet thoroughly and without griping, nausea, or other unpleasant effects.

If the too free indulgence in such intemperate eating has deranged digestion, causing dyspepsia and biliousness, attended with a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, coated tongue, bitter or bad taste in mouth in morning, on arising, drowsiness after meals, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity and hypochondria—then you need to follow up the use of the Pellets with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, to tone up the stomach, invigorate the liver, and set all the processes of digestion at work. While curing indigestion, it purifies the blood, cleansing the system from all humors and blood-poisons—no matter of what name or nature, or from what cause arising. Unlike other blood-purifiers, it operates equally well at any season of the year. It contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to ferment in the stomach and derange digestion. On the contrary, it retards fermentation and promotes all the digestive and assimilative processes. It is as wonderful and peculiar in curative results as in its chemical composition. There is nothing similar to it in composition or approaching it in results. Therefore, don't be duped and induced to take some substitute, said to be "just as good," that the dealer may make a larger profit.

Manufactured by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The subject of advertising and the wording and display of advertisements require most careful thought and study. The local page of an ordinary country newspaper shows innumerable examples of wasted effort in this direction, not only in the amount of space used, but in the general unattractiveness of the matter and setting of the same. A paper may run display advertisements, and yet exclude extravagant examples in that line, such as would injure its typographical appearance. — *W. W. Hallock.*

When description is to be given, it should be placed in medium or small-sized type, from fifty to ninety per cent. of the advertising space being left for display, which, if it does not tell all about the article advertised, will serve to create sufficient curiosity or interest to suggest the advisability of reading the description of it. — *N. C. Fowler, Jr., Advertising Manager Pope Manufacturing Company.*

The average person believes himself not to be influenced by advertising. He is, and although he may know it, he will not admit it. Ask any one hundred men if they ever read the advertisements in the papers, and ninety-eight will tell you that they do not, and ninety-six of that ninety-eight unintentionally lie in telling you so. — *N. C. Fowler, Jr., Advertising Manager Pope Manufacturing Co.*

This question of display advertising is a vital point of importance to advertisers. The truth is, a majority of them do not spend time enough, or care and thought sufficient to produce announcements worthy of them. It is my belief that these more instances where advertising has failed to bring profit on this account alone than from almost any other cause. — *W. W. Hallock.*

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From July 1, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 12.45 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7.25 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax.	4.45 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6.15 P.
9.00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles.	10.15 A.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	4.45 P.
10.30 A.	Haywards and Niles.	3.45 P.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	8.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	** 6.00 A.
3.30 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José.	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	and class Ogden and East.	9.45 P.
4.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.	8.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Lathrop and Stockton.	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis.	10.15 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8.45 A.
* 6.00 P.	Niles and San José.	6.15 P.
6.30 P.	Haywards and Niles.	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9.45 A.
9.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	7.45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

* 7.45 A.	Excursion train to Santa Cruz.	* 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	6.20 P.
* 2.45 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	* 11.20 A.
4.45 P.	San José, Calaveras, and Los Gatos, and Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz.	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7.25 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2.30 P.
† 7.50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion.	† 8.25 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, Seaside, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6.12 P.
10.30 A.	San José and Way Stations.	7.30 P.
12.01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	5.13 P.
* 2.30 P.	(Del Monte Ltd.) Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.	* 11.15 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	* 10.00 A.
* 4.20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 7.56 A.
5.20 P.	San José and Way Stations.	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.	† 4.28 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ** Mondays excepted.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1890. Gaelic. Tuesday, August 13. Belgic. Thursday, September 4. Gaelic. Saturday, September 27. Belgic. Tuesday, October 21. Oceanic. Thursday, November 13. Gaelic. Saturday, December 6. Belgic. Tuesday, December 30. Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco. For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No. 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent. GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN via NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, April 6, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows: From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.30, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.20 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.50, 4.20, 5.30, 6.30 P. M. Extra trip on Sundays to Sausalito at 11.00 A. M. From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—9.30, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 5.00 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.50, 5.30 P. M. From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.30, 11.15 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 5.00 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.50, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.15, 2.45, 4.00, 5.00, 6.05, 7.00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 6.30 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip. From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7.55, 11.05 A. M.; 3.55, 5.12 P. M. (Sundays)—8.12, 9.20, 10.10, 11.15 A. M.; 12.20, 1.40, 3.00, 5.15, 6.30 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 6.38 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip. From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.05, A. M.; 12.05, 2.15, 4.10, 5.40 P. M. (Sundays)—8.45, 9.45, 10.40, 11.40 A. M.; 12.45, 1.55, 3.30, 4.40, 5.45, 6.50, 7.45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7.10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1.30 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 7.00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.35 P. M. 8.00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 8.15 P. M., same day.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate. Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tamalpais, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00. Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Point Reyes, \$1.75; Tomales, \$2.00; Howard's, \$2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, \$3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast. JNO. W. COLEMAN, F. B. LATHAM, General Manager. Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 329 Pine Street.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 27, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows: From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.20 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.15 P. M.; Sundays—8.30, 11 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.15 P. M. From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 7.55, 9.30, 11.40 A. M.; 1.40, 3.40, 5.05, 6.25 P. M.; Sundays—8.10, 9.40, 11.10 A. M.; 1.40, 3.40, 5.15, 6.25 P. M. From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—7.15, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 12.05, 2.05, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.; Sundays—8.35, 10.05, 11.35 A. M.; 2.05, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. DESTINATION. Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M.	8.50 A. M.
9.20 A. M.	5.00 P. M.		7.25 P. M.	10.30 A. M.
3.30 P. M.				4.40 P. M.
5.00 P. M.				7.25 P. M.
7.40 A. M.		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7.25 P. M.	7.25 P. M.
3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.			
7.40 A. M.		Hopland and Ukiah.	7.25 P. M.	7.25 P. M.
3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.			
7.40 A. M.		Guerneville.	7.25 P. M.	7.25 P. M.
3.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.			
7.40 A. M.		Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M.	8.50 A. M.
5.00 P. M.	5.00 P. M.		6.05 P. M.	6.05 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.			
3.30 P. M.	5.00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	7.25 P. M.	7.25 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs and Stewart's Point; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Lower Lake, and at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Willits, Cato, Calpella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Litton Springs, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$7.75; to Guerneville, \$7.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80; to Sebastopol, \$2.70. EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Litton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20; to Sebastopol, \$1.80.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager, PETER J. MCGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt. Ticket Offices at Ferry and 222 Montgomery Street.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., June 4, 14, 19, 29; July 5, 14, 19, 29; August 3, 13, 18, 28.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M. every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket office, 214 Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA

Colima. Thursday, July 3, at 12 M. Taking freight and passengers direct for Maranhã, Acapulco, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acapulco, La Libertad, Corinto, Punta Arenas, and Panama.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:

City of Rio de Janeiro. July 8, at 3 P. M. China. Thursday, July 31, at 3 P. M. City of Peking. Saturday, Aug. 23, at 3 P. M. Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The New York Lyceum Company is to be out here in the latter part of the summer.

W. T. Carleton's opera company will be heard out here this fall, probably in October.

Nellie McHenry will appear in another new play next week, a domestic drama, entitled "My Best Friend."

A. M. Palmer's Madison Square Company will begin its engagement in town next Monday evening with "Captain Swift," which is to be continued through the week.

A new play by John Habberton, who wrote "Helen's Babies," is to be given its first performance in this city in the late fall. It is entitled "Deacon Crankett."

Mme. Gerster sang in public in London, three weeks ago. The *Athenaeum* said of her performance: "The perfect method was as conspicuous as ever, but the power of Mme. Gerster to render the music according to her own intentions was not forthcoming."

Joseph R. Grismer and Mrs. Grismer have returned from the East, where they secured six new plays and engaged ten Eastern players. They will be seen at one of the local theatres in the latter part of July.

"The Old Homestead" remains in town only one week more. The above statement might convey a warning to the reader to get seats for the play before it is too late; and again one might read between the lines that "The City Directory" will be here week after next.

The Madison Square Company will play "Jim the Penman" during their second week, "Aunt Jack" preceded by the one-act comedy, "A Man of the World," during the third, and "Saints and Sinners" in the fourth. The play for the fifth week has not yet been decided upon.

Maurice Barrymore is to be a star next year. A play is being written for him by Augustus Thomas, who adapted "Edith's Burglar" for the stage and wrote "A Man of the World," the curtain-raiser in which Barrymore will appear during the Madison Square Company's third week.

"A Pair of Jacks" is to run another week. After a fortnight of "Faust up to Date" and the hayseed drama, almost any farce-comedy ought to do pretty well, but "A Pair of Jacks" has had only small audiences. This might be ascribed in part to the fact that Mollie Thompson's much-advertised somersault is no somersault at all but simply a "cartwheel."

The Madison Square Company comprises: Maurice Barrymore, J. H. Stoddard, Frederick Robinson, E. M. Holland, E. M. Bell, F. H. Tyler, Henry Woodruff, Charles T. Butler, Herbert Milward, Piercy Winter, Reuben Fax, J. L. Ottomeyer, B. W. Singer, Ada Dyas, Maud Harrison, Mrs. E. J. Phillips, Nannie Craddock, and Emily Stewart.

The National Conservatory of Music, of which Mrs. Jeanette M. Thurber is president, will hold its annual entrance examinations during the last week of September and the first of October in New York city. The fees, one hundred dollars in all, may be remitted in the case of deserving pupils, at the discretion of the directors, and at the end of the course, opportunities will be afforded graduates to secure positions as singers or instrumentalists.

David Henderson, of Chicago, is becoming an important factor in the theatrical world. He has a theatre in Chicago and one in New York; he has the sole right to produce "The Gondoliers" in the West—the company now in this city paying him a royalty; he has a traveling company playing "The Crystal Slipper" and "Bluebird, Jr." in the East; and he is going to produce those two burlesques in London. He is also a playwright to the extent of writing farce-comedies, being the author—or adapter from the French—of "Easy Street," which the City Directory Company will produce when their present play grows stale.

We of the benighted West saw Carmencita when she was here with the Kiralfy company and did not find her especially attractive, and we have consequently been at a loss to comprehend why New York raves about her. But *Life* has let the cat out of the bag. It says:

There is a very simple explanation for the craze over the performance of the Spanish dancer. She furnishes the excuse which prudishness demands when it wants to do what it calls an improper thing. The beer-hall where Carmencita dances has been in operation some years, and has acquired a reputation for wickedness which has rather piqued the curi-

osity of that class of people whose liberality has made it impossible for New York to have reputable and well-conducted concert-gardens. The place has its wicked side, but carefully conceals it from the view of the ordinary visitor. Therefore, the people who make Carmencita an excuse for indulging their curiosity find only a third-rate variety-show, conducted under ruffianly management, amid vulgar instead of wicked and alluring surroundings. But they have been there, and they boast of it to their associates, piquing their curiosity and veiling their boasted wickedness under enthusiasm for Carmencita's dancing. Not to be outdone in wickedness, these likewise have to go slumming, and in their turn boast of it. Hence the craze for Carmencita among the vulgar herd who only follow where others lead.

MISS ST. JOHN'S IMPRESSIONS.

What Florence Thinks of Things.

In an interview with Florence St. John, Blakely Hall gathered a number of interesting facts about her opinions of things Americans. One of the first questions he asked was: "What predominant American characteristics do you notice?"

"Oh, curiosity and hurry more than anything else," she replied; "why, they are regular Paul Prys, all of them. I am introduced to a lady, and she looks me all over from me feet up, and when she has finished she knows just how old I am, and what I have on, and how much it cost, and all that. The other day I stood for a moment, looking at some pictures in a window, and a lady recognized me, went back to tell her two friends behind her, and then they all three stood and discussed me costume in a sufficiently loud tone for me to hear."

"I notice the hurry most of all about eating. Why, everything is thrown on the table, and snatched off again in such a rush, one can't think what they would like, or eat it decently or comfortably."

"Then, I think, American women are very stiff and frightened to death of what some one will think of them. Take them in the theatre, they are afraid to laugh, afraid to applaud, for fear some one else will not and will think it strange in them. Now, English women have the originality to form opinions of their own, and the courage to express them, regardless of what some one may think or some one else may say."

"Another thing I notice in American women is that they are not domesticated. With us, every girl, from the princess's daughters down, knows how to manage a house, to arrange a room, to cut out and sew, and even to have a hand at the cooking. Here everything is left to servants, and the consequence is the servant is more independent than the mistress."

"They told me American women were such good dressers, but I have failed as yet to see the well-dressed American lady, for directly they are handsomely dressed they are simply French women. There seems to be no American style of dress."

"How do American audiences differ from those in London?"

"Oh, American audiences are very much slower to comprehend, very much less sympathetic and demonstrative than those in London, and, in a way, more dignified if they don't like a piece. We are brutes over there if the piece is bad. We hiss and groan, and sometimes interrupt performers right in the middle of a speech and tell them we've had enough of it; but, on the other hand, if a performer has a poor part, but plays it well, we applaud him, and when the author of the piece is called, he is made to understand our disapproval."

"Now, you Americans just get up and leave the house with a great deal of dignity, and leave both performers and author in despair and not knowing who is to blame. Don't you see how discouraging that is for the performers, who try so hard to please?"

"You are very much slower to catch a joke than the English, and laugh much less heartily. I can always count one, two, three after a joke before any one laughs, and if the fun is a little broad the ladies look all round to see if any one is going to smile, and by that time the men are laughing, so, under cover of it, they titter a little. The play on words and puns do not seem to amuse them at all, and I have to wait so long for the laugh after I sing 'Don't follow me where I live; that is a thing I can't forgive,' that I wish for hammers to pound it into their heads with. Then the applause is so much less spontaneous and hearty that I don't know an encore when I get one, and have to be sent on by some one else. I fancy the Americans consider us as sort of interlopers, and don't like us very well, any way. I feel their lack of sympathy very much."

"There's one thing, in England you don't have to depend so much on your personal appearance for success as here. A person may be as ugly as sin, but if they have talent they are not criticised for not being faultless in figure or face. Why, we are not to blame for the way we look. We are just as God made us, and we can't help it. If I could have the making of myself—well, now, the Johnnies would have something to rave over."

"What do you do for recreation, and how do you keep yourself in such fine condition?"

"When I am in England I do a great deal by diet toward keeping well, and I always sleep all I can in the afternoon and lie down if I don't sleep, but here I can't get anything to diet on. You bake your meats and ruin them so one has to live on birds, and I hate birds; and you cover things with mayonnaise and oil until one's liver fairly turns over. Then you eat yellow turnips and white cabbage that we only

call cattle food, and use so many tinned things. Why, in London, we hear so much about American tomatoes, and then we come to America to eat them and get them tinned. And your fish is kept on ice and frozen until it is soft and greasy when cooked. I went to the fish-market for me lunch the other day and it was just the same. It seems strange that you haven't some source from which these supplies could be furnished fresh every day. And then you eat such useless trash. Why, the waiter brought me some potato-soup the other day. I told him I hadn't any vacuum that I wanted to fill up, any aching void to empty that stuff into. *I wanted something to eat!* You don't know about boiling, either, and I'd walk to England for a beefsteak pie, made properly, or a pudding. I grew too stout awhile ago, but brought me weight down from thirteen stone to ten stone four by going without drinking, either with me meals or at any other time in the day, only just a little sip to allay the dreadful thirst, and walking a great deal. It requires more self-denial to do that than almost any other method of reduction, but it's a sure thing."

"Do you mind giving the secret of your make-up, which is much more delicate than some of our prima donnas employ?"

"Why, they use what I call wig-paste—grease-paint they call it. Oh, I wouldn't use anything so nasty. First, I use simply crème imperatrice and over that bismuth, which I pay two pounds a bottle for, dry rouge on the cheeks, a tiny spot of red in the corner of me eyes, and blue lines about them. I never make up me lips at all, for the expression of a person's face depends so much upon the mouth. If the bismuth is used dry, it makes your arms shine and gleam like a piece of white marble, but I use it a little moist, and the effect is only white. I take it off as quickly as possible with cold cream and a good wash, with borax and camphor in the water."

"I have to make a three-minute change in this opera, and things fly, I tell you. I have all me petticoats tied with the same string, and they are untied ready to kick off before I get me dressing-room door shut. Then, while me maid unbooks the lower part of me bodice, I unfasten it at the top and it drops. There are no skirts under the Marguerite dress. I designed that dress myself, and skirts spoil it."

"But there are some very naughty and suggestive glimpses of pink tights?"

"Yes; call them tights, if you like, but I wear them all the time, generally to match the color of me gown, and always of silk. Those are all on, or I never could get dressed. The dress fastens only in two or three places, and we work at the fastenings both together. Stage-dresses are always made with a view to the quick changes, and when I get dressed, I put on all the stockings I am going to wear in their proper order, and simply strip them off as I need to in a hurry."

"Can you tell us something about the troupe of pretty girls you have with you?"

"No. I do not know them at all, but it is safe to say that they come from all classes of society, for they always do. They get stage-struck, and think they are going to do something great, just like girls here; so they come in, and there's a fascination about it that keeps them here. A chorus-girl, at first, gets from twenty-five to thirty-five shillings a week. After a little, if she has a very fine figure, she has a line given her to say at two pounds a week, and is put up in front to help attract the Johnnies."

"Were you ever in the chorus?"

"No. I began playing first in amateur performances, then I sang ballads in a diorama of America at fourteen years of age, then in operetta, and afterward in grand opera for two years, during which time I studied and played thirty-two operas. I went into comic opera later, simply because I could earn more money, and my favorite character is Mme. Favart."



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For lack of time at the late auction many of the Oil Paintings were not put on the easel.

They are now on exhibition at our Art Gallery, and will be sold at AUCTION PRICES for a short time.

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THE FISHERMAN AND THE GENIE.

Once upon a time there was a fisherman, who was so poor that he could not afford to go to the Fishing Banks on a Sunday excursion, but had to cast his net in the waters of Coney Island. Early one morning, just as the last revelers were sinking in slumber beneath the Iron Pier, the fisherman went down to the shore, and cast in his nets. When he drew them out, they were so heavy that he thought he had made a good haul; but, to his disappointment, he found that they contained nothing but an old straw mattress, twenty-two watermelon rinds, and a variety of other articles of more weight in the net than value in the market.

Scheherazade stopped here because it was day. The Sultan, however, was so charmed with the beginning of her romance that he yielded to the solicitation of the electric-lighting companies, and granted her another stay of execution in order that he might hear the remainder. The next night, therefore, the Sultanness continued as follows:

The fisherman, vexed to have made such a sorry haul, threw in his nets a second time, and, when he drew them, encountered a resistance which led him to believe that he had taken an abundance of fish. But to his grief he found nothing but an assortment of bric-à-brac from the department of street cleaning. He cast his nets a third time, and drew out a number of barrel hoops and several empty tomato-cans.

Then, as the sun was breaking in the east, the unhappy fisherman knelt on the sand, and besought Allah to reward his diligence with a good haul of something, if it was nothing more than skate, which he could sell for halibut in the market. The fourth time he drew in his nets, he found that they contained a heavy copper vessel, fastened with a seal. And the fisherman rejoiced, and said that he would dispose of it for old brass in a junk-shop. He lifted the jar from the net, and took off the sealed cover, when, lo! a cloud of smoke ascended from it and took shape in the air above him. He looked up and beheld an awful genie of enormous stature, and with a cast of countenance so terrible that two gentlemen, who were dozing on the sand, recognized the apparition as a familiar friend, and the big wooden elephant turned tail, and ran at full speed toward Brooklyn.

The fisherman fell on his knees in fright, and cried aloud, saying:

"There is but one Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet. Where do you come from?"

Then the genie replied, saying:

"I am the Irish vote. For my presumption, I was bottled up and cast into the sea by a long-suffering people. I have taken an oath to kill whomever should release me from this copper jar; so prepare at once for death."

At this point, Scheherazade paused in her narrative because it was day; but the Sultan had become so interested in her story that he gave her another respite, and remarked that her sentence would be commuted if she would tell him how to bottle up his Irish vote.

The following night the Sultanness continued her tale in the following language:

But the fisherman said: "How do I know that what you say is true? It can not be possible that such a great, blustering, ugly spirit as yourself should have come out of such a small copper jar. If you really were in there, let me see you go back, and then I will believe you."

"I am not the spirit to take a dare from the likes of you," said the genie; and with these words he made himself smaller by degrees, until he easily entered the neck of the jar.

"There!" he cried, from within; "do you believe now that such a great noisy creature as I was a moment ago was formerly contained in a little green jar?"

"I am glad, at least, to know how to get you back where you belong," replied the fisherman, as he hastily put the cover on the jar, and sealed it with the impression of Solomon. "Now," he exclaimed, triumphantly, "I shall throw you back into the sea, and for the rest of all time I will remain seated on this shore to warn every passer-by not to release you. I know your story well. Cast out of your own dominions you found a haven here. Strangers took you in and nursed you, and as soon as you could stand alone you began to rule, just as you are in whatever part of the world you have inhabited. As soon as I released you, you wished to ill me."

"If you will let me out, I will do exactly as you bid me," whined the genie.

"That's what you say every time," rejoined the fisherman; "but I know you too well, and I don't propose to let loose such a nuisance as you are in a nutty which has been well rid of you for the past century."

And with these words the fisherman flung the copper-jar far out to sea, and it sunk many fathoms beneath the waves.

At the conclusion of this tale the day was ending in the east, and the Sultan declared that the vivid imagery and boundless wealth of imagination the romance of the fisherman and the genie surpassed anything that he had ever heard—*J. L. Ford in Puck.*

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Did her father kick?" "Yes, but he missed, thank heaven!"—*Life.*

Cleverton—"Are you going yachting this season?" *Dashaway*—"No; I've signed the pledge."—*Life.*

Student—"Pshaw! I'll never learn this type-writing." *Teacher*—"Never mind, my dear; you're pretty."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Summer girl (roguishly)—"Why do you want to kiss me?" *College youth* (frankly)—"Oh, just to get acquainted."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

"What are you doing now?" "I'm writing for a living." "For the papers or magazines?" "No. Writing to the old man for money."—*Light.*

"Well, I'm ohm," said the electrician, when he had let himself in after midnight. "But why are you insulate?" asked his wife.—*New York Sun.*

In Chicago: *Penelope*—"There is a slight coolness between your father and mother, is there not?" *Perdita*—"Oh, no; only a divorce."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Matron—"You appear to be very fond of your little playmate. It is pleasant to see such love among children." *The bigger one*—"Yes'm; he's got er penny to spend."—*Life.*

Miss Plaingirl—"I sometimes fear that he doesn't love me; yet he kissed me last night." *Miss Prettygirl*—"Then you may rest assured that he loves you."—*New York Sun.*

"Are these complexion-powders warranted fast colors?" "Well, madam, I can not say that they will wash like the natural complexion, but they won't rub off on a coat-sleeve."—*Life.*

In Chicago: *He*—"May I have the pleasure of your company at supper, Miss Breezy?" *She*—"You're a little late, Mr. Waldo; I've been down to supper three times already."—*Judge.*

"Clara," said her mother, severely, "did I see Mr. Spoodle holding your hand last night?" "Yes; but he was showing me how he saw some people walking along the other night."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Little girl—"Your papa has only got one leg, hasn't he?" *Veteran's little girl*—"Yes." *Little girl*—"Where is his other one?" *Veteran's little girl*—"Hush, dear; it's in heaven."—*Boston Courier.*

"You mustn't hoe that corn with yer face to the east'ard," said Farmer Sparrowgrass to his hired man. "Why not?" asked Bill. "Because the old proverb says, 'Westward ho!'"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

"Dora," said Harry, tenderly, "how soon will you marry me?" "Oh, in about three years," replied Dora, carelessly. "I asked you how soon, not in how long," complained Harry.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

The friend (in jeweler's store)—"It is beautiful, indeed, but it would hardly become a widow." *The widow*—"Wouldn't it, really? Pshaw! Why, did Henry die before we came to Paris?"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Ethel—"How restless and full of movement that actress is." *Maud*—"You would be full of movement, too, if you had on as many real diamonds as she has, and were trying to make them sparkle."—*Chatter.*

Dr. Ford—"May I ask, why this refusal?" *Miss Millions*—"Certainly, doctor; you know my sister married a lawyer, so if I expect to get any of papa's money, I must marry a lawyer also."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Clerk (in ready-made clothing-store)—"Will you please give me an hour off this afternoon, sir?" *Proprietor*—"What do you want to get off for?" *Clerk*—"I want to go and buy a suit of clothes."—*Boston Courier.*

Aunt Maria—"Your husband seems unusually amiable and pleasant now, dear." *Ethel* (recently married)—"Well, yes. You see, I have stopped going to cooking school, and we now have a cook."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"John," said Mrs. J., "you were talking all night in your sleep about a jack-pot. What is a jack-pot?" *John* (scornfully)—"You know what a jack rose is, I suppose. Well, they can grow in pots, can't they?"—*Life.*

Opulent pater—"You will excuse my saying it, but I understand you are absolutely without means of your own." *Suitor* (apologetically)—"That is true, sir, otherwise I would not think of asking you for your daughter."—*Life.*

Ferguson—"Why did Richard the Third offer to give his kingdom for a horse?" *McCusick*—"I don't know, unless he had once paid cab-hire in New York, and thought it would be cheaper to own a horse, no matter what he paid for it."—*Texas Siftings.*

Angry caller (at newspaper office)—"Say, I want that little ad. I gave you two days ago—" *Wanted*—"An electric battery in good working order"—taken out." *Advertising clerk*—"What is the matter? Didn't we give it the right location?" *Angry caller*—"Location be dashed! The blamed

ad. overdid the business. My house was struck by lightning last night."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"A friend of mine—a consumptive—was set upon by ten cowboys out in Arizona one day. He fought like a tiger for ten minutes and then his assailants took to flight." "What did your friend do?" "Stayed where he was—he had to. They'd killed him."—*Chatter.*

Burly party—"Are you aware, sir, that you deliberately placed your umbrella in my ear last evening?" *Little Blufferton*—"Very careless of me, I'm sure. I wondered what became of it, and—would it be too much trouble to ask you to return it?"—*Dry-Goods Chronicle.*

DLXXIV.—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, July 6, 1890.

Mock Turtle Soup.
Baked Crabs.
Cornish Patties. Potato Croquettes.
Green Corn. String Beans.
Roast Veal.
Tomatoes, Mayonnaise Dressing.
Currants, Meringues and Lady Fingers.
Peaches, Pears, Cherries, Plums, Figs,
Apricots, and Apples.

CORNISH PATTIES.—Three-quarters of a pound of raw beef, cold rare roast-beef, or beefsteak, one-half pound of raw potatoes, one Spanish onion, one teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, one pound of flour, four ounces of beef-suet, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, one-half pint of cold water. Cover the potatoes in a saucepan with cold water, and bring the water to a boiling point; when this is reached, take out the potatoes and cut them into small square pieces. Put the pieces upon a plate and shred over them the onion; add to these the meat, which must also be cut into small square pieces, and sprinkle over all the pepper and nearly all of the salt. Toss these all together with a fork, then place the suet upon a board and chop it very finely, mix well with it the flour, baking-powder, and the remainder of the salt, and make into a light dough with the cold water. Cut the dough then into six or eight pieces, roll each piece out round and to a quarter of an inch thickness, brush the edges of the rounds with a little cold water, and put into each an equal part of the meat mixture. Gather up the edges of the crust and pinch them firmly together, brush each over with a little egg or milk, and bake them in a quick oven three-quarters of an hour.

A Streak of Fortune.

Mrs. W. Keller, of this city, had the good fortune, on the nineteenth day of April, to be notified that she was the holder of a twentieth of ticket number 21,303 of the Louisiana State Lottery, which drew the capital prize of \$300,000, and last week she received a sack of twenty-dollar gold-pieces from the lottery company, amounting to \$15,000, which she has deposited in the First National Bank for the present.

Mrs. Keller, when asked about the good fortune, said: "I have been buying tickets for the last three years and won two prizes before, amounting in all to \$30. This time I sent for a ticket and told the messenger to procure a high number, as I did not want a low number. I received the ticket with number 21,303, and was overjoyed when I saw that the number on my ticket was the winner of the capital prize." When asked what she would do with her little fortune, she replied: "I shall save it and invest some." "Did you make a present to the party that sold you the ticket?" "Yes, I made the gentleman a present of \$50."

Every one is very much pleased that Mrs. Keller is the lucky winner, and the money has surely fallen into good hands.—*San Luis Obispo (Cal.) Republic*, May 16th.

Santa Cruz.

Santa Cruz is one of the most picturesque sea-side places in the world, and the popularity it has acquired through its beautiful scenery, lovely beach, and delightful climate, is so great that it has long been a matter of surprise that some enterprising real-estate firm has not taken hold of its lands, advertised its merits, and supplied the public with homes and investments in this gem of sea-side cities. It is now announced that an auction sale of Surfside, one of the most attractive pieces of land in Santa Cruz, commanding views of Monterey Bay, and fronting on the famous Cliff Drive, along the wildest part of the shore, where the displays of surf are marvelously beautiful, is to be offered at auction during the encampment there this month of the San Joaquin Valley contingent of the National Guard. The day selected is Saturday, July 12th. The sale will be conducted by the Carnall-Fitzhugh-Hopkins Company of 624 Market Street, San Francisco, and inquiries may be addressed either to them or to E. A. Crennan, their resident manager, 127 Pacific Avenue, Santa Cruz. A special excursion train will be run from San Francisco, and all buyers from any part of the State will have their fare to and from Santa Cruz refunded.

—A LADY WHO WILL DO WRITING FOR ME AT her own home, will receive good wages. Address, with self-addressed stamped envelope: Miss Flora D. Jones, South Bend, Ind., Proprietor of the Famous "Blush of Roses" for the Complexion.

—YOUNG LADIES IN THE COUNTRY, WHO FEAR tan or freckles, will find a perfect protection for the most delicate complexion in Rachel's Enamel Bloom. For sale by all druggists.

—FULL-DRY SUITS FOR HIRE, SUITABLE FOR balls, parties, weddings, or receptions, on reasonable terms, at Original Misfit Clothing Parlors, north-west corner Post and Dupont Streets.

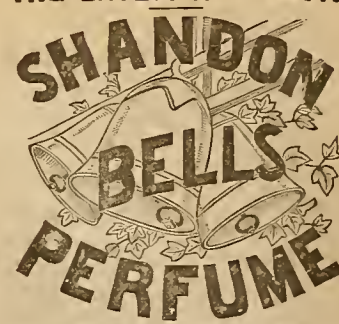
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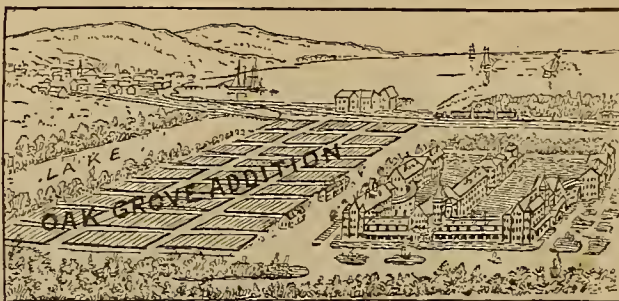
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The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 4, 1890.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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Mr. Colis P. Huntington is not meeting with that degree of success in California politics which he anticipated. When a gentleman has a great deal of money, a perfect willingness to use it without scruple, and a hot desire to do somebody else damage, he ordinarily finds men and circumstances obliging. The net result, however, of all Mr. Huntington's efforts to organize a conspiracy for the political overthrow of Governor Stanford must be to him as surprising as it is disappointing. In any State of the Union a senator, no matter how irreproachable his character and distinguished his services, has about him elements of opposition in his own party, herd of rival ambitions, disapproval of his acts, chagrin at not getting appointed to office, the spirit of faction, or what not. Doubtless all these elements exist in California with reference to Senator Stanford. It would be very strange, indeed, if they did not. But Mr. Huntington has sought in vain to fuse and use them. He turned to the business community and meanly slandered his partner, the late president of the Southern Pa-

cific, as a business man, and there was no response—at least not of the kind that was desired. The business community—the merchants, the bankers, and manufacturers, men of substance generally—do not, as a rule, interest themselves greatly in politics, but Mr. Huntington has found them to be steadfast, if quiet, partisans in this case. Some of them may not agree at all with the senator's views on finance or other matters, but they all have confidence in the excellence of his intentions. They are for Governor Stanford, because they have met and known him in their business life. Mr. Huntington has discovered a like disheartening condition of things at the other end of the financial and social scale. The mechanics and laborers, who are much keener politicians than the business men, know all about what the Senator has done in Washington, and approve his course there as being in their interest. They have recognized the mind and heart behind the distinctive measures proposed by him as the same that, in his conduct of a great property, have never failed to be fair and sympathetic toward themselves. They know Governor Stanford, and feel toward him only gratitude, liking, and esteem. If the presidency of the railroad company depended upon the votes of the employees, and an election were to take place to-morrow, how many votes would he cast against Stanford? Mr. Huntington can derive from this unique popularity of his partner the reason why he has not been able to rally even the disgruntled small politicians of the Republican party against him. Politicians' heads have an antipathy for stone walls.

In the Democratic party—which Mr. Huntington made happy with hope when he began his open warfare on Senator Stanford—matters have not progressed in a flattering way. The cry raised for young Mr. White, of Los Angeles, sounded quite cheerful and vigorous for a time, but it has died down. The widely spread report that Mr. Huntington was behind Mr. White's candidacy, which report has not been authoritatively denied, has apparently had the reverse of the intended effect. It has deprived an otherwise legitimate candidature of respectability. The *Examiner's* nominee, the Hon. Tom Clunie, has evoked considerably less Democratic enthusiasm than Mr. White. We have heard no Democrat, other than these two, mentioned as a possible candidate in opposition to Stanford. It is our present judgment that there will be no serious attempt made to elect a Democratic senator, Colis P. Huntington's aid and comfort notwithstanding. The common sense of California favors the return of Governor Stanford for a second term, since it is his wish to serve his State further. There is not enough partisanship going in these days and latitudes to make it a matter of much concern to the ordinary citizen whether he is represented at Washington by a Republican or a Democrat. It is our practice, in fact, to keep a senator of each party there, an arrangement which bears good practical fruit in the way of appropriations, which we all want. Why should Mr. Huntington suppose himself to be able to come into a State to whose people and interests he has become a stranger, not to say an enemy, and induce it to exchange Senator Stanford for Senator White? We desire the latter gentleman and all his friends to understand that we mean no disrespect either to his character or abilities when we say that it is the prevailing belief that it would be folly to retire Governor Stanford to make room for him. Mr. White is a young man of notable qualities. He is one of the very few natives of the State who has achieved something like distinction. As a lawyer, a large practice testifies to his possession of brains and legal knowledge. In the State legislature, his career was marked at once by conspicuous integrity and a great deal of shrewdness. But something more than cleverness and youthful energy are required in a senator. As for the Hon. Tom Clunie, that young gentleman is doing very well where he is, and, we suspect, has had too much intelligence to take his nomination by the *Examiner* seriously. He is industriously rearing a pyramid of appropriations, cementing the same, of course, with the immortal principles of Jefferson and Jackson, and doubtless hopes to step, a few years hence, from the golden summit of his structure into the Senate chamber. Given that the Democratic party of the State were united on either of these two

young men—which it is not and can not be brought to be—it could not, though reinforced with all Huntington's hate, influence, and money, come within miles of success. Governor Stanford would divide with any candidate the votes of the men of intelligence and substance in the Democratic party. They know that it is not alone in the Senate chamber that a senator accomplishes his work. Social position, weight of personal character, the prestige of mighty personal achievement in the field of industrial enterprise, the gravity of ripe years—all these are Governor Stanford's, and all tell in Washington in the State's interest. Therefore the State, waiving party lines, will crown his first term with the approval of another.

The *Argonaut* extends its sincere commiseration to Colis P. Huntington. By wanton public assault, by private insult and secret plotting, he has endeavored to break down one whose business partner and personal associate he had been for the better part of a life-time, and who had upon him claims for respect and consideration which any man of loyalty and breadth of nature could not have ignored. Huntington could and did ignore them, and that is why we commiserate him. But we have no pity for the kind of suffering that must be his in finding that it needed only his attempt to wound the man, whose moral and intellectual superiority embittered him, to bring to that man's support and defense the clean citizenship of his State, whether in political sympathy with him or not. He asked California the question: "Do you want Leland Stanford for senator?" And California has already answered: "Yes; but whether we do or not, we do not want Colis P. Huntington for senator or anything else." It is the snake that has been hurt by its own venomous bite.

One by one the wise sayings of the older times are found to be incorrect. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country" is at last discovered to be untrue. Perhaps, however, it is because America is so broad in its area, so wide in its dimensions, and its "prophets" are of such hasty growth, that in this country there are so many exceptions to the rule. A journal printed in New York, called the *Journalist*, comes to us with the life and portrait of "Michel Henri de Young," proprietor of the *Chronicle*, with his life and all its startling incidents compressed into nine columns, with a page embracing an illustration of the picturesque and interesting structure dedicated to the "art preservative," which the *Chronicle* has erected as its home, where weaving spiders constantly do work. If Mr. Michel Henri de Young is as handsome a man as represented in his portrait, then the artist has done him full justice and transmitted him to remote posterity as "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." The writer of the article has done "Michel Henri" more than justice in attributing to him the accomplishment of an important historical fact—accomplished by his brother Charles before he had any control of the journal of which he is now the sole surviving representative. The *Chronicle* is justly chargeable with the adoption of the new constitution, because it recognized and kept alive the Kearney agitation, and out of the Kearney agitation grew the adoption of the new constitution and the political revolution which threw the municipal governments of San Francisco, Sacramento, and Oakland into the hands of mayors nominated by Kearney, and placed the supreme and inferior courts of the State into the hands of incompetent attorneys, not all of whom were the finest, and but four of whom were properly educated in the law—an historical event that has caused the State the loss of millions and has retarded its prosperity for a decade of years. But as there is nothing so successful as success, and nothing that gives a journal so much of credit as the fact that its circulation is large, we must admit, as stated in the historiette, "the *Chronicle* has the largest circulation," and Michel Henri is rich, and, quoting from the article, we admit the truth of the following:

But the character of the man can be judged from the success of his paper. He is a Californian in feeling and temperament, pushing, aggressive, shrewd, enterprising. He is a power in his State, and though he has been repeatedly urged to accept office, he has steered clear of it. He believes that he can serve his State to better

the head of his great paper than in legislative halls. As leader of the California delegation at the Chicago Convention in 1887, as one of California's committee on the World's Fair, and in similar positions, he works with his characteristic vigor and effectiveness. But his character has been written in the paper he has made. Personally he is genial, earnest, approachable, unaffected. The fact that he is a rich man and an influential man has not destroyed the thoroughly "good fellow," which causes his hosts of friends to rejoice with him in his success and wish him more of it.

We should be glad to print, *in extenso*, the life of the proprietor of the *Chronicle*, with the portrait of its editor and the engraving of its building, and thus relieve the *Chronicle's* proprietor from the embarrassment of proclaiming his own virtues and the instructive moral of his own prosperous career.

Mr. Bassett, of the American party, has written a letter to General John Bidwell, candidate of the Prohibition party, asking him to visit San Francisco to confer with certain leaders of the American party who are considering the propriety of nominating him as the candidate of that party for the office of governor. In accordance with the invitation, General Bidwell came to San Francisco and had a conference with the gentlemen who are conspicuous in the front ranks of the American party. The interview occurred at two o'clock P. M., on Monday, at the Occidental Hotel. General Bidwell was introduced to the gentlemen assembled, and the object of the interview was briefly stated to him by a member of the delegation. It was substantially to inquire his views upon the principles announced as the policy of the American party, and to ascertain from him if he indorsed them and would consent to the use of his name by the American State Convention to be assembled in San Francisco on the fourth day of August, for the purpose of nominating an American State ticket. General Bidwell, in response to the invitation, entered into a careful and elaborate statement of his views upon the question of naturalization, the qualification of American citizenship, and the policy that ought to control our relations with the class of foreigners who are seeking homes and citizenship under our laws in the United States of America; and while they are too long for publication in a journal of limited space, it is sufficient to say that they were entirely acceptable to the gentlemen who listened to them, and so far as they can exercise any influence in the convention, it will be exerted to make General Bidwell the head of the American party as its candidate for the office of governor. It is not necessary to say that General Bidwell is loyal to the party which first nominated him, and while he indorses the principles set forth in the American platform of resolutions, does not expect to exact from members of the American party anything but a general approval of the principles advocated by the Prohibitionists—there are ultra men in both parties who hold extreme views upon the subject of temperance and upon the American views and policies—he would be pleased to think that both parties could unite to advance a general temperance reform and an advancement of the principles which Americans—whether citizens by birth or adoption—could subscribe to the general doctrine that Americans had the right, and that it was their duty, to rule America in everything that should contribute to the moral welfare or temporal prosperity of the American people. Under these general lines of policy, he could see no impropriety in uniting the rank and file of the Prohibition and American parties, and said that he should be proud and glad to receive the nomination of the American party as he had that of the Prohibition party, without any pledges or promises other than were guaranteed by his public and private acts as indicated in his past life. The interview was a very satisfactory one, and, in our judgment, will make General Bidwell the nominee of the American party for governor. It is our judgment, also, that no man will be indorsed from the Republican or Democratic ticket unless for a judicial nomination. It is the sentiment expressed by Americans on every side, that they have nothing to hope from the Republican party, and that the shortest road to success lies along the path in which the dead corpse of the Republican party is liable to be found. It is the observation of Americans that the Republican and Democratic parties are insincere in the passage of American resolutions, and it has been found by experience that a President or governor who is indebted to the American vote for election, becomes indifferent to American principles so soon as he finds himself in office; the most recent and conspicuous instance of this kind of indifference has been observed in the conduct of President Harrison and Governor Waterman. The American sentiment made Waterman governor; he knows it, and the intelligent politician knows it. Whether he has been loyal to American principles in the broad and generous sense, it is not for us to say. At all events, we do not think so, and the American party will not make the same mistake a second time. If the Republican party shall be defeated in national and State politics this year, there will be no party banner under which it can reorganize, except the standard of the American party, and it will bring around it all of the best and

most intelligent of our foreign-born citizens. The one thing that must be corrected in American politics is the cowardice and fear that is afraid to act, lest the foreign and Roman Catholic vote should be offended. As for ourselves, we would prefer to die in an American minority than to live and enjoy the highest honors in the gift of a foreign element, a Roman Church, and a whisky-drinking constituency; we would rather be an American by birth than an alien horn; we would rather be such a Roman Catholic as Father Edward McGlynn, with his resolute and fearless independence of the hierarchy of Rome, than the grandest prelate of the Church of Rome; we would rather be a temperance man, poor and sober, than a diseased voluptuary, inflamed and gouty with the richest wines; we would rather be an American, without office or the hope of political advancement, than to swell the triumphal pageant of a victorious mob of destitute aliens, marshaled by a gang of unprincipled and cowardly politicians, whether Democratic or Republican. What will be the outcome of an alliance between temperance men and Americans we do not know, and shall not feel ourselves responsible for. We have no voice in the counsels of the Republican party, and shall not be consulted in the convention that will intrust the oriflamme of the organization to "Colonel" Markham, of Los Angeles, General Chipman, of Tehama, the Hon. W. W. Morrow, of San Francisco, or E. F. Preston, of our city. The Democracy of the State are in the convulsions of child-birth; and whether our honored mayor, E. B. Pond, or William D. English, or James V. Coleman, Esq., or any other of the deserving ones who have contributed faithful service to the party during the twenty-five years that it has struggled in adversity, he nominated, will be of concern of ours; whether the Roman Church, the whisky-ring, the party bosses, or the innumerable throng of office-seekers shall gain ascendancy in the Democratic convention, will not give us a wakeful hour. If General John Bidwell, of Butte, shall receive the nomination of the American party for governor, he will receive our one vote, and we shall know that we have done our duty as we understand it.

We have enjoyed a recent vacation to the most delightful and agreeable portion of our State. We have visited the County of Santa Barbara, after an absence of a quarter of a century, and found its magnificent bay land-locked with mountain ranges, and protected from the storms and swell of the broad Pacific by islands that lie across its ocean entrance and make it easily accessible and a safe anchorage to every ship that finds it necessary to seek shelter in its calm waters. The harbor of Santa Barbara is a revelation to us. It is almost better than that of San Francisco. We were informed by Mr. John P. Stearns, who owns the only wharf in its harbor, that the steamships of the line of Goodall & Perkins—whose agent he had been for many years—have arrived and departed in regularity and safety and on time for the entire term; that during the last winter there had not been one day that ships of heavy tonnage could not tie in safety to his piers, without straining their ropes or damaging his wharf, and that during the entire time of his residence in Santa Barbara, there had not been an average of five days in the year in which vessels could not receive or discharge cargoes in safety. Santa Barbara is one of the most beautiful bathing resorts of the world; there is nothing upon the Pacific Coast from Puget Sound to the harbor of San Diego comparable to it; its waters are always warm, and its breezes are at a most agreeable temperature. As a residence, we know of no place in California so inviting, so healthful, and so agreeable. Its drives are over good roads to ravines, glens, and through picturesque surroundings. The old Mission Church at Santa Barbara is the only one of those founded by Father Junipero Sera, a Franciscan monk, that has not been wrenched from the order by the Jesuits, and which has been preserved and restored through the kindness and generosity of Protestant citizens of that vicinity. It is now the best preserved and most picturesque of all the early mission churches. In the beautiful valley of Montecito, adjacent to Santa Barbara, is the famous and world-renowned great grape-vine that was sent to the centennial fair at Philadelphia; another is growing on the same ground and attaining rapidly the same dimensions. In the Valley of Montecito is the residence of a Mr. Eaton, formerly of Connecticut; he has lived for many years in Europe, and came home with the patriotic desire to educate his daughter and sons on American soil. He has a residence built of stone, unique and elegant. It is better furnished than any home we ever saw in Europe or America; there is not a dual residence in any foreign land, nor the home of any American millionaire, whose furniture is so elegant, expensive, unique, antique, and thoroughly artistic as is found in the residence of Mr. Eaton. Most of it, down to its minutest detail, is the production of the fifteenth century. The most elaborate of its costly ornamentation is a mantel that covers a tiled fire-place; it is carved from the olive timber of an old oil mill, where olive-oil was produced, the designs after Michael Angelo, molded in plaster by Mr. Eaton himself, and carved by an artist in wood under

his own supervision. This beautiful home is in extent seventeen acres, and is made to support a generous hospitality by its fruits and careful culture. Santa Barbara is the home of a cultivated and wealthy people, living in houses of elegant construction and in gardens of tasteful and luxurious elegance. Its central avenue is two miles in length, one hundred feet in width, and paved with asphaltum. There is no similar avenue in any American village or town. The Arlington is a many-roomed hotel with broad balconies, is excellently kept, and in the season of winter months is filled to overflowing with Eastern families who have so much money that they can make their health a pretext for travel. There is only one hotel in our south land that is comparable with it, and that is the far-famed Coronado, on the beach at San Diego. We started to visit the Coronado, but the attractions of Santa Barbara arrested us at that most attractive and delightful spot. When the railroad is completed direct from San Francisco, along the coast, and the gap of one hundred and ten miles is filled, Santa Barbara will become a marvelous watering-place. We have endeavored to ascertain from Colonel Crocker if there is an immediate prospect of the completion of the coast road, but we are sorry to say we find none.

Preceding every important election there is a stage of common thought within party lines which may be denominated the preliminary or partisan campaign of the year. Such a campaign is now in progress, and within the lines of the Republican party has developed a condition which is without a parallel in the history of American States. A section of the State, embracing less than a fourth of its territorial area and less than a fifth of the population of the whole State, has demanded, as a concession to it as a geographical section, the choice of a candidate for governor. The southern portion of this State, styling itself "Southern California," and using the adjective "southern" in a declaratory sense of sentiment rather than geographical significance, has demanded, as its peculiar right, the naming of a candidate for governor on the Republican ticket. It asks this concession at the hands of the Republican State Convention, not because it can present the man, who in himself stands before any other man in California as the embodiment of Republican principles, or the ablest exponent of these principles, or as a statesman reflecting the best opinions and traditions of the party; but, up to this time, the sole argument in favor of the selection of a candidate from the south is based upon the clear inference that there is a "Southern California," that it is a district having interests and aspirations separate and apart from the rest of the State, and that this segregated integral portion of this commonwealth shall have recognition as a separate political and geographical entity.

The portion of the State from which this demand comes is represented in the Congress of the United States by General Vandever, who, in obedience to the demand of popular sentiment at home, introduced a bill for the division of the State. He is known to have declared his disapproval of the measure he introduced, and to have distinctly stated that its introduction was in obedience to popular opinion among his constituency. The irrefragable evidence that he was not mistaken is found in the fact that the introduction of the bill has not met with rebuke. The production of any sentiment from the public press of "Southern California," or from any speaker representing the southern portion of the State, or from any political convention held within that section, indicating the slightest disapproval of General Vandever's course, may well be challenged. If such rebuke has found public expression through any medium or channel devoted to the expression of public opinion, let such expression now be made known. It can not be cited, simply because it does not exist.

Thus the representative of "Southern California" in the Congress of the nation coolly and deliberately proposes the dismemberment of this commonwealth, threatens its territorial integrity, with the apparent concurrence and approval of his constituents. Following this, and in consonance with its spirit, the Republicans of "Southern California" declared the existence of such a section within the boundaries of this State, and necessarily imported by this declaration all that the political segregation or the dismemberment of the commonwealth implies.

The claim set up to gubernatorial honor, distinction, and concession for "Southern California" is further based upon the consideration that it is a section casting a very large Republican majority; that it must be depended upon for victory to the Republican side in the approaching contest; and that, therefore, it is entitled to peculiar consideration. If the Republicanism of "Southern California" is of that species, whose party fealty must be purchased by the honors and emoluments of office, it is an unpatriotic, self-seeking, debasing species of Republicanism, which deserves rebuke rather than reward.

The chief significance of the matters under consideration, however, lies in the fact that the nomination of the gentleman, named exclusively by one section of the State, will be a recog-

tion by the Republican party of California of a sectional, offensive in its significance, and menacing to the territorial integrity of the State. The people of California have before them the incipient beginnings of State division—even beyond the incipency of such beginning. They have it first in the persistent maintenance of a geographical designation, sing readily to the lips of "Southern California" orators, and flowing freely from the pens of "Southern California" litors. Sectionalism always has its beginning in sectional jealousy; from this point, the first natural step is to sectional demand. But in this instance, "Southern California" has one something more than profess a sentiment—its Congressman has taken the bold initiative of State division, with every appearance of concurrent and approving sentiment at home. Following this, the Republicans of "Southern California" have seen fit to segregate themselves from the main body of the party in the State, and, with sectional solidarity, claim the right to control the office of chief magistrate of this State. When a section makes such a demand, it must necessarily be ferred that it is in the interest of sectionalism, and, in this stance, the species of sectionalism is fully indicated by publications, looking to the dismemberment of this commonwealth. Concessions always heget demands, and concession to the demands of "Southern California," in this instance, will carry a question of State division farther afield.

Against the gentleman whose name has been selected as a person in whose interest this sectionalism may manifest itself, there may be no objection urged. It is sufficient for its purpose, and should be sufficient for the people of California, to know that whatever his sentiments may be, his nomination will be a distinct concession to a sectionalism which has no justification in any acts of oppression on the part of the government of this State, and which the self-respect and dignity of the people of California demand shall be sent and rebuked in the most unmistakable manner.

It is of the highest significance that no evidence of this sectionalism exists within the lines of the Democratic party; therefore, should the demands of the Republicans of "Southern California" be conceded, the campaign will present the Democratic ticket as the best representative of the unity of the commonwealth, and the best exponent of State patriotism. If the Republicans nominate a candidate in obedience to the demand of "Southern California," and the prevalent sentiment of that section in favor of a division of the State, coupled with the strongly interpretative acts of its representatives in Congress, will stand in such contrast with the broader liberality, pride, and State patriotism of the Democratic party, that State division will become a burning issue of the campaign, gaining emphasis with each day of campaign progress. Less than eight years ago, the section now styling itself "Southern California" had a population of fifty thousand. Today, it has a population of two hundred and fifty thousand. This sudden accession of population was drawn chiefly from the northern portion of the United States, and to this is attributable the preponderance of Republican sentiment. It thrived more wealth, more intelligence, and a truer spirit of enterprise than has ever characterized an immigration from any portion of this country to another. It possessed the high spirit of being almost distinctively American in its character, and the California it found gave it an unequivocal and cordial welcome within its borders. There is not a citizen of California, however long his residence here, that did not welcome the inflowing tide of noble men and women who now constitute the population of the southern part of this State. There is not a heart in all the State that is not swelled with congratulation to the southern counties for the great tide of prosperity which has broadened and deepened within their borders. At the same time, there is not a heart that loves California that is not felt deeply wounded that these strangers, so cordially welcomed, should have manifested from the first a restiveness concerning their political relation with the older inhabitants of the commonwealth, and from the first to the present time, sought to sever those ties which bind all portions of the State to a single civil polity. The State division sentiment, which found expression in a bill in Congress, has not sought the justification of alleged acts of neglect and oppression, and the inference is therefore irresistible that this newer immigration simply declines in an unfriendly spirit to share a common citizenship with the residents of the State which it found here. In this it is manifesting a reluctance it has not the courtesy to explain, or a distrust for which there is no justification.

The question is: Shall the Republican party take the unbecomingly and unpatriotic stand of conceding what is demanded, and therefore affording apparent justification for that which is unjustifiable; and will the Republican party, by this act, afford the Democratic party the vast political advantage of deciding for California as it was, as it is, and as it shall ever remain?

If the candidate presented by "Southern California" was put forth with any other than this sectional State division sentiment, the entire Republican party of California might with

alacrity rally to his support. The presentation herein of the real significance of the situation is not in the interest of any candidate. It is simply and solely in the interest of that love for the unity, integrity, and destiny of California which all her sons should feel.

The stockholders and consumers of water in San Francisco are to be congratulated on a prosperous and successful year. More serious difficulties and more complications have been untangled during the past twelve months than could have been anticipated. The directors of the company took a position, in reference to the adjustment of water rates, which they deemed equitable and just, and inaugurated legal proceedings for the purpose of securing an adjudication of the mode of fixing water-rates by the board of supervisors. For this purpose the collection of water-rates was suspended for the months of July, August, September, October, November, and December of the year 1889, and for January, February, and March of 1890. The case was assigned to Judge Hoge, and with dispatch carried to the supreme court, where it was decided in favor of the company, as stated by Mr. Howard, the president, in his annual report at the last annual meeting, and the company is now authorized to charge reasonable rates for the use of its property, and secure for the Spring Valley Water Company permanent and reasonable dividends. This principle of law has been affirmed by a like decision in the Supreme Court of the United States, and presumably settles for all time a just and equitable rule. The Spring Valley Water Company has been so long in the courts and in politics, and its vexations have been so costly, that it is a matter of congratulation that all the important controversies have found so satisfactory a termination. We print the report of the water company's president because it is short and clear, and gives in brief terms so much that will interest its very numerous stock and bondholders, and because the leading journals refused to print it in full in their columns. The following is the report:

To the stockholders of the Spring Valley Water-Works: Notwithstanding the unusual anxieties which the management of your company has had during the past year, it is to be congratulated on the results; our income from sales of water having been \$1,427,483—\$17,000 less than last year, but our delinquent list was \$35,000 larger than last year, and nearly all of which we expect to collect; consequently the last year's business really exceeds that of the previous year.

The secretary's report shows a profit for the year of \$195,975. But if we had paid the customary dividend of six per cent. per annum it would have amounted to \$600,000 instead of \$250,000 that was paid, and there would have been a deficit of \$154,024, which is \$43,924 larger than the loss last year, and is accounted for by the increase of our taxes, nearly \$20,000, the increase of our interest account, and the losses which we have sustained during the year by fire and flood.

We did not collect water-bills for the months of July, August, September, October, November, December, January, and February, nor up to the twentieth of March; consequently bills accumulated to the amount of \$1,137,988, about \$200,000 of which was paid voluntarily during that time. The very great loss which it was feared would result from our ceasing to collect for so long a time, and estimated as high as \$50,000, will not be more than \$15,000.

We resumed work on the Big Dam in April; have already raised it thirteen feet, and we will probably raise it seventeen feet more this season. Our engineer has found a much more economical way for transporting the water of the San Francisco water-shed to Crystal Springs Lake than by the Searsville Tunnel, 24,000 feet long. He has adopted a different route, embracing two tunnels—one 1,546 feet long, the other 6,337 feet—and a pipe-line 25,520 feet in length, all of which can be completed for \$500,000 less than the 24,000-foot tunnel.

The new service connections which we have made during the year amount to 1,858, a larger number than the company has made in any previous year; the number made last year was 1,819, or 39 less.

We are supplying 37,244 dwelling-houses, which contain 46,446 families, and, as near as we can estimate, we are supplying the inhabitants of San Francisco with sixty gallons of water per capita.

We have an ample supply of water on hand, and we have reasons to believe that our receipts for the coming year will exceed the income of the past year.

In February, 1889, the board of supervisors passed an order fixing water-rates, which was so manifestly unjust to this company that it was compelled to seek a remedy in the courts. This step was taken with some misgivings, for the reason that there was a difference of opinion among lawyers and laymen as to the outcome. Acting on the belief that law and justice were in the main convertible terms, proceedings were commenced, and the results have fully justified its course, in that the decision of our State courts and a more recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States may be summed up as follows:

First—That the courts have the right to review the action of boards of supervisors and commissioners.

Second—That such boards can not act arbitrarily, but only after full investigation and ascertainment of the value of the investment, cost of maintenance, etc., and that capital invested in quasi-public corporations must not be placed at a disadvantage with capital invested in other enterprises equally hazardous; that inasmuch as the law prevents rates being fixed too high, it is bound, when appealed to, to see that they are not fixed too low. Depriving corporations of the proper use of their property is, in effect, a taking of the property without due compensation.

In rendering the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Chicago, M. & St. Paul Ry. Co. versus State of Minnesota (March 24, 1890), Judge Blatchford says:

"If the company is deprived of the power of charging reasonable rates for the use of its property, and such deprivation takes place in the absence of an investigation by judicial machinery, it is deprived of the lawful use of its property, and thus, in substance and effect, of the property itself, without due process of law, and in violation of the Constitution of the United States; and, in so far as it is thus deprived, while other persons are permitted to receive reasonable profits upon their invested capital, the company is deprived of the equal protection of the laws."

All fair-minded persons will concede this to be equity, and I congratulate the stockholders of this corporation that it has been declared law—for when law and equity are joined there is but little fear of a reversal.

CHARLES WEBB HOWARD, President.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 16, 1890.

Could we be permitted to suggest a candidate for gubernatorial nomination by the Republican party, it would be General Bidwell, of Butte County. He would not arouse the enthusiasm of politicians or engage the support of the saloon interests, but he would bring to the polls men of all parties,

all nationalities, and all creeds. He is in sympathy with the religious element of the State, and there are no soldiers who ever fought with a bolder ardor more resolute than those of Cromwell, and in our Civil War no leader could march further and fight harder than Stonewall Jackson. General Bidwell is a Republican, and once held a party nomination for governor. He holds to-day the nomination of the Prohibitionists; on the fifth of August he will be the nominee of the American party. Let the Republicans be wise and nominate him, and his election is conceded the moment he is nominated. *Unless he is nominated, the Republican party will have a hard fight and a doubtful result.* With General Bidwell as governor, Stanford will be chosen United States Senator. If Markham can not be nominated, there is danger of compromising compromises, which will be made in the interest of the Democratic party, and if from this election should come a Democratic governor and a Democratic senator, the Republican party would find itself lost and wandering in the moonless forest of a dark and endless night. W. W. Morrow deserves, from the Republican party, any honor that he can reach for; he has been its faithful and intelligent servant for years in Congress, from which he came as poor as when he first entered public life. The name of the Hon. Charles N. Felton can not be placed in nomination, because of his wealth, and for no other or better reason. He is the brainiest and bravest of all the men mentioned by either party for governor. He is clever, courageous, and honest, but the times are too much out of joint to permit Mr. Felton to be nominated, with any possible hope of success. He is too rich, and *the Republican party can not carry two millionaires at this time.* Mr. E. F. Preston would make a good nominee and a good governor, but his name is not authorized to be placed before the convention, and he will not be a candidate. In our judgment, Mr. Pond will be nominated by the Democratic party, and if so, he will be a strong candidate.

There are two names prominently mentioned by Republicans as their candidate for chief-justice of the supreme court of the State—Mr. Beatty, the present incumbent, and Mr. Ralph Harrison, who has never before held a judicial position or, indeed, so far as we know, been a candidate for any political office. Both these gentlemen are good lawyers of irreproachable characters and of integrity which no one will presume to challenge. Mr. Beatty, the present incumbent, having been called from private practice to fill the responsible and arduous position so satisfactorily occupied by him, is entitled to renomination, unless some very good reasons can be assigned for his replacement by another equally learned, honest, industrious, and courteous gentleman. We draw a good lawyer from remunerative practice and demand of him the performance of judicial duties. He performs them to the satisfaction of all. By what right is he to be replaced, and by what code of political ethics shall he be returned to private practice and required to resume a profession whose clients he has lost by his election to an ill-paid public office? We think Mr. Justice Beatty is honestly and honorably entitled to renomination as chief-justice by the Republican convention, and that it would be an act of impolicy and ingratitude to nominate any one above him to the office of chief-justice of the supreme court of the State of California.

The following, in which Oxford and Palo Alto are brought together across the seas and the centuries, is certainly a very curious coincidence. In the library of the Bohemian Club, which, by the way, contains many treasures, there is a beautifully preserved folio-copy of old Antonius à Wood's "History of Oxford University," with many curious old copper-plates of the early worthies and founders. The book is in Latin, the full title being "Historia et Antiquitates Universitatis Oxoniensis," and was printed at the Theatro Sheldoniano, Oxford, 1674. Among many old black-letter inscriptions quoted is one of the time of Henry the Sixth, viz.:

STANFORD he made the SANFORD bight this day
In whyche he made an Universitee
His Philosophers as Merlin doth saye
Had Scholers fele of great habilltee
Studying ever always in unteece
In all the seven liberal science
For to purchase wysdome and sapience.

Judge J. V. Coffey, the probate judge, has very properly awarded the estate of the late Thomas H. Blythe to his daughter, Florence. This is right, and meets with the unqualified approval of all those who were not endeavoring to get it for themselves.

The *St. James's Gazette* makes the statement that there is a schism in the English Church as to what one's ghost is, one side holding that it has an existence of its own and can walk abroad as it likes, the other party thinking that it is begotten by the relation between the minds of two living persons—that it is, in fact, a "coöperative hallucination."

THE CAPTAIN'S SHADOW.

Abridged from the Memoirs of Dr. Martin Hesselius, by J. S. Le Fanu.

Somewhere about the year 1794, the younger brother of a certain baronet, whom I shall call Sir James Barton, returned to Dublin. He had served in the navy with some distinction, having commanded one of his majesty's frigates during the greater part of the American war. Captain Barton was apparently some two or three-and-forty years of age. He was an intelligent and agreeable companion when he pleased, though generally reserved, and occasionally even moody. He presently became engaged to a Miss Montague, the daughter of General Montague, who was expected shortly from India, she living meanwhile with her aunt, the Dowager Lady Layton, in a handsome mansion at the north side of Dublin. Captain Barton's lodgings were situated at the south. The distance intervening was considerable, and it was Captain Barton's habit generally to walk home without an attendant, as often as he passed the evening with the old lady and her fair charge. His shortest way in such nocturnal walks lay, for a considerable space, through a line of street which had as yet merely been laid out, and little more than the foundations of the houses constructed.

One night, shortly after his engagement with Miss Montague had commenced, he happened to remain unusually late, in company with her and Lady Layton. It was considerably past midnight when Mr. Barton took his leave, and set out upon his solitary walk homeward. He had now reached the lonely road, with its unfinished dwarf walls tracing the foundations of the projected row of houses on either side; that utter silence which has in it something indefinably exciting, reigned there, and made the sound of his steps, which alone broke it, unnaturally loud and distinct.

He had proceeded thus some way, when he, on a sudden, heard other footfalls, pattering at a measured pace, and, as it seemed, about two score steps behind him. Captain Barton abruptly turned about to confront his pursuer, but, though there was quite sufficient moonlight to disclose any object upon the road he had traversed, no form of any kind was visible there.

The steps he had heard could not have been the reverberation of his own, for he stamped his foot upon the ground, and walked briskly up and down, in the vain attempt to awake an echo; though by no means a fanciful person, therefore, he was at last fain to charge the sounds upon his imagination and treat them as an illusion. Thus satisfying himself, he resumed his walk, and before he had proceeded a dozen paces, the mysterious footfall was again audible from behind, and this time, as if with the special design of showing that the sounds were not the responses of an echo, the steps sometimes slackened nearly to a halt, and sometimes hurried for six or eight strides to a run, and again abated to a walk.

Captain Barton, as before, turned suddenly round, and with the same result—no object was visible above the deserted level of the road. He walked back over the same ground, determined that, whatever might have been the cause of the sounds which had so disconcerted him, it should not escape his search—the endeavor, however, was unrewarded.

He felt something like a superstitious fear stealing fast upon him, and with these unwonted and uncomfortable sensations, he once more turned and pursued his way. There was no repetition of these haunting sounds, until he had reached the point where he had last stopped to retrace his steps—here they were resumed, and with sudden starts of running, which threatened to bring the unseen pursuer up to the alarmed pedestrian.

Captain Barton arrested his course as formerly; the unaccountable nature of the occurrence filled him with vague and disagreeable sensations, and yielding to the excitement that was gaining upon him, he shouted sternly: "Who goes there?" The sound of one's own voice, thus exerted, in utter solitude, and followed by total silence, has in it something unpleasantly dismaying, and he felt a degree of nervousness which, perhaps, from no cause had he ever known before.

To the very end of this solitary street the steps pursued him, and it was not until he had reached his lodgings, and sat by his own fireside, that he felt sufficiently reassured to rearrange and reconsider in his own mind the occurrences which had so discomposed him.

Mr. Barton was next morning sitting at a late breakfast, reflecting upon the incidents of the previous night, when a letter, just delivered by the postman, was placed upon the table before him. The address was written in a hand which he did not know—perhaps it was disguised—for the tall, narrow characters were sloped backward. When he broke the seal, he read the following words, written in the same hand:

Mr. Barton, late captain of the *Dolphin*, is warned of DANGER. He will do wisely to avoid ——— Street—[here the locality of his last night's adventure was named]—if he walks there as usual, he will meet with something unlucky; let him take warning, once for all, for he has reason to dread

THE WATCHER.

Captain Barton read and re-read this strange effusion. There was not the slightest mark, or clew of any kind, to lead him to even a guess as to the writer. Altogether the letter, its author, and its real purpose were to him an inexplicable puzzle, and one, moreover, unpleasantly suggestive, in his mind, of other associations connected with his last night's adventure.

About a week later, he was awakened by a knock at his chamber-door, and his servant entering, handed him several letters which had just been received by post. One among them instantly arrested his attention. He at once recognized the direction, and read as follows:

You may as well think, Captain Barton, to escape from your own shadow as from me; do what you may, I will see you as often as I please, and you shall see me, for I do not want to hide myself, as you fancy. Do not let it trouble your rest, Captain Barton, for, with a good conscience, what need you fear from the eye of

THE WATCHER?

Captain Barton was observed to be unusually absent and out of spirits for several days afterward, but no one divined the cause. Whatever he might think as to the phantom steps

which followed him, there could be no possible illusion about the letters he had received, and, to say the least, their immediate sequence upon the mysterious sounds which had haunted him was an odd coincidence. The whole circumstance was, in his own mind, vaguely and instinctively connected with certain passages in his past life, which, of all others, he hated to remember.

For some time thereafter, he was, now and then, dismayed by indistinct and half-heard repetitions of the same annoyance, and that in lonely places, in the day-time as well as after night-fall. These were, however, desultory and faint, inasmuch that often he really could not, to his own satisfaction, distinguish between them and the mere suggestions of an excited imagination.

One evening he walked down to the House of Commons with a member, an acquaintance named Thornton. As they were walking in at the passage from College Green, a man, short in stature, looking like a foreigner and wearing a kind of fur traveling-cap, walked very rapidly, and as if under fierce excitement, directly toward them, muttering to himself fast and vehemently the while. This odd-looking person walked straight toward Barton and halted, regarding him for a moment or two with a look of maniacal menace and fury; and then, turning about as abruptly, he walked before them at the same agitated pace and disappeared at a side passage.

Captain Barton, a man of proud courage and coolness in real danger, recoiled a step or two as the stranger advanced, and clutched his friend's arm in silence, with what seemed to be a spasm of agony or terror, and then, as the figure disappeared he followed it for a few paces, stopped in great disorder, and sat down upon a bench. His countenance was ghastly and haggard.

"For God's sake, Barton, what is the matter?" said Thornton, his companion, really alarmed at his appearance; "you're not hurt, are you?—or unwell? What is it?"

"What did he say?—I did not hear it—what was it?" asked Barton, wholly disregarding the question.

"Nonsense," said Thornton, greatly surprised; "who cares what the fellow said. You are unwell, Barton—decidedly unwell; let me call a coach."

"Unwell! No—not unwell," he said, evidently making an effort to recover his self-possession; "but, to say the truth, I am fatigued—a little over-worked—and perhaps over-anxious. You know I have been in chancery, and the winding-up of a suit is always a nervous affair. I have felt uncomfortable all this evening; but I am better now. Come, come—shall we go on?"

"No, no; take my advice, Barton, and go home; you really do need rest—you are looking quite ill. I really do insist on your allowing me to see you home," replied his friend.

That evening, Barton sent for Dr. Runyan, then in large and fashionable practice in Dublin, and their interview was, it is said, an odd one.

Dr. Runyan asked him, among other questions, whether there was any irritating circumstance or anxiety then occupying his thoughts. This he denied quickly and almost peevishly; and the physician thereupon declared his opinion that there was nothing amiss except some slight derangement of the digestion, for which he accordingly wrote a prescription, and was about to withdraw, when Mr. Barton, with the air of a man who recollects a topic which had nearly escaped him, recalled him.

"I beg your pardon, doctor, but I really almost forgot; will you permit me to ask you two or three medical questions—rather odd ones, perhaps, but a wager depends upon their solution? You will, I hope, excuse my unreasonableness?"

The physician readily undertook to satisfy the inquirer.

"You'll think them very childish questions, but I can't recover my wager without a decision; so I must put them. I want to know first about lock-jaw. If a man actually has had that complaint, and appears to have died of it—so much so, that a physician of average skill pronounces him actually dead—may he, after all, recover?"

The physician smiled, and shook his head.

"But—but a blunder may be made," resumed Barton; "suppose an ignorant pretender to medical skill—may he be so deceived by any stage of the complaint as to mistake what is only a part of the progress of the disease for death itself?"

"No one who had ever seen death," answered he, "could mistake it in a case of lock-jaw."

Barton mused for a few minutes. "I am going to ask you a question, perhaps still more childish; but first, tell me, are the regulations of foreign hospitals, such as that of, let us say, Naples, very lax and bungling? May not all kinds of blunders and slips occur in their entries of names, and so forth?"

Dr. Runyan professed his incompetence to answer that query.

"Well, then, doctor, here is the last of my questions. You will probably laugh at it, but it must out, nevertheless: Is there any disease, in all the range of human maladies, which would have the effect of perceptibly contracting the stature and the whole frame—causing the man to shrink in all his proportions, and yet to preserve his exact resemblance to himself in every particular—with the one exception, his height and bulk; any disease, mark—no matter how rare—how little believed in, generally—which could possibly result in producing such an effect?"

The physician replied with a smile and a very decided negative.

"Tell me, then," said Barton, abruptly, "if a man be in reasonable fear of assault from a lunatic who is at large, can he not procure a warrant for his arrest and detention?"

"Really, that is more a lawyer's question than one in my way," replied Dr. Runyan; "but I believe, on applying to a magistrate, such a course would be directed."

The physician then took his leave; but, just as he reached the hall-door, remembered that he had left his cane upstairs, and returned. His reappearance was awkward, for a piece of paper, which he recognized as his own prescription, was slowly burning upon the fire, and Barton sitting close by with an expression of settled gloom and dismay.

A few days afterward, the following advertisement appeared in the Dublin newspapers:

If Sylvester Yelland, formerly a foreman-man on board his majesty's frigate *Dolphin*, or his nearest of kin, will apply to Mr. Hubert Smyth, attorney, at his office, Dame Street, he or they may hear of something greatly to his or their advantage. Admission may be had at any time up to twelve o'clock at night, should parties desire to avoid observation; and the strictest secrecy, as to all communications intended to be confidential, shall be honorably observed.

The *Dolphin* was the vessel which Captain Barton commanded; and this circumstance, connected with the extraordinary exertions made by the circulation of hand-bills, as well as by repeated advertisements, to secure for strange notice the utmost possible publicity, suggested to Runyan the idea that Captain Barton's extreme uneasiness was somehow connected with the individual to whom the advertisement was addressed, and he himself the author of it.

Spite of his blue-devils, however, poor Barton, having satisfactory reason to render to the public for any undue missiveness in the attentions exacted by the relation existing between him and Miss Montague, was obliged to exert him and present to the world a confident and cheerful bearing. The true source of his sufferings, and every circumstance connected with them, he guarded with a jealous reserve.

It was about this time that Captain Barton called upon then celebrated preacher, Dr. Vesey, with whom he had slight acquaintance, and an extraordinary conversation ensued.

After the usual interchange of polite greeting and a commonplace remarks, Captain Barton, who obviously received the surprise which his visit had excited, and which Vesey was unable wholly to conceal, interrupted a brief preface by remarking:

"This is a strange call, Dr. Vesey, perhaps scarcely warranted by an acquaintance so slight as mine with you should not under ordinary circumstances have ventured to disturb you; but my visit is neither an idle nor impertinent intrusion. I am sure you will not so account it, when I tell you how afflicted I am."

Dr. Vesey interrupted him with assurances such as breeding suggested, and Barton resumed:

"I am come to task your patience by asking your aid. When I say your patience, I might, indeed, say more might have said your humanity—your compassion; for I have been and am a great sufferer."

"My dear sir," replied the churchman, "it will, indeed, afford me infinite gratification if I can give you comfort in distress of mind; but—you know—"

"I know what you would say," resumed Barton, quickly. "I am an unbeliever, and, therefore, incapable of deriving help from religion; but don't take that for granted. At you must not assume that, however unsettled my conviction may be, I do not feel a deep—a very deep—interest in the subject. Of one fact I am deeply and horribly convinced that there does exist beyond this a spiritual world—a system whose workings are generally in mercy hidden from our system which may be, and which is, sometimes, partially terribly revealed. I am sure—I know," continued Barton with increasing excitement, "that there is a God—a dread God—and that retribution follows guilt, in ways the mysterious and stupendous—by agencies the most incredible and terrific—there is a spiritual system—great God, I have been convinced!—a system malignant, and imitable, and omnipotent, under whose persecutions I am have been, suffering the torments of the damned!—yes, yes—the fires and frenzy of hell!"

"My dear sir," said Dr. Vesey, after a brief pause, "you have been very unhappy indeed; but I venture to predict that the depression under which you labor will be to originate in purely physical causes. Believe me, that a attention to diet, exercise, and the other essentials of health under competent direction, will make you as much you as you can wish."

"Dr. Vesey," said Barton, with something like a shout, "I can not delude myself with such a hope. I have no to cling to but one, and that is, that by some other spiritual agency more potent than that which tortures me, I may be combated, and I delivered. If this may not be, I am lost now and forever lost. I am not a credulous—far from superstitious man. I have been, perhaps, too much tooverse—too skeptical, too slow of belief; but unless I one whom no amount of evidence could convince, were to condemn the repeated, the perpetual evidence of my own senses, I am now—now at last constrained to believe I have no escape from the conviction—the overwhelming taint—that I am haunted and dogged, go where I may—by a DEMON!"

There was a preternatural energy of horror in Barton's face, as, with its damp and death-like lineaments turned to his companion, he thus delivered himself.

"God help you, my poor friend," said Dr. Vesey, shocked; "God help you; for, indeed, you are a sufferer, however your sufferings may have been caused."

"Aye, aye, God help me," echoed Barton, sternly; "will He help me?"

"Pray to Him—pray in an humble and trusting spirit," said the clergyman.

"Pray, pray," echoed he, again; "I can't pray—I as easily move a mountain by an effort of my will. I not believe enough to pray; there is something within me will not pray. You prescribe impossibilities—literal impossibilities."

"You will not find it so, if you will but try," said Dr. Vesey.

"Try! I have tried, and the attempt only fills me with confusion, and, sometimes, terror; I have tried in vain more than in vain. The awful, unutterable idea of eternity and infinity oppresses and maddens my brain whenever my mind approaches the contemplation of the Creator; I am from the effort scared. I tell you, Doctor Vesey, if I be saved, it must be by other means."

"Say, then, my dear sir," urged the churchman, "say you would have me serve you—what you would learn of what I can do or say to relieve you?"

"Listen to me first," replied Captain Barton, with an effort to suppress his excitement; "listen to me while I detail the circumstances of the persecution under which my life has become all but intolerable—a persecution which has made me as *death* and the world beyond the grave as much as I have my own to hate existence."

Barton then proceeded to relate the circumstances which we already have detailed, and then continued:

"This has now become habitual—an accustomed thing. I do not mean the actual seeing him in the flesh—thank God, at least is not permitted daily. Thank God, from the effable horrors of that visitation I have been mercifully allowed intervals of repose, though none of security; but from a consciousness that a malignant spirit is following and attacking me wherever I go, I have never, for a single instant, temporary respite. I am pursued with blasphemies, cries of despair, and appalling hatred. I hear those dreadful sounds called after me as I turn the corners of the streets; they meet me in the night-time, while I sit in my chamber alone; they hunt me everywhere, charging me with hideous crimes, and great God!—threatening me with coming vengeance and eternal misery. 'Hush! do you hear *that*?' he cried, with a grim smile of triumph; 'there—there, will that convince you?'"

The clergyman felt a chill of horror steal over him while, hearing the wail of a sudden gust of wind, he heard, or fancied he heard, the half-articulate sounds of rage and derision. "Well, what do you think of *that*?" at length Barton asked, drawing a long breath through his teeth.

"I heard the wind," said Dr. Vesey; "what should I think it—what is there remarkable about it?"

"The prince of the powers of the air," muttered Barton, with a shudder.

"My dear sir, this is fancy," said the man of folios; "you are your own tormentor. But you have seen this person frequently; why have you not accosted or secured him? Is not a little precipitate, to say no more, to assume, as you have done, the existence of preternatural agency; when, in all, everything may be easily accountable, if only proper means were taken to sift the matter?"

"There are circumstances connected with this—this *apparance*," said Barton, "which it is needless to disclose, but which to me are proofs of its horrible nature. I know that being that follows me is not human—I say I *know* this; could prove it to your own conviction." He paused for a minute, and then added: "And as to accosting it, I dare not, I could not; when I see it I am powerless; I stand the gaze of death, in the triumphant presence of infernal power and malignity. My strength, and faculties, and memory, all forsake me. O God, I fear, sir, you know not at you speak of. Mercy, mercy—heaven have pity on me!"

He leaned his elbow on the table, and passed his hand over his eyes, as if to exclude some image of horror, muttering the last words of the sentence he had just concluded in pain and again.

"Dr. Vesey," he said, abruptly raising himself and looking upon the clergyman with an imploring eye, "I know you will do for me whatever may be done. You know now fully the circumstances and the nature of my affliction. I tell you I cannot help myself; I can not hope to escape; I am utterly passive. I conjure you, then, to weigh my case well, and if anything may be done for me by vicarious supplication—by intercession of the good—or by any aid or influence whatsoever, I implore of you, I adjure you in the name of the Most High, give me the benefit of that influence—deliver me from the body of this death. Strive for me, pity me—I know you will; you can not refuse this, it is the purpose and object of my visit. Send me away with some hope, however little—some faint hope of ultimate deliverance, and I will nerve myself to endure, from hour to hour, the dreary dream into which my existence has been transmuted."

Dr. Vesey assured him that all he could do was to pray earnestly for him, and that so much he would not fail to do. They parted with a hurried and melancholy valediction.

It was not to be expected that Captain Barton's changed and eccentric habits should long escape remark and discussion. From the very commencement of this change, at first so gradual in its advances, Miss Montague had of course been aware of it from his visits, which became, at length, so interrupted, and his manner, while they lasted, so abstracted, strange, and agitated, that Lady Layton, after hinting her anxiety and her suspicions more than once, at length distinctly stated her anxiety, and pressed for an explanation. The explanation was given, and although its nature at first seemed the worst solicitudes of the old lady and her niece, the circumstances which attended it, and the really dreadful consequences which it obviously indicated, as regarded spirits, and indeed the reason of the now wretched man's behavior, upon little reflection, to fill their minds with perturbation and alarm.

General Montague, the young lady's father, at length arrived. He laughed at the story of Barton's supernatural visions, and lost no time in calling upon his intended son-in-law.

"My dear Barton," he continued, gayly, after a little conversation, "my sister tells me that you are a victim to blue devils, in quite a new and original shape."

Barton changed countenance, and sighed profoundly. "Come, come; I protest this will never do," continued the general; "you are more like a man on his way to the gallows than to the altar. These devils have made quite a saint of you."

Barton made an effort to change the conversation.

"No, no, it won't do," said his visitor, laughing; "I am resolved to say what I have to say upon this magnificent mockery of yours. Seriously, I have been a good deal annoyed at what they tell me; but at the same time thoroughly convinced that there is nothing in the matter that may not be cleared up, with a little attention and management, within a week at furthest."

He was running on in the same strain when he was suddenly

arrested, and not a little shocked, by observing Barton, who had approached the window, stagger slowly back, like one who had received a stunning blow; his arm extended toward the street, his face and his very lips white as ashes, while he muttered: "There—by heavens!—there—there!"

General Montague started mechanically to his feet, and, from the window of the drawing-room, saw a figure corresponding with the description of the person whose appearance so persistently disturbed the repose of his friend. The figure was just turning from the rails of the area upon which it had been leaning, and without waiting to see more, the old gentleman snatched his cane and hat, and rushed down the stairs and into the street. He looked round him, but in vain, for any trace of the person he had himself distinctly seen. He ran breathlessly to the nearest corner, but no such form was visible.

Returning to the room, he found Barton pale and trembling in every joint; they both remained silent, though under emotions very different. At last Barton whispered: "You saw it?"

"It—him—some one—you mean—to be sure I did," replied Montague, testily; "but where is the good or the harm of seeing him? The fellow runs like a lamp-lighter. I wanted to catch him, but he had stolen away before I could reach the hall-door. However, it is no great matter; next time, I dare say, I'll do better; and, egad, if I once come within reach of him, I'll introduce his shoulders to the weight of my cane."

Notwithstanding General Montague's undertakings and exhortations, however, Barton continued to suffer from the same unexplained cause; and the mental agonies that ceaselessly preyed upon him began, at last, so sensibly to affect his health that Lady Layton and General Montague succeeded, without, indeed, much difficulty, in persuading him to try a short tour on the continent.

Yielding to their persuasions, Barton left Dublin for England, accompanied by General Montague. They posted rapidly to London and thence to Dover, whence they took the packet with a fair wind for Calais. The general's confidence in the result of the expedition on Barton's spirits had risen day by day since their departure from the shores of Ireland; for to the inexpressible relief and delight of the latter, he had not since then so much as even once fancied a repetition of those impressions which had, when at home, drawn him gradually down to the very depths of despair.

It was a beautiful day, and a crowd of idlers stood upon the jetty to receive the packet and enjoy the bustle of the new arrivals. Montague walked a few paces in advance of his friend, and as he made his way through the crowd a little man touched his arm, and said to him, in a broad provincial patois:

"Monsieur is walking too fast; he will lose his sick comrade in the throng, for, by my faith, the poor gentleman seems to be fainting."

Montague turned quickly and observed that Barton did indeed look deadly pale. He hastened to his side.

"My dear fellow, are you ill?" he asked, anxiously.

The question was unheeded and twice repeated before Barton stammered:

"I saw him—by heavens, I saw him!"

"*Him!*—the wretch—who—where now?—where is he?" cried Montague, looking around him.

"I saw him—but he is gone," repeated Barton, faintly.

"But where—where? For God's sake speak," urged Montague, vehemently.

"It is but this moment—*here*," said he.

"But what did he look like; what had he on; what did he wear?—quick, quick," urged his excited companion, ready to dart among the crowd and collar the delinquent on the spot.

"He touched your arm—he spoke to you—he pointed to me. God be merciful to me, there is no escape," said Barton, in the low, subdued tones of despair.

Montague had already hustled away in all the flurry of mingled hope and rage; but though the singular appearance of the stranger who had accosted him was vividly impressed upon his recollection, he failed to discover among the crowd even the slightest resemblance to him.

"Ah, my friend, it won't do," said Barton, with the faint voice and bewildered, ghastly look of one who had been stunned by some mortal shock; "there is no use in contending; whatever it is, the dreadful association between me and it is now established. I shall never escape—never!"

It was but labor lost to endeavor henceforward to inspire Barton with one ray of hope; he became desponding. This intangible and, as it seemed, utterly inadequate influence was fast destroying his energies of intellect, character, and health. His first object was now to return to Ireland, there, as he believed and now almost hoped, speedily to die. To Ireland accordingly he came, and one of the first faces he saw upon the shore was again that of his implacable and dreadful attendant.

With the apathy of entire despair, he implicitly assented to whatever measures his friends suggested and advised; and as a last resource, it was determined to remove him to a house of Lady Layton's, in the neighborhood of Clontarf, where it was resolved that he was to confine himself strictly to the house, and make use only of those apartments which commanded a view of an inclosed yard, the gates of which were to be kept jealously locked. Those precautions would certainly secure him against the casual appearance of any living form that his excited imagination might possibly confound with the spectre which, as it was contended, his fancy recognized in every figure that bore even a distant or general resemblance to the peculiarities with which his fancy had at first invested it.

After a little time, a steady persistence in this system began to manifest its results, in a very marked though gradual improvement, alike in the health and spirits of the invalid. A week passed—a fortnight—a month—and yet there had been no recurrence of the hated visitation. The chain of associations was broken. The constant pressure upon the over-taxed spirits had been removed, and, under these comparatively favorable circumstances, the sense of social community

with the world about him, and something of human interest, if not of enjoyment, began to reanimate him.

It was about this time that Lady Layton dispatched her own maid to the kitchen-garden with a list of herbs, which were there to be carefully culled. She was, however, interrupted by an ill-natured laugh; and, looking up, she saw through the old thorn hedge, which surrounded the garden, a singularly ill-looking little man, whose countenance wore the stamp of menace and malignity, standing close to her, at the other side of the Hawthorn screen. She was utterly unable to move or speak, while he charged her with a message for Captain Barton to the effect that he, Captain Barton, must come abroad as usual, and show himself to his friends, out-of-doors, or else prepare for a visit in his own chamber.

On concluding this brief message, the stranger, with a threatening air, got down into the outer ditch, and, seizing the Hawthorn-stems in his hands, seemed on the point of climbing through the fence—a feat which might have been accomplished without much difficulty. Without awaiting this result, the girl turned and ran, with the swiftness of terror, to the house. Lady Layton commanded her, on pain of instant dismissal, to observe an absolute silence respecting all that passed of the incident which related to Captain Barton, and, at the same time, directed instant search to be made by her men in the garden and the fields adjacent. This measure, however, was, as usual, unsuccessful, and, filled with undefinable misgivings, Lady Layton communicated the incident to her brother. The story, however, until long afterward, went no further, and, of course, it was jealously guarded from Barton.

Barton now began to walk occasionally in the court-yard, which, being inclosed by a high wall, commanded no view beyond its own extent. Opening upon the public road, this yard was entered by a wooden gate, with a wicket in it, and was further defended by an iron gate upon the outside. Strict orders had been given to keep both carefully locked; but, spite of these, it had happened that one day, as Barton was slowly pacing this narrow inclosure, in his accustomed walk, and reaching the farther extremity, was turning to retrace his steps, he saw the boarded wicket ajar, and the face of his tormentor immovably looking at him through the iron bars. For a few seconds he stood riveted to the earth, breathless and bloodless, in the fascination of that dreaded gaze, and then fell insensible upon the pavement.

There he was found a few minutes afterward and conveyed to his room—the apartment which he was never afterward to leave alive. Henceforward, a marked and unaccountable change was observable in the tone of his mind. Captain Barton was now no longer the excited and despairing man he had been before; a strange alteration had passed upon him—an unearthly tranquillity reigned in his mind—it was the anticipated stillness of the grave.

"Montague, my friend, this struggle is nearly ended now," he said, tranquilly, but with a look of fixed and fearful awe; "I have, at last, some comfort from that world of spirits from which my punishment has come. I now know that my sufferings will soon be over. From sorrow, perhaps, I shall never, in time or eternity, escape; but my *agonies* are almost over. Comfort has been revealed to me, and what remains of my allotted struggle I will bear with submission—even with hope."

"I am glad to hear you speak so tranquilly, my dear Barton," said Montague; "peace and cheer of mind are all you need to make you what you were."

"No, no, I never can be that," said he, mournfully; "I am no longer fit for life. I am soon to die. I am to see *him* but once again, and then all is ended."

"He said so, then?" suggested Montague.

"*He*? No, no; good tidings could scarcely come through him; and these were good and welcome, and they came so solemnly and sweetly, with unutterable love and melancholy, such as I could not, without saying more than is needful or fitting of other long past scenes and persons, fully explain to you." As Barton said this, he shed tears.

"Come, come," said Montague, mistaking the source of his emotions; "you must not give way. What is it, after all, but a pack of dreams and nonsense? or, at worst, the practices of a sneaking vagabond that owes you a grudge, and pays it off this way, not daring to try a more manly one?"

"A grudge, indeed, he owes me—you say rightly," said Barton, with a sudden shudder; "a grudge, as you call it. Oh, my God! when the justice of heaven permits the evil one to carry out a scheme of vengeance, when its execution is committed to the lost and terrible victim of sin, who owes his own ruin to the man—the very man—whom he is commissioned to pursue, then, indeed, the torments and terrors of hell are anticipated on earth. But heaven has dealt mercifully with me—hope has opened to me at last; and if death could come without the dreadful sight I am doomed to see, I would gladly close my eyes this moment upon the world. But though death is welcome, I shrink with an agony you can not understand—an actual frenzy of terror—from the last encounter with that—that DEMON, who has drawn me thus to the verge of the chasm, and who is himself to plunge me down. I am to see him again—once more—but under circumstances unutterably more terrific than ever."

As Barton thus spoke, he trembled so violently that Montague was really alarmed at the extremity of his sudden agitation, and hastened to lead him back to the topic which had before seemed to exert so tranquilizing an effect upon his mind.

"It was not a dream," he said, after a time; "I was in a different state, I felt differently and strangely, and yet it was all as real, as clear, and vivid, as what I now see and hear—it was a reality. When I awakened from the swoon I fell into on seeing *him*, it was slowly, very slowly—I was lying by the margin of a broad lake, with misty hills all round, and a soft, melancholy, rose-colored light illuminated it all. It was unusually sad and lonely, and yet more beautiful than any earthly scene. My head was leaning on the lap of a girl, and she was singing a song that told, I know not how, whether in words or harmonies, of all my life—all that is past and that is still to come; and, with the song, the old feeling

I thought had perished within me came back and tears flowed from my eyes, partly for the song and its mysterious beauty and partly for the unearthly sweetness of her voice; and yet I knew the voice—oh! how well—and I was spell-bound as I listened and looked at the solitary scene, without stirring, almost without breathing—and, alas! alas! without turning my eyes toward the face that I knew was near me, so sweetly powerful was the enchantment that held me. And so, slowly, the song and scene grew fainter and fainter to my senses, till all was dark and still again. And then I awoke to this world, as you saw, comforted, for I knew that I was forgiven much." Barton wept again long and bitterly.

From this time the prevailing tone of his mind was one of profound and tranquil melancholy. This, however, was not without its interruptions. He was thoroughly impressed with the conviction that he was to experience another and a final visitation, transcending in horror all he had before experienced. From this anticipated and unknown agony he often shrank in such paroxysms of abject terror and distraction as filled the whole household with dismay and superstitious panic. Barton now systematically shut himself up in his own apartment. The window-blinds of this room were kept jealously down; and his own man was seldom out of his presence day or night, his bed being placed in the same chamber.

Young ladies are much given to the cultivation of pets, and among those who shared the favor of Miss Montague was a fine old owl which the gardener, who had caught him napping among the ivy of a ruined stable, had dutifully presented to that young lady. Barton regarded it from the first with an antipathy as violent as it was utterly unaccountable.

It was almost two o'clock one winter's night, and Barton was, as usual at that hour, in his bed; his servant occupied a smaller bed in the same room, and a light was burning. The man was, on a sudden, aroused by his master, who said:

"I can't get it out of my head that that accursed bird has got out somehow, and is lurking in some corner of the room. I have been dreaming about him. Get up, Smith, and look about; search for him. Such hateful dreams!"

The servant rose and examined the chamber, and while engaged in so doing he heard the well-known sound, more like a long-drawn gasp than a hiss, with which these birds from their secret haunts affright the quiet of the night. The sound proceeded from the passage upon which Barton's chamber-door opened, and the servant, opening the door proceeded a step or two forward for the purpose of driving the bird away. He had, however, hardly entered the lobby when the door behind him slowly swung to under the impulse, as it seemed, of some gentle current of air; but as immediately over the door there was a kind of transom, intended in the day-time to aid in lighting the passage, and through which at present the rays of the candle were issuing, the valet could see quite enough for his purpose.

As he advanced he heard his master—who, lying in a curtained bed, had not, as it seemed, perceived his exit from the room—call him by name, and directed him to place the candle on the table by his bed. The servant, who was now some way in the long passage, and not liking to raise his voice lest he should startle the sleeping inmates of the house, began to walk hurriedly and softly back again, when, to his amazement, he heard a voice in the interior of the chamber answering calmly, and actually saw, through the transom which overtopped the door, that the light was slowly shifting, as if carried across the room in answer to his master's call. Palsied by a feeling akin to terror, yet not unmingled with curiosity, he stood breathless and listening at the threshold, unable to summon resolution to push open the door and enter. Then came a rustling of the curtains, and a sound like that of one who in a low voice hushes a child to rest, in the midst of which he heard Barton say, in a tone of stifled horror: "Oh, God—oh, my God!" Then ensued a silence, which again was broken by the same strange soothing sound; and at last there burst forth, in one swelling peal, a yell of agony so appalling and hideous, that, under some impulse of ungovernable horror, the man rushed to the door, and with his whole strength strove to force it open. Whether it was that, in his agitation, he had himself but imperfectly turned the handle, or that the door was really secured upon the inside, he failed to effect an entrance; and as he tugged and pushed, yell after yell rang louder and wilder through the chamber, accompanied all the while by the same hushed sounds. Actually freezing with terror, and scarce knowing what he did, the man turned and ran down the passage, wringing his hands in the extremity of horror and irresolution. At the stair-head he was encountered by General Montague, scared and eager, and just as they met the fearful sounds had ceased.

"What is it? Who—where is your master?" said Montague. "Has anything—for God's sake, is anything wrong?"

"Lord have mercy on us, it's all over," said the man, staring wildly toward his master's chamber; "he's dead, sir, I'm sure he's dead."

Montague, closely followed by the servant, hurried to the chamber door, turned the handle, and pushed it open. As the door yielded to his pressure, the ill-omened bird of which the servant had been in search, uttering its spectral warning, started suddenly from the far side of the bed, and flying through the doorway close over their heads, and extinguishing in his passage the candle which Montague carried, crashed through the sky-light that overlooked the lobby and sailed away into the darkness of the outer space.

"There it is, God bless us!" whispered the man after a breathless pause.

"Curse that bird!" muttered the general, startled by the suddenness of the apparition and unable to conceal his discomposure.

"The candle is moved," said the man, after another breathless pause, pointing to the candle that still burned in the room; "see, they put it by the bed."

"Draw the curtains, fellow, and don't stand gaping there," whispered Montague, sternly.

The man hesitated.

"Hold this, then," said Montague, impatiently thrusting

the candlestick into the servant's hand, and himself advancing to the bed-side he drew the curtains apart. The light of the candle, which was still burning at the head-side, fell upon a figure, huddled together and half-upright, at the head of the bed. It seemed as though it had slunk back as far as the solid paneling would allow, and the hands were still clutched in the bed-clothes.

"Barton, Barton, Barton!" cried the general, with a strange mixture of awe and vehemence. He took the candle and held it so that it shone full upon the face. The features were fixed, stern, and white; the jaw was fallen, and the sightless eyes, still open, gazed vacantly forward toward the front of the bed. "God Almighty! he's dead!" muttered the general, as he looked upon this fearful spectacle. They both continued to gaze upon it in silence for a minute or more. "And cold, too," whispered Montague, withdrawing his hand from that of the dead man.

"And see—see; may I never have life, sir," added the man, after another pause, with a shudder; "but there was something else on the bed with him. Look there—look there; see that, sir."

As the man thus spoke, he pointed to a deep indenture, as if caused by a heavy pressure, near the foot of the bed.

Montague was silent.

"Come, sir, come away, for God's sake," whispered the man, drawing close up to him, and bolding fast by his arm, while he glanced fearfully around; "what good can be done here now—come away, for God's sake!"

At this moment they heard the steps of more than one approaching, and Montague, hastily desiring the servant to arrest their progress, endeavored to loose the rigid grip with which the fingers of the dead man were clutched in the bed-clothes, and drew, as well as he was able, the awful figure into a reclining posture; then, closing the curtains carefully upon it, he hastened himself to meet those persons who were approaching.

No clew to the solution of these mysterious occurrences was ever after discovered. The only occurrence in Captain Barton's former life to which reference was ever made, as having any possible connection with the sufferings with which his existence closed, and which he himself seemed to regard as working out a retribution for some grievous sin of his past life, was a circumstance which not for several years after his death was brought to light.

It appeared that some six years before Captain Barton's final return to Dublin, he had formed, in the town of Plymouth, a guilty attachment, the object of which was the daughter of one of the ship's crew under his command. The father had visited the frailty of his unhappy child with extreme harshness and even brutality, and it was said that she had died heart-broken. Presuming upon Barton's implication in her guilt, this man had conducted himself toward him with marked insolence, and Barton retaliated this, and what he resented with still more exasperated bitterness—his treatment of the unfortunate girl—by a systematic exercise of those terrible and arbitrary severities which the regulations of the navy placed at the command of those who are responsible for its discipline. The man had at length made his escape, while the vessel was in port at Naples, but died, as it was said, in a hospital in that town of the wounds inflicted in one of his recent and sanguinary punishments.

Apropos of the Leslie-DeLeuille affair, the following interview with Mrs. Frank Leslie by a New York *Sun* reporter is of interest:

"I first met the Marquis de Leuille," said she, "after I had been a widow upward of a year. I was almost friendless and as poor as poverty. Before my husband's death I had been accustomed to live at the rate of eighty thousand dollars a year, but now I had almost nothing. I had given up my fine house, and was living in rented rooms in a medium-class boarding-house. The rooms were in the attic.

"The way our acquaintance came about was rather romantic. It seems that the marquis was passing Lady Duffus Hardy's house one day, just as I was stepping from a cab opposite her door with the intention of making a call. I was dressed in the deepest black and wore a veil which completely covered my face. He stopped a second, and then moved on as I went up the steps. I did not see him at all, but some time later Lady Hardy introduced him to me, saying that he had desired to make my acquaintance. Later on in our acquaintance the marquis told me that he had not known of the existence of Mrs. Frank Leslie, but that the lady shrouded in black, who dismounted from the cab at Lady Hardy's door, had attracted his attention and admiration on account of the small and daintily shaped foot that emerged from her skirts when she stepped to the pavement."

Mrs. Leslie blushed deeply as she said this, and hastened to add, parenthetically:

"You see, the Marquis de Leuille had lived all his life in England, and all English ladies have very large and ungainly feet. Most American ladies, on the contrary, have small and shapely feet, and mine were, consequently, only the rule here, not the exception, so far as beauty was concerned. The marquis hadn't been long in the country, or he wouldn't have thought my feet exceptional. Well, I met him several times later, at the houses of different friends, and he paid me a great deal of attention. Then I was invited to a large theatre-party. I declined because of being in mourning, but was afterward persuaded to go and sit in the back of one of the boxes. I did not expect to meet the marquis there, but there he was. He sat with me the whole evening and talked, and neither of us heard a line of the play.

"Well, I saw him a number of times afterward, and, at length, things got to such a pass that I thought he ought to know before he pressed his suit further just what my poverty-stricken situation was, and how small my prospects were for ever coming into any money. People spoke of me as a rich woman, and I wanted him to know that I wasn't and probably never would be. So I invited him to call on me in my meanly furnished garret-rooms, thinking that the sight of them would disenchant him. But it didn't, somehow. Right on top of that he urged marriage. I told him of the law-suits and of my beggarly prospects, but it made him only the more pressing. He urged me strenuously to let the law-suits and the will contest go to whoever might profit by them, and to go to England with him and share his fortunes. This I persistently, for many months, refused to do, saying that I owed it to my dead husband to see his business saved and carried on toward the end at which he had aimed during his life. Finally the marquis went back to England on his solicitation, on the understanding that some time I might send for him.

"Finally all came out right, and one day I took a sudden notion and cabled over to him to come to me in New York. Yes, I cabled him that I would marry him. This was about five years ago. He came over, but I did not marry him, somehow. He stayed around the city for eleven months, and then he went home. You see, I thought a great deal of him. I do yet, you know. I believed, and yet believe, him disinterested. But, well, he went back to England, anyway. Have we corresponded since? Well, yes. We are good friends, you know."

TWO POEMS BY ALDRICH.

Guilhelmus Rex.

The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge—his frequent way—
They little knew what man he was!

The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high and low,
All this they saw or might have seen—
But not the light behind the brow!

The doublet's modest gray or brown,
The slender sword-hilt's plain device,
What sign had these for prince or clown?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.

Yet 'twas the King of England's kings!
The rest with all their pomps and trains
Are moldered, half-remembered things—
'Tis he alone that lives and reigns!
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in *August Century*.

The Sisters' Tragedy. A. D. 1670.

Aglaë, a widow.
Muriel, her unmarried sister.

It happened once, in that brave land that lies
For half the twelve-month arched by sombre skies,
Two sisters loved one man. He being dead,
Grief loosed the lips of her he had not wed,
And all the passion that through heavy years
Had masked in smiles, unmasked itself in tears.
No purer love may mortals know than this,
The hidden love that guards another's bliss.
High in a turret's westward-facing room,
Whose painted window held the sunset's bloom,
The two together grieving, each to each
Unveiled her soul with sobs and broken speech.
Both still were young, in life's rich summer yet;
And one was dark, with tints of violet
In hair and eyes, and one was blonde as she
Who rose—a second daybreak—from the sea,
Gold-tressed and azure-eyed. In that lone place,
Like dusk and dawn, they sat there face to face.

She spoke the first whose strangely silencing hair
No wreath had worn, nor widow's weed might wear,
And told her blameless love, and knew no shame—
Her holy love that, like a vestal flame
Beside the sacred body of some queen
Within a guarded crypt, had burned unseen
From weary year to year. And she who heard
Smiled proudly through her tears and said no word,
But drawing closer, on the troubled brow
Laid one long kiss, and that was words enow!

Muriel.

Be still, my heart! Grown patient with thine ache,
'Thou should'st be dumb—yet needs must speak, or brea
The world is empty, now that he is gone.

Aglaë.

Aye, sweetheart!

Muriel.

None was like him, no, not one.
From other men he stood apart, alone
In honor spotless as unfallen snow.
Nothing all evil was it his to know;
His charity still found some germ, some spark
Of light in natures that seemed wholly dark.
He read men's souls; the lowly and the high
Moved on the self-same level in his eye.
Gracious to all, to none subservient,
Without offense he spake the word he meant—
His word no trick of tact or courtly art,
But the white flowering of the noble heart.
Careless he was of much the world counts gain,
Careless of self, too simple to be vain,
Yet strung so finely that for conscience-sake
He would have gone like Cranmer to the stake.
I saw—how could I help but love? And you?

Aglaë.

At this perfection did I worship too. . . .
'Twas this that stabbed me. Heed not what I say!
I meant it not, my wits are gone astray,
With all that is and has been. No, I lie—
Had he been less perfection, happier I!

Muriel.

Strange words and wild! 'Tis the distracted mind
Breathes them, not you, and I no meaning find.

Aglaë.

Yet 'twere as plain as writing on a scroll
Had you but eyes to read within my soul—
How a grief hidden feeds on its own mood,
Poisons the healthful currents of the blood
With bitterness, and turns the heart to stone!
I think, in truth, 'twere better to make moan,
And so be done with it. This many a year,
Sweetheart, have I laughed lightly and made cheer,
Pierced through with sorrow!

Then the widowed one,
With sorrowfullest eyes beneath the sun,
Faltering, irresolute, and bending low
Her head, half-whispered,

Dear, how could you know?

What masks are faces!—yours, unread by me
These seven long summers; mine, so placidly
Shielding my woe! No tremble of the lip,
No cheek's quick pallor let our secret slip!
Mere players we, and she that played the queen,
Now in her homespun, looks how poor and mean!
How shall I say it, how find words to tell
What thing it was for me made earth a hell
That else had been my heaven? 'T would blanch your cheek
Were I to speak it. Nay, but I will speak,
Since like two souls at combat we seem to stand,
Where nothing may be hidden. Hold my hand,
But look not at me! 'Noble 'twas and meet,
To hide your heart, nor fling it at his feet
To lie despised there. Thus saved our pride
And that white honor for which earls have died.
You were not all unhappy, loving so!
I with a difference wore my weight of woe.
My lord was he. It was my cruel lot,
My hell, to love him—for he loved me not!

Then came a silence. Suddenly like death
The truth flashed on them, and each held her breath—
A flash of light whereby they both were slain,
She that was loved and she that loved in vain!
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in *August Scribner*

A Vienna suicide of genius painted his initials and the crosses on a barrel of vinegar and then drowned himself side.

HOMES IN THE COUNTRY.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I desire to say a few words on the subject of country-homes for city people, and to ask and answer the question: Does a man act wisely, in a pecuniary or other sense, in having a home, seven to fifteen miles from the city, on which to live a portion or all of the year? To this question, I unhesitatingly answer that he does *not* act wisely in having such home, in the great majority of cases. And it is to call attention to the cause of failure that I now ask some of your space. If I am asked, "Does not a man, engaged in the eternal competition and incessant strain of city business life, need a change?" I at once answer "Yes." And if I am further asked, "Is not such change in the hills of Alameda, southern San Mateo, or Marin County, one of the most delightful in the world?" I would at once unhesitatingly again answer "Yes." In answering these questions affirmatively, after what I have first above said, I may appear to be guilty of self-contradiction; but I am not thus guilty, and therefore let me explain: a man of family buys two to ten acres of land in either county, which he can reach in fifty minutes' travel from the city, and at a monthly cost of three or four dollars. As a rule, there is no house on the land thus bought. To his wife is generally left the settlement of the question what sort of house he will erect, and she, instead of agreeing to a neat house to cost one thousand to three thousand dollars at the most, at once, partly under the advice of an architect, lays out, not a country-home at all, but a fine mansion, suitable for a fine residence-street in the city, at a cost of eight thousand to twenty thousand dollars. The house can not be run by less than two to three servants. A fine stable is put up, instead of a shed, and worse and more costly than all, a lawn and avenues of hedges and fine flower-plots are laid out, and green-houses and gas-works, etc., erected. To run this establishment, one gardener and man-of-all-work at least is needed, and three or four horses. The lawn and hedges alone will consume nearly one man's time. The water-hill, too, will be most costly, while there will be needed, in addition, endless gardening-tools, carts, hose-reels, and a general list of tools. These articles, the universal slave, but so-called head of the house, will have to hargain for, ship, fuss, and hother about, greatly to the injury of his saint-like temper, to the increase of crow-foot lines in his face and gray colors in his hair. Then, every evening, when he comes home for rest and peace, he hears how the gardener or man-of-all-work has got drunk, left, or kicked about his work. Feed for horses is also costly and hard to have shipped and got in place. The man of the house stands all the expense and drudgery of marketing and hargaining, because of the good the country is doing his wife and children, and the wife hears up bravely for awhile, because she has a fine place and a lawn green as emerald all the year round, hedges cut in the closest martinet clip, and because she has rows of fine flowers. Her delight at first—but only at first—is to have Mrs. or Miss Visitor call and take lunch and see and envy her lawn, hedges, flowers, precise, graveled walks, etc., and carry away a fine bouquet. And this is called country life! Well, it hears exactly the same relation to natural country life that a Noah's Ark, trees, animals, and imitation of human figures do to live animals, live trees, and live men and women. Then what would you call a country-home? objectors will now ask of me. I say, much land—all you can buy—and little house. For four people, a five-hundred-dollar house is enough; for six, a one-thousand-dollar one; and no lawns, no hedges (at least, no clipped ones), few flowers, and less graveled walks. These hear the same relation to the open-air sights the human eye naturally desires that a powdered and painted face, pomaded hair, and corset-imprisoned waist do to the fast face-colors of nature and the natural grace of the feminine figure. Your close-shaven and always-green lawn is *not* of nature's making, unless in a few spots in the world where incessant rains prevail; it is not, indeed, anywhere found in nature any more than are constant strawberries, perennial green peas, or lamb, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. You may force some of these into being products of the whole twelve months, but they are in one sense unnaturally raised, and are really unnaturally enjoyed. And having the things first herein enumerated, you kill all personal liberty and country enjoyment, and cut deeply into your purse. The husband, in such case, never has an hour's real peace with his load of worry and heavy expenses, and the wife still less. This so-called city-country life has few of the conveniences of the one and none of the enjoyments of the other. To run a house thus in the country is twice as costly as to run one in the city. The air, the landscape, and the change are where the great dividends from country life are to be gathered. From Mill Valley, my place in the Alameda hills, or from your place, "Owl's Wood," Mr. Editor, at the foot of Tamalpais, give me the sight of tangled woods, the beauty and glory of morning sunrise and evening sunset, evanescent clouds, and their ever-changing and indefinable colors; caps of mist and fleecy fog on Tamalpais, the soft purple of evening on hill-sides, the changing and fading natural colors of grass and grain on hill and valley, and *no* forced evergreen lawns, wooden-like, clipped hedges, or the rigid precision of graveled and expensive walks.

In a small country-house, and with a little help from each member of the household, the place can be run, for the summer at least, nearly on Adamic and first, which are nature's and the only free and independent, principles. Indeed—and this is what I chiefly want to say—where the family is small, a house can be done without altogether, if the land-holder spends only the summer season in the country.

A sale of over one hundred lots in Mill Valley, three miles north of Sausalito, in Marin County, took place in May last. About fifty of the buyers have since gone to live on their lots, which are from a half acre to two acres in extent, costing from three hundred and fifty to seven hundred dollars an acre. These people have set up the movable tabernacle of a tent only for their dwellings. The majority first laid a tongued-and-grooved floor, two to three feet above the ground; then

a large tent was set up, and a stove, hedding, and cooking utensils were added. Water of the best quality is had in the adjoining creeks, and will soon be supplied abundantly through pipes. Practically, these tenters are in the open air all day, and frequently in the night, too, up to bed-time. The place is so sheltered that such open-air life is quite possible, even to the delicate. And the fact is that, in the great majority of cases, delicacy is caused by the confinement and bad air of our city-houses. As a rule, too, the more luxurious with rich carpets and window-hangings the city-house is, the worse the air in it. Note, too, Mr. Editor, that no dressing whatever is needed in this sort of tent life. Of course I do not mean that the occupants go back to the short and happy season of Edenic and ante-fig-leaf customs. But I mean that the lady of the tent can wear one costume all day, and that the children do not need to have a bath and change of clothing before each meal, all of which operations are too often necessary if the family is stopping at the Del Monte, the Vendome, or the Hotel Rafael. The freedom of being sometimes dirty, that sacred right of boyhood which is constantly infringed upon, and which is impossible in all hotels or fine country-houses, is allowable to boys in tent life or in small country-houses. Each visitor understands when entering a tent that the occupants are indulging in free, undress country uniforms, which would not be tolerated or thought of for a moment in a fine hotel or fine country-home.

About two hundred acres of land in Mill Valley have already been sold, and, as I say, about fifty of the purchasers are tenting out. The majority of them will build next year—many of them permanent homes for residence there all the year. But I sincerely hope that none of those who mean only to spend half the year in the valley will build a more expensive house than one costing two thousand dollars at the utmost. There are about thirteen thousand acres more land in the Throckmorton Ranch, of which Mill Valley forms a part. That vast estate has lately been sold, and the whole of it will be disposed of in country-home parcels of one to ten acres, and in farms and dairy ranches. Marin County, far more than any other hay county, has been cursed by large-tract land-owners. I am saying nothing against any other hay county, in asserting that Marin can not be surpassed here or anywhere as a delightful place of summer resort. An old man, resident in Santa Clara County for thirty-five years, once said: "Well, if heaven is any better than the Santa Clara Valley, I don't deserve to go there." And yet I assert that Marin is ahead of Santa Clara, not in an agricultural sense, but in having Tamalpais and its fleecy cloud-curtains, its changing colors, its redwoods, and its streams. In these last it surpasses any of our hay counties. And I insist that heaven itself would hardly be complete without the peace and rest-inspiring voice of water. St. John constantly refers in the Apocalypse to its presence in heaven. Marin County has also Richardson and San Pablo Bays, and the ocean, and some of the holdest headlands on the coast, while its general climate is unsurpassed. But whether the city resident buys in Alameda, Contra Costa, San Mateo, or Marin County, does not much matter, so he *does* buy, and spends three to six months in the country in a free and inexpensive way, in a tent, if he has a small family and if he wishes to live very cheaply, or, if he can afford it, in a modest house, with few expenses and no enjoyment-killing additions. Six months thus spent in the open air will give a stock of health that will generally carry those enjoying it safely through the six months of city life in winter.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 25, 1890.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"An Employee of Governor Stanford's."

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have watched with interest the various attitudes assumed by the papers lately with respect to ex-Governor Stanford, and it has pained me deeply to observe the lack of gratitude displayed by some of them, not only in regard to the governor's public services, but his personal and private actions as well. A continual service of fourteen years with the Southern Pacific Company—terminated some five years ago by resignation, to assume business relations of my own—gave me a practical insight into the private character of this gentleman, and led me not only to revere him as a man, but to admire and love his memory as an employer of mine.

No grievance of the railroad employees but what was patiently listened to and speedily adjusted by him, and the employees, as a unit, regarded "The Governor"—as they fondly called him—as the palladium of their rights and the vindicator of their privileges. Strikes were unthought of, and if a grievance was felt, a trip of the spokesman to see "The Governor" was sufficient, and the employee never to my knowledge abused the privilege they felt it to be to appeal to him for redress. The attitude of Governor Stanford, when a ten per cent. reduction in wages was ordered by the directors in 1878, I think, is familiar to all employees, and his characteristic words, "Begin with the president and cut down," produced the desired effect, and no reduction of wages took place. "He did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame," could be well applied to him, and those whom he has benefited and assisted in a quiet, unostentatious manner are anxious to see his ambition gratified by a return to the Senate, regardless of sect or party affiliation. Could the people at large cast their ballots for a candidate for that position, Governor Stanford would receive an avalanche of votes that would astonish even himself. I speak thus because I have voted the Democratic ticket all my life, and Governor Stanford is a Republican, but I know of no man in this State that would receive my support for office should Governor Stanford desire that office, and there are many of my mind in my party. A gratification of his ambition would be a poor recompense indeed for the great good he has done for the State of California, and the attempts of pettifoggers and rascals, to belittle him and impugn his motives, but cause his glory to shine forth the brighter.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world—this was a man!"

OAKLAND, CAL., July 31, 1890.

JUNUS.

The Young Men's Institute.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your editorials on the Young Men's Institute are correct in the main, and you state what I believe to be the truth regarding its purposes; but there is an element with which you are not familiar, namely, the large proportion composing that society of American birth, particularly Californians. While it evidently is the object of those to-day controlling the society to place it exclusively under the church, and to make it antagonistic to local non-Catholic societies in every sense of the word—and to do this it has been necessary to extend the age for admission, practically including all of the Ancient Order of Hibernians—there is still that element, of which I speak, who are on guard, and will watch that they take nothing but religion from the church. Their love for their nation, State, and their country goes even far before their religious faith, and should the time ever come, they will know no church. It is impossible to cause an admixture, on this question, of the native and foreign element as it is to mix oil and water.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 26, 1890.

Is it Fair to the Native-Born?

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Do you think it is fair that an alien is allowed to come to the United States and simply "declare his intention to become a citizen of the United States," and from the moment of such declaration filed in the county clerk's office is entitled to all the privileges of a native-born citizen (excepting the bearing of arms and voting)? The privileges of locating lands and mines are granted him, but none of the responsibilities of the protection of the same are enforced upon him. Thousands upon thousands do this and never renounce their allegiance to their own governments, and swear fealty to the government from which they receive these benefits. I ask you, if you think it is fair to the native-born?

EBREKA, NEV., July 23, 1890.

Yours respectfully,

C. F. H.

PARISIAN NOTES.

"Parisian's" Budget of Gossip from Lutetia.

We are in despair. It has rained every day—and pretty well all day for a fortnight, and, what is worse, there is no sign of its mending. The season is drowned, dead, gone out like a Japanese lantern in a shower. Paris is literally soaked through with rain; no Parisienne will stir a yard without a water-proof; and man sticks to his umbrella like a leech. A week or two since we were all amusing ourselves mightily, and now there is nothing to do but study the barometer. It is less tiresome to look back than forward—the future appears so hopeless on a rainy day, and there have been fifteen of them in uninterrupted succession. What a charming garden-party that was of the Princess de Sagan's, what a gathering of blue-blood and nobility under the secular limes of her princely abode! How gay we all were on the island in the Bois when Mme. Madeleine Lemaire—the celebrated artist—hade us to her fête champêtre, and the young people danced on the grass while their elders watched the posturing of the ballet-girls on the temporary stage, wandered about among the flower-beds, or drank iced-champagne in the tents. Then there were those delightfully unceremonious dinners where the covers were laid on several tables, each large enough to accommodate six or eight guests—an arrangement which combines the advantages both of a small and a large party. Of course, the season could not be prolonged indefinitely. Society could not go on entertaining and being entertained all through July. It is the rain that puts everything out so. If it were fine we should not miss the festivities, nor chafe at the closed theatres. Those who are free to go away, would be getting ready for departure; while those who must remain in town would settle themselves into the usual routine of summer life in Paris—a great part of which is spent out-of-doors. But as few are mad enough to exchange rain in town for rain in a watering-place, departures are postponed, and the city is as full as ever, whereas every one in it—more or less—is grumbling. Advertisements setting forth the various advantages of the different bathing-stations attract little notice. Who cares for Trouville in such a deluge! The very thought of the green fields and valleys of Normandy makes one feel damp, and puts one's fringe out of curl.

Talking of turf, reminds me that the La Marche estate is in the market. You know the park where steeple-chases are run, and where the cream of fashionable society goes for the Fête des Drags. Before the Auteuil race-course was formed, there was no steeple-chase nearer town than La Marche, and it was a great rendezvous of the court and society of that time. It is still *chic*, but much less frequented than of yore. It is a charming place, admirably adapted to the use to which it is put, and has its history. Once it belonged to Marie Antoinette, who built a dairy there, and played at peasant-life within the precincts, as she was wont to do at Trianon when the court was quartered at Versailles. It was early in the fifties when cross-country racing was inaugurated at La Marche, and since then many a gentleman-rider and jockey has broken his limbs or neck in leaping over the hurdles and other obstacles, with which it literally bristles, or has been soused in the river that winds its willful way through the estate. Sporting-men are wondering whether the purchaser will renew the lease to the Société des Steeples, or whether La Marche is destined to be handed over to the builders and divided into lots for building purposes, which would certainly be a waste of good materials.

An amusing affair connected with the races happened the other day. One of the sporting papers had offered, as a prize for the person who should supply a certain number of lists of winning horses, a racer worth quite a tidy sum of money. Now, who do you think gained the prize? You remember my telling you how persons of all classes had taken up hetting; well, it was none other than a humble concierge. He and his wife, in the retirement of their *loge*, occupied their spare time in making out lists of probable winners, and, as chance would have it, they happened to hit upon the three animals which came in first at the Grand Prix, and so won the prize. Their pride and delight may well be imagined; their names were printed in the papers, and reporters went to interview the pair. At first they declared they would not sell their horse—though they were offered fifteen hundred dollars for him—he should run under their colors. But they were entirely ignorant of sporting affairs, and had no idea of the cost of such a proceeding, and they were glad to close with the offer when they found that the whole amount of their economies would not have kept the animal for a month.

While General Boulanger is playing Ulysses at Jersey and consoling himself in the society of his Calypso for the ingratitude of his countrymen, Paul Deroulède, who played such an important part in the Boulanger epic, has forsworn politics and gone in for literature once more. It was not likely he would choose long to remain in the background. He enjoys making a sensation. Elsewhere does he clothe himself in such curious guise? why that long green frock-coat with its gold buttons? Had Boulanger been successful, I suppose Paul Deroulède would now be one of our legislators, a member of the cabinet, at least. As it is, he is reduced to writing novels. "Histoire d'Amour" is not yet out, but we have heard a good deal about it, nevertheless—enough to whet our curiosity in the book. Who let the cat out of the bag? Why, Deroulède, of course. And so we know before it is published that he is the hero of his own story, and we are able, at the same time, to make a shrewd guess at the heroine's name. There is a dedication, discreetly worded, to the once object of his affections, whom he addresses as "Madame," subscribing himself her devoted friend. All the same, it is a fall. Strange that both Boulanger and his satellite should console themselves for the loss of power and popularity with love and fiction; and while the general is hilling and cooing with Calypso, his lieutenant rakes up his old love-stories wherewith to entertain the public in a yellow-covered volume.

PARIS, July 9, 1890.

PARISIAN.

SHE MUST HAVE "AN AIR."

"Van Gryse" discusses the New York Ideal of Feminine Beauty.

The three places to see New York beauty during the season are the opera, the drive in the park of an afternoon, and Fifth Avenue on Sunday as the churches come out. These are the three places to which, when a stranger comes to town and asks to see the pretty women, he is taken. Should he have the fortune to arrive in the middle of the winter season, he will also be taken for several strolls up Broadway, between half-past three and five, when he will meet a stream of the best-groomed, best-dressed, most elegant, prettiest, and least handsome women in the United States.

If he have the misfortune to be an Englishman, he will secretly think they are the loveliest women he has ever seen in his life—but he will not say that. On the old hands-and-feet question alone does the Englishman acknowledge defeat for his womankind. If he be a Frenchman, he will think and say that they are wonderfully pretty, and *tres chic* as well. If he be already damned to the extent of coming from Chicago, he will wave the flag of Porkopolis above his head and make his battle-cry the beauty of the Chicago maiden, with her massive terminations, under the tread of which the earth trembles and the stars of the morning groan together. And if he comes from California, he will say they have wonderful grace, style, and air, but little beauty. *Chacun à son goût!*

Now the beauties are scattered, and the halls—the halls of dazzling light—know them no more. They have gone, they have fled—with their dogs, and their maids, and their mammas, and their wicker-trunks, and their band-boxes and bags—to sea-side and mountain slope. Their lovely American feet leave foot-prints on the sands of Long Branch and Newport; their white-filled petticoats brush the dew off the wooded undergrowth of Lenox and Great Barrington; their rubber soles pad on the tennis-courts of Orange and Long Island; their white arms cleave the waters of Narragansett; and their red parasols spot the rocks about Bar Harbor.

They have suddenly run all over the country like spilled quicksilver. Every watering-place you go to you will find some of them. In all sorts of out-of-the-way nooks you stumble up against them. In the heart of a wood, deep down in the hot, green dells of the Ramapo Valley, you suddenly spy through the trees the gleam of a striped blazer, and there, sitting under a tree, is the most metropolitan nymph that ever glided over Delmonico's waxed floor in the arms of patrician New York. You flee from torrid heats between brick walls to the shelter of woods, hills, and a brown lake-side, somewhere across the Canadian border, and at even-tide the solitude beats to the pulses of a distant oar, a canoe glides round the wooded promontory and slides down toward you over the still, golden water. A female paddles it with a single oar. She is not an Indian squaw, nor a French *habitant*, but a New Yorker, with Fifth Avenue—and a corner house at that—stamped all over her, from the severe arrangement of her braided hair and the fearless stare of her cold eyes to the slender, strong, brown hand—from which all the rings have disappeared—and the slim, upright figure, allowed full room in a dress of elaborate simplicity. And as she shoots out of sight across the shining lake, the guide—lying under a *sapin*, smoking—volunteers the information, in his horrible *patois*, that she is one of the ladies from the camp of Americans at the head of the lake.

But the great mass of them huddle together at two or three different places—Newport, Bar Harbor, Lenox, and Narragansett. Long Branch used to be a great place for the beauties, but now it has got so Jewy that unless you belong to the twelve tribes, you feel quite apologetic and sorry for yourself. There was a time, a good many years ago now, when in the drive on the Bluff at Long Branch, from Elberon to Seabright, one could meet more pretty women to the square yard than anywhere else in the country. They were mostly married and mostly Jewesses—two serious blights on their beauty—but they were as pretty as they could be, and dressed as magnificently as Solomon and the Queen of Sheba combined. But Long Branch never had a fine tone, and the beauties soon flew away. Horrible, impossible people used to come down to the cheaper hotels and parade on the bluff in costumes so loud you could hear them above the thunder of the surf. The Gentile *hoi polloi* took to invading the sacred beach of the West End, and then the Jew *hoi polloi* followed them, and where these latter step in, angels fear to tread.

The bulk of the beauties are now at Bar Harbor and Newport, for these dear creatures like to go about in flocks, like ducks. They fight in the phalanx like the troops of somebody or other. The Bar Harbor gang is very pretty—somebody of the choicest flowers in the whole garden are there. They are sweet, gay, young girls, fresh as paint, dainty as daisies. The only thing about Bar Harbor is that it is a great place for Summer Girls, and unless you are very smart, you can not tell the difference. Wherever men wear blazers, silk shirts, and colored sashes, there will the Summer Girl go a-hunting, because she is the girl who looks pretty in a tennis-suit and yellow shoes, and who can wear a white dress under the moon more successfully than any other woman in the country. Gorgeous dressing does not become her; the stiff ceremonial of grand life does not suit her. She likes to wear striped flannels, and play a banjo, and carry a red parasol, and spoon away in the dark corner of the balcony; and all this can be done at Bar Harbor better than anywhere else.

So the Summer Girl has much to do with forming life at Bar Harbor, and very much to do with arranging the type of good looks to be found there. All Summer Girls are pretty, but very few have any "air"; all Summer Girls dress becomingly, but very few of them dress stylishly. Go to Bar Harbor, and every other girl you meet will be as pretty as a peach, but rarely—rarely will you see one of those dazzling beings who break on the vision of the itinerary at Newport in August or Lenox in October, and make him realize what the expression "queenly" means.

The cream of what is called New York beauty goes to Newport in the summer, and it is on the Bluff there that you will see the women who are judged the fairest in the land. But pause, Nineteenth-Century Paris, before you haste thither with the apple in your hand. The New Yorker has a strange taste in beauty—an acquired taste you might say. Not that he would admire Katisha, but he would admire women who to outsiders would be veritable Katishas. These are the attributes necessary to make a woman beautiful in his eyes: First, that indescribable attribute known variously as style, air, manner, poise, etc., that capacity of looking as if you were some one which certain women who are nobodies are born with, and most women who are somebodies never can acquire; secondly, the faculty of always being well dressed; thirdly, a charming manner; fourthly, a good figure. Then, with a fifthly, you can just throw in all those commonplace details, such as skin, eyes, hair, etc. They are nice, agreeable, charming, and all that, but they will not any more make a beauty without the others than one swallow will make spring all by itself.

It is upon this point of air and style that the New Yorker banks and makes his brag on the beauty of his women folk. And on this point he is justified in bragging. New York women are the most stunning in the country. When one of them, named as a belle, walks abroad, every one turns to look at her—and not at her face, but at the splendor and style of her, at her presence, at her way of wearing her clothes, and walking, and carrying her head. She holds you by a sort of defiant magnificence that has nothing to do with what she has on, or the curve of her waist, or the dressing of her hair, but that seems to emanate from herself, her own personality, the core of her being. She looks and walks and seems as if she came of a noble race. You do not like to say a race of princes, because most modern races of princes have produced the most hideous and dowdy lot of women to be found on the face of earth. But this New York beauty would make a fine princess. She would look well on a throne, though she is rather scraggy and has small eyes. You never can imagine her doing anything *gauche*, losing her self-possession, or looking otherwise than indifferently magnificent.

At Newport there are hosts of these princely-looking ladies. They all know how to be splendid even if they are not pretty. This lady has a coil of hair that you could cover with a silver half-dollar, and yet as she whirls by in her glittering spider-phaeton she enchains your eyes by the haughty grace of her bearing and the sumptuous air of self-satisfaction that makes her appear immutable as a god. When a person appears to think so much of herself as this, outsiders are all inclined to think with her. The strong mind bends the weaker as it wishes. When a strong-willed lady decides to be taken seriously as a beauty, she can soon make all the world agree with her. The majority of the world of society is like "the dumb, driven cattle" that Longfellow wrote about. When a firm-handed, hard-mouthed cattle-driver comes along, they will all trot any way he wants them to rather than have any question about it. When a cool-headed, quiet, deadly determined woman says: "You're all wrong in thinking large, lustrous eyes are pretty. Little, dull fish-eyes, like mine, are the only really beautiful kind." Everybody says, amiably, too lazy to disagree: "Well, perhaps she's right. She seems to know all about it, so she must be." And they all, like a Greek chorus, echo her words.

There are half-a-dozen indisputably beautiful women in New York to-day, and there are two or three dozen who are beauties by courtesy, because they wanted to be, because their friends wanted them to be, or because some enterprising society journal decided that they ought to be. A society paper and half-a-dozen well-known people made up their minds that Miss Sallie Hargous—the name, by the way, is pronounced with the *s* silent, as though it were French—was a beauty, and a beauty she is to-day. She is certainly remarkable looking—you will never find one of these acknowledged belles either commonplace or insignificant in appearance; in passing her anywhere she would catch your eye among a crowd. She is large and heavy, with a massive figure, and a foreign-looking face, rather of the creole type where the hair is dark, the skin pale and transparent, and the lips startlingly red. She dresses strikingly, with an eye to still further accentuating the unusualness of her type, and though the garden of buds shows half-a-dozen faces that are prettier and figures that are more graceful than hers, there is not one of them who is so effective or dazzling.

The most lovely women in New York to-day are blondes. The Gothamite loves a blonde, it is to him the very highest form of beauty. A girl whose coloring is intensely fair by nature—not made by art—though she may not be very pretty, can easily get herself known as a beauty if she dresses in pale colors and poses and gets herself alluded to in the papers as "a delicate blonde." Fair, yellow hair, a white skin, a slender figure, small hands, and a general air of fragility are quite sufficient to give their owner the crown of beauty, where a brown-haired Venus at her elbow is ignored. Miss Amy Bend is now supposed to be the prettiest girl in the younger set, mainly through the flawless perfection of her exquisite coloring. She is as finished as a flower, representing the absolute ideal of the fragile blonde type. Everything is in perfect harmony; there is not one feature or one shade in the coloring that does not balance with the rest. Wrists too thick or ears too large would spoil the whole, but all accords as perfectly as the notes of a nocturne. It is this harmonious completeness, this perfection of finish, that has endeared the pale blonde type to the New Yorker, who every time prefers an inferior article highly finished, to a superior article that may be crude and rough.

NEW YORK, July 24, 1890.

VAN GRyse.

By the English law, heirlooms are exempt from probate duty, so the Duke of Hamilton paid nothing on the treasures of his palace when he came into possession in 1863. But when he sold them they ceased to be heirlooms, it appears, and the board of inland revenue has demanded three per cent. on the six hundred thousand pounds realized from the Hamilton Palace sale.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The trip of Prince Antonio de Montpensier to London with his two infant children was made simply to insure the lives of the two infant princes for high sums in a number of London insurance offices.

The Berlin Locksmiths' Guild, in making Prince Bismarck its honorary master, declared him to be "Germany's greatest artistic locksmith, who made the key that opened the lock of the Kyffhaeuser and handed it to the Emperor William the First."

Mr. David Dudley Field, the eminent lawyer, now eighty-six years of age, is about to don his black-silk stockings and small-clothes, and be presented at the levee of the Prince of Wales, after having sturdily declined that honor for many London seasons.

Mr. Spurgeon, the famous Baptist preacher, who is a poor man by reason of his incessant charities, lately received a large legacy, the bulk of the estate of a devoted admirer. On hearing, however, that the relatives of his benefactor were living in absolute want, he insisted on restoring his inheritance to them.

The late Count Nicholas Pejacevitch, Austria's most brilliant cavalry commander, was, despite the loss of an arm, an astonishingly fine horseman. He has been seen, while riding at a hand-gallop, to hitch his reins over the pommel of his saddle, get out his tobacco-pouch, roll a cigarette with his one hand, and light it.

A. A. Stagg, the famous Yale athlete and base-ball pitcher, is not going to be a minister after all. Stagg was the man, it will be remembered, of whom it was said that he always prayed for victory before entering into a base-ball contest. Stagg is now retained as an athletic expert by a Young Men's Christian Association, and just at present he is organizing a base-ball nine at the Chautauqua Sunday-School Assembly.

Lady Burton, the wife of Sir Richard Burton, the eminent African traveler and the English Consul-General at Trieste, is justly indignant at a statement which has been going the rounds of the English press, that "while Stanley was being fêted, Sir Richard was lying dangerously ill, neglected, and alone in a London lodging." She writes to the papers to say that the statement is wholly false, and that, although her husband is not well, he is neither neglected nor alone: but living with her and his private physician in "a beautiful and romantic home at the very head of the Adriatic."

Prince Bismarck, says a London letter-writer, has in the last few weeks shown the world that there is one thing that he does not know how to do. "He does not know how to fall. In his misfortune this great man has become almost small. He does not know how to accept the inevitable, and since his fall, he seems to have lost his dignity as completely as his place. He passes his time in fault-finding, in prophesying misfortunes, and in giving advice which is no longer asked of him; he unbosoms himself to every interviewer; in fact, from Bismarck the taciturn he has turned into Bismarck the talkative. He has, as he says, stepped down off the stage into the pit; but, whereas he was a first-rate actor, he makes but a noisy, discontented pitte."

Sir Morell McKenzie, Queen Victoria's physician, is one of the busiest men in London, and works on an average fourteen hours a day. He lives in Harley Street, Cavendish Square, a thoroughfare given over to the medical profession, for out of one hundred and fifty houses on the street, two-thirds are occupied by doctors. He calls on his patients during certain hours, receives calls for consultation from ten A. M. to two P. M., and divides his time as methodically as possible. During his boyhood Sir Morell had to work his own way, and not till he was nearly nineteen years old was he able to leave his position as a clerk to study medicine. After making throat diseases a specialty for twenty-eight years, however, he stands at the head of his profession in that line, and his efforts to save the life of Emperor Frederick of Germany will not soon be forgotten.

A singular fact about the Democratic Presidential nominees for the past thirty years is that all the bachelors have been elected and the Benedicts always defeated. The last installed Democratic President prior to Mr. Cleveland was James Buchanan, the bachelor from Pennsylvania. In 1860, the Democratic nominees were Stephen A. Douglas and John C. Breckinridge, both married men, who were defeated. In 1864, 1868, and 1872, the nominees were General George B. McClellan, Horatio Seymour, and Horace Greeley, respectively, all married men. In 1876, the nominee of the party, Samuel J. Tilden, a bachelor, received the popular majority. General Winfield Scott Hancock, the hero of Gettysburg, was the candidate in 1880, but, with the usual luck of married men, he was defeated. In 1884, Grover Cleveland, then a bachelor, was elected, and in 1888, Grover Cleveland, a married man, was defeated. On the other hand, the Republicans have never nominated an unmarried man for President.

Mr. Marion Crawford is an exceedingly handsome man, and is as perfect physically, with his six feet of manliness, as a Greek statue. By incessant physical culture he has developed each muscle to perfection, and he has distinguished himself as a brilliant fencer. His wife is as perfect in her way, and one of the most beautiful of American women. She has a statuesque figure that is lihe and graceful as a reed. Those who know General Berdan remember his wonderful gray eyes and his superb physique, both of which are femininely duplicated in his daughter. When General Berdan went to Turkey, after superintending the construction of his musket invention in Russia, he was accompanied by his daughter. It was there that Marion Crawford met the lady he was fortunate enough to win for a wife. Miss Berdan created a sensation in official society in Constantinople by her beauty and grace of manner. It was there that the wedding took place which united two of the handsomest natives of the United States. Mr. Crawford is a nephew of Mrs. Julia Ward-Howe.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A new weekly paper, with the name *Knickerbocker*, is announced to make its appearance in New York next month.

"The History of Pickwick" is the title of a book now in course of preparation by Percy Fitzgerald. It will present various interesting notes on the topography, old illustrations, bibliography, etc., of the novel.

Messrs. Blackwood have published the very interesting series of recollections called "In the Days of the Dandies," which the late Lord Lamington had just begun to contribute to *Maga*, when his lamented death occurred.

The Brentanos are organizing to go into publishing on a considerable scale. Their "list," up to this time has been limited. They announce a volume of poems by a well-known New Yorker, to be called "Songs from the Attic."

The *New York Tribune* in some comments on the rather poetical name of a new writer, has been unjust to the owner of that name. It hastens, therefore, to make known the fact, communicated by the clever writer herself, that Viola Roseboro is not a pseudonym, but her own rightful name.

A printer's error has been detected in the last issue of the Bible from the Cambridge Press. In Isaiah, xlviii, 13, the word "foundation" is begun with an "r" instead of an "f." The mistake was discovered by a young son of the Rev. Dr. H. Adler, who has received the standing reward of a guinea offered for detection of such an error.

In a literary contest organized by a London penny paper as to the most popular writer of fiction, Miss Braddon received 1,808 votes against the 1,648 of Rider Haggard. Our own Frances Hodgson Burnett received less than 200, and Edna Lyall but 327. Walter Besant ranks third in the list, William Black, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Marion Crawford called forth but few admiring votes, and George Meredith was not mentioned.

The English publishers of "In Darkest Africa" have in preparation a third volume, uniform with these two, to appear in the fall. It is Mountney Jephson's account of his adventures while imprisoned with Emin Pasha by the rebels of the Equatorial Province. The English edition of Stanley's work differs from the American, in having an index to each volume; and the maps, instead of being in a pocket, are bound up in the body of the work.

The Paris *Figaro* says that Count Tolstoi is writing an epilogue to the "Kreutzer Sonata." When it is finished he will write a series of pamphlets against drunkenness; and he will then set to work upon a "realistic romance" in which the heroine, one of the emancipated, will abandon her child. According to the same authority, Count Tolstoi is much irritated against the Russian censorship which has forbidden the circulation of the "Kreutzer Sonata."

In consequence of his conference with Mr. Stanley, Mr. Herbert Ward writes to Messrs. Robert Bonner's Sons requesting them to defer the publication of his book, "Five Years With the Congo Cannibals," until the fifteenth of October. Mr. Stanley writes to Mr. Ward: "Such a book as yours would be interesting at any time." The delay of Messrs. Robert Bonner's Sons in issuing this work has been owing to the desire of the author to consult with Mr. Stanley before its publication.

Mr. Stead left the office of the *Review of Reviews* in London to obtain some needed rest; but finding at Ober-Ammergau, on June 7th, no satisfactory account of "The Passion Play" as it is performed this summer, his journalistic spirit prompted him to undertake the preparation of such a book; and the result is a volume presenting the German and English text in parallel columns, and illustrated with sixty copyright photographs. The book has already met with a large sale in London, though a rival publication bears the name of Archdeacon Farrar.

Stanley wrote his book with a great deal of method. Mr. Marston says that the explorer's constant habit was to carry a "note-book, six by three inches, in his side-pocket; in this he pencilled notes constantly and at every resting-place. Of these note-books, he has shown me six of about one hundred pages each, closely packed with pencil memoranda. These notes, at times of greater leisure, were expanded into six larger volumes, of about two hundred pages each, of very minute and clear writing in ink. In addition to these field note-books and diaries, there are two large quarto volumes, filled from cover to cover with calculations of astronomical observations, etc."

The success of the series of historical romances of Dumas, published last year by Little, Brown & Co., has induced that firm to prepare a series by this author for 1890. This is entitled "The Marie Antoinette Romances," and it will occupy twelve volumes, uniform with the others by Dumas. The series begins with the entrance of Marie Antoinette into France as the Dauphiness, and closes with her execution. The five headings under which this work

will appear are full of suggestiveness for persons familiar with Dumas, while to those who are unacquainted with these notable productions, they will open up themes of rare interest. The titles are as follows: "Memoirs of a Physician," "The Queen's Necklace," "Ange Pitou" ("Taking the Bastille"), complete for the first time in English; "La Comtesse du Charnay," and "Le Chevalier de Maison Rouge." These volumes cover a most exciting period in French history, and introduce many notable scenes and characters during the last part of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, and the reign of his unfortunate successor. The power with which Dumas has depicted the period covered by these romances makes it live again, and his mastery over the springs of human emotion invests these volumes with a fascination that is felt by readers for whom the ordinary novel or the ordinary history has little interest.

The "Lounger" in the *Critic* says:

In the offices of most publishers, only a year or two ago, hanging under the placard which warned "Peddlers and beggars," that they were not allowed on the premises, there hung another, bearing the legend, "No translations wanted." No matter how good the original or how well done the translation, the publisher did not want it. As a rule, the reason why a publisher does not want a certain kind of literature is that the public does not want it. Publishers do not regard themselves as missionaries, and they follow rather than lead the popular taste. It is evident, then, that there was no popular demand for translations a few years ago. But times and tastes change. Now the cry seems to be almost wholly for translations. Tourgueneff, Tolstoi, Ibsen, Maupassant, Daudet, and the Spanish romances, not to mention Marie Bashkirtseff, are the gods of our idolatry. And not only are these stars of the foreign literary firmament beld up before us, but there is not a writer in France, Germany, Russia, Hungary, Spain, Poland, or the Netherlands, having any reputation in his own country, who is not known to us through translations. Everything that he writes is put into English at once. Even a translated serial is now running in a leading magazine. Some years ago, the suggestion of such a thing as this would have been looked upon as madness. It would not surprise me now if it soon became as common as translation for book publication. For my part, I do not see why there should ever have been a prejudice against translated books—that is, if the translation was good. There is as much difference between translations as there is between original books. One need go no further for an illustration of this than the two translations of Marie Bashkirtseff's journal. The one by Mrs. Serrano reads like an original work, while the one from the West proclaims itself a translation on every page, and a poor translation at that. The book would never have made its success in English had the Western edition been the only one. There are some books that are tolerable only when permeated with the spirit of the writer. The Bashkirtseff journal is one of these. A dry rendering into English makes it a tiresome performance. Another capital translation is that of *Pierre Loti* "Into Morocco," by Mr. Robins, published during the past winter. Mrs. Wister, Clara Bell, and Mary Safford are too well-known by their work in this field to need mentioning. It is not only a knowledge of the language translated from that makes a good translator; it is a certain knack in interpretation of another's style. At its best it is more than a knack—it is an art. And it is an art of which Henry James, among others, is a master.

New Publications.

"Kathleen Douglas," a novel by Julia Tuit Pishop, has been issued in the Primrose Edition published by Street & Smith, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 30 cents.

"Throckmorton," a novel by Molly Elliot Seawell, has been issued in the Town and Country Library published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"The Rag-Pickers of Paris," by Félix Pyat, a novel which is tainted with communism and is sensational to a degree, has been translated into English and published by Benjamin R. Tucker, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.00.

"Lucy's Mistake," another of W. Heimbürg's stories of home life in Germany, has been translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis, and appears, with photographic illustrations, in the International Library published by the Worthington Company, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, 75 cents.

"Girls and Women," by E. Chester, is a series of essays for girls and their mothers, ranging in topic from health and education to bric-à-brac and "the essentials of a lady." Published in the Riverside Library for Young People by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by William Doxey; price, 75 cents.

"The Prophet of Palmyra," by Thomas Gregg, is a review and examination of Mormonism as exemplified in the life and character of Joseph Smith. Incorporated with it is a history of the Mormon era in Illinois and a consideration of the Spalding manuscript. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.00.

"The Preachers," by "a monk," is a tirade against Catholics and Protestants alike, charging the Christian church with hypocrisy and false logic. It is written in a very intemperate vein, the author's enthusiasm running away with his reasoning power. Published by the Minerva Publishing Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Havelock," by Alexander Forbes, is the latest issue of the English Men of Action Series. It is an admirable biography of the gallant soldier who commanded the relief of Lucknow, going well into the causes of the wars in Afghanistan, Persia, and India in which he took part, and evincing a fine appreciation of and sympathy for his hero's character. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, 60 cents.

"Messalina," by Algernon Sydney Logan, is a five-act tragedy in blank verse, founded on an incident in the life of the famous Roman lady who provided the literary people of her posterity with a forcible

antithesis to Caesar's wife. The poem is very uneven, ranging from dreary commonplace to occasional passages of real beauty and power. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann; price, \$1.00.

A man who has been roughing it in the West for a dozen years and is laid an unwilling victim on the altar of society in Boston after coming into a lot of money, is the hero of "Miss Brooks," a novel by Eliza Orne White, and the heroine is a girl who has little more than a pair of pretty brown eyes to distinguish her from the conventional young woman of the modern Athens. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, \$1.00.

A little girl who makes a holocaust of the things associated with her former life and dedicates her life thenceforth to the Power of Evil, is a striking personage to find in a story for children. Yet such is one of the two girls of whom Katherine Lee Bates has written a story. "Hermit Island" it is called, from the desert island on the Maine coast, where the scene is laid. But the tale is not to be shunned, for, as a whole, it is a proper enough morality. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.25.

The fifth volume of the new edition of "Chambers's Encyclopedia" contains eight hundred and twenty-eight pages and treats of topics comprised alphabetically between *Friday* and *humanitarians*. Among the contributors are several Americans, including G. P. Lathrop, who writes of Hawthorne; General Lew Wallace, of President Harrison; Henry George, who sums up his doctrines in an autobiographical sketch; and General J. G. Wilson, who writes of Grant. Among other articles are those on "Glass-Staining," by William Morris; "Hospitals," by Florence Nightingale; "Handel," by Sir George Grove; "Hogarth," by Austin Dobson; and "Honer," by W. E. Gladstone. The colored maps of the volume include Georgia, Germany, Great Britain, Greece, and Holland, and throughout the text are scattered a quantity of smaller maps, diagrams, and illustrations. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, \$3.00 per volume.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Under the heading of "California newspapers," *Printer's Ink: A Journal for Advertisers* (published by George P. Rowell & Co., New York), has this to say:

In area, California is the second State in the Union, but in point of population it is the twenty-fourth. There are twenty towns having more than five thousand population, seven have more than ten thousand, three exceed fifty thousand, while San Francisco, the largest city in the State, has about three hundred thousand.

Compared by the average editions of newspapers published, California is the fifteenth State in the Union and twelfth in the number of papers printed. In the total number of papers put out at a single issue it ranks tenth. In the average circulation of papers, California is twelfth. In the number of papers, California is twelfth. In the number of papers, California is twelfth. In the number of papers, California is twelfth.

California is remarkable for its large number of daily papers, only five other States equalling it in this respect. One paper in seven is a daily, while in Massachusetts the proportion is one in twelve. New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago are the only cities that exceed San Francisco in the number of papers having a daily sale of more than twenty-five thousand copies. As these figures show, the Californians are most decidedly a reading people.

One-fourth of all the California newspapers are printed in San Francisco. Opinions are divided as to which of these has the largest circulation. The contest is between the *Chronicle* and the *Examiner*. . . . There is no question about the *Chronicle* being the most profitable newspaper establishment on the coast. The *Morning Call* has a large clientele among the working people.

The newsboy is not conspicuous in San Francisco. The absence of pennies makes the business difficult. People do not like to pay a nickel for a paper that can be delivered at the house for fifty cents a month. Of the evening dailies, the *San Francisco Report* claims to have double the circulation of any other. Apparently this paper is the only one that has a large business through the agency of newsboys. It is a live paper. Everybody who has lived in San Francisco for forty years or thereabouts is sure to take the *Evening Bulletin*. Its competitors derisively remark that when a "picnic" dies the *Bulletin* loses a subscriber, and that there is no one to take his place. It is sold at double the price per month demanded by the *Report* and *Call*, and undoubtedly goes into the very best houses. It has an excellent advertising patronage.

The weekly edition of the *Examiner* is now very large, and is growing. The *Chronicle* also has a good circulation for its weekly. The *Argonaut* is to the Pacific Coast what the *Argonaut* is to the Pacific Coast. . . . The circulation of the two, showing a stronger bold, proportionally, upon the people, from among whom it must seek its constituency.

Some Magazines.

Following will be found the tables of contents of some of the current magazines:

The August *Scribner's* contains—"The Paris of the Three Musketeers," by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield; "Gallegher—A Newspaper Story," by Richard Harding Davis; "Sergeant Gore," by Le Roy Armstrong; "Jerry"—Part First, Chapter XI, by A. V. Evans; "The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson"—X., by Joseph Jefferson; "The Forgotten Millions," by President Charles W. Eliot; "An Artist's Letters from Japan," by John La Farge; "The Anglo-Manic"—III., "A Provencal Pilgrimage"—II., by Harriet W. Preston; "The Women of the French Salons," by Amelia Gere Mason; "A Yankee in Andersonville"—II., by T. H. Mann, M. D.; "Friend Oliver," by Amelia E. Barr; and verses by Harriet Prescott Spofford, Frank Dempster Sherman, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Edith M. Thomas, Bliss Carman, Charles D. Roberts, Virginia Fraser Boyle, John Hendrick Bangs, Margaret Vandegrift, and M. E. W.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Miss Joanna Baker, who is professor of Greek at Iowa college, fills the chair which her father occupied nearly twenty years ago.

Victoria travels on a pass, and yet every trip she makes to Balmoral costs the English Government five thousand dollars to defray the railroad expenses.

Miss Agnes Lowe has been awarded the first prize in the oratorical contest of the Wisconsin University. She is described as an attractive young lady with fondness for nice clothes.

Mrs. D. C. Bloomer, who made herself a social martyr in a past generation by the adoption of the "Bloomer" costume, has lately celebrated her golden wedding, in conventional costume, at Council Bluffs, Ia.

There are no less than three dozen marble busts of young and beautiful women chucked away in the dark closets of James Gordon Bennett's Newport cottage, now occupied by Mrs. Brice, of Ohio and New York. That generous lady has her marble girls dusted regularly and draped with pearls of crash.

It is said that the King of the Belgians desires marriage between his youngest daughter, Princess Clementina, and one of the sons of the Prince of Wales. As the young lady is eighteen, pretty, winning, heir to an enormous fortune, and quite ready to abjure her faith and become a Protestant if need be, the Belgian alliance is not to be despised.

The Empress of Germany has military tastes as well as her husband. At the late grand review of Templehof, she was in the saddle for two hours riding superbly, and leading her own regiment of cuirassiers past the emperor. Her uniform as colonel was a habit of white cloth, embroidered shoulders and collar with the red and silver colors of the regiment, and a three-cornered white felt hat with many ostrich feathers, in which she looked remarkably pretty.

Mrs. George Boughton gave a welcome to Mr. Kendal, Miss Ada Rehan, and Mrs. John Drew, the West House, in London, the last of June. The whole list of ladies and M. P.'s were in the company. Miss Rehan, who is said to have made an impression on a distinguished field-marshal family, was dressed in an old-yellow-silk brocade, made with green sleeves, and worn with a silver bonnet, shoes, a gloves. She was chaperoned by Mrs. Drew, who wore a blue India silk, with corn-flowers in her bonnet.

Mrs. Mackay recently gave a concert in London in honor of Princess Louise, but the royal gift did not appear until a quarter to twelve, when the concert had commenced after long delay. Princess Louise, who has a genuine love for music, if consideration, calmly begged the programme might begin over again. Of course a royal wish is always granted, and the artists good-naturedly complied with the request. About four o'clock in the morning the affair terminated, to everybody's relief, when was immediately put on record as the longest musical session of the century.

At the wreck of the *Quetta* in the Indian Ocean last March, Miss Emily Lacy, a young girl under sixteen, rescued her younger sister from the submerged cabin, and then swam and floated herself for thirty hours, before she was picked up. As the chief officer, Gray, could not swim, she attempted to tow the raft on which he had tried to save her to land, when she seemed near. The sea being too high, she then tried to reach the shore alone to procure food and water for both, but the cross-currents baffled her, and when she was rescued by the *Albatross*, she was drifted out to sea. The heroic girl was burned black by the tropical sun, and had suffered so much that she said she should have chosen to drown, but for the thought of the agony her parents would suffer in death.

Following the advice of Miss Susan B. Anthony seven Washington women—Miss Lucy E. Anthony, Rev. Anna Shaw, Miss Gillett (a lawyer), Miss Edwards, Miss Ward, Miss Johnson, and Miss Des—have incorporated a stock company, called "Wimodaughis," for the purpose of building suitable head-quarters for women's association. "Wimodaughis" is made from "wives, mother, daughters, sisters." Its plans comprehend a building for the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Federation of Clubs, the Working Girls Association, Women's Relief Corps, Women's Protective Association, Woman Suffrage Association, Kin Daughters, Red Cross, and Decorative Art Association, with room for any number of private clubs, slides, and a gymnasium, bowling-alley, natatorium and coffee-room to boot. Financial success is assured to the undertaking, and social success is hoped for also.

Rudyard Kipling's Tale

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SOCIETY.

The Knight-Chabot Wedding.

Miss Henrietta M. Chabot, daughter of Mrs. Remi Chabot, was married to Mr. Robert Stuart Knight on Saturday, July 26th, at the home of the bride's mother to Oakland. The wedding was a great surprise to even the most intimate friends of the contracting parties, and was celebrated very quietly, owing to the recent demise of the father of the bride. The groom is a nephew of ex-Governor Haight and of the late Judge Thompkins.

Only relatives and a few intimate friends were assembled in the prettily decorated parlors to witness the ceremony, which was performed at noon by Rev. C. W. Weedie while the happy couple stood beneath a bower of roses and other bright blossoms. Miss Josephine Chabot acted as maid of honor, and the Misses Catherine and Clara Chabot, both becomingly dressed in white, were the bridesmaids. Mr. Harry Converse was the best man, and the bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. H. Martin.

The bridal robe was a beautiful combination of white mouseline de soie and point d'Alencon lace, over white silk. It was made in the style of the last days of the reign of Louis Seize. The bodice was moderately long and well draped, the plaits of fine mull perfectly molding the graceful figure of the young bride. No seams were visible, as they were joined by an inserting of point d'Alencon. The waist drapery formed a Marie Antoinette collar, which was edged by small pearls as was the finely plaited chemise, which was only seen at the back of the neck. The pointed corsage was adorned with large pearls, while the long sleeves of mull were moderately bouffant at the top and were tight-fitting from the elbows to the wrists, being joined inside by the insertion of lace and edged at the wrists with three rows of large pearls. A short puff terminated by rare lace covered the upper part of the arms, beneath the transparent sleeves. The skirt, which was attached to the waist at the back, was very long and of the latest cut, while the silk under-dress was closely fitted. The light mull over it was quite ample, and was cut about fifteen inches shorter than the silk dress. There was an inserting of point lace, and from it, as fine as a finger, fell a founce of plaited silk mull. The front of the skirt was artistically draped, and at the edge of the draperies fine white pearls were sewed. She wore a corsage-bouquet of natural orange-blossoms, and in the plainly dressed coiffure was a small spray of the same flowers, holding in place the flowing veil, which was a lovely combination of point d'Alencon and point d'Alencon lace, light in texture and exceedingly becoming to its fair wearer.

The same artistic work was displayed in the toilet of her sister, Miss Josie Chabot, which was of embroidered silk gauze, made in the style of the First Empire. The waist was draped alternately with the embroidered gauze and crepe lisse, plaited, the plaits being adorned with white satin ribbons, producing a charming effect. The sleeves were long and puffed, and around the waist was a high belt of white satin, terminating at the left side in a rosette. The skirt of embroidered gauze opened in front over a second skirt of crepe lisse, forming a tablier of perpendicular plaits, in which were satin ribbons forming a fringe at the edge.

Mrs. Remi Chabot, the bride's mother, was richly attired in a black Princess robe of antique point d'Espagne.

An elaborate *déjeuner* was enjoyed after the ceremony, and later in the day the newly wedded couple left for St. Helena, where they remained until last Monday, when they departed to make a three months' tour of Europe, accompanied by Mrs. Remi Chabot and Mrs. Pedar Sather.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Virginia Hanchett, of San Francisco, and Mr. Edgar K. Carroll, of Sacramento.

The wedding of Miss Christine Barreda and Mr. Charles A. Moore is announced to take place on Wednesday, August 6th.

The engagement is announced of Miss Georgiana B. Edwards, daughter of the late Captain William S. Edwards, of the United States Coast Survey, and granddaughter of the late Surgeon D. S. Edwards, U. S. N., to Dr. Channing H. Cook, son of the late Mr. Elisha Cook.

The wedding of Miss Georgiana L. Schell, daughter of the late Mr. Theodore L. Schell, of this city, and Mr. Francisco Antunes Guimaraes, of Brazil, will be solemnized in Paris early in September. The young lady has been residing abroad with her mother, for the past four years.

Mrs. John P. Jones gave a delightful german last Tuesday evening at her home in Santa Monica. About two hundred guests were present, and the affair was successful in every way.

The wedding of Mr. Thomas T. Dargie, of Oakland, and Miss Bessie Sedgwick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Sedgwick, of this city, will take place next Thursday evening at St. Luke's Church.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent San Franciscans:

Mrs. George Hearst, who has been in Washington, D. C., for several months, is expected here Tuesday. She is accompanied by Miss Eleanor Hillyer. Mrs. Hearst will pass most of the month of August at San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara.

Mrs. John P. Jones, who is now at her beautiful home in Santa Monica, has as her guests the Misses Marguerite and Marie Bucknall, Miss Williamson, of Washington, D. C., Mr. William H. Jardine, and Mr. James A. Maguire. Mrs. Walter C. Campbell and Mrs. Hubbard Campbell are visiting Mrs. E. P. Buckingham at Lagunita Rancho near Vacaville.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess have returned from their prolonged European tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins were recently the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head have been at Monterey during the past fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Preston have been at Monterey during the past week.

Mrs. Ansel M. Easton is visiting her parents at Menlo Park.

Mrs. Thomas Francis Meagher and Miss Lillie Winans have been passing a couple of weeks at Monterey.

Mrs. Eugene Cassady and Miss Daisy Cassady are passing the season at Monterey.

Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Harlan returned from their Eastern trip a week ago.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young returned to the city last Thursday after an enjoyable Eastern trip.

Mrs. N. Elliott, the Misses Marie and Kate Dillon, and Mr. Thomas Dillon have been visiting Paso Robles.

Mrs. John W. Coleman, Miss Jessie Coleman, Mrs. Whit-

ney, and Miss Pessie Wall have gone to Howell Mountain to remain a fortnight.

Miss Lillie Brush has returned from a pleasant visit at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin are at Blytheedale.

Mrs. Bayard Smith, of Los Angeles, and Miss Gertrude Hyde have been visiting Monterey during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Wooster and Miss Nellie Jolliffe have returned from their visit at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Loughborough and family have returned to the city after passing the summer at San Rafael.

Miss Susie Tompkins is in New York on a visit to friends.

Mr. Henry Kedington has returned from a trip to Southern California.

Mr. George C. Boardman and Miss Dora Boardman have returned to the city after passing a month at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lewis and family, who have been at Santa Cruz for the past two months, have returned to the city and are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. Hans H. Kohler returned to the city last Wednesday after an absence of several months' duration in Central America.

Mrs. L. N. Breed and Miss Breed have returned to the Hotel Pleasanton after a six weeks' trip through the northern part of the State.

Miss Lillie O'Connor has returned from a visit to Mrs. Theresa Fair at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jewett have purchased the residence of Mr. Samuel G. Murphy, on the corner of Bush and Jones Streets. They have been at Monterey during the past week.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and family are at Cazadero.

Mrs. Elisha Cook and Miss Leonide Cook are traveling in Italy.

Mr. Joseph M. Quay returned from Monterey last Monday.

Mr. C. H. Kohl arrived here recently from Philadelphia on a visit to his parents, Captain and Mrs. William Kohl, of San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Julien Sonntag will soon go to housekeeping on California Street, near Pierce Street.

Mrs. William H. Smith and Miss Belle Smith have returned from a prolonged and delightful visit to San Diego and other southern points.

Mrs. Grant Boyd and Miss Nellie Boyd have returned to the city after a prolonged visit to the Hotel Vendome, in San Jose.

Mr. William H. Keith is in New York city, en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Phelan at Phelan Park, in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Charles Sonntag is expected to return from Los Angeles in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant have returned from Monterey, and are occupying their cottage in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Hooker and Miss Jennie Hooker returned from Monterey early in the week.

Miss Maud Smith is the guest of Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence, in San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Goodman returned from their summer visiting last week, and are now at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Herbert E. Carolan has returned from a prolonged Eastern trip.

Mr. Elisha Dyer, of New York, arrived here a week ago on another visit to this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance, of Los Angeles, returned from San Rafael last Wednesday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Maude L. Berry, who has been in Fresno during the past three months, has returned to her home, 1812 Van Ness Avenue.

Miss Jessie Newlands is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Francis G. Newman, in Redondo Beach.

Mrs. Louis Marshall and the Misses May and Edith Thorpe have returned from a visit to the Hotel Vendome in San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kilgariff are passing the season at Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Meade are expected to return from Europe in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Jennings will return to San Rafael in a few days after an enjoyable visit to the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Nickerson and the Misses Maud and Myra Nickerson have left the Palace Hotel and are residing at 2045 Pine Street.

Mr. Frederick W. Macondray, who left for Yokohama on the City of Peking in June, arrived safely on July 5th, and is now residing with his brother, Mr. George N. Macondray, who is in business there.

Misses Blanche and Hilda Castle are with Mrs. Crowell at Undercliff, Belvidere Island.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson have been enjoying a visit at Monterey.

Mrs. William H. Mills returned from an Eastern trip last Tuesday.

Miss Millie Ashe, Miss Bessie Hooker, and Miss Sallie Maynard have been at Monterey during the past week.

Judge and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, of Sacramento, are at Santa Cruz for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller went to Monterey a week ago for a brief visit.

Mr. John N. Featherston returned from St. Helena last Tuesday.

Mrs. Florence Reed is visiting at Monterey.

Mrs. Louis B. Parrott and family have left San Rafael to pay a visit to Monterey.

Major B. C. Truman is at Redondo Beach.

Mr. Fred W. Sharon has returned to New York after a prolonged visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman will soon return to the city after a long visit to the White Sulphur Springs.

Mrs. H. C. Bowie is entertaining Miss Leila Mann at her country-seat at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone and Mr. Howard Melone are visiting Santa Monica.

Judge and Mrs. Garber and Miss Garber are at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke and Miss Lottie Clarke will remain at Monterey about a month longer.

Mr. W. H. Wilshire has been paying a visit to the Hotel Vendome at San Jose.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze and family intend to pass the remainder of the season at Monterey.

Miss Lella Carroll, of Sacramento, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson.

Miss Eugenia Chapin, of Philadelphia, has been visiting the Misses Dimond at Menlo. She intends making San Francisco her home.

Mrs. Julius Bandmann and Miss Carrie Platt have been passing the week at Monterey. Miss Bandmann returned from there early in the week.

Mrs. Lucy Otis and Miss Helen Otis are at the Hotel Vendome in San Jose.

Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes and Mr. W. S. Barnes have returned from their visit at Santa Cruz.

The Misses Irwin, who have been visiting the Misses Dimond, have returned. This week they will be at Monterey for a short stay, accompanied by the Misses Dimond.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Jr., who have been at Monterey for about a week, went to Santa Cruz last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Jackson returned to the city last Tuesday after passing a month in Napa Valley.

Miss Lella Carroll, of Sacramento, is passing a month at the White Sulphur Springs.

Miss Lizzie Tevis has returned from her visit at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Castle will pass the month of August at Santa Cruz.

Mr. Walter E. Dean returned from New York a week ago and will soon return to Monterey immediately after his arrival to visit his family.

Mrs. John Boggs and Miss Alice Boggs have been at Monterey during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bancroft returned from Monterey last Monday.

Mr. John D. Spreckels went to San Diego last Monday and will soon return with his family.

Miss Laura Bates returned to the city last Monday after a visit to the Misses Dimond at Menlo Park.

Judge and Mrs. J. H. Boalt and Miss Alice Boalt have gone East and will be away a couple of months.

Mrs. H. H. Hobbs and Mrs. Webster Jones are visiting friends in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Spence and Miss Sibyl Nugent have returned to San Jose after a pleasant visit at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue is enjoying a prolonged visit at the Hotel Vendome in San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels are in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dean and Miss Dean, who have been at San Rafael for a couple of months, are now occupying

Mrs. Scott's cottage, corner of Central Avenue and Willow Street, in Alameda.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey and Mr. Frank D. Willey have returned to the city after passing the summer at the Hotel Vendome in San Jose.

Mrs. Thomas K. Hayes, Mrs. George E. Willcott, and the Misses Lucy and Mamie Hayes have left Santa Cruz and gone to the Hotel Vendome at San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy P. Moore have returned from their visit to Napa Valley.

Miss Marie Naglee has returned to San Jose after a pleasant Eastern visit.

Mr. W. Mayo Newhall has been enjoying a visit to Los Angeles.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Major-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., and his aide-de-camp, Captain L. L. Higgins, U. S. A., returned to the city last Monday after visiting Southern California and Arizona. They are now at Monterey.

Chaplain Frank Thompson, U. S. N., has left Mare Island to join the *Charleston* at Honolulu.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Richardson Clover, U. S. N., and Mrs. John F. Miller are visiting at Laverne, in Napa County.

Lieutenant and Mrs. F. H. Lefavor, U. S. N., came down from Mare Island last Wednesday, and passed a few days at the Palace Hotel.

Captain and Mrs. J. Crittenden Watson, U. S. N., will be at Mare Island on August 10th. Captain Watson will succeed Captain Kempf there.

Ensign Henry K. Benham, U. S. N., is visiting his father, Rear-Admiral A. E. K. Benham, at Mare Island.

Lieutenant W. A. Campbell, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

The opening and closing scenes of Mr. Besant's new novel, "Armored of Lyonesse," are laid among the Scilly Islands. Tradition relates that these islands, now many miles from the mainland, were once united to Cornwall by a region of extreme fertility. This was the ancient country of Lyonesse. It was inhabited by a people remarkable for their industry and piety. No less than one hundred and forty churches stood over that region which is now a waste of waters; and the rocks called the Seven Stones are said to mark the place of a large city. According to an old English chronicle, Lyonesse was overwhelmed by an inundation of the sea on the eleventh of November, 1099.

Vanderbilt's check for seven hundred thousand pounds sterling, for some time the largest ever drawn, has been overshadowed by a check for one million two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, drawn by the Indian and Peninsular Railroad Company on the London and County Bank of London. The big check has just passed through the clearing-house, where it was an object of curious interest.

A four-in-hand race from Presburg to Vienna, a distance of forty-one miles, took place on June 13th. Seven coaches started, with ten minutes' interval between each. The first prize of a thousand florins was won by Baron Nicolaus Wesselenyi, in two hours forty-two minutes thirty-eight seconds, the roads being described as bad.

The London of to-day, with its millions of inhabitants, includes more Scotchmen than there are in Edinburgh, more Irishmen than there are in Dublin, more Jews than there are in Palestine, and more Americans than there are in Kalamazoo.

Pommery Sec.

(Illustrated London News.)

The firm of Veuve Pommery & Co. now consists of the following members: Louis Pommery, Henry Vassier, the experienced directeur, and the Comtesse de Polignac. It is owing to the conscientious efforts of the management to produce a high-grade champagne of uniform quality, regardless of cost, that Pommery & Co. occupies the elevated position it now holds among connoisseurs, prominent among whom is the Prince of Wales.

Round-the-World Travel.

The tours recently taken by the Misses Bly and Bisland have directed a large amount of attention to this delightful journey. Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son (who furnished the itineraries and tickets for these ladies) have arranged for a series of select parties to make a tour of the world under their own arrangements.

Two parties are already complete and will leave San Francisco on the *Oceanic*, September 4th, and the *City of Rio Janeiro*, September 16th. Later parties will leave on the *Gaelic*, September 27th; the *China*, October 9th; and a steamer of the Canadian Pacific line from Vancouver, October 16th.

These parties are strictly first-class, include all expenses, and are limited to twelve members. Thomas Cook & Son, at their office, No. 621 Market Street (Palace Hotel), will be pleased to answer all inquiries regarding these parties, and invite correspondence. Detailed programmes, free on application.

— YOUNG LADY, WITH GOOD CONTRALTO VOICE, desires to volunteer in a quartet-choir. Address Miss M., this office.

— E. A. BELCHER, Attorney at law, 231 Montgomery Street, Opposite Russ House.

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(In preparation, and will be published in 1891.)

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A brief but accurate description of the city and its environment, the great charities, religious and secular associations, the business, commerce, and manufactures, railroads and cable lines, and all other points of interest to the visitor and resident.

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Once used you will have no other.

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That FACTS PROVEN furnish
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WE SHOW RESULTS
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WE SEND FREE
OUR NEW BOOK
Entirely filled with reports of cures made
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It is marvelous.

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For Ladies or Gentlemen. For Boys or Girls.

LARGEST HALL ON THE COAST
Where ladies or others can learn to ride,
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PIANOS
For Furniture, Pianos,
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

There is told an anecdote of a Scotch minister, who, when he had been engaged to a girl for some years, said timidly, one day: "D'ye think, lassie, we might tak' a kiss?" The daniel looked as if she thought they might. The minister folded his hands, asked a blessing, took the kiss, and gave thanks. Very soon, he whispered: "Eh, lassie, but it's verra guid. D'ye think we might tak' anither?"

A stout man, with a large bag and a distressed countenance, came to a ticket-seller's window one day, and said, excitedly: "Tell me what time the three fifty train leaves?" The ticket-seller looked at him with a fixed and solemn gaze a moment, and then answered: "It leaves at ten minutes of four." "Ten minutes of four!" exclaimed the stout gentleman; "what a fraud these railroads are! Actually misleading people five minutes in their time-tables for the fun of seeing them left!"

A student of ancient history, seeing the statement that a famous character in history had died 1030 A. M. (*anno mundi*, or the year of the world), remarked to his professor, with some surprise: "How exceedingly careful those ancients were about noting little circumstances." "What do you mean?" the professor asked. "Why they even tell the time of day that a great man dies; we don't do that now." "I think you are mistaken," replied the teacher. "No, I am not; here it is: 'His death occurred at tenthirty A. M.'"

A theological student, who was accompanied by his professor to a country place where the former was to preach, prevailed upon the professor to make the opening prayer. Arising to make the announcement, he amazed the congregation by saying: "Professor Smith will now lead us in a petition of the faculty of the H— Seminary to the throne of grace of which I have the honor to be a student. After accompanying him, your humble servant will attempt to preach the Word whose shoes he is not worthy to unloose."

A missionary was preaching to an American frontier audience on the prodigal son. After he had described the condition of the son in rags among the swine, and had started him on his return, as he began to speak of the father coming to meet him, and ordering the fatted calf to be killed in honor of the prodigal's return, he noticed a cowboy looking interested, and he determined to make a personal appeal. Looking directly at his hearer, the preacher said: "My friend, what would you have done if you had had a son returning home in such a plight?" "I'd have shot the boy, and raised the calf," was the prompt reply.

Luguet in his early days was a "supe," and was playing the bearer of an important dispatch, on the contents of which the plot of the drama turned. By mistake, the property-man had given him a blank piece of paper to hand to the mimic king, who, not having studied the words which ought to have been written on the dispatch, was in a quandary. He thought he had cleverly extricated himself therefrom by handing the paper back to Luguet, with the command: "Read it to me, sirrah!" But Luguet rose equal to the occasion. "Alas! sir," he responded; "born of poor but honest parents, I have never learned to read."

While waiting for a train at Yokohama Station not many years ago, a tourist observed a Japanese gentleman faultlessly attired in European dress approach a Japanese lady (also dressed after the manner of civilized nations) and lift his hat with a pretty bow made in the orthodox Western style. Thereupon Mme. Chrysanthème, looking a trifle embarrassed, essayed to return the compliment by lifting her bonnet. Finding, however, that this troublesome head-piece declined to yield, the poor little lady tugged at it hard with both hands; but as all her exertions were unavailing, she ultimately slid her hands down the front of her dress and inclined her body after the manner of uncivilized Japanese when they meet each other in the street naturally clothed.

When Bismarck was Prussian delegate to the Federal Diet at Frankfurt, he took apartments in the house of a patrician of that free city, who held the Prussians in great repugnance; and when Bismarck applied to him to have a bell fixed up in his servant's room he answered that that was not in the agreement, and that if Bismarck wanted a bell he must get it fixed himself, and at his own expense. A few days later a loud report of fire-arms was heard to proceed from the delegate's room. The landlord, frightened to death, rushed up to his lodger's apartments, and bursting, all out of breath, into Bismarck's study, found him seated at his desk before a great pile of documents and calmly smoking his pipe. There was a pistol lying on the table, still smoking at the barrel. "For the love of heaven, what has happened?" asked the frightened landlord, more dead than alive. "Nothing, nothing," answered Bismarck, quietly; "don't disturb yourself; I was only calling my servant. It is a very harmless signal, to which you will have to accustom

yourself, for no doubt I shall want oftentimes to use it again." The bell was fixed up next day.

A curious mistake came near causing a terrible social upheaval in a Western military post not very long ago (says the *Illustrated American*). A young officer undertook to order, for the use of some of the ladies of the place, copies of the "London Lancers" from a bookseller in a distant town. His handwriting was not very legible. The bookseller misread the order as the *London Lancel*, and one morning a number of leading belles were horrified at finding in their mails, "with the compliments of Lieutenant Blank," a copy of the great medical journal of London, the first page whereof happened to be profusely illustrated with cuts that were admissible, and even laudable, in a paper for specialists, but not exactly suited for the social or family circle. Great was the indignation throughout the town at what was supposed at first to be a practical joke of a peculiarly heinous character, and even after the matter had been fully explained, it was long before the young lieutenant could meet his female friends without a blush.

The poet Rogers used to tell a good story of the French abbés. Before the French Revolution, at the houses of the principal noblemen, there would be a plate left for some chance abbé, and the first who arrived took it. About dinner-time you would see the abbés picking their way from the top of one stone to another, ringing or rapping at the *porte cochère* and inquiring: "Y-a-t-il le place?" "Non, monsieur." Then he would tillip onwards. On one occasion, at the commencement of the revolution, there was a party dining—the cart went by, carrying criminals to the guillotine—all the company ran to the windows—the abbé, being a short man, tried to peep tiptoe, but in vain, so he went down to the *porte cochère*. As the vehicle went by, one of the victims who knew the abbé bowed to him; the abbé returned the salutation. "What! you are his friend—you are one of them—away with him!" The poor abbé was hoisted into the cart and hurried to the guillotine. The company, having satisfied their curiosity, returned to the table. The abbé's place was vacant. "Mais où est monsieur l'abbé?" "Alas! the poor abbé was already headless."

The prevalence of short-sightedness has increased so much in recent years, especially in European countries, that officers of the armies, and sometimes private soldiers, are permitted to wear spectacles. In the campaign of the French against the celebrated Abd-el-Kader, the Algerian chief, there was, in a battalion of foot chasseurs, an adjutant named Dutertre, who was often rallied by his mess-mates because he was permitted to wear spectacles. Not much of a hero, some of them fancied, could be a man who habitually wore glasses. But one day, Dutertre, engaged with a reconnoitering party, was surrounded by the enemy, slightly wounded in the head, and taken prisoner. He was brought before Abd-el-Kader. In the meantime, the rest of the French command—a small battalion—had taken refuge in a neighboring walled inclosure. "Go to your companions," said the Arab commander to Dutertre, "and tell them again what I told them yesterday, that if they surrender, their lives shall be spared. And yours, in that case, shall be spared, too. But if they do not surrender, I shall exterminate them to the last man, and shall decapitate you and give you to my dogs. And understand, I send you to your companions on this condition, that in any event, whether they accept my terms or not, you are to return to me. Do you accept my conditions?" "I accept them," said Dutertre. He left the Arab camp, knowing that his only chance of life lay in the surrender of the French battalion. If they determined to fight it out, he was bound in honor to return and meet a horrible death. The spectated adjutant returned to his companions. He had always been a man of few words, and he used very few on this occasion. "Chasseurs," he said, "if you don't surrender, they are going to cut off my head. Now die, every one of you, rather than yield!" Without another word Dutertre returned to the Arabs with the message that his comrades refused to surrender. Abd-el-Kader carried out his threat, and the brave adjutant's head, still wearing the spectacles, was carried at the end of a pole before the walls of the building in which his companions were entrenched.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY,
BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Bilious and Nervous Disorders.
"Worth a Guinea a Box" but sold
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BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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THE
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AT
SACRAMENTO**
SEPT. 8TH TO 20TH
A Complete
Exposition
With Open Air
Amusements for
the Day, and
Grand Musical
Concerts for
the Evening.
THE RACE MEETING
OF THE YEAR.

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UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco.
Agents for The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co. The California Line of Clippers from New York, The Hawaiian Line of Packets, The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited, The Baldwin Locomotive Works, steel rails and truck material.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Capital.....\$3,000,000
WILLIAM ALVORD, President.
THOMAS BROWN, Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR., Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.
Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world.
Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Göteborg, Christiania, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.
BANKING DEPARTMENT.
Capital and Surplus.....\$5,000,000
Directors:
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H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.
Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

26th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1890
Home Mutual Insurance Co.
No. 216 Sansome Street.
Capital (Paid up in Gold).....\$300,000 00
Net Surplus (over everything).....244,884.41
PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
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GENERAL AGENT.....ROBERT H. MAGILL

London Assurance Corporation
Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720.
Northern Assurance Company
Of London. Established 1836.
Qucen Insurance Company
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.
Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.
Of Hartford, Conn.
ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.
South-east corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

Pears' Soap
Fair white hands.
Bright clear complexion
Soft healthful skin.
"PEARS"—The Great English Complexion SOAP,—Sold Everywhere."

LATE MAGAZINE VERSE.

Attainment.

From the marble of his thought
Are the poet's fancies wrought
Into forms of symmetry,
Into rhyme and melody;
Not by any magic feat
Comes the statue forth complete;
Only patient labor, long,
Can create the perfect song;
Only love that does not tire
Can attain its high desire—
Love that deems no gift of time
Wasted, so it wins the rhyme
One elusive word to start
Life within the lyric's heart—
Still the Parthenon for us—
Jewel of Pencilwork
Fashioned centuries ago—
Shines with its undiminished glow;
Still the resurrected bust,
Buried ages in the dust,
Holds to-day its honored place
By the marvel of its grace;
So the poet's song shall shine
For the jewel of one line—
So his lyric shall endure
Like the carved marble pure,
Till he must die he would win
Heaven's gate and enter in;
Labor of a life-time give
That the sculptured verse shall live!
—Clinton Scollard in August Century.

An Impression.

A cypress dark against the blue,
That deepens up to such a hue
As never painter dared and drew;

A marble shaft that stands alone
Above a wreck of sculptured stone
With gray-green algaes overgrown;

A hill-side scored with hollow veins
Through age-long wash of autumn rains,
As purple as with vintage stains;

And rocks that while the hours run
Show all the jewels, one by one,
For pastime of the summer sun;

A crescent sail upon the sea
So calm and fair and ripple-free
You wonder storms can ever be;

A shore with deep indented bays,
And o'er the gleaming waterways
A glimpse of islands in the haze;

A face bronzed dark to red and gold,
With mountain eyes that seem to hold
The freshness of the world of old;

A shepherd's crook, a coat of fleece,
A grazing flock;—the sense of peace,
The long sweet silence; this is Greece!
—Russell Rodd in August Harper's.

A Dialogue.

LiLi.—Oh, have you found the Fount of youth,
Or have you faced the Fire of Kor?
Or whence the form, the eyes, the mouth,
The voice, the grace we praised of yore?
Ah, lightly must the years have sped,
The long, the life-laden years have sped,
That cast no snows upon your head,
Nor slin your eyes with any tears!
And gently must the heart have beat,
That, after many days, can send
So soft, so kind a blush to greet
The advent of so old a friend.

Elle.—Another tale doth it repeat,
My mirror; and it tells me true!
But time, the thief of all things sweet,
Has failed to steal one grace from you.
One touch of youth he can not steal,
One trait there is he leaves you yet;
The boyish loyality, the leal
Absurd, impossible regret!
These are the magic: these restore
A phantom of the April prime,
Show you the face you liked of yore,
And give me back the theft of Time!
—Andrew Lang in August Scribner's.

(They Said.)

Because thy prayer had never fed
Dark ate with the food she craves,
Because thou dost not hate (they said),
Nor joy to step on foemen's graves:
Because thou canst not hate, as we,
How poor a creature thou must be,
Thy veins as pale as ours are red!
Go to! Love loves thee not (they said).

Because by thee no snare was spread
To baffle Love: if Love would strave,
Because thou dost not watch (they said)
To strictly compass Love each way:
Because thou dost not watch, as we,
Nor jealous Care hast lodged with thee,
To strew with thorns a restless bed—
Go to! Love loves thee not (they said).

Because thy feet were not misled
To jocund ground, yet all infirm,
Because thou art not fond (they said),
Nor dost exact the heyday term:
Because thou art not fond, as we,
How dull a creature thou must be,
Thy pulse how slow—yet shrill thy head!
Go to! Love loves thee not (they said).

Because thou hast not roved to wed
With those to Love averse or strange,
Because thou hast not roved (they said),
Nor ever studied arctic change:
Because thou hast not roved, as we,
Love paid no ransom rich for thee,
Nor, seeking thee, one earnest sped.
Go to! Love loves thee not (they said).

Aye, so! because thou thought'st to tread
Love's ways, and all his bidding do,
Because thou hast not roved (they said),
Nor ever wert to Love untrue:
Because thou hast not roved, as we,
How tedious must thy service be,
Love with thy zeal is sufficed!
Go to! Love loves thee not (they said).

Because thou hast not wanted shed
On every hand thy heritage,
Because thou art not flush (they said),
But hast regard to measure Age:
Because thou art not flush, as we,
How strait thy cautious soul must be,
How well thy thrift stands thee in stead!
Go to! Love loves thee not (they said).

And therefore, look thou not for bread—
For wine and bread from Love's deep store,
Because thou hast no need (they said);
But us he'll feast for evermore!
Because thou hast no need, as we,
Sit in his parlor, thou, and see,
How with Love's bounty we are fed,
Go to! Love loves thee not (they said).
—Edith M. Thomas in August Century.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
RELIEVES THE FEELING OF LASSITUDE
So common in midsummer, and imparts vitality.

PASSENGER-ELEVATOR ETIQUETTE.

The manners displayed by people on our elevators are so striking that I should like to discourse of them. I should like to discourse of them very much, indeed. But the lack of manners is so much more striking as to demand exclusive attention.

Those weak-minded men, who bring cigarettes or asafetida into elevator-cars, are certainly without the pale of the law.

Milder offenders are those who bring in an odor of chronic alcoholism. Apparently there are some men so unfortunate that they can not drink anything without its going straight to their breath. These men deserve our pity; but they ought to be made to enter buildings by the fire-escape.

There are innocents people, though I do not know that their intentions are evil, who get off excitedly at every landing where the door is opened, and look about like startled fawns. The elevator-boy has to win them back into the lift with gentle words. After they have arrived at the top, ingenious and kindly questioning usually discovers the fact that they are in the wrong building.

Business men—those men so fortunate as to have not only intelligence but opportunity for using it—are seldom so lacking in charity to their inferiors as to demand that dudes shall not ride in an elevator with them. But they certainly have just cause to complain to the owner of the building when the dude is one who turns to the mirror, and affects to regard his image with favor.

When there is a crowd waiting to take the elevator, a woman comes to the door, and advises with the elevator-boy, confidentially, critically, and in detail, concerning a number of matters foreign to the affairs of the impatient crowd. In general, she uses an easy, ambling voice, but occasionally she takes the elevator-boy up very shortly. She places her arms across the elevator-door in order that she may not be unwarrantably disturbed by people entering the car. When she has completed her inquiries several times, she observes:

"Ah, as I supposed."

There are some capitalists, worth four hundred dollars, who have become so used to regarding people as their slaves, that they make nothing of keeping a car of serfs waiting while they complete some momentous commercial conversation. When finally they enter, they seem to say:

"I am now ready; you may proceed."

But the prime offender is still another. There is a tendency of apoplexy in my family, and I can speak of him only with the greatest caution. He is the genial, whole-souled gentleman, usually a corpulent brute, who, having entered a car, persists in remaining near the door where all who come in must crush by him. This erring person is going to the top to see some obscure tenant under the back rafters, and the hideous malefactor takes a venomous satisfaction—a foolish but innocent delight—in knowing that all who crush by him coming in must also crush by him going out—the poisonous, hunch-backed toad.

But the variety of clowns and felons whom I could mention is endless. I once started in to make a catalogue of all the ill-mannered people of this city who ride on elevators, but I learned, with keen relief, that the city directory was engaged in getting the same names.

If it were only the small, spiritless men who transgress against good manners, I could advise forthwith to remedy the evil. But when I see how many "tall, disagreeable scoundrels" there are who offend, I am the first to admit that the subject is one demanding mature thought.

There is no reason, however, why we should not begin at once with the little men. They should be forcibly and fearlessly taught a salutary lesson in etiquette. Maybe the large men, when they had seen how we regard bad manners, would feel ashamed of themselves.—Puck.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAN'S, 213 Sutter St.

NON-FORFEITING

FREE TONTINE POLICY

—OF THE—

New York Life Insurance Co.

It Stands Four-Square to all the Winds that Blow.

1. A SAFE POLICY.—Non-forfeiting after three annual premiums have been paid. Larger paid-up values than required by the State law. A month's grace allowed in the payment of premiums.

2. A PROFITABLE POLICY.—The Tontine principle of accumulation, as applied by the New York Life, has given the Largest Results at the end of any selected periods of any plan of insurance.

3. AN ADJUSTABLE POLICY.—The options offered in these policies at the ends of periods of 10, 15, or 20 years, enable the insured to adjust his policy to his new circumstances when the selected period ends.

4. A POLICY WITH MANY PRIVILEGES.—No restrictions as to residence and travel after two years. Practical freedom of occupation. Immediate payment of death claims. Guaranteed dividends.

Assets, January 1, 1890, \$105,053,600

Surplus, " " 25,600,000

WM. H. BEERS, President.

ALEX. C. HAWES,

Manager for Pacific Coast.

WALKER & CERR, State Agents for California.

The plan now being pursued by all the modern school of advertisers, shows that the old scheme of spasmodic advertising, with a big display just before the beginning of the season and about the holidays, is being superseded by better and more enterprising methods, and the storekeepers of the present, who wish to keep trade lively all the year around, will advertise judiciously and constantly if they would keep abreast of the times and their contemporaries.

The briefer the advertisement the harder it is to write it. Any man with a common-school education and a dictionary can say what he has to say if you give him a column or a page to say it in, but it takes a genius to express the contents of that space within the measure of a few lines.—N. C. Fowler, Jr., Advertising Manager Pope Manufacturing Co.

The assertion may be safely ventured that over ninety-five per cent. of all advertisements written contain from ten to ninety-five per cent. too much matter, and that they further contain mention of more subjects and articles than should be mentioned within one advertisement.—N. C. Fowler, Jr., Advertising Manager Pope Manufacturing Co.

Too many words in an advertisement destroy the very purpose for which they were written, and are a positive guarantee that people will not read them. Well-written advertisements are more than fifty per cent. news.—N. C. Fowler, Jr., Advertising Manager Pope Manufacturing Co.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN
via
NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, April 6, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 4:20, 5:30, 6:30 P. M.
Extra trip on Sundays to Sausalito at 11:00 A. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 3:30, 5:00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 5:30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—8:10, 9:45, 9:50, 11:15 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 5:00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, 10:55 A. M.; 12:00 M., 1:15, 2:45, 4:00, 5:00, 6:05, 7:00 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6:30 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:55, 11:05 A. M.; 3:35, 5:12 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:12, 9:20, 10:10, 11:15 A. M.; 12:20, 1:40, 3:00, 5:15, 6:30 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6:38 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 10:05, 11:45, 12:05, 2:15, 4:10, 5:40 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:45, 9:45, 10:40, 11:40 A. M.; 12:45, 1:55, 3:30, 4:40, 5:45, 6:50, 7:45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 7:10 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1:30 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 7:00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco at 1:25 P. M.
8:00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 8:15 P. M., same day.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tomales, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.
Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Point Reyes, \$1.75; Tomales, \$2.00; Howard's, \$2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, \$1.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Culey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.
JNO. W. COLEMAN, F. B. LATHAM,
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General Offices, 329 Pine Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
Steamer, From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1890.
Belgic Tuesday, August 12
Oceanic Thursday, September 4
Gaelic Saturday, September 27
Belgic Tuesday, October 21
Oceanic Thursday, November 13
Gaelic Saturday, December 6
Belgic Tuesday, December 30
Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA

San Jose Monday, August 4, at 12 M.
Taking freight and passengers direct for Mazatlan, Acapulco, Ocos, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, Comayagua, Punta Arenas, and Panama.
This steamer will make a special call at Tonalá.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:

City of Peking, Saturday, Aug. 23, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro, Sept. 16, at 3 P. M.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Until further notice all our China Line Steamers (both ways) will touch at Victoria, B. C.

Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets, Branch office, 202 Front Street.

W. R. A. JOHNSON, Acting Gen. Agent.
Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From July 14, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	2:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax...	4:45 P.
8:00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6:15 P.
9:00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East and Los Angeles...	10:15 A.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff...	4:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	8:45 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers...	6:00 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José...	9:45 A.
3:30 P.	2d class Ogden and East...	9:45 P.
4:00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans and East...	8:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa...	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Lahore and Stockton	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis...	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and San José...	8:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and San José...	6:15 P.
6:00 P.	Haywards and Niles	7:45 A.
8:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9:45 A.
9:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East...	7:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Excursion train to Santa Cruz, Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6:20 P.
2:45 P.	Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	11:20 A.
4:45 P.	Gatos, and Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:25 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	2:30 P.
7:50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion	8:25 P.
8:30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, Soledad, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations...	6:12 P.
10:30 A.	San José and Way Stations...	7:30 P.
12:01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations (Del Monte Ltd) Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Monterey, and Pacific Grove	5:13 P.
2:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations	11:15 A.
3:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations...	10:00 A.
4:20 P.	San José and Way Stations...	7:56 A.
5:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations...	9:03 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations...	6:33 A.
11:45 P.	San José and principal Way Stations	4:28 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. ** Mondays excepted.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, July 13, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:25 P. M.; Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:15 P. M.
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:00, 9:30, 11:40 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05, 6:30 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—7:15, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 12:05, 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 7:00 P. M.; Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. DESTINATION. Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.		6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:00 P. M.			7:25 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Ukiah, and Way Stations.		
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Liton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
		Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
5:00 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
			6:05 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:05 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Lower Lake, and Zeigler Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Willits, Capeta, Potter Valley, Sherrwood Valley, and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Liton Springs, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Guerneville, \$7.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Liton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.25; to Hopland, \$3.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager,
PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
Ticket Offices at Ferry and 222 Montgomery Street.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., August 3, 13, 18, 28, Sept. 2, 17, Oct. 2, 17.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M. every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesday, 9 A. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico south of each month. Ticket office, 4 New Montgomery.

GOODALL, PERKINS,
General Agents, S.



"Lights and Shadows" is the sort of play that is generally alluded to as "a drammer." The peculiarities of the "drammer" play are six acts; two heroes—one a villain, one an angel, who sacrifices his life for the heroine; one heroine, who flees the importunities of the villain-hero throughout the six acts, eventually fetching up in the arms of the angel-hero; one villain-woman, who invariably smokes cigarettes and generally talks with an accent; one pair of funny lovers, who come in and fight when the villains are all off occupied with their villainy; and two or three old men, who die and leave large fortunes to the heroine. Mix these judiciously, and flavor to taste with a police-inspector and two toughs. Powder the whole with revolvers, and garnish with a tank, and you have a "drammer" of the most piquant and spicy flavor.

"Lights and Shadows" opens at the beautiful villa of a wealthy banker. You know he is a banker, because when he first comes in he says that ruin is hanging over him. Ruin is always hanging over bankers on the stage. That is the way you know them. When the banker has told you who he is, in his delicately inferential banker way, enters to him his friend the judge. The banker introduces himself to the judge by remarking that ruin is hanging over him, and begs for twenty thousand dollars. The judge—who appears to possess a strong sense of the dramatic unities, and who knows that the moment ruin ceases to suspend itself over the banker, his usefulness as a banker is ended—promptly refuses to spoil the first act and the banker's *raison d'être* together. The judge is a person who knows his business as a stage-judge. He gives the verdict that ruin must hang.

Then the banker goes away, and the judge and some ladies do a good deal of talking. The judge is rough and harsh with people. By this you know that he is good. In "drammers," the good people are always disagreeable in the first acts. That is the way, as with the banker, that you know they are good. When black suspicions hang over a man up to act four, you can be tranquilly assured that he is the good genius of the play. He is the person who will climb into the robbers' den, and, with half-a-dozen muscular robbers leveling pistols at his head, will cry, "Villains, I defy you!" seize the heroine—whose back-hair always comes down just at that point—and swinging her lightly over his shoulder, flies with her through a window eighty feet from the ground. The villains, petrified at his daring words, make no movement, or else, in a paroxysm of blind bravery they snap their revolvers at him, none of them go off.

It appears that on this particular day, tableaux are under way at the banker's. Most of the characters in the "drammer" have assembled to see them. The good and bad heroes, both are there; the villainess, with the foreign accent, is there, too; also the heroine, who comes in in a gypsy costume. The heroine, so far as one can gather from some excited language on her part, was stolen away in infancy from her parents and apprenticed to a gang of robbers; from these she escaped, and now appears to be hiding from them. In order still more effectually to hide her light under a bushel and elude her pursuers, she goes about in a gypsy dress and warns strange young ladies against the gang, members of which are even now dogging her footsteps. The strange young lady starts and puts her hand on her heart, and, looking up at the gallery, says: "Tis impossible! You rave, girl," and then gets hence through a doorway, stopping, as she gets half-way through, to bend her head back and look at her informer in the attitude of one who prepares to turn a cart-wheel.

After this the good hero—Mark, his name is—comes in and makes an offer of marriage to the heroine. She refuses him and weeps, saying, in somewhat similar language to Jeanie Macfarlane: "I cannot be your bride," except that she hints at a dark and gruesome story which marked her early career. Mark does not seem to want to hear this. He gets quite uneasy when she keeps hinting at it, and rather shuts her up. He evidently wishes her to keep the thing to herself, so she sobs and says: "I can not marry you, my noble friend," and sinks on a bench.

This is a bad half-hour for Mark. A few moments later the banker comes in and begins, as usual, about the ruin that is hanging over him. It has got so far now as to hang over Mark. If something does not soon remove the banker, the ruin will be hanging over every one in the cast, it seems to be spreading with such horrible rapidity. In order to divert this universal doom, the banker shoots himself, and the deadly upas-tree of ruin is arrested

in its fell course. The banker, dispatched, falls to the ground with a dull, sickening thud, which is so marked that it calls all the company to the spot. They form a ring and look at him. Then the villain offers Mark his right hand and eternal friendship, and immediately you "size him up" for what he is—The Villain, with capitals. Had he offered to kick Mark, that would have been the admission of an angelic nobility of disposition.

In the next act we find the abductee child posing in the studio of one Maul, an artist. This is the act where the villains reveal themselves in their true hues. There is a screen across the door, and behind this the man and woman villains spend their time. This is the sure sign of a villain. If you have had any doubt about him before, the moment he goes to conceal himself behind a screen all doubts as to his style may cease. Stage villains live behind screens. They walk in and out of Maul's studio, and spend long and happy hours behind his screen in the most natural, home-like way in the world. They are going to reabduct the lost child again, and at the top of their lungs they announce this fact, and, in their desperate daring, go so far as to walk into the studio and let themselves be seen. Whereat the model shrieks to raise the roof, the villain goes, but no one thinks to lock the door against his return.

In this scene Edith, the lost child, is found by her lover, and together they discover that she is the daughter of the judge. They recall scenes to each other's memory—do not actually ask about the strawberry mark on her left arm, but come very near it, arrive at the thrilling conclusion that she is the child of rich but honest parents, and fall upon each other's necks amid tears of joy. After this climax, Mark goes away. The heroine soliloquizes, the orchestra plays gloomy, thrumming things such as always prelude the appearance of Zamiel in the "Black Crook," the door opens, and in pours a stream of villains. They chloroform the heroine and carry her off, uttering loud cries of triumph as they spirit her away down the back-stairs. Everybody in the house is either deaf or chloroformed too, for no one appears to hear their jubilant yells—not even Mark, who entering, sees them from the window putting his sweet-heart into a cab. With a piercing shriek of baffled rage, he seizes a mighty battle-axe which happens to be standing by, breaks the window, and, so far as the audience can judge—who in this instance are distinctly "not in it"—makes his descent down the lightning-rod.

Mark, who is not a person of great sense at the best of times, is more supremely idiotic in the third act than he ever is again or ever was before. It is here that he touches the climax of his lunacy—"the very butt and sea-mark of his sail." In the first place, he goes to a detective's office and gives away his whole plan of action by which to find his beloved. Then he gets taken in by a sham policeman who is one of the gang, and who takes the bullets out of his pistol, and then, arrayed in that dazzling splendor which only a stage hero can compass, he trusts his youth and beauty, alone and unprotected, into Mother Meg's cellar.

Mother Meg is the person who is given to abducting Edith. It appears to be one of her habits. She is a person who has had many and wide experiences, is vindictive in her temperament, and wishes to vent upon Edith her own spleen. Edith's papa in his young and sportive days had trifled with Mother Meg's youthful affections, hence Mother Meg tortures his daughter in a spirit of vicarious justice. Edith's lover is tied up securely and told that if he does not become a member of the gang, Edith will be killed. As a sort of preliminary canter before the killing they take Edith into a back-room and turn on the torture. The torture is accompanied by a series of reverberating crashes, as it were the fall of a pile-driver, and fearful groaning cries. Then Edith is brought out fainting and her hair comes down, nicely crimped. But the stoic will not yield, so they apply more torture. This time it is accompanied by a bard, snapping sound, as it might be the smiting of a cane against a table-leg. It is not pleasant to think that Edith may be made entirely of wood, so one is forced to accept the more comfortable conclusion that she has a cork-leg. Her shrieks continuing, her lover weakens, agrees that "her life he will become one of the gang, seizes her prostrate form in his arms, and with a wild cry of "I have sacrificed my honor for her life!" dashes out.

This is the third time Edith is abducted, and it happens only once again. There is a limit to some things, even in "Lights and Shadows"; besides, by constant repetition, such things lose their dramatic force. But Edith is a fine, strong, healthy girl, if there ever was one. She comes out blooming from the torture. Try as they will, they can not kill her. They put her in a sewer and pump water on her. No good. They leave her swooning on the floor of the steel room. Not the least use in the world. All the brains in the gang are concentrated in their efforts to remove her, and the thing can not be done. If they were to stab her, a whalebone, or a button, or the impenetrable texture of her own marble skin would turn the edge of the steel, even if it were Saladin's scimitar, that could cleave feather-pillows in twain. Finally, the author gives it up, being himself rather discouraged by her tenacity to life. She lives triumphantly because nobody could kill her. She is own sister to the man who cut his throat, took poison, hung himself, set himself on fire, and jumped

into the sea in his effort to commit suicide, and in the end was unsuccessful.

Upon this genuine, pure, unadulterated "drammer" Mr. Grismer and Miss Davies have lavished much time and trouble. It is a pity that they can not find a better play upon which to expend their talents. They both act agreeably, and they are both most painstaking and careful, but no matter what cleverness and labor were expended upon such an undigested mass of old Bowery dough, it could not be other than absurd. The most devoted admirer of "young plays" could hardly tolerate the crude horridness of the scene where Edith is tortured. Dull thuds, accompanied by wild yells and long, dying groans, are hideous things nobody wants to bear. And the agony is so piled on that the audience "has supped full of horrors" long before the horrors are over. If the play were toned down in these "strong scenes" and cut to about one-third its present length, it might be turned out a good, gory melodrama of the old school, such as fills the heart of the gallery with joy. As it stands now, it is raw and crude. There is hardly any one who will tolerate six acts with long waits between each.

The company is quite clever. Miss Davies is the best. She is a nice, gentle, sweet-looking actress, and has a pretty, plaintive voice which has the charm of never growing monotonous—the defect of all plaintive voices. The lady who did Mother Meg was also quite spirited. But her part was easier than that of Miss Davies, as a character-part is always bound to be. One can hardly judge fairly of Mr. Grismer's ability in the character of Mark, for Mark was such an idiot that any one reciting the lines assigned to him would be overshadowed, no matter how strong his personality, by his sweet, artless stupidity. Mr. Grismer has proved that he can do good work when he portrays a congenial character, and certainly Mark can not be that. G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"The City Directory" will end its engagement in town at the close of next week.

Millöcker's light opera, "The Vice-Admiral," is to be continued for another week.

Helena Modjeska recently declared that her home henceforth is California. She has developed a tremendous interest in photography of late.

Edwin Stevens's rôle in Fay Templeton's comic opera, "Hendrik Hudson," will be that of editor of the New Amsterdam *Kicker*—if the opera is produced.

The scenes of Hoyt's latest farce-comedy are laid in this city, and the name of it is "A Trip to Chinatown." The plot hinges on incidents at a masquerade ball. It will be seen here in a few weeks.

Dockstadter's old theatre in New York is soon to be reopened by Manager Herrmann as the Gaiety Theatre. The first performances will be of operabouffe, with Minnie Palmer in the leading rôles.

The Grismer-Davies Company will put "Lights and Shadows" back on the shelf next week, and substitute for it "Under A Yoke," a new play by Edward E. Kidder, who wrote Sol Smith Russell's "A Poor Relation."

Mrs. M. B. M. Toland's romantic opera, founded on her poem "Onti Ora," was produced a few nights ago in Philadelphia. Mr. Hinrichs's music came in for more praise than the libretto, which is said to be too simple and ineffective.

Mme. Otilée Genée will inaugurate a new season of German performances here in a few weeks. They will take place on Sunday nights, as before, and the company will include Mme. Genée, Marie Wolff, Herr von Osten, Fraulein Kynast, Herr Begker, and others.

The Palmer Company will begin next week with a new *lever de rideau*, "One Touch of Nature," followed by "Aunt Jack." The same bill will be repeated on Tuesday night, and the remainder of the week will be divided between "Jim the Penman" and "Captain Swasi."

Ralph L. Mearns, the author of "Aunt Jack," is an Englishman, the son of H. R. Linsley, the editor of the London *Courier Journal*. He was at one time a writer of gossip society paragraphs for the London papers, but latterly his time is given up to play-writing. He was married a few weeks ago.

Marcus Mayer has resigned the lieutenancy under Abbey and Grau which has kept him flying around the globe for several years, and, with one or two partners, is managing Pauline Hall's forthcoming tour, Agnes Huntington's appearances in this country, and an American version of "Faust up to Date."

It seems that E. C. Rice is prepared to come down on Fay Templeton for five thousand dollars' damages if she attempts to appear in America before the expiration, next year, of her contract with him, which she broke when she disappeared from New York with Howell Osbourne. So her appearance in "Hendrik Hudson" is liable to be postponed indefinitely.

A benefit will be tendered to J. N. Long at the Baldwin Theatre next Thursday afternoon. Mr. Long is an actor who has given the theatre-goers of San Francisco a great deal of pleasure at one time

and another, first as the *jeune premier* of the old California company and later in a number of good organizations, and now he is sick and in need of funds. Those who attend the benefit will not be bored, for a good programme has been prepared—scenes by the Palmer and Grismer companies; a minstrel "first-part," with Charlie Reed and Burt Haverly on the ends; the burlesque of "Camille," with Dan Collier as Camille and Charlie Reed as Armand, that created such a sensation at the Five A's benefit in New York last winter; and a variety of other good features.

MUSICAL NOTES.

A Mauzy Musical Evening.

Byron Mauzy's piano warerooms were crowded last Thursday evening when a concert was given there under the direction of Miss Ellen Coursen. The following excellent programme was presented: Lied, (a) "It was not so to be," Helmund, melody, (b) "Alleluia d'amour," Faure, Miss Ellen Coursen; sacred song, (a) "Angels ever bright and fair," Handel, lied, (b) "The Double Loss," Helmund, Miss Hattie Edwards; ballad, "Love's Old sweet Song," Molloy, Miss Emma Provost; romance, "Where Roses Fair," Prince Gustave de Suede, Miss Maude Frank; lied, "This very hour," Spisker, Mr. Edward Lotz; song, "My love is come," Miss Minnie Provost; ballad and waltz, "Love is a Dream," Cowen, Mrs. E. Edwards; song, (a) "The Dew-drop," Op. 33, No. 2, Rubinstein, bolero, (b) "In Old Madrid," Trotter, Miss Cathie Coursen; ballad, (a) "The song that reached my heart," Jordan, melody, (b) "Dear Heart," Mattei, Mr. Arthur Cohreisch; trio, "Oh! di qual sei tu vittima" ("Norma"), Bellini, Miss Susie Hull, Miss Bertha Mering, and Mr. Edward Lotz; song, "A Day Dream," Sereleski, Mrs. Walter Lotz; romance, "Déclaration," Rogers, Mlle. Julie Cotte (Debutante); preghiera, (a) "Al mio pregar t'arrendi" ("Semiramide"), Rossini, song, (b) "Relics," Loge, Mrs. Flora Peterman; song, "What are they to do?" Randegger, Miss Ellen Coursen; musical director, Mr. Joseph Koekel.

Miss Augusta Lowell, a former San Francisco girl who has won for herself high rank among the musicians of America, and is now visiting her home during a vacation from the church in New York where she is organist, and Mr. Sigmund Beel, the violinist, will give an organ and violin recital in the Unitarian Church, corner of Geary and Franklin Streets, next Friday evening. An attractive programme has been prepared.

Miss Marie Barnard, who will go East September 3d, under engagement to the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, will give a farewell concert here on Saturday evening, August 30th.

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Mr. Sigmund Beel.

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MR. J. LEWIS BROWNE

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POZZONI'S
MEDICATED
COMPLEXION
POWDER.

It imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations, and makes the skin delicately soft and beautiful. It contains no lime, white lead or arsenic. In three shades: pink or flesh, white and brunette.

FOR SALE BY
All Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers Everywhere.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

le—"Did you read my poem last night?" She began it." He—"Interrupted, I suppose?"—"No."—Life.

Wife—"What do you suppose baby is thinking about?" The brute—"I s'pose he's thinking up something to cry about to night."—Life.

He—"How beautifully she sings." He—"Yes. Reminds me of Patti." She (eagerly)—"Oh, tell me have you heard Patti?" He—"N-no."—Life.

First French maid—"Little Harry seems very fond of you, Julie." Second French maid—"Yes, dear little boy! He takes after his father."—Penny's Weekly.

Please, ma'am, can't you give me some dinner? I haven't had a bit all day." "But you have a big there in your pocket." "That's for dessert, ma'am."—Harper's Bazar.

pays to advertise: One of our young men lost a good pin recently and advertised for it in the Argonaut. The next day he found it in a drawer in his dressing-case.—Belfast (Me) Age.

Wife—"Oh, John, I don't think you will live very long." Frugal husband (a sick man)—"As the doctor told you anything about my condition?" Wife—"No; but he handed me his bill."—Life.

You've been riding a bicycle, I hear," said one of our clerks to another. "Just for exercise, know." "It has reduced your weight some, I know." "Yes, I have fallen off a great deal."—Washington Post.

unt Theo.—"Tommy! I'm surprised you for your Bible so quickly! Now, when the rain descended and smote the earth for forty days, what it called?" Tommy (promptly)—"Mud."—Ath, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

the surf: Mr. Boldboy (smiling killingly)—"The waves are using you rudely. Will you permit to assist you to the shore?" Miss Waterly—ever mind, thank you. The waves may be rude, they are not fresh."—Life.

Mamma, what's twins?" asked the smallest child. "I know," replied an older one, before the other could answer; "twins is two babies just the same; three babies are triplets, four are quadruplets, and five are centipedes."—New York Sun.

I like that girl's disposition," said Scadley, as a den passed down to the beach in particularly reviated bathing robes. "Know her?" asked boy. "No; but I can see she's disposed so far he can to give everybody a show."—Philadelphia Times.

Senior partner—"What did that young man do?" Junior—"He has just been graduated at Harvard, and came in to see if we didn't want to take him into the concern. He said he'd work without having his name on the sign."—New York Sun.

Observe, ladies," remarked the professor, "that actually in their impress upon the retina of the eye actually see all things standing, as it were, up-down." "Oh, 'sakes alive!" excitedly exclaimed the Boston girl, clutching at her skirts.—Philadelphia Times.

Hostler—"What's the gov'nor so cut up about?" Coachman—"That telephone message about Fairy falling and breaking her neck." Hostler—"Goodness me! It wasn't the horse's neck. It was man's." Coachman—"Go and tell him quick. It's a relief it will be to him!"—Ally Sloper.

Mamma, I know the gentleman's name that died to see Aunt Ellie last night, and nobody told either." "Well, then, what is it, Bohdy?" "Oh, George Dont. I heard her say 'George,' 't' in the parlor four or five times hand-running. It's what his name is."—Philadelphia Times.

ast Sunday, two new boys made their appearance in a Sabbath-school class at Englewood. "I glad to see you, boys," said the teacher; "how do you resemble each other! You are brothers, are you not?" "Yes'm," replied one of the two, and twins, I dare say?" "No'm," said the same, with a look of lofty scorn; "I'm half an hour older'n he is."—Chicago Tribune.

the school of journalism: Professor—"I again call your attention to the too common use of trite expressions. Mr. Quills, can you not find a fit substitute for the well-worn phrase: 'he died a natural death?'" Mr. Quills (about to graduate as managing city editorial correspondent-in-chief)—"Well, I suggest 'he died without medical aid.' How did that do?" Professor—"It is excellent, Mr. Quills."—Harper's Bazar.

Miss Parkwood—"Do you know, sir, I could sue for breach of promise?" Findlay Place—"Oh, I guess not." "Why, sir, did you not ask to marry you?" "Yes." "And I consented?" "Yes." "Well, sir?" "Well, I didn't promise, I? You were the one that did that. I presume I have the right to ask you a civil question, don't I not, without running the risk of being dragged into court."—Toledo Blade.

THE EVOLUTION OF NEWS.

"Upon what meat doeth this our Caesar feed That he is grown so great?"

Now this is what actually took place:

In the lumber-camp of Shingletown, Wisconsin, on a certain date, an Irishman, by the name of McSorley, came to his cabin about two o'clock in the afternoon, and found his wife making herself a new dress. Before leaving in the morning he had asked her to mend his trousers, but she had neglected to do it. A hot discussion took place, in which the wife's mother, who happened to be present, took a hand. At length McSorley hit Mrs. McSorley on the side of the head and nearly knocked her over. Both the women set up a cry for help and several lumbermen ran up. They were met at the door by McSorley and a large gun. After a short parley, during which Mrs. McSorley experienced a change of heart, and decided to scratch their eyes out if they ventured to come in, the lumbermen were made to understand that it was purely a family affair. Mutual apologies and compliments followed, and McSorley asked them all over to O'Connor's.

Now this is how the story got to the St. Paul Enumerator:

Toward the evening of the day in which the above narrated events took place, Edison Morse, the telegraph-operator at Shingletown, heard a rumor that McSorley had killed his wife and mother-in-law and was now besieged in his cabin by a crowd of lumbermen. Being too busy himself to attend to the matter, Morse sent his brother, a young man who was beginning to show evidence of the possession of "newspaper instinct"—in other words, was something of a liar himself—out to get at the facts.

"If you get back in an hour," Edison said, "it will give me time to send it to the Enumerator. They pay half-a-cent a word; get as much as you can, Billy, but hurry up."

The genius of newspapering consists in doing great things at a moment's notice. This corollary must, however, be added: that if you can not do great things, do your best to make the public believe that you have done them. Billy "hurried up"; in fact he went only half way to the McSorley cabin, but he made inquiries of every one he met. Now the gift of a lively imagination is by no means confined to those who earn a living by the exercise thereof. There are mule inglorious Stevensons as well as Miltons. Thus it happened that Billy's notebook soon contained much interesting information. He learned:

That Mr. McSorley was a bad man.

That he had frequently expressed a wish to slaughter his mother-in-law.

That on several different occasions he had beaten his wife "to a jelly."

That they had quarreled about the mending of a pair of trousers.

That they had five children, and in the course of the scrimmage one of them had been knocked senseless.

That he had struck Mrs. McSorley with a heavy club, inflicting injuries that would probably prove fatal.

That he had fired at the men who came to arrest him.

That he ought to be lynched.

"What have you found out?" asked Edison, when Billy put in an appearance at the telegraph-office.

Billy took out his book and explained.

"Well, write it up," said the operator-correspondent; "make it about four hundred words. And say—is that woman going to die, sure?"

"You bet," said Billy; "all beaten up with a big oak-club. Head mashed."

"Well, then, I guess you had better kill her in your article. I don't think they will stand four hundred words unless she is dead."

Now this is what took place at the office of the St. Paul Enumerator.

The time is nine o'clock. The telegraph-editor is sorting over his first batch of "filmy." He tears the envelopes off the wads and smooths out the crumpled paper. To him there enters a man with straw-colored whiskers and an emphatic breath. The following conversation takes place:

He of the Whiskers—Have you got anything that I can snake out and send to Chicago, Jim?

Jim—I've only struck one special so far. It's a row in a lumber-camp.

Whiskers—Sure, we get too many of them. I don't believe the Grape Vine would touch it.

Jim—You might look it over. (He hands out several sheets of finely written tissue-paper.)

Whiskers—Shingletown, Wisconsin. I never heard of such a place. These infernal plug-operators! Oh, he means Singleton—of course. What's this? "An Irishman named"—um—say, Jim, what do you make this name out to be?

Jim—Looks like McGinty.

Whiskers—It looks a good deal more like McTavish, and that's not an Irish name at all, but a Scotch. Bad luck to them operators! They stick everything on to the Irish that's had.

Jim—Make it what you like, but don't bother me.

Whiskers—McTavish goes, and we'll just omit that word "Irishman" and allow the public to draw its own conclusion. (He reads on, taking notes.) Five children, wife, and mother-in-law—he appears

to have killed nearly everybody in sight, and all on account of a heggarily pair of breeches. Faith, in his native country, the baste would have had no breeches at all. They will lynch him to-night—and serve him right. It's a good story, Jim, but I will have to boil it down to a couple of sticks. So many attachments has made him Grape Vine people cranky.

Now this is how the story was handled at the Chicago Grape Vine:

News-Editor (sticking his head into the telegraph-room)—How is the service to-night, Shearsy?

Shearsy—Pretty slim.

News-Editor—Well, is there anything that I can use to display my peculiar talents?

Shearsy—Where did you get that tag?

News-Editor—Presbent from an alderman.

Shearsy—Now here is a charming little tale sent down from the Enumerator at St. Paul by the indefatigable Maginnis. I think it will bear inflation, if you feel equal to the task.

News-Editor—Let me toy with it. I am just in the vein to knock out something weird and terrible. What's this? Lumberman hutchers wife and children, because patch not sewed on his trousers. Ho! ho! Mother-in-law, too! Ha! ha! Neighborhood around. Lynch him. Well, well. This shall be a shay doove, and don't you forget it.

At the end of half-an-hour, he returns with a short column of copy. Before it goes to the composing-room, it passes through the hands of the correspondent for the San Francisco Exonicle, who proceeds to make excerpts from it for a large circle of readers on the Pacific Coast. His hand-writing is none of the plainest, and in the matter of names of persons and places he is a hardened offender. The operator makes the best that he can out of it, occasionally assisted in his errors by the man at the other end.

Now this is the way it came out in the Exonicle after another telegraph-editor, Slug 19, and a proof-reader had all taken a hand in its development:

A SICKENING TRAGEDY!

THE HOME OF A PILE-DRIVER TURNED INTO A SHAMBLES. RIOT AND BLOODSHED MAY FOLLOW AT ANY MOMENT.

BAD BLOOD BETWEEN BROTHERS-IN-LAW.

FULL DETAILS OF A SCENE IN A MICHIGAN CABIN WHICH RIVALS THE MOST AWFUL EPISODES OF ZOLA.

(Special to the San Francisco Exonicle.)

CHICAGO, July 25.—A special to the St. Paul Enumerator says: The city of Shawaneceton, in Northern Michigan, was the scene of a horrible tragedy to-day, and from present advice, riot and bloodshed are likely to follow to-morrow. A Bohemian pile-driver, by the name of Nashwitski, came home to his cabin, and found his wife busy mending a pair of overalls that belonged to his brother-in-law. There had been some old quarrel between the men, and Mrs. Nashwitski had on several occasions prevented a combat. The husband indulged in some disagreeable comment on his wife's neglect of her own family while she sewed patches on her brother's overalls, and the latter answered with angry words.

Thereupon, Nashwitski announced that the brother-in-law's time had come. He coolly locked the door and drew a long knife. The brother-in-law produced a similar weapon, and a terrific fight took place in the one room of the cabin. Nashwitski appears to have been unpopular with his own family, as his wife and children did their best to assist the brother-in-law against him. The children were four in number—two boys, aged fifteen and thirteen, and two girls, aged ten and eleven.

The fight lasted about ten minutes, during which frequent cries for help and mercy were heard by the lumbermen living in adjacent cabins. They were, however, loth to respond, as the Moshbitski family frequently indulged in rows and fights. At last, a considerable crowd surrounded the house, but by this time all was still. Moshbitski came to the window and asked what was wanted. It was noticed that he was covered with blood, and the lumbermen called upon him to surrender. For answer, he fired into the crowd, killing a Scotchman by the name of McDonald. A rush was then made at the door of the cabin, and it was soon chopped into kindling-wood by the axes of the lumbermen. Moshbitski leaped out revolver in one hand and knife in the other, and before he was thrown down and overpowered, he had killed one man and seriously wounded two others.

Inside the cabin the wife and brother-in-law and one of the boys were found dead. The other boy and one of the girls were mortally wounded. The youngest child, an infant in years, but matured through work and suffering, told the story of what had happened; how the father had become frenzied at their interference in behalf of the brother-in-law, and had sworn he would kill the whole family.

In the meantime, the news had spread among the other Bohemians in the camp that one of their nation was about to be lynched, and they called to his assistance. They came too late, as a gallows had been improvised at the nearest pine-tree, and the body of Mowalski was swaying in the wind. The Bohemians attacked the lynchers, and were beaten off with a sharp fight, in which two of their number were killed. The whole country is now in a state bordering on anarchy. A number of encounters between the different factions have taken place in the course of the evening with bloody consequences, and the governor of the State has been urged to call out the militia. Interesting developments in the affair are expected to-morrow.

HUGH NAYLOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 25, 1890.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.



ARE YOU

SALLOW, or

SUNBURNED, or

FRECKLED?

IF YOU ARE,

MRS. GRAHAM'S FACE BLEACH

Will restore to you a complexion as fresh and white and clear as it ever was, and will take away any blackheads, pimples, or other face blemishes that trouble you. Then, afterward, if you use Mrs. Graham's "Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream," or "Jasmine Kosmo," your complexion will always remain nice and your skin soft and smooth. Price of Face Bleach, \$1.50. Three bottles for \$4.00. Price of Cream, \$1.00.

For sale by all druggists, hair-dressers, and at Mrs. Graham's establishment, 103 Post Street, San Francisco.

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Pianos sold on Easy Installments
Send for Illustrated Catalogue

THE COUNTRY CLUB.

The members of the Country Club gave their first annual shoot at Monterey on Saturday, July 26th. There were two teams contesting, represented as follows: Reds—Mr. A. C. Tubbs (captain), Mr. D. B. Gillette, Jr., Mr. Charles Josselyn, Mr. Daniel T. Murphy, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. W. B. Tubbs, Mr. Robert B. Woodward, and Mr. Clinton E. Worden; Blues—Mr. F. R. Webster (captain), Mr. George Crocker, Mr. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. E. F. Preston, Mr. James A. Robinson, Mr. Frederick W. Tallant, Mr. H. W. Woodward, and Mr. Fred L. Wooster. A large and brilliant gathering was attracted by the contest, the result of which was in favor of the Reds. Five medals for excellence were distributed as follows: First prize to Mr. R. B. Woodward, second prize to Mr. Fred R. Webster, third prize to Mr. J. D. Redding, fourth prize to Mr. Frederick W. Tallant, fifth prize to Mr. W. B. Tubbs. Mr. John K. Orr was relerece, Mr. Clinton E. Worden was field-captain, and Mr. Joseph M. Quay was score keeper. An elaborate luncheon was served afterward to a musical accompaniment by the military band. In the evening there was a dance in the ball-room, and considerable festivity at the clubhouse, where the Reds generously celebrated their victory. The gentlemen constituting the club are as follows:

Directors—Mr. Frederick R. Webster (president); Mr. Austin C. Tubbs (vice-president); Mr. Joseph M. Quay (secretary and treasurer); Mr. Ramon E. Wilson, and Mr. Clinton E. Worden. Members—Mr. John M. Adams, Mr. John De Witt Allen, Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr. W. H. L. James, Mr. Gordon Blanding, Mr. Edward Rosqui, Mr. William B. Fourn, Mr. E. A. Enguire, Mr. James W. Byrne, Mr. George Crocker, Mr. C. P. Eells, Mr. Thomas Ewing, Mr. John G. Follansbee, Mr. E. F. Gerald, Mr. Daniel B. Gillette, Jr., Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Robert R. Grayson, Mr. Louis T. Haggin, Mr. Henry E. Hall, Mr. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. J. H. Hammond, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. W. R. Hearst, Mr. Horace L. Hill, Mr. William E. Holloway, Mr. William H. Howard, Mr. Charles Josselyn, Mr. Homer S. King, Mr. F. McNullen, Mr. Daniel T. Murphy, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. Walter S. Newhall, Mr. Edgar F. Preston, Mr. Joseph M. Quay, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. James A. Robinson, Baron J. H. von Schröder, Mr. Fred W. Shanon, Mr. Frederick W. Tallant, Mr. Austin C. Tubbs, Mr. Alfred S. Tubbs, Mr. W. B. Tubbs, Mr. H. H. Veuve, Mr. John B. Wattles, Mr. Frederick R. Webster, Mr. G. W. Wickes, Mr. Ramon E. Wilson, Mr. Harry W. Woodward, Mr. Robert B. Woodward, Mr. Fred L. Wooster, and Mr. Clinton E. Worden.

DLXXVIII.—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, August 3, 1890.

French Vegetable Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Lobster Croquettes.
Fried Sweetbreads. Potato Croquettes.
Summer Squash. Corn.
Roast Ducks. Apple Sauce.
Okra Salad.
Eve's Pudding.
Fruits.

EVE'S PUDDING.—Six eggs, six apples, six ounces of bread, six ounces of currants, half a tea-spoonful of salt, nutmeg. Boil three hours, or steam four. Serve with wine sauce.

—LADIES NEVER APPEAR TO GROW OLD IF they follow the treatment prescribed by Mme. Elise, the famous European cosmetic artiste. She has served the nobility of Europe for several years, and now is prepared to give the ladies of this city the benefit of her new and scientific method of erasing wrinkles, softening and beautifying the skin, and imparting the matchless complexion of the English beauties. Ladies worn by the exactions of fashionable life will find her treatment marvelously resting and beautifying. SALON COSMETIQUE VICTORIA, 404 Post Street.

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\$75.00 to \$250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 109 Main St., Richmond, Va.

Statement, Jan. 1st, 1890.

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During the past year we have paid our regular dividends and have added another \$50,000 to our surplus fund. Thanking our friends for past favors we respectfully ask a continuance of the same.

San Francisco, Cal. R. H. McDonald, Pres.



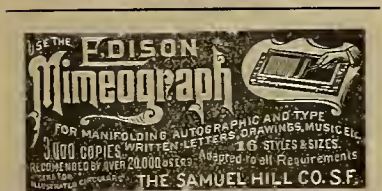
"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN
—A DURABLE, LIGHT-RUNNING—

DOMESTIC
Instead of that cheaply made machine for which good money was foolishly squandered. The public confidence in the Domestic is stronger than ever. The quality and finish of the machine itself have never been equaled.

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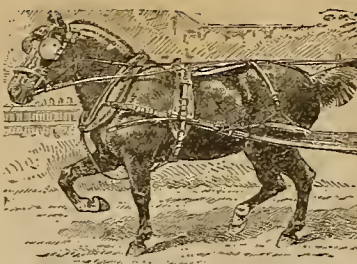
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The Young Men's Institute paraded the streets with banners and music on Monday last. The procession contained some thousands—all young, well dressed, well mannered, quiet, and orderly. We are compelled to say that we have never in a parade more respectable in its personnel and conduct the city of San Francisco. It was the first purely religious procession that it has been our privilege to witness, and because it is religious, we watch it with curiosity and suspicion. There were enough young men, from the ages of twenty to thirty, to compose not less than four battalions one thousand strong. We remember our criticism of last week in reference to Mr. Sullivan's speech upon his return from the East. It was a curious address, and seemed to convey between the lines that it was something other than it bears upon its face. The growth of this order has been so rapid, and its membership being confined to Roman Catholics, we distrust it, and fear not because it can be metamorphosed into armed battalions, but a religious war is not to be feared in a republic like ours. We fear the Jesuits, not as men, not as soldiers, but as conspirators, and so long as they work in the open, we will not

permit ourselves to question the nation's ability to discuss with them any political questions. We will not permit ourselves to doubt that within the Roman Catholic Church there will be enough of patriotism and loyalty to the constitution and the law to control the Jesuit band. So long as within the Roman Church such men as Father McGlynn, Judge Maguire, and other Romanists born upon our soil and educated in our public schools shall exercise their independence and have the courage to discuss American principles in freedom and print in fearlessness their views, we shall not fear that any religious war will get beyond the control of the church, and even if ever it does get beyond that supremacy, we shall not question the ability of the nation to punish treason as the crime of treason merits. Then comes in the American spirit which will always have its existence in the Roman Church, and so long as young Ireland holds so large a position in Roman Catholic ranks, we shall not doubt but it will find opportunity to give expression and make itself felt in any controversies that may arise. "Faith, Fatherland, and Fraternity," is the motto of the Young Men's Institute. "Roman Catholic faith" is the profession, and so long as they do not carry it into politics and do not use the church as a political organization, we profess not to care, and until they do that, we have no reason to fear. And we must not fail to remember that as the years roll by their faith will necessarily undergo important modifications, and that their fatherland will be the United States of America. The old foreign element will die out, and the boys born upon the soil will be American, and what is now our fatherland will be theirs. They will necessarily love their fatherland as the old Irishman loves his native Erin, and when education shall have accomplished its work and the mind is emancipated from its superstitions and freed from its bigotries, we may look with less anxiety upon processions in which unarmed battalions will march to the battle-music. If the Young Men's Institute is fraternal, we have nothing to fear for the liberties of the country. If it is something else in disguise, we must await its actions to disclose its purpose, and let us not doubt that within its ranks there are keen, loyal intellects that will keep sharp and open eyes to watch for the first indications of disloyalty or treason to our laws, our institutions, or our liberties. We stood an hour while the procession moved at quick pace along our streets. We saw its banners and heard its music, and feel compelled to say that we saw nothing to cause any suspicion. The Argonaut aided to drive St. Patrick from our streets. The parade on the seventeenth of March was an abomination. We bid adieu to the Hibernian hod-carriers, with their ancient banners and their greasy regalias, their carriages laden with priests, and their dray-horses burdened with cavalry that required unusual sobriety to keep saddles full, and we cheerfully accept the Young Men's Institute parade as an improvement upon the scarfs, rosettes, clover-leaves, and other dilapidated emblems which marked the Irish procession that staggered along our broken pavements on the day that the apocryphal St. Patrick was presumed to have been born. We accept the well-dressed, well-mannered young men who marched to mass on Monday morning and kept sober the rest of the entire day. The procession proceeded at an early hour by quick march to the Jesuit Church, on Van Ness Avenue, where high mass was said and a sermon was delivered by the Rev. Father Sassa, the superior-general of the Order of Jesuits, thus emphasizing the character of the order of the Young Men's Institute. It is not only Roman Catholic, but within the church it is Jesuitical. There is a general Roman Catholic Church not under the influence of Jesuitical priests, as we understand Father McGlynn, and the general clergy of the Church of Rome, are not permitted to serve before the altars of the Jesuit Order. This order, as we understand, is bound by oaths and vows not common to the general Roman Catholic Church. It has a history peculiar to itself, and not always in harmony with the Pope nor always at peace with the church. Its history has been a long-continued and secret conspiracy against the church; it has been driven from every Roman Catholic country in the world by reason of discussions and strifes growing up between it and the policy of the general church. Hence it must not be

deemed strange that the Protestant and agnostic outside world look with some misgivings, something of suspicion, upon the Young Men's Institute, which they find composed of members of one church, working in harmony with that branch of the church that by the church has been driven from its communion. We accept the assurances of Father Sassa with some grains of salt when he declares that the Young Men's Institute is a purely fraternal organization, and that its purpose is in no sense political, nor that, under any circumstances, is it liable to resort to force or deceit to attain its purposes. We turn from Father Sassa and the altar of the Jesuit Church to the Grand Opera House, where we find ourselves listening to Mr. J. F. Sullivan. It is from him, the Grand President of the Institute, that we expect to learn the animus that guides and directs the institute. From the Jesuit father we expect cautious and politic utterances; from the young politician we look for less cautious reserve. The Examiner says of him that "he made the speech of the evening," and that he "launched into an eloquent defense of the order against calumnies which have been hurled from all sides against it." One of these charges is that the order "lacks fealty to its native country." Mr. Sullivan will perhaps recollect that we—who do not believe in the infallibility of the Pope of Rome, and do not think that he is entitled to the exercise of any civil authority within the imperial government which has control of the city of Rome, Church of St. Peter, and the Vatican—have some right to question the loyalty of the young gentlemen who are bound together to uphold the dogma of infallibility, and who organize under the principle of devotion to fatherland, when we remember that their fathers' land is Ireland and Italy, "and only in a technical sense is American." The demonstration on Monday was "grand" and "respectable," but Mr. Sullivan must give us time for more careful and accurate observation than has been allowed us to determine whether the organization is fraternal, social, literary, and loyal, or whether it is political, secret and Jesuitical. We hope it is loyal, and that its whole strength will not be cast for the Democratic party, but, sincerely, we doubt it. Would a Democratic candidate for governor, on the eve of his possible nomination in party convention, have had the bravado and bad taste to make ostentatious exhibition of himself at the Grand Opera House on the occasion of any other religious assembling than the one that said mass at the Jesuit Church? This will give Mr. Pond the nomination of his party, but the fact will be remembered by a large class of independent electors who would prefer to cast their votes for an American Roman Catholic, like James V. Coleman, who has the good taste to keep his politics from religious processions, masses, and the ceremonials of any church whose faith he professes. Mr. Jerry Sullivan must be a fool when he alleges that America would, in this age of adventure, steam, and scientific navigation, have remained a "dream" if it had not been for the Catholic Queen of Castile. Mr. Sullivan said one true thing, gave one honest piece of advice, when he exhorted his young men to "keep on in the manly, honest, straightforward, open course" they have seemingly entered upon. If this organization will do this, and is not a political conspiracy against republican government and an intrigue against good order and the law, the existing prejudice—if any—that now exists against the Young Men's Institute will soon disappear, and the first to recognize that it is merely fraternal, literary, and benevolent will be the Argonaut. If it is a Jesuitical, political, secret conspiracy in the interest of any party, it will first destroy that party and then destroy itself. At the base of our institutions is an "American" party, young, growing, resolute, fearless, and willing to die for the American school-house, and for the preservation of a non-sectarian skirmish-line between the State and any church.

The State convention of the American party met at Pioneer Hall, in San Francisco, Monday, August 4th. The result of its deliberations was the passage of a series of resolutions expressing the principles of the organization and the nomination of an entire ticket for State and Congressional offices. The selection of candidates for judicial positions:

left to the executive committee of the party. The convention was small in the number of its delegates, was zealous and governed by the highest considerations of principle, and was in no sense controlled by political, and, as a rule, was but little influenced by, practical policy. General John Bidwell, of Butte—who is the nominee of the Prohibition party—was selected as the candidate of the American party for governor. There was no contest over any other personal question. Upon the call of the roll, General Bidwell received seventy-one ballots; Mr. Benjamin Morgan, of Alameda, received fifty-three; and General Chipman, seven. The selection of General Bidwell concludes a formal alliance between the American and Prohibition parties. General Bidwell was nominated because of his high personal character, and the fact that he embodied the idea of general temperance reform; also because he was in entire sympathy with all the principles that underlie the American party. Another train of reasoning prompted the vote that was given to Mr. Morgan, and that was the desire to avoid all entanglements between other parties, and to maintain the American party as a distinctive political organization. Mr. Morgan is young, eloquent, and, had it not been for the proxy vote, would have beaten General Bidwell for the nomination. The vote accorded to General Chipman was because of his well-known Americanism, his untarnished war-record, and the fact that he is a prominent candidate before the Republican party for the office of governor—it being understood by the delegates to the American convention that the candidacy for governor lies between Mr. Markham, of Los Angeles, the Hon. W. W. Morrow, Member of Congress from the San Francisco district, and General Chipman, of Tehama, with probabilities largely favoring the nomination of General Chipman. The desire was to aid his nomination before the Republican convention, and to place the responsibility of his rejection upon that party as a test to determine the sincerity of the party in its profession of sympathy for American principles, and to determine whether it had any genuine desire to conciliate the Grand Army of the Republic by indorsing its most prominent member as a candidate for governor. The minority voting for General Chipman was impressed with the opinion that his nomination would have secured his indorsement by the Republican convention, and given the American party the prestige of having named the candidate who, beyond any doubt, would have been successful before the people. It remembered the influence of the American party in the last gubernatorial election, when it gave defeat to Mr. John F. Swift and success to Lieutenant-Governor Waterman, and rescued from the Democrats the offices of comptroller, State printer, surveyor-general, superintendent of schools, and several of the supreme judges. The nomination of General Bidwell was the announcement of a determination to effect a permanent political alliance between the Prohibition and American parties, with a view to unite those organizations which alone present any distinctive issues for the determination of the popular will; and whatever may be the outcome, it will secure for General Bidwell a very emphatic and decisive vote. There are many persons sanguine enough to think that his election is not without the bounds of possibility. If the Republican party would now give to General Bidwell the gubernatorial nomination, his election would be decided from the hour of its announcement, and the Republican party would gather to its embrace in California all the elements, which are now in irreconcilable antagonism, viz.: its American and temperance-reform members, now permanently astray. It would make the Republican party again the embodiment of great moral principles, but would demand a courage to separate itself from the Jesuit branch of the Roman Church, the saloon influence, and the party "bosses," whose only political power is demonstrated in the slums and among the ignorant, the criminal, and the alien. Of course we understand that this is vain writing and that nothing in this direction is possible of accomplishment. We know that the Republican party of to-day is not the Republican party of war times; that its better men have been set aside, and that its political direction has fallen under the control of selfish and unprincipled bosses; that in every town and village in the State, under the eaves of every country court-house, there is gathered a band of political intriguers and mercenaries, who, making politics their profession, have the ability to retire the abler and the better men from any place in the councils of the party. The Republican party has no organ. The *Chronicle* is the echo of its proprietor's ambition in the social, political, and business world. The *Call* and the *Bulletin* are under the direction of minds entirely ungoverned by any rational or systematic views upon public questions—prejudiced in all local matters, and erratic, incomprehensible, and narrow upon all important issues. Whether the time has come when a new party can be successfully organized, it is impossible for us to say. The attempt has been made by the nominations of General John Bidwell and Mr. Ben Morgan for governor and lieutenant-governor. The one is a Republican and Northern man, the other is a Democrat, and a native of the State of

Virginia. They stand as the exponents of the highest moral principles; the personal character of both gentlemen is of the very best; their private lives and public acts bear no stain; they represent the best social elements—the wealth, the intelligence, and the moral qualities which surround the family home and the marriage relation; and every vote cast for them is in the direction of reform, good government, order, and economy of public expenditures. With the result, we have no other interest than identifies us with the material prosperity, political well-being, and moral welfare of the community in which we live.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, an English writer, resident in Canada, has recently contributed an article to the *North American Review*, in which he dilates upon the causes that led to hatred of the English by Americans. We are not prepared to admit that there exists any especial hatred of England or Englishmen by Americans, and it is our opinion that Professor Goldwin Smith could have found as many and as important proofs to demonstrate the love that exists upon American soil for English clothing, English affections, and English manners. That there is a great deal of criticism and complaint against England and the English is natural enough when we remember the millions of disaffected British subjects that have been exported from Ireland to the United States, and remember that nearly all of them are in official positions, and that all of them are orators on hustings, on the kerbstones, and in the bar-rooms. Out of some sixty millions of American citizens there are about ten millions of Irish, the majority of whom are active Democrats. It is undoubtedly true that the Democratic party is composed of Irish immigrants and their descendants of the first generation from Ireland, and that they will continue to remain Democrats so long as any hope exists that the Church of Rome can overthrow republican government and subvert the principles of the American constitution. Much of the apparent hostility to the British Empire comes from the two national parties that are angling for the Irish vote. Professor Goldwin Smith affects to see an existing cause of hostility to England, because England favors free trade and America favors the continuance of tariff laws for the protection of American manufacturers. This is too remote, and there are not enough of our common people able to consider this question intelligently, and it is among the unintelligent people that this hatred, if any, exists. There is no especial prejudice in England against America or Americans, and the reason of this lies in the assumed superiority of England and Englishmen to America and Americans. One race never bates another so long as it arrogates to itself superiority. Englishmen are beginning to realize that we are the great English-speaking nation—the greater, stronger, wealthier, more populous English-speaking power, that we can, and recently have, put more armed soldiers on the battle-field than England has been able to marshal since the time of Marlborough, and have created a greater debt than England during the Napoleonic wars, and that within the period of ten years after its conclusion American credit advanced beyond English consols, and that England is not comparable to America in financial strength and is incomparably poorer than the Government of the United States. America has attained stronger position than it ever before attained in the estimation and regard of England. We have an indefinable contempt of English aristocrats, especially of the titled class, but this does not extend to the wealthy who have daughters to marry and fortunes to provide for aristocratic alliances. It does not extend to our young gentlemen who play lawn-tennis and turn up their white woolen trousers because it is liable to rain in England on a summer's day. And then, do we not know that when an American ambassador is admitted to an English banquet, and the toast calls forth the speech, that the universal theme is our proud descent from the English stock, our enjoyment of a common language and a common literature, our joint ownership of Shakespeare, and of the men who wrote, and the warriors who fought before the war of independence against King George, and the Fourth-of-July orations to which that event gave such opportunity for bombastic declamation? We know there is some feeling in America against individual Englishmen—we resent their introduction to our clubs, because they will not extend to us invitations to theirs; we resent their dress, because it is fashionable for the traveled Englishman to show his condescension to American social life by attending dinner-parties in his shooting-jacket, which is usually unclean. We have lively personal reminiscences of English arrogance as we have seen it exhibited on the continent and in England. We remember our visit to Westminster Abbey, to the Tower, to the estate of the Earl of Ripon and Grey, where Fountains Abbey is located, to the royal jewels on exhibition in the castle at Edinburgh, and the home of Sir Walter Scott, to all of which we paid entrance-fees of from one to three shillings, and went sour and cross through sacred aisles, where lay dead illustrious kings, great women, and famous poets. It is these lesser things which make the

American traveler in England look with angry disdain upon pretensions which are not anchored in superior intelligence superior deportment, or superior wealth—a contempt which is not lessened when we return to America to find a great, hulking Englishman asleep upon a club sofa or washing his dirty feet in the club dressing-room. There is one redeeming feature in an Englishman, and that is his prompt recognition of the American gentleman who enjoys the gun, loves a dog, and has shot buffalo, elk, black-tailed deer, and grouse in place with which he is not familiar. Once traveling in Denmark we made acquaintance with a Mr. Murray, of the Muccros Abbey estate, in Ireland, and a Captain Cathcart, of the Coldstream Guards, because we knew more about the moose in America than they did. We had traveled in the same car from Paris to Copenhagen unnoticed, till the conversation turned upon hunting, when we were recognized as a gentleman, because we had hunted on the great plains and shot bear and elk in the Rocky Mountains and antelope on the prairies. Once traveling near Rotterdam, in Holland, the writer's wife made the acquaintance of a lord, traveling with his wife, maid, and mother-in-law, by throwing her skirts over a fine hunting-dog, and protecting him from being ejected from the ladies' cab by a clerk collecting fares. Professor Goldwin Smith is astray when he assumes that Americans imbibed their prejudices against England from early school-books. Fifty years ago, England was writing the histories of the world, and writing them in vainglorious boasting of her own prowess. Napoleon was a human monster; and Wellington, the "Iron Duke," was a hero of immense proportion. We have since learned to admire the genius of the great Bonaparte, and we have somehow acquired the impression that the Iron Duke was not a success as a statesman. The period we regard with admiration was when England was engaged in war with France and Spain, when the Netherlands was the scene of her military achievements and displayed the valor of her soldiers. To us, Cromwell was a great Englishman, and the character of the three Dutch Georges was correctly described by the pen of Thackeray. We admire the heroism of the Puritan soldiers, and the impression of their thorough courage and stubborn devotion to principle. Puritanism is encouraged because of the idea that we are somewhat more indebted to the short-haired, praying Puritans for our ancestry than to the curly-haired chivalry of the period. We remember England's prowess in this later period, when, with her splendid and invincible fleet of iron-clads, she was bombarding Graytown on the Musquito Coast, and fighting Theodore of Abyssinia on the shores of Africa, and gaining victories over naked barbarians who had no power to return the fires of her soldiery because of imperfect arms. Intelligent Americans have come to the conclusion that England only matches herself, in these later days, in combat with inferior forces, and that she has a prudent regard for her own safety in choosing the enemies she shall dare to meet in war. We recall the battles of the Crimea, when, in armed alliance with France, Sardinia, and Turkey, she accepted the challenge of combat in arms with Russia. We have read Kinlake's "History of the Battles of Alma and Inkerman," and contrasted them with our achievements on the battle-fields of our Civil War. We have great admiration for the English soldiers we read of in English history, when written by Englishmen, and used to admire immensely the valor of English heroes; but since we have had a war of our own, the names of Grant, Lee, Sheridan, and Stonewall Jackson seem to compare favorably with even the greatest of English achievements within these later years. Our sympathy is with England when she is in difficulty, as during the rebellion in India, when her women were suffering indignities from the Sepoys and enduring the horrors of the siege in Lucknow; our sympathies went out to the English soldiers when they slept in the trenches under the fortresses at Sebastopol. Americans are always in sympathy with English valor when finds itself measured with foemen worthy of its steel; but with trading, shop-keeping England we have nothing but antagonisms and rivalry; we have somehow come to the conclusion that England does not desire to engage in war with the United States about Canadian fisheries or fur-bearing seals in the Arctic Seas. We are not even frightened at her magnificent iron-armored vessels of war. We know, the event of war, England may bombard San Francisco, but we can take Canada with our unemployed Irish, and we have steel in our mines, timber in our forests, and treasure in our vaults to build a navy that shall surround the "tight little island" till England shall starve. It is a continent against an island, sixty-five millions of people against half that number with more money, credit, and cash than England can muster for the conquest of our broad empire; and America can build and equip a navy while England is but vexing the borders of our lakes and ocean harbors. We do not hate England, because we do not fear her. We recall some of the incidents of our late civil strife. We have reason to be grateful to the Queen of England and the Prince Consort; but the Parliament of the British Empire, Lord John Russell, Gladstone, and the

house of English Lords, were not our friends. We remember when English cruisers, armed with English guns and manned with English sailors, with the *Alabama*, drove our commerce from the seas, lit up the moonless nights with blazing vessels, stole our chronometers, and then merely paid few paltry pounds in cowardly compromise for the wrong they had premeditatedly committed. We know that Napoleon was egged on to the establishment of an Austrian throne in Mexico to give aid to our rebellious South, and when he died and his son died and his dynasty disappeared from France and gave way to a republic, we were sorry that the American public rejoiced at the death of Maximilian, the murder of Louis Napoleon's brave boy, and the profound grief of his mother. England behaved badly during our civil war; the working-men of Liverpool and Manchester were our friends, and when England's queen shall die, and the house of Lords shall be abolished, the English church disestablished, and a republic be proclaimed, Americans and Englishmen will forget their hatreds and become fast friends in alliance against all enemies. With combined navies, they will hold the supremacy of the seas, control the world's commerce, shatter their armies, dismantle their forts, arbitrate diplomatic misunderstandings, and command the peace of the civilized world.

Whether Americans entertain hatred to the English is a fixed question dependent upon the questions agitating the two peoples. When the English are right, there is no question that the fact is easily recognized. When they are at war with a weak and barbarian race, our sympathies are with the underdog. When England puts herself in position to antagonize our country, we are for America, right or wrong. When England is in peril, she commands our friendliest feelings, because we are of her race, family, language—her traditions and glories are our inheritance. When Gordon's fate was hanging upon the chances of war, he had our most anxious wishes for his safety; when Stanley was wandering in the darkest jungles of Africa, we watched and prayed for his safe deliverance, and rejoiced when he emerged from the shadows of African forests. We desire to remain at peace with England, but it must be upon equal, open, and honorable terms, and peace will never be preserved for the reason that the English Navy is greater and stronger than ours, or her standing army is in readier condition for war. The *London Telegraph* is correct in saying:

"The emancipation of America from the degrading yoke of an alien population, acquiring the rights of citizenship only in order to abuse a magnificent generosity and to pervert the liberal institutions of the state that shelters them, would rapidly place the relations between the United States and England upon a thoroughly cordial footing. Analogy of cousinhood, brotherhood, and so forth may be played with to bring out any conclusion that is desired. But the affinities of race are physical facts, which, in the case of great bodies of men, work out instant results, irrespective of the accidents that obscure them on a smaller scale. In all essentials of character the American people, notwithstanding all admixtures, retain the qualities of the stock from which they sprang. Every characteristic that distinguishes the Saxon from the Celt, and has gone to write the immensely different record of the races in history, also distinguishes the American from the Irishlander. In all fundamentals the English and the American concepts of life show an identity which is only illustrated by minor differences. In that fact, not in any conscious sentimentalizing about kinship, is to be found the guarantee for the friendship of the two nations, the absence of any sharp conflict of serious interests. We do not believe that the American commonwealth is destined to be permanently tainted by the corrupt and contemptible Irish organizations that now sway its politics. Some day a crisis will rouse the American people to shake off the incubus and relegate their present tyrants to the position it belongs to them. Republicans and Democrats will throw aside their meaningless badges, and a national party will confront the forces of political confusion and disorder. In the meantime, there are limits Irish power. American toleration is immense because there is plenty elbow-room, great pressure of work on hand, and much humorous tolerance with minor annoyances. When Irish turbulence seems near to a crowning success, time will probably be found to teach it once again the lesson it is ready enough to learn from the strong."

This being interpreted, means that our relations with England will be more friendly when the "American" party, now in process of forming, shall reach the position to control the political relations which now disturb and agitate these two dominant powers.

The account of Kemmler's execution by electricity is painful reading; but, after all, he seems to have died within four and half minutes after the application of the battery, and there is a probability, based upon the observations of scientific observers, that his emancipation from pain was instantaneous. There is a vast deal of misplaced sentimentality over the execution of the death sentence; females and preachers go crazy over the apprehension lest the criminal should undergo some degree of mental or physical pain in the mode of execution, and there seems to be an unusual desire to give to murderers a happy deliverance from their temporary agonies and a place in Paradise where they will be provided with an immortality of joy, altogether forgetting, as in Kemmler's case, that he took the life of his mistress with a dull hatchet, and left her to endure the agonies of death tortures for twenty-four hours till he died. Why should he not suffer four and one-half minutes of agony before he reaches that unending period of blissful delights which most murderers are encouraged to anticipate and expect, as the result of taking some one else's life? We judge who weeps when he sentences a criminal to death by the strangulation of hemp, the woman who weeps and prays for the murderer's pardon, the lawyer who pleads and

fights for legal delays and technical defenses, the priest or preacher who bombards the throne of grace for the repenting sinner's salvation, command little sympathy from healthy minds. And as for the criminal himself, we think it in better form for him to act as did Kemmler, "the coolest, calmest man" of the nervous crowd which surrounded him. Death by electricity is not a failure because there is a hitch in the machinery. Sometimes the rope breaks and the scaffolding falls; the guillotine sometimes gets its machinery clogged with blood, and sometimes the axe mangles and bruises the head before it falls into the basket. All the same, the man who deliberately, and with malice aforethought, perpetrates the crime of murder, must die:

We read with interest the following statement of affairs existing in the city of Rome between the Papal Church and the government of King Humbert:

"The Italian Government is suppressing all religious guilds and seizing their property. Twenty-eight churches are to be closed and speedily turned into cafés and theatres, while others will be torn down. The Church of La Pietà has been sold to a big German brewing company and will be turned into a beer-saloon. It is to be opened with a grand ballet and concert. Another church, associated with the memories of Michael Angelo, is to be converted into a theatre and dancing-hall. The Pope naturally protests, and regards beer-drinking, dancing, and theatrical performances in churches as desecration. There are said to be three hundred and sixty-five churches in the Papal city, one for every day in the year. To our thinking, this is more than sufficient to accommodate the Roman Catholic residents. Rome is being vastly improved, streets are being widened, palaces converted into galleries of art, convents are being torn down, monks and monasteries are being suppressed, and we are very much of the opinion that Rome is being greatly improved by this reformatory action, and we are of the opinion that the destruction of twenty-eight more of these priestly dens will contribute greatly to the material advancement of the Holy City."

Naples is undergoing the same process of improvement; streets are being sewerred, widened, and built upon, and Italy is advancing in material development throughout its entire boundaries. Garibaldi, Cavour, Victor Emanuel, and King Humbert are restoring Rome to the magnificence of its pagan era, when the marbles of the coliseum were stolen by the Papal authorities to build the churches that have outlived their usefulness in the imperial city that has so long sat in grandeur and decay on its seven hills.

The prospects of Mr. James V. Coleman improve for the Democratic nomination for governor. Mr. Pond is not gaining strength in the country. Mr. Markham is on the wane and his sun declines in the shadow of tropic groves. Mr. W. B. English's chances improve somewhat, and from the north comes increasing assurance of the probabilities of the nomination of General Chipman. If Mr. Morrow is beaten for the nomination it will be because of an earnest desire to retain his valuable service in the halls of Congress. Belonging as we do to no party, responsible for the conduct of neither Republican, Democratic, American, or Prohibitionist, we look calmly on while the tempest rages and the waters seethe and lash themselves, quite confident that the world will move quietly along after election day has passed, and that among all the candidates there is no man so dangerous that he may not be intrusted with the administration of the executive power of the State. This is not Guatemala, Honduras, the Argentine Republic, or Chile, and is not under the influence of the Latin Church or the Latin race. It is among intelligent and educated people only that election days are attended with no revolutionary dangers.

"The National League for the Protection of American Institutions" gives the following as the government appropriations to Indian schools:

	Per Cent.
1886—\$228,259, of which Roman Catholics received \$118,343 or 52	
1887—363,214 " " " " " 194,630 or 62	
1888—376,264 " " " " " 221,169 or 68	
1889—539,995 " " " " " 347,672 or 70	
1890—561,950 " " " " " 356,957 or 70	

The *Loyal American* of Chicago gives a list of teachers in all the public schools of that city and the schools. In thirty-four schools of Chicago there are five hundred and eighty-eight teachers, three hundred and sixty-five of whom, or sixty-three per cent., are Roman Catholics. It has been repeatedly stated that the large majority of all the teachers in the public schools in all the large cities are Romanists. The same proportion of Romanist to Protestant teachers holds good in San Francisco.

Lovers of the marvelous are still provided with wonders by the Gouffé murder case in Paris. Gouffé was lured into a room by Gabrielle Bompard and was there killed by Michel Eyraud, who was recently arrested in Havana. It has been asserted that the woman is an hypnotic subject and that she assisted in the crime while in hypnosis and under the control of Eyraud. This theory has been tested by Dr. Brouardel and two colleagues. In a moment the woman was plunged into a profound sleep, in which she obeyed the least suggestion, not only verbal, but mental, with surprising docility. Very much fatigued by these experiments, she was attacked with hysteria later on, and manifested cataleptic phenomena. Dr. Brouardel thinks the woman is a unique subject. One of the greatest authorities on hypnotism, Dr. Charcot, gives no credence to the hypnotic theory, however, and he declares that no observation has been made at the Salpêtrière Asylum which would tend to show that suggestion would cause one to commit a crime.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Higher Education of Women.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Among the many questions of present interest I know of, none is more likely to bring down upon one a clamor of excited argument, no matter from what side you approach it, than the subject of higher co-education for women. In spite of the hubbub of the noisy, there are always to be found deep, quiet thinkers on every vital subject, to look into and through it with eyes unblinded by the clamor of prejudice or passion. To these we address ourselves. There is so much of good and evil involved that it behooves the educator and humanitarian to stop and weigh the matter well. Take it from its physical side, and which none can be more vital. Can woman, with her delicate physical organization and her consequent nervous sensibility, endure the constant strain upon the one and the excitement of the other, especially where both of these conditions are heightened by being brought into competition with a stronger and less nervously adjusted masculine personality?

Young men, from fifteen to twenty-one, take their mental growth as easily and much more lazily than their foot-ball games, their running matches, and their rushes, thus securing, by the reaction of one upon the other, physical as well as mental vitality; on the other hand, a young woman enters the educational race, especially if running it side by side with man, with every intellectual faculty strained, every nerve strung to its utmost tension. I was especially impressed with this phase of the question lately in passing through one of the halls of learning where the two sexes were receiving a common training. The young men, with their great, healthy bodies, would get squarely upon their feet, with a sort of heavy composure, say their say with no special show of brilliancy, but—noticeable difference—with no show of excitability either, no evidence of mental whip or spur; on the other hand, the white attitude of the young woman spoke of strained intensity, from the nervously closed hands to the dilated eyes and twitching muscles of the eager mouth; the entire instrument tuned up to concert pitch—that, too, at a time when her whole physical well-being requires an atmosphere of repose in which to develop a perfect and glorious womanhood.

The fast-growing, unnatural ambition of women to labor with and so match themselves against masculinity has much to do with this mentally nervous disturbance. Why can not they subject themselves to one strain at a time; laboring in the field of intellectual growth with *women* and *as women*, so securing to themselves that repose that comes from an equally matched and natural competition?

Suppose the year has turned out one woman "Wrangler"; there have been a century of men who have held the honor with ease, of many of whom the world has since heard nothing.

Leaving this side of the question for its more poetic aspect: It is folly to yield a certain good for a doubtful gain; and in all this eager, restless, nervous straining after a career, are we not in danger of losing domestic-loving mothers, as large of heart as of mind, who yet fill both, with the daily, yet hourly training of sons and daughters, the making of that blessed spot at home; girlish sisters, with merry, tender hearts, filling home with the comfort of simple duties cheerfully and well done, brightening it with gay laughter and careless song? Out of such homes grow up strong, tender, thoughtful men—happy, simple-hearted—yes, brilliant women, too, for even the most enthusiastic of co-educationalists must admit that civilization has always held women of strong mental and broad, true culture that in their intellectual march never once measured their step to a man's stride.

We believe the effect upon the relation between the sexes of thus placing them upon the same plane, with its inevitable matching of powers one against the other, to be disastrous to the chivalrous, protective regard of the one, and the peace and happiness of the other.

Ah, ye mothers, daughters, sisters, and wives, whose happy lot it is to make homes with your practical skill, and to brighten them with your wit, rest content even if you are not independent of your natural male protectors, and are obliged to fashion with your own deft fingers the neat gown that can not make you more lovable than you are in your natural, normal womanhood.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 5, 1890.

Ecclesiastic Financiering.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Reading the *Argonaut* and its gallant fight against the Irish-Romanists and Jesuitic "Tartuffes" and "Rodins" of our days, is a real pleasure—a real Sunday treat. But your numerous readers would learn a great deal more about the "inside" of the money and land-grabbing system and the very "principles of the Catholic fraternity," if the *Argonaut* would only closely investigate:

First—How much faster the millions of the fifty convents and Catholic churches are increasing, than the commonwealth and population of the City and County of San Francisco.

Second—How the ill-mended confessional influence is daily brought into requisition and working influence upon the weak-minded and dying bigots, in order to secure possession of the best shares of their estates.

Third—How cleverly this Irish-Jesuitic money-grabbing crowd, with the willing assistance of some other "laïque"—Jesuites "en robe courte," have for years, and do succeed in avoiding the payment of the real and full amount of their taxes—by way of mutual loans and "bogus" mortgages, which money so loaned, I am told, is only their own cash again employed.

Of course this useful investigation will require the assistance of a searcher of records, deeds, and probate estates, whose services must be paid for. Let the *Argonaut* open a subscription list, and your readers will back your initiative. The great Lafayette, who was a born Catholic, wrote: "If ever the liberty of the American Republic is destroyed, it will be the work of Roman Catholic priests." And I do believe this sentence to be more true to-day than ever before.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 27, 1890.

Respectfully yours, DE B.

A Word to Johnnie Faithful.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Now doth the sly hand of the wily Jesuit show itself. We are told that three thousand (which in sooth seems a moderate estimate) of the impetuous youth of California were marshaled yesterday beneath the banner of the holy cross. These loyal bigots in grave attire passed under review of a score or more of monks and prelates of the mother church, and thence into the sanctuary of St. Ignatius.

Now a timely word to you, one and all: You are asses. You serve in maintaining an organization which never did aught but forge you chains; you subserve the petty ambition of some political trickster. And yet your enthusiasm seems as unbounded as the lack of perception in a pig. I have no liking for you, Johnnie Faithful.

My great-grandfather was a foreigner and a hardy old bigot, yet, wretched, he landed in America to fight for the liberty which you might now enjoy but for your stupidity. You fellows with an affection for cobble-stones and sweated linen would swell with pride the shades of Franz the First, who counseled the professors of Laybach University thus: "Be careful not to teach your pupils too much. I do not want learned or scientific men; I want obedient subjects."

Surely the government by its constitution guarantees you "liberty of conscience." It also affords protection to its "Royal Prelates," which prey upon you as did the lions of Africa upon the "Freemen" of Carthage.

Did you ever hear of science, my pretty dupplings? Science says your faith is folly and your tenets lies. Science says you descended from monkeys—and I am a jay-bird if I do not believe it.

AUGUST 5, 1890.

BEN BRERKELEY.

An Emperor's Tribute to an American Citizen.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In Laurel Hill Cemetery, a little to the west of the Latham Temple, where on a lofty pedestal the exquisitely graceful marble statue of "Hope" looks constantly seaward and upward, her white robes yielding to the breeze from the great Pacific, there is a very beautiful marble monument, some fifteen feet in height, with a round pillar of good proportions, encircled with a garland of convolvulus and other flowers, the whole surmounted by a draped vase with a wreath of drooping roses and chrysanthemums.

The monument bears the name of "MATTHEW SCOTT, Born in Chazy, N. Y., Feb. 6, A. D., 1834. Died in Hiogo, Japan, Nov. 15, A. D., 1879." On the base is the following inscription: "THIS MONUMENT was erected by authority of HIS IMPERIAL JAPANESE MAJESTY, to commemorate the high respect and esteem in which MATTHEW SCOTT was held by the JAPANESE GOVERNMENT, and its appreciation of his valuable services at Hiogo from 1872 to 1879."

Never having seen any public mention of this graceful and unique compliment, it appears to me worthy of a notice in your own and other American papers.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 27, 1890.

Pairing Off.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I am, and always have been, a Democrat, but am glad the American party has the nerve to put a ticket in the field. Now, why can not each believer in American principles hunt up some one of opposite political proclivities and pair off, and under agreement cast their votes for the American candidates? I believe that most of the espousers of American principles are gentlemen, and that such agreements could be made with safety and without affecting the strife between the older parties, as the ratio would be preserved between them.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 6, 1890.

A DEMOCRAT.

"Mark Twain" has made the discovery that, whereas lecturers always affect to have a sober end in view, which can be best reached by sugar-coating their bolus of ripe thought with a paste of illustrative anecdotes, their real aim is to tell as many good stories as they have time to narrate, letting the professed subject-matter of the address serve merely as a thread on which to string them.

The Kingdom of Italy has a unique library in the books of travel of its princes, each Italian prince being bound to write a complete account of his foreign travels, even with such minute details as hotel-bills.

THE POST-SCRIPT.

A Parisian Comedy in a San Francisco Setting.

Handsome Clara Hastings saunters along the street with the tranquil and unconstrained step that comes of good health, good family, and a good figure. She left Monterey only this morning, and by to-morrow evening she will have finished her shopping and returned thither. And not until September will she again take possession of her house on Pacific Avenue, where her maid, Justine, is now preparing a one-night camp for her mistress and also on the corner of the table a something which resembles a dinner.

Clara strolls along without hurrying herself, as if she were alone on the street, with her two hands thrust into the pockets of her dark-blue dolman and her furled parasol thrust under her arm. It will be the fault of the passer-by if he does not notice the superb figure of the fair promenader and see her parasol in time to avoid an unpleasant collision.

As she passes, some of the loungers indulge in audible comments, such as they are accustomed to shower upon the women who promenade the streets on Saturday afternoons between four and six o'clock. It is seldom that they have an opportunity to criticise a widow of twenty-six, pretty, clever, distinguished, rich, and cast in a mold. As for her, she does not even hear them; she stops, every twenty paces, "flattening her nose at every shop-window," as she would have put it—a pleasure she would not be able to give herself two months later, as the days then would be all too short for the round of receptions, dinners, and visits.

Presently a man comes from the opposite direction, a good-looking fellow who puffs occasionally at his cigar as he stares all the women he meets out of countenance, the monster! No, not all; only the pretty ones—just as if he were not in love with a certain widow who at that moment—so he believes—is sitting on the piazza at Monterey, a hundred miles away; as if he had not repeated a hundred times to that widow—the more inconsolable that she has consoled herself—that for him there are no other women in the world; as if his old aunt, one of the head-dragons of San Francisco society, had not busied herself for three months in arranging a match between him and the widow in question, who does not dislike him—quite the contrary, in fact—but who prizes her independence above all things and is determined to be very sure before she surrenders it again to any man's keeping.

Behold, then, Mr. Henry Wauburton, coming along majestically, his light coat buttoned up severely. He glances to the right and to the left, but correctly, without turning his head, as a countryman in town for the first time might do.

"Gad, what a pretty little butter-ball! These girls manage to acquire an astonishing amount of style. Now there's that brunette, with her willowy figure and her slightly *blasé* air—she is certainly very delectable. And here comes Pansy, in her Gainsborough hat—hum, the familiarity of some of these persons is rather compromising. The fact is, I don't belong to myself alone now, and nowadays—"

He has run right into the parasol of Mrs. Hastings, who has been watching him for a full minute with much quiet amusement.

"Why, is it you, my dear Mrs. Hastings? What luck! And how strange—I was just thinking of you."

"And staring at the others? Do you know, Mr. Wauburton, you would have a pretty collection of plates if your eyes were photographic cameras? Do you especially admire Gainsborough hats?"

"Not at all. I have abominated them since I learned of your dislike for them. Your dislikes are my dislikes, your preferences are my preferences, and my eyes, as well as my heart, contain only one portrait. But each time you appear to me again, I must take it again, for I always find you grown more beautiful."

Wauburton got off his compliment well, for he meant it. He loved Clara, sincerely and seriously, but as a man of the world loves in the year of grace 1890. The man who was made for a single woman no longer exists—at least in so far as the eyes are concerned. Fidelity has progressed, like Lent, in accommodating itself to the frailties of human nature. One is no longer damned even if one does not forego cake, especially if it be "thin," nor if he stares at a woman who passes by, even if she be comfortably plump.

Clara was too well abreast of the times to be unaware of this; moreover, Wauburton pleased her, and women overlook many things in the man who knows how to please them. This woman of high breeding, very good and proper as she was, was equally practical. She knew that widowhood is like traveling for pleasure: it is a charming way of passing one's youth; but, one day or another, one must return to one's home and set up one's tent, or, rather, change it for a more permanent residence.

For some time the fair traveler had been thinking of bringing to in the harbor of a second marriage. But, like a prudent woman, she was tacking about, examining the land and sounding the coast, before laying up at its last moorings the vessel of her independence. She studied Henry Wauburton with minute care, but with a lively desire to find him worthy of her, a desire which she had not concealed from their mutual friend, the head-dragon, who maneuvered the threads of this intrigue with the patience and dexterity of a wise and experienced matron.

"Where shall I take you now?" demanded Wauburton, after having obtained his companion's permission to act as her escort.

"To my house, if you have the heart for it. It is a long distance, but I am as good a walker as you are an agreeable talker. You will make me forget that Pacific Avenue is far from here and that I am dying of hunger."

"If you are dying of hunger, there is only one thing to do—you must come to dinner with me."

"Sir!" said the young woman, contracting her pretty brows in affected anger, "I think I must have misunderstood you. If I did not know who you are—"

"Yes, but you know who I am. You know how I love

you and how much I love you. Would you not go to the end of the world with me?"

"To the end of the world, yes; but not to a San Francisco restaurant, where we would be seen by some imbecile who would talk—"

"A little sooner or a little later, I sincerely hope they will have something to talk about. Be kind, my dear—madam. I ask you for your entire life—surely you can give me two hours in the meantime. Come, what do you fear? Do you wish me to serve you like a queen, not sitting down to the same table with you, erect behind your chair—or, rather, before you, so that I can see your limpid eyes, your pearly teeth, and your rosebud lips?"

"Serpent-tongue, I accept! But do not flatter yourself. The fact is, I would be less complaisant if a good dinner were waiting for me at my house, instead of such a meal as my maid can produce—and she doesn't know how to boil an egg properly. So, sir, you may thank fortune that I am a bit of a gourmet and will deign to permit you to eat also."

The difficulty was to decide upon a restaurant. It must be in a good neighborhood, but not too prominent for fear of meeting some one they knew. After conning over the list, Clara, who had the city at her fingers' ends, decided upon a restaurant not far from Market Street.

"But they don't know me there," objected Wauburton, who was a man of fixed habits.

"So much the better. That will spare me the pleasure of hearing the waiters whispering 'Never twice in succession with the same one.'"

"Ungrateful woman, you know well that I am entirely reformed. If my reformation should be to no purpose, it will lie heavy on your conscience."

Mrs. Hastings replied with a slightly reassuring glance. She was, at that moment, rather well disposed toward her amphitryon. Perhaps her appetite had something to do with it.

Wauburton walked upon air. He poured out declaration on declaration, madrigal on madrigal.

"How beautiful you are this evening," he said.

"Truly?—this evening? Poor me! How sad I shall be to-morrow, when I have to go back to my accustomed hideousness," and she smiled happily, as if she were not uneasy at the prospect.

Wauburton made the regulation offer to unhook for her any star she might choose.

"No, sir," said she; "you need not do that yet. For the present I shall content myself with a rose to pin in my corsage. I could not enjoy a good dinner without flowers."

They were just passing a florist's. They entered, and Wauburton selected a handful of *Gloire de Dijon* roses and tendered a five-dollar piece in payment. The charge came to a dollar and a half; the florist had not the change, and neither had Wauburton. In vain the man rummaged about in his till; he could raise only three dollars in silver, and had to go out to get change from a neighbor. Clara waited, a little surprised to see her companion haggle so about fifty cents. Finally the change was brought, and they proceeded on their way.

From that instant, Wauburton was no longer the same. He had lost his lover's elation and seemed constrained.

"Is it possible," thought Mrs. Hastings, "that he is angry with me because I made him get me a few roses?"

But at the restaurant this man of fashion evinced a surprising parsimony. Under the pretext that he did not care for oysters, he ordered them only for his companion. He had a medium-priced wine served, and offered champagne frappé with such evident reluctance that Clara refused it. The menu, while comprehensive enough, to be sure, was studied out in such fashion that it came well within reasonable limits. She had rather expected pompano for fish, but the waiter brought smelt.

And worse than that, Wauburton showed himself as saving of his wit and jollity as of culinary prodigalities. He was preoccupied, morose, extinguished. Mrs. Hastings, in accepting this tête-à-tête dinner, had committed, if not an imprudence—she knew she was with a man of many gallantries—at least a slight eccentricity. But, after this exhibition of his temperament, she felt as calm as if she had shared the repast with a schoolmaster or a gouty sexagenarian.

The dinner was carried through expeditiously; indeed, one would have said that Mr. Wauburton awaited the end of it with some impatience. He swallowed his coffee at a gulp, took no liqueurs, and when the bill, which he asked for immediately, was brought, his brows contracted as if at sight of a deputy-sheriff distraining on all his worldly goods.

Clara could not get over these niggardly ways, which would have shocked her in a man to whom she had been married for ten years. There was no doubt about it: Henry Wauburton was a miser! Shakespeare forgot to add avarice to the three things which, according to him, women detest most in the other sex. Mrs. Hastings experienced a complete disenchantment, and this ill-fated dinner left her with a heavy heart.

"However," thought she, "it is lucky that chance opened my eyes. I the wife of a man who cuts his nickels in two! Rather marry a spendthrift. But, who knows?—perhaps the poor fellow has been losing a lot of money lately."

To learn how matters stood, she brought the conversation around to hard times, bad investments, and tenants who would not pay.

"The fact is," replied Wauburton, "that residence property is a pure luxury, and I wonder every now and then where I would be if my father had not years ago put the half of his fortune into good down-town real-estate."

"Let us go!" said Clara, rising; "order a coupé, and let us separate. I must be getting home, for I wrote to my uncle to come out and keep me company this evening."

Wauburton wished to detain her, but she felt no desire to stay. The charm was broken. She had expected an amusing adventure, a sort of respectable lark, a cavalier, respectful but gallant, caring for her, petting her, as he might have cared for and petted one of the *others*, not a thrifty companion who would simplify the menu and verify the bill. All Wauburton's insistence was in vain; she would not even allow him to

accompany her. She entered her own house in a very spiteful humor, and, with a smile full of irony, paid the cabman who deposited her at her door. "It will be just so much less that he has spent for me," she thought.

The next morning when she awoke, she was as sad as if something in her life were changed. For, deep down in her heart, she had begun to accustom herself to the idea that she would one day be Wauburton's wife.

The day after her return to Monterey, Clara paid a visit to the head-dragon of society. It was a very unpleasant duty for her, for it amounted to nothing less than announcing to her old friend the resolution she had taken, and the news would undoubtedly be a sad blow to Wauburton's aunt.

"Come here, my beauty," cried the old lady, from the depths of her easy-chair, "and confess your sins. Ah, you little sinner, you indulge in pretty goings-on when you go up to town. Just look at the little innocent who gads about it restaurants with her lover! Well, I hope you are not going to keep us waiting any longer. You are compromised hard and fast, my dear. The entire town is talking of your escapade. Happily, some one is ready to make thorough reparation."

Mrs. Hastings was well used to the amiable old lady's pleasantries.

"I prefer to think," said she, "that I am not compromised. In any case, I shall remain alone in my disgrace. I have thought it all over, and it is precisely on that account that have come to tell you that—that I do not wish any reparation."

"Truly! What a pretty quarrel! I have seen many such. In faith, I would not wish to swear that I have not played the same rôle in my day. Come, my dear, what has he done to offend you? Speak, that I may box the ears of this naughty boy."

"Mr. Wauburton has not done anything to offend me. He is a very honorable man, very proper, and very respectful."

"Lord help us, we are lost! Poor Henry, I would rather she called you perjured villain, rake, faithless. Do you know that my nephew will be crazed with chagrin?"

"It is a great honor you would do me, but—"

"He loves you so much! He used to vanish the bare mention of marriage; now he is absolutely your slave. Well, now what is it? Do you not find him handsome enough, rich enough, young enough?"

"I did not say that. But—"

"Has his past, which I grant you has been a trifle varied given you fears for the future?"

"No, no. I have as much courage as the next woman. That is not the question. I am happy as I am, I do not wish to change—that is all. And it is my firm resolve."

"Unhappy hoy, what a blow for him! And he expects it so little. For you must admit your last meeting was not of a kind to discourage him. Why, take that letter there on the table; I received it this morning. See how he speaks you."

A woman never refuses to read prose when it is about herself. Clara took the letter, and was compelled to admit herself that he wrote even better than he talked. What glowing admiration, what youthful enthusiasm in these pages which she was the sole topic! Her toilet, her least gesture, her most insignificant words—all were repeated, ornaments embellished. Never had she believed herself so witty and charming; and she had no over-modest opinion of herself.

The poor aunt's eyes never quitted Mrs. Hastings, who softly folded up the letter with a shake of her pretty head. At bottom, she was not ill-disposed toward Wauburton, loving her as he did; she would have forgiven him many faults—all, save avarice.

"Oh," she said, suddenly, "I did not see the post-script. May I read it?"

She hoped to find yet a few more phrases of admiration, a last supplement of praise. Women—and men, too—do love to be praised! The post-script ran thus:

I forgot a detail that will make you laugh. You must know that I went out without my purse. Always thinking of nothing but her, see. Imagine my distress—I was in a cold perspiration. Can you fancy me borrowing money of my fair guest to pay for her dinner? Well, I managed to live through it, thanks to strong nerves and two three unhappy five-dollar pieces that I happened to have in one of my pockets. Why, when we came out of the restaurant, I had not enough to pay car-fare, and it was a great load off my mind when I found had enough to settle the bill.

Mrs. Hastings smiled strangely, without saying a word. The aunt, her poor heart torn with emotion, demanded:

"So you have decided? It is all at an end? Ah, poor hoy, how shall I tell him this *no*?"

The worthy woman had no more heart for pleasantry; a distress was a pitiful sight to see. And it was doubtless through pity that Clara slipped down to her knees on cushion beside the old lady's chair, and whispered:

"Then, if the *no* is so hard to write, write—write *other*."

Not comprehending a word of this, but grown fifty years younger, the old lady half-smothered her future niece and cried, in a trembling voice:

"Write? Never! The post is not quick enough, I shall telegraph. But I can not run down-stairs. Do you, do heart, run down and telegraph yourself."

And that is how, two hours later, Wauburton received the telegram, which made him pale with joy:

YES.

CLARA.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1890.

L. S. V.

In Carlsruhe, the official capital of the Grand Duchy Baden, piano-forte playing spread so as to excite a decided movement against it. First, the city passed a law fining anyone who played with the window open. That offered little help, though, to the house next door, and the next step was the formation of a bachelors' anti-musical society, sworn to marry girls who played the piano. The society, at 1 accounts, numbered over three hundred, but the Carlsruhe girls had many of them taken to the fiddle and the French horn.

POLITICS IN SOCIETY.

"Cockaigne" repeats a Talk heard over the Walnuts and the Wine.

The "Public-House Endowment Act," as Sir William Harcourt dubbed the "Compensation Clause," has been productive of one thing, if of nothing else, and that is a revival of the total-abstinence question and a rejuvenation of all the *pros* and *cons* hitherto used in argument, together with not a few new points on both sides. There can be no doubt, as Mr. Finlay, Q. C., said in the debate, that the government had the very best motive in introducing the bill, and that motive was a sincere desire to serve the cause of temperance by decreasing the number of public-houses. Mr. Finlay is a Liberal-Unionist, a seceder from the banner of Gladstone, and his opinions are, therefore, robbed of any bias, either way. "Yet," said he, "I shall have to vote against it." This was the position of thousands of others. They believed the government meant well, but had made a mistake. And, to their credit be it spoken, the moment the government saw their error, they were men enough to come forward and admit it by withdrawing the bill.

Naturally this has been jumped on at once by the Gladstonians, and as much capital made out of it as lay in the power of such political contortionists as Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr. Henry Labouchère, Sir William Harcourt, and others of that ilk. It was certainly an unfortunate move for the government, the introduction of so weak and faulty a bill. However, I do not believe that among right-thinking men, who see with their own eyes, hear with their own ears, and think with their own brains, without assistance from the leaders of the *Daily News*, or the speeches of the above-named gentlemen, either the introduction or the withdrawal of the bill has done the government a particle of harm. People know that legislation on behalf of the temperance cause is but a fragment, and a small fragment at that, of the mission of the Union party, and that the really great issue which called the party into existence is still unsettled. The Union party—and the government is virtually the Union party—has still the sacred trust originally confided to its hands to uphold the national union and to fight against its severance. That trust it has faithfully kept, is faithfully keeping, and will continue to keep, notwithstanding all the side-issues which the opposition may find it possible to exaggerate and magnify into great causes. To hear the Liberal leaders talk, you would think that they were the only sober men in England, the only men who wanted to be sober, and the only men who were capable of keeping sober—the government are all a parcel of wine-bibbers and beer-swiggers.

I heard a conversation, but a short time ago, between a prominent Gladstonian and an equally prominent Conservative—let us call it a discussion. It was after dinner, at the house of a mutual friend. The Liberal we will call Mr. Oakwood; the Conservative, Lord Henry—well, never mind his surname, we do not need one. He was the younger son of a well-known marquis who does not have much to do with politics, and a clever, shrewd man, of about eight-and-thirty. Oakwood was, say, a couple of years older, a man of large private means, a sharp man of business, his father having made his money in trade and retired some years ago. The son had unsuccessfully contested two seats in the House of Commons, and was rather sore about it. Lord Henry had been Member for — since the last general election, coming in for one of his father's boroughs. I think the two men were about as average a representative pair of political opposites as could be found, and their talk will furnish about as fair a showing of the opinions of both sides on the liquor question as are generally heard in society. We know all he cut-and-dried *pros* and *cons* of the question as ventilated in the press and at public meetings, but the treatment the subject receives in private life is another matter, and while he discusses I am about to repeat may be devoid of any practical value as suggesting any settlement of the question, it will give a fair picture of the sort of thing one has to listen to, or take part in, if one goes out to dinner much where both sides are represented among the guests.

Therefore I give a portion of it. I omitted to state that both men were on terms of friendship with each other above the ordinary, and were constantly thrown together in society—also that Mr. Oakwood was a total-abstainer, the distinctive and diminutive tint of blue ribbon decorating the button-hole of his dress-coat.

"I don't see the good of your staying," said Lord Henry, as Oakwood pushed on the decanters, with a slight curl of his lips.

"Why? Because I don't drink?" demanded Oakwood.

"No. Because the sight of liquor seems to infuriate you."

"I have no admiration for it, certainly; but if one had to beset himself from that which one doesn't admire in this world, one would be constantly on the move."

"I suppose you'd like to have us all here now sipping soda-water or ginger-beer."

"I'm not doing either."

"No, I know you're not. But it's what you'd like, all the same."

"Admitted that it is—what then?" and Oakwood pressed the lever of a potass-siphon, sending a huddling stream hissing into his claret glass.

"Pah! How you can?" exclaimed Lord Henry.

Oakwood's only reply was to drain the glass, which he set down, smacking his lips.

"You don't know what's good—," he began.

"There's no accounting for tastes," said Lord Henry.

"Just allow me, please. I was about to say you don't know what's good for you, when you had the civility to interrupt me."

"Oh! Awfully sorry. Still I don't accept the qualification, then. If you mean that a heastly mixture of marble-dust and artificial gas is good to introduce into one's stomach, I dissent most strongly."

"As good as a mixture of logwood, aloes, and treacle,"

and Oakwood put his forefinger on the port-decanter; "or a decoction of cedar-shavings and spirits of nitre," and he touched the sherry-decanter.

There was a general roar, in which Colonel —, the man of the bouse, heartily joined.

"Thanks, awfully, my dear fellow," said the colonel, as soon as the laughter had subsided; "your opinion of my wine is not what you'd call exhilaratingly flattering."

"You have made a mess of it!" exclaimed Lord Henry.

"I don't at all see that you've a right to say anything. What did you call this?" and Oakwood beld up the potass-siphon.

"Come, that's rather different. A man can't manufacture his own mineral-water, can he?"

"Nor his own wine, for the matter of that," retorted Oakwood.

"But what's the good of jawing about it? We each know what we meant."

"That's exactly what I say," remarked Colonel —; "there is not the least bit of good in jawing about it. You'll never put down liquor with talk."

"I quite agree," cried Oakwood; "no use buying up the public-houses, so long as you drink yourself," and he nodded meaningly at Lord Henry.

"I don't drink beer," replied Lord Henry.

"I say, shut up the clubs."

Chorus of "What!"

"Yes, shut up the clubs. Buy them out if you like. There's a lot more downright drunkenness at the clubs than there is in the public-houses."

"I don't in the least know to what clubs you refer," said Lord Henry, baughtily; "certainly none of which you are a member, I should bope."

"Yes, I do. All of 'em. Rubbish. There's no good in being mealy-mouthed about it. We all of us know, the drink that's sold at the clubs."

"Beastly jolly dull one's club would he if one couldn't get a liquor at it," growled a fat little man.

"And, look here!" exclaimed Oakwood; "here's another thing. Stop making peers out of brewers, and baronets out of whisky-distillers."

"Who do you refer to?" asked Lord Henry, with a twinkle dawning in his eye.

"Who? Why, Allsopp. Lord Salisbury, who now wants to put down drinking by purchasing the public-houses out of the tax-payers' pockets, was kind enough to turn this beer-making worthy into Lord Hindlip."

"Ha-ha!" laughed Lord Henry; "so he did, but the Grand Old Man set him the example. What do you call Bass?"

"Eb? Ob. Well, yes. To be sure Gladstone did make Bass Lord Burton," admitted Oakwood; "but then you see he doesn't want to huy up the puhs."

"But he professes to be down on drinkiog, doesn't he?" Hesitation on the part of Mr. Oakwood. "Well, you do, don't you?"

"Rather. But, just look here. Talking of setting example. I suppose you'll allow that no better example could be followed than that of Lord Beaconsfield?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, he made Guinness, the Dublin porter-brewer, a peer in 1880—just ten years ago. Bass wasn't elevated to the peerage till '86, and after—now, when I think of it—after Lord Salisbury made Allsopp Lord Hindlip. So, there, you've actually set the example twice over," and Mr. Oakwood pressed down the lever of the potass-siphon and smiled.

And so on, and so on, as long as you care to listen.

LONDON, July 12, 1890. COCKAIGNE.

John Russell Young, describing Lincoln at Gettysburg, says he followed Edward Everett, who had spoken for two hours in a clear voice and with carefully studied and impressive delivery. "It was like a great actor playing a great part. Mr. Lincoln arose, walked to the edge of the platform, took out his glasses and put them on. He howed to the assemblage in his homely manner, and took out of his pocket a page of foolscap. In front of him was a photographer with his camera, endeavoring to take a picture of the scene. We all supposed that Mr. Lincoln would make rather a long speech—a half-hour at least. He took the single sheet of foolscap, held it almost to his nose, and in a high tenor voice, without the least attempt for effect, delivered the most extraordinary address which belongs to the classics of literature. The photographer was hustling about preparing to take the President's picture while he was speaking, but Mr. Lincoln finished before the photographer was ready. I remember it was a beautiful October day, and there were four or five thousand people present. Very few beard what Mr. Lincoln said, and it is a curious thing that his words should have made no particular impression at the time. The noticeable thing was the anxiety of all on the platform that the photographer should be able to get his picture. I remember we were all very much disappointed at his failure, and were more interested in his address than in the address."

Inventors are trying to adapt naphtha-engines, which have proved so successful in launches, to locomotives for propelling street-cars. One such motor has been run experimentally for six months at Elizabeth, N. J., and is said to have developed abundant power, although there were mechanical defects which it was necessary to overcome. A speed of twelve miles an hour was attained. The motor has now reached such a stage that it is to be tried in actual service in St. Louis. The cost of operating one of these motors for a day of fourteen hours, running a distance of ninety miles, is placed at one dollar and forty cents; the cost of operating street-cars with borses ranges from five to six dollars and fifty cents a day.

It has been estimated, from a microscopic examination of the impress of the word "bello" on a phonograph cylinder, that it contains sixteen thousand indentations.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Miss Tennant sent invitations to attend her wedding to the children of the ragged schools in which she is interested.

The Empress Frederick and her daughters have laid aside their weeds, and drive about Windsor dressed in monks' brown, with hats, gloves, and shoes to match.

At her wedding, Dorothy Tennant wore silver-leather shoes, with diamond buckles. The new silver low shoes, with Rhinestone buckles, that have just come from a London firm, are known in trade as the "Dorothy Tennant."

Mrs. Theodore Tilton is a sad and lonely woman, with silver-streaked hair, a care-worn face, and stooped figure, who frequents Lincoln Park, in Chicago, with her graodchildren. Every pleasant morning in the year she goes to the pleasure-ground, but is seldom recognized, and never seen speaking to any one. She lives with her married daughter.

Mrs. H. Lillian Douglas, who recently married Dr. Henry Marion Sims, intends to write a book on "Woman's Health and Its Influence on the Morals of a Nation." Dr. Sims, under whose direction the work will be prepared, is the son of the eminent surgeon who founded the Woman's Hospital of New York, who won the title of the Father of Gynecology and decorations from three European monarchs.

The *Review of Reviews* for July presents, as its frontispiece, a photographic likeness of Miss Philippa Fawcett, the mathematician. On page nineteen, Miss Fawcett is seen up a tree. She was twelve years old when she climbed it, and Mr. Harold Rathbone, catching sight of her seated there, fixed the scene in a water-color painting. She is absorbed in a book—a treatise on quaternions, no doubt—and probably has not observed her observer.

London is said to have no less than eighteen thousand newspaper women, and the Ladies' School of Journalism turns out fresh material at the rate of two hundred a term. There are no less than twenty-two press clubs, where the fair scribblers meet to lunch, read, and exchange notes. The successes are few and the salaries lamentably small. Mrs. E. L. Lowe edits the *Queen*, which is the leading woman's paper in England. The *English Woman's Review* is under the management of Miss Helen Blackburn, and Miss Becker is responsible for the *Journal of Woman's Suffrage*.

The Duchess of Leinster, who, at the late state ball at Buckingham Palace, wore diamond epaulets, a diamond corselet, many coils of lightly mounted diamonds—like glancing serpents—among the laces of her toilet, a diamond tiara, diamond bracelets, and more diamond brooches and buckles than the dazzled beholders could count, is not a mere fine lady. At Maynooth, in Ireland, she has established an industrial school for poor women and girls, under charge of the nuns, where the pupils are taught various industries, and where the beautiful young duchess herself both teaches in the classes and tries to improve the forlorn condition of the peasants, who adore her.

Lady Dunlop is a well-known figure among the army of American men who regularly visit London in the spring. As Belle Bilton, she was always as accessible as most of the other music-hall women who lived at the big hotels and lounged at the supper-clubs which Americans frequent. She was also very liberally advertised by the great sale which her photographs had here three or four years ago. She wore costumes which were marvels of dress-making ingenuity, and which revealed more of the wearer than the costumes of almost any of the other music-hall divinities. Naturally, photographs of Miss Bilton thus attired caught the exclusive taste of the cigarette manufacturers, and the face and figure of the daughter-in-law of the Earl of Clancarty were exhibited to millions of people in this country. She is a robust, self-contained, blue-eyed, and plump woman, whose age might be anywhere from thirty to thirty-six, and whose good-nature is excessive.

The emancipation of woman is making rapid progress in Russia. Following the example of one of the Western cities in the United States, the inhabitants of the little town of Kniazeff have elected a woman, Alexandra Ilyne by name, to the post of starosta, or mayor, on the ground that she was the person most fitted to be intrusted with the interests of the community. A Mohammedan woman, a native of Bakshe-Serai, in the Crimea, has recently passed, with flying colors, her examination as physician and surgeon at Odessa, and, having received her diploma, is now practicing medicine among the Mohammedan ladies of the district from which she hails. Her name is Dr. Razie Koutloiaroff-Hanum, and hers is the first case on record of a Mohammedan lady practicing medicine as understood by Western nations. Women, too, are now being employed, for the first time, by the government as telegraphic-clerks and ticket-agents on the Transcaspian Railroad.

Unfounded rumors have prevailed for some months of a projected marriage between Archduke Francis and the widow of Crown Prince Rudolph. Not only has Archduke Francis hardly ever set his eyes upon Crown Princess Stephanie since her husband's death, but there exists a rule, rigidly enforced, in the Hapsburg family which precludes any prince in the direct line of succession to the throne from marrying a widow. Besides, considerations of state would oppose themselves to the union of the future emperor to a princess who at the time of the birth of her little girl was officially declared by the medical authorities to be incapable of ever bringing into the world another child. Indeed, it was the knowledge of this that first led to the estrangement of the unfortunate Crown Prince from his consort. The latter remains to this day one of the most unpopular women of the empire, and receives but little sympathy either from the people or from her husband's relatives. Indeed, by many she is regarded as being partly responsible for the tragical fate of the Crown Prince Rudolph, whose memory, notwithstanding all his faults, is still cherished by nobles and peasants alike.

AN AMERICAN RENAISSANCE.

"Van Ghyse" on the Awakening of a New Art Feeling in Gotham.

It is a sore subject with all Americans whose artistic instincts have been cultivated that the decorating and beautifying of their cities should be placed in such incompetent hands. Men who may be brilliant politicians, remarkable legislators, possessed of a keen business sense, intelligent in the highest degree, yet absolutely lacking in artistic culture and instinct, are the chosen ones who shall decide upon the works of art that adorn the cities of the republic. To judge of their ability to perform this task, one has only to look at the monstrosities that deck the public parks of every town in the country. There is one point on which we may comfort ourselves. Outside Paris and the cities of antiquity, most of the larger towns of Europe are nearly as badly off as we are. There are works of art in the public squares of London that come very near beating Seward in Union Square, or William E. Dodge in bronze at Thirty-Fourth Street. Chantry, who was supposed to be a great man in his day, perpetrated some awful things in the way of statuary. The equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington near Apsley House, which I think is his, is a remarkable production, the duke's long cloak being carefully spread out over the tail of the horse. But the English are not a keenly artistic nation. They have the culture which is bound to flourish in all old and great countries, but their race characteristics are not conducive to the development of a rare art atmosphere.

Within the last five years a sort of renaissance has taken place in New York. There has been a wild rebellion against the decorations of what is fast becoming one of the greatest cities in the world being entrusted to men who know as much about that sort of thing as Caliban would. The strong art feeling that had been growing under the influence of such young geniuses as St. Gaudens and Chase, broke out into sudden revolution. Why should people, when they drive in the park, see nothing but such horrors as the statues of Walter Scott and Burns? Why should foreigners, when they are proudly shown Union Square, turn faint at the sight of Seward in his bronze chair, sitting up stiff as Inez de Castro in her regal robes, and Lincoln over on the other side, hewn out of granite and dressed in a Roman toga?

It was extraordinary that the feeling took so long to awake. It was extraordinary that generations could go on seeing those series of horrors in the capital at Washington without revolting. Washington is the home of the statue-monsters. They do not have them distributed round the streets there as they do here, but they have collected the most terrific and put them in the capitol. The capitol, which, by the way, is one of the most beautiful buildings in the world, soaring up like a palace of frost-work into the blue, is nothing more than a chamber of horrors. There is the Whispering Gallery, set around with a ring of marble and bronze atrocities. There is the rotunda, encircled by a series of oil-paintings which look as if they had been ordered by the square foot and paid for by the yard. Round the inside of the dome, some ill-inspired Italian undertook to paint a frieze illustrative of American history, in imitation of a relief in marble. By shading the figures, he made them stand out. It was cheap and hungry. When he got half-way through he died and left his frieze half-done. In this predicament a son of his appears upon the scene and says he knows the trick and will complete the frieze. They give him the contract, and he goes on with it, but unfortunately he does not do it as nicely as his father did; his figures do not stand out half so well and are a different tone of white. And that is the way it stands now.

Outside the capitol, statues are strewn with a prodigal hand. It is a question of quantity, not quality. There is hardly a passable one in the lot. Of the hundreds which must be collected round this spot, there are but two that are really fine—Crawford's Indian on the peak of the dome—and that is so far away you can hardly see it—and the full-length figure in bronze of Robert Livingston in the Whispering Gallery. This, outside St. Gaudens's Farragut and Lincoln and the Lafayette in Union Square, is the finest statue in the country. Sandwiched in among a semicircle of impossibilities in metal and marble, this noble figure stands out as the notes of an organ would loom up above the tooting of tin trumpets. Listlessly looking over the lot, wondering where sculptors could be found sufficiently unskilled in their craft to perpetrate such failures, one's eye is suddenly held by this strong and splendid face, this majestic, stately figure, round which a cloak falls in heavy, graceful folds. If the founder of their family really looked like that, the Livingstons ought to be a fine race.

Up to the time when the Farragut was put up in Union Square, opposite Delmonico's, the only beautiful statue in New York was Lafayette's, which was given to the country by France. Not one-third of the people who daily passed under the shadow of this charming work of art realized that for the first time in American history a decent statue was adorning an American city. Few people noticed it. The papers were silent on the subject of its merits, the men detailed to write up the unveiling not seeming to see its beauties. It is essentially French, and more than that, the artist seems to have caught, in the graceful, gracious attitude of the slender figure, the expression of the patrician face, the character of the man himself, his courtly suavity, his almost sweet kindness, his dashing bravery, and his inability to do disagreeable things that amounted to a positive weakness. As the figure now stands, it seems to be an epitome of the strength and the weakness, the charm and the defect, of that *ancienne noblesse* of which Lafayette was so brilliant a member.

By the time the Farragut was put up, the renaissance had begun. Houses were going up here and there that showed their owners and their architects wanted something more than size. People were beginning to criticise the old Stewart house, which looks like a gigantic wedding-cake and was once considered the cream of architectural beauty. The younger set of American artists, who had split themselves off from the old Academy, were the cause of this. They were young and daring, and had the courage of their convictions. They were

furious iconoclasts and did not scruple to cry on the house-tops that there was not a statue in the city that merited a place and a pedestal, except one that was given by France, and that not two people out of twenty had perception enough to appreciate.

Their hurning scorn woke the people up. The city stirred and rubbed its eyes and saw the truth. St. Gaudens got the order to do Farragut's statue, and, to prove himself, executed a work of art that placed him at the head of his profession, and is a glory and a crown to the city where it stands. He belongs to that set of brilliant Americans who have more fire, and daring, and originality than any other lot of men of the same age in any country. The artistic branch of them broke away from the old Academy, some years ago, and founded the Art League. The Academy—where a lot of fossilized old Tories potter along in their old-fashioned, humdrum way—was more than their proud spirits could brook. The Academy is conducted on much the same principles as those on which the Harpers conduct their book-place. All the old workers are kept on—no old horse is ever turned off to grass. This, from the Christian point of view, is undoubtedly fine; but from the artistic it has its disadvantages, as any one will admit who reads the Harper periodicals and attends the annual exhibitions at the Academy. At the latter place the works of the original associates, now men old enough to know better, are hung on the line, while the rising geniuses sail skyward or never are shown at all.

The rising geniuses, wild with enthusiasm for their art and themselves, finally declared their independence, and set up the Art League, where they have the best teachers and the finest art atmosphere in the city. They are so enthusiastic on the sacred subject, that they now and then are carried away too far. Every one has read of the grand row there last year. All the instructors, with St. Gaudens at their head, wanted to have "mixed classes," draw from the nude, on the ground that the male students were better workers and more talented than the female, and that drawing together from the same model the work would improve more rapidly by the stimulus of competition and comparison. The citizens of New York were shocked at this, and a quarrel began, ending in the defeat of the artists and the withdrawal of St. Gaudens in sulks to his tent.

Just before that he completed the statue of Lincoln, which Chicago, in a lucid interval, had ordered. It is generally supposed to be his great work, and shows that genius can triumph over the impossibilities of a Prince-Albert coat and baggy trousers. The statue represents "the first American"—as Lowell calls him—just having risen from his chair and standing with one hand loosely holding the lapel of his coat, while the eyes are downcast as if in thought. It is the moment of absorption before speech. This has placed St. Gaudens's name at the top of the list of modern sculptors. And mark the caprices of the Goddess Fortune: if you walk down Fourth Avenue, somewhere between Tenth and Twentieth Streets, you will see a tiny little shoemaker's place—a slip of a store—with the name "St. Gaudens" above the door. Inside, an old Frenchman, speaking broken English, waits on you, and will make to order any sort of shoe for any sort of foot, deformities especially. This is the father of St. Gaudens, the sculptor, an old Frenchman, proud of his son's success, hardly understanding it, and preferring to continue his own work in his own way, to living on the brains of his brilliant boy.

The wave of art-feeling is going to make Gotham a fine city. They have got two more new statues that are worth putting up—Bartholdi's Liberty and the Pilgrim Father in the park. People cavil at the Liberty as too massive, say that it looks like a large shapeless rock against the sky, but there are people who will cavil at everything. Then there is the Marble Arch in Washington Square, which will be really beautiful.

There is quite a little history about that. At the centennial of Washington's inauguration, all the rich people in town put up arches across the streets, most of which darkened the face of heaven with hideousness. Down in that stronghold of antiquity, of conservatism, Washington Square, the principal householders, the Rhinelanders, Cooper Hewitt, Sir Roderick Cameron, and others thereafter, contributed some ten thousand dollars for an arch at the entrance of the square, and gave the commission to Stamford White, the artist and architect. With the ten thousand, he raised a wooden arch of a severely classical design, painted it white, in imitation of marble, found a little statue of Washington at Sypher's, or some such place, which he put on top, and on the front, encircled by a laurel wreath, intertwined the initials of the father of his country. Some places in front of it, two white columns were raised, each surmounted by the symbolical eagle with spread wings.

There was a good deal of talk about the chaste beauty of this arch, but no one seemed to realize that it might be perpetuated in marble, until a newspaper started the idea. Two or three evenings before the idea was seen in print, some half-dozen young men were dining at a down-town restaurant. Among other things, they began to discuss the decorations of the city during the inaugural festivities, and their universal ugliness. Then one mentioned the arch in Washington Square and drew attention to its beauty, regretting that it could not remain. Another of the party, a newspaper man, said that there was no reason why it should not remain, done in marble. The matter was talked over, and the scheme for raising the subscription for the marble arch originated. The subscriptions have come in briskly, and Stamford White has the commission of repeating his wooden arch in stone.

NEW YORK, July 31, 1890.

It is reported that a novel flower has been discovered at the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. This floral chameleon has the power of changing its colors during the day. In the morning, it is white; when the sun is at its zenith, it is red; and at night, it is blue. Only at noon does it give out any perfume.

OLD FAVORITES.

Skipper Ireson's Ride.

Of all the rides since the birth of Time,
Told in story or sang in rhyme—
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calender's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human hack,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borak—
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's out from Marblehead!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
"Here's Flud Olson, fur his horrid borrt,
"Torrd an' futherr'd an' corrd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase;
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
Over and over the Menads sang:
"Here's Flud Olson, fur his horrid borrt,
"Torrd an' futherr'd an' corrd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him! He sailed away
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own towns-people on her deck!
"Lay by! lay by!" they called to him;
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!"
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie forevermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea—
Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and sea-birds say?
Of the cruel captain who sailed away?
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Trebble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandies, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head and fist and hat and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
"Here's Flud Olson, fur his horrid borrt,
"Torrd an' futherr'd an' corrd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol, glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to bear
Of voices shouting far and near:
"Here's Flud Olson, fur his horrid heart,
"Torrd an' futherr'd an' corrd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried—
"What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me—I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead!"
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him—why should we?"
Said an old wife, mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

—John Greenleaf Whittier

A short time ago it was revealed, in the course of a lawsuit, that stock in a baking-powder company in New York had reached the enormous value of four thousand two hundred dollars a share, the original value of such shares being only a few hundred dollars. A few days ago a patent-medicine man, sued his wife, and incidentally it was stated that forty-nine shares of the patent medicine had paid the enormous dividend of forty-nine thousand dollars in one year.

Among the large estates, three advertised for sale in Queensland may be considered. The first has an area of 454 square miles, of which the rent is \$1,600. The second has 648 square miles, and the third, 553. The one most advantageously situated is "within 100 miles of a railroad."

The owner of a new tire, made of hollow spring steel, circular, oval, or square, thinks that it will succeed rubber tire for wagons or bicycles. It can be fixed on so that it can never come off.

Silk from paper-pulp is made smooth and brilliant, without two-thirds the strength of ordinary silk, and about the same elasticity.

OSCAR WILDE'S NOVEL.

The Critics and the Ex-Æsthete's "Picture of Dorian Gray."

Oscar Wilde's novel in the July *Lippincott's* is brewing quite a storm among the literary *quid-nuncs*. It is an evident attempt to shock the world by professing the paganism of old Greece and advocating a new hedonism. In how far the attempt is successful may be judged from the following synopsis of the story and the comments which we append:

"The Picture of Dorian Gray" is designed to be the romance of a sin-slain soul. Dorian Gray is giving sittings to Basil Hallward, the artist. Dorian is a beautiful boy of twenty—more beautiful, one gathers from Oscar's description, than could be any girl of the same age—and Basil holds him in passionate adoration. Basil can paint at his best only when Dorian is at his side; the boy is an inspiration to him—is, in fact, an incarnated Greek ideal. Dorian Gray never would have suffered by the artist's adorations, but Lord Henry Wotton, a Mephistopheles of modern English society, meets him and sees in him not a model but an instrument for the enjoyment of life. Oscar Wilde is not as frank as Mr. Labouchère in writing about the English aristocracy, and one is therefore left in doubt how bad Lord Henry really is. Lord Henry tells Dorian how beautiful he is, and what exquisite pleasures, yet untasted, lie before him in the world. The picture of Dorian is finished, and the boy, standing before it, exclaims: 'Oh, that I could remain ever young like that, and it could bear the wrinkles and the stains of time!' Somewhere in the heaven which inhabits the world of fiction this prayer is heard and granted.

Dorian falls in love with a pretty actress. But this actress is not like those of the real world. She can play Juliet exquisitely, and she is only seventeen. Dorian believes her to be a genius. The poor little actress, when she falls in love, loses all interest in the mimic world and acts wretchedly. This so irritates Dorian, who had brought his friend to see her play, that he becomes, in her own words, exceedingly "rude" to her; in other words, he casts her off. She commits suicide. Dorian is distressed, but the death does not prevent him from going that evening to the opera. It strikes him that the girl's action was "very selfish." She might have exercised a restraining influence on him—in art, made him a better man. Like other men, it will be seen that Dorian Gray was inclined to look on charming and innocent young women as pleasant reformatory institutions provided by Providence for dissipated young men.

After the episode of the young actress, Dorian finds that the expression of his portrait has changed from one of joy to one of cruelty. "A sense of infinite pity, not for himself, but for the painted image of himself, came over him. It had altered already, and would alter more. It would wither into gray. Its red and white roses would die. For every sin that he committed a stain would flock and wreck its fairness. But he would not sin. The picture, changed or unchanged, could be to him the visible emblem of conscience. He would resist temptation. He would not see Lord Henry any more—would not, at any rate, listen to those subtle poisonous theories that in Basil Hallward's garden had first stirred within him the passion for impossible things." But his good resolutions go to fulfilling that huge paving contract which the wicked world made with the infernal regions some time in the distant past; he lives a Jekyll-Hyde life, which the author only hints at, as it would be indelicate to describe it. And after every plunge into the pit abysmal, he returns to the garret of his house, where he gazes over the portrait, which shows him, in its loathsome distortion, the ruin of his soul. And all the time his physical being stuns its youth and bloom. One night, when he is troubled by Hallward, he leads the painter to the secret garret, and there, through sheer antonness, stabs him. Through the influence he wields over a dentist (the nature of the influence is kept secret) Dorian secures the destruction of the body. He gazes on the picture, which has now more loathsomeness than ever. It moves him to rage, and with the knife which he used on Hallward he stabs the canvas, ripping it from top to bottom. There was a cry that alarmed the household. "When they entered, they found, hanging upon the wall, a splendid portrait of their master as they had last seen him, in all the wonder of his exquisite youth and beauty. Lying on the floor was a dead man, in evening dress, with a knife in his heart. He was withered, wrinkled, and loathsome of visage. It was not till they had examined the rings that they recognized who it was."

It is curious to note that in most criticisms of the book, English and American, it is contrasted with Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata"; in one case "the boyish trifter, with his Bacchic pean of the flesh" to "the grim old Russian lifting the apostolic word of the spirit." The *St. James's Gazette* is especially ardent upon Wilde; it calls the book "a study in puppydom," and says:

"Not being curious in ordure, and not wishing to offend the nostrils of decent persons, we do not propose to analyze 'The Picture of Dorian Gray'; that would be to advertise the development of an æsthetic prurience. . . . The puzzle is that a young man of decent parts, who enjoyed (when he was at Oxford) the opportunity of associating with gentlemen, should put his name (such as it is) to so stupid and vulgar a piece of work. Let nobody read it, in the hope of finding witty paradox or racy wickedness. The writer airs his cheap repudiation of the garbage of the French *décadents* like any driveling dandy, and he bores you unmercifully with his prosy rignaroles about the beauty of the body and the corruption of the soul. The grammar is better than 'Ouida's'; the erudition equal; but in every other respect, we prefer the talented lady, who broke off with 'pious aposiopesis' when she touched upon 'the horrors which are described in the pages of 'Suetonius and Livy'. . . . The picture does change; the signal doesn't. Here's a situation for you! Théophile Gautier would have made it romantic, entrancing, beautiful. Mr. Stevenson would have made it convincing, humorous, pathetic. Mr. Anstey could've made it screamingly funny. It has been reserved for Mr. Oscar Wilde to make it dull and nasty. . . . That is the story which Mr. Wilde has tried to tell; a very lame story it is, and very lamely told. Why has he told it? There are two explanations, and so on—as we can see, not more than two. Not to give pleasure to his readers; the thing is too clumsy, too tedious, and—alas! that we could say it—too stupid. Perhaps it was to shock his readers, in order that they might cry 'Fie! upon him' and talk about him. . . . We then, to suppose that Mr. Oscar Wilde has yielded to the craving for a notoriety which he once earned by talking fiddle-faddle about the men of art, and sees his only chance of recalling it by making himself obvious at the cost of being obnoxious, and by attracting the notice which the olfactory sense can not refuse to the presence of certain self-asserting organisms? That is an uncharitable hypothesis, and we would gladly abandon it. It may be suggested (but is it more charitable?) that he derives pleasure from treating a subject merely because it is disgusting. . . . They are both chips from the same block. The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon and 'The Picture of Dorian Gray'—and both of them ought to be chucked into the fire. It is so much because they are dangerous and corrupt (they are corrupt, not dangerous), as because they are incurably silly, written by a plebeian *poète* (whether they call themselves Puritans or pagans), who know nothing about the life which they affect to have explored, because they are mere catch-penny revelations of the non-existent, which, if they reveal anything at all, are revelations only of the singularly unpleasant minds from which they emerge."

To this not over-gentle criticism, Oscar Wilde made reply:

TO THE EDITOR—SIR: I have read your criticism of my story 'The Picture of Dorian Gray'; and I need hardly say that I do not propose to discuss its merits or demerits, its personalities, or its lack of sonality. England is a free country, and ordinary English criticism perfectly free and easy. Besides, I must admit that, either from temperament or from taste, or from both, I am quite incapable of understanding how any work of art can be criticised from a moral standpoint. The sphere of art and the sphere of ethics are absolutely distinct and separate; and it is to the confusion between the two that owe the appearance of Mrs. Grundy, that amusing old lady who represents the only original form of humor that the middle classes of

this country have been able to produce. What I do object to most strongly is, that you should have placarded the town with posters on which was printed in large letters: MR. OSCAR WILDE'S LATEST ADVERTISEMENT; A BAD CASE.

Whether the expression "A Bad Case" refers to my book or to the present position of the government, I can not tell. What was silly and unnecessary was the use of the term "advertisement."

I think I may say without vanity—though I do not wish to appear to run vanity down—that of all men in England I am the one who requires least advertisement. I am tired to death of being advertised. I feel no thrill when I see my name in a paper. The chronicler does not interest me any more. I wrote this book entirely for my own pleasure, and it gave me very great pleasure to write it. Whether it becomes popular or not is a matter of absolute indifference to me. I am afraid, sir, that the real advertisement is your cleverly written article. The English public, as a mass, takes no interest in a work of art until it is told that the work in question is immoral, and your *réclame* will, I have no doubt, largely increase the sale of the magazine; in which sale, I may mention with some regret, I have no pecuniary interest. I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

OSCAR WILDE.

16 TITE STREET, CHELSEA, June 25.

Thereupon a controversy ensued, in the course of which Mr. Wilde wrote:

"I feel bound to say that your article contains the most unjustifiable attack that has been made upon any man of letters for many years. The writer of it, who is quite incapable of concealing his personal malice, and so in some measure destroys the effect he wishes to produce, seems not to have the slightest idea of the temper in which a work of art should be approached. To say that such a book as mine should be 'chucked into the fire' is silly. That is what one does with newspapers. . . .

"As your writer has ventured into the perilous grounds of literary criticism, I ask you to allow me, in fairness not merely to myself but to all men to whom literature is a fine art, to say a few words about his critical method. He begins by assailing me with much ridiculous virulence because the chief personages in my story are 'puppies.' They are puppies. Does he think that literature went to the dogs when Thackeray wrote about puppydom? I think that puppies are extremely interesting from an artistic as well as from a psychological point of view. They seem to me to be certainly far more interesting than prigs; and I am of opinion that Lord Henry Wotton is an excellent corrective of the tedious ideal shadowed forth in the semi-theological novels of our age. He then makes vague and fearful insinuations about my grammar and my erudition. Now, as regards grammar, I hold that, in prose at any rate, correctness should always be subordinated to artistic effect and musical cadence; and any peculiarities of syntax that may occur in 'Dorian Gray' are deliberately intended, and are introduced simply to show the value of the artistic theory in question. . . .

"As regards erudition, it is always difficult, even for the most modest of us, to remember that other people do not know quite as much as one does one's self. I myself frankly admit I can not imagine how a casual reference to Suetonius and Petronius Arbitrator can be construed into evidence of a desire to impress an unoffending and ill-educated public by an assumption of superior knowledge. . . .

"The writer of the article then suggests that I, in common with that great and noble artist Count Tolstoi, take pleasure in a subject because it is dangerous. About such a suggestion there is this to be said: Romantic art deals with the exception and with the individual. Good people, belonging as they do to the normal, and so commonplace, type, are, artistically, uninteresting. Bad people are, from the point of view of art, fascinating studies. They represent color, variety, and strangeness. Good people exasperate one's reason; bad people stir one's imagination. Your critic, if I must give him so honorable a title, states that the people in my story have no counterpart in life; that they are, to use his vigorous if somewhat vulgar phrase, 'mere catch-penny revelations of the non-existent.' Quite so. If they existed they would not be worth writing about. The function of the artist is to invent, not to chronicle. There are no such people. If there were, I would not write about them. Life by its realism is always spoiling the subject-matter of art. The supreme pleasure in literature is to realize the non-existent. . . .

"It is a story with a moral. And the moral is this: All excess, as well as all renunciation, brings its own punishment. The painter, Basil Hallward, worshipping physical beauty far too much, as most painters do, dies by the hand of one in whose soul he has created a monstrous and absurd vanity. Dorian Gray, having led a life of mere sensation and pleasure, tries to kill conscience, and at that moment kills himself. Lord Henry Wotton seeks to be merely the spectator of life. He finds that those who reject the battle are more deeply wounded than those who take part in it. Yes; there is a terrible moral in 'Dorian Gray'—a moral which the prudent will not be able to find in it, but which will be revealed to all whose minds are healthy. Is this an artistic error? I fear it is. It is the only error in the book. . . .

"You express your surprise that 'so experienced a literary gentleman' as myself should imagine that your critic was animated by any feeling of personal malice toward him. The phrase 'literary gentleman' is a vile phrase; but let that pass. I accept quite readily your assurance that your critic was simply criticising a work of art in the best way that he could; but I feel that I was fully justified in forming the opinion of him that I did. He opened his article by a gross personal attack on myself. This, I need hardly say, was an absolutely unpardonable error of critical taste. There is no excuse for it, except personal malice; and you, sir, should not have sanctioned it. A critic should be taught to criticise a work of art without making any reference to the personality of the author. This, in fact, is the beginning of criticism. However, it was not merely his personal attack on me that made me imagine that he was actuated by malice. What really confirmed me in my first impression was his reiterated assertion that my book was tedious and dull. Now, if I were criticising my book, which I have some thoughts of doing, I think I would consider it my duty to point out that it is far too crowded with sensational incident, and far too paradoxical in style, as far, at any rate, as the dialogue goes. I feel that from a standpoint of art these are two defects in the book. But tedious, and dull the book is not. Your critic has cleared himself of the charge of personal malice, his denial and yours being quite sufficient in the matter; but he has only done so by a tacit admission that he has really no critical instinct about literature and literary work, which, in one who writes about literature, is, I need hardly say, a much graver fault than malice of any kind. . . .

"Such an article as you have published really makes one despair of the possibility of any general culture in England. Were I a French author, and my book brought out in Paris, there is not a single literary critic in France, on any paper of high standing, who would think for a moment of criticising it from an ethical standpoint. If he did so, he would stultify himself, not merely in the eyes of all men of letters, but in the eyes of the majority of the public. You have yourself often spoken against Puritanism. Believe me, sir, Puritanism is never so offensive and destructive as when it deals with art matters. It is there that its influence is radically wrong. It is this Puritanism, to which your critic has given expression, that is always marring the artistic instinct of the English. So far from encouraging it, you should set yourself against it, and should try to teach your critics to recognize the essential difference between art and life. The gentleman who criticised my book is in a perfectly hopeless confusion about it, and your attempt to help him out by proposing that the subject-matter of art should be limited, does not mend matters. It is proper that limitations should be placed on action. It is not proper that limitations should be placed on art. To art belong all things that are and all things that are not, and even the editor of a London paper has no right to restrain the freedom of art in the selection of subject-matter."

The *St. James's Gazette* concludes the wordy war with this advice:

"Mr. Oscar Wilde wrote a tedious and nasty book, and firmly but kindly his critics (not only in the *St. James's Gazette*) have sat upon him. He has been allowed to reply (not only in the *St. James's Gazette*), and he is very cross, indeed, when he finds that everybody is laughing at him. He expected to be denounced as a 'poisonous but perfect' apostle of the Unmentionable, but he has merely been put aside as a bore. So he retaliates by calling one critic Caliban and another Therites. What we advise him to do is to hold his tongue and, as a friend is said to have counseled him, try to live it down."

In a similar controversy with the London *Daily Chronicle*, Mr. Wilde delivered himself of the following:

"My story is an essay on decorative art. It reacts against the crude brutality of plain realism. It is poisonous, if you like, but you can not deny that it is also perfect, and perfection is what we artists aim at."

The book is not, however, so utterly stupid as the *St. James's Gazette* would have us believe. Oscar Wilde is rather an epigrammatist than a story-teller, and "The Picture of Dorian Gray" contains a number of clever bits and striking passages. Here are some of them:

"Beauty—real beauty—ends where an intellectual expression begins. Intellect is in itself an exaggeration, and destroys the harmony of any face. The moment one sits down to think, one becomes all nose, or all forehead, or something horrid. Look at the successful men in any of the learned professions. How perfectly hideous they are! Except, of course, in the church. But then, in the church they don't think. A bishop keeps on saying at the age of eighty what he was told to say when he was a boy of eighteen, and, consequently, he always looks absolutely delightful."

"The mutilation of the savage has its tragic survival in the self-denial that mars our lives. We are punished for our refusals. Every impulse that we strive to strangle broods in the mind, and poisons us. The body sins once, and has done with its sin, for action is a mode of purification. Nothing remains then but the recollection of a pleasure or the luxury of a regret. The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it. Resist it, and your soul grows sick with longing for the things it has forbidden to itself, with desire for what its monstrous laws have made monstrous and unlawful."

"No woman is a genius; women are a decorative sex. They never have anything to say but they say it charmingly. They represent the triumph of matter over mind, just as we men represent the triumph of mind over matter. There are only two kinds of women—the plain and the colored. The plain women are very useful. If you want to gain a reputation for respectability, you have merely to take them down to supper. The other women are very charming. They commit one mistake, however. They paint in order to try to look young. Our grandmothers painted in order to try to talk brilliantly. Rouge and esprit used to go together. That has all gone out now. As long as a woman can look ten years younger than her own daughter, she is perfectly satisfied. As for conversation, there are only five women in London worth talking to, and two of these can't be admitted into decent society."

"My dear Dorian, the only way a woman can ever reform a man is by boring him so completely that he loses all possible interest in life. If you had married this girl [the young actress], you would have been wretched. Of course you would have treated her kindly. One can always be kind to people about whom one cares nothing. But she would have soon found out that you were absolutely indifferent to her. And when a woman finds out that about her husband, she either becomes dreadfully dowdy or wears smart bonnets that some other woman's husband has to pay for. . . . The real drawback to marriage is that it makes one unselfish. And unselfish people are colorless. They lack individuality."

"Never marry a woman with straw-colored hair, Dorian," he said, after a few puffs. "Why, Harry?" "Because they are so sentimental." "But I like sentimental people." "Never marry at all, Dorian. Men marry because they are tired; women, because they are curious; both are disappointed."

"When one is in love, one always begins by deceiving one's self, and one always ends by deceiving others. That is what the world calls romance."

"Those who are faithful know only the pleasures of love. It is the faithless who know love's tragedies."

"When we blame ourselves, we feel that no one else has a right to blame us. It is the confession, not the priest, that gives us absolute freedom."

"The only artists I have ever known who are personally delightful, are bad artists. Good artists give everything to their art, and consequently are perfectly uninteresting in themselves."

"Never trust a woman who wears mauve, whatever her age may be, or a woman over thirty-five who is fond of pink ribbons. It always means that they have a history."

"With an evening-coat and a white tie, anybody, even a stock-broker, can gain a reputation for being civilized."

"The worst of having a romance is that it leaves one so unromantic."

"I choose my friends for their good looks, my acquaintances for their characters, and my enemies for their brains."

"What a fuss people make about fidelity! And, after all, it is purely a question for physiology. It has nothing to do with our own will. It is either an unfortunate accident or an unpleasant result of temperament. Young men want to be faithful, and are not; old men want to be faithless, and can not; that is all one can say."

"A cigarette is a perfect type of a perfect pleasure. It is exquisite, and it leaves one unsatisfied. What more can you want?"

By the way, an amusing side-issue is brought up by a New York society weekly, which says:

"I have always had my suspicion of the Messrs. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, since they discharged from their employ and the editorship of *Lippincott's Magazine* so clever and bright a man as Mr. Walsh, simply on the ground that he published in *Lippincott's* Amélie Rives's story of the 'Quick or the Dead?' It was this story, if I mistake not, that added more to the magazine's circulation than anything that had appeared within its covers for years. Notwithstanding this fact, Mr. Walsh was, to put it mildly, relieved; Miss Lippincott, a spinster daughter of the elder and then lately deceased member of the firm, having declared that she would rather have paid thousands of dollars out of her own pocket into the general fund than to have had so thoroughly disreputable a story appear within a magazine bearing the family name. In view of this, I can not but look for the discharge of Mr. Stoddard, the present editor. Compared with the story by Oscar Wilde that appears in the July *Lippincott*, Mrs. Amélie-Rives-Chanler's tale is as pure as pure can be."

An interesting experiment was made recently at the great idiot asylum of Paris. A kind of Punch and Judy show was exhibited before the inmates, with a view to ascertain whether any impression could be made by it upon their dormant intelligence:

"About eleven hundred idiots were assembled in the gymnasium of the institution, most of whom had made some slight progress toward intelligence. Many of them had learned to tie their own shoes; others could dress themselves, with a little assistance; others could feed themselves pretty well; all had learned to sit still, and most of them could imitate the easier motions of their instructors. When they were seated and in order, the curtain rose, disclosing a small stage. The play presented was called 'A Dentist's Pupil,' and the fun of the piece was chiefly due to the vigor with which the hero plied his cudgel. At first the physicians were inclined to believe that the experiment was going to be successful. The unfortunates applauded the cudgelings in their uncouth way, making loud outcries and laughing boisterously. It seemed that there was but one perfect idiot in the whole assembly—a dwarf, with a huge, misshapen head, who had been exhibited at fairs under the name of the 'King of the Eskimos.' He alone remained quite passive during the whole play. When the performance was over, the company relaxed at once into their usual silence and vacancy. There was no exchange of impression, no after-glow of interest, and what was more discouraging, they appeared to have no recollection of what had occurred. The conductors of the experiment were obliged to conclude that the play had had no effect in rousing or stimulating intelligence."

There are thirty-five men in Suffolk still employed in making gun-flints, or "flint-knapping," as they call it, for the use of the remote savages who have succeeded to the long discarded flint-guns and pistols of civilization.

THE JACK-POT.

There were five of us in the party—six, counting Long Tom, the guide. After two days' hard climbing, which the burros endured with exemplary fortitude, we arrived at the little valley high up in the mountains, through which threaded the trout-stream.

"Just you all go over into the cabin there and make yourself comfortable, while I tend to gettin' this stuff unpacked," said Long Tom; "there ain't no one there. My pardner, he's down below."

"The cabin appears to be two cabins," said the colonel, as we approached it.

"That is for economy in ridge-poles," said the doctor; "sleeping apartments on one side and kitchen on the other. In the space between, you keep your fishing-tackle and worms."

We entered the right-hand section of the twin cabin, which proved to be the kitchen side. There was not much furniture—a table of hewn logs, a chair of bent saplings, and a rough bench.

However, we did not notice such furniture as there was, for each member of the party, as he stepped over the high threshold, had his attention instantly attracted by the stove, and a brief roundelay of ejaculations went along the group.

"Well, that staggers me," said the stock-broker.

"H'm," said the professor, in a mysterious tone, and rubbed his chin.

The stove was a plain, small cooking-range, rather old and rusty. The strange thing about it was its position. Its abbreviated legs stood upon large cedar posts, which were planted in the floor and were over four feet in height. This brought the stove away up in mid-air, so that the top was about on a level with the face of the colonel, and he was a six-footer.

We formed in a circle about the stove and stared at it as solemnly as a group of priests around a sacrificial tripod. We felt of the posts—they were firm and solid, showing that the mysterious arrangement was a permanent, not a temporary, one. Then we all bent our necks and opened our mouths to look up at the hole in the roof, through which the stove-pipe vanished.

Suddenly the stock-broker burst out into a laugh.

"Oh, I understand it now," said he.

"Understand what?" asked the colonel, sharply.

"Why Long Tom has his stove hoisted up so high from the floor."

"So do I," said the doctor; "but I suspect that my explanation is not the same that any one else would offer."

"Well, I will bet that I am right," said the stock-broker, "and put up the money."

"I am in this," said the judge; "I have a clear idea about that stove and will back it."

"Make it a jack-pot," said the colonel; "I want to take a hand."

The stock-broker drew a small yellow coin out of his pocket and dropped it on the table.

"He has the stove up there," he said, "to get a better draught. In this rarefied mountain air there is only a small amount of oxygen to the cubic inch, and combustion is more difficult to secure than in the lower latitudes. I have heard that if you get high enough up, you can't cook an egg—that is, I mean, water won't boil—or something like that," he continued, thrown into sudden confusion by the discovery that the professor's eye was fixed upon him with a sarcastic gaze.

"Is that supposed to be science?" demanded the professor.

"Well," said the stock-broker, doggedly, "never mind the reasons. Experience is probably good enough for Long Tom. He finds that he gets a better draught for his stove by having it up in mid-air, so he has it there."

"The right explanation," began the professor, "is the simplest. My idea is that—"

"Excuse me," interrupted the stock-broker, tapping the table; "are you in this pot?"

The professor made a deposit, and proceeded:

"Have you noticed that our host is a very tall man? Like most men of his height, he hates to bend over. If the stove were near the floor, he would have to stoop down low when he whirled a flap-jack or speared a rasher of bacon. Now he can stand up and do it with ease. Your draught theory is no good; the longer the pipe, if it is straight, the better the fire will burn."

"Professor," remarked the colonel, "I regret to have to tell you that your money is gone. Long Tom told me, on the way up, that his partner did all the cooking, and he is a man of rather short stature." The colonel then paid his compliments to the jack-pot, and continued: "Now, my idea is that the stove heats the room better than on the floor. It is only a cooking-stove, to be sure, but when the winter is cold, it makes this room comfortable. Being up in the middle of the space, it beats it all equally well, which it could not do if it were down below."

The doctor greeted this theory with a loud laugh. "Colonel," he said, "you are wild—way off the mark. Hot air rises, of course, and the only way to disseminate it is to have your stove as low as possible. According to your idea, it would be a good plan to put the furnace in the attic of a house instead of in the basement."

"I think," said the colonel, "that I could appreciate your argument better if you would ante."

"The pot is mine," said the doctor, as he deposited his coin; "you will all adopt my idea the moment you hear it, and Long Tom, who will be here in a minute, will bear me out. This room is very small; it has but little floor-space, and none of it goes to waste. Now, if he had put the stove down where we expected to find it, Long Tom could not have made use of the area underneath, as you see he has done. On all sides of the supporting posts, you will notice there are hooks, on which he hangs his pans and skillets. Underneath, there is a kitchen-closet for pots and cooking-utensils of various sorts. What could be more convenient? Under your ordinary stove there is room only for a poker and a few cockroaches."

The judge, who had been listening to the opinions offered by the others with the same grim smile that occasionally ornamented his face when he announced that an objection was overruled, now stepped forward and dropped a coin on the table. He then rendered his decision as follows:

"It appears that none of you have noticed the forest of hooks in the roof just over the stove. They are not in use at present, but they are there for some purpose. I imagine that during the winter huge pieces of venison and bear's-meat dangle over the stove, and are dried for use later. Now, if the stove were on the floor, it would be too far from the roof to be of service in this way."

"Here comes old Tom," shouted the colonel, who had stepped to the open door while the judge was speaking.

The old trapper put down the various articles of baggage with which his arms were loaded and came into the kitchen-cabin where we all stood. He glanced at the group and then at the stilted stove in our midst.

"I see you air all admirin' my stove," said he, "and I'll bet you've been a-wonderin' why it is up so high."

"Yes, we have," said the professor; "how did you know it?"

"People most allus generally jest as soon as they come into the place begin to ask me about it—that's how I knowed."

"Well, why is it up so high?" demanded the stock-broker impatiently, with a side glance at the well-developed jack-pot on the table.

"The reason's simple enough," said Long Tom, with a grin that showed his bicuspid; "you see we had to pack all this stuff up here from down below on burros. Originally there was four jints of that stove-pipe, but the cinch wasn't drawn tight enough on the burro that was carryin' them, and two of 'em slipped out and rolled down the mountain. When we got here and found that there wasn't but two pieces left, I reckoned that I would have to kinder h'ist the stove to make it fit the pipe—so I jest in and h'isted her. And tbar she is yet. Say, what's all this here money on the table for?"

There was a deep silence which lasted so long that Tom ventured to repeat his question about the money.

"It is a jack-pot," said the doctor, sadly, "and as near as I can make out, it belongs to you."

FRED BAYHAM.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 24, 1890.

The following notes on the "Passion Play" at Oberammergau are taken from a private letter written by a San Francisco lady now traveling abroad:

"Eva, Hilda, Stella, and I took the train to Murnau, and from there drove through beautiful scenery to Oberammergau, which is most charmingly situated at the foot of the mountains. We secured our rooms, which were in a simple villager's house, and then went to walk about the place, which was literally thronged with English, American, and German tourists, and peasants from all the country round. We were seated at eight o'clock the next morning at the play, which lasts (with an hour and a half intermission at noon) from eight A. M. to half-past five P. M. The play begins with a tableau, and it gives the whole life of Jesus from the time of his entry into Jerusalem to the ascension into heaven—all the details of the trial before Pilate, the crucifixion, resurrection, etc. The stage is very large and has an immense central room, with a facade like a gothic palace when the curtain is down, and on each side of this are broad streets in Jerusalem, the houses painted to perfection; following, come the palaces of Pilate and Caiaphas. The costumes are most beautiful, and the players indescribably impressive in their acting. There is a beautifully robed chorus of twenty-two men and women, who come forward and chant a description of each act and tableau before they take place. The tableaux are wonderful and beautiful; in some of them there are from three hundred to five hundred men, women, and children, exquisitely dressed and grouped, and they remain immovable for fully twenty minutes. In the crucifixion, Jesus remains, without moving a muscle, on the cross for more than twenty minutes. Pilate is also very striking, and so are the Virgin Mary and Caiaphas, who is the burgomaster of the village. The play is very impressive and grand. You scarcely think that you are looking at a simple set of villagers. It is perfectly carried out; there is not the slightest hitch from beginning to end. They feel themselves to be the characters they personate, and so do the audience, who sit spell-bound and sympathetic to the end. It is all reality and no acting, and when you leave the place you feel that the curtain has not fallen upon a finished play, but that the people must remain there living and doing, and that you have seen only a little part of their lives which must continue from those scenes. The mountains make a beautiful background to the theatre, and the sky forms an appropriate roofing. It would be impossible to give the 'Passion Play' anywhere else but in Oberammergau. There is an enormous auditorium, partly covered, for first-rank seats (ten marks), which comfortably seat four thousand people, and it was full yesterday."

Ignatius Donnelly, celebrated as the discoverer of a Baconian cryptogram in the writings of Shakespeare, suggests the advisability of constructing a great number of balloons, say one for each county in the storm-afflicted areas of the West, elevating them to the level of the storm-clouds and keeping them there during the summer months by four metallic ropes to each. The balloon would gather the electricity from the air and send it harmlessly to the earth through metallic connections. He thinks it might be found that one of these arrangements would suffice for the protection of several counties, or even of a whole State. He thinks Congress should be asked to order the construction of one or more of these machines by way of experiment.

There has just been finished and placed in the cathedral of Charkov, Russia, a clock of solid silver, weighing six hundred pounds. It is in memory of the Czar's escape from death in the railroad accident at Borki, and is so arranged that upon October 17th in each year—the anniversary of that event—it will ring a peal of bells.

The Vital Statistic Bureau at Chicago refuses to accept any death certificate giving as cause "heart failure." Such a certificate, they claim, is a cloak for physicians' ignorance of the real cause of death or to cover up the facts.

St. Petersburg is the only capital of Europe in which the population is steadily diminishing. During the last seven years the inhabitants of that city have decreased by eighty-five thousand.

A serious movement has been started to raise a monument to General Grant in Baltimore by the exclusive subscription of Southern soldiers.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

"Mudyard Tipling" is the way the name of the latest English celebrity becomes muddled while passing through the hands of the humorist of the *Terre Haute Express*.

Gladstone makes it a rule never to travel on Sunday, and ex-Governor Curtin makes it a rule never to travel on any other day if it can be avoided. Both have lived to a ripe old age.

It has been stated that the terms on which Stanley is to lecture in the United States are twenty-five thousand dollars for the first lecture, and one thousand dollars for each of forty-nine others.

Prince Bismarck's father was not overjoyed, apparently, when the future chancellor was born. This is the grim announcement he made of the event: "I have the honor to announce to my friends that yesterday my wife was safely delivered of a son, and I excuse them from offering congratulations.—Ferdinand von Bismarck."

Seyfried, the public executioner of Prague, has been celebrating his jubilee after twenty-five years of active and conscientious service. His friends and admirers found it a delicate matter to select a song for a serenade in his honor, but finally had the happy idea of taking "Ich knüpfte manche zarte Bande" ("Full many a gentle bond I tie"), from the "Beggar Student."

Senator Saunders, of Montana, sets a higher money value on his newspaper than most men do. Before the Northern Pacific Railway was opened, he used to pay one hundred and seven dollars a year for the weekly edition of the *Evening Post*, which reached him by pony-express across the plains at a cost of one dollar a copy in gold, which was then equivalent to over two dollars in greenbacks.

It is a singular fact that great men seldom leave direct descendants. Napoleon, Wellington, Washington, all prove this rule. Shakespeare left only two daughters, whose children died without issue. Probably the nearest relative to the great poet now living is one Thomas Hart, a resident of Australia, who is said to be the eighth in descent from Shakespeare's sister Joan. Walter Scott's line ended with the second or third generation.

John E. Parsons, of New York, is reported to have been paid two hundred and fifty thousand dollars by the Sugar Trust people to create a trust which would stand in the courts. Mr. Parsons received the money, the largest single fee ever paid a lawyer in New York, and the sugar people got their trust, but it did not bear the scrutiny of the courts. It is likely that the able lawyer's contract with his employers regarding the payment of the money is quite binding.

It seems to be accepted as a fact in Washington that the Vice-President has three beautiful and complicated wigs. The first wig is short, the second is of an average length and the third gives an absolutely triumphant illustration of hair which has been allowed to grow too long. It is said that the surest way to Mr. Morton's heart is to remind him that his hair needs cutting. One should always be careful, however, to make this remark when the Vice-President is wearing wig No. 3.

La France Militaire says that on May 18th last they died the only man who had beaten Field Marshal Von Moltke on the battle-field. He was General d'Hautpoul. In the celebrated battle of Nisib he was chief of the general staff of Ibrahim Pasha, while Major Von Moltke served under Haf Pasha. Moltke's commander lost the battle, but, as has been repeatedly shown, not through any mistake of the German major. So long as Moltke directed the troops all went well with him. When Haf Pasha took command, however, the tide turned and defeat followed the prospects of victory.

Jules Gérard, the slayer of lions in Algeria, was succeeded by M. Bombonnel, the slayer of panthers. On one of his latest expeditions, M. Bombonnel was accompanied by M. Cattier, of Bordeaux, who did the daring feat of following a wounded panther for miles in the brush, until he killed it. Thereupon, Bombonnel pronounced Cattier the worthy successor to himself and to Gérard, and died. Cattier has now opened a "place," where he advertises all kinds of hunting from rabbits to lions, with masonry shooting-stations, offering perfect security to ladies who want to hunt lions or other ferocious beasts.

Mr. Harold Frederic cables these notes about a recent dinner at which both Lord Tennyson and Mr. Gladstone were present: "The laureate is much broken by age and illness and matches his physical decrepitude by a very obvious mental slowness. One felt all the while that he ought to be bed rather than at the dinner-table. Gladstone, on the contrary, was the life of the whole party, doing the most of the talking, yet finding time to eat heartily and with relish of every course, and drinking more champagne than anybody else. It was noted at the end of the dinner, after the coffee was finished, that Mr. Gladstone, with a spoon took out all the sugar from the bottom of the cup, and at that, too, with the gusto of a school-boy."

Among the relatives of the Earl of Dysart are Lyulph Vdwallo Odin Nester Egbert Lyonel Toegmag Hugh Erchenwyne Saxon Esa Cromwell Orma Nevill Dysart Plantagenet, born 1876; Mabel Helmingham Ethel Huntingtower Beatrice Blazonberrie Evangeline Vise de Lou de Orellan Plantagenet Toedmag Saxon, born 1872; Lyonesse Matild Dora Ida Agnes Ernestine Curson Paulet Wilbraham Joyce Eugenie Bentley Saxonia Dysart Plantagenet, born 1874; Lyona Decima Veronica Esyth Undine Cyssa Hylda Rowen Adela Thyra Ursula Ysabel Blanche Lelias Dysart Plantagenet, born 1878. These are but four out of the very numerous family of one of the uncles of the late earl, and it is recorded that they survive under the heavy burden inflicted upon them at their baptism.

VANITY FAIR.

The number of American girls who have bought titled husbands, and the enormous prices they have paid for them, make pertinent the inquiry: What is the cash value of a title? The price paid by Miss Huntington for Prince Hatzfeldt was two hundred thousand dollars. Miss Caldwell bid ten thousand dollars a year for Prince Murat. What Miss Mackay paid for Prince Colonna and Mrs. Hamersley for the Duke of Marlborough can not be estimated with any degree of accuracy. Miss Von Hoffman's husband, the Marquis de Mores, has cost her family in the neighborhood of one million dollars already. In some cases, of course, value has been received and the purchase-money has not been excessive. For instance, Miss Jerome obtained a prize in Lord Randolph Churchill; no one would think of suggesting that Miss Endicott bought the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, or Miss Lee, Count Waldsee, or Miss Wheeler, Count Pappenheim, but in some of the other cases the deals were purely commercial transactions. Titles can be obtained for much lower prices than have been paid by some of the aforementioned young women. The American heiress desirous of wedding a title can have one bestowed upon some young man she knows and whom she can love. There is also a field for the ambitious young American man—a title is within the reach of men of moderate means. Wooing an heiress is often difficult, but if the wooer can bring the extra leverage of a noble name to bear upon the fair object of his wooing it may become easier. And the prices are not exorbitant. A short time ago a card appeared in *Le Figaro*, of Paris, announcing that M. Robert, of 36 Rue Maubeuge, Paris, was prepared to procure titles of nobility and foreign decorations for those who are desirous of wearing such borrowed plumes. An American correspondent answered the advertisement, asking the nature of the titles and decorations and the cost of obtaining them. By return mail came the following reply in French:

JUNE 4, 1890.

MONSIEUR: I have the honor of replying to your questions. Here are the conditions for titles of nobility:

	Francs.
Count.....	30,000
Viscount.....	25,000
Baron.....	15,000

These are Spanish titles delivered by the queen.

As for decorations, these are they:
The Christ of Portugal, 5,000 francs (Chevalier); the ribbon is red; and Commander of the Christ, 8,000 francs.
Decoration of Isabella the Catholic, Chevalier (yellow-and-white rosette), 3,500 francs; Commander of Isabella, 6,000 francs.
Decoration of Charles the Third of Spain, 4,000 francs; Commander, 7,000 francs.
La Cruz Roja (red, black, and white rosette), decoration for men and women for aid to the wounded on land or sea, 4,500 francs.
Lusignan (white-and-blue rosette) Chevalier, 1,200 francs; Officer, 2,000 francs; Commander, 3,000 francs.
Brevets of purveyors to the Court of Spain, 3,000 francs.
About five or six months are necessary to obtain these distinctions, except as concerns the two last, La Cruz Roja and Lusignan, which I can get in one month. I must be given the full name and quality. As payment, it is necessary to send me half the amount on making application, and the other half when I deliver the title. For this last transaction, it is enough that you have a correspondent in Paris, but if you do not send me half the money, it is useless for me to trouble myself, because I must send this sum first to Spain.

B. ROBERT.

Every society belle in Newport can be seen in the Casino about noon, and undoubtedly it would be hard to find so many beautiful women assembled anywhere else in the Union. They are as graceful as they are beautiful, and their costumes are usually models of elegance. Here and there may be seen a rather striking dress, of course. One young lady, who is a devoted attendant at these morning sessions, affects pure white—dress, hat, sash, etc. Even her shoes are of white kid, and her white-gloved hands toy with a dainty white fan to match the costume. She attracts much attention—a fact which she realizes and accepts without complaint. Another very pretty girl wears white and black—a white flannel-skirt and blazer, with a black-silk shirt, Gordon sash, and four-in-hand tie—a very pretty combination. She carried a book, which might have been either a French novel or an essay for the improvement of the mind.

The tall hat celebrates in Europe this year its one hundredth birthday. The simple Quaker hat of Dr. Franklin was the first cause of the abandonment of the three-cornered style. The high hat, in its early days, was looked on as a symptom of a politically progressive spirit, and was, consequently, the object of much persecution on the part of the police. In Germany and Russia they were forbidden under heavy penalties, but early in the forties they at last became a trade-mark of respectability.

American women, who queen their way through life, petted, shielded, and honored by men, are considerably startled, when they travel abroad, by the social conditions prevailing in other countries (says the *Illustrated American*). Only after observing the calm superiority of the ordinary Englishman toward his wife, French indifference in the marriage relation, and, more pronounced than all, the German's method of making his frau the burden-bearer, do the ladies of this land begin to appreciate their manifold blessings. Two-thirds of the men in the United States willingly sacrifice their lives in never-ceasing labor, if by so doing the home, wife, and children are kept in ease. The very first thing an American does with his money is to clothe his women in purple and fusc linen. They fare softly every day, if he can contrive the means. Nor is this

all, for daily cases arise illustrating the absolute selfishness of the very meanest type of American, where his family is concerned. No matter how much of a skin-flint he may be outside, the purse-strings are always loosened at the slightest touch of feminine or childish fingers. This gentle courtesy extends to the smallest trifle, as is proved by contemptuous glances the man receives who permits his wife to carry her own bundles, or shoulder either satchel or baby. Wendell Phillips, in one of his able speeches, used to tell a remarkable incident he witnessed in Germany, not so many years ago. He said it was market-day, and, journeying to the fair, he met a peasant and his wife carrying merchandise thither. The woman, a buxom frau, trudged along, bent nearly double under the weight of an enormous basket, while at her side walked the master, pulling contentedly at his pipe. He followed them and saw an incredible amount of farm-products unloaded off the woman's shoulders. Just before sunset of that same day, he happened again to be near the couple, and, as luck would have it, at the precise moment of their preparation for returning home. The low estimate Mr. Phillips had formed of the man was somewhat mitigated when he saw him strap the now empty basket round his neck. There was no longer any weight to speak of; still, it showed some spark of manhood. Imagine the gentleman's astonishment, when the hamper was adjusted, to see the woman stoop, the man spring up on her back, and so carrying husband and hamper together, go laboring painfully down the road.

It has been estimated, by an employee of the United States Bureau of Labor, that there are twenty-seven thousand married men in the city of New York who are supported by their wives, less than seven thousand of whom are in menial service. The modistes are in the majority. This includes dress-makers and milliners, many of whom own property, some being very wealthy and all well-to-do. The boarding-house-keepers rank next in number; the professional women—who embrace doctors, lawyers, dentists, aurists, writers, teachers, musicians, lecturers, designers, painters, and embroiderers—come third. Then there are the shopkeepers, who, it is said, make the best providers.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland is the possessor of diamonds the total collection of which, set and mounted, is estimated at fully fifty thousand dollars. On the day of her marriage she received a magnificent ring and a necklace of solitaires from her husband, and diamond pins for her hair from Secretary and Mrs. Whitney; but the first diamond ring she ever possessed was given to her by one of her Buffalo friends. It was a tiny little star of diamonds, and she wore it upon her little finger the day she became Mrs. Cleveland. Since this time, upon birthdays and at Christmas, Mr. Cleveland has always presented his wife with diamonds. The unset stones of Mrs. Cleveland's collection are not very large, and some of them are a little off color. The unmounted gems are arranged in little cabinets of inlaid wood, and the cabinets are provided with little nests of cotton, and in them the diamonds rest. Each nest has its number, and the memorandum-book tells, after each number, the time and place of purchase, besides the value of the stone.

In Brittany, a curious matrimonial custom prevails. On certain fête days, the young ladies appear in red petticoats, with white or yellow borders around them. The number of borders denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter. Each white band, representing silver, denotes one hundred francs per annum, and each yellow band denotes gold and betokens one thousand francs a year. Thus a young man who sees a face that pleases him has only to glance at the trimmings of the petticoats to learn what amount accompanies the wearer.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has lately started an entirely novel figure. Her thinness and suppleness have long been talked of as characteristic. She has suddenly appeared in "La Tosca" in a shape the same all the way down, and about thirty inches in circumference. Her dresses were uninteresting, almost shabby—very inferior, say the English papers, to those worn by Mrs. Bernard-Beere in the same part. In leaving the court to rush to Cavardossi's house, for instance, Mrs. Beere wore a superb mantle of gold plush, lined with white satin. Mme. Bernhardt had a plain circular of heliotrope velvet, with a narrow band of white fur surrounding it; and the same comparative shabbiness ran all through, which was disappointing, considering how often we hear of her superb wardrobe.

In regard to beauty, a photograph tells nothing beyond form of face. A photographer, explaining a lady's antipathy to the camera, said: "Her features are not regular, and she takes a bad picture. Her beauty rests in her deep liquid eyes, coral lips, rich auburn hair, and lovely complexion, qualities precisely which a camera can not reflect. On the other hand, a woman dull of eye and faded of hair may make a capital photograph, if she has a straight nose and a tolerably good outline of features."

Why is it that women have not the same liberty at a ball that they have at a garden-party? (asks a

writer in the New York *Tribune*.) It is all very well for the belle, who has but to smile upon a man to bring him to her side to do her bidding, and for the matron, who commands attention by the obligation owed by those who eat her dinners and sit in her opera-box; but for the majority, what slavery is greater than that enjoined by etiquette at a ball? How ridiculous it is that a sensible, middle-aged woman should rejoice when she sees a boy in his twenties ready to give her his arm to supper! As for conversation between men and women, all enjoyment is spoiled by the idea on the man's part that he may be "stuck," as he expresses it in rather insolent fashion, and on the woman's that he is "stuck." As for girls, how can parents endure the idea that they must lose their young dignity by trying to attract the attention of boys, half of whom are their inferiors in mind and manners—and yet, what can a poor girl do? If she giggles and talks nonsense, and flatters and amuses the young men, she is a success; and if she does not attract, no matter how pretty or well-bred she may be, she is left to pine without even the power to walk across the room. If this state of things is absurd for grown-up, sensible girls, how much more humiliating it is for older women to feel dependent on the favors that may be vouchsafed to them by Tom, Dick, or Harry? We are not speaking, we repeat, of the successful ones; they have their innings, as we all know, and enjoy, perhaps, their triumphs over their sisters, but of the majority of women who go to balls and whose "good time" is quite dependent on the number of men they can get to talk to them and walk them about, upon some one to take them into supper, and—if it be a young woman, or a would-be young woman—upon a partner for the german; women whose fear that they may be left neglected, almost, if not quite, neutralizes the pleasure of anticipation. Women control society, and if a dozen leading matrons, with their successful daughters, resolved that a ball should be an assemblage of intelligent men and women, with equal right of locomotion and circulation, and should persistently set the example for a few evenings, we should have a peaceful revolution and the American ball-room would be the type of what true civilization should produce. But it will never be done. The successful ones are too selfish and the rest too afraid of public opinion.

—DORFLINGER'S AMERICAN CUT GLASS FOR the table is the richest and best. For sale by all first-class dealers.

Educational.

MR. H. B. PASMORE will resume teaching on July 28th, at his residence, 1426 Washington Street, near Hyde. Through six years' experience in teaching the Shakespeare method, Mr. Pasmore has proven that it meets the requirements of all voices. It beautifies and enriches, as well as strengthens the voice, and renders the tone pure and the vocal effort easy and natural.

TERMS:

Per month, (four) one-hour lessons.....\$20 00
Per term of twenty one-half-hour lessons..... 50 00
Per term of twenty Conservatory-class lessons..... 35 00
Harmony, in classes of five, per term of twenty lessons 20 00

In the Conservatory-class lessons each pupil sings twenty minutes and listens to the instruction of others during the remainder of the time devoted to the class. This is the regular mode of teaching in vogue in all European Conservatories, and is recommended to those who can not afford private lessons. In these classes, the bright and earnest student can obtain instruction sufficient for a thorough vocal training.

Mr. Pasmore begs to state that Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, are about to issue nineteen of his songs in a book entitled "Song Album," by H. B. Pasmore.

Prof. De Filippo's "simplified and practical method of French, Spanish, and English," containing simplified synoptical and alphabetical tables for the easy mastery of all the verbs, regular and irregular; a synopsis of the grammar, colloquial exercises, conversations for every-day use; guide and drill on pronunciation, etymology, vocabulary; a list of the most used adjectives and adverbs; models of letters and cards, causeries, etc., etc. The Bancroft Company. Price, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$3.00.

PRIVATE LESSONS IN ENGLISH.

MISS ELIZABETH P. EASTON, teacher of the higher and lower English branches, has three morning hours disengaged. The higher education of young ladies a specialty. Long experience in this city, and highest references. Address, Hotel Pleasanton.

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FOR YOUNG LADIES;

1222 PINE STREET.

DR. S. H. WILLEY, Principal.

Next term opens July 28th.

TRINITY SCHOOL,

1534 MISSION STREET,

Prepares young men and boys for college, university, and business.

Opens Monday, August 4th.

DR. E. B. SPALDING, Rector.

MISS LAWRIE

Has returned to the city and will resume Piano-forte instruction. For particulars, inquire at Gray's Music Store, 206 Post Street, or at residence, 2108 Vallejo Street.

MISS ADIE'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

1513 Jackson St., bet. Polk and Larkin.

Instruction for adults in literature and languages. Reopens August 4, 1890.

Educational.

MR. ALFRED J. KELLEHER,

Teacher of Vocal Music.

Monday and Thursday at Mills College (seventeenth year). Ladies' Class for Musical and Vocal Instruction and Part Songs commences August 1st. Address,
2324 Clay Street, San Francisco.

PROFESSOR SAMUEL ADELSTEIN

Has returned from Italy, and will resume giving instructions on MANDOLIN and VIOLIN August 1st. Italian method.

Studio: 1009 SUTTER STREET

MR. H. J. STEWART,

Teacher of Singing, Piano-forte, Organ, and Harmony.

Mrs. H. J. STEWART,

Teacher of Piano-forte and Harmony.

Will resume teaching August 1st. For terms, address 2417 California Street.

MR.

J. H. ROSEWALD,

(Violin.)

Having returned from the East, will resume giving instructions at their residence, 938 Geary Street, on Monday, August 4th.

At home for the arrangement of schedule time on July 29, 30, 31, from 3 to 5 P. M.
Mr. Rosewald's Oakland address, care of Kohler & Chase's music store.

MR. J. H. ROSEWALD,

Solo Violinist and Orchestral Conductor,
938 GEARY STREET.

ROBERT TOLMIE,

FORMERLY PUPIL KULLAN,

TEACHER OF PIANO-FORTE

Has returned to the city and resumed his instructions.

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MR. J. LEWIS BROWNE

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MISS LAKE'S

Boarding and Day School for Girls

1534 SUTTER STREET, cor. of Octavia.

Next term begins Monday, August 4, 1890.

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SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES

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Miss Emily Edmunds reopens July 28, 1890. Larger premises, with lofty class-rooms and good playgrounds. Graduating, primary, and kindergarten grades. Language classes and music lessons. Special scientific tuition for backward and delicate children, insuring rapid progress without long hours of study.

Miss West's School for Girls

Will reopen in the new building, August 25th. Students prepared for college. Address by letter, 1900 Washington Street, until August 15th; after that date, personal application may be made at 1914 Van Ness Avenue.

1606 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Mme. B. ZISKA, M. A.,

Recently Principal of ZEITSKA INSTITUTE, receives at her residence, 1606 California Street, a limited number of young ladies who wish to receive special instruction under her charge. Studies resumed August 4th.

Singing—Signor G. B. Galvani. Piano—Mr. Lesley Martin. Drawing and Penmanship—Mr. Carl Eishenshmel. Painting—Mme. S. Gay (Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris). Mathematics—Mrs. Hinkley.

IRVING INSTITUTE



FOURTEENTH YEAR, FIFTEEN PROFESSORS AND TEACHERS.

A Select School for Young Ladies.

For catalogue or information, address the Principal, Rev. EDWARD B. CHURCH, 1036 Valencia Street, San Francisco.

SOCIETY.

The Moore-Barreda Wedding.

The residence of Mrs. Frederick L. Barreda, 2121 Buchanan Street, was the scene of an exceptionally pretty wedding last Wednesday noon, when her daughter, Miss Christine Barreda, was united in marriage to Mr. Charles A. Moore, son of Mr. and Mrs. Austin D. Moore. The residence had been decorated with taste, and gas-light from the chandeliers brought out the full beauty of the fragrant blossoms and verdant foliage. Glancing through the suite of parlors an improvised sanctuary was seen in the background, with lighted sconces and prie-dieux of silk beneath a canopy formed by the spreading leaves of tropic palms. The sanctuary was further ornamented by a richly brocaded mantle of pale-pink satin, upon which bright-hued flowers were tapestried with charming effect. In this same apartment were numerous La France roses, tracers of smilax, and large fern fronds, all assisting in heightening the beauty of the pretty scene. At the entrance was a falling portière of crimson-silk cords. The drawing-rooms had also received due attention, and were ornate with glowing blossoms and foliage, which graced the mantel and mirror, and the bay-window, while in the hallway were vines and flowers artistically combined.

It was precisely noon when the wedding march was played and the bridal party entered from the hall, proceeded through the drawing-rooms, passed the silken portière and stood before the sanctuary. Little Carmelita Selby, wearing a pretty white gown and carrying a large cluster of flowers, was the page; Miss Rose Barreda, who came out from Washington, D. C., with Mrs. George Hearst, especially to attend her sister's wedding, was the maid of honor; and the bridesmaids were: Miss Frances Moore, Miss Marian Moore, Miss Anna Head, Miss Eva McAllister, Miss Helen Otis, and Miss Woolrich. Mr. Frederick Macondray acted as best man, Mr. Augustine Casserly as the usher, and the brother of the bride, Mr. Frederick Barreda, gave her into the keeping of the groom. The marriage ceremony of the Roman Catholic Church was performed most impressively by Rev. Aloysius Varsi, S. J.

The toilets are thus described:

The bride looked lovely in her wedding robe of white Duchesse satin, made with a long court train and trimmed with rare Valenciennes lace, mingled among the folds of which were little sprays of orange blossoms. The bodice was cut high and finished with a Marie Antoinette fichu of Valenciennes lace. A spray of orange blossoms was in her coiffure containing in place of the flowing veil of white-silk meline.

The maid of honor and bridesmaids were attired alike in becoming toilets of white mousseline de soie made walking length, and carried hand-bouquets.

After the ceremony the congratulations of those present were extended to the newly wedded couple, and then a sumptuous *dîné* was enjoyed by the two hundred friends who had witnessed the wedding. The presents were beautiful and costly. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Moore left to make a tour of the Eastern States; they will be away about two months.

The Dargie-Sedgwick Wedding.

St. Luke's Church, on Van Ness Avenue, was crowded to the doors last Thursday evening with the many friends of Miss Bessie Sedgwick and Mr. Thomas T. Dargie, of Oakland, who were that evening united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Sedgwick. She was the maid of honor of Miss Flora Sharon, now Lady Hesketh, when she was married. Mr. Dargie is the secretary of the Oakland Tribune, his brother, Senator William E. Dargie, being president of the company.

At eight o'clock almost every seat was taken. Mr. Sigmund Beel, the violinist, pleased the guests by playing a cavatina by Raff accompanied by the organist, Mr. J. Lewis Browne. Among the late arrivals who were given seats in front were Mrs. William E. Dargie who was attired in a rich imported toilet of pale-blue silk brocaded in silvery-white stripes and finished with Duchesse lace. The décolleté corsage was trimmed with iridescent passementerie and the elbow sleeves were of pale-blue mousseline de soie. Senator Dargie escorted his mother, who wore black moiré antique trimmed with Chantilly lace, and Miss Annie Dargie, sister of the groom, appeared in a costume of orange-colored silk trimmed with black birds. Miss Nolan looked handsome in a toilet of pale-blue faille Française made with a demi train and finished with a ruche of lace at the border of the skirt. The corsage was cut round at the neck and a golden colored girdle encircled her waist.

The "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" was played as the party entered the church and marched down to the chancel, which was graced by a decoration of potted palms and ferns relieved by clusters of pink begonias and marguerites. First came the four ushers, Mr. Barry East Miller, Mr. Claude T. Hamilton, Mr. E. C. Willard, and Mr. Philip Gordon, who were followed by two little girls, the bridesmaids, Miss Flora S. Sedgwick and Miss Erminia Dargie, niece of the groom, who looked pretty in gowns of white mousseline de soie. Then came Miss Alice Livingston, the maid of honor, who appeared in a becoming toilet of canary-colored faille Française, made with a princess train. After her was the bride, leaning upon the arm of her father. Her dress is thus described:

It was of heavy white gros grain, the front of the skirt being covered with a drapery of white mousseline de soie, caught

up with sprays of orange blossoms and crushed roses. The long court train was of heavy white brocade, exquisitely designed in a rose pattern. The corsage was cut a la Vierge, with a De Medici collar of mousseline de soie, and at the front was a little puff and a finish of loose plaits. The sleeves were of mousseline de soie, and were made bouffant at the top and quite long, meeting just above the wrists the gloves of white undressed kid. The veil of white mousseline de soie was attached to the coiffure to resemble a corona, and did not conceal her face, but being confined at the back by a pin of sparkling diamonds, rippled down over the court train. Her slippers were of white satin and her hand-bouquet was of orange blossoms and roses.

The groom and his best man, Mr. W. G. Cohen, met the party in the chancel, and as they took their proper positions, the music changed to the soft rhythm of Schumann's "Love Song," and then the ceremony was performed according to the Episcopal rites by Rev. C. L. Miel, of St. Peter's Church, a former schoolmate of the groom, assisted by Rev. Dr. Davis, pastor of St. Luke's Church. Then Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was sounded, and the party left for their carriages and were at once driven to the Palace Hotel, where an informal reception was held in a private suite of parlors, which was attended only by the bridal-party and relatives of the newly wedded couple. Mrs. Sedgwick, mother of the bride, was unable to witness the ceremony or attend the reception, owing to her extreme illness. Mr. and Mrs. Dargie will remain in the city a few days and will then proceed on a short northern trip as far as Oregon. Upon their return, they will reside at the corner of Twelfth and Alice Streets, in Oakland. They were the recipients of a large number of beautiful and costly wedding gifts, one of the handsomest being a complete dinner set of white-and-gold Haviland ware from the employees of the Oakland Tribune.

The Poulson Tea.

At the Hotel Picasanton, on Monday afternoon, Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson gave a tea in honor of her former pupil, Miss Nannie Craddock, of the Madison Square Company, Miss Lizzie Boyer, the contralto singer, and Miss Augusta Lowell, the organist—three California girls, who are domiciled in New York and are now visiting the scenes of their girlhood. Among the guests were:

Dr. and Mrs. Horatio Stebbins, General and Mrs. Alexander Perry, Professor and Mrs. George Edwards, Mrs. George Hearst, Mrs. George Oulton, Mrs. W. H. Redington, Mrs. Fred Huse, Mrs. Lansing, Mrs. Bee, Mrs. Kincaid, Mme. Rosewald, Mrs. Gamble, Mrs. Pray, Miss Greer, Miss M. E. Snell, Miss M. B. West, Miss Caroline Jackson, Miss Barnard, Miss Wilcox, Miss Hastings, Miss Smith, Miss Kirkland, Miss Partridge, Miss Treat, General Ruggles, Mr. J. S. Hittell, Judge Lorenzo Sawyer, Mr. Hermann Brandt, Mr. J. Lewis Browne, and others.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. William Macondray recently gave an elaborate dinner-party at the Cosmos Club in honor of Mr. Thomas T. Dargie. The others invited to enjoy the evening were: Mr. E. K. Clarke, Mr. Frank D. Madison, Mr. Charles L. Clough, Mr. E. Tucker, Mr. Simpson, Dr. George E. Terrill, Mr. Ferdinand Reis, Jr., and Mr. John Scott.

The wedding of Miss Bessie Adams and Mr. John P. Jackson, Jr., will take place on September 10th, and not August 10th, as has been erroneously stated in several papers.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General William D. Whipple, U. S. A., was placed on the retired list a week ago.

Lieutenant and Mrs. C. M. Perkins, U. S. M. C., are now residing at Mare Island.

Lieutenant George L. Irwin, U. S. A., has been at Monterey during the past week.

Captain and Mrs. Pearson, U. S. A., of Alcatraz Island, are entertaining their daughter, Mrs. Charles L. Menober.

Captain and Mrs. J. Crittenden Watson, U. S. N., have arrived at Mare Island from the East.

General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., Miss Cecilia Miles, Miss Sherman, Miss Hoyt, and Miss Mills are at Monterey.

Lieutenant John Little, Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted seven weeks' leave of absence, commencing September 30th.

Major Edward Hunter, U. S. A., is enjoying a month's leave of absence.

General A. J. Perry, U. S. A., and General and Mrs. J. P. Hawkins, U. S. A., are passing a few weeks in Napa Valley.

Captain Sampson, U. S. N., arrived here a week ago from New Zealand accompanied by his wife and four children, who will reside at Mare Island. He is to assume command of the new cruiser *San Francisco*.

Colonel D. R. Clendenin, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant William T. Littlebrant, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence commencing October 15th.

Miss Eleonora L. Fleury has just passed the medical degrees examination of the Royal University of Ireland with great distinction. She was recommended for the further examination for honors, in company with one other student only, a young man, her senior. She won first place and the university prize.

The use of electricity is offered to the lion-tamer in the form of a light wand, with an insulating grip for the hand, connected by a flexible wire with a battery of which the power can be varied at will. An experiment with this form of applied science has been successfully made.

The employees of the British admiralty, war-office, and post-office have begun the formation of a union of government workmen, for strike or other purposes.

The *Athenaeum* has this advertisement: "Writers of fiction (ladies especially) may be supplied with new materials of an exciting, romantic character."



Mrs. Graham's FACE BLEACH!

This preparation removes Sallowness, Sunburn, Freckles, Moth patches, Black-heads, Eruptions—indeed all blemishes that collect in the skin. It does not take from the face the natural racy color. BUT IT EACHES OUT ALL BLEMISHES LODGED IN THE SKIN. The face generally looks rather badly white being treated, as all impurities in or directly under the skin are brought to the surface, but no alarm need be felt, as the Bleach is perfectly harmless, and is always to be relied upon. Freckles and other discolorations are dissolved; black-heads, fleshworms, etc., are brought to the surface, where they dry and fall off with the old cuticle, which flakes off like fine dandruff by rubbing the face gently with a towel. While the old skin is thus being disposed of, the new skin underneath is forming soft and smooth, pure and white and fine in texture. The complexion is then as perfect as it can be made, and nothing remains but to keep it so, by the nightly use of CUCUMBER AND ELDER-FLOWER CREAM, or JASMINE ROSMERE. From one to three bottles are required to insure a perfect cure. Price, per bottle \$1.50; three, for \$4. At all druggists, and at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's establishment, 203 Post Street, San Francisco.



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Wrinkles, Blackheads, Pimples, Freckles, Blemishes, Moles and Superfluous Hair permanently removed. Flesh increased or reduced. Complexions beautified. The form developed. Hair, Brows and Lashes colored and restored. Interesting Book 4c., with sample Creams Powder, 10c. Mme. Yelard, 414 West 47th Street, New York City.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS

By W. E. HENLEY.

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WILLIAM DOXEY,

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Under Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

FURNITURE!

We advertised that our Clearance Sale, commencing Monday, would be an opportunity for Genuine Bargains.

Our statement has already been proved by hundreds of buyers.

ARE YOU INTERESTED?

This sale should interest every one who intends to beautify or refurnish his or her home this season. We are prepared to prove by our prices that we can save you many dollars.

CALIFORNIA FURNITURE COMPANY,

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The adjoining store, formerly occupied by F. G. Edwards, is to rent.

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Pianos sold on Easy Installments.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

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2. A PROFITABLE POLICY.—The Tontine principle of accumulation, as applied by the New York Life, has given the Largest Results at the end of any selected periods of any plan of insurance.

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4. A POLICY WITH MANY PRIVILEGES.—No restrictions as to residence and travel after two years. Practical freedom of occupation. Immediate payment of death claims. Guaranteed dividends.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent San Franciscans:

Hon. and Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low, who have been traveling in Europe for several months, are expected home in October.

Mrs. M. B. M. Toland and Mr. Hugo Toland are in New York city.

Mr. John W. Mackay is at his residence in London.

Mr. Louis T. Haggis is at the Hotel Brunswick, in New York city.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant has returned from England, and is passing a few weeks in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hobart have returned from their European trip, and are at their residence, on Van Ness Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Janin are expected here on a visit in September.

Mrs. D. J. Tallant and Miss Anne Tallant are expected to return from their European tour in September.

Major and Mrs. J. L. Rathbone and Miss Macondray are expected to return from Paris in October.

Mrs. George Hearst, Miss Eleanor Hillier, and Miss Rose Barreda have returned to the city after passing several months in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Hearst has closed her house in Washington, but will return there late in the autumn. She will soon go to Santa Clara County to visit her parents and assist in the celebration of their golden wedding, and later on she will go to her ranch in San Luis Obispo for a few weeks.

Miss Alice Hobart and Miss Eleanor Wood are visiting Mrs. John F. Jones at Santa Monica.

Mrs. John Boggs and Miss Alice Boggs, who have been at Monterey for some time, have returned to San Rafael, and will remain there several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Eastland and family have returned from a prolonged visit at Monterey.

Mr. Burke Holladay is passing a couple of weeks at Santa Monica.

Mrs. William E. Sharon arrived here from Virginia, Nev., last Monday, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedel have returned from San Rafael, where they have been passing the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Birdsell and Miss Etta Birdsell, of Sacramento, are passing a few weeks at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. M. M. Etece is at her country villa, Hedgeside, near Napa City.

Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Brigham and Lieutenant and Mrs. George M. Stoney are passing a few weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. George W. McNear, Miss Bessie McNear, and Miss Emma Tucker, of Oakland, have been making a pleasant stay at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. H. D. Mitchell and family are being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Tiburcio Parrott at their residence, near Howell Mountain.

Senator A. P. Williams is enjoying a trip to Webber Lake.

Mrs. D. Atherton and Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre have returned to the city after passing the summer at Menlo Park.

Mrs. John F. Boyd is visiting Mrs. Henry MacLean Martin at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. T. B. Bishop is at Lake County with her son, who is ill.

Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin and Miss Adèle Perrin are in New York city.

Miss Belle Smith has been paying a visit to Mrs. Theresa Fair at Monterey.

Mr. George A. Newhall returned from Monterey last Monday.

Captain and Mrs. R. R. Thompson are visiting Redondo Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Dell Linderman have been at Lake Tahoe during the past week.

Mr. Arthur Bull left by steamer last Monday for a short visit at Santa Barbara and his ranch near Riverside.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, who passed the summer in San Rafael are occupying their residence in Oakland.

Baron and Baroness von Schröder will remain in San Rafael until the end of the season.

Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr., is visiting Judge and Mrs. F. E. Spencer at San José.

Mr. Moses Hopkins is in New York city.

Major and Mrs. J. W. McClung are visiting at Santa Cruz.

Mr. Lloyd Tevis has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. George L. Brander is visiting Los Angeles and Santa Monica.

Mrs. N. G. Kittle, Miss Kittle, and Mr. N. G. Kittle, Jr., are expected to return soon from their Northern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker have been enjoying a trip to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. James A. Maguire arrived here last Monday after a pleasant visit to Mrs. John P. Jones at Santa Monica. He is now the guest of Mr. Locke at San Rafael.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze and family have returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Wensing in Napa Valley.

Colonel Alexander G. Hawes returned from Santa Cruz last Monday.

Mr. William H. Taylor, Jr., and Mr. August Taylor have returned from their Alaskan trip and are at San Rafael.

Mrs. H. H. Hobbs, Mrs. Webster Jones, and Miss Anna Hobbs have returned from a visit to friends at Santa Cruz.

Miss Maud Howard has returned from a European trip.

Mr. W. Harvey Jardine will remain at Santa Monica until September.

Dr. A. T. Badlam has returned from a tour of Mexico.

Dr. Samuel Tevis left the city last Monday on the steamer *San José* and will make two trips to Panama and return.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott have returned from Monterey to their residence in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller have returned to their home in Oakland after a visit to Monterey.

Mrs. A. J. Gove and Miss Alice Gove are passing a month at Coronado Beach and Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Balfour recently purchased a residence at Menlo Park and are now occupying it.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Jennings have returned to San Rafael after passing a couple of weeks in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Miss Leovy, of New Orleans, who passed a portion of last winter here, is now in San Rafael as the guest of Miss Ella Goad.

Mrs. George Hyde and the Misses Mamie and Gertrude Hyde have returned to their home on Geary Street, after passing several weeks at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Badlam, Miss Maude Badlam, Mrs. W. H. Brown, and Mrs. Isaac Trumbo are visiting Yellowstone Park.

Mrs. George C. Boardman and Miss Dora Boardman are again occupying their Franklin Street residence, after passing a month at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Zeile were recently the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels have returned from their visit at Coronado Beach.

Mr. Herbert E. Carolan returned from Monterey last Monday.

Mr. Cutler Paige has been paying a visit to Tulare County.

Mr. Robert E. Huie left last Monday on a trip to Puget Sound.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Shaw are still at Monterey.

Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Cushing have left London for Carlsbad and will sail for home on August 14th.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs are now at Monterey.

Mrs. C. F. Mullins and Miss Alice Mullins have left Coronado Beach and are at Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Ellis and Miss Hope Ellis, of Marysville, are passing the season at Monterey.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke and Miss Lottie Clarke are passing a month at Monterey.

Mr. Walter D. Witham was in Santa Cruz early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson have been enjoying a prolonged visit at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. William Brown are at Laurel Glen in Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis are making a tour of the northern part of this State and Oregon.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre will go to Monterey next Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad and Miss Ella Goad will pass the next two weeks at Monterey.

Captain and Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl, of San Mateo, are at Monterey.

Mrs. J. L. Mariel has been paying a visit to Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Walkington have returned to the

Hotel Pleasanton after passing the summer at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Misses Elanthe and Hilda Castle and Miss Kate Voorhies are passing a week at Laurel Glen in Napa County.

Mrs. Philip Caduc and Miss Cora Caduc are passing a few weeks at Monterey.

Mr. J. Fred Burgin, Jr., returned from a visit to Santa Cruz last Monday.

Mrs. E. J. Bowen and Miss Mary Bowen have returned to their city residence after passing the summer at San Rafael.

Mrs. M. E. Warren, Mrs. Charles R. Peters, and Mrs. Robert J. Woods have gone to Monterey for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Perine, who have been in San Rafael for three months, have returned to the city.

Mrs. E. B. Coleman has returned to the city after passing the summer at the Hotel Vendome.

Mr. George H. Lent returned from Monterey early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Harrison Smith are again at San Rafael after a visit to Monterey.

General and Mrs. Walter Turnhall will soon leave to pass a few weeks at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Hale and Miss Porteous are at the Hale ranch near Mountain View.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hort, who have been passing the last two months at Monterey, have returned to their city residence.

Mrs. Walter M. Castle and family have gone to Santa Cruz to pass a month there.

Miss Millie Ashe has been visiting friends at San Rafael during the past week.

Mr. James D. Phelan returned from Santa Cruz last Monday after a short visit at Phelan Park.

Mrs. W. B. Wilschire and daughter are passing a few weeks at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus D. Boruck and Miss Belle Boruck have gone to Monterey for a visit of a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey and Mr. Frank D. Willey have returned to the city after passing the summer at San José.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head have returned to Monterey after a short visit here.

Judge and Mrs. J. H. Boalt and Miss Alice Boalt are in New York.

The Misses Dimond and the Misses Irwin have been passing the week at Monterey.

Mr. Osgood Hooker and Miss Bessie Hooker have returned from a visit to Monterey.

Mrs. Julius Bandmann and Miss Carrie Platt will probably remain at Monterey until the first of September.

Mrs. H. Albert Mau and the Misses Alice and Julia Mau are passing a few weeks at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Belden and Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Emilio have been paying a visit to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin will return from Blythedale in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis are among the visitors at Monterey.

Mrs. A. C. Morse, Miss Jessie Morse, and Mrs. W. E. Pinney have returned from Napa Valley and will pass this month at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. A. J. Pope, Miss May E. Pope, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Roberts, Miss Simpkins, Miss Edith Taylor, and Miss Lillie Bush are still lingering at Monterey.

Mr. Robert L. Coleman has returned from a trip to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins are passing this month at Monterey.

Mrs. Thomas Francis Meagher and Miss Lillie Winans have returned from a prolonged visit at Monterey.

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Mr. Harry L. Tevis are at Monterey.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Nellie Smedberg, who are now in New York, are expected to return in a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and Miss Virginia Hanchett are still at Monterey.

Mrs. Holt will remain at Monterey during the remainder of the season.

Mrs. Alexander Forbes and Mrs. Johnson are at Santa Cruz.

Mr. Harry Babcock and Mr. H. W. Redington are visiting Dr. and Mrs. C. P. Brigham at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. A. S. Macdonald, of Oakland, has been passing the month of July on the Italian lakes and among the Swiss Alps.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, *né* Stetson, are expected back from their Eastern trip in about a week.

Mrs. Theresa Fair and Miss Birdie Fair will remain at Monterey until the first of September.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair is convalescent after her recent severe illness.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Lowell-Beel Recital.

At the Unitarian Church an organ and piano recital was given on Friday evening by Miss Augusta Lowell, organist of the Church of Incarnation, New York, and Mr. Sigmund Beel, violin virtuoso, assisted by Miss Anna Wood, contralto, Mr. Robert Lloyd, baritone, and Mr. R. Fletcher Tilton, accompanist. The following excellent programme was enjoyed by a large audience:

Prelude and fugue in G minor (called the "big G minor") J. S. Bach; andante with variations, Beethoven (arranged from the Septuor by W. T. Best); Miss Augusta Lowell; "Creole Lover's Song," Buck, Mr. Robert Lloyd; sonata for violin and organ, C minor, moderato, presto non troppo, largo, allegro comodo, Tartini, Mr. Beel and Miss Lowell; "Ah! se tu dormi," "Guletta e Rome," Vaccai, Miss Anna Wood; evocation à la Chapelle Sixtine (introducing Allegri's "Miserere" and Mozart's "Ave Verum"), Liszt, Miss Lowell; Gipsy dance, Sarasate, Mr. Sigmund Beel; "The Sailor's Grave," Sullivan, Mr. Lloyd; andante. Pastorella (from organ symphony No. 2), Charles Marie Widor, Miss Lowell; "A Summer Night," A. Coring Thomas, Miss Wood; phantasia in G minor, *illegro* na non troppo; *illegro*, adagio con sentimento; *illegro*, allegro con fuoco; *illegro*, allegro vivace e energico—Hans Huber, Miss Lowell.

Mr. Clarence Eddy, of Chicago, the celebrated organist, is expected here in a few weeks. He will be the first to play upon the new ten-thousand-dollar organ which Mrs. Charles B. Alexander presented to the First Congregational Church of this city. It was built in Boston, and is said to be the largest and best organ on the Pacific Coast. The organ recital will take place some evening during the first week in September.

At the firework concert which Miss Marie Barnard will give on August 30th, prior to her departure for the East, she will have the assistance of Mme. Julie Rosewald, Herr F. W. Zimmermann, Mr. J. H. Rosewald, Mr. Louis Heine, Mr. S. Martinez, and a double quartet from the Loring Club.

Miss Lizzie Boyer, contralto of Dr. Alexander's church, New York city, will be tendered a testimonial concert by the ladies of Oakland at the First Presbyterian Church in that city, on Tuesday evening next. Miss Augusta Lowell, organist, and Mr. Sigmund Beel, violinist, will assist.

Professor Samuel Adelstein has been elected an honorary member of the Circolo Mandolinista Regina Margherita, of Florence, Italy.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Which is the best position in which to sleep?" asked a patient. "I usually lie down," replied the doctor.—*Ex.*

Summer girl (roguishly)—"Why do you want to kiss me?" College youth (frankly)—"Oh, just to get acquainted"—*Ex.*

A neat tie, much used by members of the theatrical profession, is over three feet long and made of wood.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

A proper seasoning: *Briggs*—"What has Robinson got on that pepper-and-salt suit for?" *Griggs*—"I understand that he is going to be a missionary."—*Life.*

Miss *Début*—"Do you believe in marrying for love?" *Chicago matron*—"Oh, it's all a matter of taste. I tried it a couple of times and rather liked it."—*Epoch.*

Gentleman—"I'm afraid you're a bad egg. This is the third time I've caught you poaching." Pat—"Sure, av I wuz a bad egg, I wouldn't poach."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Gentlemen," said the orator, "go along our wharves, from one end to the other, and what will you find?" "Water," remarked a practical young man in the crowd.—*Light.*

Fakir—"Neck-ties, suspenders—" *Baboon* (haughtily)—"Do I look like a man who'd wear a twenty-cent neck-tie?" *Fakir*—"Vell, I haf some for ten cents, mister."—*Texas Sifting.*

"But, doctor, you said last week that the patient would certainly die, and now he is perfectly well." "Madam, the confirmation of my prognosis is only a question of time."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Employment agent—"See here! How is this? You stayed two weeks in your last place. How did that happen?" *Domestic*—"Shure, Oi dunno. Oi must av overslept meself."—*New York Weekly.*

"Are you aware, sir," said the man in the rear, fiercely, "that your umbrella is poking me in the eye?" "It isn't my umbrella," replied the man in front, with equal fierceness; "it's a borrowed one, sir."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Not the right kind of bait: *Sally*—"Captain Shuffles says the harbor is full of sharks, and I am awfully afraid of them, aren't you?" *Clarice*—"Oh, I'm not afraid. The captain told me that they were all man-eating sharks."—*Life.*

Lounger—"Do cook-books form an important item in your sales?" *Bookseller*—"Yes; we sell them by the thousand." "The women appreciate them, eh?" "Oh, the women don't buy them; their husbands do."—*New York Weekly.*

W. K. St. Mark (leaving the table aboard an ocean-liner in the midst of dinner, with a thoughtful and pallid air)—"Au revoir." *Lady opposite*—"Au revoir." Gentleman (of an explanatory turn of mind, to lady)—"Excuse me, madam; he did not say that to you; he said that to his dinner."—*Life.*

Miss *Well-to-Do*—"It's very distressing to think that while we are enjoying so many luxuries, so many poor people are wanting necessities." *Mr. Clever-clat* (who poses as a philosopher)—"Quite so. But *ex converso*, you know, it must be very consoling to the poor people to know that while they are wanting necessities, so many people are enjoying them."—*Chatter.*

The marriage was not a month old, and the young bride and her visiting mother sat watching the clock toward midnight. "What is that heavy, broken, uncertain footstep coming up the stairs?" said the mother-in-law, sternly. "I guess it's George, mamma. You know he always stuttered, and here of late it seems to have got somehow into his walk."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Editorial from a New York daily: "It is to be hoped that for their own sake, as well as that of the country, the people of Louisiana will put an effective veto upon the pernicious system that is condemned by the moral sentiment of every civilized community, and is branded as a crime by the laws of every other State in the Union. The result of the last drawing will be found in our advertising columns."—*Norristown Herald.*

Round-the-World Travel.

The tours recently taken by the Misses Bily and Bislend have directed a large amount of attention to this delightful journey. Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son (who furnished the itineraries and tickets for these ladies) have arranged for a series of select parties to make a tour of the world under their own arrangements.

Two parties are already complete and will leave San Francisco on the *Oceanic*, September 4th, and the *City of Rio Janeiro*, September 16th. Later parties will leave on the *Gaelic*, September 27th; the *China*, October 9th; and a steamer of the Canadian Pacific line from Vancouver, October 16th.

These parties are strictly first-class, include all expenses, and are limited to twelve members. Thomas Cook & Son, at their office, No. 621 Market Street (Palace Hotel), will be pleased to answer all inquiries regarding these parties, and invite correspondence. Detailed programmes free on application.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Moritz Saphir, the witty Austrian journalist, was once standing in a crowded theatre. Some one leaned on his back, thrusting his head over his shoulder. Saphir drew out his handkerchief and wrung the man's nose violently. The latter started back. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said Saphir; "I thought it was mine."

During Senator Jones's recent exhaustive speech on the silver question, he referred to the fact that in the ancient days of Massachusetts, oyster-shells were used as money. Mr. Hoar poked his venerable head, and whispered to Senator Gray: "Yes, and very good money it was. If a man in those days wanted to order a dozen of the half-shell, he could do it with perfect safety, knowing that he could pay for them with the shells."

Two Joneses lived next door to each other, and having to call on one of them, Brown, of course, went to the wrong house. A crabbed servant answered the bell, and on Brown asking: "Is this Mr. John Jones's?" she replied snappishly, as if she had been bothered with many such inquiries: "No, it ain't," and slammed the door in his face. Brown walked on a hundred yards or so, when a bright thought struck him. He returned at once and rang the same bell again. Again the crabbed servant appeared. "Who said it was?" asked Brown, triumphantly, and instantly walked away.

A Southern planter hired a negro, and put him into his field to work. After awhile, the planter came along and accosted the new hand: "Did you see a coach go down the road awhile ago?" "Indeed I did, boss. One ob de hosses was a gray boss and de odder was a roan, and lame in bis off leg." "I thought I heard some hunters over there on the edge of the woods." "Yes, boss. One ob dem was Colonel Jones; he was de tall one. De second one was Major Peters, and de third one was Tom Mc-Sniffer. Colonel Jones had one ob dem new-fangled breech-loadin' guns wbat breaks in two." "Did you see those wild pigeons fly over just now?" "See 'em? Guess I did! Dar was nineteen ob 'em. Dey lit in dat old corn-field down yender." "Well, you see too much for a man that is hired by the day. Here's your wages. When I want a man to keep watch of what is going on, I'll send for you."

Among the many incidents characteristic of human nature (says New York Truth) is one which recently came along under the observation of a young man connected with a prominent publishing house, one of the oldest in the country, and which has for three generations been conducted by the descendants of the original founder. With other publications there was issued a neat little treatise on household economy, showing how, on a small income, it was possible to live comfortably. The author was a woman and gave her book the title "How She Did It." The book had a fairly good sale, but presently there appeared to be a sudden and unaccountable demand for the volume, and every fortnight the house was puzzled by orders for more. It ran through a fourth edition before the young superintendent learned the cause. The orders had invariably come from the same source, and it was then discovered that the persistent buyer advertised the book extensively in sporting and other journals. His method was simplicity itself. The title given, he would insert: "Mailed secure for fifty cents, sealed."

There is a lawyer, with an office in one of the large buildings down-town (says the New York Sun), who is famous among his friends as a man who never loses his temper or allows his language to stray from the path of propriety. He was desperately busy the other day, when a female book-casser entered his private office, and as she advanced from the door, announced her mission. "I should like to show you a very valuable work," she began. "Madam," said the counselor, as he rose from his chair, "you must excuse me. I am very sorry, but at present I am engaged." Evidently the agent had heard something of the kind before, for she did not pause in her progress toward the lawyer's desk. "Madam," he repeated, "I am engaged at present." Still the agent came on. "Madam!" cried the lawyer, in desperation, "I am engaged—and if you don't go away you will force me to be what I have never been before—guilty of rudeness to a woman." That settled the agent. Probably the very vagueness of the threat helped to set her to retreating. But like a true woman she had the last word—and several of them—just as she vanished through the door. "I ain't a woman," she said; "I'm a lady."

James Gordon Bennett has a way of dropping in to examine the Herald at the most unexpected times, and as his visits often result in general "shake-up" and reorganization of the paper's managerial, editorial, and working forces, they are awaited with fear and trembling by his employees. On one of these occasions, one of the pressmen, a man who had worked

for the elder Bennett and was an excellent workman though guilty of an occasional lapse from sobriety, had a bad black-eye, and was in a quandary as to what excuse he should offer if Bennett noticed it. Acting on a sudden inspiration, he seized an ink-roller, and rubbed a daub of ink on the side of his face, completely concealing the discoloration of the skin. Presently Mr. Bennett came into the press-room, and with the superintendent, John Hays, went carefully through, criticising every detail, and looking sharply at each employee. When about to leave, he turned suddenly and pointing at the besmirched pressman, said: "Mr. Hays, what is that man's name?" The culprit quaked in his shoes until Mr. Bennett said, slowly: "I want you to give that man three dollars per week more wages; he is the only man in the room that looks as if he had been working."

It is told of a sea-captain, who died not long ago, that he was formerly in command of a ship in which passengers were carried from New York to some of the islands. On one occasion, the ship caught fire, and the passengers and crew were compelled to take hurriedly to the boats. The captain remained perfectly cool throughout all the confusion and fright of the embarkation, and at last every one except himself was got safely into the boats. By the time he was ready to follow, the passengers were almost wild with fear and excitement. Instead of hurrying down the ladder, the captain called out to the sailors to hold on a minute, and taking a cigar from his pocket, coolly lighted it with a bit of burning shroud which had fallen from the rigging to his feet. Then he descended with deliberation, and gave the order to push off. "How could you stop to light a cigar at such a moment?" he was asked, afterward, when some of the passengers were talking over their escape. "Because," he answered, "I saw that if I did not do something to divert the minds of those in the boat, there was likely to be a panic, and overcrowded as it was, there was danger of its being upset. The act took but a moment, but it attracted the attention of everybody. You all forgot yourselves, because you were thinking about my curious behavior, and we got off safely."

One of the most singular of Leon Gambetta's personal supporters—and a staunch supporter, too, of the French Republic all his life—died recently in Paris. The drolleries of this man, Dr. Emile Vernhes, amused politicians of all parties. He became a member of the Chamber of Deputies in 1876, and remained a member as long as he lived. Dr. Vernhes was a native of the South of France, and, like many natives of that region, possessed remarkable exuberance of character as well as a marked accent. He was always getting ready to make a great speech in the Chamber, but never made it. At one time, when the state of Europe was much disturbed, he went about declaring: "At last the time has come for me to throw light upon the darkness, and bring order out of chaos!" He demanded the floor for a speech, and obtained it. Gambetta was then President of the Chamber. Vernhes had been unfolding to everybody a great plan to relieve Europe of certain troublesome questions. This plan was to remove the Sultan across the Bosphorus and establish the Pope in Constantinople. As Vernhes went up to the tribune—a sort of pulpit from which addresses are delivered in continental European parliaments—in order to begin his famous speech, Gambetta beckoned to him. Vernhes stepped up to the presiding-officer's chair, and Gambetta whispered to him a moment. And then, without delivering his address, Vernhes went down and resumed his seat. "Why didn't you speak?" a friend asked him after the session was over. "Oh, you see," said Vernhes, "I had some great things to say; but Leon made a very just observation as I was going up. Says he: 'Do you suppose those people can understand your southern dialect?' 'I'm afraid not,' says I. 'Well,' says Leon, 'I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll dine together to-morrow night, and you can make your speech to me.' 'Nothing better,' says I, and I came down."

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SOME THEATRICAL NOTES.

Based on the Regulation Midsummer Forms.

Fay Templeton, the exquisitely beautiful queen of burlesque, has returned from Paris, where she has been the guest of President and Mne. Carnot for over a year. She rescued the twin daughters of a steamer passenger while on the voyage across; pluckily diving overboard after the little innocents, who had been dropped into the sea by the captain because their father refused to pay their fare. Miss Templeton has adopted the rescued babies, and they will appear in her forthcoming magnificent production of, etc.

Tottie Shoenstrung, the vastly popular soubrette of the "Five Pounds of Pork Company," will spend the season between Long Branch and Saratoga. She has forty-seven trunks full of summer finery, and expects to study hard in spite of the constant calls on her time by the fashionable sojourners at those celebrated resorts. Miss Shoenstrung has bought a brand-new press-agent all for herself, and is contemplating starring next season in a society drama called "These are the Silk Stockings worn by the Countess whose Throat was cut by a Jealous Lover in Paris, France, last Spring." The main feature of the play is revealed by its title, and is now being written by a well-known newspaper man at West Hoboken.

Mr. Stevens, of "The Sea King" Company, has decided not to occupy his Newport cottage this summer, as his success at Palmer's is so great that he does not care to leave New York. He has loaned his celebrated four-in-hand of baby elephants to Ward McAllister, and will confine his driving to the tame giraffe tandem, so well known to all frequenters of Central Park and the Boulevard. Mr. Stevens will return to the Casino next season, when his salary will consist of all the box-office receipts and twenty per cent. of the salaries of the other performers, which they have contracted to pay over to him.

A POOR LITTLE BOY.

It was a wet, sloppy, chilly night, and the mud covered the streets, and the pavements were splashed with the water from the muddy pools and gutters. A little boy who had perspired all day, began to shiver in the rain, and rubbed one muddy bare foot against the other, and coughed and sniffled in a way that gave fair promise of pneumonia. He was selling button-hole bouquets at ten cents a bunch, but, though it was past midnight, he had the greater part of his stock still sticking in the board hung around his neck in front of him.

A policeman in a rubber-coat stood on the other corner, and but for these two, Broadway and the cross street on which they stood were deserted. The dripping of the rain was suddenly drowned out of hearing by the rapid approach of a "night hawk" with two boisterous rounders inside, who got out at the corner and disappeared with the driver behind the swinging-doors of a saloon. The barefooted boy followed them with a skip and jump across the muddy street. He recognized the fact that they were on pleasure bent, and not in a condition to grudge their small change.

The policeman yawned and walked slowly off to meet the roundsman, and the street was silent again. Then the cab-driver came out and mounted his box, and the two rounders rolled out after him, each with a boutonniere in the lapel of his coat, and the little boy followed them expectantly. The rounders climbed and fell into the cab and banged the door. "Say, mister," cried the boy; "say, youse ain't paid me fur them flowers. Do ye hear?" he shouted as the cab moved heavily forward. "Youse ain't paid me for them flowers!"

One of the men leaned out and pulled the boy's cap off and threw it in the street and laughed. The other man laughed, too, and told the boy not to be "so fresh nex' time, givin' away flowers." And the driver whipped up his horses, and all three men whirled away with mocking laughter. The boy sobbed and shrieked and chased the cab as fast as his legs would carry him. "Stop thief!" he yelled; "stop thief; they stole me flowers!" The policeman in the rubber-coat stepped out in front of the cab and shouted to the driver to stop, and the driver did so after some hard pulling and harder swearing.

The boy came up in tears and explained.

"Here you; pay that boy for his bokays," said the officer.

"We ain't got his bokays," mocked one of the rounders.

"Yes, youse have," said the officer, with righteous wrath; "you're a nice lot, ain't you, robbing a poor little boy of a few flowers. Pay up, now, or I'll run you in."

The boy wept and sobbed convulsively and panted a great deal after his run. The two rounders sobered up and pulled out their money.

"How much?" said one of them, holding a dime ready in his hand.

"How much is the flowers, sonny?" asked the policeman, kindly. The boy lifted his sad, tear-stained face to that of the kind officer, and winked interrogatively. The officer knit his brows and then smiled ever so slightly and winked back.

"A dollar a bunch," sobbed the little boy. Even the policeman gasped, and the men swore, while the cab-driver looked down at the little boy with undisguised admiration.

"Come, now," said the majesty of the law, "pay him his money, or I'll run youse in."

The rounders looked at the night-stick and sadly shook their heads. Then they handed out the two dollars and the cab drove away, leaving the little boy and the policeman standing in the rain and eying each other. The driver smiled and said, to his horses: "If that boy keeps on the way he's begun, he'll be fit to be a cab-driver in time."

"That boy's no better'n a highway robber," said the rounders.

"Sonny," said the kind policeman, solemnly, "there's the making of a police-captain in you."

"I know me biz'ness," said the little boy.—Sun.

LATE VERSE.

The Mosque of the Sultan Hassan.

By Arabian tomes we are told
He was just as a ruler and man;
The Caliph of Cairo the old,
The Sultan Hassan.

One day did he hear of the fame
Of a builder, and straightway he said:
"I will build me a mosque that my name
May outlive me when dead."

So he summoned this man to his throne
And issued his royal decree;
"Uprear me a temple of stone
For the years that shall be;

"Uprear me a wonderful shrine
Where the faithful of Allah may bow;
And glorious mead shall be thine—
Here record I the vow."

Then the heart of the builder was light
As was ever the heart of a man;
And he toiled through the gloom of the night,
And he wrought him a plan—

A plan of a mosque that should bind
His name with the name of his lord.
So the slaves brought the marble they mined,
And they wrought in accord

Till the mosque as by magic upsprang
In its symmetry peerless and grand;
And the praise and the fame of it rang
Through the length of the land.

But the name of the builder was cried
Till the Caliph grew wroth at the sound;
"Am I naught?" he would utter in pride;
"Am I less than a hound,

"And this chiefest of upstarts so great
He eclipses the light of my throne?"
Thus the seeds of a pitiless hate
In his bosom were sown.

Now the mosque was complete. Without peer
Was the portal majestic and tall;
The minarets tapering sheer
From the sweep of the wall.

In the court was a fountain that flowed,
And its pillars were cunningly scrolled;
And the *Mambur* was marble that glowed
With mosaics of gold.

"Call the builder!" said Sultan Hassan;
They ran at the word of their lord;
"My servant," he thought, as they ran,
"Shall now reap his reward."

At the steps of the throne knelt the one
Who had served like a slave at the oil;
Said the Caliph, "Thy task-work is done,
Here is meed for thy toil;

"Stretch thy hands! I would pay thee full well."
The builder obeyed in his trust;
Then a cimeter flashed, and they fell
Reeking red in the dust.

"No more," said the Caliph revered,
"I would have thee to build. I decree
It is honor enough, with my breaking sheath,
To have builded for me!"

By Arabian tomes we are told
He was just as a ruler and man;
The Caliph of Cairo the old,
The Sultan Hassan.

—Clinton Scollard in the Independent.

Wings.

"Oh, I am dying, dying!" said the worm.
"Feel thick darkness closing o'er my eye;
All things fall from me with my breaking sheath,
Good-bye, sweet leaf! Oh, dear, green world, good-bye."

Then the dull mask that had inclosed him fell
Still further. Oh, what lofty space, what light!
And, all about, what happy hovering things!
Like blossom petals that had taken flight!

And fluttering, stretching on the air he spread
Great gauzy wings that let the sunshine through;
Forgot that he had ever been a worm,
And far off in the strange new depths he flew.

—Harriet Prescott Spofford in St. Nicholas.

A Daughter of the Nile.

She, she was laid away
From the living light of day
In the early far-off ages, while yet the Sphinx was young;
And the quiet earth hath kept her
Since they who wailed and wept her
Cried their cry of lamentation in the old Egyptian tongue.

She, she has rested well,
For yet a glance can tell
The latest hand; that touched her were loving, longing hands;

Then let her calmly slumber
Through years we shall not number,
At peace for endless eons in the drifting desert sands.

—The Academy.

—LADIES NEVER APPEAR TO GROW OLD IF they follow the treatment prescribed by Mme. Elise, the famous European cosmetic artist. She has served the nobility of Europe for several years, and now is prepared to give the ladies of this city the benefit of her new and scientific method of erasing wrinkles, softening and beautifying the skin, and imparting the matchless complexion of the English beauties. Ladies worn by the exactions of fashionable life will find her treatment marvelously resting and beautifying. SALON COSMETIQUE VICTORIA, 404 Post Street.

—DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE-ROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE
AUGUST 11, 1890.
OF
THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN
STEWART HARTSHORN
AND GET
THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN

Advertisers can not take too much care in the typographical setting of their announcements. Sometimes a trifling alteration, the substitution of a slightly different style of type, or the rearrangement of a head-line, will tell perceptibly upon the general appearance of the advertisement and the results to the advertiser.

THE QUESTION, "IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?" SETTLED AT LAST.

The two lines above show the arrangement of a heading of an advertisement sent to a Philadelphia magazine. Upon the suggestion of the publisher it was changed to read as follows:

THE QUESTION
"IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?"
SETTLED AT LAST.

It may be a small matter, but the success or failure of an advertisement oftentimes depends upon just such small matters. And just here the question arises, do advertisers in general bestow as much attention as they ought upon these "small matters?"—Printer's Ink.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN
via
NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, April 6, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 4:20, 5:30, 6:30 P. M.

Extra trip on Sundays to Sausalito at 11:00 A. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 3:30, 5:00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 5:30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 9:30, 11:15 A. M.; 1:30, 3:45, 5:00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:30, 10:55 A. M.; 12:00, 1:15, 2:45, 4:00, 5:00, 6:05, 7:00 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturday at 6:30 P. M.

Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:55, 11:05 A. M.; 3:35, 5:12 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:12, 9:20, 10:10, 11:15 A. M.; 12:20, 1:40, 3:00, 5:15, 6:30 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturday at 6:38 P. M.

Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 10:05 A. M.; 12:05, 1:15, 4:10, 5:40 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:45, 9:45, 10:40, 11:40 A. M.; 12:45, 1:55, 3:30, 4:40, 5:45, 6:50, 7:45 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturday at 7:10 P. M.

Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1:30 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 7:00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12:35 P. M.

8:00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 8:15 P. M., same day.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday; Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tamalpais, \$2.25; Howard's, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.

Sunday Excursion—Round-trip tickets, good on day sold only; Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Point Reyes, \$1.75; Tomales, \$2.00; Howard's, \$2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, \$3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, F. E. LATHAM,
General Manager, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 329 Pine Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 12 o'clock M., for

YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG,
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1890.

Belgie Tuesday, August 12

Oceanic Thursday, September 4

Gaelic Saturday, September 27

Belgie Tuesday, October 21

Oceanic Thursday, November 13

Gaelic Saturday, December 6

Belgie Tuesday, December 30

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA

Acapulco, Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 12 M.

Taking freight and passengers direct for Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, La Libertad, and Panama, and via Acapulco for all lower Mexican and Central American ports.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:

City of Peking, Saturday, Aug. 23, at 12 M.

City of Rio de Janeiro, Sept. 16, at 12 M.

China, Thursday, October 9, at 12 M.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Until further notice all our China Line Steamers (both ways) will touch at Victoria, B. C.

Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets, Branch Office, 202 First Street.

W. R. JOHNSON, Acting Gen. Agent.

GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From July 14, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	2:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax	4:45 P.
8:00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6:15 P.
9:00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles	10:15 A.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	8:45 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	6:00 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9:45 A.
3:30 P.	2d class Ogden and East	9:45 P.
4:00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Lathrop and Stockton	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	Sacramento and Knights Land, ing via Davis	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore	8:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and San José	6:15 P.
6:00 P.	Haywards and Niles	9:45 A.
8:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9:45 A.
9:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, to Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Excursion train to Santa Cruz	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6:20 P.
2:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	11:20 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos, on Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:25 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	2:30 P.
7:50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion	8:25 P.
8:30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, Soledad, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations	6:12 P.
10:30 A.	San José and Way Stations	7:30 P.
12:01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	5:13 P.
2:30 P.	(Del Monte Ltd) Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Monterey, and Pacific Grove	11:15 A.
3:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	10:00 A.
4:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	7:56 A.
5:20 P.	San José and Way Stations	9:03 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	San José and principal Way Stations	4:28 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon, * Sundays excepted, † Saturdays only, ‡ Sundays only, ** Mondays excepted.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, July 13, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburn and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:45, 6:15 P. M.; Sundays—8:00, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:45, 6:15 P. M.
From San Francisco for Point Tiburn: Week Days—6:50, 8:00, 9:30, 11:40 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05, 6:30 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:45, 6:25 P. M.
From Point Tiburn for San Francisco: Week Days—7:15, 8:40, 9:55 A. M.; 12:05, 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 7:00 P. M.; Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco, DESTINATION, Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	2:00 P. M.	7:25 P. M.	6:05 P. M.

7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	3:00 A. M.	11:00 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	3:00 A. M.	11:00 A. M.

7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	3:00 A. M.	11:00 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	3:00 A. M.	11:00 A. M.

7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	3:00 A. M.	11:00 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	3:00 A. M.	11:00 A. M.

7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	3:00 A. M.	11:00 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	3:00 A. M.	11:00 A. M.

7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	3:00 A. M.	11:00 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	3:00 A. M.	11:00 A. M.

7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	3:00 A. M.	11:00 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	3:00 A. M.	11:00 A. M.

7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	10:30 A. M.



Sometimes the gods upon Olympus veiled their performances with clouds, only letting their divine beauty be half seen through the medium of wreaths of dissolving vapor. This is the way it is at the Tivoli. The gods of that shrine have not voluntarily veiled themselves from vulgar eyes, but one-half the audience, by the aid of cigars and cigarettes, successfully obscure the performance for the other half.

In some ways, this has its advantages. There are other things beside distance which lend enchantment to the view. Low-lying strata of cigar smoke spread a deceptive and not unpleasant haze over the crudities of the Tivoli company. Some of those divas there appear celestially beautiful through this softening mist, which has the same effect over their faces as a fine white veil would have; glaring colors are toned down, large, sharp features look quite small and pretty, and wigs do not look so wiggy as they really are, when you see them through these motionless, flat smoke-wreaths. So, as some one has remarked, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. But it would be a good, sensible, welcome wind that would blow into the Tivoli and clear the atmosphere. Apart altogether from the smoke, the ventilation is bad and the heat oppressive. You do not expect much for half-a-dollar, but you do expect to exist for two hours without passing through the ordeal by fire.

Through the smoke on Monday night, "The Vice-Admiral" revealed itself occasionally to an attentive and Semite audience, who patiently and uncomplainingly sat through the longest waits that ever existed outside the Bush Street Theatre when a "drummer" is under way. Theatres, much less *entrances*, were unknown in the days of Job. For certain, if the devil had subjected that suffering man to a Tivoli *entrance*, he would have lost his patience and taken the advice which you will remember Bil-dad the Shuhite gave him. The dripping of water will wear away a stone, and it was noticeable that by the second wait some of the old Tivoli stand-bys beat despairingly on the floor with their heels and canes in a paroxysm of desperation and weariness.

But before this, through the mist all kinds of lovely and bewildering phantoms were flitting by, coming and going brilliantly like large, gay-colored birds, creeping in and out like mice, bounding in and bounding out like the fire-spitting ghosts in "Der Freischütz," gliding from wing to wing gently, and as if on rollers, as the wraiths do in a Shakespeare tragedy. Sometimes the rising mists from a new crop of cigars were so dense that it was a wonder the performers could see each other at all, and did not keep stumbling up against one another as Her-mia and Helena did in the midsummer night outside Athens. There were clear, sudden movements, too, when the fogs broke and rolled away, and you could see, with the naked eye, terraces and gardens, waving banana-trees and drooping palms, a sea, bluer than a turquoise, beating on a sand that looked like a golden sickle, a pillared balcony, a tessellated floor, and two lovely females, like the rival heroines in a fairy tale—one dark and stout, with black curls and eyes; one slim and blonde, with blue stockings and a white-lace veil. They begin an exciting quarrel, and the mists roll in for a space and veil them from the common gaze.

All kinds of attractive figures come and go through the mist. There is a duke—he is a marquis on the programme, but the management have evidently thought that a duke is as cheap as a marquis, and so a duke he is—who looms up superbly in white-satin trousers and a tri-color sash, like a French mayor. This duke talks with a foreign accent, and the most interesting thing about him is that he looks exactly like some of the miniatures of Louis the Sixteenth. He has a Bourbon profile, and with a white wig on top of it, the likeness is striking. It would seem that the mists are the mists of history, which have been rent asunder by a sudden draught when the doors are opened, and have parted to let us look at the buried majesty of France amusing itself in all the panoply of royalty. Before the doors close and the air settles down again, it is observed that the duke holds to his dual heart one of the ladies of the cast, Gilda, an orphan.

She is one of the prettiest people that come through the mist. She is a light little figure in a mauve dress, made with short sleeves and skirt—it seems to be the custom in Spain at this epoch for all the women to wear short skirts; even Soldene bows to it, but wears a pair of tarpaulin boots which make her look like an elderly, sea-faring Rosalind. Little Gilda, a sort of opera-Cinderella, flitting between the blonde and dark sisters in her mauve dress, is rather sweet. She has not very much voice, but still she is nice, and has quite a taking manner all

her own. Then, too, she keeps her feet on the floor, even when dancing, which is a great recommendation. Altogether, Gilda is the most attractive person that comes through the mist. She suits it in her dull-tinted dress, looking rather like some forgotten sprite, moping amid its gay surroundings.

There are several gorgeous people who can be seen glittering through the ambient atmosphere's tantalizing opacity. When Miss Hattie D. Barnes dashes upon the stage, even the mists of smoke retire precipitately, abashed by the radiance of her appearance. Her entrance also is at such a rapid rate of speed that it creates quite a disturbance in the air-currents, and the mists break and dissolve and float up and down in an undecided way, during which Miss Hattie D. Barnes executes a *pas seul*, assisted by a mandolin. On the programme she is described as a young lieutenant, from which one concludes that the uniform of the Spanish Army at that period of its history was of a style never known in any other army, in any other country, before or since. This brilliant lieutenant, who has at her heels a company of four gentlemen and four ladies, executes a charming dance to the inspiring, thrilling, ting-ting of the mandolin. Across and through the smoke-wreaths they fly in and out, back and forth, the intervening haze softening them down into subdued radiance. Presently they all begin to dance, all the gay colors blend in a wild kaleidoscope of brightness—the young lieutenant, in her fleet-footed flight, appears a prolonged pink streak; and Sybillina, a scarlet ball, a snapping of castanets, a glitter of tinsel and glass jewels, a clicking of heels on the floor, a bang-banging from the orchestra, a cloud of dust from the tessellated pavement, a waving of arms, a sparkling of eyes and teeth, a glimmer of silk and gloss of satin, and then a slow-rising smoke from innumerable cigars to mellow down the glaring tones of the picture—this is what the curtain falls upon.

Another thing that one discovers, when the mists permit, is that a new lady has been added to the Tivoli Company—Miss Metzler—who appears as the fragile, blonde Seraphina, in white skirts and bullion fringes, a mantilla, a fan, and blue stockings. As the mists do not interfere with one's hearing, Miss Metzler's voice is heard more clearly than her face is seen. There is a good deal of it—the voice—and its owner scored a success by several little songs, which she sang very nicely. Her more substantial and buoyant sister has a voice of mighty volume. When the black-browed Sybillina emitted one of her rare, reverberating high notes, the mists rolled back affrighted to the main door, and the solid structure of the Tivoli was felt to tremble. Unable to make its escape, the imprisoned high note went echoing and buffetting round and round the building, finally dying away in sonorous, expostulating reverberations. Sybillina has a good deal of voice and a good deal of vivacity; if she would tone both down a trifle, she would make a very agreeable singer of light-opera rôles. The red and black of her Spanish costume, which was pretty, was becoming to her dark coloring.

Beside these brilliant figures in their gay dresses, there were quantities of other things to be seen through the smoke. There was the garden, with the bananas and the palms and the golden shore and the sapphire sea. When looking at this gorgeous scene, one realizes for the first time that the author of those well-known words about India's sunny fountains, rolling down their golden strands, might be forgiven the wealth of his language if he had such a scene as this before his eyes. When the "Spanish Mail" descends and hides it, one experiences keen regrets until it rises and a still more luxuriant vista is presented to the eyes of the auditor. Here the entire torrid zone seems to be compressed upon the Tivoli stage, and gigantic vegetables of the kind that Jules Verne saw, when he went to the centre of the earth down Mount Hecla, flourish in prodigal glory on every hand. And lastly, we look at the deck of a man-of-war riding the bounding billows. "Oh, happy ship to rise and dip, with the blue crystal at your lip"—again the metaphor is justified, only it would have been more truthful if they had said "with the blue canvas at your lip."

The men of the company are not as much at home in "The Vice-Admiral" as they were in "The Gondoliers." Mr. Norman, who is such an agreeable singer and actor, appeared to have a cold. The part of the sailor Punto was well taken and sung. For the rest, the company were not as happy in their personations as usual. The opera has some pretty airs in it, but is rather slow in the dialogue. And the *entr'actes* are terrific in length. G. B.

For Mental Depression

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. L. C. S. TURNER, Colfax, Ia., says: "I am very much pleased with it in mental depression from gastric troubles."

Tommy Russell is to play the dual rôle in another dramatization of "The Prince and the Pauper," and it is expected that there will be a series of law-suits between his manager and Elsie Leslie's.

FULL-DRESS SUITS FOR HIRE, SUITABLE FOR balls, parties, weddings, or receptions, on reasonable terms, at Original Misfit Clothing Parlors, north-west corner Post and Dupont Streets.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The Grismer Company will present their new comedy, "Under a Yoke," next week.

"The Vice-Admiral" may be continued for another week. "Genevieve de Brabant," with Soldene in the leading rôle, is to follow.

W. J. Scanlan is to begin a four weeks' engagement in town on Monday night. He will appear in a new Irish drama, "Myles Aroon."

Lawrence Barrett has returned from Europe practically cured of his distressing affliction and looking ten years younger than he did a year ago. He will resume active work on the stage next year.

Patti sang at Albert Hall, in London, for the last time this season, three weeks ago. Her last concert was a rapturous success; she sang "Bel raggio," "Let the bright seraphim," and Moore's "Harp that once," and for encores, a Scotch song and "Home, Sweet Home."

That mysterious, if not mythical, body of people known as "Mrs. James Brown-Potter's friends" have been suggesting to her the advisability of giving up the stage to become a "parlor entertainer." That would be an effective move if it is still Mrs. Potter's intention to elevate the stage.

Nat Goodwin, whom most Americans will call as amusing and spontaneously humorous a man as they can think of in a week, is falling very flat in London—as flat, in fact, as Lonnien did in this country. Which goes to show that humor, far from being universal, like wit, is a home product, and is without honor save in its own country.

One of the California girls who are coming to the front is Katherine Best, who played a minor rôle in the last "Shenandoah" Company in this city, appearing under the name of Katherine Gray. She was recently promoted to the part of Mrs. Edith Haverill, and has been engaged by Charles Frohman for next season in New York.

A man who has seen the famous photograph that Marion Manola so strenuously objected to having taken because she did not want her child in after years to see her thus pictured, declares that another and a stronger reason lies in the fact that what was suspected of Mrs. Langtry, Ada Rehan, and Emelie Melville is true of Marion Manola.

Edwin Deaves, who died in New York a few days ago, was one of the oldest minstrels on the stage, his career dating from the early forties. The latter part of his life was spent in this city. His son, Harry, has been a museum-manager, and his two daughters, Ada and Kiliie, were both actresses. The latter went insane just before her father's death.

Fay Templeton is to introduce the very latest novelty in burlesque costume in "Hendrik Hudson." For the bold Dutch navigator's boots she will substitute sixty-four-button kid leggings, not worn *à la* Sarah Bernhardt, but smoothed and molded to the contours of her underpinning. It is expected that there will be "standing-room only" in the orchestra and on the stage.

Elsie Leslie, the remarkable child-actress who created the rôle of Little Lord Fauntleroy in New York and who has been considered the best of the many children who have essayed that part, will make her first appearance in San Francisco on Monday night, playing the dual title-rôle in Mrs. Richardson's dramatization of "Mark Twain's" story, "The Prince and the Pauper."

The Carmenita boom has collapsed as completely as a bursted toy-balloon. In the space of four or five months, this young woman attained to a popular prominence that it took Modjeska ten years to reach, and there was at one time more printed about her in the papers, from *Harper's Weekly* to the smallest country paper, than about any one other person. Now New York has forgotten her, and she is quite content, for she has put away a tidy sum that will keep her in Madrid in comfort—Spanish comfort—to the end of her days.

Here is the *St. James's Gazette's* opinion of Ada Rehan in "As You Like It":

"Miss Ada Rehan is an actress who can be compared only with herself. Viewed in this way, her Rosalind just falls short of her Katharine in 'The Taming of the Shrew.' It may be doubted if so natural and spontaneous a rendering of the part has been witnessed by the present generation. Especially is it distinguished by what Coleridge would have called its 'feminine.' In the early scenes the actress had not warmed to her work. It almost appeared, indeed, as if the accustomed dress were a hindrance, for no sooner had she donned doublet and hose than all her wonderful powers came into play. To adequately describe the shifting moods, the rapid transitions from confidence to fear and back again from fear to confidence, would be impossible. From the swagging braggart to the shrinking woman, every phase of Rosalind's character was depicted with rare skill. It was, however, in her 'holiday humor' that Miss Rehan proved most irresistible, as with the charming imperiousness of a mistress who chides a backward lover, she made Orlando 'come woo her.' Excellent also was the touch of gravity with which, in the scene of the mock marriage provoked by herself, she bears Orlando laughingly declare, 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.' Tenderness and vivacity, grace and intelligence, all combined to render the performance a notable one."

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DLXXIX.—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, August 10, 1890.

Mock Turtle Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Fried Tom-Cods, Saratoga Potatoes.
Broiled Squabs on Toast.
Fried Egg-Plant, Summer Squash.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.
Tomato Salad, Spanish Dressing.
Raspberries and Whipped Cream.
Nougat Cake.

NOUGAT CAKE.—Half a cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, two cups of flour sifted five times with three tea-spoonfuls of baking powder, one and one-half tea-spoonfuls almond extract. Lastly add the whipped whites of eight eggs. Bake in five layers. Spread between the layers one quart of sweetened whipped cream in which is mixed two cups of blanched English walnuts. Flavor the cream with rose. Ice the cake with boiled icing flavored with lemon. Put blanched almonds on the top while the icing is soft. We return thanks to J. M. S. for a dozen recipes, the above being one of them.

Summer Outings.

Evidently the "Grand Old Man," Mr. Gladstone, has been impressed with the comprehensive and extensive system of advertising adopted by the proprietors of Pears' Soap. In his eloquent speech on the Local Tax Bill, poetical recollections were happily mingled in his reference to the "leaves of Vallambrosa" and the "advertisements of Pears' Soap," as he exclaimed: "If you were to multiply these amendments without limit, and plaster your bill with them till they were as thick as the leaves in Vallambrosa or as plentiful as the advertisements of Pears' Soap, you would not prevent the consequences of this clause."

But if amendments would not prevent the ill results of an unpopular bill, the advertisements of Pears' Soap are more successful in their mission of drawing attention to a soap which will be found unsurpassed in preventing the ill effects of exposure to the sun, or salt air, on the delicate skins of our American beauties; therefore those who have read these advertisements will prove themselves "wise as serpents and harmless (and beautiful) as doves," if they secure a supply before joining the army of summer visitors to the sad sea waves or the solemn mountains of our favored land.

First Presbyterian Church, Oakland

Tuesday Evening, August 12th,

TESTIMONIAL CONCERT TO MISS LIZZIE BOYER

Contralto of Dr. Alexander's Church, New York city.

MISS AUGUSTA LOWELL,

MR. SIGMUND BEEL,

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Violinist.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Sir Edwin Arnold will not leave Japan until September, but he may possibly visit Honolulu next month.

The first prize offered for a story by the McClure syndicate has been won by Flora Haines Loughhead, of San Francisco.

To their Odd Number Series of translations, Harper & Brothers will add Giovanni Vergo's "The House by the Medlar Tree," translated by Mary A. Craig, with an introduction by Mr. Howells.

It is announced that the author of "Thoth," "A Dreamer of Dreams," and "Toxar," is Mr. J. Shields Nicholson, professor of political economy in the University of Edinburgh. This has long been an open secret on the other side of the sea.

M. Halévy, the author of "Ablé Constantin," announces that he is about to cease writing, having become tired of literary work. He has a novel in hand, but has some doubts if he will ever complete it, as composition has become very fatiguing to him.

The copy of Mr. Aldrich's poems which lies on a table in the parlor of his Boston home, has on a fly-leaf an inscription, "To my wife, Lillian, after seventeen happy years with her. November 28, 1882." On the next blank sheet he has written the following lines:

"Two things there are with memory will abide -
Whatever the salt—while life flows by:
That soft, cold hand-touch at the altar side;
The thrill that shook you at your child's first cry."

Messrs. Macmillan will issue early next month a reprint from the collected works of Edward Fitzgerald (1859) of his famous version of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." The author, as is well known, never put his own name on the title-page of any of the four editions which appeared during his life-time; and the show of anonymity is still preserved. In accordance with their admirable custom, Messrs. Macmillan have given on the verso of the title-page a brief bibliography.

Concerning the numerous young women who write erotic matter nowadays, the *Nation* says:

"Is not all this a curious subject of contemplation for the many who have hoped to see literature purified by feminine influence? When a mere man, like Algernon Sydney Logan, takes 'Messalina' as a subject for a tragedy, he has a theme far more repulsive than any treated by any of these ladies, and yet handles it in a much purer spirit. It would be a curious outcome of the present tendency if it should ultimately be necessary to debar carefully reared young ladies from all books written by their own sex, and limit them strictly to a literature supplied by men."

Shelley's centenary, August 4, 1892, is to be celebrated by the publication of Mr. F. S. Ellis's "Lexical-Concordance" to his poems. It is said that this will equal in bulk Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's "Concordance" to Shakespeare. Oddly enough, this tribute to an expelled Oxford student is to be printed at the University Press. Mr. Ellis has spent six years in the preparation of this work, which contains one hundred and twenty-five thousand references to Shelley's writings. Mr. Bernard Quaritch will publish the volume.

Editor Charles A. Dana was selected as judge to pass upon the competitive poems submitted by some Indiana amateur journalists, and this is his report:

"I have examined thoroughly the eight poems submitted in competition for the title of poet-laureate, and it is my duty to say that there is not one of them which merits such an honor. They are all commonplace in thought and mediocre in treatment. I do not find an original idea in them all, and the one quality, which appears pretty evenly, is facility in phrase-making and line-making."

Sir Walter Scott's "Journal" is to appear in the autumn, reproduced from the original, which is preserved at Abbotsford. Mr. David Douglas will edit it and add, besides elaborate explanatory notes, illustrative extracts from unpublished sources, chief among them being the reminiscences in manuscript of James Skene, one of Scott's oldest and most intimate friends. There are also letters from Carlyle and Lockhart. The whole work will form two octavo volumes, and they are said to contain nearly double the amount of matter given by Lockhart, while the sentences and paragraphs will appear as they were written by Scott. Many passages were truncated by Lockhart, many entries were omitted, and for five months not a line was reproduced.

Few literary puzzles have been more discussed than the division of work between the authors of the Besant-Rice novels. Mr. Brander Matthews, writing on "The Art of Collaboration" in this week's *Christian Union*, says:

"I have heard that, of the long series of stories published under the name of Besant and Rice, all that the late James Rice actually wrote with his own pen was the first chapter or two of their first book, 'Ready-Money Mortiboy.' . . . Comparing the novels of dual authorship with those of the survivor alone, it is, perhaps, possible to ascribe to Mr. Rice a fancy for foreign characters and a faculty of rendering them vigorously, a curious scent for actual oddity, a bolder handling than Mr. Besant's, and a stronger fondness for dramatic incident, not to say melodramatic. The joint novels have a certain kinship to the virile tales of Charles Reade, but little trace of this family likeness is to be found in the later works of Mr. Besant alone, whose manner is gentler and more caressing, with a more delicate humor and a subtler flavor of irony."

The famous French publishing-house of Firmin-Didot has undertaken to do something new in the way of advertising its publications. In a dozen large show-cases, resting upon movable iron supports easily folded, it is sending samples of its wares all over Europe, particularly to cities where French

books and styles of publications are not well-known. Advertisements in the local newspapers inform the inhabitants that on such a day and in such a hotel the exposition will be open, and the employee who accompanies the exhibition furnishes all necessary explanations. Nothing is sold on the spot, but specimens are to be seen and orders can be given. If this perambulating exhibition proves successful for the book and printing industry, it will be tried in other departments of trade.

"The Library of American Literature."

The ninth and tenth volumes of "The Library of American Literature," which is now being issued under the editorial care of Edmund Clarence Stedman and Ellen M. Hutchinson, were to have completed the work, but with them comes the announcement of an eleventh volume, in which will be contained biographical sketches of the writers who are represented in the earlier volumes, and possibly a few new selections from the many writers of the present day who have necessarily been crowded out of the work as originally projected.

The period which these two volumes cover is from 1851 to 1888, practically from the war times to the present, and in it are gathered most of the writers who have made an American literature, if there is such a thing. The purpose of the series is not to criticize those Americans who wrote, nor to single out among contemporaries those to whom posterity will adjudge greatness, for there is no sign of criticism in the series except in the implication of comparative merit by the comparative space allotted, and of the hundreds quoted many are already forgotten and few will be read a half-century hence. The work undertaken by the editors was to follow the growth of literature in America, and to show its condition at any period by liberal extracts from the writers of that time.

At first their task was one of delving in half-forgotten sources, and many a tome, almost as musty in thought as in material being, was ransacked for anything that could be made to wear the name of literature. In the last twenty-five or thirty years, however, there has been a tremendous increase in the literary output in this country, and in considering this period the editors have suffered from an *embarras de richesses* from which to select. To make such selections is a task which could not be performed to the satisfaction of every one, but Mr. Stedman and Miss Hutchinson have earned a general approval. There are two hundred and fifty-six authors quoted in these two volumes, and of them nearly a half are unknown, or at least unfamiliar, to the average person who considers himself fairly well read in recent literature; but, on the other hand, he will find it difficult to think of a dozen writers omitted who deserve quotation here. The most notable omission is of F. Marion Crawford, who is more deserving of a place, even on the score of American birth, than Hjalmer Hjorth Boyesen, for example.

The ninth volume opens with extracts from "John Brent" and other novels by Theodore Winthrop, who shares with William Dean Howells the honor of a portrait on steel. The other portraits, on wood, show counterfeits presentments of Hubert Howe Bancroft, Horace Howard Furness, Francis Richard Stockton, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Samuel Langhorne Clemens ("Mark Twain"), William Winter, Celia Thaxter, Thomas Bailey Aldrich,

John Burroughs, Whitelaw Reid, Edward Eggleston, Horace Elisha Scudder, Mary Mapes Dodge, and John Hay. The steel portraits in the tenth volume are of Francis Bret Harte and Sidney Lanier, and the portraits on wood are of Cincinnati Hiner ("Joaquin") Miller, Bronson Howard, James Fiske, Henry James, Jr., Richard Watson Gilder, George W. Cable, Julian Hawthorne, Blanche Willis Howard, Constance Fenimore Woolson, Joel Chandler Harris, Emma Lazarus, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Sarah Orne Jewett, and Thomas Allibone Janvier. These two lists give some idea of the value assigned by the editors to the individuals who compose them.

As the earlier volumes were culled in large part from the writings of statesmen and theologians, so another side-issue, so to speak, journalism, is prominent in the last two. Newspaper work is essentially ephemeral, and can only be called literature by stretching the definition; but it has had an influence on literature, and so wins representation here. George W. Smalley, Isaac H. Bronley, William Winter, Henry Watterson, George Alfred Townsend, Mayo W. Hazeltine, and Whitelaw Reid are among those whose names have been won chiefly in this field, and there are many others who are magicians, as Julian Hawthorne and W. H. Gibson; but, still lower in the scale of literati, if they are included in it at all, come the humorists, David R. Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby"), Charles Farrar Browne ("Artemus Ward"), Charles B. Lewis ("M. Quad"), Robert J. Burdette, Joel Chandler Harris, Philip Henry Welch—who wrote "The Tailor-Made Girl"; Edgar Wilson Nye, and Eugene Field. Henry Guy Carleton, by the way, seems as deserving of a niche in this temple of fame as some of those mentioned. He might come in, too, on another count, as a dramatist. But the dramatists are weakly represented. Bronson Howard's admirable lecture on "The Laws of Dramatic Construction," delivered at Harvard, is happily preserved to posterity; but, except in so far as it refers to his "Banker's Daughter," his dramas are ignored. Dion Boucicault, who has some claims to being considered an American, is utterly disregarded. But, on the other hand, the author of "The Almighty Dollar" and one Charles Barnard, who wrote "The County Fair," in which Neil Burgess appears, are handed down to posterity as the sole representatives of American dramatists in this last quarter of the nineteenth century. Let us hope that in the supplemental volume the editors will save us from the commiseration of posterity.

But it is an easy matter to pick flaws—little ones—in a work of this character—far easier than to single out for praise a single feature where all are generally good. The volumes fulfill their purpose as well as could be hoped, in presenting a panorama of the development of literature in America; and for present readers they contain selections that will go far to guide and improve the taste.

Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; for sale by subscription only by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

New Publications.

"Sixty Days in Europe," by Thomas V. O'Brien, of the San Francisco bar, is a little pamphlet in which are recorded the writer's impressions received in Western Europe. It was first printed privately for circulation among the writer's friends, but

a sufficient demand has warranted its publication. Published and for sale by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco; price, 25 cents.

"Black Beauty," by Anna Sewall, is called in the sub-title "The 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of the Horse." It purports to be a horse's autobiography, and not only shows a sympathetic knowledge of a horse's feelings, but interests the reader in all animals which, until the spread of humane feelings in the past few years, were, and still are, often maltreated by man. Published by the American Humane Society; for sale by William Doxey; price, 25 cents.

In view of the unusual interest now focused upon the Central American republics, the publication of "In and Out of Central America," by Frank Vincent, is most opportune. Mr. Vincent is a close observer and a fairly entertaining writer; and to his Central American sketches he has added other traveler's tales which take him to Brazil, Cambodia, Siam, Burmah, the Antilles, and other outlandish places. The book is illustrated from photographs. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, \$2.00.

"The Development Theory," by J. Y. Bergen, Jr., and Fanny D. Bergen, originally published six years ago, is now reissued with a new title, "A Primer of Darwinism and Organic Evolution." In this new edition, the book has been revised and enlarged, and several plates have been added. It is a clear statement of the theory of evolution with which Darwin's name is associated, and the authors cite in their preface various works in which may be found the objections to the theory, which the narrow limitations of this hand-book would not admit. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.25.

"Rarahu: or, The Marriage of Pierre Loti," is the title of another translation from the French of Lieutenant Viaud, done into English by Clara Bell. Why this should be especially distinguished as "Pierre Loti's Marriage" is not apparent at first blush, for it seems to be this impulsive young Frenchman's habit to combine the instincts of sailor and journalist in a remarkable manner, marrying a wife in every port and writing her up in a manner which is as ingenious as it is charming. Aside from their peculiar morality, all of "Loti's" stories are very prettily written, and "Rarahu" is by no means the worst of them. Published by William S. Gottsberger & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

Three new volumes, the twenty-first, twenty-second, and twenty-third of "Alden's Manifold Cyclopaedia" have been issued, bringing on the work from *infant to M'Clure*. This work is to be completed in forty volumes, the pages measuring three by six inches, and each volume including from six to seven hundred pages, so that the entire work will contain over a million words and several thousand illustrations. The purpose of the editors is to make the "Manifold Cyclopaedia" a dictionary of English words, giving their derivation and meaning, and an encyclopedia of information in all branches of knowledge. The labor is being well performed, and the result is a series of handy volumes which will prove of great service in any library. Published and for sale by John B. Alden, New York.

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We give on this page an illustration of the No. 3 Caligraph, the latest production of the American Writing Machine Co., of Hartford, Conn., and one which is certainly entitled to take its stand "at the head" with its predecessors of the same origin. We predict for this machine an immense popularity. The machine has seventy-eight characters, giving complete sets of capitals and lower-case letters, with the numerals, the characters \$, & c., @, o/o, —, and the punctuation marks. It combines all the recent improvements, with the good points of former machines. It has six more keys than on the regular No. 2 Caligraph, a new ribbon feed, and two interchangeable platens, besides other good features; and we believe it is unsurpassed by any other type-writer now on the market.

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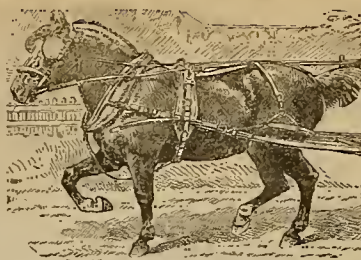
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The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	5.90
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and the Magazine of Art for One Year, by Mail.....	6.20
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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The thirteenth of August should be, indeed, a memorable day in the history of the United States of America. On that day our Treasury Department commences the purchase of silver—to be henceforth, till repealed, the law of the land—to the extent of four million five hundred thousand ounces per month, the same to be compulsory at any price up to the par value of 129.29. These purchases aggregating fifty-four million ounces per annum, and the fact that there are used in the arts and for other purposes some ten millions of ounces, and that our production is about fifty millions of ounces, will necessitate supplies from other sources, presumptively Mexico; but where are the European nations to get their needed supplies for their purposes in the arts, etc., and allowing for the constant wear and tear of the silver coinage? England is bare of silver and must have it for India and China. France has no supply of bar silver, and as for parting with alloyed coins, the idea is preposterous. Germany, it is said, is already depleted of the great stock of silver that was in her possession after the Franco-German War, and it looks as though the time so longed for by us of the Western and Central States is close at hand, in spite of England and in

spite of the great Hebrew and other banking-houses of Europe, which see that they will cease to hold the purse-strings of the world and influence peace or war between different nations.

As a result of the passage of the Silver Bill, the financial centre of the world moves from London to New York. The house of Rothschild is dethroned, and this great banking-firm no longer holds in its hands the destinies of war and peace. The plutocrats and bankers of Wall and Threadneedle Streets are no longer at the top of the high moldering monument, where they hang hissing at the masses toiling beneath them. The revolution, which never, like the snake, crawls back upon its own track, has started a movement which is significant and suggestive. The system of England's commerce lay at London docks paralyzed and useless while its dock-laborers declined to work.

The splendid Vanderbilt system of transportation that moves from New York westward on lines of parallel steel has been paralyzed, because the unstrung nerves of labor have refused to toil; hands that clasp the throttle-valve and grasp the brake, refused to put forth their exertion.

Nicholas Luning, our rich man, is dead, and has left his useless millions that prevented him from doing one kind or humane act during the long and painful period in which he was engaged in their accumulation. Yesterday, he would have refused a nickel to save a valuable life from starvation; to-day, his fifteen millions would be vainly offered for an added hour of sunlight and fresh air for his constipated lungs.

John Henry Newman, cardinal of the Church of Rome, closed his life last Monday, at ninety years of age, condemned as a traitor by the Protestant world, but honored by the Roman Catholic world for having betrayed and abandoned the religious faith to which he had been educated. He died full of honors, and is mourned by those who in life have forgotten his treason in the splendid qualities which adorned his private and his public career.

John Boyle O'Reilly, the poet and sprightly journalist, lays down his life and realizes that his adventurous and profitless existence has accomplished nothing. The laugh which hung upon his jokes is silenced forever; the acclamations which reverberated to his eloquent diction will be aroused to no further echo; his writings in the pages of his journal—the *Pilot*—will lie cold and forgotten while he molder in the grave. Such is life—soon over, soon ended, and soon forgotten. Luning's money, Cardinal Newman's ecclesiastical honors, and John Boyle O'Reilly's poetry will all be unremembered and forgotten before their poor, frail bodies shall have mingled with the dust from which they came.

Yet to-day, and for the period of the coming week, the best intellect of the State is gathered in the hot and dusty streets of our capital to worry and wrangle over who shall be governor. The best gentlemen of California are cheek by jowl with the vilest material which cumbers the earth to determine who shall fill an office that lasts but four years, and is almost certain to cover its incumbent with deserved and lasting reproach.

The only thing that is good in this world is silver and gold when rationally used, and not hoarded by an usurious soul, and not squandered by a profligate one. We look back over the history of the world within the epoch in which its events are recorded, and we find no people, no nation, no era where there has been more happiness than comes to the contented class who occupy the happy Valley of Rasselas, who sleep in ignorance, simplicity, and health through life, who do not worry their minds over the accumulation of wealth, the elucidation of spiritual mysteries, or care for the applause of their fellow-men. The artificial wants of our existence are clear beyond the natural and necessary requirements of comfort, health, and pleasure.

Next week the Democratic orgie will commence, and a similar condition of things will disturb the Democratic mind. Pond will probably be nominated for governor. We wish our friend, Mr. James V. Coleman, could receive the Democratic nomination; we believe he would make a very good governor; he is intelligent, wealthy, and honest; but if nominated, he will arouse a religious element that will never be silenced till

ended by the triumph of the Protestant or Roman Catholic powers in this State. The history of the Christian world demonstrates the irreconcilable antagonism that ever has and ever will exist between these contending powers, and if the Roman priesthood are anxious to inaugurate the strife, we are content to welcome it, and the sooner the better.

The influence of the Church of Rome is so pronounced in the Democratic party in California, that no man can hope to succeed if he is not in some degree allied to it. Mr. Pond was playing for a Democratic nomination for governor when he consented to preside at the Grand Opera House over the Young Men's Institute, when it returned from mass at the Jesuit Church. Mr. English would not hold his prominence as a candidate for governor if it was not known that he had a Roman Catholic wife, and without the assistance of priests and laymen, Mr. James V. Coleman would have never been mentioned in connection with the executive office of California. Mr. Justice Wallace would never aspire to a second endeavor to be made chief-justice if he had not made a matrimonial alliance with a Roman Catholic family. All political Democratic party roads lead to Rome, and the sooner the American Republic sets out on its pilgrimage to the Holy City, the sooner will it be determined whether or not it gets there. We somehow think it will not, but, all the same, we are impatient to see it start. Judge Sullivan undertook, two years ago, to make the trip alone and failed. Lieutenant-Governor Tarpey was unexpectedly dropped out of the procession. Mr. Kelly did not attain the position of sheriff of the County of San Francisco. It is the American Catholic only who has any show of political success, and then only when he has sense enough to keep his religion subordinate to his political ambition and his religious convictions outside of his political opinions. When American Roman Catholics shall be willing to separate themselves from the Jesuitical branch of the Roman Church and rest upon their nationality and loyalty, we shall be entirely willing that they should organize a Catholic American Church, and from their zeal as Christians reap all the benefit which may inure to them from their spiritual enthusiasm, but we are not willing to take our religion and politics mixed.

Mr. McDade and Mr. J. H. Sullivan have been posing as inventors of a new order in the Church of Rome, but it seems that they are, after all, but imitators and are patterning after an institution already existing in the city of New York called the "Xavier Club," set in motion by the Rev. Father Van Rensselaer, a Jesuit priest of American birth and Protestant education. The "Young Men's Christian Association" of the Protestant Church, which has now been in prosperous existence for some years in the United States, has been a source of jealousy to the Church of Rome. All over the United States we find most comfortable and elegant buildings of spacious dimensions and architectural beauty, which have been called into existence by the generosity of wealthy laymen, and, unlike the church, they are not confined to the use of any special denomination, nor are they devoted to purely religious ceremonials. The Young Men's Christian Association is devoted to intellectual and physical enjoyments. Everything which is instructive and agreeable, which is morally permissible, which contributes to the health of young Christians, is encouraged; or which contributes to mental and physical culture, which promotes sociability, or which contributes to the charitable relief of its members or furnishes them assistance along the journey of life. In the Church of Rome there has been nothing like it till of late; but when it was found that sodalities, parochial clubs, picnics, and fairs for contributing money to parishes were getting somewhat flat and unprofitable, the fat and sleepy lion of Rome began to rouse itself and brush off its flies, and to imitate the less severe, but more pleasurable, attractions which the Protestant churches had devised for the entertainment of its young folk. The result was that the Rev. Father Van Rensselaer organized his Xavier Club in the city of New York, provided it with a commodious club-house, and divided its members into athletic, musical, boating, base-ball, photographic, outing, and literary societies, and it

now numbers nearly one thousand members. The good Father Van Rensselaer is the boss and autocrat of the whole business; he manages the whole thing, appoints all committees, names all officers, and directs all the movements of the club. He is a Jesuit himself, and seems to have imitated the rule of the Jesuit order in requiring the most perfect discipline and obedience to the chief. He has constituted himself the Father Rodin of the whole business. We find everything to approve both in the Xavier Club and the Young Men's Institute in California. They are more American than the Jesuit order, and their amusements are more healthful, rational, and enjoyable than in getting drunk on St. Patrick's Day, and playing at military manoeuvres on dray-horses, or parading on cobbled streets in military regalia, and tramping after carriages, in which priests do all the riding. So far as we can understand, the Xavier Club, of New York, is not required to attend mass pronounced by Jesuit priests at a Jesuit Church; but, then, the Xavier Club has the good fortune to be under the direction of a priest of American and not of Italian birth. Perhaps the time may come when we may have an American Catholic Church, and not one under the domination of an Italian hierarchy. When that time comes, we shall be willing to admit its members into the American party, where they shall shake off their political allegiance to the Pope of Rome, and take their oath of fidelity to the constitution and laws of the American commonwealth.

So far as we can gain information from any one upon the Pacific Coast, or so far as we can learn from persons in New York or Washington, and so far as we can see from a very patient and close observation of Mr. C. P. Huntington, we have not convinced ourselves that he is continuing the assault be so vigorously and so recently began upon Senator Stanford. Mr. Huntington has asserted from the very beginning that his purposes were not personal, vindictive, and political; that he had no desire to do anything more than to draw the railroad from interference or meddlesomeness in politics; that his personal and business relations had always been friendly with Governor Stanford; and that the last thing that he intended to do was to hurt the feelings of the gentleman whose place he was assuming as president of the Southern Railroad corporation. We thought his retiring speech was in bad taste, and that it was not in harmony with the friendly relations that had apparently so long existed between the two gentlemen. It came like a thunderbolt out of a cloudless sky and struck almost all—indeed, all who had not heard a whispered premonition of the angry quarrel. But whatever may have been Mr. Huntington's intention, no one could have been more stunned by the recoil than himself. If Governor Stanford was an aspirant for the United States Senate before that day, the contest was closed for him in the Republican party, for no other name has since been mentioned in that connection. If before that time Governor Stanford had enemies, since then he has possessed only friends. If his connection with railroad legislation, litigation, or personal controversies over fares and freights had embittered any one in business circles, these offenses have all been condoned or attributed to his more "wicked partners." By general, almost universal, consent, Governor Stanford and his wife have been placed in position to have their charities, their personal characters, and their generous acts recognized. In a word, Mr. Huntington's very unkind, and, as we deemed it, ungenerous and undeserved, assault threw the mantle of oblivion over all the vulnerable acts of Governor Stanford and threw the calcium-light upon a thousand unremembered and generous acts. In a word, the result of Mr. Huntington's assault was just what he did not expect, and, we presume, did not desire. It did not injure Governor Stanford, but did him good, aided him personally and politically, made his reelection to the Senate of the United States almost certain, and brought out for him expressions of good-feeling from men of different parties, so that now if there could be a popular election for senator, Governor Stanford would be returned with scarce a dissenting vote. If, in the passionate and angry discussion, some unkind things have been said of Mr. Huntington, and some questionable motives attributed to him, he may thank himself for their utterance, and not blame Governor Stanford nor attribute to him any participation in fanning the wave of popular indignation which swept with such hot and angry breath over the community. We are confident that Governor Stanford *not only did not instigate any attacks on Mr. Huntington, but that he did not know of them.* We have been asked a hundred times whether, in his proposed September visit, it is probable that Mr. Huntington will enter into the political campaign as the active opponent of Governor Stanford. Of course our answer is that we do not know. We have no means of knowing, but the long silence of Mr. Huntington is—in a man of his resolute determination and aggressive character—somewhat suggestive. We have been informed that this controversy has been the subject of discussion in

the higher political circles at Washington; that President Harrison, Secretary Blaine, and very many of the leading senators have expressed to Mr. Huntington, in a recent visit to the capital made by him, that it would be wise for him to refrain from active hostilities, lest it should defeat the Republican party in California, and lest it should be injuriously retroactive upon railroad measures now before Congress, if Mr. Huntington, who is a Republican, should contribute to the election of a Democratic senator in the place of Leland Stanford. This consideration touches the interest of Mr. Huntington and the railroad company, and he is presumably not beyond or above indulgence in personal and selfish considerations. We know that our Democratic friends have been quick to hold their bonnets for the dropping fruit, and we presume that Mr. Stephen M. White would not so suddenly have dropped an almost certain nomination for governor and a certain salary upon the pay-roll of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, if he had not had reason to think he could have profited by this entanglement between its contending chiefs. It will not be a dignified position for Mr. Stephen M. White to have filled when he finds himself under the tree in bare-headed expectation of dropping cocoanuts, which do not fall because the monkeys do not engage in quarrelsome antics in the palms above him. Mr. White had better have remained on the pay-roll of the company until the gubernatorial election was over; then, if he should find himself chosen to the executive position, he might have retired from the pay-roll of the railroad with just as much propriety as he can now become a candidate for a seat in the United States Senate. We sincerely hope Mr. Huntington will consent to forego his vain endeavor to defeat Governor Stanford for an election to the United States Senate, and thus place his friends in position to condone a blunder rather than to forgive a crime.

The nomination of Colonel Markham, of Los Angeles, after a long and bitter contest, is a triumph over machine politics, political bosses, and Federal officials; a triumph of the country over San Francisco, over partisan and dictatorial political organs. It took captive as prisoners of war Martin Kelly, Phil Crimmins, Dick Chute, of San Francisco, Frank Rhodes, of Sacramento, Ben Chambers, of the State prison, the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the Sacramento *Record-Union*, General Dimond, of the mint, General Backus, of the post-office, Collector Phelps, of the custom-house, and Naval Officer Danforth. W. W. Stow took no part in the gubernatorial contest, not even honoring the city of Sacramento with his presence while the convention was in session. Fortunate is it for the railroad that no man in authority, or in supposed alliance with it, or in the fight for Senator Stanford, attended or took part in the proceedings of the gubernatorial nomination. No one belonging to the railroad, or friendly to Governor Stanford, is suspected of any meddlesomeness in the choice of the Republican candidate for governor or chief-justice. A vain attempt was made to identify Mr. Edward Curtis with the Morrow fight, but Mr. Curtis is not on the company's pay-roll, and is, and for many years has been, a prominent leader in the Democratic party. Mr. Stephen Gage is visiting the Yosemite with his family, Colonel Creed Haymond did not leave San Francisco, and we have seen Sconchin Malony only in attendance upon the recent convention of the American party. Colonel Fred Crocker has been busily employed in arranging for the contemplated celebration of the "Native Sons of the Golden West" on the anniversary of the admission of the State into the Union, which occurs on the ninth of September, which will be the first parade that the American party will have indulged in since California was admitted to the Union. Governor Stanford was himself at Kissengen, in Germany, and not even in telegraphic touch with the men who may be presumed to be interested in his fight. The victory of Colonel Markham indicates a rank above that of lieutenant. It was such a triumph as Caesar achieved in Gaul, and he brings away Governor Waterman and Mr. Boruck, his private secretary, chained to his chariot-wheels as captives of war. He goes into the field of political contest with his guards disciplined by organization; he will not be placed upon the defensive by reason of the fact that he has disposed of all the calumnies brought against him before the campaign opens; he has drawn the fire of all his political enemies, as did Bruce upon the opening field at Bannockburn by accepting the challenge of Edward's mailed knight, and slaying him in private combat before the battle began; so did Colonel Markham dispose of Governor Waterman, of San Bernardino. The nomination of Judge Beatty as chief-justice was an honor fairly earned by intelligent and industrious service for ten years upon the bench. It would have been an undeserved reproach that Mr. Harrison should have been named for chief-justice; he is fully and fairly honored by his choice as associate-justice upon the same ticket. It will be observed that the platform of the Republican party makes no allusion to temperance reform or to American principles. This omis-

sion is significant, and is undoubtedly intended as a challenge to the Prohibition and American parties to put forth their utmost efforts to secure votes for General Bidwell.

When a person of great wealth joins the innumerable caravan on its way to the dark unknown, there comes no time to draw the moral of his life save at his death. If that life has been distinguished for its excellences—if he has journeyed along the hard and perilous way in generous aid of his fellow-pilgrims—if, surrounding the narrow resting-place which he must occupy until nature claims his dust to mingle with common clay, there are the tokens of remembrance from grateful hearts, the task is an easy and a pleasant one. But if his life has been hard and solitary; if no one has ever heard of a generous act or a just one gracefully performed; if whispered hints have been circulated of an inner and domestic life, hard, harsh, and unforgiving; if no mourners are seen around his tomb, and if no kind utterances are heard in his behalf, the duty—if it is a duty—of drawing that moral is not agreeable.

It is of Nicholas Luning that we write. He died ripe in years. He was of alien—German—birth. He came to California in the year 1849. He accumulated a vast fortune, estimated at fifteen millions of dollars. He leaves his fortune to five children—three married daughters and two sons. He makes no charitable bequests in his will, but leaves his estate to be equally divided among his children.

All that was mortal was buried in a day from human sight, and he will lie, so long as chemicals can preserve him, in the marble vault that in his life-time he builded for his wife who preceded him. The only flag that flies at half-mast is over the building of an insurance company—whose stock is quoted at \$35@40 above par—of which he was a director. The place that knew him most intimately, and is made vacant by his death, is a director's chair in the Bank of California, the stock of which is held at \$275 per share.

If Mr. Luning ever gave a dollar in charity, it has not transpired. There is no public edifice which he has reared to beautify and adorn the city in which he has lived, raised his family, and by the laws of which his life and his property have been protected. He did not serve through the Civil War; he refused naturalization and never became a citizen, in order to avoid jury duty; in the riots which have sometimes disturbed our city, he has never been drafted in the *posse comitatus* for the maintenance of order or the preservation of the public peace. So far as we know, he has never performed an act of public service or in any way contributed, other than as a taxpayer, to the public welfare. His will shows no appreciation of or obligation to the State or city in which he has lived.

His wealth is the result of self-denying economies. As a citizen, he gave no evidence of enterprise. He was a money-lender for usurious rates, without doing business under the trade-mark of the three golden balls, thus avoiding the appellation of "Uncle Nicholas."

It is such men as Nicholas Luning who imperil the safety of the community in which they live. If all wealth were as ungraciously acquired and as harshly hoarded, nothing but the necessity of bread would hold back the hand of labor from the throat of wealth, and unless the law shall devise some mode of releasing the dead hand of covetous greed from the disposition of abnormal fortunes after death, the dull intellect of labor will see that it must use its control over wealth during the period of its accumulation. Dead men should not be permitted to have their fortunes diverted altogether from the community in which they have been acquired.

The terse telegram of the Hon. W. W. Morrow to the Republican Convention at Sacramento is an excellent epitome of the history of the party for a term of years. The convention would have done well had they instructed their committee to use it as material for the platform. We reprint the telegram in full:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, August 12, 1890.—To the Chairman and Gentlemen of the Republican State Convention, Sacramento, Cal.: Regretting their inability to be with you, the Republican representatives in Congress from California desire to express to you their congratulations on the auspicious political conditions under which you have assembled in convention to adopt a platform and select candidates for the coming campaign. That we have been detained here longer than was anticipated is due mainly to the fact that we did not sufficiently estimate the perverse tendencies of the Democratic party. The Democratic minority in Congress, commencing its career of obstruction in silence and constructive absence, has developed into the actual presence of an organized resistance to all legislative action. As Speaker Reed has well said: "We never can appreciate in advance the enormous drag of the Democratic party on human progress." The Republican party has, however, proceeded to redeem its pledges to the country notwithstanding such obstruction.

The principle of protection to American industries, as declared in the national platform of the party, is being worked out with firmness and judgment; the laws against the introduction of foreign contract and Chinese labor are being rigidly enforced and favorable progress made in securing legislation, making the exclusion of Chinese immigration absolute and perpetual. Unearned railroad grants are being restored

The arms of Italy have been altered on the national seal and flags. The two small flags are left out and the collars of l'Annonciad and several other orders are added.

THE FALL OF A BACHELOR.

Being a Tale of a Pretty Woman and an Over-Zealous Man.

There was general astonishment in our little circle of friends when we learned of the coming marriage of Valentin Sancerre. What! He, that hardened old bachelor; that Parisian skeptic, who scoffed at every suggestion of matrimony; that jolly high liver, who had sworn a hundred times that he "would never be caught!" Yes, Valentin was going to enter the great fraternity, and whom was he to marry? A widow. More than that, a provincial.

We could not understand it. So, the first time I met him, I took him by the arm and demanded an explanation.

"I have but little time," he said, "and have a great many things to do. I have just come from the mayor's, and am going to the printer's—*Passage des Panoramas*—for the invitations. If you care to come with me that far—"

"How did it come about?" I asked him, and we started down the boulevard, arm in arm.

"The story is quite brief," Valentin said, "and very commonplace; but since you insist upon knowing it, here it is."

In the month of February, I went to Nice for the carnival. I have a horror of traveling by night, so I took the eight-fifty-five train in the morning, which should land me in Marseilles at five minutes after midnight. I would pass a day in Marseilles, where my good friends, the Rombaids, of the Rue Saint Ferréol, expected me to breakfast. The following day I would leave for Nice, where I would arrive about two o'clock in the afternoon.

At the Lyons depot, there was a great crowd, but, thanks to an obliging station-master, I was able to find a place in a compartment. I was alone with another traveler—decorated, of severe bearing, with an official air—whose only baggage was a portfolio. Certainly he would not go far with that equipment, and soon I should be alone—alone, the one thing that makes a railway journey supportable.

Everybody was settled; the train was about to start. Suddenly, there were sounds of a dispute at the door.

"No, monsieur, no," said a fresh feminine voice, with an almost imperceptible southern accent; "I ordered a sleeping-berth; I must have a sleeping-berth!"

"But, madame, we have none."

"You should have paid attention to my letter."

"We received no letter, madame."

"Have them put on another coach, then."

"Impossible. We have reached the regulation number. Now, make haste; the train is going to start."

"But I must have a place."

"And I offer you two in that coach."

"In there?"

"Yes, madame."

A little brown head was thrust in the doorway, and then withdrawn quickly, as though frightened.

"Two gentlemen are there."

"Well, madame, I can not give you a coach all to yourself."

"Very well. I shall not go."

"As you please, the train is going to start. I have given the signal."

"Stop, stop! I absolutely must go. And there is this carriage only? Well, they will give me a sleeping-berth at the first station?"

"Yes, madame, yes."

"You will telegraph?"

"Yes, yes, madame."

"You promise me?"

"Certainly."

"You are sure?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

The door opened; in plunged the little brown head, surrounded by a halo of packages and rugs; a shrill whistle cut the air; we were off.

The official gentleman gallantly seated himself near me, so as to leave one whole side free to the new arrival. Without so much as a glance toward us, all flurried and rosy with haste, she arranged her packages in the rack and about herself, with the haste common to persons who have many long hours to pass in a car. Out of the corner of my eye, I followed her little maneuvers, and I ascertained with pleasure that she was charming. I say with pleasure; for however proper one's intentions may be, it is always more agreeable to travel with a pretty woman than with an old man in spectacles.

The cold was intense; the country, covered with snow, lighted by a pale sun, seemed to fly rapidly by the two sides of the coach. The fair traveler, enveloped to the chin in her rugs, gazed obstinately from the window on the left. The official gentleman drew from his portfolio some large papers, yellow, green, and blue, with printed headings, which he settled himself to read attentively. As for myself, comfortably installed with my feet upon a hot-water bottle, I attacked the pile of newspapers, bought at the station, to pass the time.

At eleven-twenty-one, Laroche. The train stopped. The official gentleman arranged his papers, rose, bowed, and got out. Barely had he stepped down, when he was received by the station-master, who called him "Monsieur l'Inspecteur."

The lady traveler came to the door. "Station-master!" she called.

"Madame?"

"You have been telegraphed from Paris for a sleeping-berth?"

"Yes, madame; I have forwarded the dispatch."

"What, forwarded it! Am I not to be given that sleeping-berth immediately?"

"Impossible, madame; we have no coaches here. You can be given one at Lyons."

"At Lyons! At what hour?"

"Five-forty-five, madame."

"The whole day, then! I can not remain in this coach until that hour. It's impossible. I will not."

"Take care, madame, the train is starting." And the train drew out.

She flung herself in her corner, furious, without throwing a single glance in my direction. I plunged into the perusal of my tenth newspaper.

I gave more time to reading it than to the nine first. I recommenced the same line twenty times. I believe even that I held it turned partly upside down. One does not find one's self alone with a pretty woman during a long journey without experiencing some emotion. I should have liked very much to engage in conversation with her, but the pretext, the opening subject, where was it to be found? Considering the temperature, the threadbare pretext of windows to open or close was not to be thought of. What, then, was to be done?

My neighbor, I had discovered immediately, with the scent of an old Parisian, was a woman of the world, and of the best. To speak to her in that way, roughly, without knowing her, would have made me appear in her eyes as the lowest of commercial travelers. The only way to solve the difficulty was for me to find something strikingly original to say to her. But what? I cudgled my brain in vain.

I was still searching a pretext for opening a conversation, when the train stopped.

"Tonnerre! Twenty-five minutes for refreshments!" cried the porter, opening the door.

My neighbor arose, relieved herself of her rugs, which she left in the coach with her three little bags, and descended. It was noon, and her hunger evidently began to make itself felt. She went in the direction of the buffet, to the left, on the other side of the track. I followed her. I could then admire, at my ease, her elegant figure, well outlined in a long seal-skin cloak. I also remarked the pretty black ringlets at the nape of her neck, her gray felt hat, and her tiny little feet.

At the entrance to the hall stood the steward. Bedecked with a velvet skull-cap, he indicated with his hand and a napkin a long table to be stormed. I entered with the tide of unkempt, ungloved, flurried travelers, and hastily swallowed the succession of dishes served to me; the lady traveler took some broth at a separate table.

I got up among the first and went out to smoke a cigarette on the platform. The twenty-five minutes would soon be passed. The travelers, in groups, came out of the eating-room and returned to their coaches.

I also reinstated myself in mine. My lady traveler had not yet returned. I saw her in the little station book-stall on the other side of the track, looking at the books displayed. Though I saw her from the back, I recognized her easily by her pretty style, her sealskin cloak, and her gray hat. Her hair seemed to me to be a little lighter, but that was owing to the distance, no doubt.

Everybody had reentered the coaches; the porter shut the doors tumultuously. "She is going to be left," I thought, and I threw open the window.

"Madame! Madame!" I cried. I was too far off; she did not bear me. The whistle blew. What was to be done?

An idea flashed through my brain quick as lightning. She was going to stay there, in that horrible cold, without baggage. She should have at least her small belongings—the poor little woman! I made an armful of the three bags and the rugs, and throwing it all to a man in uniform, who was near the coach upon the road, I cried: "To that lady yonder!"

The man in uniform took the things and went toward the lady of the book-stall. At the same moment, at the opposite side of the coach—the side of the platform—the door opened and my lady traveler, perturbed, hustled by a grumbling conductor, plunged into the coach, and the train went off.

Horror! I had mistaken the traveler—the woman of the book-stall was not the one; the same cloak, same hat, same style, but not she. I had played a pretty trick.

She was barely in the coach, when she cried out: "My packages—they have stolen my packages!" And, for the first time, she looked at me—with what a look. Heavens! that look—I shall never forget it.

"No, madame," I said to her, "your bundles are not stolen; they have been left at Tonnerre."

"At Tonnerre? How?"

I explained all to her. The second glance she shot at me I think I shall remember longer than the other.

"I am disconsolate, madame," I stammered; "absolutely disconsolate. But the motive was good; I thought you were going to miss the train, that you would be cold—I did not want you to be cold. I beg you will pardon me. Fear nothing for your things; they are in safe hands—a man in uniform. At the next station you will telegraph—I will telegraph—we will telegraph; they will send them to you right away. You shall have them, I swear it to you, even if I should have to return myself to Tonnerre to get them."

"Enough, sir," she said; "I know what I have to do," and she returned to her corner, twisting her gloves with anger. But, poor little thing, she had not thought of the cold. She no longer had her warm rugs.

At the end of about ten minutes she began to shiver. Well might she draw her sealskin about her pretty figure; positively she chattered.

"Madame," I said, "I beg you, upon my knees, accept my rug; you will be ill, it will be my fault, and never in my life shall I console myself."

"I am not speaking to you, sir," she said, dryly.

I was very nervous, very excited. To begin with, I found her charming, and then I was furious over my ridiculous blunder. In short, I had arrived at a great resolution.

"Madame," I said, "accept this rug, or, I swear to you, I will precipitate myself from the window." And throwing the rug between her and me, I lifted the window and seized the outside knob of the door.

Was I determined to throw myself out? Between you and me, not altogether, I think; but it appears I looked as if I were, for she cried immediately: "You are crazy, sir, to think of such a thing!"

"The rug, or I jump!"

She took the rug, and, in a tone more softened, said: "But, sir, you will perish with cold."

"Do not disturb yourself about me, madame; I am chilly, and even if I should be cold, it will only be the punishment of my unpardonable stupidity."

"Say of your too great haste, for you are right, the intention was good; but how could you have taken that lady me?"

"Because she appeared to me charming."

She smiled; the ice was broken—the ice of the conversation, be it understood, for, otherwise, I shivered. But he quickly I forgot the cold and the journey and all! She was delicious, exquisite, adorable.

She loved travel, like myself; she had been in Italy like myself; in Spain, like myself; she dreamed of going to Egypt, still like myself; in literature, in music in everything, the same tastes as my own. And the thought of this! A crowd of general connections. She was intimate with the Saint-Chamas, with the Savnoys, with the Montbazons, above all. To think that I had, perhaps, met her twenty times in those salons, and that I had never noticed her!

She spoke naively, amiably, with the charming simplicity that I admired so much. A slight—very slight—provincial accent, imperceptible—a warble rather, gave to her words light skipping of a bird. To profit by the situation—to audacious, Don Juan, cavalier, all that I wished—thought did not even enter my head. It would have been vulgar, and such a woman could inspire nothing vulgar. I conversed, naturally, with keen pleasure. And that was

Though I did everything in the world to conceal it, he

At Dijon (two-twenty), my right foot was seized; we

graphed to Tonnerre for the things left behind.

At Macon (four-forty-five), it was the turn of the left

we received a dispatch from Tonnerre, saying the baggage

would arrive at Marseilles the following day.

At Lyon-Perrache (five-forty-eight), my left hand beca

insensible; she forgot to claim her sleeping-berth.

At Valence (eight-three), my right hand followed the

ample of the left; I learned that she was a widow and w

out children.

At Avignon (nine-fifty-nine), my nose turned violet.

understood that she had never loved her first husband.

Marseilles at last (twelve-five), I sneezed violently t

times; she handed me my rug and said, graciously: "

revoir."

Au revoir! Ah, I was wild!

I passed the night at the Hotel de Noailles—an agita

night, full of thoughts of her.

The following morning, when I awoke, I had the most l

rible cold in the head imaginable. Would I dare pres

myself in that state to my friends the Rombaids? B

Travelers must take travelers' chances. They would t

me as I was, and the next day I would cure myself in the

at Nice.

That excellent Rombaids had invited several friends in

honor, and among the persons there was my traveler—

charmer.

When I was presented to her, an imperceptible smile pla

about her lips. I bowed and said: "And Tonnerre?"

"I have them," she whispered.

We sat down at table.

"What a cold, my good fellow!" cried Rombaids; "wh

in the devil did you get it? In the cars, perhaps?"

"Possibly," I replied; "but, to tell the truth, I do not re

it."

Nobody understood this odd remark, but I felt the soft

friendly glance of my traveler glide toward me across

table.

What more shall I tell you? The following day I did

leave for Nice, and I am to be married in a fortnight

Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Jacq

Normand by Becca Middleton Samson.

Princess Dolgorouki, the morganatic wife of the late C

has just published her memoirs in Russia. Every availa

copy, however, has been pounced upon immediately by

police. The princess gives a graphic account of what I

pened on the very eve of the assassination of the ill-f

Alexander the Second. During the evening before the tr

event, she was in a room adjoining that in which the po

report for the day was being submitted to the empe

When Colonel Stauden mentioned that soldiers, in wh

more trust could be reposed, had been stationed on gu

at the palace, the Czar displayed great irritation, exclaim

"What! am I surrounded by traitors even in my own hou

If such be the case, the most ragged beggar is hap

than I. Well, I shall appeal to the people; dwell am

them, and show them that I have confidence in them, and

not fear the cowardly assassins who dare not emerge fr

their obscurity!" His majesty then went into the room

which the princess was sitting, and said that he had deci

on going to Vienna, although the Russians were hated t

since his father died. Afterward, at midnight, the unhappy

peror discovered, to his horror, that his favorite dog Tri

had been poisoned, and, flying again into a violent rage,

overwhelmed his valet with abuse and threats. The princ

had begged Alexander the Second not to go out on the n

row; but at nine o'clock in the morning a note was brough

her which betrayed the nervous agitation to which the un

fortunate monarch was a prey. He had begun by saying t

in conformity with her wishes and his promise, he would re

at home; but he had scratched out the words and w

written that he would go out. The princess, looking ou

the window, saw the guards passing by in confus

Soon afterward, she heard of the emperor's death.

hurried to the Winter Palace and threw herself on

mangled and bleeding corpse. Then Alexander the T

told her that his father had uttered her name with his dy

breath.

In regard to the foregoing, it is only fair to say that the

dispatches declare that the memoirs are fraudulent.

THE LAST MIRACLE PLAY.

Christ's Life and Death as Played at Oberammergau.

The last of the miracle plays is celebrating its twentieth decade in this year of grace 1890.

Ever since 1633, an unbroken succession of representations has been given by the inhabitants of this obscure little mlet, which nestles in a valley surrounded by noble mountains. The quietude of such a spot under ordinary circumstances, and the simplicity of the life led by these peasants, could seem to be the best preparation for the presentment so sacred a drama as the life and death of Christ, and earnest devotion and humble reverence with which the role is carried out places the "Passion Play" above the ordinary canons of criticism. It is not fair to regard that theatrical performance which is not only a solemn fulfillment of a vow, but also a true act of worship, made by a devout people.

Early in the seventeenth century, a terrible pest was ravaging that part of Europe, and Oberammergau, from its isolation, hoped to escape the contagion, for which purpose the strictest quarantine had been ordered by the chiefs of the village. A native, who had been engaged in some work outside the hounds, desiring to celebrate a festival in his home, crept in unawares, with the result of some forty deaths. The terrified villagers, in solemn assembly, vowed that they and their children's children would represent the passion and death of Christ every ten years forever, and the plague was stayed.

First, the play was a mere development of the ancient Miracle Play," which was used as a pictorial instruction for the ignorant in the middle ages, when the arts of reading and writing were strictly confined to the monasteries, and it contained much of the grotesque and comic element which characterized those old prototypes of the modern drama. At these things became a scandal, and provoked the righteous indignation of the Bishop of Salzburg, at the end of last century, so that in consequence all sacred plays were suppressed. The "Passion Play" at Oberammergau, however, is suffered to continue undisturbed; the text was revised if the objectionable portions expunged. In 1840, a beautiful and poetic version in blank verse was written by one Alois Daisnerherger, a man of true culture, to whose kindly fluency as village pastor the peasants owe much of their additional reverence for their play. The stately choruses now in use, which are interspersed during the day between the representations, are also his work, and add a dignity to the whole; but, rightly or wrongly, the Daisnerherger version of the play has been discarded, and a prose text substituted, which is full of dramatic crispness, although less poetical, and is enabled the authors to insert homely passages from the Bible itself, which the exigencies of blank verse did not allow. The music of the choruses, moreover, is also native work, and was written early in this century by Rochus Dedler, the school-master and organist of the village. It is at once solemn and impressive, and is thoroughly suited to the purpose for which it was written. This is not surprising, since this part of the Bavarian highlands is the home of the zither, and most every one possesses a natural talent for both singing and playing.

Every possible step is taken to prevent the intrusion of worldly or sordid motives in the conduct of the performance. He custom still, obtains for the hurgomaster to allot accommodation to visitors in the village, and seats are then obtained; the peasant host at fixed invariable prices. The peasants are not allowed to charge more than what seems a very small sum for board and lodging. Strangers are still regarded by the happy people as sympathizing spectators, and not as mere money-ducts, and the decennial contact with European and Western vulgarity does not seem to have smirched the character of this kindly race. The Bavarian peasant is a high-spirited gentleman, with the courteous grace which so often distinguishes the mountain tribe.

Great care is exercised in the important choice of a cast, to prevent favoritism and jealousy, it is intrusted to forty-five householders, who arrange the parts by voting at the end of the year previous to the performance. Sometimes very different parts are played by the same man on different occasions, e. g., the St. John of last decade is the Judas of this, but, if possible, the same cast is adhered to, so that familiarity with a part may heighten its effect. Thus Johann Lang, the hurgomaster, plays Caiaphas for the fourth, Jacob Hett, Peter for the fourth, Thomas Rendl, Pilate for the second time, and Josef Mayr, Christ for the third time. The play is begun as early as five in the morning, when the hand of the layers marches with drum and trumpet through the village, after which they all troop to mass in the church as a fit preparation for the part each has to sustain. At eight o'clock a big gun booms away among the hills, which is the signal for the entrance of the chorus, robed in classically flowing garments, and golden crowns upon their brows. The only covered portion of the stage is the central pediment under which the principal scenes and tableaux are enacted, so that hoisterous wind, cold rain, or fierce sun heat upon their faces unregarded as they sing on at intervals from eight in the morning till five in the evening.

The play itself consists of eighteen scenes from the life of Christ, preceded by illustrative typical tableaux from the Old Testament, during which the chorus, in the manner of the old Greek drama, sings a running prayerful commentary. These tableaux exemplify the care and thought of the peasants more than anything in the whole representation. The artistic arrangement of color, and the picturesque grouping of large crowds of men, women, and children, and the statuesque tilloess with which even the smallest child stands, show that artistic as well as religious enthusiasm can produce, without any technical training, and the rapid changes of costume made between each picture denote such organization as any stage manager would be proud of. The drama begins with Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem and ends with the ascension. Nothing is omitted which gives either dramatic force or religious weight to the succession of events

that it portrays; and yet the story is told without bias, and with such perfect fairness that one is able to realize points in it which the Bible version only lightly touches. One is the position of the much-abused Pilate, his desire to please the people struggling with his evident intention and wish to do justice, which latter he exemplifies by having the ruffian Barabbas brought forward and placed side by side with Christ; his fear lest the grumbling of the Pharisees might induce Caesar to depose him from his governorship; and, lastly, his supreme indifference to the importance of their religion. "What is truth?" exclaims this skeptical worshiper of his own gods, and in this query is embodied the whole spirit of Roman agnosticism. The noble hearing of Thomas Rendl in this part forms a striking contrast to the excitability of the crowd of Pharisees clamoring for their victim, and he it is who was chosen to play the part of Christ during the temporary indisposition of Josef Mayr.

It is not easy, within the limits of an article, to give an adequate description of the impersonation of Christ by this now world-famous man. It is not by reason of his commanding height and singularly graceful proportions that he at once becomes the central figure in whatever scene is being represented; it is more by the dignified calm and suppressed power expressed in his noble carriage. He embodies the humanity as well as the majesty of Christ, without a trace of the effeminacy which so often characterizes the pictures we are accustomed to see. Once, and once only, is his transcendent power momentarily aroused to action—in the scene where he drives the money-changers out of the temple. Any irritation or haste in the use of the scourge, or in the overturning of the tables, would at once verge on the grotesque, but his righteous indignation is merely expressed for the moment by the act, which is done without the slightest loss of dignity.

Great stress is laid on the importance of this act of Christ's in determining his future fate. The discomfited money-changers, accompanied by the Pharisees, clamor for redress at the hand of the Sanhedrin, who, filled with wrath at his interference, and glad to find a pretext against him, immediately begin to compass his death. In the scene where the traitor Judas bargains with the Sanhedrin for thirty pieces of silver, Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea stoutly protest, as members of that body, against these proceedings, and, in order to mark their sense of the injustice, they withdraw together. The hearing of Johann Lang, the hurgomaster of the village, as Caiaphas the High Priest, is very fine and impressive. When Christ is led before him, for the first time he rises to his feet, and, facing his prisoner with folded arms, accuses him of breaking the law of Moses, and his "He hath spoken blasphemy; what further need have we of witness?" spoken in a burst of half triumph, half rage, as he rends his clothes, give the full effect of the enormity of the crime committed by Christ in the eyes of the Pharisees.

The spectator is then taken, step by step, through the successive events of the terrible night before the crucifixion. The brutal treatment of Christ by the Roman soldiery is sufficiently real to appeal to the imagination without giving the sense of being overdone, while the silent patience of the sufferer stands out in full relief against their rough taunts and cruel blows, and they follow the tradition in forcing the crown of thorns on to the brow of Christ with two crossed sticks. Perhaps the most realistic scene of all is that which represents the road to Calvary. The slow, toilsome procession; the faltering step; the weary figure of Christ bending under the cross until he sinks prone under its weight; the protests of Simon of Cyrene at being compelled by the soldiers to assist, until, recognizing in the sufferer the Holy Man of Nazareth, he cheerfully consents; the incident of Veronica as she offers him her handkerchief wherewith to wipe his face; his farewell to the women—these scenes, so intensely dramatic, go deeper into the imagination than any painted or written record.

Then is the great culminating point of the drama reached, when from behind the curtain the blows of a mallet are heard, and upon Golgotha is disclosed the Christ, nailed hand and foot, supine upon the ground. The cross is slowly raised, and for five-and-twenty minutes, during which the seven "last words" are spoken amid the jeering crowd of Romans and Pharisees, he hangs there, with no visible attachment save the nails. After the death, the scoffing multitudes withdraw, awed into silence by the terrible events of the earthquake and rending of the temple veil. Then follows the descent from the cross, so beautiful, that it comes as a relief to witness the tender care with which the body is gently lowered, and placed in the lap of his weeping mother.

Rosa Lang, the hurgomaster's daughter, who takes the part of the Virgin Mary, displays great sympathy in her part. Her face is cast in a more tragic mold, it possesses to a greater degree the expression of constant endurance of grief, than one usually sees in paintings, and her voice has a rich, pathetic ring in it, which fitly conveys her great sorrow. The most picturesque character of all is the St. John of Peter Rendl. He is a truly handsome youth of almost feminine beauty, whose personality affords a striking contrast to the rugged grandeur of Mayr. His loving care of the mother of Christ softens the roughness which characterizes the fishermen of Galilee.

The Judas of Johann Zwink is a curious performance. Whether his monotonous and slightly stogy action is referable to an attempt at modern melodrama, or is a relic of the mediæval comic view of the "vice," is difficult to determine; it inclines to the latter, for, at his reception of the sop and his rapid exit, there was a slight titter among the peasant section of the audience. It has been a time-honored custom for the common people to regard this incident as comic, and, though its irreverence strikes a jarring note in the harmony of the scene, it is nevertheless historically interesting as being a relic of the grotesqueries which characterized the old miracle plays. Though stogy, Zwink is decidedly powerful; his strongest scene is with the Sanhedrin, when he flings the blood-money upon the floor with "May hell swallow you and me!"

MUNICH, July, 1890.

GILBERT COLERIDGE.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Stanley will be accompanied by his wife on his lecturing tour in the United States. His first lecture will be delivered in Boston, November 18th.

Chancellor Caprivi, Bismarck's successor, it is reported, is betrothed to a niece of General von Waldersee, commander-in-chief of the German Armies.

Siegfried Wagner, Richard Wagner's only son, has made his debut as a pianist at a private concert given at Wahnfried Villa, Bayreuth. Apparently he is not much of a pianist.

Colonel H. C. Parsons denies that he has sold the Natural Bridge. He has placed the property in trust for one hundred years for the benefit of his family, and has made strict reservations for the maintenance of a natural park.

Dr. Gatling, of Hartford, Conn., the inventor of the famous gun, is a comparatively old man, but still keeps busily at work with his plans and conceptions. Back of his handsome house on Charter Oak Hill is a long workshop filled with tools, models, and diagrams, and among these the doctor spends a portion of nearly every week-day.

As a result of the quarrel between the German Kaiser and Prince Bismarck, it is said, there will presently be published that portion of the Emperor Frederick's diary which gives a most minute record of the late emperor's proceedings and opinions, from the time of his marriage until his departure from San Remo on his accession to the throne.

William Muldoon has gone to Belfast, N. Y., where he has a large farm, to train three wealthy men into health. They are undergoing the system of training which enabled John L. Sullivan to whip Kilrain. One of them, by the way, has traveled through Europe, and consulted eminent physicians, all without much benefit to his delicate condition, but Muldoon seems to feel very certain of working a thorough cure.

Johann Orth, the Austrian Archduke who resigned his title and rank to become a sea captain, persists in leading the simplest democratic life, despite all temptations to do otherwise. When his ship, the *Santa Margaretha*, reached La Plata last April, the Austrian colony there prepared a grand reception for him. Orth discovered these plans in advance and squelched them by informing the chairman of the committee of arrangements that he would accept no public welcome.

Mr. Gladstone's rule against Sunday traveling placed him in a rather inconvenient position when, at one time, the queen took to inviting him to dine and sleep at Windsor on Saturday night, and did not extend her invitation over Sunday. When this occurred, Mr. Gladstone used to remove himself on Sunday from the castle to the deanery, and remain till Monday as the guest of Dean Wellesley. This came to the queen's ears, and a more considerate arrangement was adopted.

The New York *Journal* recently started a popular vote among its readers to determine their choice for mayor of New York. Some of the votes are as follows: Aaron Herzberg, 94,120; Hugh J. Grant, 71,910; Colonel F. K. Hain, 54,295; Robert A. Greacen, 50,082; Ernest Harvier, 37,909; William R. Grace, 32,157; General Daniel E. Sickles, 30,143; Alderman Patrick Diver, 26,936; Coroner Daniel Hanly, 16,053; Alderman Patrick N. Oakley, 11,216; William W. Astor, 3,450; Henry George, 3,104; Colonel Elliot F. Shepard, 1,005; Miss Emma Francis, 511; Chauncey M. Depew, 415; and De Lancey Nicoll, 410.

Talking about the family name of the English royals, a writer in the London *Star* relates that at a dinner where many notable folk were present the topic came up. The question as to that name was put to a celebrated historian, who replied, "Guelph, of course." It was pointed out that, although the royal family are Guelphs by descent, her majesty's marriage with Prince Albert must have the effect which the marriage of a lady has in all other cases, and that the surname of the present house must be the prince consort's. "But what is the surname of the prince consort's family?" Simple, but staggering. No one knew. All guessed and all were wrong. It turned out, however, that the correct name was "Wettin." Of course no one had heard of it before, and all smiled at the idea of the Guelphs being reduced to "Wettins"! The point was referred to Sir Theodore Martin. "You are quite right," said the biographer of the prince consort; "Wettin is the family name of the house of Saxony, to whom the dominion of Saxony came in the year 1420."

Lord Northampton is a vastly fortunate personage. In 1879, his eldest son, the late Lord Compton, borrowed ten thousand pounds sterling from the National Life Assurance Society on the security of his reversionary interest in an entailed estate, but if he died before his father—as happened—of course the security was worthless. The society proceeded to insure Lord Compton's life for thirty-four thousand pounds, the understanding being that it was to pay the premiums and add them to the amount of the loan, and the policy was to be transferred to him if ever he paid off the debt. He died three years ago, by which time his debt to the society had risen to fourteen thousand pounds. The society, therefore, congratulated itself upon having made a profit of nearly twenty thousand pounds on the transaction; but, lo and behold, Lord Northampton, as executor of his deceased son, demanded the balance of the thirty-four thousand pounds, and, in spite of the agreement between the society and Lord Compton, his claim has been sustained by the court of appeals. The result is highly satisfactory for Lord Northampton, who gets nearly twenty thousand pounds from a fund which neither he, nor his son, nor any of his family paid a penny to create.

WHO GETS OUT THE PAPER?

(The Managing Editor, News Editor, and City Editor seated in the Managing Editor's room, smoking cigarettes, exalting the scoops they had that morning and belittling the scoops of the esteemed contemporaries. Enter the Proprietor and Editor smoking a cigarette.)

PROPRIETOR AND EDITOR: "Gentlemen, there's got to be more pop about this office, or there will be some high-salaried positions vacated. We were heat to death by the Bawl on the Striker's Riot; the Seminary scandal should have been headed up and run on the first page; that dreary old Apache outbreak stuff should have been hoiled or killed, and—say, who was on when that Apache story came?"

MANAGING EDITOR: "It came late; Bowler was in charge."

PROPRIETOR AND EDITOR: "Take Bowler off the night desk to-morrow and put him in charge of the weekly. Take Plater off hase-hall and give him the night desk. I want some pop around here at night. I want some one to make up the paper who knows the difference between a first-page story and the Dology. I want—!" (Exit, kicking.)

(When the Proprietor and Editor is gone, the others smile knowingly and wearily.)

MANAGING EDITOR: "That's the kind of a fool the Lord ordains shall own newspapers. Still, as long as he has sense enough to hire good newspaper-men, he can have the credit of being one himself. You can have twelve columns for local to-night and sixteen for telegraph."

(News Editor and City Editor retire to News Editor's room.)

NEWS EDITOR: "Wasn't that rich—Puffer saying the Boss was no newspaper-man?"

CITY EDITOR: "Pot and Kettle!"

NEWS EDITOR: "Puffer ordered that Apache story himself, without consulting me. He doesn't know a news story from a hair-mattress. Got a cigarette, Billy? Thanks. Keep that Fight inside of a column to-night, and spread on the Strikers' Riot."

(The City Editor goes to his room and explodes to his assistant and a copy-reader.)

CITY EDITOR: "Once a City Editor had something to say about local matter, but now a News Editor, with no more newspaper sense than a jay, orders you—oh, it makes me tired!"

ASS'T C. E.: "What has that luminous genius been ordering now, Billy?"

CITY EDITOR: "Says we must keep the Fight down and spread on the Strike!"

ASS'T C. E.: "Rats! The Bawl spread the Strike this morning only because they knew we would keep it down."

CITY EDITOR: "Yes, and to-morrow it will spread the Fight for the same reason. Then the Boss will come shouting for pop and blame this end of the shop—"

ASS'T C. E.: "The only end with any news sense in it." (Winks prodigiously at copy-reader.)

CITY EDITOR: "Guess you're about right, Jack. Got a cigarette? Thanks. Let's go out and get a wad. Join us, Jimmy?"

(Late that night. Night Editor and Foreman standing over forms. Night Editor with handfuls of proofs, Foreman with handfuls of type.)

NIGHT EDITOR (to boy): "Johnny! Take this to the telegraph-room and ask one of the young professors there to raise it to a four head, and say that that Chicago special must be chopped off, and to rush up the tail of the Sacramento stuff, and ask New York what he means by duplicating the Associated Press with this Prince George rot."

JOHNNY: "Yezer."

FOREMAN: "It's a good thing there's one newspaper-man in the shop, Mr. Bowler, with kids or back numbers running nearly every other department."

NIGHT EDITOR: "Much obliged, Alex. It does seem as if I was the only man with any news sense left in the shop. Have a cigarette. Start the Strike on the first page and let it break over. Take the fight out of second page and put it on the ninth." (Exit.)

FOREMAN (to assistant): "What is this blankety blank Daffodil Cream ad. doing on the third page?"

ASS'T FOREMAN: "Marked there."

FOREMAN: "Top o' column?"

ASS'T FOREMAN: "Top and next pure reading."

FOREMAN (after several minutes' speechlessness): "Well, blank my blank eyes! With a blank blank blank fresh Editor telling you where to put the blank news, and the blank blank business-office marking every blank ad. with a contract position, blank me if I see how we get the blank paper out at all these days!"

ASS'T FOREMAN—"It never would get out if you wasn't a hummer, Alex."

(In Mormon's beer-joint, later, same night. Seated at table: Dunnigan, who has been doing Late Police, and Lynn, who did the Fight.)

DUNNIGAN: "Aw, go chase yourself," I says to'm. 'You may be City Editor,' I says, 'but you don't know the diff between a story and a ghost,' I says, 'if you want this hoiled to a stick.' Such raw chumps they have for desk-men these days! Always having fits about features, and missing corking stories under their noses—"

LYNN (interrupting):—"If it was not for th' loikes av you an' me, Dunni, to kape thim from havin' th' heads hate off thim every mornin'. Shure, Dunni—give us a cigarette, me boy—shure, wbin I tuck in me stuff to-night, I was thinking bow th' devil wud they get out the paper at all, if it wasn't for th' fe av us left. Here's looking at you, Dunni."

(Same night, later still. Johnny riding home to Bernal Heights with carrier, on newspaper cart.)

JOHNNY—"Soy, you knows dat kid wot works nights in de bizness office? Well, he says to me, he says: 'We're de ones wot gets dis poiper out,' he says. Wid dat I gives him a poke in de eye, for de bizness-office kids is dudes. See? Him a-saying de bizness office gets out de poiper! Soy! ef

it wasn't fer me a-taking orders to de blokes in de telegraph-room and swearing at 'em, proper, I'd like ter know how der—don't throw away der snipe, Chimmy, give me a puff—how der hloomin' poiper would get out at all. Dat's wot I'd like ter know. See?"

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1890.

OLD FAVORITES.

Confessions.

Face to face in my chamber, my silent chamber, I saw her! God and she and I only, . . . there, I sat down to draw her Soul through the clefts of confession. . . . Speak, I am holding thee fast.

As the angels of resurrection shall do at the last.

"My cup is blood-red

"With my sin," she said,

"And I pour it out to bitter lees,

As if the angels of judgment stood over me strong at the last,

Or as thou wert as these!"

When God smote His hands together, and struck out thy soul as a spark

Into the organized glory of things, from deeps of the dark—

Say, didst thou shine, didst thou burn, didst thou honor the power

In the form,

As the star does at night, or the fire-fly, or even the little ground-

worm?

"I have sinned," she said,

"For my seed-light shed

Has smoldered away from His first decrees!

The cypress praiseth the fire-fly, the ground-leaf praiseth the worm;

I am viler than these!"

When God on that sin had pity, and did not trample thee straight

With His wild rains beating and drenching thy light found inadequate;

When He only sent thee the north-winds, a little searching and

chill,

To quicken thy flame . . . didst thou kindle and flash to the heights

Of His will?

"I have sinned," she said,

"Unquickened, unspread

My fire dropt down; and I wept on my knees!

I only said of His winds of the north as I shrank from their

chill . . .

What delight is in these?"

When God on that sin had pity, and did not meet it as such,

But tempered the wind to thy uses, and softened the world to thy

touch;

At least thou wast moved in thy soul, though unable to prove it

afar,

Thou couldst carry thy light like a jewel, not giving it out like a

star?

"I have sinned," she said,

"And not merited

The gift He gives, by the grace, He sees!

The mine-cave praiseth the jewel, the hill-side praiseth the star;

I am viler than these."

Then I cried aloud in my passion . . . unthankful and impotent

creature

To throw up thy scorn unto God through the rents in thy beggarly

nature!

If He, the all-giving and loving, is served so unduly, what then

Hast thou done to the weak and the false, and the changing . . .

thy fellow of men?

"I have loved," she said,

"(Words bowing her head.

As the wind the wet acacia-tree!)

"I saw God sitting above me—but I . . . I sat among men.

And I have loved these."

Again with a lifted voice, like a choral trumpet that takes

The lowest note of a viol that trembles, and triumphing breaks

On the air with its solemn and clear—"Behold! I have sinned not

in this!

Where I loved, I have loved much and well—I have verily loved

not amiss.

"Let the living," she said,

"Inquire of the Dead,

In the house of the pale-fronted Images,

My own true dead will answer for me, that I have not loved amiss

In my love for all these.

"The least touch of their hands in the morning, I keep it by day

and by night:

Their least step on the stair, at the door, still throbs through me,

if ever so light:

Their least gift, which they left to my childhood, far off, in the

long-ago years,

Is now turned from a toy to a relic, and seen through the crystals

of tears.

"Dig the snow," she said,

"For my church-yard bed;

Yet I, as I sleep, shall not fear to freeze,

If one only of these my beloveds, shall love me with heart-warm

tears,

As I have loved these!

"If I angered any among them, from thenceforth my own life was

sore;

If I fell by chance from their presence, I clung to their memory

more:

Their tender I often felt boly, their bitter I sometimes called sweet:

And whenever their heart was refused me, I fell down straight at

their feet.

"I have loved," she said—

"Man is weak, God is dread;

Yet the weak man dies with his spirit at ease,

Having poured such an unguent of love but once on the Saviour's

feet,

As I lavished for these."

Go, I cried, thou hast chosen the Human, and left the Divine!

Then, at least, have the Human shared with thee their wild berry-

wine?

Have they loved back thy love, and when strangers approach thee

with blame,

Have they covered thy fault with their kisses, and loved thee the

same?

But she shrunk and said,

"God, over my head,

Must sweep in the wrath of His judgment seas,

If He deal with me sinning, but only ended the same

And no gentler than these."

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Princess Beatrice is writing a hook on lace, to be illustrated by herself.

Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, who edits all of George Munro's weekly and monthly publications, gets six thousand dollars a year, and is said to be the best-salaried woman writer in the United States.

Miss Helen Leah Reed, a Harvard Annex girl, who captured the Sargent prize of one hundred dollars for the best metrical translation of an ode from Horace, spent the money for a Paris dress.

Mrs. Serrano, of Paris, who translated Marie Bashkirtseff's journal, has received a personal letter from the mother of the dead girl, accompanied by several beautiful pieces of jewelry worn by the young artist and valued as family heirlooms.

Misses Lizzie and Mary L. Weymouth are proprietors of the Weymouth House at Boothbay, Me. They have carried on this hotel since their father's death, seven years ago, boldering its reputation as one of the two leading hotels of the place.

Mrs. Mackay gave a farewell party in London, Saturday night of last week. There were many Americans present, to whom she said she intended leaving for Homburg next week and that she proposed hiring a house in Washington next season.

Mrs. Eva Bellinger Hart, probably the oldest person living in New York State, died recently at the age of one hundred and thirteen years. Her early girlhood was enlivened by events attending the Indian wars waged in the Mohawk Valley.

Mrs. Julia J. Irvine has been appointed Junior Professor of Greek at Wellesley College. At the inter-collegiate contest she took the prize over sixty Greek students. Mrs. Irvine is a graduate of Cornell and took a special course in Leipzig College.

The small Archduchess Elizabeth, daughter of the late Crown Prince of Austria, is said to be growing exactly like her mother. The little girl is an enthusiastic entomologist and never leaves the Castle of Laxenburg, where she resides without a butterfly-net.

Portugal has a female bull-fighter. Her name is Clotilde Mejstak. She has practiced for bull-fighting only since last April 1st, yet is wonderfully expert in the arena. At her debut in Oporto, she killed two bulls, and a week later, in Lisbon, she killed two more.

Marie Loisinger, the pretty singer whom Prince Alexandre married, did not die, as was reported a year ago. She is alive and her husband is tired of her; but he, not being born royal more than she, can not avail himself of the privilege of calling her a morganatic wife, it is said.

Miss Abigail Dodge, better known as Gail Hamilton, conducts a "Bible talk" in Secretary Blaine's drawing-room at Washington on Sunday afternoons. Her audience is usually composed of members of the so-called "American court," Mrs. Harrison not infrequently being present.

Mrs. Caroline Harrison owns a photographic gallery in McGregor, Texas. Knowing the vanity of women, she is getting rich by catering to it. She makes heauties of all be good-looking patrons, and those who have a dearth of good looks are persuaded to let down their hair and have a hack view.

In accordance with a curious Austrian custom, one of Archduchess Valerie's wedding-gifts has been a collection of articles of clothing, worn by her in her days of babyhood. Her first wee pair of hoots, preserved for this purpose by her nurse, was brought to her at Vienna by that worthy woman, who had traveled a long way to place them in her nursing's hands.

A recent English bride, Miss Alma Paget, was accompanied to the altar by a very dainty little group of pages. These were her three little cousins and her godson, all of whom wore white sailor-dresses and white sailor-caps, with "Alma" on blue ribbon. Their little faces were as cheerful as their clothes, for Mr. Bentinck, the bridegroom, had given each of them a watch and chain.

Society at Newport has developed a Whatsoever Circle of King's Daughters. Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt and other fashionable women belong to it, and it is supposed that the terms of their league are found in the injunction, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." The members fine themselves when they break any of their self-made vows, and go about privately "slumming," like an exclusive and very elegant Salvation Army.

The Princess of Wales formally opened the first meeting of the National Rifle Association of the United Kingdom, at Bisley, by firing at one of the targets, which is by etiquette termed the first shot on the grounds. The rifle which she used, however, was immovably fixed in a huge vise, and she merely pulled a silk cord, attached to the trigger. Moreover, several shots had previously been fired from it to make sure that it was aimed truly at the centre of the target. Naturally, therefore, the princess scored a bull's-eye.

Mrs. Constance Amelia Hartshorne, of Brabourne Hall, Wicksouth, England, aspires to emulate the fame of Miss Macnaughten, who is credited with having introduced croquet into good society in England at a lawn-party given by Lord Lonsdale in 1852. Mrs. Hartshorne has invented a new field-game for ladies, called "the colors," which received a fashionable trial, with great applause, in Inner Temple Gardens, London, in June. The game is said to derive something from croquet, something from the graces, dear to our grandmothers, and something from the clever wits of its inventor.

The park commissioners of Philadelphia have banished the Edison phonographs from Fairmount Park. A member of the committee objected to the use of the machines on the ground that they were injurious to the public health, not only on account of the liability to cause deafness, but because there was an opportunity to transmit diseases of the ear by their indiscriminate use by the public. It was also claimed that the insertion of the hearing-tube into the ear is conducive to the contraction of various diseases of the blood, owing to the contact of the tube with the membranes.

THE NEWPORT SEASON.

"Van Gryse" on New York's Four Hundred in their Summer Home.

The season all over is at its height just now, for it is always in August that the young men get their holidays, and young men count in the making of a season's success as the little drops of water, little grains of sand, count in the making of the round world.

Newport is having a high time, though not quite so high as it anticipated when it thought a prince was going to light on its patrician shores. The prince, unfortunately, is not going that way. Perhaps his governors are afraid that he may lose his heart to some dazzling American, as they say his brother did. It was said of the noble "Collars and Cuffs" that in his salad days he had an attack of calf-love for Lady Churchill. It was such a bad one that they had to send him away to other climes, where beautiful Americans were not as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa.

Of course all the charmers who were sharpening their harpoons for the prince feel rather blue, ditto the "society leaders," as the papers call them. Mrs. Paran Stevens had made all her preparations for putting a hook in the nose of royalty and landing him as she did the Duke of Marlborough and others, and now he has sailed away, like Captain Kidd, without so much as entering the harbor. The prince is said to be a nice boy, but, like all the Guelphs, beauty is not his strong point; not only that, but he is absolutely lacking in that air of distinction which we are fond of connecting with royal birth. He is a round-faced, full-eyed, heavy-looking young man, with a healthy, sun-burned skin, a pleasant smile, and a rather short and "chunky" figure. Still he is a prince, and a prince in the hand is above rubies.

The city by the sea has, however, managed to support life in the face of this annihilating disappointment and presents a brave front to the other watering-places, which have been laughing at it to their heart's content. It has been gay as only Newport can be, and it has had a great and novel diversion in the shape of the quarrel about precedence in the sacred family of Astor. The Astors have done a great deal for Newport and Trinity Church, and neither of these time-honored institutions can afford to laugh at them. But when the rival queens take the Newport postmaster into their dispute, the fight has certainly become public property. The cause of combat is too well known for capitulations. Both ladies want to have "Mrs. Astor" without initials on their cards, each lady claiming that she is the head of the family.

When the postmaster got dragged in, like a brave man and true, he decided in favor of the younger and prettier of the disputants. He said the younger lady was the head of the family, entitled alone to the patronymic without distinguishing initial, as her husband was the head of the family in the direct line, though younger than his deceased uncle. The oracle having thus spoken, the postmaster retired into the mists of oblivion, from which the slogan of the Astor had called him forth. But party feeling rages high. The rivals go about Newport like Jehu, when he looked up at Jezebel's window and cried: "Who is on my side? Who?" Every one answers to their cry, and the hollow shores of Newport echo to the inspiring beating of the tom-tom and the other calls to battle.

Under the banner of the elder lady, who for many years has wielded the sceptre of the great and only Lord High Muck-a-Muck, of New York, the old war-horses—if such distinguished creatures will excuse the familiarity—have gathered and sniff the air of battle. "There is beauty in the bellow of the blast," you can be sure, when these old Indians go out for gore. The noble leader of the forces will have only to cry to them: "Strike where ye see my white plume shine" to have a riot raging and the emerald lawns of Newport reeking with the bluest of cerulean blood. The white plume is not shining at present. The time is not ripe for it yet. The modern Boadicea is, in reality, a peaceable lady, averse to reposing upon "the flinty and steel couch of war." But when her supremacy is menaced, she feels that she must not surrender without some resistance. For years she has been the undisputed head of things social. She gives the finest dinners in the city, has the most wonderful set of gold plate, has married her four daughters to four nice men, and is the mother of Mr. Jack Astor, whose name, by reason of certain peculiarities in his mental equipment, ill-natured people pronounce with a long pause between the two syllables of the surname. And now they want to tear the laurels from the brow of this modern Cordelia!

The other rival is young and very beautiful—and comes from Philadelphia; but people who are clever can always manage to live that down. As the wife of the head of his clan—an athlete, a man who has been minister to Italy, and can perform the trick of writing two historical novels which nobody was ever known to read—she is certainly justified in upholding her claim. All the younger element has rallied to her call. And they are an imposing lot, representing money and beauty and all the rest of it. Thus the contending bands stand and stare menacingly at each other. The younger lady has custom and a postmaster on her side, but then, back of these two towering battlements, looms Philadelphia—Philadelphia, the city of Fairmount Park and Chestnut Street; of cockroaches three inches long; of red-brick houses with white shutters—dead, long miles of them with never a break to rest the traveler's red and weary eye; of Assemblies where everybody is so aristocratic they will not speak to anybody else, for fear they will get spotted with the world; of summers so hot the car-horses have a habit of falling dead in the street, and the passengers have to get out and pull them off the track by the legs; of immense, solemn quietude; of bad soda-water; of streets that echo to the lonely wanderer's foot; of hot and cold water that is always turned off when you want it; of malaria and Quakers. The one thing that will save Philadelphia when her day of reckoning comes is that she has produced some of the prettiest girls in the country.

Beside the Civil War there are various objects of local in-

terest engrossing the Newport mind. One is the prices which are being paid for what are called "cottages" there. The word "cottage" is rather charming. It calls up a picture of a little rustic abode, embowered in flowers, with a pointed window in the sloping roof in which there is always a lovely damsel with her sleeves rolled up, watering a box of mignonette—just like the first verse of one of Heine's little poems. Down below are a deep balcony, climbing roses, rustic chairs, a dog asleep, a section of stone wall, with the tops of lilacs growing above it, and a wooden gate painted green and weak on the upper hinge. This is what we understand a cottage to be. The Newport cottage, however, is generally a dwelling having the dimensions of a modern hotel, and costing a large fortune to buy and a good-sized fortune to keep up.

Everything is on a magnificent scale up there—a scale so magnificent that it is enough to make the Chicago anarchists turn in their graves. This summer a lady by the name of Brooks bought the "Brewer Cottage," a fine place undoubtedly, with good lawns and a wide-balconied, roomy, picturesque old house, for the neat sum of half a million dollars. This, even for Newport, is a little steep, especially when one thinks that some of the owners of the palaces along the Cliff Walk may some day want to sell their "cottages," and then what will be the figure demanded? These places are fast becoming more than palatial in their magnificence and size. Many years ago, a gentleman, Mr. Barreda, built a cottage at Newport which was said to have sixty rooms in it, and, at the time, created a good deal of comment by reason of its size and beauty of architecture. Since then, buildings have been going up to which this is a mere circumstance. This summer alone three houses are to be completed, which will be the handsomest so far raised in Newport.

William K. Vanderbilt is building one—a massive pile of white marble. It sounds and is rather ugly and not in the best taste, reminding one of the late lamented commodore's mausoleum in the backwoods of Staten Island. A white marble "cottage" is something new in architecture, whether it is beautiful or not. Then one of the Morgans has just completed a most amazing place. It is stone, and from the distance looks as if it was hewn out of the solid rock. On one side it is built in a sort of mongrel Greek style, with classic columns and terraces, one below the other, while on the other the rock looks as though it were left in the rough. In this are cut baths, out of the live rock, which juts up in a rugged mass with a wild and sombre effect. A third cottage, soon to be finished, belongs to one of the Goelet brothers—men who are still young and very rich. This is made on a French design, after the châteaux of mediæval France, and promises to be both beautiful and imposing.

In this brilliant spot, where nature and art have combined with such gorgeous effect, American life attains the apex of luxury. In hardly any country, at hardly any period of its development, could there have been a social life which was more extravagant, luxurious, and brilliant than this. Everything that makes society glittering and gay is crowded together—money, leisure, beautiful environment, unlimited display, handsome women, charming climate, high spirits, and perpetual effort to overcome ennui. The life, with its endless round of similar pleasures, is intensely wearying to many of its apparent devotees, who, however, can not get away from it. A great deal of money and a certain circle of acquaintance—which is the only one they know and the only one they have a chance of knowing—force them into it, and render escape from it almost impossible. For rich young women there is absolutely no escape. They are born to this life and die in it, very often fighting against it, as the girl who sews in a shop fights and complains against her own lot. On-lookers constantly wonder why these women, whose faces show an intelligence higher than that which finds perpetual delight in an endless round of aimless gayeties, continue to be drawn along with the current amid surroundings and natures with which they can have no sympathy. In reality, they are prisoners. The habits of two or three generations are almost unbreakable. And when they look at the bulwark of relatives, the barriers of custom, the outer walls of conventionality, which they would have to break through to gain their freedom, their courage dies away, and they continue to drift listlessly along with the procession. *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle!*

In the meantime, things go gayly on and Newport is glorious and gay, while the poor in the tenement-districts sleep out on the roofs at night to keep from stifling. There is no heat at Newport, for the breezes come fresh and salty off Buzzard's Bay on the warmest day of the year. Every afternoon the gay world drives out to breathe the air, exercise their horses, show their costumes, and exchange bows. From four till six, a stream of the finest turn-outs in the country go glittering by, in most cases driven by women in gorgeous raiment. They wear very light colors, white lace and gauzy materials, with pale yellow-and-blue zouave jackets, and immense, full-lace sleeves and streamers that go eddying out behind and almost cover up the footmen. The favorite colors of the season are green of all shades and lilac, and these adorn women from the darkest brunette to the most pallid blonde.

NEW YORK, August 7, 1890.

COMMUNICATIONS.

American Tobacco.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The following is from a recent issue of the *Chronicle*: "A subscriber of the *Chronicle* says it makes him tired to hear of the kicks of Great Britain against our tariff, in the face of the action of that nation in absolutely shutting out two leading American products. He refers to tobacco and cigars. Last year the United States made and sold 229,719,638 pounds of tobacco and 3,947,000,000 cigars. Not one pound or cigar of this vast product could be shipped to the English or Canadian markets, as the tariff on tobacco and cigars is prohibitory, and intended to be so. Our correspondent justly remarks that the many thousands of Americans engaged in the manufacture of tobacco and cigars have as much right to protest against the British revenue laws as the working-men of Birmingham and Sheffield have to protest against an increase of the American duty on manufactures of steel."

The fact is, Great Britain (without Canada) bought of us in the year 1887—the last year that I can obtain official reports on—\$11,996,000 worth of tobacco. Why the *Chronicle* should make such a statement as the foregoing is known perhaps to those who deal in "practical politics." It has been truly said, "Necessity knows no law," and in defending and championing McKinleyism the *Chronicle* appears to be reduced to the necessity of deliberate fabrication.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES LACEY PLUMB.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 13, 1890.

THE OLD CALIFORNIA STIFF.

Though he is dead, he will not suffer himself to be buried, but persists in cumbering the top of the ground to sickening enterprise and strangle laudable endeavor. Through all his long and unprofitable life, the Old California Stiff has opposed the doing of the right thing at the right time; and it is in harmonious accord with his obstructive idiosyncrasies that now, when the Angel of Death has flapped his black wings over his bald, conical pate, he robs the poor worms of their lawful feast by obstreperously delaying the burial till long after his carcass has decayed beyond the point endurable to the stomach of a healthy worm. True, he does finally step into the grave, but he does it as he has done everything else he ever did—ten years too late. However, the funeral is a profitable one to the State, for every man, woman, and child in California is richer for his final departure.

The Old Stiff came to California in the early days and went straight to the mines. He came with the Argonauts, but he was not of them. They were men of highest hope; he cooled their ardor. They had the noble courage of the pioneer; he suggested occasions for alarm. They saw opportunity when it was golden; he dimmed their vision. They resolved; he obstructed resolution. They were lavish of their strength in legitimate endeavor; he weakened every effort.

They built the canal; he became the salaried secretary. They opened the mine; he became the paid superintendent. They started the ranch; he made a profit on the crop. They built the mill; he sold the lumber and the grist. They established the factory; he boarded the hands. They built the railroad; he made a fortune on transportation. They founded the city; he acquired the title to the principal block on a fraudulent homestead filing.

During all this time, he was actively engaged in sneering at the canal, in deriding the mine, in bampering the ranch, in obstructing the mill, in discouraging the factory, in hindering the railroad, in belittling the city; and most especially was he active and exuberant in denouncing and blackguarding the miner, the rancher, and the builder.

In 1850, he said the placers were worked out. In 1860, he said quartz was a failure. In 1870, he said there was no metal here but gold and no mineral worth working. In 1880, he said all the mines were played out. In 1890, he owned gold, silver, copper, iron, quicksilver, tin, coal, and other mines.

In 1850, he said this State was only a poor cattle country. In 1860, he said it would not sustain sheep in sufficient numbers to be profitable. In 1870, he said grain-raising must fail for want of rain and market. In 1880, he said fruit-culture was overdone and must end in ruin. In 1890, he owned a stock-farm, a sheep-range, a grain-field, an orchard, and a vineyard.

From 1850 to 1860, he said butter could not be made in California, and must be forever imported; that vegetables could not be profitably raised in this climate; that poultry would always be unprofitable; that California fruit lacked flavor. In 1890, he eats no butter but California ranch butter; he almost lives on fruit.

In 1850, he said there was no land in California worth plowing. In 1860, he acknowledged that the bottom-lands might produce something, but that there was no other agricultural land in the State. In 1870, he thought some of the valleys might be worth plowing, but that the whole of the San Joaquin Valley and all other such lands, including the foothills, were deserts. In 1880, he thought the rivers of the State might suffice for the irrigation of a small part of the great desert, but that the larger part of Fresno, Tulare, and other deserts would forever remain so. In 1890, he owns many sections, obtained as school-lands, swamp-lands, and desert-lands, all over the former deserts.

In 1850, he was offered a hundred-acre lot in San Francisco for one hundred dollars. He insulted the man who made him the offer. In 1860, he said there was no excuse in a State like California for such a town as San Francisco then was, and that it must recede to what it was in the days of Yerba Buena. In 1870, he made desperate efforts to buy corner fifty-varas in the Western Addition at prices which ruled in 1860. In 1880, he said that two cable-roads would fill the requirements of San Francisco for thirty years to come. In 1890, he owns building-lots on nine streets in San Francisco and stock in nine of its cable-car companies.

He forced himself among the pioneers, sneaked into the Chamber of Commerce, bought a seat in the stock-board, was placed on the board of supervisors by a political boss, and had himself counted into the legislature.

When the four Sacramento men organized the overland railroad project, he first laughed at, next abused, and then vilified them. He denounced the scheme as impracticable physically, useless commercially, and preposterous financially. He threw doubt on the reliability of the survey, the sincerity of the builders, the good-will of the government, and called it "the Dutch Flat swindle." He refused the railroad company the privilege of making Goat Island tributary to the interests of San Francisco, and by robbing the company of its right to divide up its own property on Mission Creek, to suit the exigencies necessary to bring ship and car together at South San Francisco, actually forced the immense business which naturally belongs to the flat water-front of San Francisco away from the city altogether, and compelled the company and all business firms of correlative interests to the desperate necessity of wrenching a town-site from a steep hill-side forty miles away.

He opposed the making of every public highway on every section line in the State. He voted against the building of every school-house from Del Norte to San Diego. He voted against every measure of prison, asylum, and other reform ever proposed in the State. He aided the establishment of no publication, never subscribed to a newspaper, and never encouraged the formation of a library.

He knows he is an incubus on the community, a hindrance to prosperity, a nuisance to every interest, and a damage to the State. And yet he persists in walking abroad when he knows that he is dead and ought to be buried. Confound him!

B. MAY.

THE WOLF'S FANGS.

A Wild Russian Tale.

Paul and I were twin brothers, gentlemen by birth, since our father was a Polish count, who had been deprived of his estates in connection with events of 1863, and Englishmen by breeding; after the death of our father, when we were quite children, we two had been brought up out of charity by a countryman, who taught dancing and lived in a shabby London street.

As time went on, I earned my four guineas a week as a violinist; but my hrother, Paul Bolskoi, became the darling of society—first, perhaps, because he had the most beautiful voice in all the world; next, because he was the very handsomest man I ever saw.

"I've seen her at last, Louis," said my brother one night to me; "the woman I've been longing for and dreaming of all my life; and I'm about to become a teacher of singing," he added, with a laugh. "You wouldn't wonder, Louis, if you saw my pupil," and he took from his pocket-book a photograph. It was the portrait of a beautiful woman—a fair woman, with a hard mouth and cruel eyes. "She thanked me for singing for her, and then she said: 'Monsieur, I want you to do me a favor. I want you to give me a few lessons in singing.' I stared at her in astonishment. 'Ah,' she said, 'Monsieur Bolskoi, the singing-lessons are only a pretext. I know your story; I know that you are of noble blood; I know that your father's property and estates were confiscated long ago, and I would help you to regain them. Perhaps I'm not altogether disinterested,' she said, and she gave me one look from those soft, languid eyes of hers—a look, Louis, which sent the blood coursing through my veins. For I love her, Louis!" he cried.

The love of the princess for my brother Paul had become a matter of common talk among our friends by the time that Prince Vlastoff had obtained leave to visit his estate in Southern Russia. My brother Paul was to travel in his suite, and it was arranged that in the winter, when he proceeded to the capital, the prince should present him to the Czar and use his influence in his favor. They had been gone a month before I heard from my brother Paul. At length he wrote as follows:

I have returned to the barbaric life, and I enjoy it. The prince keeps almost regal state in his great Castle of Samarof. I enjoy the free, wild life, the riding, driving, and the hunting here, and I am bappy, for I am with the woman I love. The prince is already moving in our matter, and has no doubt, so he tells me, of his ultimate success.

Here the letter was continued in a shaky, hurried writing, totally unlike the commencement, which was written in my brother's beautifully clear hand:

Louis, a terrible misfortune has happened. The princess and I were wandering in the park a week ago, the very day when I commenced this letter to you, when we heard loud shouts and cries. Suddenly, from a tangled thicket close to us, appeared a wolf. There is nothing very terrible here in a solitary wolf in summer time; but this was no ordinary wolf. The brute was mad; it had been hunted, and badly wounded by the huntsmen and torn by dogs; its tongue hung from its mouth, and as it came toward us, it uttered little yelping barks. "Save me!" cried the princess; "save me, Paul!" she shrieked, as she clutched my arm. Her voice attracted the attention of the infuriated beast, and it made for us at once. Nadia fell fainting to the ground. As the brute made its spring, I clutched it by the throat, and we fell to the ground together. I got my knee upon its chest, and I tried to choke the life out of it. I felt its hot breath on my face, and I stared with terror at its red eyes, and I wondered whether my strength would hold out. "Fly!" I shrieked to the woman I loved; "fly, Nadia, for the love of heaven!" But she never moved, for she lay upon the turf in a dead faint. The struggles of the wretched animal grew weaker and weaker, but I never relaxed my grip upon its throat; and slowly—ah, how slowly—I strangled the beast, choking it to death.

I turned to Nadia, and I raised her from the ground, and, pressing impassioned kisses on her lips, I cried in her ear: "There is no cause for fear, my darling!" She seemed to wake as from a dream; the great blue eyes opened and looked at me with unutterable love, and my kisses were returned. "You do love me, Nadia?" I cried; and her head still lay on my chest.

"Love you, Paul?" she answered; "of course I love you. Need I tell you so in words, Paul?" she said, and she looked around her wildly. "Let us make the most of our time, Paul," and again she kissed me; "for the man I am betrothed to will come to claim my hand in one short month."

"Nadia," I cried, "and you talk of loving me?"

"My marriage with the Prince Bakouline," she said, "is one of policy; but I shall always love you," she added, and then she looked at me in sudden fear. "Paul, Paul Bolskoi," she said, "why do you look like that?"

"Princess Nadia," I answered, "I never loved you; I loved the woman I thought you were."

"Paul Bolskoi," she said, calmly, "you must be mad; the Prince Bakouline owes you a deep debt of gratitude," and then she rose and turned her back on me. "But let me thank you, M. Bolskoi,"—she said, formally,—"let me thank you in his name for saving my life," and then she turned as pale as death and seized my hand. "Paul!" she shrieked, as she fell upon her knees at my feet, "Paul, my love, my life, you are wounded, and for my worthless sake!"

And then I saw three little bleeding points upon the back of my hand. "Madam," I said, coldly, "sympathy for one below you in degree is surely misplaced." I turned away, Louis, and I walked alone to the castle.

The French doctor from Warsaw gives me every hope; but, Louis, something tells me that I shall die, and I shall have died in saving the life of a woman who is worthless.

Louis, there is great news for you, my brother; the Czar is willing to let by-gones be by-gones; our rank and our property are to be restored. Prince Vlastoff only to-day handed me the receipt from his imperial master. "Count Bolskoi," he said, as he pressed my hand, "don't speak to me of gratitude; I shall ever be your debtor."

The French doctor has come again. My brother, there is no hope, and I must die. It may be a question of days or hours only. Already I swallow with the greatest difficulty.

Pray, Louis, pray for the soul of one who longs for death.

Your unhappy brother,

PAUL.

There were two other letters—one from Prince Vlastoff, another from the French doctor; they gave me the dreadful details of my brother's death. He died, as he had predicted, after fearful sufferings from the mania of hydropobia.

I have visited my brother's grave. I have seen the place where my brother's life was sacrificed for the Princess Bakouline—for she became the Princess Bakouline, of course; and

then I went to St. Petersburg to thank my imperial master for his clemency, and stayed with Prince Vlastoff. One night, as I was talking with my host, he said to me: "You've never been in this room before, I think; the very rug your feet are resting on is the skin of the wolf that killed your brother. The head is wonderfully life-like," he said.

Yes, there was the head with glaring eyes of glass, the mouth wide open, the lips retracted, showing a double range of fierce and cruel fangs.

"It makes me shudder when I look upon it," said Prince Vlastoff; "but it's a work of art all the same," he added, with a little laugh.

Presently he left me; and I sat by the fire in a half-dozed, and thought of my brother and his miserable death. It was close on midnight.

The door was suddenly thrown open, and a tall woman in evening-dress, muffled in an opera-cloak, rushed into the room, locked the door behind her, and flung the cloak from her shoulders. On her pale cheek there was a great red mark. When she saw me she fell upon her knees.

"Paul!"—she cried in horrified accents—"Paul Bolskoi, have you come back from the grave to haunt me?"

As I stared at her in astonishment I recognized my brother's evil genius in the beautiful creature who knelt before me, looking into my face with frightened eyes.

"Madam," I said, coldly, "I am Louis Bolskoi."

And then she rose. "You are very like him," she said, mechanically; and she sat down in the chair opposite me, and stared at the ghastly grinning mask of the dead wolf; and as she looked she shuddered.

"Your brother saved my life, Count Bolskoi," she said, with a groan.

I bowed, but I did not answer her.

"Your brother's was a dreadful death," she went on; "and I sat by his bedside and listened to his last ravings. He prayed, in his wild delirium, that I might never know happiness in this world. I sacrificed your brother's love to vain ambition, and sold myself to Prince Bakouline. To-night he struck me—you see the mark upon my face—and I leave him forever. Just before your brother's death, when his failing voice had sunk to a whisper, he opened his eyes and seemed to recognize me. 'Nadia,' he said, 'you will repent; and when you have repented you will see me once again, and I shall summon you to meet your God.' He never spoke again, Count Bolskoi. I have repented, God knows how bitterly; and when I saw you sitting there I thought that Paul had come from the land beyond the grave to drag me to the judgment-seat of heaven. Count Bolskoi," she said, bitterly, "I long for death."

She never looked at me, but stared at the wolf's face upon the floor, and, mechanically, she placed her tiny foot between the double row of white and glistening teeth.

There was a furious knock at the door. The Princess Nadia started to her feet, and, as she did so, she gave a little scream of pain, and I saw a small spot of blood on her satin foot-covering. The door was shaken furiously; the lock gave way, and a man broke in and hurled furious words at the beautiful woman, who stood confronting him, pale and silent. He spoke in Russian, and then he turned to me.

"You are Count Bolskoi, sir," he said; "why do I find you here closeted with my wife?" he cried, and he glared at me with furious eyes inflamed with drink and jealousy. "I am the Prince Bakouline, sir," he said, more calmly, "the husband of this—this woman."

"And I am her father's guest," I said; "and I do not bandy words with drunken men at midnight. But, Prince Bakouline, you are a coward. Have the goodness to leave this house."

And then he turned and left the room without a word. Next day we met, some dozen versts from Petersburg. Prince Vlastoff was my second; and I shot the Princess Nadia's husband dead, and crossed the frontier within a dozen bours. And within the month, the woman, who had wronged my brother Paul, died, as my poor brother had died, a raving maniac. The wolf-skin rug was the instrument of heaven's vengeance; the fangs of the dead beast had still retained their venom.—*St. James's Gazette.*

Theodore Roosevelt, in his *North American Review* article on out-of-door sports, says: "The hunter and mountaineer lead healthier lives—in time of need they would make better soldiers—than the trained athlete." The observed fact in modern volunteer armies is that hunters and mountaineers, while they have the virtues of courage and patriotism, do not make the best soldiers in the physical sense that Mr. Roosevelt has in mind. They do not submit cheerfully to the restraints of discipline, their stamina is apt to be undermined by confinement in camp, and on the march they succumb to fatigue much more readily than city men do. It is the observation of men who have had much to do with volunteers in actual war that about the best soldiers of all are city dandies and college-bred men who have indulged freely in amateur or semi-professional athletics. Next come the "roughs" from the city slums. The farming population furnishes men whose patriotism is high and whose muscles are hardened by work, but a considerable proportion of them give indications of having been insufficiently nourished, with consequently impaired digestions. It is in the matter of nourishment that the athletic youth of the city have their chief advantage. Food is more varied in the city than in the country, and, more important still, the cooking is better and a more intelligent attention is given to eating and to a right regimen generally. The moral of it all is that dietary reform is essential to the best national progress.

M. Ritt has offered to spend half a million francs in redecorating the Paris Opera House, on condition of being made a director for seven years and an officer of the Legion of Honor.

There are about half-a-million bicycles and tricycles turning in Great Britain.

PARISIAN NOTES.

"Parisina's" Budget of Gossip from Lutetia.

As you know, there is always a grand distribution of crosses and medals on the occasion of the National Fête, and also promotions in the army and navy. One of these has caused an immense hubbub. General Brugère—President Carnot's friend and companion, the chief of his military household—was named General of Division over the heads of sixty-odd other generals all hankering after this same distinction, and severally furious that it should have fallen to the share of their junior. The occasion was far too good a one to be lost by the opposition, which has taken up the cudgels for the disappointed officers, and, as you may suppose, the government has had a very bad quarter of an hour. In point of fact, General Brugère is a very brilliant soldier, and by no means the carpet-knight his adversaries would have the world suppose. If he never got wounded in the field, he had his luck to thank for it—he never stayed away when bullets were flying about; true, he was less lucky at Marly, when some one, popping at the partridges, discharged his gun into the poor general's loins and laid him on a bed of sickness for six months. There are uncharitable souls who declare that the careless he was none other than M. Carnot himself, but I do not believe this, and do not want you to believe it either. There are plenty of reasons why the chief of the military household of the Elysée should be promoted to the highest grade in the army—the republic declines to create marshals—and we need not pretend to imagine that the rank was conferred in exchange for a few ounces of lead. After the wrath of the ultras on both sides—the extreme left was almost as angry as the right—had been allowed full play for a week, M. de Freycinet got up in the house and declared he alone was responsible for the promotion, and that the president had nothing to do with it at all. Now this, to say the least, was magnanimous, for the present minister of war is well known to have a hankering after the presidency, and—failing Carnot—his chance is the best.

This incident must have been a terrible damper, and I pity M. Carnot from my heart. He means so well, poor man, and has played his part with such noble disinterestedness. Not a single relative has he helped to honors or affluence. His sons are serving in the army or preparing their "exams," like other young men of their age; no extraordinary privileges are asked or conferred upon them; they take their luck with the rest. True, they ride papa's horses and use papa's brougham, but you would not have them hire a hack by the bour or drive in cabs when the Elysée stables are full of animals eating their heads off. This would be too absurd. Lieutenant Ernest Carnot has with him at Dijon one of the fiery Arabs sent as a present to his father by the Sultan of Morocco, and got an ugly fall off his back one day last month. At the same time that we heard of this young fellow's mishap, we were informed that he had fallen a victim in another direction, and was in love with his general's daughter. Marriage in France always follows very quickly on such an announcement, and I suppose there will be a grand wedding to chronicle before long. If Lieutenant Carnot's future father-in-law thinks he is not only furthering his child's happiness, but doing himself and family a good turn, I expect he will find out his mistake. All the intimates of the Elysée know with what fear and horror the president looks upon his present son-in-law, and it is not to be supposed he will feel more inclined to favor a daughter-in-law. He does not want to be a second Grévy, and scents a Wilson in every connection by marriage.

The question, Is society accountable for the lives of the units of which it is composed? has been discussed with a good deal of warmth just lately, apropos of a fearful drama which was enacted a few days since. The fact that a whole family of eight persons should have sought refuge from poverty in death has excited horror and consternation throughout the entire city. Many do not hesitate to lay the onus of the crime on the government—well, it must have a broad back nowadays—or, at least, upon its administrators, and say, with Horatio, "There is something rotten in the state of Denmark." I am afraid party spirit has to do with this assertion, the more so, that each time it appears in the papers it is followed by the words: "Such a thing never happened under the empire . . . or monarchy," according to the particular shade of conservatism professed by the writer. One is as fair as another. I doubt whether a similar case is to be found in the records of the century, under king, emperor, or republic. Hayem had six children; he had been out of work for a long time and they were terribly poor. There was no bread in the house; everything had been sold that could be converted into bread; the landlord had threatened to turn them out, as no rent was forthcoming, and the credit of the family was exhausted. One day, the unfortunate man confessed he had lost all hope and that he must die; his wife told him she should die with him, and four of the elder children declared that they had no desire to outlive their parents; whereupon, the biggest girl was sent out to beg a bushel of charcoal. Three days afterward, the whole family was found stark dead—all but the poor mother, who had unconsciously drawn the blankets over her face and so was saved—I will not say spared—rather dragged back to life, to bemoan her murdered little ones, her dead husband. What cruelty there may be in kindness! It does not appear that Hayem ever solicited relief of any kind, or, after all, the administration was not so much to blame; rather the neighbors, who must have known of the state of destitution to which the family was reduced. The man, of course, was guilty of manslaughter as well as suicide, and the woman, who escaped, might have been tried as an accessory to the crime; but the court has been humane and declines to prosecute. A deputy asked the House to vote a pension for the survivor of this tragedy, but, as may be supposed, this would be an incentive to suicide, and would not be entertained for a moment. She will not want, however; many kindly souls have come to her aid, the municipality among them.

PARIS, July 24, 1890.

PARISINA.

VANITY FAIR.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, or Mrs. Herbert D. Ward, as she is now, utters, through the *Forum*, a cry of horror at what seems to her the passing away of feminine modesty under the corrosion of the prevailing fashions of dress, latitude of speech, and familiarity with sights and scenes which once would have been deemed unfit for the eyes of pure women. To her thinking, the theatre, the ball-room, the art gallery, and the dinner-table are uniting to blunt feminine delicacy, and the time has come for a concerted effort, on the part of all good people, to counteract their corrupting influence. Already she is distressed because too often she misses in the eyes of the girls of to-day the "indestructible expression of the eye which distinguishes a modest girl from a matron." She is "confused" at "the ease, nay, the eagerness, with which our young girls attend and seem to prefer those plays where the ballet is enough to make any gentleman uncomfortable"; seeing with composure "sights and suggestions from which any pure girl ought to revolt." The promiscuous dances of society seem to her of a still coarser influence. The "liberties of the ball-room" startle her sense of propriety; the clapping of a pure woman in the arms of depraved men, where she is held "for the length of an intoxicating piece of music"; "the styles of undress which now disgrace our sex," and the general tone and manners. The prevalence of "drinking habits" among ladies terrifies this good New England woman, who tells us that the first young man she questioned on the subject answered at once that he had "often danced with young ladies who were intoxicated," and that it is "not an uncommon thing to meet them 'too far gone' to converse." The freedom of speech prevalent in society sends the blush to her face. "In the old times," she says, "a modest wife hardly conversed with her own husband as young women may be known to do to-day with young men of their acquaintance." She tells of a distinguished foreigner who thought his hostess had insulted him by having him take "a disreputable woman down to dinner," though of course his companion was of an exalted social position. Her pen can not even describe the indecency of the dress of a lady of high character and society whom she mentions. "How," she asks, "shall we characterize the too-low corsage, with some nothing for a sleeve; the lower bodice, with no sleeve at all; nudity covered by transparency, and what is known as the V-back?" "Are our ladies," she asks, "morally insane, or mentally? Do they know what they are doing?"

Upon this "cry of horror," the New York *Sun* comments as follows: "Undoubtedly they know exactly what they are doing and why they are doing it, and they are not mad, either. They are simply making the most of their physical attractions to the extent allowed by the conventions of society, as it is in their nature to do, and as women have always done under the permission of custom. The ball-room dress of this period is about the same as it has been for centuries, so far as exposure goes. Mrs. Ward has only to study the fashion-plates of the past to verify this statement. It was not worn in New England villages, was unknown in the Puritan society of Boston, but it was almost obligatory on the world of fashion. The reason why she discovers it now as a shocking novelty is that the gay world and its customs have greatly extended in our day, so that the historical ball-room costume is now brought to her provincial eyes. The dress of the ballet, too, is purely conventional, and if the petticoats have been shortened during the last generation, or since Fanny Elssler's days, it has not been at any sacrifice of modesty, for the longer dress may be more immodest. Modesty and immodesty are in the dance or the dancer, if they be present at all, not in the costume. If young girls look on unabashed, it is not because of the impurity of their minds, but because the suggestion of evil does not come to them from the conventional dress. For the same reason, habit and custom prevent ball-room usages from afflicting them as they afflict Mrs. Ward, accustomed only to be high gowns and restrained manners of the village party. Yet there is something worth serious consideration in what she says, more particularly as to the laxity of speech used and tolerated in polite society of this period. We were once provincial in our queamishness in that respect, but there is such a thing as going too far in the opposite direction. It is also true that more American ladies drink wine than formerly, though the young man who told Mrs. Ward that they are often intoxicated at balls presumed on her ignorance and innocence."

When American visitors to London are told that servant-girls pay British soldiers so much a Sunday—ranging from seventy-five cents to one dollar, according to rank—to walk out with them for the day, drinks included, they are inclined to scoff. Nevertheless, this is perfectly true. There are hundreds of poor little "slaves" in the London boarding-houses, inns, and hotels who are perfectly content to work their fingers to the bone, week after week, if they can only manage to save enough to pay their pet soldier for his Sunday out and march in across the common in Hyde Park, the admiration and envy of numberless other little "slaves" who have not been so fortunate. The girls go

down in shoals in front of the Wellington Barracks on Sunday, when the soldiers come out for parade, select their men, and arrange with them for a day's escort on a purely commercial basis. As a rule, this means nothing immoral. The servant-girl simply hires the smart-looking soldier, with his cane, to parade her about the park from two in the afternoon till nine at night, and see her safely to her mistress's door. In many cases, the soldiers get into intimate relations with the girls, marry them, with or without leave, or have children by them on promise of marriage when leave can be obtained.

July 23, 1851, at a ball at Lowell, Mass., the Bloomer costume was first brought practically before the notice of the world. "It was an attempt," says a British chronicler, "to substitute for the cumbersome, inconvenient, inelegant, and, in many other respects, objectionable dress which then prevailed, one of a light, graceful, and convenient character." In her temperance journal, the *Lily*, then edited by Mrs. Bloomer, she adverts to the picturesque dress of Polish ladies, with high fur-trimmed boots and short tunic skirt, and she asks: "If delicacy requires that the skirt should be long, why do our ladies a dozen times a day commit the indecency of raising their dresses, which have already been sweeping the sidewalks, to prevent their dragging in the mud of the streets? Surely a few spots of mud added to the refuse of the sidewalks on the hem of their garment, are not to be compared to the charge of indecency to which the display they make might subject them." The Briton above quoted adds: "To revive a joke of John Wilkes, Mrs. Bloomer took the sense of the ward on the subject, but fashion took the non-sense and carried it ten to one."

This is Max O'Rell's idea of "the type of ideal beauty."

R—Take the hair of a Hindoo,
The nose of a Greek,
The mouth of the English,
The complexion of a German,
The height of a Norwegian,
The feet of a Chinese woman,
The teeth of an African,
The arm of a Belgian,
The leg of an Italian girl,
The eye of a Spaniard,
The grace of a French woman,
And you will have an American beauty.

It would be exceedingly interesting if the proprietors of hotels and swell boarding-houses at the various resorts would submit as a part of their prospectus for the season, a programme of the day, which is possible of accomplishment by lovers, when they summer at such places. The programme of two lovers at Atlantic City is said to develop itself as follows: They breakfast at eight-thirty, take a morning walk, return to the hotel, and then go to the beach. They go in bathing from the same bath-house, from two rooms adjoining each other, after which Juliet is buried in the sand, and then Romeo lays himself beside her. Dinner over, they seek a remote part of the hotel, where they remain until supper. They take a drive after tea, return to the hotel at nine o'clock, and sit on the dark side of the veranda until eleven-thirty, when Juliet retires. Romeo wanders aimlessly about for ten or fifteen minutes, making no new acquaintances, and then goes to bed. Same programme next day.

The term "pin-money" thus originated: "Long after the invention of pins in the fourteenth century, the maker was allowed to sell them in open shop only on the first and second of January. It was then that the court-ladies and city dames flocked to the depots to buy them, having been first provided with pin-money by their husbands. When the pins became cheap and common, the ladies spent their allowances on other fancies, but the term pin-money remained in vogue."

Social statisticians who are keenly alive to the fluctuations of affairs in society are asking why physical beauty, pluck, and wit fail to tell in favor of women who enter the matrimonial market, as they do when possessed by marriageable men. It is a fact too well known to be challenged that every scarce score of well-looking but impecunious men secure fortunes at the altar, while in the twelve months time not one single poor girl will have captured a rich parti. All this sounds very crude in discussing so grave and sensitive a subject; but when personalities are ignored, the matter becomes of moment and general interest. Let any one begin and reckon up in her experience the number of wealthy women who have married fortuneless men—yes, and gone so far as to endow their husbands with their property—and then put that list against the King Cophetuas who have given their names to beggar-maids.

Some of the *grandes dames* in Paris (writes a London correspondent of the Chicago *News*) were very wroth with M. Paul Bourget, because, in his famous novel of "Mensonges," he makes a famous lady talk of her black-satin corset. Now, though black is very *chouette* for night-gowns, it is not admissible for corsets—these must be white, and only white; no pink or red, blue or black here—pure white, and that satin. Transparent net-corsets may, indeed, be

worn at the sea-side, or while yachting, in very hot weather, but the great lady who "respects herself" never admits anything but the neat white-satin corset into her wardrobe when she is in town and in full-dress. Nor does any good dresser ever buy a corset ready-made; she must be measured for it carefully, and would as soon think of wearing a ready-made dress as a ready-made corset; and in this she is wise, if she wants to set off her figure to the best advantage. Figures, like faces, vary with each individual, and there is no such thing as a real fit without a special measurement. This is a hard saying for women who are not wealthy.

One of the features of social practice in London for many years has been the show which can be made on fictitious capital. In other words, if the Smiths desire to die their friends, and have no special provisions of their own for an imposing display, they can hire all the requisites at fixed prices. They can rent their silver and porcelain from one man, their tapestries and furniture from another, their plants and flowers from a third tradesman, and garnish the dinner-table with the costly pineapple and the regal fruitage of the hot-house, strictly sacred from the knife, be it understood. Such ceremonies of a society that keeps up large appearances on small means are probably not suspected here, but they exist all the same, and at Newport, too. The story is told of a Philadelphia society leader who held forth in great state at Newport until she married her daughter to an Englishman with a name as aristocratically hyphenated as her own, that she gave a garden-party or fête on this principle with almost perfect élat. She occupied a rented and furnished cottage with ample lawn space. The day before the festival she made a tour of the Newport shops. From one she ordered an acre of Oriental rugs to be sent her on approval. From another she had a big marquee dispatched to be set up so that she might see how she liked a tent on her terrace. And in this way she converted her lawns into a proper picnic ground at not even the expense of renting the accessories. There was a rather embarrassing interruption to the fête in the shape of a personal demand on the part of the unsympathetic rug-vender for his money or the return of his goods, but the hostess overawed him before he could bring things to a climax, and the Japanese lanterns glowed upon a scene of successful eleemosynary splendor after a day of inexpensive state.

—DORFLINGER'S AMERICAN CUT GLASS FOR the table is the richest and best. For sale by all first-class dealers.

Educational.

MR. H. B. PASMORE will resume teaching on July 28th, at his residence, 1426 Washington Street, near Hyde. Through six years' experience in teaching the Shakespearean method, Mr. Pasmore has proven that it meets the requirements of all voices. It beautifies and enriches, as well as strengthens the voice, and renders the tone pure and the vocal effort easy and natural.

TERMS:
Per month, (four) one-hour lessons.....\$20 00
Per term of twenty one-half-hour lessons..... 50 00
Per term of twenty Conservatory-class lessons..... 35 00
Harmony, in classes of five, per term of twenty lessons 20 00
In the Conservatory-class lessons each pupil sings twenty minutes and listens to the instruction of others during the remainder of the time devoted to the class. This is the regular mode of teaching in vogue in all European Conservatories, and is recommended to those who can not afford private lessons. In these classes, the bright and earnest student can obtain instruction sufficient for a thorough vocal training.
Mr. Pasmore begs to state that Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, are about to issue nineteen of his songs in a book entitled "Song Album," by H. B. Pasmore.

French—A "Unique" method of acquiring, in the shortest time, complete fluency of speech in the French language, by Prof. De Filippie, containing simplified tables for the easy mastery of all verbs; a synopsis of the grammar, etymology, conversations for every-day use, vocabulary, models of letters and cards, causeries, etc., etc. Price, \$1.75. The Bancroft Company.

VAN NESS SEMINARY
FOR YOUNG LADIES,

1222 PINE STREET.

DR. S. H. WILLEY, Principal.

Next term opens July 28th.

TRINITY SCHOOL,
1534 MISSION STREET.

Prepares young men and boys for college, university, and business.

Opens Monday, August 4th.

DR. E. B. SPALDING, Rector.

SPANISH AND WRITING LESSONS

Given by a young Spanish lady.

826 BUSH STREET.

Miss West's School for Girls

Will reopen in the new building, August 25th. Students prepared for college. Personal application may be made at 2014 Van Ness Avenue.

MISS LAWRIE

Has returned to the city and will resume Piano-forte instruction. For particulars, inquire at Gray's Music Store, 206 Post Street, or at residence, 2108 Vallejo Street.

MISS ADIE'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

1513 Jackson St., bet. Polk and Larkin. Instruction for adults in literature and languages. Reopens August 4, 1890.

Educational.

MR. ALFRED J. KELLEHER,
Teacher of Vocal Music.

Monday and Thursday at Mills College (seventeenth year). Ladies' Class for Musical and Vocal Instruction and Part Songs commences August 2d. Address, 2324 Clay Street, San Francisco.

PROFESSOR SAMUEL ADELSTEIN

Has returned from Italy, and will resume giving instructions on MANOVLIN and VIOLIN August 1st. Italian method.

Studio: 1009 SUTTER STREET

MR. H. J. STEWART,

Teacher of Singing, Pianoforte, Organ, and Harmony.

Mrs. H. J. STEWART,

Teacher of Pianoforte and Harmony.

Will resume teaching August 1st. For terms, address 2417 California Street.

MR.

J. H. ROSEWALD,
(Violin.)

MME.

JULIE ROSEWALD,
(Vocal.)

Having returned from the East, will resume giving instructions at their residence, 938 Geary Street, on Monday, August 4th.

At Home for the arrangement of schedule time on July 29, 30, 31, from 3 to 5 P. M.
Mr. Rosewald's Oakland address, care of Kohler & Chase's music store.

MR. J. H. ROSEWALD,

Solo Violinist and Orchestral Conductor,
938 GEARY STREET.

ROBERT TOLMIE,

FORMERLY PUPIL KULLAK,

TEACHER OF PIANO-FORTE

Has returned to the city and resumed his instructions.

Address, M. GRAY MUSIC CO., 206 Post Street.

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CONDUCTOR, CONCERT ORGANIST,

Teacher of the Organ, Piano, Harmony, and Instrumentation.

Residence, 616 FOLSOM ST., S. F.

MR. HARRISON MILLARD

VOCAL STUDIO,

SUTTER STREET.

Particular attention given to production of tone, style, and clear articulation. Address Sherman, Clay & Co.

MISS M. S. HUBBELL,

TEACHER OF PIANO-FORTE,
801 Leavenworth Street.

MISS DUFF,

TEACHER OF VOCAL MUSIC,
Pupil of Achilli Errani and William Courtney, of New York. Thorough instruction in Operatic, Oratorio, and English Ballad Singing. Address, 1114 Octavia St.

MISS LAKE'S

Boarding and Day School for Girls

1534 SUTTER STREET, cor. of Octavia.

Next term begins Monday, August 4, 1890.

MISS M. LAKE, Principal.

ST. MATTHEW'S HALL

SAN MATEO, CAL.

A SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR.

REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER, M. A., PRINCIPAL.

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES

2524 California Street.

Miss Emily Edmunds reopens July 28, 1890. Larger premises, with lofty class-rooms and good play-grounds. Graduating, primary, and kindergarten grades. Language classes and music lessons. Special scientific tuition for backward and delicate children, insuring rapid progress without long hours of study.

1606 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Mme. B. ZISKA, M. A.,

Recently Principal of ZEITSKA INSTITUTE, receives at her residence, 1606 California Street, a limited number of young ladies who wish to receive special instruction under her charge. Studies resumed August 4th.
Singing—Signor G. B. Galvani. Piano—Mr. Lesley Martin. Drawing and Penmanship—Mr. Carl Eissenshmel. Painting—Mme. S. Gay (Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris). Mathematics—Mrs. Hinkley.

IRVING INSTITUTE



FOURTEENTH YEAR, FIFTEEN PROFESSORS AND TEACHERS

A Select School for Young Ladies.

For catalogue or information, address the Principal, Rev. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A. M., 1036 Valencia Street, San Francisco.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"Seventy-five per cent. of free-library reading is fiction," says the latest critic, and at least fifty per cent. of the seventy-five is rubbishy fiction.

Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman will publish, through Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in the autumn, a new volume of poems entitled "Lyrics for a Lute."

"Illustrated San Francisco," a hand-book by D. J. Kenny, a veteran newspaper correspondent, is to be published soon by The Bancroft Company. There will be three hundred illustrations.

"The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices," written by Dickens and Wilkie Collins in collaboration, and published in *Household Words* as a holiday number, has not hitherto been reprinted. It is now published in a volume with "No Thoroughfare" and "The Perils of Certain English Prisoners," both having the same double authorship, and both being now reprinted for the first time in full.

Profit on cheap literature in England is said to be about as follows: A "shilling shocker" pays its expenses when it has sold four thousand copies; a three-shilling book, upon which grade and all higher grades the price of the cover has to be accounted for, becomes profitable after it has sold fifteen hundred; a six-shilling book when it has sold one thousand; a two-volume library book when it has sold four hundred; and a three volume book when it has sold three hundred.

Penny fiction in England counts its authors among many classes. The dignified "Quarterly" quotes an illustration of this fact lately related by a lady, the wife of a well-known physician. Her cook having repeatedly neglected to send up the dinner with the punctuality which is desirable in a well-ordered household, she remonstrated with some sharpness, and to her astonishment was informed that the young person in question was so much occupied with the novel she was writing that she had been unable to pay due attention to her duties in the kitchen.

Since Postmaster-General Wanamaker gave out his mandate against Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata," the sale of the book in New York has been tremendous. A cheap edition is being hawked around the streets in push-carts, and the sellers attract the attention of the passers-by with a big cardboard sign on which the word "suppressed" appears in prominent letters, followed by the announcement that Wanamaker has decreed that the book shall not go through the mails. One book-store keeps a man standing in the doorway who points to a lot of newspaper clippings pasted up on a board which tell what the postmaster-general has done.

In the April *Magazine of Poetry* appear eighteen out of three hundred and seventy sonnets, written, in competition, for prizes of fifty, thirty, and twenty dollars. The respective winners are a Miss Woods, of Sacramento, Cal., a Miss Spencer, of Catskill, N. Y., and a Mr. Cowdin, of Brooklyn. Mr. Aubrey De Vere and Mr. C. P. Cranch are among the remaining three hundred and sixty-seven. The prize for the best quatrain on poetry (fifty dollars) was won by Charles Markham, of San José, Cal. It reads thus:

"She comes like the hush beauty of the night,
But sees too deep for laughter;
Her touch is a vibration and a light
From worlds before and after."

Some editors content themselves with editing their own publications, and offer their own writings elsewhere. Mr. Aldrich, for example, wrote very little for the *Atlantic*, while he was a frequent contributor to *Harper's*. When Professor Sloane edited the *New Princeton* he contributed an article to the *Century*, while Mr. Gilder printed an essay in the *New Princeton*. Mr. Warner writes but little for the *Hartford Courant* nowadays. Mr. Godkin and Mr. White, of the *Evening Post* and the *Nation*, are frequent contributors to the monthlies; and so are Dr. Lyman Abbott and Mr. H. W. Mabie, of the *Christian Union*. Mr. Bunner, who has edited *Puck* for ten years, has published his short stories in the magazines.

From this item, it is evident that some steps are being taken in New York against erotic novels:

"Joseph Britton, of the New York Society for the Enforcement of Criminal Law, accompanied by Detective McCormack, of the Toms, called at the American News Company, in New York city, on August 6th, and placed the manager, Patrick Farrelly, and two clerks, named Edward Everiss and Edward Flannigan, under arrest for selling alleged immoral literature. Britton was also armed with a search-warrant, and he seized twelve hundred and forty cheap novels. Their titles were: 'The Devil's Daughter,' 'Speaking of Ellen,' 'An Actor's Wife,' 'In Stella's Shadow,' 'The Clemenceau Case,' 'Thou Shalt Not,' and 'Kreutzer Sonata.' The books were placed on a truck and taken to the Toms. The defendants were arraigned before Justice Murray and were paroled for examination. Britton said that 'Velvet Vice,' written by Pearl Eyttinger, the actress, would be the next book he would suppress. He is looking for William Fleron, who translated 'The Devil's Daughter' from the French. The American News Company, through Lawyer Carney, claimed that it was not aware of the nature of the books."

M. Ludovic Halévy has resolved to write no more. He threatens not even to finish the novel begun—"Blanche Couronne," was it not to be called? The work of composition, it is said, now fatigues and distresses him. He has earned the right to rest. What he has written remains. The immaculate "Abbé Constantin" and "Criquelette," and the not

immaculate Cardinals, are possessions forever, to say nothing of the vivid and humorous "Notes and Souvenirs," and the admirable work done for the theatre with M. Meilhac. Who can forget "Froufrou"? And how much duller a place the world would have been without "Barbe Bleue" and "Orphée," "La Belle Hélène" and "La Grande Duchesse"?

An international congress of bibliophiles, printers, publishers, and booksellers is now in session in Antwerp, having begun on August 7th, 8th, and 9th. The following details will be found of interest:

"The date of the opening of the congress was selected so as to agree in time with the 375th anniversary of the birthday of Christopher Plantin, the famous printer and the founder of the *Officina Plantiniana* or the Plantin-Moretus museum of modern Antwerp. *Conférence du Livre* is the diplomatic name under which the congress has been summoned. The work of the congress will be done in three sections, first for the bibliophiles and second for the practical men. The first section will discuss mostly technical matters, the size and binding of books, the arrangement of the contents, the numbering of pages, the illustrations, and the type. This section will also endeavor to settle all questions on a basis of international agreement, and to take measures to elevate the art of book-binding to its old-time rank. The second section of the congress will consider the transportation of books and the book trade proper. The third section will be occupied with the question: 'How may the great libraries of all nations be enabled to secure copies of the vast number of books which are being published annually?' The problem was suggested by German librarians, who are put to their wits' ends to keep account of the 'huge overproduction' of all sorts of literature in their own country. It is expected that the third section will recommend that the government of every civilized country shall appoint a commission to cooperate with like commissions in all other civilized countries in securing for its libraries all foreign works of value, and in furnishing to foreign libraries copies of all meritorious domestic books."

"Black Beauty" is having the same success in this country as in England. Within two months of its first appearance, sixty thousand copies were put upon the market. In England, it has sold to the extent of more than one hundred thousand copies. The school committee of Boston has adopted the book as supplementary reading in all the grammar schools of the Hub; Mrs. George Dickinson, of the same city, has sent two hundred dollars to the publishers to aid in circulating this fascinating autobiography of a horse; and Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt has distributed a hundred copies of it among the cabinmen of Newport. The charge has been made against the Humane Education Association, that in selling this well-printed book of two hundred and sixty pages at twenty-five cents, it sells it at a quarter of the price it ought to bring, and that it pays the English author nothing for her work. To this, President Angell replies that Miss Sewell died shortly after the appearance of "Black Beauty," that she was unmarried, and that the death of her mother, a widow, followed hard upon her own. So far as he knows, no one but the English publisher derives any profit from the sale of the book. As for the price, it is made so low because, in the absence of international copyright, a low price is the only means of preventing the books being undersold by publishers, who would issue it as a private speculation, and not for humanitarian purposes, if the association charged more for it. An edition printed on thin paper is sold at twelve cents per copy.

New Publications.

"Poems," by Mary C. Ryan, some half-hundred in number, have been published and are for sale by John B. Alden, New York.

"Brushes and Chisels," by Teodoro Serrao, is a story of the studios of Rome, with a tragic love-episode in it. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.00.

The fourth volume of the "Publications of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union," issued during the year 1889, has recently been prepared and published by the league, and is obtainable from its Dublin or London office.

"The Greatest Thing in the World" is the title of a little pamphlet by Henry Drummond, author of "Natural Law in the Spirit World." The address from which it takes its title was delivered before a body of Massachusetts students, and has since found its way into several foreign languages. Published by James Pott & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey.

"Starting-Points," compiled by Abbie H. Fairfield, is a quotation-calendar, arranged in book-form. Why any of these quotations should attach to any particular day is not apparent; however, they are commendable and well chosen, and might make good "starting-points" for the day's labors. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.25.

"The Toltec Cup," by A. C. Wheeler ("Nym Crinkle"), purports to be "a story of here and now in New York." Its name suggests all manner of pleasurable possibilities, but the story reveals the Toltec cup to be a harbinger of evil fortune, a "hoodoo," in fact, which serves as a pretext to string together a long list of crimes. Published by the Low Vanderpoole Publishing Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 75 cents.

"Heroes and Martyrs of Invention," by George Makepeace Towle, is a series of brief biographies, adapted to the comprehension of children. The list includes Lawrence Coster, the inventor of type-printing; Gutenberg, Palissy, Lee, the inventor of the stocking-frame; the builders of the Eddystone, the inventors of cotton machinery, James Watt, the Mongolfiers, Humphry Davy, James Nasmyth,

George, and his son, Robert Stephenson; Robert Fulton, Charles Goodyear, Elias Howe, and the workers of iron. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.00.

Charles J. Bellamy, profiting by the waning light of his brother's fame, is "working the literary market for all it is worth." His "Experiment in Marriage" exploited an imaginary free-love community, and his latest book, "Were they Sinners?" attempts to discuss a "social problem" by picturing the very earthly love of a young man and a woman who believes herself married, though, in the end, her husband is discovered to be a bigamist. The story is crudely and ungrammatically told. Published by the Authors' Publishing Company, Springfield, Mass.; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

A very readable book is "A Social Departure," by Sara Jeannette Duncan. It tells how two young women, the narrator, an American, and her companion—one might almost say "her charge"—an English girl of eighteen, went around the world by themselves, from Montreal to Vancouver, and thence to Japan, China, Ceylon, India, Egypt, and home to England. The writer is one of the few women whose humor men, as well as women, can enjoy, and the process reproductions of wash-drawings, which are scattered lavishly through the pages, add much to the pleasure this bright book gives. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, \$1.75.

In his latest novel, "Armored of Lyonesse," Walter Besant has laid by for a time his philanthropy, and merely tells a story. It is not a very satisfactory story, taken as a whole. Armored is the last descendant of a family of smugglers and wreckers who have lived on one of the Scilly Islands from time immemorial; she has had but little schooling and less companionship, for she lives alone on the island with two ancient family servants and an octogenarian great-grandmother. Prince Charming appears to this girl in the guise of a young artist down from London on a sketching tour. She rescues him from drowning, and he tells her of the world. This is the best part of the book—this picture of a girl, untrained and untrammelled of the world, living in this quaint and forgotten corner of England. The artist rides away—in a steamer—and the girl comes into money and spends five years in study and travel. Then they meet in London, where he and three others are rescued, by her cleverness, from the clutches of "the cleverest man in London." This cleverest man in London is a remarkable person: he edits a paper, in which he writes the lightest of light verses and the brightest of bright stories, he paints with striking originality, and he even hints at a play. With all this he is a social lion. But no one has ever seen him at work. Armored discovers that there is a poor girl who sells her verses to him and lets him sign them; that he is negotiating for that girl's brother's play; that his stories are written for him by a Lady Frances Something; and that his pictures are bought unsigned and by contract from a despondent genius, who is the artist whose life Armored saved in the Scilly Islands. Armored, of course, saves these people; but "the cleverest man in London" was too good a character to kill off, and Mr. Besant has left him flourishing like a green bay-tree—managed by a wife who buys his verses, his stories, his pictures, and even plays from a dozen starving geniuses, and accounts for the various manners they evince by "his wonderful versatility." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, \$1.25.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

A Chicago saloon-keepers' journal, felicitously named *Mixed Drinks*, says:

"According to Rowell's Newspaper Directory for 1890, one hundred prohibition papers, with a circulation of fifty millions per annum, are distributed all over this country, while only seventeen papers in the interest of the liquor trade, with a meagre circulation of one million two hundred thousand per annum, exist to counteract this overpowering influence."

A new daily illustrated newspaper, Paris *Instantané* is out. The publishers announce that the editorial, draughting, and photographic reporting departments "are open from midnight to noon." There are three process blocks from detective camera pictures, and another one, larger. It will not be such a great step to newspapers wholly photographic.

Advertising has grown to the importance of a profession in the past few years, and as such has its quota of trade journals. One of the brightest of these is *Art in Advertising*, a handsome sixteen-page monthly. It discusses advertisers, advertising managers, advertising agents, and advertising mediums, and contains ideas valuable to each of the four classes.

The *Illustrated American* has reduced the size of its pages from the unwieldy length that formerly classed it with the *Illustrated London News* and *Graphic*, to one-half the former dimensions, and increased their number to sixty-four, making it a weekly news magazine. In spite of the smaller page, the illustrations maintain their high standard. It is a very handsome publication.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

MAKES DELICIOUS LEMONADE.

A tea-spoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water, and sweetened to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

In the Library.

From the oracles one by one
Slowly fades the setting sun;
On the margin of afternoon
Stands the new-born crescent moon;
In the twilight's crimson glow
Dim the quiet alcoves grow.
Dimly-silenced silence smiles
On the long deserted aisles;
Out of every shadowy nook
Spirits faces seem to look,
Some with smiling eyes, and some
With a sad, untimely dumb;
He who shepherded his sheep
On the wild Sicilian steep,
He above whose grave are set
Sprays of Roman violet;
Poets, sages—all who wrought
In the crucible of thought,
Day by day as seasons glide
On the great eternal tide,
Noiselessly they gather thus
In the twilight beauties,
Hold communion each with each,
Closer than our earthly speech,
Till within the East are born
Prenotions of the mom!
—Clinton Scollard.

A Bookman's Complaint of His Lady.

My lady oft-times chide me
Because I love so much to be
And my honest folios—
"Thou lovest more to pore on those"—
In petty scorn she sometimes saith—
"Than on thy mistress' eyes' faith!
Small good true loves gain me from
From dust and must of printed reams."
Ah! would that I could make her see
What is so clear to thee and me,
How much our happy love-life owes
To those poor honest folios.
She little dreams that hidden there
I found a glass that mirrored her,
A magic glass which showed her me
As my own soul's idea she saw.
Long ere we met and wedded eyes
Or made a soft exchange of sighs.
Nor knoweth she that thence I drew
The thought that, sweet as morning dew,
Changeth the linden life to gold,
And keepeth Love from growing old.
Nor may I tell what things beside
Within those leather covers hide.
How would she scorn my small deceit,
Dare I confess that fine conceit,
That pleased her so the other day,
Was from an old-world roundelay;
And many another charm and grace
That keeps Love young in spite of days,
Was but a bloom that long had lain
'Mid yellow pages young again.

So, ladies all, if lovers choose
A little space thine arms to loose,
And to their books to draw apart,
Be ye not, therefore, faint of heart;
They go for very love of you,
For you may hold this saying true:
"There's many a lover worse than those
Who love their honest folios."
—Richard Le Gallienne.

A Bibliomaniac's Bindings.

I'd like my favorite books to bind
So that their outward dress
To every bibliomaniac's mind
Their contents should express.
Napoleon's life should glare in red,
John Calvin's life in blue;
Thus they would typify bloodshed
And sour religion's hue.

The prize-ring record of the past
Must be in blue and black;
While any color that is fast
Would do for Derby track.

The Popes in scarlet well may go;
In jealous green, Oldsday;
In gray, Old Age of Cicero,
And London Cries in yellow.

My Walton should his gentle art
In salmon best express;
And Penn and Fox the friendly heart
In quiet drab confess.

Statistics of the lumber trade
Should be embraced in boards,
While muslin for the inspired Maid
A fitting garb affords.

Intestine wars I'd clothe in vellum,
While pig-skin Bacon grasps,
And flat romances such as "Pelham,"
Should stand in calf with clasps.

I find tooled should be blank verse and rhyme
And prose of epic Milton;
But Newgate Calendar of Crime
I'd lavishly dab gilt on.

The edges of a sculptor's life
May fitly marbled be,
But sprinkle not, for fear of strife,
A Baptist history.

Crimes' war-like facts and dates
Of fragrant Russia smell;
The subjugated Barbary States
In crushed Morocco dwell.

But, oh! that one I hold so dear
Should be arrayed so cheap
Gives me a qualm; I sadly fear
My Lamb must be half-sheep!

—Irving Browne.

"PASTELS IN PROSE"

FOR SALE BY

WILLIAM DOXEY,

Importer of New and Rare Books,
Under Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

NOTABLE NOVELS.

The Picture of Dorian Gray. Oscar Wilde\$.25
The Struggle for Existence. Albert Delpit25
A Woman's Heart. Mrs. Alexander25
Peter's Soul. Geo. Oliver25
Pierre and Jean. Guy de Maupassant50
Black Beauty. Anna Sewall25
Cesar Biotteau. Balzac50
Fabian Dimitry. Edgar Fawcett50
In Stella's Shadow. Albert Ross50
Soldiers Three. Rudyard Kipling25
Whose Was the Hand? Miss Braddon25
Her Last Throw. "The Duchess"25
Agnes. Paul Kirby25
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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent San Franciscans:

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker will return from their European trip in October.
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding and Miss Lena Blanding have returned to the city after a month's visit at Monterey.
Miss Virginia Hanchett is visiting friends in Sacramento.
Mrs. Theresa Fair and Miss Birdie Fair are occupying their home on Pine Street after a prolonged visit at Monterey. They will leave soon to visit Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs at Seabright.

Mrs. F. E. Spencer and Miss Grace M. Spencer recently returned to their home in San José after a delightful trip to British Columbia and Alaska. They are now passing a week at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. William S. Wood and Miss Wood are enjoying a visit at Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Dargie, *né* Sedgwick, have gone to Washington and Oregon on their wedding trip.

Misses Blanche and Hilda Castle have returned from Laurel Glen, in Napa County, and will soon go to Santa Cruz to visit Mrs. Walter M. Castle.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad and Miss Ella Goad are passing a couple of weeks at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin have returned from a pleasant visit at Blytheville.

Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Cusbing are on the Atlantic Ocean en route home from Europe.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre are at Monterey for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Valentine recently paid a visit to San José, accompanied by Mrs. Rice, of Vancouver, B. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone have been visiting Coronado Beach and other Southern resorts during the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis have returned from a pleasant Northern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Regua are now at their home in Piedmont after passing two months at Monterey.

Mrs. Fisher Ames is visiting Mrs. Stuart at Glen Ellen, Sonoma County.

Mr. James Alva Watt has returned from a visit to Merced.

Mrs. John Boggs and Miss Alice Boggs will be at San Rafael until the end of this month.

Mrs. Richard Ivers and her daughter, Mrs. William G. Irwin, came up from Honolulu a week ago, on the steamer *Australis*, to remain here all of the winter. Mr. Irwin is expected here in September.

Mr. and Mrs. David Farnsworth, Miss Lotta Farnsworth, and the Misses Jennie and Emma McMillan will soon leave to visit Mount Shasta.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe and Miss Kate Jarboe are at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. McClurg and Miss McClurg arrived here from Denver, Col., a week ago on a pleasure trip, and have been visiting at Monterey, and Santa Cruz during the past few days. They will return to the city on Monday and then make a tour of Sonoma and Napa Valleys.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant, who have been passing the summer at San Rafael, have returned to their residence on Hyde Street.

Mr. J. Mervyn Donahue and Miss Marguerite Wallace are still at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. Clinton E. Worden returned from Monterey last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Hale and Miss Porteous will pass the winter months in this city.

Dr. and Mrs. Coleman J. Younger are in Berlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Miss Lincoln, and Mr. Jerome B. Lincoln have been at Monterey during the past fortnight.

Mrs. John McMullin is visiting Judge and Mrs. Creanor in Stockton.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan left Santa Cruz early in the week to pass several days at Monterey.

Mr. J. De Barth Shorb, of the Mission San Gabriel, has been visiting here during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beylard are expected to return from Europe in October.

Miss Blanding went to San José last Wednesday to visit her sister, Mrs. Coleman, at the Hotel Vendome.

Baron von Schröder visited Mr. Peter Donahue for a few days during the past week at his country-seat, "Laurelwood," near San José.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke and Miss Lottie Clarke will remain at Monterey until the first of September.

Miss Crabbe and Miss Jeanne Crabbe will pass the next two months at San Rafael.

Miss Lucy B. Hayes and Miss Mamie Hayes are visiting Miss Marie Bowler at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mrs. A. S. Moore and her son have returned to the city after a three months' visit to the Eastern States, and will be at home on Mondays at 711 Jones Street.

Mrs. J. A. Folger, Miss Jessie Folger, and Mr. J. A. Folger, Jr., of Oakland, were recent visitors at Monterey.

Mrs. P. B. Cornwall is passing the summer at her country home in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. W. B. Wilshire has been at the Hotel Vendome in San José during the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan and family have returned to the city after passing the summer at San Rafael and Monterey.

Mrs. James Phelan, Mrs. George Duval, Miss Phelan, Miss Duval, and Mr. James D. Phelan were at Monterey early in the week, but are now at Santa Cruz.

Miss Laura Bates is visiting the Misses Dimond at Menlo Park.

Mrs. W. B. Bourn, Miss Ida Bourn, and Miss May Bourn have been passing a week at Monterey.

The Misses Dimond have returned to their Menlo Park villa after a visit to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw returned to the city last Monday after a prolonged visit at Monterey.

Mrs. Edith Coleman has returned to the Hotel Vendome after a visit at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wheaton and Miss Wheaton, of Oakland, have been paying a visit at the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Miss Ada Sullivan has been passing a couple of weeks with her sister, Mrs. George J. Spencer, at San José.

Miss Florence Pierce came up from Ben Lomond early in the week to pass a few days at her home in Santa Clara.

Miss Belle Smith has returned from an enjoyable visit at Monterey.

Mr. Quincy A. Chase, of the firm of Kohler & Chase, accompanied by his wife and Mrs. C. A. Kohler, has gone to Maine, and will visit there for two or three months.

Mrs. A. J. Bowie, Miss Jessie Bowie, Mrs. Isaac Friedlander, and the Misses Friedlander will remain at San Rafael about two weeks more, and then will go to Southern California.

Mr. Henry E. Wise is visiting in San Luis Obispo County.

Mr. William B. Collier was in this city on an extended tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Simpkins, Miss Simpkins, and Mr. Harry L. Simpkins will return from Monterey in a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter J. McGlynn, *né* Finley, have returned to the city after an enjoyable Eastern trip, including a visit to Yellowstone Park.

Mr. Ellis Coleman returned to the city last Monday after a pleasant visit to Napa Valley.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Miss Mary E. Pope are visiting Monterey.

Mrs. Henry Barnhill, Mrs. H. C. Bowie, and Miss Leila Mann have returned from Menlo Park.

Mr. Oscar Herold has gone abroad on an extended tour.

Mrs. W. C. Burnett and Miss Gertrude Burnett went East a week ago to make a visit of several weeks' duration.

Mr. William Corbitt and the Misses Minnie and Nellie

Corbitt, of San Mateo, have been at the Hotel Vendome, in San José, since last Tuesday to attend the races.

Miss Jessie Newlands is visiting Mrs. Francis G. Newlands in Carson City, Nev.

Mrs. O. F. Willey and Mr. Frank D. Willey are at the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Professor and Mrs. N. S. Keith have gone to Monterey on a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Badlam, Mrs. Isaac Trumbo, Mrs. W. H. Brown, and Miss Maude Badlam are expected back in a few days from their trip to Yellowstone Park.

Captain and Mrs. William Kohl, Miss Mamie Kohl, Mr. Charles Kohl, Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis, and Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., have been enjoying a visit at Monterey for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Harding (formerly Miss Lillie Jones) arrived here from Philadelphia on Friday to pay a brief visit to Mrs. O. C. Pratt.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Cook are now occupying their residence on Hyde Street, after passing the summer at Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard have gone to Monterey to make a short visit.

Mrs. L. L. Baker has returned from a prolonged visit at Calistoga.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Hooker, and the Misses Jennie and Bessie Hooker went East on Friday and will be away a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Moody and Miss Eda Moody have returned from Yellowstone Park.

Mr. and Mrs. David Hewes, of this city, returned from Europe early in August, and passed a couple of weeks in Boston visiting different places of interest. They passed a day at Scituate, the home of the ancestors of Mrs. Hewes, who was formerly Miss L. R. Lathrop, who was the first regularly settled minister there, arrived in Boston September 3, 1634, in the ship *Griffin*, from London, Eng.; he with others was imprisoned two years, and then released upon the condition of leaving the country. Mr. and Mrs. Hewes were entertained by her cousin, Major Hart, who took them on a yacht to Marblehead and then by carriage to his home, Swampscott. They are delighted with Boston, but will soon return to their home here.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., Miss Cecilia Miles, Miss Sherman, and Miss Hoyt will go to Chicago about the first of September.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Richardson Clover, U. S. N., and Mrs. John F. Miller have been at Monterey during the past week.

The army officers at the camp of instruction at Monterey will give a ball at the hotel on Friday evening, August 22d. It will be strictly an invitation affair.

Captain George B. Russell, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, of this city, were entertained the other evening in London by Mr. and Mrs. Bonyne at their house at Prince's Gate, where they met the Princess Victoria and the Princess Louise. There were also present the Countess of Shrewsbury, the Earl of Craven, Lord and Lady Maurice Fitzgerald, Lady Isabella Stewart, Lady Crofton, Lord Garrioch, the Hon. Randolph Stewart, the Hon. Marcus Beresford, and others.

MUSICAL NOTES.

A Mauzy Musical Evening.

An enjoyable concert was given at Byron Mauzy's piano warerooms last Thursday evening under the direction of Miss Nellie Joseph. The programme was as follows:

Trio, allegro agitato, Op. 49, Mendelssohn, piano, Mme. Lada, violin, Mr. Edward Lada, 'cello, Mr. Adolf Lada; song, "Message," Blumenthal, Miss A. B. Graham, organist, Professor Martine; piano solo, polonaise, E. flat, Chopin, Miss Nellie Joseph; Boehm flute solo, "Le Habbilard," Terschak, Mr. H. Clay Wysham, with introduction by Miss May Lyle Smith; song, "Ever Near," Ronaldo, Miss A. B. Graham; piano solo, "Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2," Liszt, Miss Nellie Joseph; Boehm flute solo, "In Rosenlund," Prince Gustav of Sweden, Mr. H. Clay Wysham; ballad (by request), "Remembrance," Gliden R. Broadberry, Miss Nellie Joseph, with Boehm flute obligato; trio, "Un poco meno Mosso" (Op. 85), Reissiger, piano, Mme. Lada, violin, Mr. Edward Lada, 'cello, Mr. Adolf Lada.

DLXXX. — Bill of Fare for six persons — Sunday, August 17, 1890.

Green Corn Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Silver Trout, Potato Croquettes,
Terrapin à la Maryland, Hominy.
Green Peas, Stuffed Bell-Pepper.
Roast Venison, Currant Jelly and Port-Wine Sauce,
French Artichokes.
Pine-apple Sherbet, Fancy Cakes, Fruits.

PINE-APPLE SHERBET.—One pint can of pine-apple or one large fresh pine-apple, one small unit of sugar, one pint of water, one table-spoonful of gelatine; soak gelatine about two hours in sufficient water to cover it. Cut hearts and eyes from the pine-apple, chop it fine; add to it the sugar and the juice from the can. Heat one-half the water and dissolve gelatine in it. Stir this with the cold water into the pine-apple and freeze. It should be white and creamy.

One of the last of the *vivandières*, Mme. Laurin, has received the military medal in consideration of her long and valuable services in camp and field. She is a venerable grandmother, and may live to see the complete termination of her profession.

A book-binder in Vienna was called upon to bind a volume of one hundred leaves, worth one hundred thousand gulden. Each leaf was a bond for one thousand gulden, the book being the owner's gift to his only daughter.

— THE LADIES OF SAN FRANCISCO, who have long been in the habit of getting their candy at Gruenhagen's Ice-Cream and Soda Parlors, at 20 Kearny Street, will be delighted with its appearance when they go there to-day. This popular place has been put in the hands of the decorators, and is to-day resplendent to the public, beautiful in *prima vera* woodwork, carved in Moorish style, and ornate with mirrors and brass-work. Ladies who are out shopping will find it a delightfully cosy and pretty place to drop in for delicious ice-cream and refreshing soda-water, which may be had in all the latest and most popular flavors, and prepared from the purest and best materials. The beauty and fashion of San Francisco will be there to-day, when the formal reopening takes place.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

THE SUMMER YOUNG MAN.

The testimony this summer as to the failure of Eastern men to be gallant, or even be at the seaside resorts, comes too thick not to receive comprehensive notice (says the *San*). From spots where the atmosphere once chuckled with the sweet snickerings of small talk, are heard only feminine soliloquies lamenting solitude. Rocks which all along the Atlantic coast used to hear nothing but declarations and the preliminary converse thereto, now listen solely to the one-keyed wail of deserted womanhood. For example, the sad "Andromeda," of our esteemed contemporary *Life*, sings thus pathetically in behalf of her sex:

"We sit in groups upon the beach,
A flutty mass of summer dresses,
We break in little waves of speech,
We give each other quick caresses;
But though our laughter echoes gay,
Above the crowd's persistent humming,
Our thoughts are very far away,
We wonder when the men are coming!"

"Oh, careless youth, in flannel clad,
Why waste this golden, perfect weather
Let every lassie and her lad
Go roaming o'er the rocks together,
For youth is brief, and time flies fast,
And waits for none; the more's the pity,
The summer time will soon be past,
And autumn drive us to the city."

The nymph who adopts *Munsey's Weekly* as her organ, chants her loneliness in less original measure, but to the same effect:

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea,
But oh for the presence of just one man
To come and make love to me!"

"And well for every one,
For every one but me.
Oh, to be anywhere under the sun,
Except by the tiresome sea!"

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
I'd give my fortune for just one man
To come and make love to me."

In the *Yankee Blade* a more analytical but none the less rebellious spinster puts the prevailing thoughts and situation of her colleagues into verses in which the high poetic faculty does not in the slightest degree soften the hard, practical sense with which this unwonted fact is considered:

"The Atlantic Ocean is a tolerable ocean,
Perhaps a desirable sea,
And the waves on the beach are good enough waves—
But not good enough waves for me;
And the sky above is a pretty fair sky;
The surf there are many to laud,
But there's no man in sight from morning to night,
And I think the whole thing a fraud.
For the waves as they curl,
With their swish and their swirl,
Without a young man are a bore to a girl."

"The Atlantic Ocean is a popular ocean
With people fond of the sea,
But the sea without men is a dull kind of thing,
And it's no kind of ocean for me.
They rave o'er the glow of the sunset sea
And the moon with its lane of light,
But in the broad day or beneath the moon's ray
There's never a man in sight.
And the sun and the shade
And the moon, I'm afraid,
Without a young man are a bore to a maid."

"The Atlantic Ocean is a good enough ocean,
A pretty well advertised sea;
But without the young man and all that sort of thing
It's no kind of ocean for me.
I know that the poets have sung of the sea
As oft silly poets will sing;
But a bare stretch of beach and no man within reach
Is a very lugubrious thing.
And the summer boat
And the surf and the swell
Without a young man are a bore to a belle."

In all our experience, we can recall no such plaints from our coasts nor any such class of poems; in-volving as they do a question of the heart, they are too complex for off-hand explanation. But what is the matter with the Eastern young men? Are they spiritless, selfish, poor, unwell, or have they taken to the woods? Out on this coast, there has been no complaint. The leading resorts have had no lack of young men this summer.

— A VERY GOOD AND VERY DESERVING WOMAN, who is poor, has, during a period of illness and great depression, embroidered a very beautiful and costly bed-quilt, which is on exhibition in the show-window of Kohler & Chase, No. 1041 Market Street. It is to be exposed to raffle, and it would be a graceful and charitable act if ladies would buy tickets at half-dollar each. This elegant coverlet is a venture to enable a deserving woman to get home to her birth-place and friends, after years of misadventure and disappointment in this land where so many are fortunate and happy.

— FULL-DRESS SUITS FOR HIRE, SUITABLE FOR balls, parties, weddings, or receptions, on reasonable terms, at Original Misfit Clothing Parlors, north-west corner Post and Dupont Streets.

— E. A. BELCHER,
Attorney at law, 231 Montgomery Street,
Opposite Russ House.



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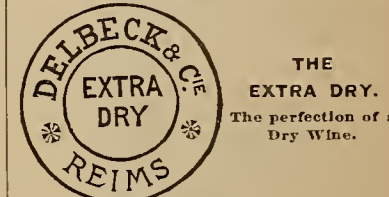
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When General Mahone was wounded at Second Manassas, some one, to comfort Mrs. Mahone, said: "Oh, don't be uneasy. It's only a flesh wound." Mrs. Mahone, through her tears, cried out: "Oh, I know that is impossible; there is not flesh enough on him for that."

A melancholy author went to Dumas and moaned that if he did not raise three hundred francs he was afraid he would have to charcoal-smoke himself and his two children. Dumas rummaged his coffers at once, but could find only two hundred francs. "But I must have three or I and the little loves are lost," said the author. "Suppose you suffocate only yourself and one of them, then," said Dumas.

A Berlin merchant was a daily customer in a noted restaurant, and always honored the waiter generously, as he liked him for his attentiveness. One day another waiter served him. He was much surprised. "Where is Fritz?" "He is here," said the new waiter, "but he can't serve you. You see," he continued, "we played poker, the other evening, and after Fritz had lost all his money he put up his customers, and I had the good fortune to win you. Another beer?"

One of the secretaries of the Chinese Embassy in Washington has shown himself apt in the art of compliment. He was introduced to a lady, who, among other questions, asked him: "What virtue do you most highly prize in your women?" "The virtue of domesticity," was the reply. "Then you do not like your women to move in society much?" she questioned. "Not at all. Our law even recognizes cause for divorce when a woman—pardon me, madam—is inquisitive and talkative." "Then I should be in danger of being divorced if I lived in China?" smilingly asked the lady. "The very day that my country would have the luck to possess a womanly being like you," replied the gallant son of the heavenly realm, "every cause of divorce would be removed from the world."

Professor Simon Newcomb is well known as a man whose scientific studies have tended to exaggerate a natural disposition to mental abstraction. The professor's friends, who are also his strong admirers, understand his peculiarity and overlook in him what might not be excused in a commonplace person. A lady is very fond of telling this incident: She was at a reception given at Professor Newcomb's house. The occasion had been made delightful by the professor and his accomplished wife and daughters. Toward the close of the evening, the lady, who had enjoyed the affair greatly, approached the host and asked him, with much enthusiasm: "How often do you have these delightful reunions, professor?" No polite prevarication delayed the reply: "Thank God, madam, but once a year."

Joseph Jefferson, in his autobiography in the *August Century*, relates what was probably the last jest of Artemus Ward. When the famous wit lay dying in Southampton, he was attended by his devoted friend, "Tom" Robertson, the English playwright, who was also a friend of Jefferson. "Just before Ward's death," writes Mr. Jefferson, "Robertson poured out some medicine in a glass and offered it to his friend. Ward said: 'My dear Tom, I can't take that dreadful stuff.' 'Come, come,' said Robertson, urging him to swallow the nauseous drug; 'there's a good fellow. Do now, for my sake; you know I would do anything for you.' 'Would you?' said Ward, feebly stretching out his hand to grasp his friend's, perhaps for the last time. 'I would, indeed,' said Robertson. 'Then you take it,' said Ward. The humorist passed away but a few hours afterward."

A stiff Englishman (says *Chatter*) made a formal call on an equally stiff English girl down in Staten Island not long ago. He called about half-past four in the afternoon, and sat in one of those comfortable square wicker-chairs. About five o'clock he made a motion to rise, but resumed his seat; the young lady resumed hers. She had an engagement at half-past five, and saw the hand of the clock getting near that hour. Twice the man seemed on the point of leaving; twice he started to rise, twice she rose; then he sat down again, and she resumed her seat each time. Finally, the half-hour struck—then it became quarter to six. The engagement had not been kept; did the man intend to stay to dinner? He did not; he explained matters: "Miss M.," he said, at last, with considerable hemming and hawing, "the—ah—buttons on the tail of my—ah—coat are caught in the—ah—back of the—ah—chair, and I can not disengage them. May I—ah—ask your assistance?"

In Atlanta, Ga., there is an old business man, with snow-white beard and hair, whom everybody calls "Old Exception." When Sherman's army invested Atlanta, Sherman issued an order that all non-combatative Confederates should leave the city within twenty-four hours. This man, who was a founder, called at Sherman's head-quarters. "I want," he said, "to remain in Atlanta. I am a business man,

and had no band in the hostilities." "Didn't you cast guns for the rebels in your foundry?" General Sherman inquired. "Yes," was the reply, "I did, but I had to do it. I have large interests here, general, and I wish you would make me an exception; I'd like to stay to look after my property." "Yes," said Sherman, grimly; "I'll make an exception in your case." The Atlanta man's face brightened, and he started to leave. "Orderly," General Sherman called, "I've concluded to make an exception in this man's case. The orders are that all citizens shall leave Atlanta within twenty-four hours. This man must leave here within an hour. If he doesn't, shoot him." Ever since the war this old man has been called "Old Exception."

The Veritizins were nobles of enormous wealth and power. Paul held a high office in court. One night, glittering with jewels and orders, the young prince, who was one of the handsomest men in Russia, danced in a quadrille opposite the empress. As she passed him in the dance, she fancied that his eyes scanned her gross figure with covert amusement. After the quadrille she beckoned to him, and with a smile handed him her tiny ivory tablets, containing seven pages, one for each day in the week. On the first was written: "The imperial ball-room, St. Petersburg." On the last: "The mines, Siberia." He read it; his face grew gray as that of a corpse, he bowed low, kissed her hand, and withdrew, "taking," says the old chronicle, "his wife, the beautiful Princess Ivanovna, with him." He was heard to say, as he left the ball-room: "My minutes are numbered; let us not lose one." Flight or resistance was impossible. The hold of Catherine on her victims was inexorable as death. Prince Veritizin was forced to remain passive in his palace, while each day the power, the wealth, and the happiness that life had given him were stripped from him. First he was degraded from all his offices at court; next, his estates were confiscated by the crown; his friends were forbidden to hold any communication with him; his very name, one of the noblest in Russia, was taken from him, and he was given that of a serf. Then his wife and children were driven out of the palace to herd with beggars. "On the last day," says the record, "Paul Veritizin, in rags and barefoot, chained to a convict, bade an eternal farewell to his home, and departed to the dark and icy North. He was seen of men no more."

The Duchess of Trois-Etoiles, one of the most aristocratic ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain (says *Racket*), had got possessed of the idea that she had swallowed a frog. She felt this frog—she declared she had—and its presence robbed her of her peace of mind, sleep, and even of health. The Parisian physicians had the rudeness to deny the existence of this animal, ignorant, as they were, that the poor lady suffered martyrdom. A fortunate chance made her acquainted with Dr. Cabarus, a brother-in-law of De Lesseps, and to him she told her tale of woe. He felt, with a seriousness worthy of Hippocrates himself, the pulse of the fair patient, inquired after various symptoms, and when the charming aristocrat had exhausted all her store of arguments to prove her pet delusion, the youthful doctor said, after a well-feigned pause: "Madame, the frog is there, but I will remove it." He then prescribed an innocent emetic, and went to the nearest flower-shop, where he bought a small green frog. Armed with this confederate, he presented himself once more before the duchess, and placed a basin of water in readiness. The emetic began to take effect, the duchess's eyes filled with tears, and the doctor took advantage of the opportunity to slip the green frog into the basin. On seeing the frog, a load was removed from the duchess's heart. The next instant, she turned pale, and, as Dr. Cabarus supported her tottering frame, she cried, in a despairing tone: "Oh, doctor, I am not cured, for the frog has left a little one behind." "Stop!" cried Cabarus, without allowing a trace of embarrassment to be seen in his manner; "that we shall soon see." He then threw a searching glance upon the frog, which he had by this time taken in his hand, and uttered, with a certainty that settled the whole question, these words: "Madame, that is an impossibility, for the frog is a male."

BEECHAM'S PILLS
(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.)
Cure **BILIOUS** and
Nervous ILLS.
25cts. a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

1890
**CALIFORNIA'S
ANNUAL EVENT.
THE
STATE FAIR
AT
SACRAMENTO**
SEPT. 8TH TO 20TH
A Complete
Exposition
With Open Air
Amusements for
the Day, and
Grand Musical
Concerts for
the Evening.
THE RACE MEETING
OF THE YEAR.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiania, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.
BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Capital and Surplus.....\$5,000,000

Directors:
LLOYD TRAVIS, President; JNO. J. VALENTINE, Vice-Pres't.
Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver
Eldridge, Charles Fargo, Geo. E. Gray, C. F. Crocker.

H. WATSON, Cashier.
Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

26th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1890

Home Mutual Insurance Co.
No. 216 Sansome Street.

Capital (Paid up in Gold).....\$300,000 00
Net Surplus (over everything).....244,884.41

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. L. N. SHEPARD
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY
GENERAL AGENT.....ROBERT H. MAGILL

London Assurance Corporation
Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720.

Northern Assurance Company
Of London. Established 1836.

Queen Insurance Company
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.
Of Hartford, Conn.
ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.
South-east corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe
Deposit Building) San Francisco.

WANTS.

\$75.00 to \$250.00 A MONTH can be made
working for us. Persons pre-
ferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole
time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably
employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities.
B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1029 Main St., Richmond, Va.

Good
morning
Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?

VAN BIBBER AS BEST MAN.

How he Assisted a Boston Lochinvar.

Young Van Bibber came back to town from Newport the other day to see his lawyer about the disposal of some property that needed his sanction. He found the city very hot and dreary and empty.

He had to wait for an afternoon train, and as he was down-town he decided to lunch at a French restaurant near Washington Square, where some one had told him you could get particular things particularly well cooked. The tables were set on a terrace with plants and flowers about them, and covered with a tri-colored awning. There were no jangling horse-car bells nor dust to disturb him, and almost all the other tables were unoccupied. The waiters leaned against these tables and chatted in a French argot, and a cool breeze blew through the plants and hilled the awning, so that, on the whole, Van Bibber was glad he had come.

When he had given his order he leaned back and surveyed the other diners. There was an old Frenchman scolding over his late breakfast, two young artists with Van Dyke heads, who ordered the most remarkable things in the same French argot that the waiters spoke, and a young lady and a young gentleman at the table next to his own. The man's back was toward him, and he could see only the girl when the youth moved to one side. She was very young and very pretty, and she seemed in a most excited state of mind from the tip of her wide-brimmed, pointed French hat to the points of her patent-leather ties. She was strikingly well bred in appearance, and Van Bibber wondered why she should be dining alone with so young a man.

"It wasn't my fault," said the youth, earnestly; "I'd no idea he would be out of town, and, anyway, it really doesn't matter. There are other clergymen in the city besides your cousin."

"Of course," said the girl, almost tearfully; "but they're not my cousin and he is, and that would have made it so much—oh, so very much different. I'm awfully scared."

"Runaway couple, hy Jove!" commented Van Bibber; "most interesting. Read about 'em often; never seen 'em. Most interesting."

He went his head over an entrée, but he could not help hearing what followed, for the young runaways were indifferent to all around them, and though he rattled his knife and fork in a most vulgar manner, they did not hear him nor lower their voices.

"Well, what are you going to do?" said the girl, severely, but not unkindly; "it doesn't seem to me that you are exactly rising to the occasion."

"Well, I don't know," answered the youth; "we're safe here, anyway. Nobody we know ever comes here, and if they did, they are out of town, now. You go on and eat something, and I'll get a directory and look up a lot of clergymen's addresses, and then we can make out a list and drive around in a cab, until we find one who has not gone off on his vacation."

"They'll never forgive us," said the girl.

"Oh, well, that's all right," exclaimed the young man, cheerfully; "really, you're the most uncomfortable young woman I ever ran away with. One might think you were going to a funeral. You were willing enough two days ago, and now you're sorry you came."

"No, not sorry, exactly," said the girl; "but, indeed, Ted, it is going to make so much talk. If we only had a girl with us, or if you had a hest man, or if we had witnesses, as they do in England, and a parish registry, or something of that sort; or, if Cousin Harold had only been at home to do the marrying."

The young gentleman called Ted did not look, judging from the expression of his shoulders, as if he were having a very good time.

He called the waiter and told him to bring a directory, and as he turned to give the order, Van Bibber recognized him and he recognized Van Bibber. Van Bibber knew him for a very nice boy of very good Boston family named Standish, and the younger of two sons. It was the elder who was Van Bibber's particular friend. The girl saw nothing of this mutual recognition, for she was looking with startled eyes at a hansom that had dashed up the side-street and was turning the corner.

"Ted, oh, Ted!" she gasped; "it's your brother. There! In that hansom. I saw him perfectly plainly. Oh, how did he find us? What shall we do?"

Ted grew very red and then very white.

"Standish," said Van Bibber, jumping up and reaching for his hat, "pay this chap for these things, will you, and I'll get rid of your brother."

Van Bibber came down the steps, lighting a cigar, as the elder Standish came up them on a jump.

"Hello, Standish!" shouted the New Yorker; "what a coincidence! Why, I've just seen your brother, and now here you are. What's up?"

"You've seen him!" cried the Boston man, eagerly; "yes, and where is he? Was she with him? Are they married? Am I in time?"

Van Bibber answered these different questions to the effect that he had seen young Standish and Mrs. Standish not a half-an-hour before, and that they were just then taking a cab for Jersey City, whence they were to depart for Chicago.

"The driver who brought them here and who

told me where they were, said they could not have left this place by the time I would reach it," said the elder brother, doubtfully.

"Yes, but they have," said Van Bibber; "however, if you get over to Jersey City in time for the two-thirty, you can reach Chicago almost as soon as they do. They are going to the Palmer House, they said."

"Thank you, old fellow!" shouted Standish, jumping back into his hansom; "it's a terrible business. Pair of young fools. Nobody objected to the marriage—only too young, you know. Ever so much obliged."

"Don't mention it," said Van Bibber, politely.

"Now, then," said that young man, as he approached the frightened couple on the terrace; "I've sent your brother off to Chicago. I do not know why I selected Chicago as a place where one would go on a honeymoon. But I'm not used to lying, and I'm not very good at it. Now, if you will introduce me, I'll see what can be done toward getting you two babes out of the woods."

Standish said: "Miss Cambridge, this is Mr. Cortland Van Bibber, of whom you have heard my brother speak," and Miss Cambridge said she was very glad to meet Mr. Van Bibber even under such peculiarly trying circumstances.

"Now, what you two want to do," said Van Bibber, addressing them as though they were just about fifteen years old and he were at least forty, "is to give this thing all the publicity you can."

"What?" chorused the two runaways, in violent protest.

"Certainly," said Van Bibber; "you were about to make a fatal mistake. You were about to go to some unknown clerkman, of an unknown parish, who would have married you in a hack room without a certificate or a witness, just like any eloping farmer's daughter and a lightning-rod agent. Now, it's different with you two. Why you were not married respectfully in church, I don't know: but a kind Providence has sent me to see that there is no talk or scandal, which is such bad form, and which would have got your names in all the society papers. I am going to arrange this wedding properly, and you will kindly remain here until I send a carriage for you. Now, just rely on me and eat your luncheon calmly. Allow me to recommend the salad, which is especially good."

Van Bibber first drove madly to the Little Church Around the Corner, where he told the kind old rector all about it, and arranged to have the church open and the assistant-organist in her place, and a district messenger-boy to blow the bellows, at three o'clock. "Now," he said, "I must get some names. It doesn't matter much whether they happen to know the high-contracting parties or not, but they must be names that everybody knows. Whoever is in town will be lunching at Delmonico's and the men will be at the club." So he just went to the big restaurant, where, as good-luck would have it, he found Mrs. "Regy" Van Arnt and Mrs. Jack Parrish and the Misses Brookline, who were just off the yacht *Minerva*, of the Boston Yacht Club, and he swore them to secrecy and told them about it.

At the club, he pressed four men into service who knew everybody and whom everybody knew, and when they protested that they had not been properly invited and that they knew only the bride and groom by sight, he told them that made no difference, as it was their names only he wanted. Then he sent a messenger-boy to get the biggest suite of rooms on the Fall River boat and another one for flowers, and then he put Mrs. Regy Van Arnt into a cab and sent her after the bride, and, as hest man, he got into another cab and carried off the groom.

"I have acted as hest man or usher forty-two times now," said Van Bibber, as they drove to the church, "and this is the first time I ever appeared in either capacity in Russia-leather shoes and a huesterge yachting-suit. But then," he added, contentedly, "I'm nothing to the other fellows. One of them is in a striped-flannel suit."

Mrs. "Regy" and Miss Cambridge wept a great deal on the way up-town, but the bride was all smiles and blushes when she walked up the aisle to meet her prospective husband. They all shook hands after it was over, and the assistant-organist played the "Wedding March," and one of the club-men insisted in pulling a cheerful and jerky peal on the church bell in the absence of the janitor, and then Van Bibber buried an old shoe and a handful of rice—which he had thoughtfully collected from the cook at the club—after them as they drove off to the boat.

"Now," said Van Bibber, "when that is printed in the papers to-morrow, it will read like one of the most orthodox and swaggar weddings of the season. But still I can't help thinking—"

"Well?" said Mrs. "Regy," as he paused doubtfully.

"Well, I can't help thinking," continued Van Bibber, "of Standish racing around Chicago with the thermometer at one hundred and two in the shade, and of our meeting when he gets back. It will be feverish—very feverish. I wish I had sent him to Jersey City only. It just shows that a man who is not practiced in lying should leave it alone."—Sun.

—Buy JOS. TETLEY & CO.'S ELEPHANT BRAND Ceylon and India tea, in lead packets. Unadulterated, fragrant, delicious.

Occasionally I see about New York the men who have made fortunes in patent medicines. Helmbold, of Hushu fame; Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo; Dr. Kennedy, the Massachusetts Scotchman; young Hood, of Lowell, and others are frequent guests at up-town hotels. I was talking the other day with an old advertising agent of twenty-five years' experience, when he called my attention to the fact that all these and other great patent-medicine men had made their fortunes from small beginnings. "Now, I will tell you the secret of their success," said he; "beginning in a small way they were able before they branched out wide to test their original remedies and improve them, so that they really had something that the public said was good. Advertising made them, of course, but I can show you by a single instance that advertising will not make a patent remedy a success unless it is right for the market. A man who put a fruit preparation on the market a short time ago, had a quarter of a million dollars capital to start with. He had something that was good, but had never been tested in our climate. He spent all his money for advertising, but in a year or two found that in this climate the fruit preparation became worm-eaten or spoiled, and his money was thrown away. Suppose he had started poor like these other men. He would have found out with small loss the thing which it cost him a quarter of a million to discover. I tell you it is small beginnings that count everywhere."—Carson Lake in New York Press.

One line or two lines expressing something are worth a thousand lines expressing the same idea.—M. C. Fowler, Jr., Advertising Manager Pope Manufacturing Co.

SAUSALITO-SAN RAFAEL-SAN QUENTIN

via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, April 6, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 4:50, 6:20 P. M.

Extra trip on Sundays to Sausalito at 11:00 A. M.
From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 5:30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 7:45, 9:30, 11:15 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 5:00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, 10:55 A. M.; 12:00, 1:15, 2:45, 4:00, 5:00, 6:05, 7:00 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6:30 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:55, 11:05 A. M.; 3:35, 5:12 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:10, 9:20, 10:10, 11:15 A. M.; 12:20, 1:40, 3:00, 5:15, 6:30 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6:38 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 10:05 A. M.; 12:05, 2:15, 4:10, 5:40 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:45, 9:45, 10:40, 11:40 A. M.; 12:45, 1:55, 3:30, 4:40, 5:45, 6:50, 7:45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 7:10 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1:30 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 7:00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12:35 P. M.
8:00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 8:15 P. M., same day.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tamalpais, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.
Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Point Reyes, \$1.75; Tomales, \$2.00; Howard's, \$2.50; Duncans Mills and Cazadero, \$3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.
JNO. W. COLEMAN, F. B. LATHAM,
General Manager, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 329 Pine Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 12 o'clock M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, Steamer, From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1890.
Oceanic Thursday, September 4
Gaelic Saturday, September 27
Belgic Tuesday, October 21
Oceanic Thursday, November 13
Gaelic Saturday, December 6
Belgic Tuesday, December 30
Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA

San Juan Saturday, August 23, at 12 M.
Taking freight and passengers direct for Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guadalupe, Acapulco, La Libertad, La Unión, Punta Arenas, and Panama.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama

direct:

City of Peking Saturday, Aug. 23, at 12 M.
City of Rio de Janeiro Sept. 16, at 12 M.
China Thursday, October 9, at 12 M.
Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets, Branch office, 202 Front Street.
W. R. A. JOHNSON, Acting Gen. Agent.
Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at

SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From July 14, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	8:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.....	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax.....	4:45 P.
8:00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P.
9:00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles.....	10:15 A.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.....	4:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.....	8:45 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	6:00 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José.....	9:45 A.
3:30 P.	ad class Ogden and East.....	9:45 P.
4:00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	8:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Lathrop and Stockton.....	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis.....	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.....	8:45 P.
4:30 P.	Niles and San José.....	8:45 P.
5:00 P.	Haywards and Niles.....	7:45 A.
8:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	9:45 A.
9:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	7:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Excursion train to Santa Cruz.....	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	6:20 P.
2:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	11:20 A.
4:45 P.	Gatos, and Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz.....	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:25 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.....	2:30 P.
7:50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion.....	8:25 P.
8:30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, Soledad, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.....	6:12 P.
10:30 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	7:30 P.
12:01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.....	5:13 P.
2:30 P.	(Del Monte Id) Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Centerville, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	11:15 A.
3:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.....	10:00 A.
4:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.....	7:56 A.
5:20 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	9:03 P.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.....	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	4:28 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon, * Sundays excepted.

† Saturdays only, † Sundays only, ** Mondays excepted.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, July 13, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:25 P. M.; Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:15 P. M.
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:00, 9:30, 11:40 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05, 6:30 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.
From Point Tiburon and San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—7:15, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 12:05, 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 7:00, 8:15, 9:45, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. DESTINATION. Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Santa Rosa	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Falton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Linton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7:25 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Sooma.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:05 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Lower Lake, and Zeigler Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Sattergate Springs, Blue Lakes, Willits, Capeta, Potter Valley, Sherwood, and Mendocino City.
EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Linton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$1.80; to Sebastopol, \$3.50; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sooma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

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"The Prince and the Pauper" was given at the Baldwin on Monday evening in an atmosphere to which that of the hot-room in a Turkish bath would be cool and refreshing. The play took an entirely secondary position to the heat, which monopolized the attention of a large and suffering audience. The applause was small, everybody's hands being occupied either with fans or programmes, where the sufferers were unfortunate enough to have left their fans at home. Even in the affecting moments of the play—and there were several—it was noticeable that the handkerchiefs, which were brought forth to stem the tide of falling tears, were diverted from their original purpose to mop foreheads, which were in the condition that was recommended after Eve's encounter with the serpent.

Ideas of what constitute pleasure are certainly varied. For the delicious rapture of sitting and stewing for two hours and a half in a place where the ventilation is bad, the air worse, the heat worst, people paid a dollar and a half, and considered themselves lucky if they could get in for that. Once in, they were packed away with many other people, and there, under the glare of a powerful light, with the musical productions of local geniuses being performed by the most energetic orchestra that ever made music out of the rasping of sand-paper, they gently simmered in resigned misery. If they had to undergo this for a punishment, how they would deplore their sad fate!

It is a pity, to say the least of it, that the Baldwin, which is the best theatre on the coast, is not better ventilated. There is no reason why the atmosphere of the San Francisco theatres should be insupportable. Everything is in favor of its being as fresh and cool and pure as the atmosphere of theatres in the Eastern cities, which, on the hottest summer nights, are no worse than the Baldwin was on Monday. Here in San Francisco, where there is no torrid summer heat to excuse the interior of a playhouse being like an oven, the theatres should be cool, well ventilated, and airy. Instead of which, with one shining exception, they are all close, hot, and stuffy to an intolerable degree. The one exception is the California, which is, without doubt, the most creditable theatre in the city, and is so well ventilated that it is more of a pleasure to see a poor play there than to see a good one at the Baldwin.

"The Prince and the Pauper" is quite an amusing play. At the California, it would have seemed charming, for then the spectator could have placidly enjoyed it, and being comfortable and undisturbed by outside considerations, could have contentedly given himself up to the tranquil pleasure of listening to the pretty, if somewhat elderly, story unfold itself. As it was, however, both prince and pauper were so subordinated to the more vital interest of trying to keep alive and not be prostrated by the heat, and survive three doses of local musical inspiration, that half the time they told their little story to unheeding ears. In thrilling places, the audience were beguiled out of their pain to listen attentively—notably in that greswome place where the old maniac seizes the prince and prepares to kill him, first having given vent to the appalling statement that "The spawn of the Toodor must die." This old man and his savageness were a great boon to the spectators, for by his recital of his own harsh treatment, he made them forget their present discomfort, and in the scene where he tells Miles Herndon that he is not a man but a devil, it was noticeable that the whole house brightened up a little as drooping flowers do after rain.

But the closeness and heat of the theatre irritated the spectators into the mood where the faults of the performance were more apparent than the good points. The play seemed more than usually thin for that sort of melodrama. The story also seemed old. This is "Vice Versa" or "Little Puck" idealized into something more elegant and less humorous through the medium of a clever child, with beautiful flaxen hair. The story is simplicity itself, and seems to be more the sort of thing to which you would take a child to improve its manners and give it a good lesson, disguised under the mask of a pleasure, like the quinine powder in jam, than a performance to be enjoyed by people who have got past the stage when they want to be lectured from the other side of the footlights.

Moreover, in the recent crop of plays, where a child is the axis of the piece round which the whole thing revolves, the intention being to appeal to the sympathies and better feelings of the audience through the simplicity and sweetness of the child, the object in the very beginning defeats itself. The moment you dress a child up, put it on the stage, teach it a part, and train all the spontaneity out of

it, it ceases to charm by its simplicity and sweetness. It becomes a little phenomenon, which you look at with much the same curiosity that you accord to the big phenomena, such as Bernhardt and Booth. In these plays, a child is robbed of its childishness and then expected to attract by what it no longer possesses. The first thing it is taught is to obliterate its spontaneity, which is the charm, above all others, that makes a child the most delightful thing in the world. No longer spontaneous, taught to calculate the effect of every movement, gesture, and tone, having learned that its simplicity is its capital, it has ceased to be a child at all and has become a little person, prematurely old and having no definite place in natural history.

To the rare people who understand children, the performances of these remarkably taught little creatures are rather painful than otherwise. They are so entirely unchild-like. Their representations show such laborious toil and patience. Nothing they do has any individuality, and everything they do, to the crossing and uncrossing of their feet, has been drilled into them by a painstaking and patient instructor. They perform as mechanically as a musical box goes through its turns. Little Wallie Eddinger, who made such a pretty Lord Fauntleroy and won hearts by his attractive manners, was no more than a little parrot, chattering the words that had been taught him and putting his arm round "Dearest's" neck at a certain point in every sentence, and unwinding it at another point—the whole thing being as mechanical and regular and precise as the action of a metronome. So Lord Fauntleroy lost his great charm and seemed a pedantic and horribly priggish little kid whom "Dearest" would have done well to suppress.

The success of Elsie Leslie is probably due to the fact that she has some individuality in her performance. This, of course, is remarkable in so young a child—though she must be several years older than Wallie Eddinger—and gives her personation a distinct, personal flavor. At the same time, the thing is very studied, very stiff, as it is bound to be. The prince has taken his training well, but still he shows it. His gestures, his movements, his voice—all betray long and arduous drilling. As the child is exceeding graceful, the gestures are not as stilted as usual, but the voice has really been harmed by the regulation stage training. A child's voice, left alone, is the most musical thing to be heard; but a child's voice, subjected to that horrible system of cultivation which makes it go undulating up and down—for the purpose of see-sawing back and forth on your heart—is absolutely unpleasant. Elsie Leslie has been taught that she must drop her voice at the end of sad or moral sentences, and pull it up again at the beginning of the next noble sentiment that she expresses, and this she does with the conscientious care of a bright and attentive little girl. If they had let her speak the lines in her own way, only showing her how to pitch her voice, how much more genuine and taking her portrayal would have been.

That she is the brightest and prettiest of the child-actresses there can be no doubt. She seems, too, to have retained a certain amount of unconsciousness. As the young king, she is most successful, the assumption of princely state being quite pretty and sweetly done. Again, in the last act as the pauper, she infuses a good deal of humor into the situation, and looks very charming in her costly clothes, with her hair—which is really beautiful—hanging down in flaxen curls. There is a Mr. Elliott, who takes the part of a soldier, who is good, and has the sympathies of the audience. The scene where Miles takes the lost prince into his room, and humors his fancies, is one of the best in the play. It is pretty, and the sentiment is quite sweet, and Mr. Elliott has the sort of bluff heartiness which is necessary for the part of the soldier, as opposed to the patrician, courtly delicacy of the vagrant prince.

Taken as a whole, the play is decidedly thin, but, nevertheless, interesting. The situation—which is an old one, but a good one—does not seem to have been made as much of as was possible, especially from the humorous point of view. The only scene where humor is permitted is the last one, and this is one of the most interesting in the piece. All the rest of the time the pathetic is kept well in sight, and, in one or two instances, the sentiments of the audience are played upon with a rather heavy touch. These scenes—where drunken fathers come in and beat their offspring, and pull their wives around by the neck—are too closely connected with the torture scene in "Lights and Shadows," and the piercing yells of the imprisoned victim. Tom Canty and his mother are always doing the homely pathetic. This devotion to the sentimental side of the drama is a concession to the abilities of the child-actress, who is always more successful at rousing sympathy than at provoking laughter. G. B.

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

An Explanation.

Prudes say it is amiss to kiss,
But the secret of it this is;
It's right enough to kiss a Miss
But wrong to kiss a Mrs. —Figaro.

The Society Girl.

In autumn she is rosy-cheeked,
In winter pale and gem-beduened;
In spring disgusted if she's tanned,
In summer angry if she isn't. —Life.

A Summer Sigh.

Oh, Mother Earth, receive thine own;
By thee I first was nursed.
I came to greet thee, humble, prone;
The hammock-strings have burst. —Washington Post.

Meditations in a Country Church.

Oh, keen-eyed youths from college home,
Who sit in church behind me,
I wonder if you see on me
Aught I had not designed me.
I wonder if my collar's straight,
And if my air is pleasing,
And what you'd think if I should have
An awful fit of sneezing.
I wonder if my hair is smooth,
And if my hat's becoming;
I wonder what you're thinking of,
And if my charms you're summing.
I wonder if you like my gloves,
If my whole style is tasteful;
And when I kneel, I wonder if
You think my kneeling graceful.
I dare not sing the hymns out loud
For fear that you might hear me;
For fear that you, when walking home,
Might speak of it and jeer me.
I'm longing for the time to come
When you go back to college,
When I can go to church without
That scrutiny of knowledge.
And when that happy time comes round,
Oh, more devout I'll find me,
For I can better say my prayers,
Without those eyes behind me. —M. C. in Buffalo Express.

Paths.

The path that leads to a Loaf of Bread
Winds through the Swamps of Toil,
And the path that leads to a Suit of Clothes
Goes through a flowerless soil,
And the paths that lead to the Loaf of Bread
And the Suit of Clothes are hard to tread.
And the path that leads to a House of Your Own
Climbs over the boulder hills,
And the path that leads to a Bank Account
Is swept by the blast that kills:
But the men who start in the paths to-day
In the Lazy Hills may go astray.
In the Lazy Hills are trees of shade
By the dreamy Brooks of Sleep,
And the rollicking River of Pleasure laughs,
And gambols down the steep;
But when the blasts of the winter come,
The hooks and the river are frozen dumb.
Then woe to those in the Lazy Hills
When the blasts of winter moan,
Who strayed from the path to a Bank Account
And the path to a House of Their Own;
These paths are hard in the summer heat,
But in winter they lead to a snug retreat. —Yankee Blade.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

W. J. Scanlan will continue "Myles Aron" next week.

"Genevieve de Brabant" is to be revived next week.

Maude Granger will be in town at the head of a traveling company in a few weeks.

The Grismer company will play a new version of Gunther's "Two Nights in Rome" next week.

Elsie Leslie will continue to play the dual rôle in "The Prince and the Pauper" for another week.

Clay Greene, in collaboration with Augustus Thonias, is writing a new comedy for W. H. Crane.

Fred Hallen, of "Later On" fame, was married in Chicago, early in June, to Mollie Fuller, who has been acting in the same company for a year or so.

Emma V. Sheridan has married and retired into the obscurity of private life in Boston. But she will probably be heard from again. She acted, wrote stories and verses, and painted, and, in fact, seemed to have all the gifts—except the fatal one of beauty.

Charles Fisher, of the Daly Company, has definitely retired from the stage, and will spend his declining years in his native town in Suffolk, England. He is seventy-five years of age, and though his first experience on the stage was acquired in England, he has practically been an American actor since 1852.

Dixey is to be here in a fortnight with his "Seven Ages," which is new to San Francisco, though it was produced two years ago in New York. While he is here, he may possibly show us one of his new burlesques, "Rip Van Winkle" or "Don Juan." The former was unexpectedly produced in Chicago last month, and the latter is absolutely new.

There is to be a very large number of opera companies in one part of the country and another this winter. Among them are troupes headed by Agnes Huntington, Pauline Hall, Fay Templeton, Emma Juch, Emma Abbott, De Wolf Hopper, Francis Wilson, and W. T. Carleton, beside the Casino, Conreid, and McCaull Companies, and the Bostonians and Boston Idials.

Private letters from London state that the Daly company is not acquiring any great amount of British gold. The audiences are large and enthusiastic, but they are chiefly composed of Americans. This is the usual experience of American players in England. Booth and Barrett, Florence, Goodwin, and Dixey all found that John Bull does not believe in reciprocity when it comes to letting American actors get hold of English pounds.

Vladimir von Pachmann, a Russian pianist who has made a specialty of Chopin, choosing his programmes exclusively from that composer's work, is to visit San Francisco in the near future. He is accompanied—on the tour and on the piano—by his wife, who is herself a skilled pianist. His concerts in New York were successful, and the same good fortune should attend him on his Pacific Coast tour, which is to be under the direction of Marcus M. Henry.

It seems that there is likely to be a hitch in John L. Sullivan's laudable attempt to "elevate the stage." In the thrilling melodrama that has been written for him there is a scene in which the brawny hero dashes into a crowd of ruffians and rescues from their clutches a young and beautiful maiden. The dramatist thinks this will be a splendid situation, but the sordid and calculating manager wants to know where he's going to get a lot of "supes" to do the ruffians.

A FORTUNATE CHICAGOAN.

Called Upon by The Louisiana State Lottery Goddess to the Extent of \$15,000.

Eternally sticking to it brings success. Young men in Chicago have had this old maxim reeled off to them so often that whatever they engage in they expect with a persistence bound to be rewarded. If the object sought to be attained is a praiseworthy one, so much the better for the young man. The rule applies, whatever be the motive.

The good fortune to-day enjoyed by a young Chicagoan, W. E. Spingenberg, a clerk in S. Schipps' re insurance agency at 206 La Salle Street, may have been in the nature of a reward for persistent efforts, or it may have been simply one of the smiles which Dame Fortune so often sheds on favored residents of the World's Fair city.

Be it as it may, Mr. Spingenberg in June invested in a one-fortieth interest in ticket No. 59,843 in The Louisiana State Lottery and now has \$15,000 cold, and dollars to show for it, the entire ticket represented by his number being \$600,000. When called in by a Times reporter he was very reticent as to details, but tacitly pleaded guilty to the extent named. Mr. Spingenberg is a sharp, shrewd young business man, and already has his newly acquired fortune invested to good advantage. Riches have no means turned the young man's head, but the expected possession of even this little \$15,000 has given him an idea of the pleasant troubles that riches usually bring with them.—Chicago (Ill.) Times, July 17th.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A man is known by the company his wife keeps.—Life.

He—"Will you have me?" She—"Can you keep me?"—Munsey's Weekly.

"Is the boss in?" "No." "When will he be back?" "I can't say." "Why can't you?" "He told me not to."—Chatter.

'Freak—"I'm an artist, sir, and can draw with my feet." Dime-museum manager—"Can't employ you. Better try one of the Sunday papers."—Sun.

De Jinks—"Here's a nice cigar. I picked it out especially for you." Merritt—"Thanks. I'd rather take the one you picked out for yourself."—Life.

"Chollie was awfully excited in church last Sunday." "How did he show it?" "He put his monocle in the plate and his silver dollar in his eye."—Ex.

Mrs. Plush—"Mr. Swillington is engaged to a widow, I hear." Mrs. Gush—"Yes, that's just like him; he's too lazy to do any of the courting."—Pick-Me-Up.

A young tourist in the White Mountains, after being sun-struck at the foot of Mt. Washington, was carried to the summit, and froze to death before he could be brought to.—Puck.

Train-boy—"Have a copy of 'Baled Hay,' sir?" Pennibis (author of the book)—"Ah, um, do you sell many copies of 'Baled Hay'?" Train-boy—"Oh, I catch a sucker once in a while."—Puck.

"What started that rumor that English capitalists had bought the Chicago stock-yards?" "One of them was overheard to say that they were going to buy every bloody thing in the country."—Puck.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Valentine. I suppose—ba!—ba! you were born on St. Valentine's Day." "That doesn't follow—any more than that you were born on the first day of April, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

Effie—"What possessed Nellie to marry such a fearful-looking bear as that? He would scare an Indian!" Maud—"It was his looks that decided her. She has always been so afraid of burglars."—Munsey's Weekly.

"Do you guarantee this not to break down?" she asked. "Our instructions, miss," said the salesman, blandly, "are never to guarantee hammocks when we sell 'em to handsome young ladies." She bought it.—Chicago Tribune.

Voice from Bath-room 57—"Oh, Clara, how in the world am I going to put on my stockings?" Voice from Bath-room 58—"Why, what's the matter?" Voice from Bath-room 57—"The floor is so wet I can't sit down."—Life.

First young lady (examining directory in drug-store)—"I can not find the name in this directory, Ethel." Second young lady—"No? What shall we do?" First young lady—"Let us go to another drug-store and examine their directory."—Boston Beacon.

Muldoon—"Well, will we go to wurruk or not?" O'Brien—"Lave us toss up for it." Muldoon—"How so?" O'Brien—"Toss up a cint. If it comes down heads or tails we don't wurruk. If it comes down nayther one nor the other we wurruk."—America.

"Where are you going this summer?" "I haven't the least idea." "But can't you judge from what you've beard your pa and ma say?" "Well, from the way ma talks, I'd think we were going to Paris, Italy, Switzerland, and the Rhine. From the way pa talks, I'd think we were going to the poor-house."—Chatter.

Mrs. Jones (a trifle faded, but extremely modish)—"Have you seen the latest fashionable wrinkle, my dear Mrs. Brown?" Mrs. Brown (whose husband admires Mrs. J.)—"So they've become fashionable, have they?" (with malicious emphasis). "Then how very ultra you must be, my dear Mrs. Jones!" Dry Goods Chronicle.

"Papa," said the young mother, "I've decided on a name for baby; we will call her Imogen." Papa was lost in thought for a few minutes; he did not like the name, but if he opposed it, his wife would have her own way. "That's nice," said he, presently; "my first sweetheart was named Imogen, and she will take it as a compliment." "We will call her Mary, after my mother," was the stern reply.—Harper's Bazar.

Scene—near Balloch; a party out shooting rabbits: Laird (handing his bottle to a bashful game-keeper)—"Here, my man, take a half." Game-keeper—"Hoch, sir, I canna drink out o' a bottle." Laird—"Toots, man, try—!" Game-keeper (after nearly emptying it)—"Th-thanks, sir." Laird (eying the nearly empty bottle, satirically)—"And you can't drink out of a bottle? Man, you would soon learn!"—Glasgow Herald.

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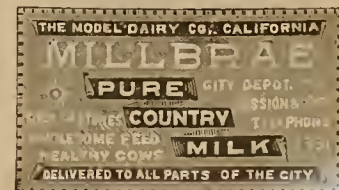
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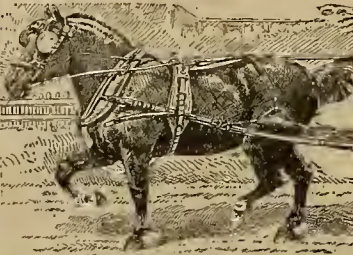
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The proposition of Lord Salisbury to Mr. Blaine for reference to an arbitration tribunal will, in our opinion, strike the intelligent and fair-minded American with favor. It will be gladly accepted by all classes of society which have anything to lose, if it can be avoided without a loss of national honor. The impression is by no means universal that our right to the exclusive pursuit of seals in the Behring Sea is without question. To even the ordinary mind, the impression has prevailed that beyond the distance of three marine leagues from the shore, the ocean is the open hunting-ground for all marine animals, and we who live upon the Pacific coast, and who have sailed upon its sea, know that the fur-bearing seals, while they may rendezvous for the purposes of rearing their young upon the islands of the Aleutian group—St. Paul and St. George—approach from vast distances for that purpose. There may be nice points of international law growing out of our purchase from Russia of our Alaskan possessions. There may be questions of economy in refer-

ence to preserving valuable furs for use of the fashionable world. It may be wise if some congress of arbitration could decide the best method of preserving fur-bearing seals from destruction; but Americans may profitably remember that the American buffalo was permitted to be destroyed, and no effort was made to prevent the utter annihilation of the fur-bearing bison. If we had not the sense to preserve this valuable animal, grazing upon our own public lands, from destruction, it will be carrying the principle to a questionable extension if the government at Washington shall accept the challenge of war from the commercial world in defense of seals swimming the high seas. War is always dreadful and to be avoided whenever it can be done without loss of honor. War between the British Empire and the Republic of the United States is especially to be avoided if possible, and can be honorably accomplished if Mr. Blaine does not desire a Presidential nomination and the support of the Irish vote, and if the Marquis of Salisbury is not anxious to maintain his Tory ministry at the expense of a blow at English commerce and the loss of the Canadian Dominion. We have never looked with especial favor upon the Alabama claims arbitration, after the wrong and insult were deliberately accomplished by England, when she was practically endeavoring to aid our Southern rebels in their endeavor to divide and destroy the American Union; but to arbitrate for the avoidance of war over a controversy in which we are presumably wrong, and to save fashionable furs for fashionable females in order that a syndicate of American millionaires may get richer by the monopoly of hunting them, would be a horse of another color. If a war is entered into between England and America, it will come from political and not from patriotic considerations, and while we may contemplate with some degree of philosophy the destruction of buffalo fur-bearing robes, so comfortable for our protection from winter's cold and so indispensable for an agreeable sleighing frolic in our season of cold and snows and ringing bells, we consider that we have emancipated our own broad prairies from millions of grazing flocks that are of but little value for any practical purposes, and in their place substituted farms that have provided innumerable and valuable grazing pastures for domestic animals and comfortable homes for human habitations, which prove a compensation for the destruction of vast and splendid hunting-grounds which were only available for a nomadic Indian population. The protection or preservation of fur-bearing seals in the Behring Sea is a different question from that of protecting our own herds upon our own soil. The one is our own domestic concern, governed by our own laws; the other involves considerations of international law. The domestic question is one of prudential concern, addressing itself to the common sense of our own people. The other brings us face to face with consequences of vital importance, and may embroil us in a war with the strongest of maritime powers and subject the borders of our lakes and seas to the bombardment of guns and the desolation of flames fanned by the tempest of war. The reason we can not afford to allow ourselves to be drifted into war, is because we are not confident we are right. We have witnessed with pleasure and perused with satisfaction the diplomatic correspondence that has ensued between Mr. Blaine and the Marquis of Salisbury, and feel that if we shall be vanquished on the broad battle-fields of the sea, we have not been vanquished in the broader field of diplomatic discussion. If it is a *casus belli* for England to extend her pearl fishing more than three marine leagues from the ocean shore, or to draw straight lines from jutting headlands to enlarge her fishing jurisdiction, or if she is complicated in diplomatic entanglements in her own negotiations with Russia for the purchase of Alaskan possessions, the Prebilov Islands, and Siberian Sea—still the question remains whether we can afford to go to war with England to establish an international law that, by common consent and common sense, has defined our right to control oceans only within three marine leagues of actual shores upon which we can plant our batteries and fix our protecting guns. Whether the sentiment does or does not prevail that we should like to measure our strength and endurance with England's armored war-ships

and long-reaching ordnance, there are certain prudential reasons which must be carefully considered before we expose San Francisco to the unpleasantness of a bombardment from beyond our Golden Gate Park. For while we would have the satisfaction of extending our dominions across the Canadian border, and annexing that interesting and friendly people, we would doubtless be required to submit to the temporary inconvenience of ruined homes and broad borders upon our lakes and ocean shores made desolate, with cities burned and farms destroyed. We know the vigor with which England pursues the weak and badly armed. We have learned of the heroism and valor of British soldiery when they ravished African borders and drove the naked Abyssinians to their kraals, and their peaceful King Theodore to suicide. We have read of the prowess of an invincible navy when it bombarded Alexandria, and forced the opium drug down the yellow-throated Chinese. We know how feeble is our army, how weak our navy, and can appreciate the temporary inconvenience that may result from the first impetuous and irresistible invasion of our shores by the irresistible forces that will not succeed in reaching the interior of our continent, and will not be able to more than vex its borders. A war with the British Lion has its agreeable aspects, and one most delightful phase is the encouragement it would give our young naval heroes in gaining promotion by the death of older officers who outrank them. Then we look forward to the agreeable prospect of withholding the grain from sale by our farmers till famine drives the middle class of England's toiling ranks to overturn throne, church, order, and English law; it would involve the world's civilization in chaos, disorder, and bloody ruin, and out of it we would extend our borders, compel London to dress our furs, increase our national debt till it became a permanent and enduring blessing, compel the English clubs to the interchange of international courtesies, and require the nobility of England to dress at our dinner-parties in claw-hammer coats when they come to marry our daughters and accept our fortunes, and it is not improbable that the conquering Celt, when he shall have invaded the Saxon dominion which lies across our northern border, may remain there permanently. Then it is not impossible that we may have created a standing army, and thus added to the dancing forces of our social world, and constructed a navy which shall afford innumerable leaders of the German. With our wealth and increasing material resources, our vast and rapidly accumulating fortunes, our growing business classes, our wealthy widows, and our redundancy of millionaire girls, there is reserved for America great social possibilities. Let us hope that Mr. Blaine and the Marquis of Salisbury will not meanly deprive us of the opportunity of going to war to afford D. O. Mills, Lloyd Tevis, and Mr. Liebes the protection required to enable them to catch seals upon the Prebilov Islands and have the furs dressed in London for the world of fashion; let the Behring Sea become a *mare clausum* by a decision of the two great powers of civilization locking horns in a long, bloody, and exhausting war.

The strike on the New York Central Road has ended—if it is ended. It looks more like an armed truce. "The Pinkerton men" we regard as armed bandits within the law; they are an illegal and, therefore, an unnecessary body, and ought not to be permitted to bear arms in defense of private property or in settlement of disputes between classes. The railroad should not be permitted to employ them, and it should be the duty of the authorities of New York to suppress and disband them as a dangerous mob. We would have all labor strikers held responsible for their acts within the law. But this Pinkerton business is a new and dangerous organization, and ought to be punished criminally. It may be very well for Mr. "Bob" Pinkerton to send out "a band of armed recruits," "robust," "5 feet and 8 inches tall," and say to them that they are "not sent out to kill, but, if your lives are in danger, you know what to do." Now, we ask, what are they to do with their long hours and hard work but kill?

The above was written on Sunday. On Monday, there comes to us by telegraph information that the Pinkerton b-

have been engaged in a murderous encounter at Albany, which resulted fatally, and incited a mob to acts of violence, and that the Pinkerton gang required the protection of the local police for its safety. The dispatch says that the police force was attacked by the Pinkerton men, and only by the aid of the strikers and the legal authorities was the excitement subdued. Chief Willard declares that if the Pinkerton men had never been brought to Albany, the local police would have been abundantly able to cope with the situation. As it is, he fears there will be further trouble; he also declares that the company's property would be safely guarded if outside forces had not been brought to Albany to inflame the passions of the strikers and those who sympathize with them. This is a local question, and is for the present confined to the New York Central Railroad, but it is a national question as well, and claims the attention of the supreme authority. We lay down the proposition that no organized band of men can be kept under pay by private individuals to loan for hire to corporations or companies for the defense of their private properties. The sheriff may summon a *posse comitatus* to preserve order, protect property, and guard human life from violence. The citizen may have the right to aid another in protecting life or property from illegal assault or to guard either from criminal violence—this all comes within the realm of the law; but to organize a band of armed men and keep them enrolled and disciplined for the purpose of sending them forth under a captain, with orders "not to kill, but to defend themselves and the property of their employers from destruction," is a proposition of an altogether different character. The Pinkerton men are presumably brave and desperate men, for no other kind of folk deliberately seek dangerous occupations for hire; they go forth in trained bands, anticipating desperate encounters, and they are more likely to encourage and provoke disturbances and riots than to allay or settle them. We can not discuss the personnel or character of the Pinkerton men—whether they are vagabonds, undertaking desperate adventures for hire, or are quiet and orderly citizens, employed to protect property and preserve the peace. We suspect they are more likely to be noisy and blatant braggarts of the Dugald Dalgetty stamp than order-loving citizens; more liable to incite a riot than to quiet one. We shall look for further information concerning this Hessian band which has sold itself for hire to kill, and we shall watch with interest the position taken by lawful authority toward the Pinkerton men. The Vanderbilts are the wealthiest of Americans; the New York Central is the strongest of corporations. Mr. Chauncey Depew, the president of the company, is the most eloquent and garrulous of banquet orators; he is now abroad traveling in Europe, and enjoying the opportunity of after-dinner eloquence over the wine and the walnuts. His name is prominently mentioned by leading Republicans, with that of the more distinguished heroes of the Civil War and the more eminent American statesmen, for the Presidency. Perhaps this Pinkerton war will serve to prick this small pustule on the body-politic, and preserve the Republican party from the mistake of making itself again ridiculous by its nomination for President.

The Democratic party is in labor and suffering the tortures of an agonized delivery. It is not twins, but a litter that weakens the body politic. Nurses, physicians, attendants, servants, and neighbors have been invited to witness the convulsions which attend the mother in her profound torment. The last report of the attending physicians was that the mother and child were past the hope of successful treatment, but they hoped to bring the old man through.

The Garden City has been invaded by the Democratic swine, and industriously are they rooting as we write. On Monday, the Democratic Convention assembled at San José. On Tuesday, the convention organized by the appointment of a temporary president. Mr. Daggett, of the Democratic State Central Committee, called the assemblage to order. Mr. Byron Waters was made temporary chairman. Committees on resolutions, order of business, and other conventional requirements were attended to.

The chairman made a rousing speech, which the *Examiner* interprets as an indorsement of Stephen M. White's claim to be declared the choice of the State convention, as an indorsement to the legislature for his election to the Senate of the United States. We do not so interpret it; it is a strong, indignant, and in some respects truthful indictment of the Republican party. It warms up and seasons afresh the charges against the railroad companies, and is an earnest but, in our opinion, an unsuccessful effort to galvanize new life under the ribs of death.

Whatever the recent Republican State Convention accomplished, and whatever its results may be, the unanimous opinion has gone forth that the personnel of the convention was of a high order, and that its conduct indicated honest purpose and independent action. Whatever the angry contention between Governor Stanford and Mr. Huntington has accom-

plished, it is apparent that the railroad has retired from politics, and so far as the senatorial or any other political question has come to the surface, it has not as yet made its appearance in the Republican party. So far as is known, the Republicans are in harmony, and from present indications will be united throughout the political campaign.

Occupying a position in one of the wings of a divided American party, we feel in position to give disinterested advice to the warring factions of the Democratic party, and that is for Mr. Stephen M. White to wash his senatorial shirt outside the Democratic Convention kitchen, and hang it upon the public clothes-line to dry, where it may whiten under observation of all the men of his party.

Mr. White makes the mistake of his life if he antagonizes the young bloods of his party. Russ Wilson, Reel B. Terry, Horace Platt, Joe Nougues, Arthur Rogers, George T. Marye, Chas. H. Swift, and De Barth Shorb, are young men just entering the fray. They are coming in, bearing their battle-shields, and they will go out carrying the scalp of any comrade who shall undertake to stand in the way of honorable competition to the great offices that are the goal of their ambitions. When Mr. Stephen M. White declares himself to be entitled to the first place in Democratic ranks, he makes a personal enemy of every man in his party who is not willing to become his dog and feed upon the crumbs that he may scatter from over-feeding at his banquet. There are in the Democratic ranks abler and better and more serviceable men than the ambitious and over-arrogant and exacting gentleman from the semi-tropical land of the pomegranate and olive.

The candidates for governor were Mr. E. B. Pond, Mayor of San Francisco; Mr. James V. Coleman, of San Mateo; Mr. William B. English, of Alameda; and Mr. A. C. Paulsell, of San Joaquin, at this writing—Wednesday morning—occupying prominence in the order we have named them.

That Mr. Coleman was not nominated, was not because he did not reach the Jeffersonian standard of intelligence, integrity, and competency. The only doubt—and this was fatal—was as to his availability. He is a Roman Catholic, too proud and too sincere to deny the fact, or to deny any fact for the purpose of a nomination. It was believed that his nomination would have precipitated the religious question into politics more prominently than it is now, and good Democrats and good Romanists are remembering that, since the time of the famous No-Popery Riots headed by Lord George Gordon, a war against Rome unites Protestants with the irreligious in antagonism to the Church of Rome. Within the Church of Rome, the best and most exemplary men deprecate an issue that will arouse a conflict between the church and the state. It is only within the Jesuitical Order that there is found a willingness to embroil the Church of Rome with the Republican state. There are American Romanists who would keep their faith from being interfered with by any political or party organization. It is with that class of Roman Catholics that we have no desire to quarrel.

We are surprised, and agreeably so, to find that the effort comes from the Democratic party rather than the Republican party to keep free and clean the electoral urn by the introduction of the Australian ballot system. Ex-President Cleveland is its open advocate, and we are glad to know that a Democratic convention in California has the courage to come forth as its champion.

A resolution favoring the improvement of the navigable water-ways of this State finds favor, and properly so, in both the Republican and Democratic platforms. This is as it should be. If the highways of ocean compel the reductions of fares and freights, let the general government give the country all the competitive water-ways for transportation that are possible. The man who does not recognize that principle in the transportation of grains and merchandise is a body-louse upon the person of some railroad magnate and millionaire.

Mr. Rogers, of Alameda, made an ass—perhaps we should say an attorney—of himself in introducing and advocating a resolution in favor of cheap liquor-license; and some Democratic idiot—of course an alien—claimed that the "California Protective Association" represented ninety thousand electors, which is a transparent and absurd fabrication. The convention had the good sense not to make an open bid for the purpose of "inviting into the Democratic party a crowd of liquor-dealers inclined to Republicanism." The temperance question is becoming a political one; there are thousands of the best people of California who are in favor of temperance reform, and if the Democratic party thinks it can make hay when it rains whisky and beer, it has our permission to do so. We would rather invite Americans and Prohibitionists to join the party to which we belong than reel down to a drunkard's delirious death in company with drunken aliens and debauched Democrats. The question of temperance reform is an economical one, involving taxation, schools, home comforts, and Christian civilization. Better be a temperance reformer than to be rooting for worms in a Democratic grave-yard at the invitation of aliens engaged in

the manufacture of drunkards, the ruin of homes, the demoralization of human beings, the increase of paupers and criminals, and the piling up of taxes for other men to pay. We are in favor of high license, pure liquors, honest men for dealers, local option, and a general, sensible rule along the line in reference to the mode of selling and using alcoholic, vinous, and malt drinks.

It was a wise and sensible expedient to call in Mr. Comptroller Dunn, and authorize him to draw a resolution embodying an opinion in reference to the amount required for taxation for State purposes. Mr. Dunn is an honest man and well informed as to the matters of State finance.

We are especially glad to have the Republican party held responsible for cowardice, and we think Governor Waterman is to a degree responsible for the unexampled extravagance that distinguished his administration, but it must not be forgotten that both houses of the legislature were Democratic, and that Mr. Stephen M. White is the modest statesman who presided over the senate as its chairman, and appointed all the committees who recommended the unprincipled raid that was made upon the State treasury, and that it is felt by many farmers who are called upon to pay exorbitant and unconscionable taxes. This modest statesman is the same individual who has for a week past been clamoring for indorsement to succeed Senator Stanford in the councils of the general government.

So far as we have seen, there was no indication of an intention to pass a resolution in favor of non-sectarian free schools. This is tender ground or thin ice for the Democracy to pass over. This, and the refusal to nominate James V. Coleman as Democratic candidate, because he was born, educated, and believes in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic faith, is conclusive of the fact that the Democratic party is willing to secure the party vote, but has not the courage to occupy open and honest ground in reference to the Roman Catholic Church. Whenever an issue is made involving religious principles between Protestantism and Romanism, one-half the Democratic party will skedaddle from the field of conflict and by means of the secret-ballot sneak over to the enemy.

Wednesday brought a sensational speech and a political somersault from Mr. Stephen M. White. He withdrew from the position he had so arrogantly assumed, and abandoned his claim for indorsement as a Senator of the United States. Mr. White's position, from the hour of his announced candidacy as a successor to Governor Stanford, has been an adroit piece of advertising his own prominence in Democratic ranks. His address was an eloquent withdrawal from the uncomfortable position in which he found himself. His denunciation of the *Examiner* was caustic and severe, but all the same, it was the *Examiner* that smoked him out of the unpleasant hole into which he had crawled. His speech was eloquent, dignified, and, considering the occasion and his audience, did the gentleman great credit. He comes from the convention its first and most prominent man. He has adroitly become a recognized leader and the candidate of the Democratic convention in opposition to Governor Stanford and in opposition to all competitors in his own party. A more careful analysis of his somewhat extraordinary speech must be reserved for a more elaborate review to a later day. That Mr. White had entered into a compact with Mr. William B. English, can not be doubted in view of his subsequent conduct in the convention.

The resolution asking the general government "to foster and encourage hydraulic mining whenever it can do so without injury to others," is a graceful mode of sliding out of an uncomfortable dilemma, which has, to a large extent, interrupted the harmonious relations which exist between miners and farmers. It is a meaningless platitude which will not catch the vote of any hydraulic miner, and, we presume, will not lose the vote of any Democratic farmer.

Mr. Arthur Rogers, of Alameda, placed Mayor Pond in nomination for governor in a very excellent speech, in which he demonstrated by figures that he was a strong candidate in Democratic ranks, and said what is generally believed to be true, that he is an honest man of eminent financial and executive ability, anxiously intent upon giving a successful and economical administration.

Mr. James V. Coleman was placed in nomination by Colonel Harry I. Thornton in a modest and scholarly way, saying pleasant and praiseworthy things of Mr. Coleman which were well deserved.

Mr. Spencer placed Mr. W. B. English before the convention. He gave him all that any Democrat is entitled to receive, and more than any Democrat has any pretension to deserve—beloved by the miners, popular with all farmers, and idolized by the entire community.

It is a curious and touching incident of political conventions how tenderly and lovingly they coax the honest farmer when they want his vote. Every lawyer and politician goes for the toiling agriculturists when in convention they need their votes to nominate a usurer, a politician, or a demagogue. When the convention is adjourned and election is over, he is

"old Hayseed," who puts the largest potatoes on the top of the bag and the fairest fruit in the upper layer of the box. If the farmers, whose votes are enough to elect a governor of California, will do their duty to one of their class, the American party has presented the name of Hon. John Bidwell, of Butte, as its candidate. He is a farmer, who lives on and tills his own acres, and if there is any gentleman in California who is the representative of a most deserving class, it is the Hon. John Bidwell, who has been nominated by the American and Prohibition parties.

Mr. Christopher Buckley comes to the surface again as the leader of the Democratic party. He caused a delegation to be chosen for the State convention, which in large part was subject to his control. So far as the opposition in the Democratic party goes, it has made no serious impression upon Mr. Buckley, and has, we think, in no degree lessened his chief-ship. He is the "boss," and the "boss" he will remain so long as the Democracy is composed of its present material, and so long as he keeps his head level and adheres to his promises and his friends. Mr. Buckley, in many respects, illustrated his superiority over the ordinary party "boss." He sometimes surprised his party by giving them superior candidates. He is quite willing to permit bright and gifted men to take part in public life, and there are many occasions when he does not attempt to influence his followers.

The nomination of Mayor Pond illustrates his political sagacity; he permitted his followers to divide their votes between Pond, Coleman, and English, and not till the decisive moment came, when he could use them, did he direct that they be cast where their number would decide the result.

Mr. Pond was nominated on the fourth ballot, and owes his nomination to Mr. Buckley. He must acknowledge that fact. Whether Mr. Buckley will ask his followers to cast their votes for Mr. Pond will depend. It will not surprise us that the contest should be so close in San Francisco that the Democratic "boss" will have the position to decide whether Pond or Markham shall be governor of California. Mr. Coleman would have been the choice of Mr. Buckley if he had not been a Roman Catholic, and, as Mr. Buckley is a Roman Catholic himself, it follows that Coleman's nomination was regarded as a political impossibility. If the religious question had been raised between otestants and Romanists, the church candidate would have been defeated. This Mr. Buckley knew, and others admitted.

The ballots stood as follows:

FIRST BALLOT.

Pond.....	214
English.....	195
Coleman.....	184
Paulsell.....	44

SECOND BALLOT.

Pond.....	217
Coleman.....	201
English.....	193
Paulsell.....	25

THIRD BALLOT.

Pond.....	230
Coleman.....	228
English.....	153
Paulsell.....	21

FOURTH BALLOT.

Pond.....	425
Coleman.....	134
English.....	67
Paulsell.....	5

Pond was nominated with great vociferation and enthusiasm, made a speech accepting the honor, promised to support the ticket, and retired. Coleman and English were also entirely satisfied with the result, and promised the ticket their efforts for success.

After the nomination of Mayor Pond for governor of California, and Mr. del Valle, of Los Angeles, for lieutenant-governor, the proceedings of the convention lost, in a great degree, their interest. The choice of Mayor Pond, so far as we can learn, was because, in the opinion of the country delegates, it was well deserved. It was obtained apparently without traditional, unnatural combinations, or promises of patronage. It is a pity for the Democratic party that the crisis could not have been passed without the necessity of bringing in the reserves in San Francisco, that hung back under command of Mr. Buckley. It was shrewd politics that prompted Mr. Buckley to send his reserved strength to the aid of Mr. Pond, for neither Coleman nor English had the possibility of election if the nomination had been given to either. Mr. Pond is the strongest candidate who could have been nominated for the country. He is not as strong as Coleman or English would have been in San Francisco, and it is in San Francisco that the contest for governor will in all probability be decided. There is a strong and prevailing want of confidence in a man who must acknowledge his nomination as coming from Mr. Christopher Buckley and his peculiar following. Property-owners and tax-payers will hesitate before intrusting the entire control of San Francisco and State politics to the one man who has become master of the political situation.

The defeat of Judge Wallace, who was so manifestly the choice of the country delegates, and who is so universally acknowledged as the superior of the Hon. John A. Stanly

in legal attainments and courteous deportment upon the bench, is liable to cast a shadow over the proceedings which will be felt throughout the campaign. The gloom and discomfort of the situation will not be lessened by the reflection that the Buckley vote in San Francisco was notably cast for the opponent of Judge Wallace, and for a gentleman who is not in touch or sympathy with the Democratic party. The very direct mention of Mr. T. T. Williams in the *Examiner* charges the defeat of Wallace and the nomination of Stanly to George R. B. Hayes, who was once in the law office of Mr. Stanly and who is in alliance and close union, not with Mr. Buckley, but with the men who run Mr. Buckley's machine, and who is one of the bright minds and active lieutenants for whom he sometimes steps aside and allows them to hold the throttle-valve of the party engine.

The incident of the almost fatal encounter between Mr. Warren English and Mr. Christopher Buckley is significant. Mr. Warren English is the brother of Mr. William B. English—who came so near being the nominee for governor, and who would have been if Mr. Buckley had used his influence for him. This, we have no doubt, Mr. English had the right to expect when it lay between him, who had so long, and so faithfully, and so well served the Democratic party, and Mr. Pond, whom Mr. Buckley and Mr. Buckley's friends never liked. It was a bold, but scarcely politic, and certainly not a brave, act for Mr. English to stand upon the street in open, angry, and vituperative denunciation of Christopher Buckley. It was bold because Mr. Buckley is always surrounded with desperate friends who are willing to risk their lives in his defense; it was cowardly and indefensible conduct to advance to Mr. Buckley's carriage-door, and in profane and vulgar language, calling him by name, to denounce him as a "d——s—— of a b——," because Mr. Buckley is blind, and because he is not and never was a fighting man and is always courteous, and because the only offense he is supposed to have been guilty of is toward the brother of the assailant and is a political one. Whether this incident will extend in its consequences to the Democratic party and be felt in the results upon election day we have no means of knowing, for in the final consideration of differences it is only natural that indecency and profanity of language and provocations that might naturally have led to murder should be fully forgiven, if not forgotten. Out of this incident Mr. Buckley comes with some credit to himself, while Mr. Harrington, Mr. Samuel Rainey, Mr. Jeremiah Driscoll, and Mr. Jake Rudolph showed how carefully they could control themselves by withholding their ready pistols from taking the life of a man who could in so cowardly a manner assail their blind friend.

The nomination of the Hon. John A. Stanly is the assurance of an honest and honorable man as chief-justice of the supreme court. Mr. Beatty will, in our judgment, be undoubtedly elected, and if so, we shall have legal learning and wide judicial experience. Mr. Jackson Hatch, of Tehama, was nominated for associate justice because he is a "Native Son of the Golden West." This is an offset to the nomination of Mr. Garoutte by the Republican convention. Whether these gentlemen, in addition to the very commendable fact that they were born upon the soil of the State, possess any other qualification to the office, we do not know, as we should never have known that they were born in the State, or born at all, had they not come under observation as candidates for office.

It would, in our judgment, be more creditable to the Native Sons if their very young and very inexperienced lawyers would not be so eager to clothe themselves with judicial robes. Wisdom, experience, and profound legal knowledge come with years and hard study.

Judge Hayne, who is born with the judicial temperament, possesses the judicial dignity, is versed in judicial learning, was thrown overboard without any consideration of his peculiar fitness for the judicial position, on grounds of party availability alone. It was deemed necessary that a place should be reserved for Judge Coffey, and the Iroquois braves put on their war-paint, and with their war-clubs, went in and gave the nomination to Jackson Hatch, of Tehama.

Thus concluded the proceedings of the Democratic convention, so far as we can present them in this week's *Argonaut*.

For United States Senator of the Republican party—Leland Stanford.

For United States Senator of the Democracy—Stephen M. White.

For gubernatorial candidate of the Republican party—H. H. Markham, of Los Angeles.

For Democratic candidate for governor—E. B. Pond, of San Francisco.

For Republican lieutenant-governor—James B. Reddick, of Stanislaus.

For Democratic candidate—R. F. del Valle, of Los Angeles.

For chief-justice on the Republican ticket, Wm. H. Beatty, of San Francisco.

For chief-justice on the Democratic ticket, John A. Stanly, of Alameda.

For Republican associate-justices, Ralph Harrison, of San Francisco, Chas. H. Garoutte, and J. J. De Haven.

For Democratic associate-justices, Jackson Hatch, of Tehama, and without doubt, J. V. Coffey, of San Francisco.

T. J. Geary, of Sonoma, has been nominated from the first district, and John P. Irish, of Alameda, from the third district, for Congress.

The *Morning Call* is authority for declaring, with particularity of details, time, place, and circumstances, that Mayor Pond made terms with Mr. Buckley through Mr. Frank Goad, which resulted in Buckley's agreeing to throw over his votes to the nomination of Pond, and that Mr. Pond was compelled to make promises to Buckley for their consideration. What these promises are, the *Call* does not say because it does not know.

The *Chronicle* gets in its treacherous stiletto-stab at Governor Stanford by associating his name with that of Judge Field in defeating the appointment of E. G. Waite. Governor Stanford was not in Washington at the time of the withdrawal of his name by President Harrison; he has always been the staunch friend of Mr. Waite, and assisted in sending his name to the President and to the Senate for registrar of the land office. Governor Stanford did not approve of Judge Field's conduct in reference to Mr. Waite, and so expressed himself to the writer of this note at the time, in Washington, and again on his return to California, and to Mr. Waite, who regarded, and still regards, Governor Stanford as his friend throughout the whole affair. The reason for the *Chronicle's* attack is thoroughly understood by every one of its readers and patrons. It is not honest, nor brave, nor true, and coming from Mr. de Young, who is the proprietor of the Republican party organ and a member of the Republican National Committee, it is not decent or deserved.

By special dispatch to the San Francisco morning journals of August 16th, we receive the following important information: An actor, by the name of Dixey, gained recognition in his profession by taking the part of the "hind legs of a heifer" in the play of "Evangeline." So conspicuous did he become in this that he won the love of a "lady," whom he was kind enough to make the mother of two children. She was known to be a lady from her profession—she was a circus-girl. Her sister Amelia—also presumed to be a lady—has since become conspicuous in the theatrical profession as "a high kicker." The separation asked for is a *mensa et thoro*, and not a *vinculo*. That means support for herself and two children.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Late Nicholas Luning.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The *Argonaut* is usually right, especially if the subject under consideration is capable of being investigated; but when the matter offers no facilities for research, it allows itself to follow blindly the example of other and frequently less exact disseminators of matters of general interest. In its notice of the death of the late Nicholas Luning and the remarks (its own) accompanying it, it has fallen into this error, and spoken unkindly of one whom it did not know except by common and vulgar report, which knew little less.

As you observe, in the preface of the article, "there comes no time to draw the moral of his life, save at his death." How necessary, then, to be just in drawing the moral when the man is silent in the grave and can not appear in his defense.

The *Argonaut* has been unjust and unfair. When it says, "such men as Nicholas Luning imperil the safety of the community in which they live," it makes an assertion which is untenable. The fact that a larger number of pieces of real-estate and a greater number than ordinary of valuable securities stood in his name, no more endangered the community in which he lived than if they had stood in the names of a dozen or more persons. If he had the ability and the disposition to build up a colossal fortune, it was his perfect right to do so—the right of any one to do so—providing it is done by peaceable and legitimate means. Can any one say that any portion of Mr. Luning's great fortune was ever used for an unlawful purpose? Has it ever been made the instrument for bribing a jury, or to make a judge forget his duty in the cause of justice, or to purchase political preferment, or to create a monopoly of any of the necessities of life?

His wealth was not "harshly hoarded." It was always ready to aid any legitimate enterprise at as low, or lower rate, of interest than common. It was always in circulation, and commerce had the full benefit of it. Much was invested and went to maintain a number of the leading industries of this State, which employ thousands of men, and his millions enabled one of our most prominent moneyed institutions to tide over a crisis in its existence to which it might otherwise have succumbed.

His wealth was not "the result of self-denying economies," at least, not such as implied. His manner of living was that of a gentleman of means, and neither frugal nor economical. If his tastes did not encourage more cordial social relations with his fellow-citizens, it was his loss, and merely a matter of personal inclination. He found in the society of his immediate family—for all of whom he entertained the deepest affection—all that he required of social ties.

As to his charities, they have amounted to a sum which would require seven figures to express; and the fact that no mention was made of them by himself and that they were unknown—before his death even to his relatives—is a notable illustration of "the left hand not knowing what the right hand doeth."

His freedom from all litigation during the many years of great business enterprises, bespeak his unimpeachable integrity. His keen sense of justice, and, above all, his modesty in all things which related to himself, were the chief characteristics of one whose inner life was little known and who cared not to have it understood. He might have been more public-spirited in improving and beautifying the city of his choice, but, excepting this, his only crime lay in having devoted a long and eventful life to the legitimate acquisition of a fortune, so great that only a very few have the ability to attain at all and still fewer to acquire honestly. A.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 21, 1890.

The National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union is said to have more than two million names on the membership roll. It has seventy thousand secretaries. The order is fully organized in Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, the Dakotas, Florida, Georgia, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Missouri, Mississippi, the Carolinas, Tennessee, Texas, Wisconsin, Ohio, and Illinois. There is a similar organization composed of colored men, with a million members belonging to thirty States. White men are not admitted into the alliance of the colored men, and colored men may not join the white men's union; but the two bodies work in harmony.

THE FAMILY TREE.

Our friend Sol Blenker was scarcely the man that one would have suspected of possessing real ancestors. We make a distinction, I take it, between ancestors and mere procreators. Of course we all knew that he must some time have had a father and a mother, and that these must in turn have had parents, and so on, back as far as you please. But no one ventures to call such beings as these ancestors, for in that case every one would have them, and all the satisfaction would be gone. A real ancestor, to be of any particular value to his descendant, should have left behind some better proof of his existence than that involved in the laws of nature. If he neglected to come over in the *Mayflower*, he must at least have had a seat in the Continental Congress; or, if he failed in deeds, he should have had characteristics and eccentricities which his descendant feels are more or less reproduced in himself.

That is what we mean by ancestors. As I say, no one would have thought that Blenker had any.

Physically, he was little more than a piece of a man, being of dwarfish stature, with thin legs and a flat body. As to his face, it was neither handsome nor distinguished, for the features seemed to have "run in the mold," and his complexion had rather an eruptive tendency. There were visible on his person none of the traditional evidences of "family," not even a mole.

Then his mental make-up was not at all that of a well-ancestored man. He had, indeed, no very marked characteristics except stupidity and good humor, and who ever heard of ancestors that showed proclivities of that kind? The real articles are always keen and shrewd, and the fact that so many curses and vendettas are handed down, shows that they must have possessed fierce tempers in their day.

However, in spite of our preconceived notions to the contrary, we came all at once to learn that Blenker had ancestors in large numbers and in interesting types.

It began in this way. He announced to us one day that he had received a call from a cousin of his. It was quite unexpected, he said, for he had not even known of his existence. "He is not exactly my cousin," he remarked; "that is to say, he is three degrees removed."

"Does he bear your illustrious name?" asked one of the boys.

"He is a Blenker," answered Sol (as one would say, "He is a Vere de Vere," or "a Montmorency"). "Fortunately, the name is a rare one; and I knew he must be a relative as soon as he told me that he possessed it."

"How did he come to tell you?"

"He introduced himself. He has had some trouble about getting a draft cashed—being an entire stranger in the city—and I helped him out."

"You did?" exclaimed Roberts; "let me tell you that a cousin who is three degrees removed has no right to expect you to loan him money. Your relation to him is what is known as 'strained.'"

"I didn't loan him money," said Sol; "I merely advanced him a little on his draft. Besides," he continued, "when I learned of the purpose of his visit here, I was perfectly willing to let him have whatever money he needed."

He did not at that time tell us what was the purpose of the visit, although we all looked our curiosity.

A few days later I happened to meet Blenker on the street, in company with a man whom I guessed to be the cousin—and I afterward learned that I was right. He was a tall, lank individual, with a hungry expression of countenance. He wore a shiny suit of black clothes and linen that was not over clean. There was such a wide dissimilarity, both in features and in figure, between him and Blenker, that I marveled that they were as closely related as third cousins.

We were presently informed, one by one, but not collectively, what was the nature of the cousin's mission. He had come forth from the seclusion of his home, which was somewhere in New England, and was traveling about the country, that he might search out all who bore the name of Blenker and enroll them in the book which he was preparing. This book, "The Blenker Family," was soon to be published, in two volumes: half calf, eleven dollars a volume; half morocco, fifteen dollars; full morocco, with gilt edges, nineteen dollars and a half—you paid half down with your order, to assist in the work.

"At first," said Sol, "I was going to take only one copy; but Cousin Jeremiah reminded me that I would probably marry before long and help to perpetuate the name. I ought to have copies for all of my children, for only a limited number will be printed, and I may never have this chance again. Do you think six will be enough?"

"Children?" I asked.

"No, I mean copies—for the children, you know."

"I don't see but it is the same thing."

"Cousin Jeremiah says, by the way, that one of my ancestors—Herod Blenker his name was—had thirteen children—all twins, too, I think he said."

I suggested something about thirteen in twins being sure bad luck, and he went on:

"Six ought to be enough for my own family, but Cousin Jeremiah thinks that I ought to have more, so as to be able to leave a copy to each of my grandchildren. What is your idea about that?"

I advised him to draw the line at the grandchildren. "Our forefathers," said I, "did away with the law of entail, which shows plainly enough that they regarded this business of looking out for your descendants through untold generations as decidedly un-American."

Blenker remarked that since the subject had been brought up, he would state that, for one, he profoundly regretted that the law of entail was not in force in this country. He had learned that he was the oldest son of the oldest son for seven generations back—even to the time of old Muchmore Blenker, of whom I had undoubtedly read, one of the richest men of the colonial period.

No, I had never heard of him.

"Well, he owned several plantations in Virginia and the slaves that worked them, an iron mine in Pennsylvania, and thousands of acres of valuable land along the Hudson. And this wealth is now diffused among a hundred families of Blenkers, whereas by the law of entail," here little Sol began to swell up with such violent rapidity that I edged uneasily away from him, "all of it would have come to ME."

"Great heavens," I ejaculated, "what a narrow escape you had from being a rich man! It is as though you had bought a ticket in the lottery and had actually not drawn the capital prize."

After he had made the matter of the forthcoming family tree known to each one of us, Sol Blenker walked about a changed man. If he did not add a cubit to his stature, it was not for lack of an effort to do so. Not only in his bearing, but also in his conduct and in his speech, he was altered to a degree that made him almost unrecognizable. Naturally all this became a frequent subject of comment among us, but we soon came to a unanimous conclusion:

He was trying to live up to his ancestors!

I imagined, from the way his new-made eccentricities varied from day to day, that the cousin did not reveal all of the members of the Blenker lineage to him at one *séance*, so to speak, but materialized a fresh one whenever he felt that he needed assistance in negotiating another advance. The effect of this on Sol's behavior was quite remarkable.

On one day he would glare at us fiercely from half-closed lids, stride up and down the room and mutter terrible oaths through his clenched teeth. Then, when we would draw him out, as some one was sure to do, we would learn a good deal about a certain ancestor of his, who was a pirate in the days of Captain Kidd, and was killed in a great fight in the harbor of Acapulco.

The very next day, perhaps, he would assume an air of reckless bravado, offer to lay absurd wagers and to do impossible things; and later we would learn that a century or so ago there lived in Virginia a hare-brained spendthrift known as "Mad Blenker," who was an ancestor in the direct line.

And presently it came to pass that these little idiosyncrasies of our friend, from being a source of innocent merriment, developed into a most deadly bore.

One evening, when we had the matter under discussion in Blenker's absence, Waller said: "How well his list of ancestors holds out! One would have thought that he must have used them all up by this time, but every day he manages to spring a new one."

"Isn't it about time for him to run foul of the 'Mists of Antiquity'?" asked Jones; "I always had an idea that in genealogical matters they came in early and saved a man's family from disgrace."

"At any rate," I said, "counting four ancestors to the century, it ought to take only eight or ten to get back to the days of Captain Kidd."

"Oh, indeed!" cried Robbins; "have you ever done any figuring on this ancestral question?"

He seized paper and pencil and began: "A man has two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so forth. Counting, as you say, four generations to the century, it gets a man back to the revolutionary period, with about fourteen forefathers."

"Some of them are foremothers, though," I objected.

"They must be endured just the same," said Waller; "it was only yesterday that I listened to the story of a certain female ancestor who was burned at Salem as a witch."

"By the time we get to Captain Kidd," said Robbins, who was still figuring, "we have provided our friend Blenker with over one thousand ancestors—enough to last him, with moderate economy, for several years."

"Woe is me!" cried Jones.

"But that is not all," continued Robbins; "it seems that through some female ancestor he has figured himself into the English peerage—the house of Alchumps, I believe."

"Yes," we all assented.

"Well, most of those noble families, when you trace them up, run back to royalty somewhere. Perhaps they come in by the rear entrance, but they are there nevertheless. Now, then, let us see," and Robbins took up his pencil again.

"It appears," said Waller, who was looking over his shoulder, "that we have been drawn into a game where there's no limit. Hold on!" he shouted, presently; "where are you getting to?"

"Merely to William the Conqueror," said Robbins; "at that time, you see, Blenker's ancestors numbered some eight billion five hundred and ninety million—"

"Never mind the scattering," interrupted Jones.

"I could go on back to Charlemagne—"

"Don't," I cried.

"But to think," said Waller, "of little Blenker as the total net result!"

"It isn't that," said Robbins; "what debilitates me is the thought that we must listen to the biography of every one of these eight billion five hundred and ninety million—"

"Oh, stop it!" groaned Waller.

A feeling of deep gloom settled down upon us, and we were silent.

Relief finally came from a source where we had never expected it. The rude hand of the law suddenly swooped down on Cousin Jeremiah Blenker and gathered him in, thus cutting off the supply of ancestors for little Sol. The charges against him were numerous—all in the line of obtaining money under false pretenses—and the fellow, to get off with a light sentence, promptly pleaded guilty.

It was a terrible shock to our friend.

"The disgrace of it!" he said to me; "that my cousin, bearing as he does the name of Blenker, should turn out such a scoundrel."

"But," I said, "the fellow has many aliases. What makes you think the Blenker title is genuine?"

"It must be," said Sol; "how else could he have known so much about the family?"

I proposed that we should pay a visit to the "cousin" at the jail, and learn what we could on this point. Blenker

consented, and we obtained admission to the swindler's cell.

He saluted me civilly enough, but cast upon Blenker a look of pity and contempt.

"What does this angel want?" he said to me.

"He does not want to be an angel any longer," I said "come, own up—are you his cousin?"

"His cousin!" cried the swindler; "well, I should say not."

"And your name is not Blenker?"

"You don't mean to tell me," he shrieked, "that the bloomin' jay still believes all that guff I gave him about his ancestors!"

"Come away," whispered little Blenker, faintly.

It was for him an awful moment. "Think of it! A man's ancestors, as a rule, die off one at a time, some years apart and the fact is broken to him gently. But here, in the case of our friend Blenker, as fine a collection of forefathers as were ever brought together—all swept away in a flash. His conduct had shown how fond and proud he was of them. I is a matter of wonder to us all that he has managed to survive the shock of their loss."

PHILIP FIRMIN.

SAN BERNARDINO, August, 1890.

RUSSIA: AN ODE.

By Algernon Charles Swinburne.

[The following poem was the cause of an interpellation of the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the English House of Commons. One of the members wished to be informed whether this poem might not lead to unpleasant complications with Russia, and if Mr. Swinburne should not be restrained from such utterances. The Under-Secretary replied that he did not think Great Britain and Russia together could restrain Mr. Swinburne's outpourings.]

Out of hell a word comes hissing, dark as doom,
Fierce as fire, and foul as plague-polluted gloom;
Out of hell wherein the sinless damned endure
More than ever sin conceived of pains impure;
More than ever ground men's living souls to dust;
Worse than madness ever dreamed of murderous lust.
Since the world's wail first went up from lands and seas
Ears have heard not, tongues have told not things like these.
Dante, led by love's and hate's accordant spell
Down the deepest and the loathliest ways of hell,
Where beyond the brook of blood the rain was fire,
Where the scamps were masked with dung more deep than mire
Saw not, where the filth was foulest, and the night
Darkest, depths whose fiends could match the Muscovite.
Set beside this truth, his deadliest vision seems
Pale and pure and painless as a virgin's dreams.
Maidens dead beneath the clashing lash, and wives
Rent with deadlier pangs than death—for shame survives,
Naked, mad, starved, scourged, spurned, frozen, fallen, deflowered
Souls and bodies as by fangs of beasts devoured,
Sounds that hell would hear not, sights no thoughts could shape
Limbs that feel as flame the ravenous grasp of rape,
Filth of raging crime and shame that crime enjoys,
Age made one with youth in torture, girls with boys,
These, and worse, if aught be worse than these things are,
Prove thee regent, Russia—praise thy mercy, Czar.

Sons of man, men born of women, may we dare
Say they sin who dare be slain and dare not spare?
They who take their lives in hand and smile on death,
Holding life as less than sleep's most fitful breath,
So their life perchance or death may serve and speed
Faith and hope, that die if dream become not deed?
Naught is death and naught is life and naught is fate
Save for souls that love has clothed with fire of hate.
These behold them, weigh them, prove them, find them naught
Save by light of hope and fire of burning thought.
What though sun be less than storm where these aspire,
Dawn than lightning, song than thunder, light than fire?
Help is none in heaven: hope sees no gentler star
Earth is hell, and hell bows down before the Czar.
All its monstrous, murderous, lecherous births acclaim
Him whose empire lives to snatch its fiery flame.
Nay, perchance at sight or sense of deeds here done,
Here where men may lift up eyes to greet the sun,
Hell recoils heart-stricken; horror worse than hell
Darkens earth and sickens heaven; life knows the spell,
Shudders, quails, and sinks—or, filled with fierier breath,
Rises red in arms devised of darkling death.
Pity mad with passion, anguish mad with shame,
Call aloud on justice by her darker name;
Love grows hate for love's sake; life takes death for guide,
Night hath none but one red star—Tyrannicide.

"God or man, be swift; hope sickens with delay:
Smite, and send him howling down his father's way!
Fall, O fire of heaven, and smite as fire from hell,
Halls wherein men's torturers, crowned and cowering, dwell!
These that crouch and shrink and shudder, girt with power—
These that reign, and dare not trust one trembling hour—
These omnipotent, whom terror curbs and drives—
These whose life reflects in fear their victims' lives—
These whose breath sheds poison worse than plague's thick breath
These whose reign is ruin, these whose word is death,
These whose will turns heaven to hell, and day to night,
These, if God's hand smite not, how shall man's not smite?"
So from hearts by horror withered as by fire
Surge the strains of unappeasable desire:
Sounds that bid the darkness lighten, lit for death;
Bid the lips whose breath was doom yield up their breath;
Down the way of Czar, awhile in vain deferred,
Bid the Second Alexander light the Third.
How for shame shall men rebuke thee? how may we
Blame, whose fathers died, and slew, to leave us free?
We, though all the world cry out upon them, know,
Were our strife as theirs, we could not strike but so;
Could not cower, and could not kiss the hands that smite;
Could not meet them armed in sunlit battle's light.
Dark as fear and red as hate though morning rise,
Life it is that conquers; death it is that dies.

It is alleged that at London, Ont., there is a young woman who is a unique victim of hypnotism. She is under the control of a person who is crazy, and who is constantly making her enter the trance state without intending to do so. Whenever this happens there is nothing to do but wait for the lucid to restore her to consciousness.

Lightning split a large oak-tree in the cemetery at Salt Lake, and there was disclosed a silver tea-pot in which was a child's skull. The date, 1823, was on the tea-pot, but nothing else could be learned of its history.

The crack whips of Vienna have had a race of forty miles with four-in-hands. Seven coaches started, and the winner covered the distance in two hours and three-quarters.

THE PUIA.

It was the noon of a still and sunny day of summer, when a party of settlers, of whom I was one (says a writer in *Temple Bar*), were making their way along the hanks of the Waikato, in the North Island of New Zealand. It so chanced that I had ridden forward a little ahead of the wagon and the remainder of the party, and, reining my horse upon the summit of a ridge of wooded ground, looked suddenly upon a strange and striking scene.

The valley sloped on all sides downward to a little lake in steps or terraces of snow-white silica, which had been deposited in the lapse of ages by the waters of a score or more of giant fountains, which at intervals along the terraces threw up their sparkling waters in the sun. These boiling geysers—or, as the natives called them, puia—were the first in my experience, and the beauty of the sight was of a kind which could never have imagined. Vast, yet fairy-like, these mountains of the Titans rose in throngs impossible to count, because their number every instant varied; even as the eye rested upon one, the jet would sink into its crater, while in a pot a moment before vacant another fountain was to be seen dancing in mid air. From the crest of each a cloud of white steam floated slowly off on the still air. The steam was white, but the water of the spouting columns was of the deepest sapphire, which became a paler and yet paler azure as it ascended down the terraces and flowed into the lake, over whose heated surface hung a veil of faint blue mist.

The caravan came up with my companions. They shared my admiration to the full; but, unlike myself, they were contented with a distant view. We had had a tiring march since daybreak, and not a man of them would volunteer to join me in a climb into the valley in order to inspect the puia near at hand. On this, however, I had set my mind. We were to halt some hours upon the spot for rest and dinner, as well as for some slight matters of repair about the wagon. Accordingly, when the horses had been unbridled and turned loose to graze, and while our native guides were busy splitting wood to build a fire, cutting rasbers from a side of bacon, and ringing out the kettle and the gridiron, I started off alone into the valley.

The distance to the nearest puia was not over half a mile; at the descent at first was steep and rugged, and I made my way but slowly. As soon, however, as I reached the highest of the terraces the nature of the ground completely changed. It was now a crisp, baked surface, full of cracks and fissures, from many of which spirted jets of steam. I did not know the risk of walking heedlessly upon this thin and treacherous crust, which is liable at any moment to give way beneath the traveler's foot and to let him plunge beyond redemption into some horrible abyss. Luckily, however, though I stepped without the slightest caution, I reached the puia without accident and stood beside its spouting fountain.

The jet, which was about a yard in thickness and some twenty feet in height, rushed with a tremendous hiss, or rather roaring, from its crater on the summit of a slightly elevated mound, exactly like a miniature volcano, down the sides of which the overflowing water poured in torrents to the lower terraces, and thence into the lake. I dipped my finger into the water, but withdrew it with a cry of pain; it was absolutely boiling hot. As I chanced to stand to leeward of the fountain, the cloud of steam which drifted from its summit was above my head and kept me in a drizzling shower of rain. I felt a lively curiosity to look down into the crater; but this, while the jet was spouting, was of course impossible. There was, however, not a hundred yards away, another puia which had been playing as I descended, but had now sunk under ground. To this, accordingly, I turned my steps, and, ascending its low mound, looked down into the empty crater.

The outside of the mound was comparatively rugged; but the interior was as smooth as polished marble and as white as snow—as snow on which the setting sun has cast a rosy lustre of the most ethereal tinge. I have seen the inside of a sea-bell look exactly like it, but nothing else that I can think of. In form the crater was a funnel of some five-and-twenty yards in diameter, with sides which sloped abruptly to the centre, where the shaft, which measured about five feet across, descended like a well.

So far my observation led me. Then, with the most startling suddenness, my inspection was cut short.

The margin of the crater where I stood was formed of verbinging jets of silica, as brittle as glass. Alas! I did not know it, and I took no heed. Stooping forward to look down into the funnel, I threw all my weight with suddenness on one foot; the jut on which I rested broke off short, and my foot descended on the slippery surface of the crater. I staggered—struggled to regain my balance—but in vain. The very effort, like a reeling skater's, completed my disaster; swung half round, and fell full length upon the side of the decline.

For a second or two I remained stationary. Then I felt that I was sliding—slowly but surely sliding—down the shelving funnel, toward the mouth of the abyss.

With a cry of terror, I threw out my arms in a convulsive search for something to arrest my progress; but the projections of the margin were already out of reach, and my fingers only slipped upon the polished walls of the declivity, which grew steeper and steeper as they approached the chasm, which now, like a monstrous jaw, seemed gaping to receive me. A moment more, and with the horrible intestinal sense of falling from a height, I dropped like a plummet into the darkness of the gulf.

For an instant, in extremity of horror, I felt that I was lost; the next, I was aware that something unexpected had occurred. I was no longer falling. What had happened?

As a rule, a geyser shaft is as perpendicular as a coal-pit's, and sometimes, by mere chance, the shaft deflects and forms an angle at no great distance from the surface; and such was the case here. For twelve or fifteen feet the shaft descended vertically; then it ended on a slightly shelving floor of rock, from the edge of which a large tunnel, black and steep, sank down into the very bowels of the earth. This ledge, or land-

ing-place, received me as I fell; and thus, by the merest freak of fortune, it happened that, though bruised and shaken, I escaped the fate, which otherwise I must have met, of being dashed to pieces on the spot.

I felt a moment of relief—of joy. Yet had I cause for exultation? I gathered myself up, and looked about me.

There, above me, was the opening of the shaft, beneath a circle of clear sky, in which, to my surprise, a star was shining, though the time was noon. My wonder was, however, only momentary; the effect, I knew, arose from looking up the tunnel of the shaft—as, in the broadest sunshine, the moon and stars are visible from the bottom of a well. A more momentous observation seized my notice: the interior of the shaft, wet, slippery, and shining, presented neither crevice nor projection. Even as I looked I realized the horror of the fate before me. Escape was impossible—I was the captive of the geyser! Beside the rocky ledge on which I stood—a space about a yard in width—I could perceive, as my sight became accustomed to the feeble gleam which fell into the chasm, the awful throat of the abyss, descending, Avernus-like, for all I knew, into the very gulfs of fire. From the gorge a faint steam rose like mist, and in the utter stillness I could hear, far down, the sound of gurgitating waters. In a little while—how long I could not tell—the moment of eruption would return and flood the chasm. I should be drowned—drowned like a trapped rat; no, horror!—drowning is not an instant death, and the abyss would have become a bubbling caldron. I should be boiled alive!

As the horror of this thought broke on me, my veins ran chill within me, and I shook from head to foot, as if with ague. Sick and dizzy, for many minutes I remained like a man paralyzed, incapable of thought or motion, yet conscious—conscious even of the keenest torture—of the flight of every moment. An expectation—a suspense unutterable—strained every nerve to agony. The instants numbered by my fevered pulses seemed to fall upon my heart like drops of melted lead. My ears were strained to catch the far, faint sound of the abysmal waters—a sound which might be changed at any instant to the roar which would anticipate my doom.

At last, with the spasmodic effort of a dreamer starting from the clutches of a nightmare, I roused my mind into exertion. Was I doomed—inevitably doomed?—was there no possible escape before me? I turned my eyes again upon the shaft.

It was, as I have said, about five feet in width. A little narrower, and I might have had a chance of freedom; by setting my back against one wall of the ascent, and my hands and knees against the opposite, I might gradually have worked my body upward, as a chimney-sweeper's boy goes up a stack. As it was, however, the attempt was idle. Unable to employ my knees in climbing, I could not raise myself a foot above the ledge.

Then another gleam of hope shot through my mind. Could I cut notches in the walls, and so ascend, as by a ladder? I pulled out my hunting-knife and prepared to try its point upon the surface. Then I stood besitating, knife in hand, afraid to make the trial and find my last hope taken from me. Yet the surface, though so polished, might quite possibly turn out friable and earthy. At last I struck the point against it; a shudder ran through every fibre of my frame; it was as hard as adamant—the steel blade barely scratched it. In a passion of despair I struck with all my force against the flinty wall; the blade snapped short and fell with a ringing noise into the depths of the abyss, where I heard it strike from side to side as it descended. At last, as if it reached some vast unfathomable space, the sound ceased suddenly, and I heard no more.

Up to this moment I had forborne to cry for help; at heart I knew too well that it was useless. The camp was half a mile away, and my loudest outcry, muffled by the chasm, would be inaudible at fifty yards from the shaft's mouth. Yet, at that moment, in the agony of desperation, I raised my voice and uttered a loud, long, and piercing cry. But when shall I forget what followed? The sound had scarcely left my lips when it was answered by a voice within the gulf—by a cry, beginning low and quick, but swelling into a wild, reverberating peal or shriek, which stopped the very beating of my heart; a shriek so utterly appalling and unearthly that it seemed as if all the demons of the pit had burst at once into a scream of mocking laughter. Again, and yet again, the sound reverberated, in unimaginable echoes, through I knew not what abysmal caves and hollows of the world. Shaken as I was in every nerve, I could no longer reason; otherwise I must have told myself that the cry could be only a repetition of my own. No living monster's voice from the abyss could have appeared to me more real or more terrific. Scarcely knowing what I did, I flung myself upon my narrow platform and stopped my ears to shut away the sound.

When at last I ventured to unclothe them the awful peal had faded into silence, and no sound was to be distinguished except the faint, continual noise of gurgitating water, which had not ceased to issue from the depths of the abyss. To this sound I now lay listening in a kind of frightful fascination for some minutes—five or ten. Then, even as I listened to the sound, I heard, with freezing blood, a change of character take place within it—a change into a long, low, booming murmur, dreadful as a lion's growl. It was the wakening voice of the eruption! At last my hour was come!

Rigid with horror, I threw myself against the wall, and, with starting eyes and panting breath, awaited the volley of the boiling stream. I heard the sound increase into a thunder—a fierce explosion shook the very rock—there came a blast, a shriek from the abyss; I felt a shock that stunned me, and the tremendous spout of water shot me from the gulf and hurled me fifty feet into the air.

Strange that I had never thought of this! that I had never taken into calculation the gigantic power of such a jet! How incredibly absurd it now appeared that I should fancy that a current of such force would leave me in the hollow. Nor was I fated to be boiled alive; the water, though its heat was only just endurable, was by no means boiling hot. Had I been aware before that this occasionally happened, my bitterest despair would have retained a spark of hope.

But was my danger at an end? Far otherwise; the most extraordinary part of it—the part for which I have considered that it ought to be recorded, as the sole experience of its kind—is now to be related. But how shall I describe it? How shall I recount the strangest, the most wildly singular adventure that ever mortal man escaped to tell of? I must take an illustration.

Every one has seen a ball or cork figure kept dancing on the summit of a garden fountain. Now, let there be imagined a stupendous jet, five feet in thickness and fifty feet in height, tossing aloft, in place of the cork ball, a living man. Such was now my situation. There was the Brohmnagian fountain dancing in the sunlight, and there was I, the veriest pigmy, tossed like a puppet on its colossal crest. What mortal ever found himself in a position so grotesque and yet so terrible?

The motion of a body suspended on a jet of water depends, for the most part, on its shape and weight. If too heavy, it falls instantly; if too light, the fountain casts it off like spray. In form, a sphere is the most easily supported; but the capricious stream occasionally seems to take a fancy for another figure, so that the most irregular of bodies may sometimes be seen dancing long and wildly; and thus it must have been with me. My weight must have exactly suited the gigantic jet; it neither threw me off nor let me fall. At first, for several seconds, it kept me spinning dizzily upon its very summit; then, as I chanced to come erect—a position which afforded less resistance—I sank suddenly a dozen feet within the body of the jet, only, the next instant, to be cast aloft again, tossed, whirled, and shaken, at the will of the capricious waters. Of my sensations while this lasted it would be in vain to speak, for I felt nothing with distinctness. The dizzy height, the strange resistance of the liquid column, the fiery sting of the heated water, the deafening roar of the cascade in falling, the dazzling iridescence of the sunlit steam and spray, the strangling sense of breathing air and water—I was conscious of them all, but vaguely, as of the phantasmagoria of a dream. My brain reeled, I grew sick and dizzy; for some seconds I believe that my senses must have failed me—

Very suddenly, with an upward spurt, as if weary of its plaything, the fountain seemed to fling me from its summit clear out into the air.

The height was fifty feet; I fell revolving like a wheel. Had the fountain cast me off at the first instant, I must infallibly have been dashed to pieces on the margin of the shaft. But the crater had had time to fill with water, which at the point at which I fell was now at least ten feet in depth. Into this I came down, luckily feet first, with a force which drove me violently against the bottom. But the water broke my fall. Faint, gasping, but uninjured, I rose to the surface, and exerted my remaining strength to strike out for the brink.

But even yet my danger was not over; indeed, as it happened I was only just in time. Even as I was about to seize the nearest rough projection of the margin, the fountain fell; a moment sooner, and nothing could have prevented me from being sucked into the chasm with the rush of water. I felt the current seize and drag me backward. With a convulsive effort, I put forth all my energy to reach the peak; my fingers touched it—clutched it; I drew myself up high and dry, and, falling at full length upon the brink, I lay there for a long time without sense or motion.

When at last I rose, I was still giddy, weak, and shaking. It was with the tottering steps of an old man that I set out to make my toilsome way to the encampment—there to relate the strangest tale of peril that ever struck the listeners with amazement. As I reached the ridge above the valley, I turned and looked once more behind me. The puia was still underground, but even as I looked I saw it burst again from the abyss and uplift its glittering crest against the sun. It was, as when I saw it first, a thing of beauty. But now I saw it with an altered eye, which made its beauty terrible.

A waterfall has recently been discovered in the southern part of New Zealand which proves to be one of the most remarkable in the world. It is exceedingly difficult of access, being almost completely surrounded by a chain of snow-covered mountains, numerous glaciers, and superb lakes. The highest of all the waterfalls whose existence is known at the present time, is the Yosemite, in California, whose mass of water plunges down from a height of two thousand five hundred and fifty feet. The next, in point of height, is the Orco Fall, of Monte Rosa, in Switzerland, which sends its waters, in two falls, from a height of about two thousand four hundred feet. The newly discovered waterfalls in New Zealand comes third on the list, falling from a height of nineteen hundred and four feet. This waterfall has three falls, and the mass of water thrown is much greater than that of either the Yosemite or Monte Rosa waterfall. The fourth highest is in the Pyrenees, and comes from an elevation of fourteen hundred feet.

In a recent English divorce case, it was stated that a certain letter of an eminently confidential character was opened and read in the kitchen. The simple procedure was to hold the envelope over a boiling kettle and relax the gum. That should be a warning to everybody who does not wish his private correspondence to become the talk of his servants. The wonder is that so many persons are contented with the modern envelope. Made with thick paper and bad gum, it often flies open even without the assistance of a boiling kettle. Letters should be protected with a wax seal.

Female slaves are still given to the Sultan in old-time pomp. An exquisitely beautiful girl of sixteen, a Georgian, that his aunt sent to him, was taken to the Yldiz Kiosk in a gilt coach, escorted by a troop of gigantic eunuchs.

Between one hundred and fifty and two hundred hogsheads of beer are given away every week to the employees at the Brewery, at Burton-on-Trent, in the way of "allowance."

THE REHABILITATION OF CASEY.

It is not probable that Casey knew he was well-born. If he did, he concealed the knowledge with a clever appreciation of what discomforts the fact, if known, would impose upon him, for he was a sly dog. But it is probable that he knew nothing of his high birth, just as he thought nothing of his seeming low birth; for the question of life—mere existence—was so ever-present and tremendous with him that its continuance was of much more concern than its origin. Blood may tell, but in the case of Casey it told nothing to his credit. He was just as disreputable, homeless, tagless, and thievish as any of the companions with whom he marauded, quarreled, and struggled for maintenance.

Casey had fallen from the high and comfortable state to which he was born through no fault for which he was responsible, but owing to the verdict passed upon him by the coachman and gardener that he was a "runt." At the time this terrible verdict had been given, Casey (then known to his aristocratic circle as "Rollo") was feeding on the milk and bread of Plenty, without other clouds in the summer sky of his young existence than such as were caused by the depressing knowledge that every one of his brothers and sisters could thrash him with ease—and did so with frequency.

It was partly this fact, observed by the coachman and gardener, and partly a whimsical mark over his eyes, which decided Casey's fate. The sentence was: Death by drowning!

The coachman was appointed executioner, and, to his credit, accepted the task with regret, for Casey, though small for his four months and lacking in beauty, being scarred with much disastrous war, was as plucky as any one of the litter. The housekeeper decided against a pail of water in the barn as the means of Casey's taking off, for, although admitted to be simple and convenient, as urged by the executioner, the story would be a sad one to relate to young Master Francis upon his return—"he must be lost!" concluded the good woman significantly: "taken to the water-front and lost!"

Casey's mother and father were recorded in the Kennel books, by number, name, and pedigree, as the two best-bred fox-terriers in America, so there must be some pride of birth lacking in runts, or Casey would have shrunk instinctively when he found himself in the company of two young men who were engaged in concealing stolen scrap-iron under a wharf, when disturbed by Casey's splashing in the cold water of the bay by their very side. His indignation at the coachman for throwing him into such unpleasant water may have had something—even much—to do with his absence of all haughtiness and restraint in the presence of low companions. After being fished out of the bay by one of the young men, and having his mouth held close to prevent his yelping—which might have attracted police attention—Casey at once fraternized with his new friends in a manner which showed, as before suggested, a total absence of pride of birth.

Casey was too young to be guided by the great moral truth that personal comfort—yea, safety—gained by the sacrifice of any principle, especially so sustaining a one as pride of birth, are but giddy and unsure. Finding that his choice of conditions lay between remaining quiet and alive, or yelping disapproval of his environment and getting drowned for it, Casey curled up on a coat, wagged his tail, shivered, and—held his peace. Casey, it has been said, was young, and considered the conditions entirely outside of their ethical relations; his untought mind accepted comfortable existence, even at the sacrifice of principle, as possessing advantages over non-existence under any circumstances—if there be circumstances relating to non-existence.

The task of concealing their plunder among the sea-wall rocks, to which the thieves' boat was fastened, proceeded without interruption until one of the thieves—a pleasant-faced lad—noticed Casey shivering so that he seemed to be about to shiver himself out of the world. The boy grabbed up Casey, clambered along the rocks until he came to one side of a pier running out from the wharf, looked about cautiously, saw no officer, and then carefully tossed the dog on to a bale of bags lying in the sun on the pier.

"Let der purp dry in der sun; he ain't done no harm," remarked the youth.

His kind action may have been prompted by the pleasing reflection that in saving Casey's life he was preventing what some one had considered the performance of a duty.

The work beneath the wharf again proceeded in silence, and Casey slept in comfort until he was dry, and warm, and hungry. His hunger woke him; but his first impulse to proclaim the fact loudly was repressed by recollections of recent experience. Suddenly, however, he did begin yelping dismally, persistently; so persistently that his young friend glanced cautiously up over the edge of the pier. What he saw made him snatch Casey and disappear under the wharf with a warning whistle. The some one who had made Casey yelp and his friends scurry away with their boat under the darkness of the wharf, came down the pier, looked about, shook his head, and said: "Th' young devils! Ef th' pup hadn't baarked Oi'd been un to 'em."

It was a policeman, and because of his long, blue coat and brass buttons Casey mistook him for the coachman returning for an obvious and awful purpose.

The young thieves were delighted with Casey; he had repaid their service to him in kind. He was immediately named (after the officer whose approach he had signaled), and fed, and made to understand that he deserved well. The aptitude he displayed for the training he was given showed he comprehended that his duty in life was to give his companions prompt warning of any threatened interruption, and to keep an especial lookout at all times for men in brass-buttons and long, blue coats. Before he was a year old, Casey was known along the water-front, from Black Point to Mission Rock, as a more reliable lookout than any boy, and, of course, possessed of the additional advantage of not being counted in when the results of a day's—or night's—work were being divided. Yet Casey's was a hard life. He was not always even fed, and seldom sheltered, by his associates.

Sometimes they disappeared for weeks at a time, when Casey would steal his meals, beg them from the wharf laborers at lunch time, or go hungry. His recollections of a time when he always had plenty to eat and a comfortable bed, were growing dim, and might have disappeared entirely had he not been taken one day a long distance from the water-front with one of his young companions and a man he had frequently seen but never operated with. Casey felt proud of his company; he knew instinctively that his sphere of usefulness was about to be enlarged, and grander opportunities afforded him for the display of those talents for which he was justly renowned. After a deal of walking over hills, the trio stopped near some large grounds inclosing a handsome house and stable. The man first approached and applied for work at the kitchen-door. He took the servant's refusal coolly, and made leisurely observations before he rejoined his confederates. Then the boy, with Casey at his heels, went to the kitchen-door and begged for something to eat. He got it and made his observations, also. Casey was curiously affected by what he saw. He, too, appeared to be making observations, and all the way back to the water-front was so preoccupied in mind that he narrowly escaped being run over half-a-dozen times; a carelessness which earned him several hearty kicks from the man.

In view of Casey's career, it is probable that his subsequent actions were as much prompted by a desire to revenge those kicks and other slights and insults, as by any worthier motive.

Late that night the same trio walked to the big house over the hills.

Before they started out the man and boy ate a big supper and had plenty to drink, but Casey went hungry.

It was so dark and foggy that Casey had some trouble to recall the exact lay of the ground, after the boy had entered the house through a window and the man through the kitchen-door, opened by the boy. Casey was cold, sore from the kicking, and hungry. He had been doing some hard thinking, and when everything was quiet in the direction of the house, he suddenly arrived at a conclusion, which may be attributed, according as you judge Casey, to a quickened conscience, or a desire for food, shelter, and such tokens of regard as are not expressed by hob-nailed shoes. He stole softly around to the carriage-doors of the barn and found a small entrance cut out of the bottom. Then Casey knew he had not been dreaming that afternoon, as he was half afraid might be the case. He found his way—easily enough now—to the coachman's room upstairs. When that amazed man had responded to Casey's persistent tugging at the bed-clothes, and made a light, he was a little frightened to identify his awakener as the runt he supposed he had drowned; there was no mistaking that curious marking over the eyes! Casey had little difficulty in urging the coachman to a quiet inspection of the kitchen-door and window, and then waited contentedly when the coachman as quietly departed for help. When it came—two officers—Casey signaled his companions inside the house with a yelping which had a suggestion of a joke in it; and when his companions ran plump into the officers' arms and were nicely handcuffed together, the joke seemed to strike Casey with fresh force, for his barking was unmistakably joyful, and it broke into a very hysteria of mirth when the aroused housekeeper caught him in her arms and exclaimed: "Lord love us! it's Rollo!"

Casey's hard experience in fighting for life on the water-front gives him an advantage in warfare which he turns to sweet purposes. He not only frequently thrashes his brothers and sisters for the slightest lapses from conduct denoting a proper pride of birth, but occasionally whips his father and mother if he notices any inclination on their part to neglect those marks of respect due to his own unselfish and noble performance.

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1890.

SARTORIAL SOLECISMS.

"Cockaigne" on the Low-Cut Waistcoat and the Flower-Pot Hat.

There are two fashions for men which, I trust, have not taken any hold among gentlemen in America who thing they are doing the "correct thing" by adopting everything that comes from England. I allude to the low-cut morning-waistcoat and the flower-pot hat. Not the flower-pot-hat—for the term pot-hat has a significance of its own in England, and means a hard, low-crowned, round-topped hat, such as is known as a "Derby" in America—but the "flower-pot" hat, the same being a tall silk hat, commonly called a "stove-pipe" in the United States, almost brimless, and narrowing upward, in shape the semblance of the ordinary red-earthenware flower-pot. Indeed, the likeness is accentuated by the narrow brim of the hat, which seems the exact counterpart of the curled edge of the pot. No doubt they have reached not only New York but San Francisco long ago, and are there extolled by haters, who always have the "latest novelties" as the only proper sort of head-gear for a man of fashion to wear. In England, they are worn by cads. The same thing may be said of the low-cut morning-waistcoats, which show an expanse of shirt-front with a small bow neck-tie, or an elaborate and puffed-out wealth of white scarf.

Who introduced these fashions, I can not think. Apart from being simply hideous and unbecoming to a degree, they lack the essential and unmistakable air of "form" and good taste. The flower-pot hats and the low-cut morning-waistcoats look well on nobody. How any one can be prevailed upon to wear the hats is past my comprehension, for each person must see the ugliness of them on the others.

It is safe to say that with a keen eye to business, the haters of New York and other American cities tell their customers that the flower-pot hat was introduced by the Prince of Wales (delightful stamp of perfection), and is exclusively worn by him and the other members of the royal family—gentlemen members, of course, I mean. But was it and is it? The best answer to both queries will be found in the people who wear the hat in England. Everywhere you see them—in the

Strand and Oxford Street mostly, and outside the Criterion at night, the later the better. Not exactly badly dressed men are they—to an English eye especially. Their morning-coats have a lumpiness about the shoulders and seams, a glisten about the binding, a shortness about the waist, a tightness across the chest, and a backward protrusion about the skirts, which are not found in garments which West End tailors turn out. There is an unwieldy width and overflowing bagginess about their trousers, which do not stay folded long enough to keep a crease; their collars are thin and cheap-looking, and their boots might have been purchased at auction, so little attempt at fit appears to have directed their selection. These are the fellows who wear the flower-pot hats. But come down with me to Pall Mall, to St. James's Street, to Piccadilly, to the Park, and count how many flower-pot hats you will see. Count them on your fingers, if you like, but your thumbs would be ample, if by some unexpected chance you encountered a stray straggler from the Criterion's doorway hoping to acquire gentility from temporary locality.

Could any one who has ever seen the Prince of Wales give credence to the tale that he introduced the flower-pot hat? Oh, no; whatever else he may be, "Tummy" is nobody's fool, and he knows just what sort of hat becomes his puffy, stall-fed face and his neckless head, without asking anybody to tell him. He does not waste much time wearing unsuitable, unbecoming clothes. He is much too sharp, and when Pool sends him a big parcel of new coats and trousers and waistcoats, be sure he gives the contents a good look over and trial on before a big looking-glass, before he settles to wear any of them in public.

There is a story that once upon a time the prince was asked by one of his set about his clothes—a most ill-bred, pushing, ignorant thing to do. But the inquirer was a young man of enormous means, which came to him from a grandfather, who made marmalade-pots and jars, and his cheek had a thick plating of gold over it.

One day he met "Tummy" at the Marlborough Club, having a quiet cigarette all by himself in the smoking-room, or as all by himself as a man can be with two equerries always dogging after him. The equerries kept well out of sight, though within hearing and call, and when young Mr. Marmalade Pots walked in he supposed the prince was really alone.

"By-the-bye, sir," he began, "I was up at Pool's to-day, and saw some clothes for you that were just finished."

The prince looked bored. "Ghreally," said he, with his thick German accent; "did you?"

"Yes, sir, I did," went on the young man, enthusiastically; "and I saw a suit of dittoes which so pleased me that I ordered a suit exactly like it for myself."

The prince frowned. Would Pool dare do such a thing as that?

"I'm soghrry you had the tghrouble of doing that," said he; "because I never wear any clothes that I don't like. I daghrsay I shan't care for these."

The young man looked crestfallen, but never saw the snub. But the equerries behind a screen did, and that is how the story got out.

The low-cut waistcoat is fully as bad as the flower-pot hat. Indeed, they generally go together. The inherent, unconquerable bad style of the garment is seen at a glance, as you gaze at the bristling shirt-front or baggy white scarf, like a padded stocking, plastered all over the wearer's breast.

Some time ago, I remember, when the hollowed-out evening waistcoats were a great novelty, I saw the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh at an evening concert. Neither of them wore waistcoats of the (supposed) prevailing fashion. Both had on garments whose shirt-front was not expanded like the sides of a lyre, but quietly open straight down from shoulder to top button. Yet there were no end of American gentlemen present, all with the other kind. I expect they were astounded, and ordered new waistcoats directly. No doubt this rounded-out style was thought to have been invented and introduced by the prince. The fact is, it does not do to take any stock in what tailors say about such matters. One should see for one's self.

There are loads of fashions which go out to America from England with the alleged stamp of the Prince of Wales's approval upon them, when it is ten to one if he ever so much as saw them. Not long ago it was thought a particularly swagger thing by young New Yorkers to go about at all times and seasons and in all weathers with the bottoms of their trousers turned up. The most prominent man I ever saw in England do the same thing, was the son of a country banker of obscure position and uncertain social standing.

Perhaps the most ridiculous fashion that ever reached America was the hunting "covert"-coat. It was intended to be worn on horseback on a cold raw day when the wearer was riding. Yet I believe the New York youths walked down to business in theirs, and wore them over their dress-coats to balls. The extreme shortness of the covert-coat, to make it comfortable in the saddle, had rather a peculiar effect upon the dress-coat's tails.

LONDON, July 26, 1890.

COCKAIGNE.

On the nineteenth of this month we received a letter from New York, with an inclosed clipping from the New York Sun, containing certain reasons why Mr. C. P. Huntington would not probably visit San Francisco until after the November election. Subsequently there came a letter conveying the information that Mr. Huntington would arrive and domicile himself in San Francisco within six weeks. The letter is as follows:

NEW YORK, August 21, 1890.

It is definitely settled that Mr. Huntington has arranged all his business and domestic plans to be in your city within six weeks. He has directed that a furnished residence in San Francisco shall be procured for him, if possible, for a period of three to six months. Failing to secure a private residence, his headquarters will be made at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Gladstone in his last speech reeled off a single sentence containing two hundred and fourteen words, and these required twenty-four lines of type in the London News.

BAR HARBOR AND THE PIER.

"Van Gryse" discusses the Summer Homes of the Second Chop.

After Newport, the summer's gayety clusters thickest about Bar Harbor and Narragansett—both direct antitheses of each other, both popular among an immense class of summer itineraries. They have taken the cream from Long Branch since it grew too fast, and Spring Lake and Asbury Park since they grew too rowdy, and Cape May since it grew too slow.

The Bar Harborites are fashionables who seek the air and environment of the "real country," who affect a naive simplicity of life, wear elaborately plain flannels and yellow shoes, live out of doors, go in for athletics, and try to produce the atmosphere of the healthy, open-air existence in much the same way that Marie Antoinette tried to produce the atmosphere of peasant-life at the Trianon. Narragansett, on the contrary, is just a slice of New York—and mostly Sixth Avenue, New York—deposited on the edge of Rhode Island. There is no pretense about this glittering bivouac; there is no affectation of rural simplicity or suburban innocence in striped French flannels and wide-flapping hats. It is rather a bad place, unquestionably a gay place, undeniably an amusing place, beyond a doubt an expensive place, and outside a peradventure, a mixed place. The society is varied, and is not unlike the society one meets with in the winter season on Tiffany's block. Tom, Dick, and Harry are there, and their female contingents, glorious in hickory-nut diamonds and costumes which emulate the feathers of the peacock. With these are mixed up all kinds of swell people in stunning clothes, who lounge about and take in everything, in an adroitly indifferent manner, from the corners of their eyes. Yachtsmen are there by the dozen, in blue and brass buttons, and big mustaches, and sunburned foreheads, and also men in yachting dress who are not yachtsmen at all, and have not the remotest connection with a single yacht in the harbor.

Then there come all styles of professional people, from the great actor with an meradible stage strut to the great singer weighing two hundred pounds, and having a little husband dangling round somewhere in the background. There are, too, a lot of newspaper correspondents lying round in the sand, with straw hats over eyes which wildly attempt to see everything, and crowds of pretty girls in wide bats, who sit under big umbrellas planted in the sand and read novels in yellow covers; quantities of gorgeous, impossible people, small-waisted, high-heeled, decked with diamonds like Indian dolls, and all as freshly painted as a restored Italian fresco.

When the bathing hour approaches, the crowd surges in an animated manner toward the beach. Their vivacity, drooping under the heat of a lurid sun, revives, and they become lively as people hopeful of a sensation. They range themselves along the sand under gigantic umbrellas or lace parasols, and look expectant, like small boys before the opening of the circus. The circus, however, is not what it is said to be. It is a very mild circus, indeed, consisting of a long string of wet and bedraggled mermen and maids, rushing to and from the bath-house to the sea, sprinkling water on the on-lookers, and presenting that remarkably hideous appearance which marks the bathers of the nineteenth century. All he talk of the gay and gaudy appearance of the Narragansett mermaid is a fraud. Those dazzling costumes, which are ascribed to her in the Sunday papers, have no existence outside the imagination of the correspondent. She is as ugly and as unbecomingly clad there as she is anywhere else, in a blue-and-white flannel "creation," which was created like the earth in its early stages of development, "shapeless and without form," and which shows a skirt that comes down to between her knees and ankles.

Last week, the beach was treated to a sensation in the shape of Ella Wheeler Wilcox battling with the briny. The whole of Narragansett turned out to see the unusual and awe-inspiring sight of a Poetess of Passion in the weeds of a sea-nymph. When she dropped her bath-robe by the ocean's marge, she was revealed in a dress of dark-blue flannel, her rather solid extremities being covered with parti-colored stockings. Her costumes, when on land, are said to be poems in themselves, or even a Poetess of Passion is not above being consistent. A short dip is enough, for the water is chilly, and after it very one goes to the Casino. It is hardly necessary to describe this place, so many pictures of it have been printed. Its principal feature is an arch over the road, with a round tower looking toward the sea, and a large piazza skirting it most of the way round. On this piazza, which is set out with deep, comfortable chairs, the crowd sits down to drink a little warm up. The stories of the women indulging in the up that cheers and does inebriate, like the bathing stories, re to be taken with a good deal of salt. Owing to some peculiar rule, you must drink your cocktail out of a small office cup, and the women usually take bouillon out of the same style of cup. So you can never be actually sure what it is they are taking, and the lynx-eyed correspondent, on the watch for the sensational, decides in every case that it must be a "fire-water" of the deadliest kind. Inside is the ball-room, rather small place, with a dangerously slippery floor, and a gallery all round for the spectators, who, in most cases, outnumber the dancers.

There is always a hop on Saturday evening, and the beauties and the bloods and the *hoi polloi* all gather there and take merry, steering successfully through many mazy whirls. There are a good many beauties at the pier just now, gathered together from all over the country into quite a bunch of loveliness. One in particular was noticeable—I have forgotten her name—a tall, slender girl, a rather darkish blonde, with a good deal of dignity and manner. Her father was the governor of somewhere or other and made his pile in shoes. (Other, on the other hand, was an F. F. V.—a Randolph, if mistake not—and the blue blood shows in the daughter's face. She had on a sort of grayish, soft, clinging dress and wore natural flowers, which is something you hardly ever see now.

Another beauty—the rival of the above and by most people admitted to "take the cake"—was a languorous, lazy-looking girl, with a mass of taffy-colored hair and a pair of light-gray eyes. She was draped in black lace, made almost perfectly straight and limp, with her extremely long arms wrapped in tan gloves nearly to her shoulder. A trick of letting the left arm hang idly by her side, or pretending to attempt control over the floating draperies of her skirt, added to the effect of supreme indolence. In the afternoon, however, under a red parasol, her daffodil locks held down by a sailor hat, and a nice young man sitting by her side on the rocks, she appeared quite a different person. She was engaged in the interesting occupation of enslaving her companion, but with her purpose backed with subtlety rather than faced with activity.

Besides these, dozens of pretty women lend a glamour to the Casino ball-room and freely elicit the comments of the guests in the gallery. Mrs. de Kay was there, the wife of one of the *Times* editorial staff, a very piquant, and attractive-looking young woman, in a marvelous dress of different shaded greens. She is an old favorite at the pier, having as Miss Coffey been one of its great belles and prize swimmers. She is quite famous in a small way as bearing a most extraordinary likeness to all the portraits of Mme. Récamier. The likeness has been so constantly remarked upon that it is now universally known, and Mrs. de Kay at the opera or theatre is used to seeing herself pointed out to strangers as the exact reproduction of the famous portrait which represents Chateaubriand's love in an empire dress, with her dark hair curling on her cheeks, and her expression like that of a frightened rabbit. Another lady, somewhat older, who is quite a celebrity, is the wife of a supreme judge. She was one of Commodore Garrison's daughters, and married, many years ago, a German baron. The baron, believing himself to be John the Baptist, or something of the kind, a lunatic asylum got in its fine work, and there he remains. For fifteen years—so the story runs—his wife held out against the advice of her friends, and then obtained a divorce and married her present husband.

There is really as much wealth to the square foot at Narragansett as there is at Newport. A good deal of it is parvenu wealth, and its owners are not welcomed with that effusive joy that they anticipated when they constructed gorgeous summer homes within sight of the Casino and sound of the bathers' piercing shrieks. One man, with more money than aesthetic sense, has built his house in a semicircle so that every room faces the sea. The site is, of course, very fine and the series of sea-views to be had from every window in this extraordinary dwelling are something superb. The inside, however, is not so original or attractive as the exterior. They have just decorated it in their most aesthetic style—that is, they have bought about a thousand prints, looking like newspaper works of art, all framed in the same sort of frames, and resembling a job-lot of pictures to be had at a bargain, and these have been strung up on the walls in long straight lines, one above the other.

Some little way back of this there is another strange and picturesque building, called the Hayard Tower. Hayard, being in deadly love, was naturally broken down when his girl died, as she did, and he set about building a two-hundred-foot granite tower and bouse—I suppose to her memory. Before the tower was finished, however, Hayard died, too, refuting Rosalind's remark, that men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love, and the tower and half-finished house are now left to their ghosts and the occasional visitor. The place is beautifully kept up, the home of the ghosts being, as befits so gloomy a place, shrouded in trees and banked in a deep growth of ferns.

Apart from the morning bathe and the evening dance, dressing and driving occupy the time of the Narragansettites. They dress in the most extraordinarily varied way, every one appearing to follow no law but their own sweet will. At the Casino hops, the men's clothes range from flannels to swallow-tails and the women wear full ball-dresses, or gingham and hats, just as the fancy appears to strike them. Like all watering-places, the drive seems to be the occasion for grand display, and the lightness and gorgeousness of some of the costumes were only distanced by those to be seen at Newport. The turn-outs are very stunning and showy, but the girls do not drive themselves as they do at Newport. At that latter resort of gayety and wealth almost every girl drives her own horses, handling the ribbons with the skill of a Tommy Onslow and seeming to take a sly pleasure in grazing the wheels of every other vehicle that she flies past. Some of the young-men-about-town at these gay places have started a new sort of carriage, called a French dog-cart. Its salient characteristic is that it lifts the driver up on a pinnacle, so that, seen from a distance, his whole figure is lifted on high and is seen above the tops of every other carriage on the drive. If he were to bowl up Fifth Avenue in it, it is said that he would have no difficulty in looking into the second-story windows as he rattled by.

NEW YORK, August 14, 1890.

Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, who has studied and written since 1873 on the application of electricity to the human body, has, after many experiments, come to the conclusion that electrical execution is a humbug, and openly avows his belief that carbonic acid gas introduced secretly by concealed pipes into a lethal chamber would furnish the ideal of civilized extermination for murderers. "This is the same gas generated for soda fountains," says Dr. Hamilton, "and could be manufactured as easily and inexpensively for the State executioner as for the five-cent soda-water purveyor."

The New Hampshire courts have finally admitted a woman to the bar of that State. She is Mrs. Morilla M. Ricker, who has practised before the courts of the District of Columbia since 1882. It is said that she never receives a fee, her services being gratuitous and for the cause of the needy.

A list of extravagances of the London season cites an expenditure of \$25,000 for a concert, \$10,000 for the presents in a cotillion, \$5,000 for the flowers at a single ball, and \$1,500 for the orchids at a dinner-party.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Boulanger is now a journalist. He helps in managing the *Voix du Peuple*, a Paris weekly, a Boulangist organ.

Count Casa de la Miranda, the husband of Christine Nilsson, has been appointed an under-secretary of state in the new Spanish ministry.

Mr. William Astor, of New York, has an income of \$23,595 a day. Mr. John D. Rockefeller's amounts to \$18,715, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's to \$15,000, and Jay Gould's to \$7,450.

Prince Henry of Battenberg and a companion went poaching with ferrets the other day in Hampshire. The companion was apprehended and fined ten shillings, but the queen's son-in-law went free.

Lord Brassey is engaged to marry the Hon. Sybil Capel, a young woman both accomplished and beautiful, and the youngest daughter of the late Viscount Malden. Lord Brassey is fifty-three. His first wife died three years ago.

The Duke of Fife is one of the shrewdest of business-men. All his investments turn out well. He took some founders' shares in a London trust company, not long ago, at one hundred and fifty dollars each, and they are now worth four thousand five hundred dollars each.

Judge J. P. Smith, of Fort Worth, Tex., whose wealth is now estimated at a million dollars, once walked from Kentucky to Texas, because he did not have money enough to pay his passage. Owing to the opening of new roads, the walking is much better now than it was then.

Southern papers are kindly saying that Mr. Wilkinson, who is soon to wed the daughter of Jefferson Davis, "is quite a handsome man, and looks as though he might have been born and reared in Mississippi or Louisiana, so little does he exhibit his Northern birth in appearance or manner."

Jay Gould has a brother in St. Louis named Abraham Gould, the burden of whose life is his relationship. He is the purchasing-agent of the Missouri Pacific Railway on a moderate salary, and he complains that he can not go anywhere without hearing somebody whisper: "There goes Jay Gould's brother."

A whistling buoy has dissipated the dream of Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward of building an ideal house at Eastern Point, Gloucester, Mass. The site she and her husband had chosen was that on which "Gates Ajar" was written, and it was a favorite resort of them both till the permanent location of the shrieking buoy there drove them away.

The thrifty Duke of Edinburgh (says the *Chicago News*) went all the way from London to Edinburgh, last spring, to open the exhibition, and, after his return, he sent in a bill of expenses for the exhibition people to pay. Among other items was a charge of one thousand dollars for a special train, whereupon it was remonstrated that the duke did not travel in a special train. "That's true," said the duke, "but I was entitled to one, and even if I didn't take it you should be willing to pay me the cost of one." The frugal Scotsmen who are running the exhibition are incensed.

When he was at Odessa, not long ago, the Czar visited the barracks, which had, of course, been newly painted and cleaned for his inspection. The commandant, with the idea of impressing the imperial mind with the care taken of the soldiers, hired a lot of warm, bright blankets and sheep-skin mats, which were placed on and by the side of the men's cots. The Czar was highly pleased, and, on leaving, turned to one of the sentries at the entrance to the dormitory and asked him if he found the blanket warm enough. "I've never tried it, 'Little Father,'" was the innocent reply; "we have no blankets but our overcoats."

The Prince of Wales, usually exceedingly liberal (writes Eugene Field), seems to have been caught in a petty meanness. He has refused to pay the three hundred dollars due for his eldest son's tenancy of apartments in St. James's Palace. His excuse for this is that the young man was absent in India and that his tenancy was therefore broken temporarily! In other words, the apartments must be reserved for the prince at all times, but paid for only when occupied. The treasury department will not prosecute the claim, but a good deal of indignation has been expressed by John Bull at large since the story leaked out.

Tennyson is perhaps the most confirmed smoker in all England, and what he smokes is not a delicate cigar, but a coarse, brutal pipe. For young and pretty girls Tennyson has a violent penchant—in fact, he is quite as susceptible to the charms of girlhood as Browning was. Not an uncommon spectacle is it to see the laureate the centre of a bevy of gushing damsels, reciting his verses to those fair auditors in genuine minstrel fashion. A friend once asked Ralph Waldo Emerson what he thought of Tennyson as a poet, and Emerson answered: "If his poetry were either more feminine or more masculine, Tennyson would be a marvelously great poet."

Eugene Field writes: "It would be hardly fair to call Von Caprivi an alien, for although the German chancellor is of Italian descent, he was born of naturalized German parents. Count Taaffe, the prime minister of Austria, is an Irish peer. The Russian chancellor, De Giers, is a Swede. Prince Malcom Khan, a Scotchman, was until recently the Persian ambassador in London. An Irishman (O'Donnell) was thrice prime minister in Spain, and that noble Celt, MacMahon, was president of France. Van Mohrenheim, a German, is the Russian ambassador at Paris. Waddington, the French ambassador in London, is of English descent. De Launay, the Italian ambassador in Berlin, is a Frenchman. Wood Pasha, the chief consulting admiral of the Turkish fleet, is an Englishman; so was Hobart Pasha, late admiral of the fleet. The most notable of Englishmen at the present time is Mr. M. Stanley, an American."

ON A COACHING TRIP.

A Four-in-Hand Drive among the Mountaineers of the Blue Ridge.

A delicious morning, holding the promise of a perfect summer day, brought every one of a party of eight to his or her respective window to see if the night had gathered clouds likely to interfere with the long-talked-of four-in-hand drive through the upward-climbing ways of the Blue Ridge. The faint flush that began to steal up over the eastern horizon, sending the fog rolling away in softly tinted, foamy billows, until Clingman's Peak stood sharply outlined against a background of gold, assured us that the sun was ready to stand by us in the enterprise.

The tavern had, in the beginning, been content to owe its existence to logs cut from the forest about it, the spaces between filled in with a sort of primitive cement made of clay found thereabouts, and would have gone on so to the end had not the heat-stricken denizens of the old Gulf cities found it in their yearly stampede from malaria, heat, and mosquitoes; then came additions in plank, straggling away in every direction with a disregard for symmetry and space maddening to the methodical mind. The result of this architecture of thin planks and loosely fitting doors was to divide us as to sight, but leaving a community of sound that made us one.

The clear, shrill blast from a horn in the distance sent a thrill of life from room to room. "Hurrah! here comes the coach. Get up!"

"All right—glorious, isn't it?" were some of the cries that came from all sides.

A general slamming of doors, merry greetings, a scurrying of feet, and we were all out on the deep gallery which ran zigzagwise in its effort to keep alongside the rambling old structure.

There stood the coach, with its four blooded horses and negro out-riders; on the box-seat the owner, in a regulation suit of knickerbockers, gigantic of frame, large of heart, and deep of pocket. Had we been less happy, and so more critical, we might have objected that it was all a trifle too splendid, but "perfect content casteth out even criticism," and so there was no ingratitude in our thoughts toward our host, Colonel Box, who had spent a goodly sum out of his newly acquired wealth for the coach, which was to serve the double purpose of driving us through the mountains and him into society.

The party was drawn together by young Appleby, of New York, a man who would certainly never lead armies to battle, direct the politics of his country, amass a fortune by the shrewdness of his wits, or crowd his way to the front rank by force of elbowing all things out of his path. But it is no mean thing to demonstrate in one's self what a goodly thing a high-bred, gracious gentlemanliness is; add to this, youth, good looks, the sunniest of tempers, a genius for getting pleasure out of life, and you have the directing spirit of that summer pleasuring.

After much packing away of goodly hampers and slender-necked bottles, a peep into the ice-box to see that it was full, and a light scrambling to our perch above, we were off and away to the music of laughter, ringing voices, the rattle of wheels, and the braying of the horn. Ah, what a glad day it was! What songs were sung, what stories told, what *bon mots* perpetrated, what a luncheon eaten; then the night under the stars and around the camp-fire. The second day was like unto it, except that every hour carried us deeper and deeper into the mountains.

I think we had all looked forward with a *souffron* of human vanity to the sensation we were to create among a people who were to see, for the first time, a perfectly appointed four-in-hand, but no such gratification awaited us; the acquired disregard of civilization was as nothing to the stolid indifference of those mountain-folk as they pushed their oxen-drawn plows through the stubborn earth, or sat tilted back on the hind-legs of their hide-bottomed chairs; the men lazily pulling away at their corn-cob pipes, filled with dried tobacco leaves from the patch behind the house; the women, snuff-stick in mouth and knitting in hand, dumbly given over to the enjoyment of the one and the growth of the other. A lazy turn of the body, a slow upward glance from eyes that held no shade of astonishment, was all. It was not until after we had discovered it for ourselves that we learned that this dumb stolidity was as much a part of the mountaineer as is his indifference to physical danger.

As the afternoon of the second day wore on, heavy clouds began to roll up in the heavens, while distant rumblings warned us that one of those sudden mountain storms, made up of semi-darkness and wind-blown sheets of rain, sharply pierced by keen, darting blades of lightning, would soon be upon us. Don Appleby looked troubled as our leader suggested shutting us all up inside. Just as we were protesting against the Hole of Calcutta proposition, we spied in the distance a log-cabin larger than any we had before passed.

"What luck!" was the general shout.

"We will get them to take us in, and then study this new phase of humanity on its native heath."

"Don't feel too sure of that. They are not an easily approached people; quick to take offense, with a savage sort of independence that is no respecter of persons." This last from Jules Brinville, who had learned something of the people in his hunting trips through these wilds, and now gave us the benefit of his knowledge in that soft creole drawl that was like music. There was always something curiously interesting in the young Louisianian—the contrast between what he said, and his manner of saying it, for one thing, puzzled me; the keenest, most trenchant remarks, which in any one else would have suggested an uncommon insight into human nature, fell so lazily and softly from him that I was in doubt as to whether he himself knew their force. It was only afterwards that I learned that those heavy-lidded, dark eyes of his could flash like steel in face of the death and danger of the battle-field, and grow watchful and kind in the yellow-fever-stricken wards of the Charity Hospital; that his graceful personality, which seemed made for a moonlight romance or a summer's holi-

day, had stood a bulwark of strength between three helpless women and poverty—then I came to realize the full significance of that sudden flash I had seen leap into his eyes.

"Suppose we send Don in; if anybody on earth knows how to win people in spite of themselves, he does," I suggested.

"Thanks, awfully! I dare not fail after that." So down he scrambled, made his way through the rickety gate up to the steps of the gallery, where a woman in scant blue homespun dress sat carding cotton into long fleecy rolls, ready for the spinning-wheel. She raised a strongly marked, weather-beaten face, and looked at him silently.

"I beg your pardon, madam, but if you will take the ladies in out of the storm, we will be glad."

"This ain't no tavern."

"I know that, but hoped you would be good enough to take us in, for the reason that we are likely to have a bad time of it if you don't."

Whether she was touched by a sense of our discomfort or Don's real courtesy, that had in it no ring of false courtesy, just the simple, natural politeness that he would have extended to a lady potentate of his own set when preferring a request, I can not tell; but her "Well, let um 'light and come in," was welcome, for already heavy drops were falling.

The house consisted of two great, square rooms of logs, separated by an open passage-way—nothing more that we could see. In the one on the left, two huge, four-posted bedsteads of home manufacture were piled so high with feather-beds, that the wonder was how one was ever to climb into them; an open fire-place, filled with branches of hemlock and fern, covered a space large enough to have held us all. It was the opposite room, however, that held our curious attention. Evidently those four walls inclosed all the active family life of this primitive people; here the fire-place was larger, if possible, than the other; instead of hemlock and fern, flames sparkled and coals glowed in front of a back log so immense that one felt at a glance that fire-making was a semi-annual and not a daily necessity. Down one side of the room stretched a long, white-scoured pine table, above which rose a press, or set of shelves, the door of which, I noticed afterward, swung not on hinges, but leather straps; the rafters crossed the room low down, and from them seemed to swing all the necessities and mysteries of this primitive household; strings of red peppers, bunches of herbs, sides of bacon, hams, bags of all sizes full of I know not what, though I did see a pair of knit suspenders drawn from one and dried peaches from another; but, most astonishing of all to me, guns, both small and great, and a sword. Somehow that last touched a chord that vibrated straight to my heart—intuitively I felt that it had flashed in defense of a common cause. Instantly the strangeness that an instant before had divided us as creatures of a different world was gone; they were no longer a mere type to be studied with amused curiosity—that rusty old sword had made me one with them. The sudden thrill of sympathy must have worked some subtle change in me that was felt by them, for the woman, who had been stolidly carrying on her preparations for supper, showing no trace of personal interest in us, suddenly took her hands out of the biscuits she was kneading, to take down from a peg a bright, pink-calico sacque, which she handed me, saying, with a sort of bluff kindness:

"Thar, put that on; your shoulders is wet."

My first impulse was to decline, with thanks, knowing well the unhappy effect of that vivid pink on my brunette skin; but as I turned to do so, again that sword touched my heart to a truer courtesy, so, with a grateful acknowledgment, I laid off my own snugly fitting, becoming waist for the pink sacque. Nor was this the only psychological change wrought in me by that bit of rusty steel; instead of sharing the amused curiosity of the others, I began distinctly to resent it, and when at length a loud blast from the horn, hanging at the back-door, brought the old mountaineer and his five great sons swinging down the mountain side, guns flung easily over their shoulders, I positively thrilled with pride at sight of their strength and the dignity thereof.

A few low words from the woman seemed to explain our presence, without causing the least show of astonishment or curiosity. The old man came to the door, and, looking down upon us from his great height, gave us a rough welcome with: "Well, if you uns is as hungry as we uns, you are ready to set to, so come in and have a bite." A very good bite it proved to be: sweet home-cured ham, smothered in the freshest of fried eggs, crisply fried chicken, with its cream gravy, sweet potatoes that had roasted in hot ashes, pitchers of sweet and buttermilk flanking the two ends of the long table, now drawn into the middle of the room, furnished forth a meal we enjoyed as I never remember to have enjoyed eating before.

Supper over, the rest of the party went out to look at the moon-lighted stream at the back of the house, which, after its wild tumble down the mountain side, spread out into the loveliest of tiny rivers. I elected to stay; I wanted to try if I could not, when left alone with her, learn something of the woman whose stolidity had begun to fascinate me. As she lifted the first dish out of the steaming suds, I quietly took up the dish-towel and proceeded to wipe until the last dish was restored to the shelves over the table; then, when the hearth was brushed up and she had filled her corn-cob pipe and tilted her chair back on its hind legs, I climbed up and took down from the tall mantel-shelf an object that had all along attracted me from its incongruity with all about it—a purple-velvet photograph-frame, with doors closing over the face of the picture.

When she saw what I held, she laid down the pipe, and, with a hand that shook, took it from me and opened the case, looked at it with a long, hungry look that I shall never forget—ah! where was the stolidity now? The strong old face twitched, the previously dumb eyes were alive with pain; after tenderly wiping the glass with her palm, she handed it to me: "My boy, killed in a battle down thar in old Virginy."

That was all, but I looked at the strong, manly face of the picture through a mist of rising tears, and lo! in a minute the sword seemed no longer out of place amid its peaceful, homely surroundings. What fitter resting-place than the

home of him who with it had carved his way through honor to death?

The merry voices of the returning party startled us back into the present, and soon we were scattering for the night; the men of our party climbing by means of a dizzy-looking ladder into the loft above; we bits of femininity smothering ourselves in the two mountainous feather-beds. Just what became of the family was a mystery I never tried to find out.

We were awakened in time to catch that delicious sense of freshness which comes with the dawn, and to breakfast by the light of the rising sun. Then came the good-byes, standing under a great oak in the yard, but now the hand-shakes had the close clasp of friendliness. Strangers, they had taken us in and given us their best, resenting our offer of payment with a gruff, but not unkindly: "I told you this here warn't no tavern." How little we thought to learn of this rough, stolid people, and yet we did carry away the highest lesson taught: "To reverence not rank or wealth that comes quickly, but Adam's son, *man!* With God's image stamped upon it, and God's kindling breath within."

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1890.

LEILA ELLIS.

OLD FAVORITES.

Meditations of a Hindoo Prince.

All the world over, I wonder, in lands that I never have trod,
Are the people eternally seeking for the signs and the steps of a God?

Westward across the ocean, and northward beyond the snow,
Do they all stand gazing, as ever, and what do the wisest know?

Here, in the mystical India, the deities hover and swarm
Like the wild bees heard in the tree-tops, or the gusis of a gathering storm;

In the air men hear their voices, their feet on the rocks are seen,
Yet we all say, "Whence is the message, and what may the wonders mean?"

A million shrines stand open, and ever the censer swings,
As they bow to a mystic symbol or the figures of ancient kings;
And the incense rises ever, and raises the endless cry
Of those who are heavy laden, and of cowards loth to die.

For destiny drives us together, like deer in a pass of the hills,
Above is the sky, and around us the sound and the shot that kills;
Pushed by a power we see not, and struck by a hand unknown,
We pray to the trees for shelter, and press our lips to a stone.

The trees wave a shadowy answer, and the rock frowns hollow and grim,
And the form and the nod of the demon are caught in the twilight dim;

And we look to the sunlight falling afar on the mountain crest,
Is there never a path runs upward to a refuge there and a rest?

The path, ah! who has shown it, and which is the faithful guide?
The haven, ah! who has known it? for steep is the mountain side.
For ever the shot strikes surely, and ever the wasted breath
Of the praying multitude rises, whose answer is only death.

Here are the tombs of my kinsfolk, the first of an ancient name,
Chiefs who were slain on the war-field, and women who died in the flame;

They are gods, these kings of the foretime, they are spirits who guard our race,
For I—I watch and worship; they sit with a marble face.

And the myriad idols around me, and the legion of muttering priests,
The revels and riots unholy, the dark unspeakable feasts!

What have they wrung from the silence? Hath even a whisper come
Of the secret—Whence and Whither? Alas! for the gods are dumb.

Shall I list to the word of the English, who come from the uttermost sea?
"The secret, hath it been told you, and what is your message to me?"

It is naught but the wide-world story, how the earth and the heavens began,
How the gods are glad and angry, and the Deity once was man.

I had thought, "Perchance in the cities where the rulers of India dwell,
Whose orders flash from the far land, who girdle the earth with a spell,

They have fathomed the depths we float on, or measured the unknown main."

Sadly they turn from the venture, and say that the quest is vain.

Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and where shall the dreamer awake?

Is the world seen like shadows on water, and what if the mirror break?

Shall it pass as a camp that is struck, as a camp that is gathered and gone

From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve and at morning are level and lone?

Is there naught in the heavens above, whence the hail and the levin are hurled,
But the wind that is swept around us by the rush of the rolling world?

The wind that shall scatter my ashes, and bear me to silence and sleep,
With the dirge, and sounds of lamenting, and voices of women who weep.

—A. C. Lyall.

Some few days ago a poor girl, a dairy-maid, was attacked near Tipperary by four young ruffians, who with their long knives cut every scrap of her clothing off, and sent her home naked. The victim of this brutal outrage had been working for a widow who is boycotted. When crimes like this are committed within two hundred yards of the police barracks, it is obvious that the evil influences of the National League are still at work; though, of course, those who directly or indirectly instigated it will be ready enough to disavow all connection with the actual culprits. Meanwhile, the case may be usefully remembered as an illustration of the secondary meanings of the verb "to boycott."

Secretary Seward is credited with having made the remarkable prediction during the dark days of the war that the capital would be removed, not to Chicago or St. Louis, but to the City of Mexico, which "will probably be the center of population of the United States one of these days."

One ostrich-farm at Port Augusta, South Australia, contains seven hundred birds, worth one hundred dollars each, and the yield of feathers this year is expected to be worth seven thousand dollars.

VANITY FAIR.

Of the new-fangled way of shaking hands and its origin, the London *Spectator* says: "If there is a custom which is supposed to be essentially British, it is that of shaking hands. Where the Frenchman or the German would content himself with a comprehensive bow that includes a whole company of people in one courteous sweep, the Englishman—especially if he is country-bred—will patiently and perseveringly shake hands with every one who is present. Perhaps it is owing to a feeling that an unnecessary use of the practice is provincial that we may trace a visible decline in it at the present day. But it is difficult to say to what cause is attributable the present extraordinary form which it takes among certain people, whose ambition it is to be known as 'smart.' When two members of this class, or of the far more numerous class that imitates them, meet each other, the lady lifts her elbow as high as a tight sleeve will permit her, and dangles a little hand before her face, carefully keeping the wrist as stiff and as high as possible, while she allows the fingers to droop down. The man contrives to lift his elbow a little higher, and, by a dexterous turn of the wrist, touches her fingers—that is all. That is the whole ceremony; it sounds a little awkward, it looks very awkward, and it is difficult enough to require a good deal of practice before it can be performed at all. It is said that ladies who are bidden to court, and whose privilege it is to exchange greetings with royal personages, find it difficult to combine a courtesy with a shake of a gracious hand without raising their own hands to the level of their faces. Hence, their too frequent communications with illustrious people have corrupted their good manners; they acquire a habit, and are so forgetful as to introduce it into their ordinary life and their relations with more ordinary people." This remarkable fad has penetrated even to San Francisco; people do it in a shame-faced way, but still they do it.

Among the latest of fads recently introduced in St. Louis, is the wearing of top-boots by society belles. The idea originated in Spain, whence it readily spread to France. Of course its adoption by the French at once brought it into prominence, and it is now considered the proper thing for driving in phaetons and other carriages where ladies are supposed to occupy high seats. The boots are very light in weight, some have high heels and others low, either kind being allowable. Patent leather seems to be preferred, but a great many pairs are made out of morocco, with kid tops. The tops of the latter are highly ornamented with designs in colored silks. Nothing but the softest kind of leather is used in the manufacture of these boots.

A sensational action is to be brought immediately by a young New York man of fortune against one of the best-known tailoring firms in London. It appears that some time ago the American was waited upon in New York by a polished and typical English dandy, who represented the said firm of tailors, and who arrived with a ton of alluring patterns in trousers and other garments. The American gentleman succumbed to the fascinations of the tailor's drummer, and ordered goods amounting to between one hundred and fifty and two hundred pounds sterling. The goods were delivered through the good offices of a New York tailor, at his place of business, and they were accompanied by an additional bill of fifty-five pounds, alleged to have been paid for duties to the New York custom-house. The American gentleman paid, and wore his clothes out. Since then, however, the London tailor and his fascinating drummer have had a falling-out, and the latter has developed the interesting fact that the goods never passed through the custom-house at all, and that both the custom-house and the young American were swindled. The matter has been placed in the hands of a London solicitor, and an action will be commenced to recover the money.

No pursuit known to the feminine world so successfully and delusively disposes of time as shopping. The experienced husband and father knows that any engagement with his family which stands at the end of a shopping day has large chances against fulfillment. Even a woman of discretion in other matters who has but an hour at her disposal will plan enough errands for that time to crowd a half-day. "It is three o'clock," says the shopper; "two hours more; and in that time I can easily call on the dress-maker p-town, make several purchases at Bartle's, and in to look at the new etchings at the gallery, and I shall be so near. I will look at the book-ore as I come down. Then I can take a car and at home in good season." When the great church all chimes six, she is shocked, dismayed, and ashamed to find that she must be late to dinner and rep the family waiting.

French mashers have taken to wearing red-heeled shoes. Under Louis the Fourteenth, gentlemen wore rge boots; the outside sole was in wood, to protect against humidity. In the middle of the seventeenth century the boots were replaced by shoes, with bows ribbon and lace. The heels were three inches high and painted red. Ladies wore the high-heeled

shoe, and took thought to add three or four inches to their stature. The shoe was in silk, embroidered satin, or brocade. Under Louis the Fifteenth white stockings were in vogue. These necessitated white-satin shoes. The red-heeled shoes that made their appearance under Louis the Fourteenth continued to be worn, but not so high, under Louis the Fifteenth, so that about 1735, red-heeled shoes were considered to be the mark of a gentleman. But while the lords lowered the heels of their shoes the ladies augmented theirs, so much so as to make them "ten inches high." It was under Louis the Sixteenth that the gold and silver buckle, ornamented with diamonds, replaced the ribbon bow. The Sans Culottes wore no stockings and patronized only wooden shoes. For a short time under the Directory the sandal as worn by Roman ladies was the mode. Bands sustained the sole while showing off the foot, and on every toe was displayed a diamond.

A Long Branch correspondent says: "I learned this week of a new device on the part of a hotel-keeper to draw trade. Noticing a large crowd collected about a bathing-place, on which were situated the bath-houses and pavilion of a very ordinary hotel, I journeyed thither to satisfy a not unreasonable curiosity. The crowd was engaged in looking at three young women who had just emerged from the water. The women were fairly handsome, and owned fine forms, which were somewhat fully exhibited. One had a full bathing-costume of crimson, the second wore pale blue, and the other wore white. They displayed no embarrassment as they walked along with a multitude of eyes resting upon them. The young women, I was told, were employed by the hotel-keeper for the purpose of attracting a crowd to his bathing-houses and pavilion. They serve their purpose successfully, and their employer must be more ingenious than they are modest."

Upon the occasion of the marriage of the Archduchess Valerie at Vienna last month, an old and pretty custom was observed. An ancient dame, who had cared for the bride when a child, came all the way to Vienna from her country home, bringing with her a thousand-and-one little things associated with the bride's infancy. There were elaborate baby-clothes, dolls, go-carts, shoes, gloves, rattles, stockings, and an infinite variety of jeweled trinkets. A most interesting item was the teething-ring upon which Valerie gnawed at the most exciting period of her existence. All these relics were exhibited at Valerie's wedding, and the old nurse was a conspicuous figure, of course. For her notable contribution to the festivities she was most liberally rewarded with that which moth and dust do corrupt, and for which thieves break through and steal.

The following announcement among the "Fashionable Intelligence" of an English paper is odd: "Captain and Mrs. Barry had an at home on Tuesday from four to seven at 12 Queen's Gate Terrace, to view the Rover caravan, in which they propose to journey through a part of England, as they have often done before during the autumn. It is an exact counterpart of a gypsy van, with improvements. Outside there are two safes, one for meat, and one for farinaceous food, etc., a wine-bin and a corn-bin. The groom is seated on a wooden ledge which draws out above the steps, the driving-seat accommodating two people. The interior is tastefully arranged with Japanese fans, photographs, colored muslin curtains, etc. The sofa by day is transformed into a comfortable bed at night. A writing-table and photograph apparatus occupy one corner, the cooking-stove another."

"Max O'Rell" asks: "Why are the bulk of French marriages far happier than the bulk of English ones? In my opinion, it is simply because, according to the French system, a man has to win the affection of his wife after the wedding. The French married couple begin at the first act, whereas the English one has generally got through all but the fifth by the time the wedding bells have stopped ringing. Then in come the prosaic cares of life and cover everything up. Out go the lights, and presto! the glamour is gone, too, and nothing remains of it all but a sleepy numbness and a sort of wonder that the comedy should enjoy such a world-wide reputation. Yes, in matrimony there is a way of eating your cake and yet having it; but you must not take your lites too large in the beginning. As a clever wit says: 'When you are dead, it is for a long time; but when you are married, it is forever.'"

Among the new companies registered in London last week (says the *Financial News*), was one around which there plays a halo of romantic interest. It takes us out of the beaten track of ordinary commercial enterprise and introduces us to the gay world of art, and beauty, and fashion. The well-known establishment of Mme. Elise, court dress-maker and milliner, is about to be turned into a public company. There is something quite poetic in the suggestions which this announcement conjures up. It pictures forth sweet and gracious possibilities of finance. It bears us away from the sordid associations of industrial promotion to that rare firmament where deft fancy and consummate art combine

to idealize the quotations of the stock exchange. It lifts our thoughts from figures arithmetical to figures dressable; it enables us to soar from dividends to "ducks of bonnets." We are transported from the fierce throb of masculine enterprise to the daintier and more delicate operations of the fair sex. The first seven subscribers to Mme. Elise & Co. (limited), are all ladies; not only ladies, but spinsters. Miss Shaw, 40 Worcester Terrace, Kilburn Park; Miss Linton, 257 Clapham Road; Miss Decker, 127 Mayo Road, Willesden; Miss Heloise Bozzo, 64 Mortimer Street; Miss Artis, 170 Regent Street; Miss Tooth, 170 Regent Street, and Miss C. C. Morrison, 170 Regent Street, have each subscribed for one five-pound share. It is earnestly to be hoped that these speculative virgins have not adventured rashly into the deep waters of finance.

The conversation of the anglicized Frenchman of a horse inclination is said, by the *Figaro*, to be something like this: "Bonjour, my dear, bow do you do? Je suis ereinté. . . Derby. Steeple-chase, un sport alorsant et quand on est uo vrai gentleman rider. . . Figurez-vous, je prends un crack favori—des performances superbes, le roi du turf. On payait au betting. Je m'étais fié à son canter, et surtout au bandicap qu'il avait gagné comme un walk over. Le starter donne le signal. . . Enfin, c'est l'outsider qui est arrivé. Pas même un dead heat. Bref, tout pour les book-makers. On m'a même volé mon ulster. . . des pickpockets! et aussi mon ticket pour remonter en wagon. Moi j'ai mangé tristement mon roast beef avec a cup of tea. Et maintenant je prendrai quelque chose—a glass of sherry avec un Albert biscuit, par exemple. Garçon! apportez moi le Times. Merci. All right!"

The athlete does not live nor the prize borse trot for whose perfect development and physical perfection greater pains have been taken or more self-denial practiced than prevails among the children of the coming King and Queen of England. Ever since their birth, it has been the practice of her royal highness to make perfected animals of her children, insisting on a thorough course of physical training. Part of every summer has found the princess on board the royal yacht with her daughters and occasionally one of her sons. Every morning at seven o'clock the princesses are literally bailed out of bed, and, after a basin toilet, they are dressed in a suit of flannel—consisting of knickerbockers and skirted blouse—cork shoes, and worsted cap, and are put to work in true sailor fashion. No American girl would stand the work that the daughters of the Prince of Wales go through every morning. In the first place, it would be regarded as too muscular for refined natures, and far too detrimental to pretty little white bands, to say nothing of the fatigue resulting from it. But none of the royal daughters have little white hands, and as the princess wishes particularly to barden them, the titled officers are at liberty to order the young ladies about as they would the merest slip of a cadet. After an hour's hauling, climbing, and casting fore and aft, the girls are taken below, perspiring at every pore, lame at every joint, and tired enough to drop into a berth and go to sleep. But the moment they reach the cabin they are rubbed down like so many beautiful horses, bathed in warm water, and dressed for breakfast, the toilet consisting of white serge, with collar and cuffs of some gay color. Instead of the regulation muslin and lace under-clothing, they wear a suit of flannel next to the skin, and for that perfect freedom of body and limb not a bone, nor a reed, nor a strap of any sort enters into the construction of the outfit. A walk with her royal highness is a most unusual thing because of a slight lameness, but her daughters are made to cover stretches of from three to ten miles, according to the weather and their own physical condition, from which they return hot, tired, and wet to the skin.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mudie's Library of London has declined to take a supply of copies of Tolstoy's "Kreutzer Sonata."

"Max O'Rell" has received over three thousand dollars as royalties on the American sales of his books.

"Smokiana" is the not very felicitous title of a volume on the pipes of all nations which Mr. Quaritch, of London, has in press.

Lafcadio Hearn accuses Richard H. Stoddard of plagiarizing from him. Stoddard admits making a metrical version of one of Hearn's "Prose Poems."

The third volume of "McMaster's History of the People of the United States" is now well advanced, and will be published probably in the course of the winter.

The October number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* will contain the opening chapters of a new novel by F. Marion Crawford, entitled "The Witch of Prague."

Macmillan & Co. have in press for immediate publication a new volume of stories by Rudyard Kipling, uniform in size with "Plain Tales from the Hills." The stories included in the volume are quite new.

The literary production of Mexico is quite wonderful; one of her latest biographical lists mentions no less than twelve thousand volumes by three thousand native Mexican authors. The first book printed on this continent was published in Mexico.

A. D. F. Randolph & Co. have had such success with Victor Tissot's charming book of travel, "Unknown Switzerland," that they are about to bring out for the autumn an *édition de luxe* containing sixteen photographs of scenes in Switzerland.

Marion Crawford's "Cigarette-Maker's Romance," which was to have been published last spring, has been delayed on account of his popularity in France, where the story is running through *L'Illustration* before it is given to England and America in book-form.

M. de Blowitz, the London *Times* correspondent in Paris, has been recently in London, making arrangements for the publication of an exhaustive work on life in the French capital. He has decided to call it "Paris-Vivant," and hopes to issue it in the coming spring.

The London *Figaro*, writing of Mr. Aldrich's retirement from the editorship of the *Atlantic*, regrets it, and then remarks that "many admirers of the author of 'Maud Muller' will be pleased to hear that he will probably be seen in London before the summer is over." The many admirers of the author of "Maud Muller" did not know that his name was Aldrich.

Early in October will be issued in book-form the *Century's* anonymous story, "The Anglomaniacs." They say the anonymity has been preserved "not for the sake of piquing curiosity, but because of the social position occupied by the author." The business in connection with its publication "has been transacted through a second party, and even the publishers do not know the author."

Rider Haggard's first book, "Cetewayo and His White Neighbor," published in 1882, was a complete pecuniary failure, as he lost fifty pounds sterling by it, although on no book has he bestowed more time and care. He realized ten pounds on his second novel, "Dawn." "King Solomon's Mines" was his first success, since which time he has floated along on a tide of popularity.

A new and pleasing profession for the imagination, or for persons "having knowledge of adventures," is suggested by an advertisement in the London *Athenaeum*. It is that of supplying writers of fiction with new materials of a romantic and exciting character. Here is an opening for persons who have seen the world or who possess unbounded fancy, but are too lazy or too unskilled to write.

Herbert Ward writes from London to friends in this country that he intends to write a book in which shall be set forth the facts as to Stanley's rear-guard. Mr. Ward has been urged to write one or more newspaper articles in answer to Stanley's attack on the conduct of the rear-guard, but he will not anticipate his book by any such publication. Meanwhile Parke, Jephson, Bonny, and Troup will jointly or severally write of their adventures, and the journals of Bartlett and Jameson will be published. There is no love lost between Stanley and his officers, and there will probably be a lot of unpleasant things in these various volumes.

The Empress Frederick is now actively engaged on her biography of the late emperor, her husband. Professors Curtius and Schellbach are among those who assist her. They were tutors to Frederick in his youth, and remained his friends until his death. Personal reminiscences will be contributed by the emperor's sister—the Grand Duchess of Baden—and the present emperor will give further aid—"from the point of view of the son," it is said. Chapters on the soldierly qualities of Frederick will be written

by Moltke and Blumenthal. The empress will herself narrate the story of the ninety-nine days. The most of the material for the work has already been collected.

New Publications.

"Tempted: or, The Expiation of a Sin," by Beatrice Landon, has been issued in the Minerva Series. Published by the Minerva Publishing Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"Geoffrey Hampstead," a novel by Thomas Stinson Jarvis, has been issued in the Town and Country Library published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Whose Hand? or, The Mystery of No Man's Land," by W. G. Wills and the Hon. Mrs. Greene, has been issued in the Globe Library published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 25 cents.

"Lord Will by Force and Faithful Ladeen," by Janet C. McInnes, is a somewhat amusing little story of a faithful Irish nurse and her determined young charge. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, \$1.00.

Henry Wood, the author of "Natural Law in the Business World," has written a novel, "Edward Burton." The scene is laid in Bar Harbor and Boston, and there is a love episode in it, but the real purpose of the book is to serve as a vehicle for the author's views of theology, ethics, and sociology. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.25.

Walter Besant's "impossible story"—which was realized, nevertheless, in the People's Palace—"All Sorts and Conditions of Men," and "Toxar," a romance by the author of "Thoth" and "A Dreamer of Dreams," have been issued in the Franklin Square Library published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 and 30 cents, respectively.

"U. S. Curious Facts, Historical, Geographical, Political," by Malcolm Townsend, is an octavo volume of nearly five hundred pages, into which is crowded a vast amount of strange and curious facts which it would be difficult to find elsewhere. From the varied and miscellaneous nature of these notes they can not be well classified, but though they are indexed the book will not be found convenient for reference. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.50.

"Clive," by General Sir Charles Wilson, is the latest issue in the English Men of Action Series. The opening chapter gives a well-considered picture of India at the close of the seventeenth century, and is followed by a résumé of the war between England and France and the attempt to establish French predominance in India. The biography of Lord Clive chiefly considers his public life, though details of his private life are given where they aid to an understanding of his character. The final chapter is a fair-minded estimate of Clive's policy and character. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, 60 cents.

Mrs. John B. Shipley (Marie A. Brown), who acquired some celebrity by publishing a paper entitled *Lief Erikson*, advocating the claims of the Norseman as against those of Columbus as the discoverer of America, has now written a book in the same vein. It is "The Icelandic Discoverers of America; or Honor to whom Honor is Due," and sets forth the discovery of America in the tenth century by Icelanders, alleged Roman Catholic cognizance of the fact and motives for its concealment, and declares that Columbus had visited Iceland and, presumably, imbibed there the ideas which made his name immortal. Four pamphlets—"The Full Significance of 1492," "Suppressed Historical Facts," "Lief Erikson," and "The English Rediscovery and Colonization of America"—upholding the same views, are issued by the same publisher, John B. Alden, New York.

A welcome addition to the body of Emersonian literature is the "Talks with Ralph Waldo Emerson," by Charles J. Woodbury. In the first of the eight chapters, Mr. Woodbury details the circumstances of his acquaintance with the sage of Concord, and in the others he collates the philosopher's *dicta*, delivered at various times to Mr. Woodbury, on "Counsel," "Criticism," "Concord," "Transcendentalism," "Presence," "Method," and "Manhood." A photograph of a portrait not hitherto published serves as a frontispiece, and the book is handsomely printed and bound. Published by the Baker and Taylor Company, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, \$1.25.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Colonel Shepard of the *Mail and Express*, a somewhat unique figure in journalism, is thus discussed by Mr. E. Ward, in the *Epoch*:

"Something over two years ago Elliott F. Shepard bought the *Mail and Express* from Cyrus W. Field. To-day, Elliott F. Shepard is the most talked-about editor in New York.

The *Mail and Express* is a far more valuable piece of property than it was when he took hold of it.

"He was born at Jamestown, New York, fifty-seven years ago. His father, Fitch Shepard, was president of the National Bank Note Company. He was twenty-two years old when he was graduated from the New York University. Three years later he was admitted to the New York bar. During the war he served as aide-de-camp upon the staff of Governor Morgan. It was thus he obtained the title of 'colonel.' In his paper he always speaks of himself as 'Colonel Shepard.' But he never did any fighting himself. He had charge of the recruiting station at Elmira. In 1860, he had the good luck to marry Miss Margaret Louise Vanderbilt, daughter of the late William H. Vanderbilt. He has five children. After the war law for a while. In 1884, he let the law drop for good. He, himself, stated recently in the *Mail and Express* that he made over one million dollars at it. He has a gray beard and iron-gray hair. His cheeks are ruddy. So is his nose. Mr. Shepard is no ascetic as regards his diet. But he has never been accused of intemperance.

"Before he bought the *Mail and Express* he never had any newspaper experience. He runs the *Mail and Express* quite as much as any other editor in town runs his newspaper. Major Bundy, the managing editor, has no share in it. Neither has Mr. Foster Coates, the city editor.

"Mr. Shepard's time at the *Mail and Express* office. He contributes society notes, obituary sketches, and occasional interviews, but most of what he writes goes on the editorial page. He has a notion that editorial writing is his special forte. He never worries and perspires over an editorial, or gnaws his pen or pencil, or scratches his head and paces the floor and wonders if he has said the right thing in the right way, as some editorial writers, who are not proprietors, occasionally do. He just sits down and sails in and rattles off an editorial as rapidly and airily as he would an address to a juvenile Bible class. When he gets through, he sometimes confides to those around the office that he could keep up all day long, and that he is devoutly thankful that he doesn't, but they don't tell him so.

"Major Bundy used occasionally to do a little editing on Mr. Shepard's editorials, slyly and quietly, but Major Bundy discovered that Mr. Shepard had an idea, so firmly entrenched that it could not be shaken, that nobody on the staff had brains enough to improve upon any editorial which he (Shepard) rattled off. So Major Bundy gave up editing Mr. Shepard's editorials. They are never signed, but everybody gifted with any discrimination recognizes their authorship. This knowledge is a source of genuine satisfaction to other writers of editorials on the *Mail and Express*.

"Mr. Shepard believes that there are very few people who can give him any points on humor. And the boiled-down, concentrated essence of humor, in his estimation, is represented by puns. When none of them appear in the *Mail and Express*, it is a sure sign that the 'Colonel' is out of town; but sometimes he will telegraph in a pun or two from Newport or the Adirondacks when he fits sizes him.

"As a reporter, Mr. Shepard has not been a success. As an interviewer, he is simply a dead failure. He usually invites the man he intends to interview to dinner or luncheon, never tells him that he intends to interview him, but engages him in general conversation, and afterwards writes out from memory what he remembers of it. Mr. Shepard disdains to take notes. Mr. Shepard interviewed General Alger in this fashion, and General Alger subsequently repudiated the interview. He tried it on Senator Don Cameron. It was a very little interview, too, only a third of a column, but it made Don Cameron so mad that now he doesn't speak to Mr. Shepard. Mr. Shepard once interviewed Blaine in the same way, but he will never get a chance to do it again.

"Mr. Shepard recently wrote for the *Mail and Express* an announcement of his daughter's approaching marriage. He wrote this announcement in what was certainly an original way. It was only a paragraph, but society has not yet done laughing at it.

"Mr. Shepard is responsible for the scriptural text which heads the first column of every issue of the *Mail and Express*. He has a lot of texts printed in advance and each day selects one at random.

"I once asked Mr. Shepard what was his object in printing these texts. With perfect sincerity, he replied:

"To give my readers a few words from our Heavenly Father each day."

"Every reporter who goes on the *Mail and Express* has to answer in writing a series of inquisitorial questions prepared by Mr. Shepard. The reporter is required to tell, among other things, when and where he was born, where he was educated, to what political party he is attached, what is his religion, what church he attends, whether he is married or single, how many children he has, and so on and so on. Reporters, as a class, are not religious, but it is a singular fact that nearly every reporter who goes on the *Mail and Express* discovers that he is a devout Presbyterian and a regular attendant at a Presbyterian church. (Mr. Shepard is a Presbyterian.)

"Mr. Shepard is a vain man. He is the only editor in New York who ever writes himself up in his own newspaper. He likes to be written about and talked about. And nature protects his weakness by providing him with a pretty tough skin. He is not sensitive about criticism. In fact, he takes a business view of it, and regards it as so much free advertising.

"He is a kind-hearted man; he treats his employees well; he gives away a good deal of money in charity. His private life is exemplary; he is a good father and a devoted husband. He has some moral principles that he sticks to closely. He publishes a clean newspaper. He is good-tempered; he does not sling abusive epithets at his editorial rivals. I believe that he is at the present moment the only editor in New York who has not, at some time or other, called another editor a liar."

Some Magazines.

Following will be found the tables of contents of some of the current magazines:

The August *Overland* contains—"The Iron-Molders' Strike," by F. I. Vassault; "The Whispering Telephone," by Alvin D. Brock; "The Loan of a Name," by Flora Leigh Leighton; "The Institution of the Vestal Virgins at Rome," by Albert A. Howard; "The Truth about Gerald James," by Walter Kelly; "Is Assimilation a Spent Force," by George Moore; "Parson Fourbits," by Henry S. Brooks; "The Position of Labor among the Hebrews," by G. A. Danziger; "Deer and Deer-Hunting in California," by James A. Michener; "The Story of Catalina," by Ninetta Eames; "Unconscious Cerebration," by J. Preston Moore; verses by Francis E. Sheldon, Charles F. Lummis, and Lucy E. Tilley.

The August *Atlantic* contains—"Sidney"—XXIII.—XXV., by Margaret Deland; "The Use and Limits of Academic Culture," by N. S. Shaler; "Mme. Cornuel and Mme. de Coulanges," by Ellen Terry Johnson; "Felicia"—IV.—V., by Fanny N. D. Murfree; "Some Aspects of Psychology," by O. B. Frothingham; "A New Race Problem," by John H. Keatley; "A Search for a Lost Building," by Andrew McFarland Davis; "Revelation," by H. W. P. and L. D.; "Over the Teacups"—IX., by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "The Kingbird's Nest," by Oliver Thorne Miller; "International Copyright," by Henry Cabot Lodge; and verses by Annie Fields, Bradford Torrey, and John Greenleaf Whittier.

The original Brasenose knocker has been restored to its rightful building. When the Oxford scholars migrated to Stamford in 1334, because of a feud in the university, they took the knocker with them, and since then it has been on the door of the house where they settled, which became the property of the corporation of Stamford a couple of centuries later. The other day this house was bought by Brasenose College, and the historic knocker was taken off and home. It was molded sometime in the twelfth century. It represents a lion's face with a ring through the mouth.

—BUY JOS. TETLEY & CO.'S ELEPHANT BRAND Ceylon and India tea, in lead packets. Unadulterated, fragrant, delicious.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Mrs. Langtry is said to be becoming deeply interested in religious matters.

Miss Dorothy Tennant's early life was spent in Paris, when she studied her art under Bonnat and Duran. She and all her family speak French with absolutely the same ease as English.

How many women refused the explorer before Miss Tennant accepted him has been discussed but never decided. On the authority of Hubert Herkimer, the artist, to whom Stanley confided the secret, the number is given as eight. Who they were is, of course, confidential.

At Birmingham there are forty-one women and only three men candidates for the Cambridge higher local examinations; at Bradford, twenty-four women, one man; Leeds, thirty-five women, two men; at Manchester, forty-three women, one man; at Liverpool, fifty-six women, one man.

Blanche Willis Howard, the novelist, was married a few days ago in Stuttgart, Germany, to Dr. Teufel, of that city. The bridegroom is one of the most eminent practitioners in Germany, the court physician, and a man of wealth and leading social position. Dr. and Mrs. Teufel will reside in Stuttgart in the future.

Mrs. Carlyle often had Miss Geraldine Jewsbury staying with her in Chelsea, and she was there one day when some one else called. "Geraldine Jewsbury is here," said she; "but she is in her room, with a bad cold, reviewing a novel." Mrs. Carlyle paused a moment, and then added: "I am sorry for the novel that is reviewed by Geraldine when she has a bad cold."

M. de Gaste, the deputy for Finistère, who has been an advocate of equal rights for more than forty years, has proposed in the French Chamber of Deputies a revision of the constitution providing that the seats in both Senate and Chamber shall be shared equally by men and women over forty years of age, and that women shall be eligible to the presidency and vice-presidency.

Writing of the Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons, a *Bazar* correspondent says: "In the gallery with us is a large, handsome old lady, with much white lace around her head. Lady B— whispers to me it is Mrs. Gladstone, who is known as the 'Stormy Petrel,' for there is sure to be trouble brewing when she appears. She watches affairs attentively through the grating."

A complete list of the Sultan's wives shows that he has five first-class wives—*valides*; twenty-four second-class, or morganatic wives; and some two hundred and fifty third-class partners, variously described as "favorites" and "slaves." The care and attendance of the female establishments require the services of six thousand persons, who are the only people in Turkey who receive their full pay with regularity.

Nikita is the stage name of an American girl who is now singing in concert on the continent. Nobody seems to know who she is or where she comes from. But she is a prodigy. She is about twenty years of age, a tall, angular, raw-boned blonde. When she sings she stands with her hands behind her and her face turned upward, as if she were singing to the sky. Her voice is phenomenally sweet, velvety, and powerful and of surprising compass, and her method is all that could be desired.

The Duchess of Aosta, wife of the late brother of the King of Italy, is one of the richest young widows in Europe. She has two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in bank, two hundred thousand dollars' worth of plate, pictures, etc., and an annual State income (pension) of eighty thousand dollars. The duchess is about to make a visit to the ex-Empress Eugénie, who lives at Farnborough, near Windsor Castle. Eugénie intends to spend next autumn in Florence, and for that purpose has rented the Villa Oppenheim, in one of the suburbs of that Italian city.

Talks with Ralph Waldo Emerson

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent San Franciscans:

Hon. and Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low, who have been at Carlsbad and Kissengen for several months, were at Haden-Haden when last heard from.

The Misses Marie and Katie Dillon have been passing the week at Santa Cruz as the guests of Mrs. James Phelan, at Phelan Park.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan, and the Misses Daisy and Ruth Ryan, are still at their beautiful country residence in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Richard Ivers and Mrs. William G. Irwin are at San Rafael for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean have returned to the city after a protracted stay at Monterey. Mr. Walter L. Dean will remain there until the first of September.

Mrs. J. L. Martel and the Misses Adelle and Ethel Martel have left their country home, near Mountain View, to pay a visit to Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ainsworth and Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Ainsworth are visiting friends in Portland, Or.

Captain and Mrs. W. B. Collier are entertaining Miss Lena Blanding at Villa Ka-Bel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Ellis have engaged a residence at 254 Washington Street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene E. Davis and Mr. William E. Hall have returned from a trip to Japan and are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Miss Ada Sullivan is visiting Mrs. James Phelan at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Cushing have arrived in New York from Europe and will be here about the first of September.

Mrs. James McClatchy, of Sacramento, is stopping at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Goodman have gone to Monterey for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones are paying a visit to San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall are visiting Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague are passing a few weeks at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson went to Monterey Friday to attend the military ball.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank left for Monterey on Friday to remain a few days.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre have returned to Menlo Park after a pleasant visit at Monterey.

Mr. Henry W. Redington and Mr. Harry Babcock have returned from a visit to Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Brigham at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln and Mr. Jerome B. Lincoln have returned from a visit at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, nee Stetson, have returned from a visit to the principal Eastern cities.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. Eleanor Martin are traveling in Europe with Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field and Mrs. J. Condit-Smith. They will return in October.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Danforth and Miss Fannie Danforth have returned from a visit to Monterey.

Mrs. W. B. Bourne, Miss Ida Bourne, and Miss Bashford are occupying their cottage in San Rafael after a visit to Monterey.

Mr. George A. Pope has returned from his Eastern trip. Miss Annie Buckbee has been paying a visit to Miss May E. Pope at Monterey.

Mrs. George Hearst and Miss Jennie Sanderson went to Monterey last Monday for a protracted visit.

Mrs. James W. Keeney has been passing the week at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. Samuel G. Buckbee has returned from a prolonged Eastern trip.

Miss Laura Clark, who has been visiting friends here for several weeks, has returned to her home in Sacramento.

Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Miss Ella Goad, and Miss Leovy, of New Orleans, visited the Hotel Vendome, at San José for a few days recently, but are not at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wheaton and Miss Wheaton have returned to their home in Oakland after a visit to the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Mrs. Frederick L. Barreda and Miss Rose Barreda are visiting Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett and Miss Crockett are at Monterey for a brief visit.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding has been passing the week in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins have returned to the city after passing the season at Monterey.

Misses Laura and Elythe McDonald have been enjoying a visit at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Calvin Nutting and Miss Nutting are paying a visit to Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bancroft and Mr. Paul Bancroft have been visiting Monterey during the past week.

Judge E. D. Shattuck, of the supreme court of Oregon, is visiting his niece, Mrs. A. W. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries have left the Palace Hotel, and are occupying their new home, 1814 Washington Street.

General and Mrs. A. P. Hawkins have returned from Napa Valley, and are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. McClurg and Miss McClurg, of Denver, Co., returned from Monterey on Sunday, and since then have been making a tour of Sonoma and Napa Valleys. They will return to Denver to-day, and in October Miss McClurg will go to Italy.

Mrs. William H. Smith is visiting Mrs. W. B. Wilshire at the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Mrs. Fred Cox and Miss Cox, of Sacramento, have been visiting at Santa Cruz during the past fortnight.

Mrs. Charles Holbrook and the Misses Holbrook, who have been passing the summer at their country-home in Napa Valley, are now at Santa Cruz for a few weeks.

Mrs. E. B. Crocker has gone to Los Angeles, accompanied by her niece.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas and Miss Delphine Delmas will return from Mountain View in September, and will occupy the former residence of Mr. William T. Coleman, on Taylor Street.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Bigelow will occupy their cottage in San Rafael about the first of September, and will remain there a couple of months before returning to this city.

Mrs. Stanley and Miss Carter, who have been passing the summer in Napa Valley, are now at San Rafael for a month.

Mrs. D. B. Davidson and Miss Della Davidson will return to Monterey September 1st, and go to San Rafael for another month.

Captain and Mrs. William Kohl, Miss Mamie Kohl, Mr. J. H. Kohl, and Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis returned several days ago from a visit to Monterey and San José.

Baron and Baroness von Schröder will remain in San Rafael until the end of September.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Casey and Miss Florence Pierce, of Santa Clara, have been paying a visit to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Moore will pass the next two months at San Rafael.

Mr. Fred H. Beaver returned from Monterey early in the week.

Mrs. Alexander McLean, of Oakland, and Miss Maud McLean departed for Alaska last Monday.

Mrs. S. F. Thoms, who has passed most of the spring and summer at Crathorne, in the Santa Cruz Mountains, has been the guest of Mrs. Judge Allen at Menlo Park for a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Reichert, Mrs. Isabelle R. Toas, and Mrs. E. Little have returned to Laurel Glen, Napa county, after a delightful visit to St. Helena and Calistoga.

Mr. M. Banister Smith and Miss E. M. Smith, of New York, are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Miss Scott, and Miss Gertrude Hampton have been at Monterey during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McLean and Miss Edith McLean, who have been in San Rafael since the first of June, will return to the city early in September.

Mrs. Peter Decker, Mrs. Morton Cheesman, Miss Alice Decker, and Miss Jennie Cheesman will remain in Ross Valley until the latter part of September.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding will remain at Monterey until October.

Miss Dulce Bolado has returned from a pleasant visit to St. Sampson Tams at San Rafael.

Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Miss Jessie Bowie, and Miss Kennedy will remain at the Hotel Pleasanton until their new

residence, on the corner of Gough Street and Pacific Avenue, is completed.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood and Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman will return from San Rafael on the first of next month after passing the summer there.

Mrs. Thomas Francis Meagher and Miss Lillie Winans have been at the Hotel Vendome, in San José, during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson are at Monterey for a few days.

Miss Marie Voorhies is visiting at Monterey.

Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Miss Edith Taylor, and Miss Clara Taylor are at Monterey.

Miss Lena Brigham, of Oakland, is visiting friends in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin will pass the coming week at Monterey.

Mr. Everett N. Bee has returned from an enjoyable trip through Lake County.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General Gibbon, U. S. A., will arrive here in September to assume command of the division of the Pacific, vice General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., who will soon leave for Chicago with his family.

Captain and Mrs. Lord, U. S. N., are in the city on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Eaton.

Lieutenant-Colonel Oliver D. Greer, Assistant-Adjutant-General, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Washington, D. C., and ordered to proceed to this city for duty, to relieve Colonel George D. Ruggles, U. S. A., who will go to Governor's Island, N. Y., as Adjutant-General of the Department of the Atlantic, succeeding Colonel William D. Whipple, U. S. A., recently retired.

Captain George O. Webster, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Captain James N. Wheeler, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence, commencing September 1st.

Mrs. W. E. Creary, wife of Major Creary, U. S. A., who was stationed here five years ago, is in the city with her daughter, Miss Kittie Creary, who will attend Snell's Seminary in Oakland.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Mansfield Recital.

Mr. Hugo Mansfield gave his seventeenth piano recital of this season last Thursday evening in Byron Maury's piano warehouses. He presented the following programme:

"Invitation to the Dance," Weber-Taubig; (a) nocturne, B flat minor, Chopin; (b) ballade, Mansfield; (c) gavotte, B flat minor, Redding; (d) "Ereuse," Chopin; (e) "The Mill," J. S. Bach; (f) "Cradle Song," Schumann; (g) scherzino, Schwanberg; (h) "Tannhauser March," Wagner; (i) "Aria, Pergolesi; (j) "Crystalline Cascade," Mansfield; (k) nocturne, F sharp major; (l) "Rigolette," Liszt; "Wedding March" and "Fairy Dance," Mendelssohn-Liszt.

Clarence Eddy, the well-known organist, who made his first visit to San Francisco three years ago, will be in town in a few days and will inaugurate the new organ presented to the First Congregational Church by Mrs. Alexander with a recital and concert on Thursday evening, September 4th. During his stay here Mr. Eddy will give a series of concerts under the management of Marcus M. Henry.

Sigmund Beel, the violin virtuoso, will give a concert here about September 5th, assisted by Ernst Hartmann, pianist, and a vocalist.

The Loring Club has set the first concert of its fourteenth season for Wednesday evening, September 3rd.

The question whether it is beauty or cleverness that a man looks for in choosing a wife is thus discussed by the London *Spectator*:

"The best *paris* pick out the prettiest women, by preference just now pretty Americans. Marriage is the grand test of men's opinion, and in marriage the most cultivated are not the most successful. The answer to that gibe, which one hears pretty often and which, though substantially false, has a surface truth in it, is contained in the simple question, 'Why should they be?' The laws of nature are not going to be altered in order that men and women may know mathematics or anything else a little better. The desire for beauty is inherent and indestructible. It was not to be killed out by cultivating the brain, though it may be modified, and is being modified with some rapidity. Personal attractiveness being equal, the highest intellectual culture stands in no girl's way. We do not believe it ever did, from the days of Apsara downward to those of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, but it certainly does not now. What is the very charm of these American girls, who make great ladies so angry, apart from their beauty and their dollars, but a lively quickness of mind and speech, which are taken—often correctly, often incorrectly—for intelligence, wit, and that last result of culture, daintiness? The change that is going on in our social life is all in favor of women of intelligence, and this in every rank. It is excessively marked among the best of the handicraftsmen, and among the higher classes, though evidence is less easy to obtain, it is still perceptible. Beauty ranks first by virtue of laws which no female parliament either will or can alter; but, beauty and wealth apart, the stupid girl is getting as heavily weighed in the scale as the stupid man. Those who fling this argument at our heads should talk to their granddaughters, a little, or hunt up a few old memoirs. They will find that in the last century there were, the much smaller range of society being allowed for, ten *intellectuelles* for one now, every country-side showing its King Cophetua, and this although the pride of birth was then, of all the emotions bred of convention—if it is so bred—by far the most operative and real. Men are growing ashamed of silliness in their women as they never were before, and proud too, which is a further step, of their intelligence. No one who looks at society without prejudice will believe that the fools are winning the social game."

The following curious paragraphs are to be found floating about in the Eastern papers:

"Miss Emily Hagar (*sic*) has the reputation of being the prettiest dancer in California. She bears a striking resemblance to the portrait of Mme. Récamier, whose dress she affects. Being something of an artist, she amuses herself painting her own and reproducing the portrait of her ideal." If rumor can be credited, Miss Grace McDonough is heiress to three millions of dollars. This Pacific belle is the daughter of Mrs. Kant McDonough, who built the California Theatre, and a cousin of Mrs. Henry Moss and Mrs. Fred May, of New York city.

"Miss Jennie Dumphy (*sic*), of San Francisco, is sole heiress to a fortune of two millions of dollars, left by a married sister. Her father owns two hundred thousand acres of Nevada land and extensive ranches in Texas and Southern California. The pretty heiress is a horsewoman, some thing of a musician, and can throw a lariat like a cowboy."

In the year of grace 1890 the United States Patent Office actually granted an invention for an improvement in executors' headbooks.

DLXXXI.—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, August 24, 1890.

French Vegetable Soup.

Cantaloupes.

Fried Clams. Cold Slaw.

Broiled Venison Chops. Fried Potatoes.

Egg Plant. Succotash.

Roast Veal.

String-Bean Custard.

Strawberries. Lemon Caud.

Fruits.

LEMON CUSTARD.—Beat separately whites and yolks of four eggs; stir in gradually juice of one lemon, grated rind, three gills of sugar. Stand on the stove in a bain-marie, filled with boiling water, and stir in one-half pint of boiling water, letting it stand until as thick as custard, stirring constantly. Let it cool and place upon the ice.

A little adventure, which shows one of the customs of London society, is related by Elizabeth Bisland in *Harper's Bazar*, as follows:

"They never present people to one another in London, and consequently a stranger has a very up-hill time of it. One does not, for example, like to go up to a strange man and take his breath away with one's light and genial American persiflage, and if one speaks to a strange woman she clasps her diamonds and surreys for the police. The result is that a lost dog is a comfortable and generous person beside a stranger in a grand London 'squash party.' It used to be explained to me by my crude and ignorant lack of appreciation of this form of hospitality, that it was supposed all persons you met at your host's house were your equals, if not your superiors, and that therefore one was at liberty to speak without the formality of being presented. But this I found by experience was a theory the practice of which was honored in the breach. At the Brasseys, wedged into a howling wilderness of my fellow-man, standing on tiptoes, trying to catch a glimpse of some one who owned a loud professional warble that was doing soprano antics above our heads, a strange man spoke to me, and I retorted, with the American vivacity, that one was dragged to death with the effort to do everything, and go to half-a-dozen places in one night—which I'd not been doing, but knew it was the proper thing to say. Some one vacated a chair near by at this moment, and he quoted the beginning of the Persian proverb about his being better to be sitting than standing, and the rest of it; and when I had sat down he leaned over the chair and told most amusing little anecdotes about the people about us, all of whom he seemed to know. He was really a very nice man. He had red hair that crimped all over his head, and extremely white teeth, and looked as if he might have been a soldier. Indeed, he said he had just come home from five years in India. Unfortunately I was telling him my experience with the frivolous set in London; how that in America they were gay, with an airy light-mindedness, and did not enter upon a course of frivolity with this stern Anglo-Saxon sense of duty, for the Anglo-Saxon is mighty, even when he is fast. And he found something funny in that, for he threw back his head and haw-hawed rather loud, and suddenly I felt that Lady B—was fixing me with her glittering eye, and that I had done those things I ought not to have done. Happily some one spoke to him at the moment, and while his attention was distracted I rose and fled. 'Pray,' said Lady B—, in her severest tones, 'who is this person?' Is he an intimate friend of yours?' 'Oh, no,' said I, discreetly; 'not very intimate.' 'How intimate, may I ask?' 'Intimate enough for you to know his name?' I never said another word, and was borne home in disgrace. Since that time, I suffer in silence, and should any man approach with sociable intent in his eye, I nip it frigidly in the bud—but he was really a very agreeable and sociable man."

As the law of Aberdeen required it, a cab-driver was prosecuted, convicted, and fined five shillings, or three days' imprisonment, for smoking a pipe on his cab, not while driving a fare but while he was standing on the lookout for one. By the municipal laws and regulations of Aberdeen, the smoking of a pipe by a cab-driver is a criminal offence.

The accounts of a pill-maker, who has just died in England, show that he has been spending two hundred thousand dollars a year for advertising. His heirs, however, are finding no particular fault with this extravagance, as he leaves an estate valued at twenty-five million dollars—all due to pills and advertising.

One of the standing properties of the prison of Uskub, Macedonia, is a collection of large ants. Fifty ants, placed on the body of a man chained to the floor so that he can not move limb or head, will cause as extreme torture as can be devised.

—ON AUGUST 25TH, MISS MARY B. WEST WILL reopen school in her new building, 204 Van Ness Avenue, near Jackson Street, with a full and efficient corps of teachers. Miss West is one of the oldest and most able of our educators, and we feel in her new home she will soon have no room for additional pupils. The building is a three-storied basement, finished neatly in natural redwood, with the walls of a pearly-grey tint. There are two large school-rooms with some half a dozen class-rooms, all having a southern and westerly exposure. The basement contains dining-room, kitchen, furnace-room, and a very spacious hall for calisthenic exercises. The entire building is thoroughly lighted and heated, and, with the newest and most approved system of ventilation and sewerage, is desirable in every way for educational purposes.

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CHINATOWN.

Just published, in book form, a short description of Chinatown, with eighteen photographic illustrations, price 50 cents. Also recently issued, in similar form, "The Old Missions," in two volumes, and "Hotel del Monte," small size, 50 cents per volume; large, 75 cents. "Picturesque Fresno," extra large size, \$3.

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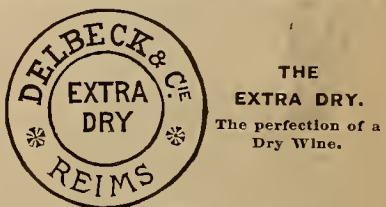
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At Murfreesborough a Confederate soldier was rushing to the rear with all the speed he could command. An officer hailed him and sneeringly inquired why he was running away so fast from the Yankees. The soldier, without stopping, yelled back: "Because I can't fly."

Sophie Arnould was a last century favorite, whose voice gave way in youth, and of her the Abbé Galiani caustically said: "She has the finest asthma I ever heard!" But the lady revenged herself, if not on him, on the religious order to which he belonged. Hearing that a Capuchin had been eaten by wolves, she exclaimed: "Poor beasts! what a dreadful thing hunger must be!"

The custom of tarring and feathering did not, as is generally supposed, have its origin in America, but in one of "the stately homes of England." A gentleman, who had drunk not wisely but too well, was attired by his friends in that manner, when in an insensible condition; on waking in the morning and surveying himself in the pier glass, he imagined himself to have undergone a metamorphosis. "As I live," he said, "a bird."

Barrington tells some touching anecdotes in illustration of the devoted attachment of the Irish peasantry to the gentry—an attachment, however, which sometimes became embarrassing, as when a faithful game-keeper, hearing his mistress say of a gentleman she disliked: "I wish the fellow's ears were cut off!" "took a few boys with him, and brought back Dennis Bodkin's ears in a large snuff-box," which, "with joy in his eye," he placed in the hands of his mistress.

An African chief had a bad cold and sent for his family physician. This gentleman could no more cure a cold than any civilized doctor, and was as little likely to confess it. His business, of course, was to give a prescription, not impossible to be made up, but a little out of the way, so as to inspire confidence and suggest anatomical study. He prescribed a little fat cut from the heart of a fat man. Unhappily (for the doctor), all the attendants of the chief were lean, but the doctor himself was fat, and the chief, being unaccustomed to wait for anything—far less a cure for a cold—immediately put him to death and put his advice into execution.

A very delicate compliment was lately bestowed by a dog lover upon the intelligence of his Skye terrier. The owner of the dog was sitting in his office, apparently alone, when an acquaintance entered. "Glad to find you alone," said the visitor, "because I have a confidential communication to make to you, which no one else must hear." "Hold on a minute," said the owner, checking him; and then he called out, "Here, Spot!" A small terrier crawled out from under the table, wagging his tail. "Go out, Spot," said his master. The dog went out. "Now, then," said the owner, "you may go on with your confidential communication. We are alone."

M. Paul de Rémusat relates that visiting once his friend, M. Thiers, who had not yet become President of the French Republic, but was one of the most noted orators of Europe, he found the great statesman at his desk, busy with paper and pen. "You come just in time," said Thiers; "I am just finishing the speech that I am to deliver in the Corps Législatif to-morrow. I will read you some passages, and you may tell me just what you think about it." It was, perhaps, M. Thiers's most famous speech—his great impeachment of Napoleon the Third and his policy. The young man listened with interest, and ventured to say after the reading that, while the address was a remarkably strong one, he missed something of the easy, natural, perfectly simple method which was characteristic of M. Thiers. "You are right," said the great orator; "I haven't put in the negligences yet." Taking his pen, he proceeded to add a touch of negligent ease here and there, changing careful expressions to careless ones. "Now," he said at last, "it is spontaneous."

A certain professor who is remarkable for his gentleness of manner, happens to have had a record for brave and brilliant service in the Civil War. One day a young lady, who was under his instruction, said to him: "It is hard work for me to think of you, professor, as a man of war. Tell me, did you ever kill any one?" "My dear young lady," said the professor, "I will give you an idea what a blood-thirsty man I was in the war. I was an officer of artillery, and I suppose you know that such officers carry pistols in the holsters of their saddles?" "Yes." "Well, throughout the four years of the war I never once discharged one of those pistols, nor drew a sword except on parade. I had my servant take the revolvers out of the holsters about once a month, and discharge and clean them to keep them in order, but I never touched the trigger of one of them." "But I suppose you gave the order to fire the guns sometimes?" "Oh, yes, quite frequently." "And sometimes you sighted the guns yourself?" "Yes,

I oft-n, in engagements, sighted the pieces myself." "In order to be sure that they would kill as many men as possible? Well, professor, I can't see that you were much of a man of peace in the war after all!"

When the Czarevitch, afterward Paul the First, was at Berlin, Mme. Mara was to sing in an opera given in his honor. She pretended to be ill, however, and informed the management that she could not appear. On the morning of the day fixed for the performance, the king sent her word that she might as well recover, for, ill or not, she must sing; nevertheless Mme. Mara remained at home and in bed. Two hours before the appointed time, a carriage stopped at her door, and an officer entered her room, leaving a company of dragoons without. He announced that he had been commissioned by the king to take her, alive or dead, to the theatre. "But you see I am in bed, and can not get up," remonstrated the vocalist. "In that case, I must take the bed, too," was the reply. Bathed in tears, the singer made herself ready, and proceeded to the theatre, making up her mind, however, that she would sing in such a manner as to make his majesty repent his determination. Through the first act she persisted in this scheme, but as it then occurred to her that the Russian Grand Duke would carry away a poor opinion of her powers, she changed her tactics, and sang with a brilliancy which astonished and delighted the royal visitor.

The only prisoner made by the English reserve at Waterloo was a French general, whose capture was due to the cool head and stout heart of a young hrigade-major, anxious for an adventure. Baron Malortie tells the story in his book, "Twixt Old Times and New." During the battle, several regiments of cavalry and infantry were kept in reserve, under a heavy fire from the French guns. Great was the havoc, and neither men nor horses relished the passive attitude to which they were condemned. While a group of young officers, in front of the left wing of the reserve, were discussing the situation, their attention was attracted to a French general and his staff, all on horseback, who were looking through their glasses at the Englishmen. One of the group was Captain Halkett, a young hrigade-major, mounted on a thorough-bred. Suddenly he exclaimed: "I'll lay any one five pounds that I will bring that French general over here, dead or alive. Who'll take my bet?" "Done—done—done!" shouted several officers. The captain examined the saddle-girths and his pistols. Then shouting, "Good-bye!" and putting spurs to his horse, he dashed at a furious pace across the plain between the British and French lines. His comrades followed him with their glasses, not speaking a word. The Frenchmen opposite seemed puzzled. Believing that the Englishman's horse had bolted, and that the rider had lost control of him, they opened their ranks to let the runaway through. Halkett steered his steed so as to graze the mounted general on the right side. At that instant he put his arm around the Frenchman's waist, lifted him bodily out of the saddle, and, throwing him over his own horse's neck, turned sharp, and made for the English lines. When the general's staff realized the meaning of the bold rider they dashed after him. But he had a good start, and not a Frenchman dared to fire for fear of hitting the general. Half a squad of English dragoons, seeing Halkett chased by a dozen French officers, charged them. They opened their ranks to let Halkett through, closed them up again the moment he was in the rear, and then forced the Frenchmen to turn swiftly and seek shelter under their own guns. Amid the maddest cheering, Halkett stopped in front of the British lines, with the general half-dead but securely clasped in his strong arms. He jumped from his horse, apologized to his prisoner for the uncere-monious way in which he had been handled, and, in reply to the congratulations of his comrades, said, simply: "Praise my horse, not me." The captured general was treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration.

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York, who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on
receipt of price—but inquire first. (Mention this paper.)

HER BUTTON-HOOK.

If the average young man, with no experience in either direction, were given his choice between finding Ujijji, Interior Africa, and a button-book in the pocket of a black dress hanging on the third hook on the right-hand side of the back closet, he would select the button hook and strike out blindly and fail. In this, as in many other things, Stanley has shown himself to be no ordinary man—he went after Ujijji first, and found it, and now he has come back to attempt to teach us how to spell African names, and, perhaps, to undertake the other task. It is a task which, we suspect, comes sooner or later to every married man. The wife of his bosom stands—or, perhaps, we should say, sits, since statistics show that nine out of ten women sit on the floor to put on their shoes—she sits, we say, helplessly, with two hair-pins and a safety-pin in her mouth, and directs her husband to proceed to the closet and get a button-hook which is in the pocket of her cashmere-dress. He—good, easy man—fastens on one cuff and goes like a lamb to the slaughter. He searches the first ten minutes in a silk dress instead of the cashmere. Then, with copious directions and explanatory notes from the floor, he locates the right gown hanging, as he was told in the first place, on the third hook, right-hand side. There it hangs, limp and innocent. He puts his hand in what he conceives to be the pocket, and gradually dives deeper, till he is surprised to see the hand, with fingers spread wide apart, emerge from the bottom of the skirt. He says nothing; but renews the attack. There are, in an ordinary dress, between thirty and forty places where this operation may be repeated, and as there is no way of distinguishing between a cañon which has been explored and one which has not, the ordinary man will go down each one five or six times. Perhaps he becomes impatient and something rips, and he is rebuked from the floor. Now comes his severest trial. He feels the pocket with its button-hook, and handkerchief, and letter from his wife's mother, and recipe for sponge-cake, and half-a-dozen samples of dress-goods, and two hair-pins, and recipe for currant-jelly, and other trifles indigenous to the locality—he feels it, we repeat, from the outside, and foolishly thinks his task almost done. Alas! what a worm of the dust is man, especially under these circumstances. It were better for this man that he stood in Africa searching for Napplejak near Bogstie Bogstie, which places, as every intelligent student of the dark continent knows, are over two thousand miles apart. Finding the pocket on the outside means—nothing. It is no clew to the entrance. The weary young husband searches on, his work punctuated by his wife, who still has the floor. Reason at length topples on her throne. He pulls down the unoffending gown, hook and all. He utters a wild cry, and tears the helpless front breadths from the unresisting back drapery. Shreds of black cashmere fly through the startled air. The illusive pocket strikes him on the nose, still he can not get into it. Then his wife comes and rescues the garment with tears, but firmly puts her hand in the pocket at the first move, and the young husband retreats down-stairs covered with shame and ignominy.—*New York Tribune.*

AT THE CHANCEL.

The thoughts of a bridegroom, as he awaits at the altar the arrival of his bride, may be supposed by the romantic to be filled with sublimity and rapture, while, if the truth were known, in most cases they run something like this:

"Now, where's Emily? I thought she was to come in at the church-door as I came out of the vestry; of course, brides are generally late, but she made me a promise to be punctual. I don't doubt the best man has got me out here a full fifteen minutes too soon. That is what the matter is; well, at least, he has got to stand it as well as I.

"What a lot of people! all looking at me, of course, to see how I appear! I declare, I have a lively feeling for the lion in the circus show.

"There, I caught Mrs. Blenkinsop's eye; I suppose I mustn't bow. But where the deuce am I to look and not catch people's eyes? Emily, Emily, the first thing I do after we're married will be to teach you punctuality. I think it must be twenty minutes since I came out here.

"There's an awful draught from the vestry-door, and there is the best man sneezing. Hang it! what does he do that for? Every one is laughing.

"Seems to me the people are smiling at me, too. I wonder if there is anything wrong about me? My collar is awfully uncomfortable; perhaps it has got unbuttoned behind, and is riding up over my coat. I don't like to put up my hand and feel; I'll nod my head, and perhaps the darned thing will settle into place.

"Gracious! there is Mrs. Blenkinsop nodding, too; she thought I bowed to her this time. Heavens! if Emily don't come in about a second, I shall begin to wish I had never started to go through this sort of thing.

"There's Rose Mathews; I used to be a good deal of spoons on her once; see her laugh! Of course it is at the figure I cut up here; now she is whispering—She is looking mighty pretty; I wonder if she would serve a man this way?

"What in the world shall I do with my hands? The best man has his behind him; it looks rather easy and graceful. I'll try that; but here, we can't stand here just alike, like the Siamese Twins. The rector has his hands clasped in front; I'll see how that goes; it won't do, it's more awkward than ever.

"No Emily yet! I'll read over the commandments behind the altar. Well, I shall break the third one in just a minute; and as for the fifth, I certainly shall not honor my parents-in-law for bringing Emily up no better than this. I'll read the fourth; it's a long one, and will distract me quite awhile. (Best Man pinches him). What under heaven is the matter? Oh, the bridal party at last! Now, if I don't mistake one of the bridesmaids for bride!" (But he doesn't, and the service begins.)—*Puck.*

A NEW WAY TO COLLECT OLD DEBTS.

A Carnival Episode in Two Acts.

ACT I.

Scene: A Masquerade.

Baron—Most charming of all dominoes, you have captivated my heart at the first glance. I—

Domino (evasively)—I don't believe it!

Baron (warily)—You don't believe it? Ask what you will; if it is in my power—

Domino (promptly)—Lead me seventeen marks!

Baron (aside)—Confound it! (To domino)—Look here, my pretty child—

Domino (coaxingly)—You hesitate. You shall have a kiss.

Baron (resolutely)—A kiss? Here my sweet angel, take these twenty marks in good gold!

Domino (faintly)—Beg pardon, I asked only for seventeen; here are three marks change. Best thanks!

Baron (grinning)—And the kiss?

Domino (hurriedly)—Here!

(At this point the domino rushes off and disappears in the crowd.)

ACT II.

The Baron's bedroom. Enter a shoe-maker.

Shoe-maker (bowing)—Good-morrow, Herr Baron! Here I have brought you—(aloud)—the receipted bill for the last pair of dancing-boots, Herr Baron!

Baron (aside)—Has the fellow come to bother me again? (To shoe-maker)—Bill! receipt! Are you mad? Expect me to pay in the carnival season?

Shoe-maker (quietly)—Not at all, Herr Baron, the account is already paid! He adds (mysteriously)—The domino of last night, Herr Baron, the seven—

Baron (starting up)—Domino?

Shoe-maker (smiling)—Was—

Baron (furiously)—Hang it—was—

Shoe-maker (calmly)—My daughter, Herr Baron!

—*Fliegende Blätter.*

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Holds Brush, Dasher, Blacking, and Dressing.

Screws to any wall and swings out of the way when not in use. Beautiful in design.

Price by Ex. \$2.

F. H. Brown Mfg. Co. Detroit, M
Solemen everywhere.

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Beware of Imitations.
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PURE CITY DEPOT
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HEALTHY COWS
DELIVERED TO ALL PARTS OF THE CITY.

SAUSALITO-SAN RAFAEL-SAN QUENTIN
via
NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.
Commencing Sunday, April 6, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 4:20, 5:30, 6:30 P. M.
Extra trip on Sundays to Sausalito at 11:00 A. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—8:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 5:00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:50, 5:30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 7:45, 9:30, 11:15 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 5:00 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, 10:55 A. M.; 12:00 M.; 1:15, 2:45, 4:00, 5:00, 6:05, 7:00 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6:30 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:55, 11:05 A. M.; 3:35, 5:12 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:12, 9:20, 10:10, 11:15 A. M.; 12:20, 1:40, 3:00, 5:15, 6:30 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6:38 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 10:05 A. M.; 12:05, 2:15, 4:10, 5:40 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:15, 9:45, 10:40, 11:40 A. M.; 12:45, 1:55, 3:30, 4:40, 5:45, 6:50, 7:45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 7:10 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.
1:30 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 7:00 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12:35 P. M.

8:00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 8:15 P. M., same day.

EXCURSION RATES.
Thirty-day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tomales, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.

Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Point Reyes, \$1.75; Tomales, \$2.00; Howard's, \$2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, \$3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.
Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Caffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, F. B. LATHAM,
General Manager. Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 329 Pine Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.
NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
12 o'clock M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
Steamer, From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1890.
Oceanic Thursday, September 4
Gaelic Saturday, September 27
Belgie Tuesday, October 21
Oceanic Thursday, November 13
Gaelic Saturday, December 6
Belgie Tuesday, December 30

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA
San Juan Saturday, August 23, at 12 M.
Taking freight and passengers direct for Acapulco, Champo, San José de Guatemala, Acapulco, La Libertad, La Unión, Punta Arenas, and Panama.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama, direct:
City of Peking Saturday, Aug. 23, at 12 M.
City of Rio de Janeiro Sept. 16, at 12 M.
China Thursday, October 9, at 12 M.

Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.
W. R. A. JOHNSON, Acting Gen. Agent.
Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From July 14, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	2:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax	4:45 P.
8:00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6:15 P.
9:00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles	10:15 A.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	8:45 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	6:00 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José	9:45 A.
3:30 P.	ad class Ogden and East	9:45 P.
4:00 P.	Sunset Route—Alameda Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Lathrop and Knight's Landing via Davis	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and San José	8:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards and Niles	6:15 P.
8:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	7:45 A.
9:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	9:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Excursion train to Santa Cruz	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6:20 P.
2:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	11:20 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, and Gatos, and Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:25 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	2:30 P.
7:50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion	8:25 P.
8:30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, Soledad, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations	6:12 P.
10:30 A.	San José and Way Stations	7:30 P.
12:01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	5:13 P.
2:30 P.	(Del Monte Ltd) Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Monterey, and Pacific Grove	11:25 A.
3:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations	10:00 A.
4:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	7:56 A.
5:20 P.	San José and Way Stations	9:05 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	San José and principal Way Stations	4:28 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. ** Mondays excepted.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY
THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, July 13, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:25 P. M.; Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:25 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:00, 9:30, 11:40 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05, 6:30 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—7:15, 8:00, 9:55 A. M.; 12:05, 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 7:00 P. M.; Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. DESTINATION. Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma	10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	San Jose	6:05 P. M.
5:00 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Santa Rosa	7:25 P. M.
		Fulton	6:05 P. M.
		Windsor	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Healdsburg	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Linton Springs	7:25 P. M.
		Cloverdale	6:05 P. M.
		Way Stations	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland	7:25 P. M.
		Ukiah	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville	7:25 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.		10:30 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	8:00 A. M.		6:05 P. M.
		Sonoma	10:40 A. M.
		Glen Ellen	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.		8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sebastopol	10:40 A. M.
			10:30 A. M.
			6:05 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Lower Lake, and Zeigler Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Willits, Chato, Capella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Linton Springs, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.50; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Guerneville, \$8.25; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Linton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.50; to Sebastopol, \$6.50; to Guerneville, \$8.25; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager,
PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
Ticket Offices at Ferry and 222 Montgomery Street.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., August 3, 13, 23, Sept. 2, 12, 22, Oct. 2, 12, 22, every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, San Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day, 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, every month. Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 New M Street. GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General.
No. 10 Market Street, San Fran.



Mr. Archibald Gunter seems to have a deep and lasting affection for the vendetta. He does not seem to have been able to get on without it, and whenever a play of his is heralded by posters on the dead-walls, they are sure to be enlivened with a picture or two of a fiery Corsican, with his head tied up in a red handkerchief and a long knife gripped in his red, right hand.

The most distant mention of Corsica in a play means blood. The natives of that mountainous isle, as depicted on the stage, are the goriest set of people that ever hid behind doors and balcony pillars in long, Spanish cloaks and slouch hats. They seem to thrive on murder, to batten on blood. On the stage they never, by any chance, think of anything but the victim they pursue or the avenger who happens to be pursuing them. "She is a Corsican," says the first walking gentleman, and when she enters, in a cross between an Italian peasant-dress and a costume worn by Martha, in the second act, no one is surprised to hear her unfold a plan to murder her husband or her bosom friend. Judging by the stage specimens of the people of that isolated spot, Corsica must be a decidedly lively place to live in, one-half the inhabitants seeming to spend their time in active pursuit of the other half, who, though they flee to the uttermost ends of the earth, can never escape the vengeance of the vendetta.

"Two Nights in Rome" is enlivened by the presence of a male and female Corsican, and very fine specimens of the breed they are. Unlike those in "Mr. Barnes of New York," it is the man who is the avenger here, and the lady who seeks the sanctuary of many alibis and several husbands. You might think that a vendetta was hardly necessary to spur the male Corsican on to vengeance, for Antonia-Eugenia-Angela—to give her the benefit of her various names—has, in a moment of irritation, beaten him full sore on the head with a champagne-bottle, leaving his lofty brow seamed with an intricate scar which bears a close resemblance to a map of the river systems of Europe in Johnston's "Family Atlas." But Benedetti—such is his name—does the affair up in true Corsican style. Instead of beating Antonia back, as men who have not the fortune to be Corsicans might be tempted to do, he simply, in the most gentlemanly and dignified way in the world, files a vendetta. This stately way of conducting such delicate matters, with no scandal or fuss, is quite consistent with Benedetti's character and appearance, both of which are gloomy, dark, mysterious, and as highly conspicuous as ever a stage Corsican could desire.

Antonia has the floor first, and her costume tells us a great deal; but when Grismer says: "Gentlemen, my wife is a Corsican," all is explained, and no further statements are necessary on the subject of Antonia's position and subsequent career. Like all Corsicans, male or female, she can do pretty much as she wants without causing any uncomfortable comment. When the gentlemen talk of past events, she gasps and groans and wrings her hands, and they never notice her, merely putting it down to some little national idiosyncrasy. Nothing that she may do excites their curiosity or surprise. When, if Antonia had been French, or Turk, or Prussian, or, perhaps, Italian, they would have been dashing about for salts, and brandy, and fans, and burnt feathers, they now, knowing her to be one of the most remarkable race on the face of the globe, take no notice of her paroxysms. When she falls on the earth in a dead faint, one of them remarks it as going a little beyond even the limit for Corsicans, and picks her up again, observing to Gerald: "Your wife has fainted," which was calling his attention to a rather obvious fact.

But if there was a moment's doubt about Antonia's nationality on first view, there could be none about Benedetti's. No sooner does Benedetti get that remarkable physiognomy of his inside the door, than we recognize him at a glance, and know that he is thirsting for gore, and that under his cloak there is a "long-hafted gillie to kill cavaliers." Only Benedetti does not want to kill cavaliers. He does not want to kill anybody but the lady who put the map of the river systems on his right temple, and, considering all things, this is not a surprising ambition. Unconsciously, in the innocent stage way, he has now stumbled upon her. At first he does not know that she is so near; thinks, in fact, that she is hiding from his wrath in distant lands. But, on looking over the apartment, his eyes fall upon the table, and there he sees damning proofs of her presence in a bunch of Parma violets, a letter in her hand-writing, and a remarkable and unknown ornament called by Benedetti a "brewtch." That Antonia, in the happy days when she beat Benedetti with the champagne-

bottle, was in the habit of decking herself with this same "brewtch," we gather from the Corsican's excited words. The sight of the "brewtch," which must have been a form of fetich invented by Antonia expressly for herself, throws Benedetti into an awful agony. He shakes as though attacked with all the concentrated malarias of the Roman Campagna; he talks and gesticulates wildly, and the map of the river systems throbs upon his brow as a gentle reminder.

This "brewtch" creates a good deal of disturbance. The second heroine, coming to see the picture at the artist's studio, falls on the "brewtch" just as Benedetti did, and the "brewtch" has precisely the same agitating effect upon her. "Brewtches" are not good things to have in the house it would seem, they disturb everybody. Evelyn, when she sees the "brewtch," does not rage and tremble as Benedetti did. She rages and weeps, and, distraught by the sight of this miserably uncomfortable "brewtch," she begins to abuse the artist with whom she was formerly in love. That is the odd thing about the "brewtch," it made everybody angry with some one formerly beloved. Antonia's fetich appears to have been a hoodoo for other people.

Evelyn is the second heroine, and Mr. Gunter, true to his old system, has made her a lily-like English girl. The two heroines are precisely the same as the two in "Mr. Barnes"; for Marina, though she was good, was Antonia's double, both being of that intense and fiery calilure which finds in every one a "worse devil or better angel." Evelyn and Edith are as like as twin roses, and are evidently a type which Mr. Gunter admires—the dignified, clear-eyed, soft-voiced, flat-footed, sweet-tempered, docile, pink-cheeked English girl. After those fire-eating Corsican heroines, the gentle English beauty is an agreeable contrast, though she reads better in a novel than she acts in a play. There is something undeniably taking about her, with her long neck, and her movements at once stiff and graceful, her soft eyes like those of an Alderney cow, and her reserved and placid manners. Miss Davies looks more like an American than an English woman, but she resembles the latter in her pretty voice, her somewhat pleading expression, her almost apologetic gentleness, and her pensive softness. She is a very charming actress when she is cast in suitable parts. Agonizing situations—such as that in "Lights and Shadows," where she is tortured with a series of crashing sounds, such as might be made by a descending elevator making time down the shaft—do not show her talents to advantage. In such a character as that of the meek, yet strong-souled, Evelyn, she is eminently successful, investing it with a good deal of sweetness, womanliness, and dignity. In the last two acts she looked especially attractive in her long, white dress, with its dangling fringes, the train giving her figure a certain dignity, which only a train can impart. The red wig was a little too Titianesque in hue, and it was curled tighter than the tail of a thorough-bred pug; nevertheless, Lady Clinton, standing by the mantel-piece, in the attitude of which Toulmouche is so fond, made a picture prettier than anything the Bush Street Theatre has seen for some time.

The whole company were more firm in their parts than they were in that deadly play, "Lights and Shadows." Mr. Grismer ought to keep clear of that sort of play, for his entire company rattled round in the parts assigned them like peas in a pod. In "Two Nights in Rome" they all seemed to take kindly to their work, and the piece moved onward toward the close and climax with a firm and steady increase of interest. Mr. Grismer himself is rather inclined to be stiff and uneasy. He has to say a good many idiotic things, and more sentimental ones, and he always says them in a reluctant sort of way, as if it went against the grain, and he would like to look at the audience and smile confidentially, in order to assure them that these were not his real opinions. In parts of the play, on Monday evening, he seemed to break loose from this feeling of constraint, and then he was clever and forcible. In the scene with Antonia, in the first act, he showed a good deal of ability and won a round of applause.

Of the rest of the company, Mr. Scott, as an American, was good, and so was Cousin Frantz. The two Corsicans were rather lurid, even for Corsicans. They trembled and they gasped so much that nothing remained for them but total collapse, and when the curtain fell, it fell on a future of nervous prostration for both of them. Miss Deering, as a debutante, was interesting. She looked very pretty in the dress of the contadina, and she acted with some piquancy in the part of one of those remarkable stage domestics, who never seem to do anything but hold out their hand for what Pooh Bah would have called "another insult." Miss Deering spoke too fast, so that in many places it was almost impossible to understand her, but this is a fault which will pass with more experience.

The play itself is melodramatic in a high degree, but undeniably interesting. It shows again how strong Mr. Gunter's dramatic talent is, and how weak his literary faculty or artistic instinct. The piece is inartistic, but if some of the more advanced and cultivated playwrights could steal a little of his fire and spirit, their work would gain just that fillip which it so badly needs. Compare such a piece as "Two Nights in Rome" with such a piece as "Sweet Lavender," and in the one we have the

bones and muscles of a drama, with no delicate covering, and in the other we have the delicate covering with no bones and muscles. Mr. Gunter is master of the art of ratiocination, his works are intricate, exciting, unflagging in tension, and involved in story. They are raw, crude, unfinished, flashy, but exciting—always exciting. His talent lies in weaving a good, strong, close-knit, high-colored plot, but his characters are as lifeless as wooden models, and his backgrounds as lacking in atmosphere as though they had been worked up from the encyclopedia.

G. B.

The death of Sir Richard Wallace has repeatedly led to the statement in English journals that his father, Richard, fourth Marquess of Hertford, who died in 1870, was "the original of Thackeray's immortal but infamous Lord Steyne." Henry J. Furely writes to the London Standard to say that this "he could not have been," and gives the following reasons:

"The epoch of 'Vanity Fair' is Georgian. The story opens in 1813, two years before the battle of Waterloo, and terminates, presumably, about the middle of the reign of George the Fourth, *i. e.*, 1836. How, then, could the brilliant and cynical *roné*, past middle life, the *persona grata* of the Georgian court, whom Thackeray portrayed, have been this identical marquess, who, according to Burke and DeBrett, was born in 1800? The date of his entry into the world and the facts of his career preclude the notion altogether. Thackeray had in his mind's eye, when he limited this character, quite another Marquess of Hertford, the period of whose life synchronizes exactly with that of the imaginary Lord Steyne. This was Francis Charles Seymour, third possessor of the title, who was born in 1777 and died in 1842. This nobleman, while Earl of Yarmouth, was Lord Castle-reagh's second in the duel with Mr. Canning in 1829. He was the boon companion of the prince regent, and with many of the orgies and scandals of that and a subsequent period his name is imperishably associated. Any one who will take the trouble carefully to study the salient traits in the character of the third marquess, as depicted in the journals and chronicles of two generations ago, will, on turning to Lord Steyne, have no difficulty in tracing a most genuine *transsemblance*. Never was mordant satire more felicitously and faithfully employed than when Thackeray took in hand this singularly unique personage and gave him immortality. The fact that he will live while English literature endures, makes it the more important that there should be no mistake or misunderstanding as to his identity."

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Dr. C. R. Dake, Belleville, Ill., says: "I have found it, and it alone, to be capable of producing a sweet and natural sleep in cases of insomnia from overwork of the brain, which so often occurs in active professional and business men."

One of the cars of the New York Central road, on which commuters living in a suburban town ride daily to and from New York, is a club-car, in which thirty or forty commuters have the exclusive privilege of riding. The club was organized in 1888. The car, which was built at a cost of seven thousand dollars by the Pullman Company, is thus described:

"The interior is partitioned off for smokers and non-smokers, the smokers having the main body of the car. The floor is carpeted; there are plate-glass mirrors in the walls, toilet-room conveniences, and closets for the storage of club paraphernalia. Movable tables are fitted into the wall on one side. There are four heavy, leather-seated chairs to each table, and on the other side of the car are ranged ten revolving-chairs. Card-racks and other conveniences are provided. The metal-work is of brass, and the decorations are in the same colors as in the regular cars. The members pay twenty dollars a year each, beside the regular fare, for the privileges of the car. The club is exclusive, new members being admitted only by election, and nothing being done without a two-thirds vote in favor of the proposition."

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"My wife is the queen of the tea-table." "And she never reigns but she pours."—*Sun*.

"Why did you marry a man who is eighty years of age?" "Because I couldn't find one equally rich who was ninety."—*Sun*.

Cynic—"I am always happy when two fools marry." *Binnick*—"Why?" *Cynic*—"Because they are made one."—*Epoch*.

One of the girls—"Do you think your poems are widely read?" *The poet*—"Yes; nearly every editor in the country reads them."—*Life*.

"There goes poor Harold Pinxit, the artist. They say he is starving." "What is the matter with him?" "He is out of drawing."—*Harper's Bazar*.

There is really no tangible objection to violent plaid trousers, except they keep one constantly wondering whose move it is.—*Washington Post*.

Mr. Goodole Tymes—"Now, my mother's cooking—" *Mrs. Tymes* (interrupting)—"Hush! It's horrible to speak that way of the dead!"—*Puck*.

Poets are born—and that's what's the matter. In nine cases out of ten the world would be a great deal better off if they weren't.—*Somerville Journal*.

"Is your family going to Newport, Bobbit?" "Yes." "Where are you going?" "I don't know yet. Into bankruptcy, very likely."—*Epoch*.

Jagway—"What's the use of paying forty or fifty dollars for a suit? I got this for twenty dollars." *Travers*—"Yes, but you had to pay cash for it."—*Clothier and Furnisher*.

Maddox—"Look here, Simeral, don't you know it is dangerous to go into the water after a hearty meal?" *Simeral*—"I'm not going in after a meal. It's a bath I'm after."—*Ex*.

She—"What a bright fellow that Jenkins is!" *Johnson* (jealous)—"He's getting brighter and brighter every day. He's letting his red beard grow."—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated*.

Chickering—"Some of the new houses up-town are so narrow that a piano can not be put in." *Baus* (excitedly)—"You don't know the rent of the houses let door to them, do you?"—*Puck*.

Maud—"Jack proposed to me when we were in the surf together yesterday." *Ethel*—"And did you accept him?" *Maud*—"Yes; I was afraid he would duck me if I didn't."—*New York Sun*.

"I wonder you are not afraid to let the baby play with the carving-knife like that," said Mrs. Simeral to Mrs. Snooper. "Oh, she can't hurt it," replied the latter; "it is an old one."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Wife—"I'm writing to Mrs. Van Cortlandt Lake, dear; shall I put in any word from you?" *Husband*—"That woman makes me deadly tired. Give her my kindest regards, of course."—*Puck*.

"I don't see anything freaky about you," said a visitor to a dime museum to one of the exhibits; "what's your specialty?" "I'm the man who wasn't missed by the census enumerators."—*Life*.

Papa (who used a bad word when he tore his rousers)—"I forgot myself then, Sammy. It was wrong of me to say such a word." *Sammy*—"Oh, you needn't apologize, papa! I often use it myself."—*Life*.

Hirshkind—"Und vat may be the price of this watch?" *Jeweler*—"Ten dollars." *Hirshkind* (sotto voce)—"He asks ten; he means eight; he'll take six; it's worth four; I'll offer two."—*Jewelers' Circular*.

"Young man," thundered the camp-meeting orator, "were you ever fired with enthusiasm?" "It is a painful subject," he responded, "but I was. Miss Weddy's father supplied the enthusiasm."—*St. Joseph News*.

"Why, do you suppose, Rover always carries his all between his legs lately?" "He never did it till we moved into a flat. I think he is afraid of liting things, you know. He is so clever."—*Legende Blatter*.

Father—"Amy says that there are no men at den Beach. She thinks they have all taken to the woods." *Mother*—"Dear me! Then why didn't e send the girls to the woods, instead of to the as-side?"—*Munssey's Weekly*.

Houston (of Texas)—"I've finally settled that five undred dollars I've owed Hank Jones for so long." *Mrs. Houston*—"I'm so glad! But where did you t the money?" *Houston*—"Didn't have no oney; I just shot Jones."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Tourist (out West)—"I presume this neighborhood full of exciting history?" *Guide*—"You bet. y see that point o' rocks? When the sheriff's sse got after Buffalo Jim, they chased him to the p of that there peak, three hundred feet high, and e only way he could escape was by jumping." *Tourist*—"Goodness me! The fall killed him, of urse?" *Guide*—"No; he didn't jump."—*New rk Weekly*.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Scanlan will play "Shane-na-Lawn" next week.

Dixey will be seen here in "The Seven Ages" for the first time next Monday night.

Offenbach's "Genevieve de Brabant," which is so old that it has become new again, is to be continued for another week.

The Dixey Company arrived in town on Thursday, and have been busily rehearsing "The Seven Ages," which they have not played during the past two months.

"Wife for Wife" will be the first play given by the Alcazar stock company in their renovated theatre, the initial performance being set for to-morrow (Sunday) night.

Emma Juch's repertory now comprises twenty-three operas, the latest additions being "The Jewess," "The Huguenots," "L'Africaine," and "Romeo and Juliet."

The principal people in Dixey's Company, beside the principal, are George Howard, Herbert Gresham, Yolande Wallace, Mae Branson, Carrie Perkins, and Emma Mulle.

There will be five Hoyt farce-comedies flying round the circle this winter, to-wit: "A Midnight Bell," "A Brass Monkey," "A Texas Steer," "A Trip to Chinatown," and "A Silent Partner."

Hubert Wilkie will make his second visit to San Francisco next week. He was here a few winters ago with the Kiralfy troupe, being the piper in "The Rat-Catcher." He is now trying his luck as a star in "Peri, the Vagabond," which was written for him by Clay Greene.

Charles Drew is now appearing in the New York Casino Company for the first time. He has the rôle of Pomponnet in the revival of "La Fille de Mme. Angot," and Max Lube, whom some San Franciscans will remember, is the Fouchard. Marie Halton is the Clairette, Camille D'Arville the Mlle. Lange, and Fred Solomon the Larivaudiere.

Somewhat of a novelty in New York is the presentation of the same show by the same company on the same evenings at two different theatres. The company is the Marks International Variety Company, and the first half of the programme at the Standard becomes the second half at the Union Square, and vice versa, the performers being whirled from one theatre to the other in cabs.

In a suit brought against the B. and O. Railway Company by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the United States Circuit Court, sitting in Cincinnati, has decided that railway companies are not violating the law when they sell "party tickets" to parties of ten or more at rates below the regular rate for single persons. This removes the blighting ban that threatened to swamp all but the largest traveling theatrical companies.

Marion Manola, who raised such a rumpus about being photographed in tights, has been dismissed from De Wolf Hopper's comic-opera company in consequence of what is politely termed a yachting escapade. Simultaneously come rumors from New York men-about-town that her life since her appearance on the Broadway stage has been a delightfully rapid one. Off the stage she is said to be a very plain and unattractive person, her fortune being in her voice and her shapely limbs.

It seems that the money one pays for B. Bert wines is hereafter to swell the coffers of Charles Bert, who used to be treasurer of the California Theatre and is now a theatrical manager of prominence, Fred Bert, who is now managing the Standard Theatre in New York, and Edward Bert, who is the proprietor of a saloon in this city. The Bert estate is estimated to be worth twelve millions, and it is said that the sole heirs are these nephews of the late proprietor, of whose existence they were scarcely aware.

Poor Etelka Gerster was persuaded to appear in "La Sonnambula" in Paris, recently. A correspondent thus writes of the event:

"She has retained her finish of vocalization and her incomparable method, but she is in the position of a pianist who, knowing his art perfectly, is forced to play on a piano half of whose strings are broken and many of whose keys stick fast and refuse to sound. Her formerly delicious high notes are now tuneless screams. She has become very stout, and the great rolls of fat about her neck were not to be disguised, neither were they in keeping with the character of the girlish Sonnambula. The audience was very kind, however, and applauded the former idol enthusiastically, and heaped the stage with floral offerings for her. But upon that stage, at least, Etelka Gerster will never sing again. She is the youngest, as she was also one of the most charming, of the group of the great prime donne of the present generation, but she has also been the earliest of them all to see her talent collapse into total ruin."

Rosina Vokes is to appear in a three-act play this winter. It is a comedy by Sydney Grundy, and has never been seen in America, though it was a success in London. Miss Vokes's part was played there by Amy Roselle, and the rôle created by Kate Korker, the most charming ingénue in London, is to be given to Emily Bancker; Felix Morris, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Courtenay Thorpe, Eleanor Lane, C. J. Bell, and Grant Stewart have good parts. This, however, does not signify that Miss Vokes is to abandon her plan of making her performances of three one-act pieces; indeed, she has just bought a new one by

Clyde Fitch, the happy author of "Beau Brummel," in which Mansfield is being so phenomenally successful.

It seems probable that Duncan B. Harrison, John L. Sullivan's friend and manager, will soon retire to the obscurity of being "Maude Harrison's brother" once again. He and Muldoon had curdled the blood of the callow reporter with threats against each other, necessarily for publication and not as an evidence of good faith, and the public shuddered when it thought of what would happen when these two mighty men came together. But they met in front of a hotel in New York, last week, and Harrison curiously examined a flag-pole opposite, while Muldoon stared hard at the flags.

The Jennie Williams, whose engagement to Lord Petre has ruffled the feathers of half the marrying mammas of England and America, was born in Indiana, but she made her first appearance on the stage in this city, when she was only ten years old. That was eleven years ago, and the rôle intrusted to her was Sophie in "Led Astray." Six years later she played a minor rôle in "Mam'zelle," taking Aimée's place for a time after the latter's death; then she did a soubrette part in McKenna's "Flirtation"; and for a year past she has been on the variety stage. Lord Petre first saw her a few months ago, when she was "doing a turn" at the Alhambra in London.

It seems that London managers of comic opera are beginning to look to America for new attractions. The manager of the Prince of Wales's and Lyric Theatres recently made offers to Fay Templeton, Della Fox, and other stars of the light-opera stage. One of the American comic-opera women to whom he applied remarked that she would see him in about five years. "By that time," she said, calmly, "they will have tired of me in New York and I shall be just ripe for London." "Absurd," said the manager. "Not at all," said the girl, calmly; "I'll wager you a guinea that you haven't a woman in your company under thirty years of age." The London man thought it over for a moment and then decided to keep his guinea.

Mme. Marcella Sembrich is preparing for a concert tour in the United States. She is Germany's greatest soprano, and it is said that she is the only singer whom Patti fears. She played a prominent part in an amusing little comedy, in Dresden, last year; Eugene Field thus tells the story:

"It seems that, without any encouragement from her, a wealthy and noble officer in the Saxon Army fell violently in love with Sembrich and made himself conspicuous by deluging her with bouquets whenever she sang. On one occasion this officer, occupying a promiscuous-box, actually rained floral elegances upon the stage. It happened that another soprano in the company, jealous of Sembrich's triumphs, sought to share the public applause, and when she came upon the stage in answer to demands for Sembrich, the officer in the promiscuous-box threw an empty basket at her. This trifling and inexcusable insult excited general indignation and there was a shocking scandal. Of course Sembrich was guiltless in the matter, but the incident hurt her, and she was glad to avail herself of the first opportunity to effect her retreat to Berlin. The officer in question had to make a public apology, and he was presently transferred to another station."

Joseph Jefferson says in the *Century*: "On one occasion, when some gold-fish had been placed in the ornamental fountain in Union Square, George Holland dressed himself in a full sporting-suit, and with a fish-basket strapped upon his shoulder, a broad-brimmed hat upon his head, and a rod in his hand, he unfolded a camp-stool, and, quietly seating himself in front of the fountain, began to fish with such a patient and earnest look in his face that no one could have supposed that it was intended as a practical joke. This strange spectacle soon attracted a curious crowd about the sportsman, who, with a vacant and idiotic smile, sat there quietly awaiting a nibble. A policeman soon forced his way through the crowd and arrested Holland, who explained, with a bewildered look, that he was fishing in his own private grounds. The policeman naturally concluded that the intruder was some harmless lunatic, and patting him kindly on the shoulder, bade him go home to his friends. Holland burst into a flood of tears, and while affectionately embracing the guardian of the law, contrived to fasten the fish-hook into the collar of the policeman's coat, who walked slowly and sympathetically away, unconsciously dragging the line and rod after him. The crowd, seeing the joke, roared with laughter as Holland quickly made his way to the nearest omnibus, which he reached before the infuriated policeman could catch him."

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AT THE PLAY.

Between the Acts.

Between the acts a rustle goes
Through all the house; the gossip flows;
This actor's praised; and that abused;
My lady's bored, my lord's amused
With mimic joys, and mimic woes,
The manager behind the rows
Of crowded seats struts out and blows
With fact and fancy finely fused,
Between the acts.

The Last Act.

I sit a mute spectator in the pit,
And watch the Tragi-Comedy of Life:
The buffoon's laughter, and the flash of wit,
The love that leavens, and the assassin's knife.
And just because an act is yet to come,
(The fifth, that evens all, and dries our tears,)
My foolish thoughts are dark and troublesome.
And over-sad the tangled plot appears.
But if I still remain, as others do,
Trusting the playwright, sitting with my friends,
Methinks the story will prove sweet and true,
And I shall read its meaning as it ends.

—Richard E. Burton.

End of the Comedy.

A pretty comedy of love to-night,
And all the house is gay with flowers and light;
There is a hint of passion in the plot,
Of love that's lightly won and soon forgot—
An old, old play.
But, ah! my lady, though you sit and smile,
I see your eyes steel, darkening all the while,
To where a brown head bends above a gold
With all the grace it bent o'er yours of old,
When at the play.

The scene goes on, with music and the dance,
But still she marks, with sidelong furtive glance,
How tenderly he bends him down to say
Some earnest words, in just the sweet old way—
It is the play.

Her heart-beats stir the filmy fall of lace;
She lifts her fan athwart her paling face
And turns to answer merry jest with jest,
With all the while a strange weight on her breast—
A bitter play.

The curtain falls; the comedy is done;
The music fades; the lights die, one by one;
My lady sees with what protecting care
Do strong hands wrap a slight form from the air,
After the play.

Within her weary eyes a dull fire burns,
Yet smiles she still as to her friend she turns;
And why her lips part while she cannot guess,
Nor why her small hands tremble so—unless
Too long the play.
—Katharine Phillips Williams.

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IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

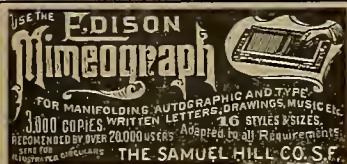
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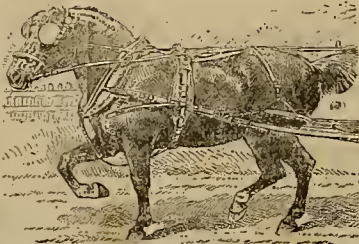
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The Argonaut.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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The Argonaut is called upon to define its position in reference to political and party matters. The "American," the Republican," and "Democratic" parties have presented their platforms and candidates, and ask for them at our hands respectful consideration. American principles command our approval, and if we could stand up and be counted for the American party we would, without any hesitation, record our ballot for John Bidwell. We personally attended the American State Convention and were permitted to have a voice and vote in its deliberations. We made an argument and cast our vote for the nomination of General Sherman, of Colusa. We knew he was a member of the Republican party and that within it he was an American. He had offered his life in defense of the country; he fought through the Civil War. In civil life, he has been an

outspoken and fearless American. He delivered, two years ago—when not running for office—a ringing American speech. We desired the American party to nominate him for governor, and it was our opinion that if nominated by the American party it would decide his indorsement by the Republican party, before which he was a candidate for governor, and if nominated by both, it would guarantee his election and we would find an American in office. In the convention our views received but six votes, and General Bidwell, who was at that time the candidate of the Prohibition party, was indorsed. This indorsement has driven the younger and more enthusiastic element of the party to revolt, and the American party comes into existence with its small ranks divided. The "boys" who are willing to stand up and be counted, desire to be counted as Americans, and not as Prohibitionists. If General Bidwell receives ten thousand or ten hundred votes, the Prohibition party will claim them all and the American party will be conceded but few, if any. Hence it is but natural that the American party—so long lost in, overruled, and overshadowed by the Republican party—finds itself like Jonah in the whale's belly, and the whale too small either to digest it or throw it out upon dry land; and, therefore, the American, who was willing to sacrifice himself for American principles, finds himself immersed and drowning in the water-filled paunch of the ultra-temperance party. This is neither agreeable nor consistent, and as for our single self, we propose to go ashore of our own motion and in our own way, and, while we have the best opinion of General Bidwell and esteem him for his excellence of character and his personal qualities, we have deliberately resolved to paddle back to a safe and secure anchorage. That being interpreted, means a resolve to be thoroughly independent of all party relations. It will leave us in position to discuss party candidates and political movements without prejudice. To the Republican party we owe no allegiance. We have been forcibly ejected from it because we were American; the Pope's political Irish drove us out. And when, by the exercise of mistaken judgment and the expenditure of some money, we had the opportunity, by the aid of divine Providence, to make Mr. Waterman governor and Mr. Boruck his secretary, it proved a disaster to the State. Having been dismissed by the Republican party and ignored by the American party, and not being willing to go to bed with the Pope's Irish and the saloon interests, we have determined, like an old horse confined in a too narrow stall, to stand up and sleep. We shall vote for Ben Morgan for lieutenant-governor on the American ticket, for Wm. H. Beatty for chief-justice of the supreme court, for E. G. Waite for secretary of State, and for such men on the Republican or Democratic ticket as will cast their votes, in event of their election, for Governor Stanford for United States Senator. We would vote for Joseph McKenna if we lived in the Third Congressional District, and for W. W. Morrow if he runs for Congress at large, or for the Fifth Congressional District, in which we reside. Our sympathies are for the Republican party, in recollection of its earlier days, and for the traditions that are associated with its struggles for the preservation of the Union. We think it has outlived its usefulness, and the sooner its existence closes the sooner will it be possible for the American party to spring from its ashes.

Before bidding adieu to all parties, and standing with those who intend to be independent and cast their votes for the best men of the tickets nominated, we desire to correct a statement made in the last issue of the Argonaut, viz.: That "Mr. Pond, the Democratic candidate for governor, owes his nomination to Mr. Christopher Buckley" is, as we have since learned, unfounded in fact. Mayor Pond was nominated, in opposition to the wishes of Mr. Buckley, by the country delegates. Buckley simply got into the Pond boat as a matter of political expediency and party safety.

Mr. John A. Stanly was nominated over Judge Wallace by an ingenious party trick played by George R. B. Hayes, who was once Stanly's law partner, and who was on friendly terms with the Buckley delegates and at home in the Buckley

camp, and by others who desired to knife Judge Wallace. Mr. Buckley gave the Democratic party its candidate for chief-justice. He did not give the nomination to Judge Coffey for associate-justice, for Judge Coffey was nominated in spite of him and against his wishes.

If Republicans and Americans were well organized, and well disciplined, and under the leadership and guidance of as shrewd a politician as are the Democrats under Buckley, the chances of the election of Markham would be more promising than they are now. Mr. Buckley is as good as the Democrats whom he leads, and better than many who are loud in his denunciation.

The order of exercises and chapel dedication on Friday of last week of the Old Peoples' Home, on the corner of Pine and Pierce Streets, was the oddest mixture of religion and practical charity that we have ever witnessed; and when we say that, in our judgment, the chapel dedication portion of the ceremony was arrant bosh and the most absurd and irreverent nonsense that could have been perpetrated, and that the ceremonies devoted to the consecration of the magnificent charity of Mrs. Mary Crocker, deceased, the wife of Charles Crocker, deceased, were interesting and appropriate, we presume we have said that which will offend all who pretend to believe in the religious portion, and those who do not so believe will think we might better have remained silent upon so sacred and solemn a theme as religious ceremonies. Not agreeing with the minority, and not consenting to the arrangement that is made for the suppression of our views, we shall testify our dissent by giving the reasons why we have come to our conclusions.

We see the Protestant world divided into three great classes: those who believe in the accepted teachings of the Christian Church; those who utterly dissent from all religions and all religious ceremonies; and those who look upon religion and civilization as traveling in the mutual interchange of good influences and good actions along the road of human life. In our judgment, this agnostic band of materialists is more learned, more benevolent, more philosophical, more honest, and more charitable than that part of society which deems it a wise policy to make profession of religious sentiments.

To this last general division of society we belong. We never scoff at religious people, because some of them are honest, and because we have nothing to offer in substitution for their beliefs. We received a religious training in early life, but, like the colt that shows early racing points, we were overstrained, and our vocation is to work in the dray and plow; like the young voice that is too early practiced in music, we broke down; and now, in advancing years, we are a "road-runner," and without a throat for melody.

We have for the sincere Christian the highest honor and the most unreserved respect, as we have for every man or woman who is honest, earnest, and illustrates their professions by their practices. There was a time when the pulpit of our land was filled by honest and intellectual men. There are now many persons in the ministerial profession who possess brains, courage, and conscience; there are men who do not believe in the dogmas of any religious denomination, who keep in advance of the world in learning. In science, philosophy, and logical reasoning they have no peers, and the serried ranks of brainy men and conscientious, honest women, who keep step with the moving column, are a growing and resolute host.

The time was when the person who did not belong to a church was not esteemed respectable—that time has passed; and it is not pretended even by the most orthodox of Christian pastors that Charles Crocker and Mary Crocker, his wife, are not side by side enjoying rewards in a life beyond the grave for the generous, kind, and merciful acts they performed on this side of it. All of which demonstrates how much more kindly an interpretation is placed upon the inspired word than when we were a youth, when we were imprisoned, starved, and strapped, because we did not love the good God who had predestined our immortal soul to eternal torment because we stole apples and melons from the parson's orchard and garden.

in obedience to the teachings of a soul totally depraved from birth.

But if we run on in this way, the Rev. O. C. Miller, Mr. Charles F. Hanlon, and the Rev. J. A. Benton, will escape the uncomfortable things we have taken our pen in hand deliberately to write. We will not undertake to say how many prayers were said, or how many hymns were sung, or how much time was expended in an improvised litany, or in other curious ceremonials of a religious type, for we took advantage of most of this time to wander through the commodious and elegant home provided for the aged and infirm, to admire the elegant drawing-rooms, well furnished, the ample dining-rooms, well equipped with glass and plate, the gorgeous kitchen, with broad range and glittering copper utensils, the tidy bedrooms, with comfortable beds and convenient furniture, a stable attached for horses, and a chapel for funeral ceremonies when the aged have laid off their infirmities and closed their eyes for the blindfold march into the darkness and mystery of the unknown world which neither science, nor religion, nor spiritual speculation has been able to penetrate: for beyond the portals of the tomb no human intellect has been able to catch the slightest glimpse.

It is an elegant and sumptuous home for the aged and infirm. It is a noble and generous charity. If there is any escape from azure vaults, golden pavements, and divine harmony of lyres, and if there are angel wings provided for the generous and the good to come down and observe what their humane and generous emotions have provided for suffering humanity, it will do us good to think that the Crockers looked down upon their good work when it was being consecrated, and we may hope they were spared the infliction of an unwise attempt to turn their practical charity into a chapel dedication.

We came back from time to time as the ceremonies proceeded. We heard the flippant prayer, destitute of a single thought. If the Rev. Oliver C. Miller had been riding the golden pavement around the great white throne on a bicycle, himself blowing a French-horn, he could not have carried himself more airily and less devoutly than when, with flippant irreverence, he used the name of the eternal God and his Son, the Redeemer of the World. We heard one expression, which is a sample of the lot: "Jehovah, Jesus tabernacled in our flesh." If any one can frame an English sentence with a thought in it which will environ and harmonize with this specimen of a river of bosh, we will give a premium for its production.

Mr. Charles F. Hanlon gave us a turgid stream of meaningless words, a deluge of insipid verbiage. He so grossly and indelicately gushed and spread his flatteries so thick and so sweet that we became mentally unwell of his saccharine absurdities and were glad when we could toss our hat and cool our head in the open air. Mr. Hanlon was charged with a response to the simple, sensible, and excellent presentation by Mr. Charles F. Crocker of his parents' splendid charity to the public.

The Rev. Dr. J. A. Benton read an address, which we must do him the justice to say was reverent in manner, eloquent and scholarly in expression, short, and in good taste. We were sorry he had spent a long and valuable life in the pulpit when there were lying around so many broader and more profitable fields for the expenditure of a life which has demonstrated mental strength, moral force, and practical sense.

The music of the organ, the solo of the female singer, the chorus, and all the music were exquisite.

The concluding address of Mr. William E. Brown, the confidential secretary of Charles and Mrs. Crocker during their lives, was more than excellent. It was full of sentiment, full of sense, and bristling with ideas.

The addresses of Colonel Crocker and of Mr. Brown will be found elsewhere in this number of the *Argonaut*.

The audience was large, and better than fashionable. Ladies in elegant costumes were present; carriages thronged the street. The intellectual portion of the ceremonies was satisfactory. Many gentlemen were present, and not one of them who has the ability to accumulate a fortune will ever dare to bequeath it to found a hospital, asylum, or home if he has reason to think that he will be assigned a position in the heavenly realm where he will be required to listen to the absurd and loquacious flapdoodle which was inflicted upon this audience we criticize. The most interesting ceremony was the dismissal, which we did not stay to see, but broke away after the unveiling of the tablet, which recorded the names of the generous donors and around which another religious ceremonial was had—we stole away with our hypocritical, smiling face and lying tongue to compliment the interesting ceremony of dedication.

We ought to write the moral that such a lesson as the above incident teaches; but who shall dare to say in full what he thinks in face of a wind beating so furiously in an opposite direction? The man who shall spend his life in honorable exertions for his fellow-man, shall have the courage to speak honest opinions with fearless independence, will array against him the fiercest prejudice of many narrow minds, the

bitter resentment of many excellent persons whom he respects; will be called "infidel," "iconoclast," "agnostic," "materialist," "evolutionist." It is so much better to hold one's tongue than to wag it in the hearing of the empty-brained who wrap the mantle of hypocrisy around them and lie down to dreamless sleep. It is under observation that nearly all men and women of strong minds and vigorous intellects have withdrawn themselves from religious ceremonies, no longer attend divine service, and if they have not lost their human sympathies it is because the church does not alone teach the splendid faith that places charity as the first of all human virtues. Charles Crocker was not a religious man; nor do we identify the more distinguished charities that, in these later years, have made suffering humanity more comfortable and the path to the grave more easy, with the religious sentiment. It is the practical, busy, business worldly man who has set aside some portion of the great wealth he has accumulated for the establishment of seminaries of learning, the foundation of technic schools, the building and endowment of hospitals, asylums, and homes for the aged and destitute. It is not the professing Christian who is most generous in appropriating moneys to construct and maintain public edifices for the insane, the deaf, the dumb, the blind, and the infirm. Governor Stanford is not a member of any denominational church, nor does he make profession of any dogma or article of faith. Mr. James Lick was not a professor or believer in any religion, yet the one donates his millions to the education of the youth of the State where his vast fortune has been accumulated, and the other, having builded a rare temple to science and placed a telescope at Mt. Hamilton to observe the heavens, scatters the balance of his wealth to the poor, makes glad the hearts of poor men with baths, gratifies æsthetic tastes with works of art in marble and bronze, satisfies the grumbling propensities of the quarrelsome Pioneers—makes them happy with the opportunity of garrulous disputation.

It is not necessary to agree with Count Tolstoi in his caustic and contemptuous criticisms, which style charity as usury pure and simple; that there is nothing but selfishness by doing good in hope of a future reward; that it is but a commercial bargain with God to receive a rouble's worth of future happiness in return for giving a poorer brother a kopeck's worth of bread in this life. The man who does not believe in God or the future state may, at least, be discharged from this accusation. We agree with Count Tolstoi, whose book has been denied the mails by a bigoted Christian millionaire—who holds but does not fill a Cabinet position in the administration of our peculiar President—that time is wasted in the swinging of censers and chanting of senseless masses by the melodramatic, ignorant priest, whom he compares with a footpad who knocks down and rifles his victim's pockets with a more ingenious and less violent process, but eats food which he never produced and consequently does not honestly acquire. We agree with Tolstoi that it is the man who raises potatoes who has the right to eat them, and if he raises more than he needs, it is generous at his death to leave them to those who do need them. It is not necessary to decry charitable acts because they are enjoined by the sacred writings, nor because they find advocates in good, sincere, and honest-minded Christian men and women.

We are old enough to recall the time when the potato calamity devastated Ireland, sent thousands to their graves and hundreds of thousands to America, where, as a rule, they have not been the most exemplary of citizens. We recall the memory of Ireland's great sorrow and the wail that went forth for charity. America sent ship-loads of wheat; the Parliament of England granted ten million pounds sterling to the Irish sufferers. When a boy, we drove from our father's farm, in the valley of the Genesee, a load of wheat in bags to Rochester, in contribution to the sufferers by the Irish famine. Again we hear the wail of the Irish banshee; religious contentions, political animosities, and race prejudices must be forgotten now as then. If famine is again to desolate the Green Island, we shall be compelled to forego our rather enjoyable habit of pitching into the Pope's Irish till the new crop comes in, and the fatting pig brings joy to the childer of the cabin, rent to the Saxon landlord, and happiness to the desolate home.

We most sincerely wish that Mr. Frank McCoppin may be nominated by the Democratic party for mayor of San Francisco. He would accept the nomination, although he will not work for it. Many of the best men of all parties have in memory the time when he was supervisor of the eleventh ward, and remember his most honorable administration of the duties of mayor while he filled that position, and they know that there is no man in public life who is more intelligent than Mr. McCoppin upon municipal affairs, nor, indeed, is there any one who is better qualified for the discharge of official duties of any office in the State of California than he. The *Examiner* mentions Mr. McCoppin and

Mr. Boyd as likely to come before the municipal convention for nomination as mayor of San Francisco. Everything we know of Colin M. Boyd is honorable and to his credit. If he is nominated and elected, the city will have an intelligent and honest chief-magistrate. If the Hon. Frank McCoppin shall secure the Democratic nomination, we shall look upon his election as assured against any possible candidate that the Republican party can name. He would receive the votes of the best men of all parties. It would afford the *Argonaut* very great pleasure to place his name at the head of the "Argonaut ticket," and to do all in our power to secure his election. Mr. McCoppin's personal character and social position in private life correspond with his place in public esteem. The right thing to do would be to call an independent nominating convention and name candidates for all places from the list and of all parties—Democratic, Republican, Prohibition, and American. Such a course would indicate sense and secure success. There are no political questions dividing parties so important as economical government, low taxation, and an honest disbursement of public moneys.

Concerning the subject of excursion-rates during the Native Sons' celebration, we learn that the following decision was made by the traffic department of the Southern Pacific Company: That the same reduction from regular rates is extended to the Native Sons, on the occasion of the Admission Day celebration, as upon any other occasion since the general reduction of passenger-rates in 1887. The question has been, not what the railroad company can afford to do for the Native Sons, but what excursion-rates can it afford to establish upon the occasion of similar celebrations hereafter? Colonel C. Fred Crocker is himself a Native Son. He has given liberally of his valuable time, liberally of money, and among the subscriptions we observe the name of the corporation for two thousand dollars. Invitation has been extended to all the parlors of the State for free transportation to the members of all musical bands which may accompany visiting parlors. We know of no good reason for indulgence in reflections to the prejudice of Governor Stanford, unless it is to injure him in his candidacy for the United States Senate—but it will be remembered that Governor Stanford is in Europe and that Mr. Huntington is president of the railroad corporation.

General Backus is postmaster; he owns and edits the *Wasp*; he was the friend and manager of the candidacy of W. W. Morrow in the Republican State Convention for governor. H. H. Markham was nominated, Morrow was beaten. It is not believed that Mr. Markham has been personally guilty of any improper conduct in his contest; it is not generally believed that the friends of Markham were a bit more unscrupulous in their mode of conducting the contest in the State convention than the friends of Mr. Morrow. Mr. Morrow says he is satisfied with Mr. Markham's candidacy and will support his nomination. If Mr. Morrow will support the Republican ticket, why not General Backus? If Morrow aided General Backus to become postmaster, did not Governor Stanford do the same? Governor Stanford is in the fight for United States Senator, and is entitled to the support of the *Wasp*, edited by General Backus. Is he getting it and is the party being supported by the *Wasp* and the *Federalist* postmaster? We await the next issue of the *Illustrated Wasp* for an answer. Last week's issue was very cranky and curious. We expect better things of Federal officials in these political times.

"General Nettleton, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury returned from a consultation with New York bankers while the purchase of the first silver under the new bill was being considered, and in the meantime, Secretary Windom was withholding, 'under the advice of the superintendent of the mint,' the price paid for silver." It would seem better if the purchase of silver was somewhat more open, and it would seem natural that the silver producers and dealers should be the ones to "consult with," and not the "bankers and brokers" of Wall Street. Financial operations should not be a mystery in the treasury bureau and among mint officials, unless some chicanery is being practiced. There has been a great deal of mystery going on in the Treasury Department since the demonetization of silver in 1873, and there has been a great effort required to secure honest legislation for the remonetization of silver. If the Secretary of the Treasury is an honest man and a servant of the people, it is time this mysterious conduct terminated.

Henry C. Hall, the Democratic nominee for State superintendent of public instruction, is a Catholic, and a native son of Irish descent. It is reported that Mr. Hall, while principal of the Menlo Park School, closed that institution on St. Patrick's Day. The *Argonaut* wishes to know if such a person is a proper superintendent for California's schools. St. Patrick's Day is not a holiday, and we know of no good reason why a non-sectarian public school should be given a holiday to commemorate the birth of an apocryphal saint in the

calendar of the Church of Rome. Our columns are open for Mr. Henry C. Hall to explain.

The following is the address delivered by Colonel Charles F. Crocker, in presenting to the trustees of the "Old People's Home" the magnificent building erected by his mother, the late Mrs. Mary A. Crocker:

"In representing the heirs of Mrs. Mary A. Crocker upon this occasion, I am performing a solemn but grateful duty. I ask you to join me in dedicating to public uses this edifice, which has been planned and constructed under the personal supervision and cost of my mother. I stand here in the place of one who, if he had lived, would have explained better than I the high and generous purposes he had in view when he first resolved to consecrate a portion of his means to caring for the aged and unfortunate; also, in the place of her who shared his lofty aims and faithfully devoted to their fulfillment her time and best thought while she lived among us a widow.

"Those who were intimate with the late Charles Crocker know that when death overtook him his mind was full of projects for admitting the poor, the aged, and the sick to participate in the means which his energy and his foresight had acquired. Among them was a home for old people. This project was discussed many times in the presence of their children, but their plans were still incomplete when death suddenly overtook the father. During the first sorrowful weeks of her widowhood she turned with a resolute purpose to carry out these partly matured plans, and assumed alone the task which had devolved upon her. She sought this lot and negotiated contracts for the construction of this building. Every detail received her personal attention. She resolved that this home should not only be a model of its kind, but an ornament to the city, and to the extent of its capacity, bound guarantee to old people a comfortable refuge for their last years. Unhappily, death once more interfered with these purposes, and in the midst of her work, she was summoned to join him who had been her loving partner through life. So unexpected was this that no transfer of the property had been made by deed or will—the title stands of record in her individual name. Her children have felt it a duty to carry out her intentions as fully as if they had been set forth in a will or other instrument. The construction of the building has accordingly been pushed forward to completion, and it now devolves upon me, as their representative, to hand it over to the trustees of the home, which I now do through the delivery of this letter. A deed conveying the property will follow after the heirs of Mary A. Crocker have acquired title from her estate through the probate court.

"Upon you, sir, and the ladies and gentlemen who cooperate with you in the administration of the home, will now devolve the duty of turning to account its increased capacity for usefulness. You have earned public gratitude for the admirable manner in which you have discharged your trust during the many years of the existence of your organization. Your opportunities of beneficence will now be enlarged. I am told the greatest number the home has hitherto sheltered at any one time has been less than seventy; now nearly two hundred can find comfortable and well-furnished rooms. I wish to congratulate you on the enjoyment of the happy privilege of guarding the old and needy against the lot which it chiefly dreads—a homeless ending to life. This city bounds already in admirable institutions of benevolence, where the indigent are fed, the sick and infirm are tended, and the friendless find a kindly welcome. Let this be one among them, and gather under its hospitable roof old men who have survived their ability to work and aged women bereft of their natural protectors."

We give also some extracts from the address of William A. Brown, delivered on the same occasion:

"It is a satisfaction to know that these commemorative exercises, taking place in this chapel decorated with flowers, are signalized by the joyful presence of so many who are interested in the welfare of this home; that it is dedicated and started upon its career of usefulness by dresses from sympathizing friends, by fervent prayer, and by appropriate music. But from that peaceful resting-place on yonder hill cross the bay—from that sad and silent city—there is written these words an inspiration, more eloquent than spoken or written words, more beautiful than flowers, more potent than prayer, and more precious than song. It is an inspiration that comes from the sweet and solemn record of a noble life. How tenderly it makes itself felt in these halls to-day, how lovingly it penetrates to the innermost recesses of our hearts!

"If Mrs. Crocker's life could have been spared, and she could have seen with us on this occasion in person, as I am sure she is with us in spirit, her mind would not be taken up in the contemplation of this splendid edifice that has arisen at her command, nor in admiration of the generous appointments and convenient adjuncts that are manifest on every side. Her all-absorbing thought would be for the aged, the helpless, and the infirm who are to be sheltered and comforted within these walls.

"Let us, then, those of us who are to have an interest, directly or indirectly, in the management of this home, take counsel together as the best and gentlest methods of administering this noble bequest. Here will, in time, be many coming here to seek the hospitality of its roof, who have seen better days. In California, more than in any other portion of our country, the vicissitudes of our business relations sometimes bring about changes that are sad, abrupt, and dispiriting; and which involve the breaking up of family groups, and abandonment of luxuries, and frequently even of the comforts of life. The young, who may thus be overtaken by misfortune, have the astute attributes that dominate the hopeful and ambitious period of youth. They seek other employments and other fields of useful toil, to those who are aged and feeble, the loss of property and the future of business enterprises come with crushing force. It is to be hoped that some like these, in the years that are to come, may find elter and comfort in this Old People's Home.

"Others may come here who are wasted in health and broken in spirits; afflicted with the cares and ills that are incident to old age; they may be fretful and troublesome. Cases such as these should receive special consideration. If they should develop some of the characteristics of childhood, they should be looked upon almost as children, and treated with that loving care that is accorded to the helpless. Let us then resolve among ourselves to make this institution all that a gentle founder intended it should be—all that its name indicates—a reliable home, a place of comfort and of rest for those who are looking out upon the sunset of life.

"Jean Paul Richter has said: 'What makes old age so sad is, not at our joys, but that our hopes cease.' Let us here, at least, try to spare these old people with new hopes, and bestow upon them such joys and privileges and pleasant surroundings as are within our power. In the selection of those who are to wait upon and attend the inmates here, I think great care should be exercised as to their temperance and mental training. In their intercourse with those who are under their charge, these employees should be actuated by kindness of heart and by a sympathetic gentleness of disposition. If these old people are sick or in distress, their very helplessness should appeal to those who are around them and awaken the tenderest instincts of their nature. Harsh language and forbidding looks will deepen the furrows that gather upon the faces of the afflicted, while a cheerful expression countenance and comforting words will warm the aching heart and use it to beat with a genial and responsive throb.

"It is the little amenities of social intercourse that have their influence in all the affairs of life. The most costly luxuries, if offered to a tenant suffering with a grudging hand, would add a chill to the gloom of a sick chamber; while a drop of cordial, administered with a smiling face, would be received with a corresponding smile of gratitude to the giver."

COMMUNICATIONS.

The German Catholic Union.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Before me lies an account of the annual convention of the German Catholic Union in Baltimore this week. The union is an enormous one, with branches in every town of any importance in the country, and boasting four hundred and fifty-five societies and no less than forty-one thousand members, all German Roman Catholics. Quietly it has been at work since 1855, the day of its organization, gathering in all the German Catholic immigrants who reached these shores, and educating its children among German influences

and institutions, until now they are a power in the land, and can dictate their own terms to a considerable portion of the venal press and politicians of this unhappy country.

One Spauldubor, a rabid German of Baltimore, delivered the address of welcome at the opening of the meeting. He eulogized Baltimore—our own beautiful Baltimore—as being not only the first Catholic city in the United States, but also the first in which the seat of the Catholic hierarchy in America was established. Have these things come to such a pass that they are being publicly in the faces of Americans? With black-headed inconsistency, charming in its naivete, in one breath he had the impudence to declaim, "We should never forget that we are Germans," and with the next denounced in a tirade of invective the Bennett school law, recently passed by the loyal legislature of Wisconsin. This law, by the way, enforces the teaching of English grammar and literature, and forbids the instruction of German in the public schools of that State.

All praise to Wisconsin and her legislature for being the first to have the courage to show her sister States that American schools and the English tongue must be kept inviolate! By all means let the German language be taught, and well, too, but not in our common schools, but in the colleges, high schools, and private institutions, where our young men and women can devote their time to the attainment of one or more foreign tongues.

But in our mad race for the almighty dollar, caused largely by the foreign glut on the labor market which keeps wages down to the lowest peg, the great mass of American children have neither the time nor means to pursue these higher studies. One Rev. Hilger was even more insulting to America and Americans. Said he: "Public opinion is very unhealthy in certain parts of this country, owing to the influence of the press. As a result," continued the wily priest, "German has been driven out of public schools in St. Louis, and the Bennett law has been passed in Wisconsin. Guard against this, which would take the education of the child out of the parent's hand and place the responsibility on the State. When a man educates his child in a school where religion and science go hand in hand, it is the worst kind of tyranny for the State to interfere and order you to send your child to the public school where only science is taught. This is a usurpation of the nation's right of the parent."

Could anything be more insultingly incendiary than this popish attack on one of our dearest institutions? What a blessing is free speech to our German friend. Had he uttered these remarks in Europe, in any one of several countries a child could name, he would find himself languishing in prison before the echoes of his speech had died away. Imagine a meeting of Americans in Berlin denouncing the German Government, because English was not taught in the public schools there! The Germans would never have driven English out of their schools; it would not have been allowed there in the first place.

If the Catholics do not like the public schools, where religion and science are divorced, have they not their parish schools, where religion in plenty is taught, but a rather weak specimen of science? American parents prefer to teach their children religion at home, and would deem it an unwarranted usurpation of their rights if the State attempted to do away with the tenets of any faith. Let us be thankful that a portion at least of the American press still dares to inculcate this "unhealthy public opinion."

Every speaker before the convention advocated and insisted upon a closer union. With a membership of over forty thousand, will not this octopus have a standing menace to those principles which our ancestors died to uphold? And in those parts where the party sentiment is evenly divided—and there are many of them—will not the branch of the union there, voting as a unit at the instigation of the priests and Pope, hold the balance of power?

On a motion of one Rev. Helmann, a cable message was sent to the Pope asking his blessing, and, at the same time, offering him a present of two hundred dollars. Can our Catholic friends inform us how much blessing two hundred dollars will buy?

Cordell Tibbons also addressed the delegates, and was the only moderate speaker among the lot, presumably because, being of Irish lineage, he was not in entire sympathy with his German co-religionists. He advocated a system of intelligence offices where Catholic immigrants could be supplied with employment, to the exclusion of native Americans, who, accustomed to decent living, are unable to compete with the riff-raff of Berlin and Paris, Rome and Cork.

Truly, crisis is at hand. While Americans have been occupying themselves in party dissensions over obsolete and forced issues, these societies, and many other similar ones, have been working hand to hand and shoulder to shoulder toward the accomplishment of a purpose which looks to nothing less than the suppression of everything dear to the American heart.

Is it not time for the people of Wisconsin and Missouri, Maine and California, North and South, East and West, forgetting useless party strife and remembering that we have used the words "Southern California," with a whirlwind of ballots, this monster even now gnawing at the vitals of this beloved land?

NEW YORK, August 20, 1890.

REGINALD FOSTER.

Ventura County.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have just been reading your description of your visit to Santa Barbara, in your issue of August 4th, and am rejoiced to find you are so well pleased with our beautiful neighbor, and I heartily endorse all you say in praise thereof. I have been reading the *Argonaut* for years, and have an increased admiration for your vigorous and outspoken opposition to political and social wrongs, and your boldness to address the people on the most important questions of the day. The long address to the people, "down to your defense of Governor Stanford in the paper I have just laid down."

You acknowledge that your visit to Santa Barbara was a revelation to you. If you will come down the coast, about thirty miles below Santa Barbara, to Ventura, I shall confidently look for another revelation that it will take more than one column of the *Argonaut* to describe, even by such a master of language as yourself. You must not fancy I am trying to advertise our little town at the expense of our neighbor. I am simply stating facts. The little valley—fifty-five by nearly fifty miles—just east of Ventura, running from the sea-shore to Comulos, is without equal in the State. It is simply perfection, and I wish you could see it. I do not care to attempt to describe the abundance and variety of crops, I prefer to refer you to the crop—especially beans—reports when made out for this season. The output of beans by our county will be the largest ever produced in one year in any county, and we have used the words "Southern California" very persistently, but you, who have the means to travel, and the desire to do justice to all portions of our State, allow the very garden spot of the State to pass unnoticed.

My principal object in writing you is to disabuse your mind of the impression that we, of the southern portion of the State, desire a division of the State. We do not. The politicians are the only ones who want a division. The great mass of the people here have as much love for old California as you of the north. It is true that we have used the words "Southern California" very persistently, but it became necessary for us to do so; the impression formerly prevailed that the southern part of the State was almost useless for agricultural purposes, and as the great mass of immigrants arrived at San Francisco, they secured homes and business in the northern part of the State without ever coming to see what we had to offer. We are laying a sure foundation for future prosperity. We are planting vineyards and orchards of olive and walnut; we have oil and the sunshine, filled with honey, laden with honey; the waving sea, our corn and beans is like the ocean, which it seems a part. It is true we are prone to crow just a little bit, it is excusable in us, for the vigor of health and wealth throbs in every pulsation of trade, and a few years will see in Southern California the most prosperous portion of the United States.

Should you come down the coast again, stop at Ventura. We do not want you to come here to earn, only to stop over a few days and let us show you the Ojai and the Santa Clara Valleys, our apiaries, bean, corn, and wheat fields, our orchards, oil wells, our well-fed, well-dressed, happy, and contented people, our unsurpassed sea-beach, our climate that is just a little better than Santa Barbara, because it never becomes quite so warm or cold here as in Santa Barbara.

I do not write this for publication, but in the desire to have you see this garden spot, and to let you know that there is another revelation in store for you.

Truly yours,

J. F. NEWBOW.

SAN BUENA VENTURA, CAL., August 18, 1890.

The New Novel, "Expatriation."

EDITORS ARGONAUT: There is an old "saw"—"It depends upon whose ox is gored"—that applies to the criticism the *Chronicle's* reviewer gives to the late novel, "Expatriation." A like sentiment pervaded the same critic's review of the author's previous novel, "Aristocracy."

Every one who knows the identity of the *Chronicle's* reviewer, and has his personal acquaintance, feels that the author of the two novels mentioned has offended our friend's nationality. I have sometimes thought that your correspondent—"Cockaigne"—was identical with the writer of these novels; but I recognize a strong American spirit in this last book, which is incompatible with such an opinion. In "Cockaigne" I see an Englishman proud of his country, yet appreciating and criticizing its shortcomings and those of a class who represent its sentiments falsely. "Cockaigne" is hard upon the "Cockney" class, while recognizing the claims of good breeding of the educated and higher classes. That the *Chronicle's* critic should be furious at your correspondent and the author of "Aristocracy" and "Expatriation" is ridiculous, and is ridiculed and pictured in strong colors, and in defense he belittles, or endeavors to, the work of his antagonist.

The love of country on the part of every Englishman is praiseworthy, but when he writes for Americans and puts himself in cold type, some consideration for their feelings should obtain.

If the author of "Expatriation" pictures Lord Piccadilly in an unenviable light, it is any wonder, in view of the experience San Franciscans have had of some of his class? If the Brownstones do not represent a class of America's shoddy snobs faithfully, then my experience is phenomenal, for I have met the *rara avis*, at least, once in my life.

The Van Teuton family represent another and distinctive class of which your readers can no doubt readily find a type.

Judge Rascombe would make an excellent member of the American party, and it seems to me the author of "Expatriation" has a decided leaning in that direction.

The *Chronicle's* reviewer says the characters are "wooden"—none but a "wooden man" would act as do some of our American youth when they go abroad. The author of both novels evidently has a purpose other than to amuse, and he holds up to ridicule an already large class who foolishly ape the clothing, manners, style, and conversation of a people other than their own, and which the saying, "they roll up their trousers in New York when it rains in London," aptly describes.

Yours truly,

JAS. H. PAGE,

SAN FRANCISCO, August 16, 1890.

"COMPANY PROMOTING."

An Occasional Correspondent writes of Financiering in London.

Some idea may be formed of what is going on in this financial centre in the way of the promotion of new companies, when it is stated, on official authority, that no less than two hundred and forty-three were recently registered for a single month, involving an aggregate capital of one hundred and twenty-six millions of dollars. The smallest was a Working Man's Club with a capital of five hundred dollars, and the largest the new Persian Bank with twenty millions. In the number are embraced all kinds of industrial enterprises, mines, trusts, railways, tramways, and hotels; in fact, it would be difficult to mention anything which has not been incorporated into a capital stock company. They come from all parts of the globe, America—both North and South—Europe, Asia, and Africa, but perhaps the most popular have been the gold fields of the latter. Either there is no end to the gold there or this market is being overloaded with a multitude of companies. From the United States they are mostly breweries, but there is a sprinkling of mines, land companies, grain-elevators, and trusts. Some large Mexican enterprises have also gone to the London market for their money.

These companies registered do not represent a twentieth part of the projects that are being urged upon promoters. Some of these latter may be genuine, but by far the greater number are simply schemes of plunder to unload on the investing public. Such, however, have little chance in this market, as the great bankers and promoters will accept the responsibility only after the closest scrutiny and investigation, and the smaller ones dare not, if they were so inclined, endanger their reputations. Although London is a large city, its financial centre is scarcely a half-mile radius, and woe be to the promoter who deals in spurious goods. I know of one young man, who, by sheer force of character and good connections, raised himself to the first ranks, having floated several large and prosperous industrial enterprises. Emboldened by success, he undertook those of a shady character, and today he could not float the Bank of England if it were to be put on the market. The Rothschilds, Barings, Brown Brothers, and similar houses, can do almost anything in the way of finding money, but it must be a genuine article that they deal in. Let one of these offer subscriptions to the public for a new company, and at the day and hour appointed, the street in front of their office will be crowded hours beforehand by investors, their doors besieged, and the capital subscribed perhaps twenty times over.

Perhaps it may not be generally understood how it is that companies can be so easily formed here and the public so eager to invest. The explanation lies in the great and constant accumulation of idle funds in this centre, and the fact that, under a law of Parliament, entitled the Limited Liability Act, stock-holders are liable for only the amount of their subscriptions, and no further calls can be made upon them. If the money is lost, that is the end of it, and the worst is known at the time of subscription. The result of this act is, that almost every business house of any standing is under the Limited Liability Act, and even merchants in a small way avail themselves of it, so as not to be liable for the neglect or dishonesty of partners. All private funds or property outside of that invested in the business is absolutely safe against the company's liabilities. Banks are an exception, stock-holders being liable for double the amount of their stock. The assessment upon the stock-holders of the City of Glasgow Bank, some ten years ago, of twenty-six hundred per cent., fairly alarmed all bank stock-holders throughout the country and forced them into the Limited Liability Act, subject to the special legislation of double their liability only.

No enterprises for capitalization should come into this market from the United States, or elsewhere, which are not worth intrinsically five hundred thousand dollars or more. The expenses of underwriting and advertising are necessarily quite large, and involve quite as much in a small as in a large company. Then, too, they should be in active operation and able to show a net average profit for the last three years of at least twelve per cent. per annum. Prospective values in the way of new improvements, new railways, or new surroundings are not taken into practical account. Full details of every kind must be submitted, and photographs of the properties in their busiest workings should also accompany them. If the enterprise is considered feasible, experts will visit the properties to confirm the papers and to report to the promoter.

There are several American houses here who make a specialty of American undertakings. They have good connections and are responsible men. The capital stock is usually divided into three classes, viz.: Debentures, bearing a uniform rate of six or seven per cent.; preferred stock, eight per cent.; and common, to which is applied the surplus earnings after expenses are paid. It greatly facilitates the negotiations for the vendors to take at least half of their pay in the different stocks, and a little more if they wish to retain the management. The board of directors must be composed in part of Londoners, and an office must be maintained here.

Such are the general outlines of "Company Promoting" in London. It is a wonder where the money all comes from, and yet there seems to be more and more every day. There are also plenty of black-mailers who eke out a living by insidious attacks, upon the good and bad alike, through the medium of third and fourth-class journals.

LONDON, July 20, 1890.

OBSERVER.

"Black Beauty," the autobiography of a horse (of which over a hundred thousand copies have been sold in England), is now being circulated in the East by the American Humane Society, of Boston. They are selling well-printed and well-bound copies of it for six cents. If there is a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals in San Francisco, and if it ever does anything, it ought to circulate the book here. It is needed, as is proved by the scenes daily witnessed on our streets.

THE EVIL EYE.

By Gilbert Campbell.

There had been stormy weather in the Bay of Naples since early morn, and the steamer that ran between Marseilles and Naples showed visible signs of the rough usage of the waves as she ran up alongside the quay—enough almost to warrant the Maltese captain in his assertion to a Neapolitan friend that there was a *jattatore*, a possessor of the evil eye, among the passengers. This person, the captain declared, was a tall, handsome young man of about thirty-five years of age. He was evidently an Englishman, yet so dark was his cheek and so raven black the hue of his hair, that he might well have been taken for a native of those shores upon which he was about to land. He was tall and well-proportioned, a slight mustache covered his upper lip, and his eyes were bright and piercing.

The captain approached him presently, and said in French, with every semblance of respect, as though he feared to risk an exhibition of the malignant influence: "Will not monsieur go ashore now? his luggage is already on the quay, and the commissioner of the Hotel of the Crown of Italy is waiting to conduct him thither."

"Thanks, Captain Matteo," answered the young man in a frank, pleasant voice; "I confess I shall be glad to set my foot upon land again, for we have had a very nasty passage."

Edgar Ravelston mounted into the *calesso* that the commissioner had procured for him, and was driven to the Crown of Italy. For the first time for some months he felt comparatively happy. He had recently come into possession of a large estate and handsome income, owing to the death of his elder brother, who had been drowned while boating, and the accident had cast a gloom over the young man's spirits. It had been a hot summer's day, and his brother Ralph had insisted upon bathing, while Edgar remained to take charge of the boat. After swimming about for some time, Ralph came up to the side of the boat, and Edgar, leaning over, extended his hand to assist him to regain it. As he did so, his eyes met those of his brother, and Ralph, with a wild shriek, threw up his arms and sank like a stone. Edgar plunged into the stream, but all his efforts to succor his brother were of no avail. Hardly had he recovered from this calamity than a fresh one burst over his head. He had been almost from childhood engaged to his cousin, Helen Carruthers—that is to say, the parents had settled the matter for them. Edgar had no particular feeling of love for Helen, but on the other hand his heart was not otherwise engaged, and he had no positive repugnance to the marriage. The girl, however, loved him with all the passion of which her heart was capable. By degrees, however, an unaccountable languor seemed to steal over her, a sort of want of vitality which the medical men who were called in were utterly unable to account for. Change of air, of diet, and mental occupation were all tried, but in vain; and a week before the day fixed for the wedding, Helen Carruthers sank to her eternal rest, with her head pillowed upon Edgar's arm and her soft blue eyes gazing fondly into his. Her death affected the young man severely, and it was for that reason that he had taken his passage for Naples.

He had letters of introduction to many of the English residents and visitors in the fair city of Naples, but for some days he contented himself with wandering about alone.

One morning after a stroll, as he entered his sitting-room, he found that the Marquis di Vasari had left a card for him. He took it up curiously, and wondered who the marquis could be, and why he had called upon him. While he was meditating upon this question, one of the waiters entered the room with a note on a salver. Edgar took it, and, after breaking the seal, glanced mechanically at the signature, and, to his extreme surprise, read the name Cesare di Vasari, and the contents ran as follows:

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND: I heard from a friend who had crossed over with you from Marseilles, in the *Aigle de Mer*, that you had arrived in our city. I hope that you will find a little leisure to pay me a visit at the Villa Erlani. I dare say you will wonder who I am and why I wish to meet you. I have a long-standing debt of gratitude which, though I was unable to pay to the father, I still continue to consider as due to the son. Many years ago, a certain political complication caused me to fly my own country and seek refuge on your hospitable shores. I had met your father when he was making the grand tour, and shortly after my arrival he called upon me and offered me all the assistance that he was capable of. Fortunately my exile was of brief duration, but I can never forget your father's offer to me. Come to me, then, my dear Edgardo; and let me see if I can not return to the son some of the kindness that I have received from the father. Fiamma, my daughter, joins me in kindest regards, and begs to endorse my invitation.

Your sincere friend, CESARE DI VASARI.

"Well," thought Edgar, after he had perused this letter, "the best thing that I can do is to find out the whereabouts of the Villa Erlani." And at about two o'clock in the afternoon, Edgar was driven rapidly in the direction of the residence of Di Vasari.

Hardly had Edgar sent in his card, than a tall, gray-haired gentleman came forward and seized the young man at once by both hands.

"Welcome to the Villa Erlani, my dear Signore Edgardo. I had hoped to see you soon, but I confess that the promptitude with which you have complied with my request is inexpressibly gratifying to me. Come in. And do you," added he, addressing the driver, "take the *calesso* round to the stables."

Edgar followed his host, who talked all the way, hardly giving him a chance of putting in a word.

"Fiamma is in the drawing-room," said the marquis; "generally at this hour she is in the habit of enjoying a *siesta* in her own apartments, but to-day, by a miracle, she has been delighting her old father with her presence, and is in the spirit to enjoy the introduction to the son of his loyal English friend."

As he spoke, he threw open a door at the entrance to the hall, and, drawing Edgar after him, closed it behind him. For an instant the young Englishman could see nothing, but as his eyes became gradually accustomed to the dim light, he perceived the tall, graceful figure of a girl rise from a low

couch and make a step toward him. At a glance he could see how exquisitely lovely she was. Every feature in that fair countenance was simply perfection, and the dark, lustrous eyes were full of expression. The long, white robe she wore was formed of some light, clinging material, which revealed the exquisitely modeled outline of her figure. Her rounded arms were bare to the shoulder, and her waist was girdled by a broad crimson zone, quaintly embroidered in gold arabesque.

"You are welcome," said she, extending her hand; "my father has spoken of you so frequently that you seem to me like some friend who has returned to us after a long absence."

"But you must require some refreshment after your long drive in the sun," exclaimed the marquis, and, ringing the bell, a couple of footmen speedily brought in wine, fruit, cakes, and ices.

"You must come and stay with us," continued Di Vasari, after his guest had partaken of the refreshments; "and the day after to-morrow we have a ball, at which, of course, we shall see you."

"I shall only be too happy to accept your invitation to the ball," answered the young man; "but I confess that I hesitate in inflicting my presence upon you in your—"

"Not a word more," interrupted the marquis; "and, lest you may find some excuse for not returning, I shall go back with you to Naples and you will return with me—that is, of course, if you have no previous engagements."

After some further discussion, everything was arranged, and Edgar Ravelston slept that night beneath the hospitable roof of the Villa Erlani. A thorough change had come over him. For the first time in his life, love had found its way to his heart.

The next evening Edgar Ravelston, finding himself alone with the marquis, who had invited him to smoke a cigar in the billiard-room after Fiamma had retired to bed, ventured to make some inquiries, as he felt he could not rest until he had been satisfied.

"Your daughter is singularly beautiful, marquis," said he; "and I suppose you have made up your mind to lose her soon?"

"But why?" asked Di Vasari, in evident surprise; "surely you do not see any signs of ill-health about her? Really, my dear Signore Edgardo, you alarm me greatly."

"I did not mean that," returned the young man, a little thrown off his guard by the apparent simplicity of the marquis; "but was alluding more especially to her beauty, which must bring many suitors about her."

"It does," returned the marquis, quietly, as he watched the spiral rings formed by the smoke of his cigar.

"And, of course, from among them you have already selected a son-in-law?" faltered the young Englishman.

"Listen to me, my dear young friend," replied the marquis. "During my sojourn in your country, I imbibed certain insular prejudices, and one of them was that the system of marriage in Italy, by which every one's inclinations are consulted save those of the two persons most interested in the arrangement, was a most injudicious one, and that really the man and woman regarding whose marriage it was a question ought to have some say in the matter. Consequently, I have left the matter entirely in Fiamma's hands. If any one pleases my daughter and makes a proposal of marriage to her, let her come to me, and unless there is something flagrantly wrong, I should give my consent at once."

"And, of course, the signorina has availed herself of this privilege which you have granted her long before this?" asked Edgar, with an eagerness which it was impossible for him to conceal.

For a few seconds, the marquis was so busily engaged with his cigar, which would not draw, that he was unable to answer Edgar's question; but at length he overcame the difficulty and replied: "Well, you see, my Fiammetta is a strange girl, and, upon my word, to speak confidentially to you, I don't think that she has ever bestowed a thought upon all our gay young fellows who flutter around her whenever they get the chance."

Edgar drew a sigh of relief as the marquis continued: "Besides, she has found a sort of unconscious ally in the shape of her cousin, Bertuccio Agostini, who has done a good deal to relieve her from unwelcome attentions. I don't like Bertuccio—he is a bad fellow, and not one calculated to make any woman happy, and I know that Fiamma cordially detests him; but, for all that, he is of our blood, and I can not banish him from my house, though I confess I see him as little as possible."

"But I don't see," replied the young man, "how the gentleman can save your daughter from the importunities of suitors."

"Bertuccio is the best hand with the rapier in Naples," answered the marquis; "by-the-way," he added, interrupting himself, "are you anything of a fencer?"

"I was one of Angelo's favorite pupils," returned Edgar, a little puzzled at the question; "and old Gâtechair, of Parisian celebrity, told me that, owing to my being left-handed, I was one of the most uncomfortable antagonists he had ever stood before."

"I am glad to hear it," answered Di Vasari; "I did not notice that you were left-handed, however," added he. "Do you know what they say of a man of that description?"

"I am left-handed only in fencing," returned Edgar; "I learned to use the sword that way as a special whim; but what do they say about left-handed people?"

"That they all have the gift of *mal' occhio*, of the evil eye," returned the marquis, reverently extending the index and little finger of his hand as he spoke; "but it is a belief that I shall always for the future contradict."

A deadly pallor spread over the young man's face. The marquis, however, paid no attention, and went on: "Bertuccio is also a first-rate shot. Pray, have you any experience with the pistol?"

"I can turn a plain card into a five, with as many consecutive shots at thirty paces," returned Edgar, who had by this time partly recovered his composure.

"Good again," said the marquis; "well, you see, her cousin Bertuccio is frantically and hopelessly in love with my Fiamma; I say hopelessly, because she detests him. However, this insane passion of his has its good side, for no sooner does any young *cavaliere* become too pronounced in his attentions than Bertuccio manages to pick a duel with him, and, *presto, prestissimo*, the young spark is laid on his back for a couple of months at least."

"But surely this must compromise your daughter terribly?" exclaimed Edgar.

"Not so, for Bertuccio is discretion itself, and the quarrel is invariably about a horse, a disputed bet, a game of cards or another woman," returned the marquis, coolly.

Edgar remained silent; he could not bear the idea of this cousin, whom he pictured to himself as a swaggering bully venturing to keep away the suitors for the hand of his beautiful cousin, and remembering the convention which the marquis had informed him existed between himself and his daughter, he made up his mind to test his fortune at the very next favorable opportunity. All the next day, however, he had no such chance, as Fiamma was seldom alone, some of the servants or her father being constantly with her, discussing the arrangements for the ball.

At length the long-expected moment came, and the whole of the Villa Erlani presented a perfect dream of delight. Edgar thought that he had never met so many beautiful women and brilliant men congregated together at one time. Fiamma had promised him the first waltz, and until that time he was standing aside, contenting himself with watching her graceful movements, and occasionally exchanging a word or two with a certain Captain Ludovico Spinazzi, of a lancer regiment to whom the marquis had introduced him.

"The fair Di Vasari looks bewitching to-night," remarked the captain; "my poor friend Agostini will have some first work cut out for him, I expect."

Edgar stared at the speaker; evidently, then, the crusade of Bertuccio Agostini against his cousin's admirers was a secret.

"I hardly understand you," replied he, haughtily.

"*Cospetto!* Signore Inglese," answered the captain, with a smile; "do you not remember that there was once a drago that guarded the fruit of the Hesperides?—well, our friend Agostini has taken upon himself the same task with regard to his beautiful cousin, Fiamma di Vasari. If you need an confirmation of my words, see how savagely he is scowling; poor Angelo Crusolini, who is dancing with her now. Angelo is booked for a certainty."

"Which is Bertuccio Agostini?" asked Edgar, who felt intense anxiety to see this *spadassin* of whose prowess the marquis had given so formidable an account.

"*Ecco!*" returned the captain, nodding in the direction of a man whose scowling countenance showed that a conflict of angry passions was raging in his bosom. Edgar was surprised at finding that the dreaded Bertuccio Agostini was a small fair man, very delicate-looking, and with tiny hands and feet. Had it not been for a certain sinewy and panther-like grace about him, a careless observer might have set him down as effeminate-looking. The flashing eyes and compressed lips were, however, sufficient to redeem him from such charge, and measuring him with the eye of a trained athlete he saw at once how dangerous an adversary he would be stand before, rapier in hand.

Count Agostini, as the dance concluded and Fiamma partner led her away in the direction of the refreshment-room, scowled malevolently after the pair, and then taking a small note-book from his pocket, made a short entry in it, and, closing it with a malicious snap, returned it to its resting-place and strode away in the direction of the card-room.

"Aha! mischief is brewing," remarked the cavalry officer rubbing his hands. "And now, Signore Edgardo—for I can not master your other name—let us follow him. 'Unlucky in love, lucky at cards,' is an adage that is common to all nations, and I have occasionally made a very welcome addition to my finances by backing the fortune of the amiable Agostini, when he was more than usually angered with his friend."

Another dance had yet to elapse before the young Englishman could claim Fiamma's hand, so he followed the talkative captain to a large saloon which had been set apart for play. Bertuccio Agostini was seated before a table around which several players were congregated; a large pile of gold and notes lay before him, and every time he named a card it appeared, as if he had the faculty of summoning it. Edgar and his new friend were standing at the other side of the table opposite to the lucky gamester. The young Englishman's eyes were fixed upon the cards the dealer was about to give up, and all at once he involuntarily wished that a card might be dealt which would not be favorable to the cousin of Fiamma di Vasari.

"I have staked," exclaimed Agostini, firmly, tapping the pile of notes which he had placed upon the card before him, as the dealer was a little slower than usual in placing his card upon the table; "why do you not go on?"

"This is my card, Signore Agostini," observed the holder of the bank, turning it up as he spoke. Bertuccio gave a short gasp of fury and despair as the remorseless rake of the banker drew away all his winnings of the previous deals.

As the discomfited gambler glanced round the table, as in his fury he was seeking for some one on whom to vent his loss, his eyes met those of Edgar. He started back violently, and his hand mechanically sought a bunch of charms which depended from his watch-chain, and among which was a small hand with two of its fingers extended. Then, with a muttered curse and a look of inconceivable scorn and malignity, he turned away from the table.

"*Diavolo!*" muttered the cavalry captain; "the proverb does not hold good to-night, at any rate. But come, the day is nearly over, and I think you said you were engaged to the signorina for the next."

In the ball-room, Edgar could perceive no signs of Fiamma. As he was preparing to dive into the throng in search of her he felt a hand laid lightly upon his shoulder, and, turning round, saw Di Vasari standing immediately behind him.

"Fiamma begged me to tell you that you will find her in the jasmine avenue in the conservatory," said the marquis; "she found the heat here so unendurable that she determined to wait in some cooler place until the dance began."

With a brief murmur of thanks, Edgar pressed through a group of revelers, and in a few moments found himself in the jasmine avenue. He perceived Fiamma seated at the further extremity. She rose from her seat as she noticed his approach, and advanced to greet him with a bright smile upon her face.

"I have come to claim you," said he, extending his hand toward her.

"Gently, sir," she answered, smiling; "I acknowledge the claims of no one man."

"I did not mean that," he replied, and bending lightly upon one knee, he added: "I have come as the humblest of slaves to sue for the hand of the Queen of Beauty."

"And I accord it," she returned, placing her hand upon his palm.

"I wish to heaven," exclaimed he, "that your words were earnest."

"Why, what do you mean?" she answered, affecting to misunderstand him.

But Edgar felt that he had gone too far to retreat, and still retaining her hand in his, replied: "Forgive me, Fiamma, but I must speak. I know that our acquaintance has been but a short one, but from the first moment that I met you my soul went out to yours, and I felt that life without your love would be unendurable. Ah! do not shrink away from me, for though I feel my utter unworthiness, yet I dare to hope that you at least do not dislike me."

The girl's face flushed, but still allowing her hand to remain in the young man's, she murmured: "Yes, Edgar; it may be that you will think me unmaidenly, but I must confess that I love you."

He threw his arms round her, and, drawing her to him, their lips met in one long kiss. In a moment, however, she started from his embrace.

"Did I not hear some one?" exclaimed she; "listen—surely there was an angry exclamation and the sound of retreating footsteps!"

"There was nothing, dearest; it was your excited imagination," replied Edgar, after listening for a few seconds.

"Let us go back at any rate," continued Fiamma, "or our absence will be noticed. We must show ourselves among the dancers."

Drawing her arm through his, Edgar led her to the hall-room, and in an instant they had glided in among the dancers.

At the conclusion of the dance, the young Englishman started on his quest of the marquis. Near the door, however, his progress was impeded by a group of men, in the centre of which Count Agostini was standing and haranguing his audience in a loud voice and with excited gestures.

"Have we not troubles enough of our own," cried he, "that we should be subject to the malignant influence of a foreign *jattatore*? I tell you, gentlemen, that there is one among us now, and that unless he is promptly expelled, no one is safe."

"But how do you know this, Bertuccio?" asked one of his friends.

"How do I know it?" exclaimed the count, scornfully; "why, did I not see him cast his hateful glance upon me as I was playing cards, and turn the whole vein of my luck in a moment? And I say again, that such a man has no right to be among us. Nay, more, I will go further and assert that he whose hand would send such an accursed retch out of this world would deserve well of society at large."

"But who is this that the count is speaking of?" demanded a stout little country gentleman; "really the matter is very serious, and if what he says is correct, it behooves us all to act at once in our own interests. Surely it would be for the benefit of all of us if you would mention this dangerous character by name."

"I will do so without hesitation," answered the count; "the more so that he has dared to thrust himself here, among us at this very moment. It is that hound who professes to be an Englishman, and speaks our tongue with a fluency that—" He stammered, and, for a second or two, was unable to proceed from the excess of his passion, but, recovering himself, continued: "He calls himself an Englishman, but, on my soul, I believe him to be a mongrel Jew, who has brought the hellish secrets of the Ghetto among us; and, in short, if you inquire of me what name he goes by, it is Edgardo Ravelston."

"You lie!" cried the young man, starting forward and confronting his adversary; "you lie, Count Bertuccio Agostini, and it is your own bitter malevolence that causes you to utter so hideous an accusation at my head."

So eager had the little group been in listening to the ravings of the count, that none of them had noticed the approach of Edgar Ravelston, and as he sprang forward, there was a general shrinking back, and an upraising of the fingers in the well-known guard against the evil eye. The eyes of the young man were fairly fixed upon the count, and, for a moment, the latter stepped back a pace, as though crushed by the concentrated fury that blazed in them; but his natural audacity soon returned to him, and it was in a firm voice that he again spoke: "I am glad that you have been present and have heard all that I have said. It is not my habit to speak behind the back, as my friends all know, and had you not been here, I should have repeated it in a very brief space to your face. Yes, Edgardo Ravelston, you are that accursed ing—a *jattatore*; what have you to say to that?"

"Simply that you lie, as I said before," returned the Englishman, coldly; "and I wonder that your hearers, who are men of birth and education, can give credence to the foolish superstition that forms one of the degradations of your painful land."

"That is an easy way to endeavor to sneak out of the matter, Signore Inglese, but it will not avail you, unless, indeed, in addition to being a *jattatore*, you are also a coward."

Hardly had the insulting epithet left his lips when Edgar

made a step forward, and with the white glove which he held in his hand, struck the count a smart blow across the face.

"Let that be my answer to the infamous charge you have made against me, as well as the insulting epithet that you have just applied to me."

Foaming with rage, the count sprang forward to grapple with his adversary, but half-a-dozen of the guests threw themselves between the two men and prevented any further act of violence.

"Enough," said the Duke of Rocca Bianca; "do not let us disgrace our noble host's house by brawling in it like drunken lazzaroni. The blow has been witnessed by all, and in the name of my friend, Count Agostini, I demand from the Signore Ravelston the reparation which one man of honor owes to another. That is, count, if you will permit me to act for you."

The terrible storm of passion which was raging in the bosom of Bertuccio Agostini prevented him from uttering a word, and he was able only to bow to the nobleman who had offered to see him through his quarrel.

"To whom shall I address myself on your behalf, Signore Ravelston?" asked the duke, turning with a courtly bow toward the young Englishman.

"I am a stranger and alone in a strange land," answered Edgar, boldly, "and the circumstances forbid my appealing to my only friend here, the Marquis di Vasari. Is there no one among you who will act as my friend in this quarrel which has been so unjustly thrust upon me?"

He turned and gazed upon the group around him as he spoke, but such was the inviolable horror of the evil eye that no one responded to his appeal, and many furtively fingered the watch-chains to which were appended the talismans against the potent malignancy of the *jattatore*.

"For shame, gentlemen!" exclaimed a voice, as Ludovico Spinazzi, the captain of lancers, pressed through the excited throng; "shall we, as Italians, permit a stranger to appeal in vain for a second in the field of honor? Forbid it, all the noble and chivalrous records of our land! I will act as the Signore Ravelston's second, and will confer with him for a few moments, if the duke will permit me."

The Duke of Rocca Bianca made a step toward the captain and whispered in his ear: "I shall take my man away at once, or there will be some scandalous scene. A blow has been struck, and the result is of course inevitable. The choice of arms rests with you. You can meet me after your return to Naples, and communicate the result to the Signore Ravelston, and bring him back with you, say to my palazzo. We will be provided with both swords and pistols, and we can settle the matter in the grove behind my house."

The captain bowed, and the duke, taking the arm of Bertuccio Agostini, after a short whispered conversation, led him quietly away from the scene of revelry.

Captain Spinazzi rejoined his friend. "They want to choose swords," remarked he; "but as you have the choice of weapons, you can of course insist upon pistols if you are ignorant, as most Englishmen are, of the use of the rapier."

"I thank you," answered Edgar; "but I prefer the sword. I am tolerably certain of my shooting, but for all that I might kill him, and be would assuredly have the chance of killing me—a thing which, I tell you frankly, I am desirous of avoiding. With the rapier, however, I can be almost certain of disarming him, or, if not that, of disabling him from continuing the combat."

"*Cospetto!* my young friend, if that is your form, you will make our Neapolitan *cavaliere* look up their swordsmanship a little," answered the captain, with a stare of astonishment. He then proceeded to detail the arrangements, to which Edgar listened attentively.

"When you have settled everything with the duke," remarked the Englishman, when the captain had concluded his recital, "drive over for me; I will meet you at the entrance-gate of the grounds at eleven o'clock. I could not ask for a horse here without attracting some notice; besides, I want to keep my arm steady, which I certainly should not do riding into Naples upon a horse that I do not know."

"Aha! my friend, I see that you are not going to give this poor count the least chance," returned the captain; "well, then, at eleven o'clock I will be with you. And let me advise you to return to the hall-room, or your absence will cause talk."

Edgar followed his advice, and in a few moments was again by Fiamma's side, who had revoked all her engagements on the plea of indisposition. As soon, however, as she saw her lover, her face brightened up, and she beckoned to him to sit down by her.

"Have you seen my father?" were the first words that she uttered.

"No," answered Edgar, with a little embarrassment; "I—I could not find him."

"Ah, you unworthy knight," exclaimed the girl; "I fear that the temptations of the wine-cup did not assist your quest. But let me whisper in your ear—I have seen my dear father, and he is simply delighted, and will tell you so the moment that he meets you."

"Can this be true, Fiamma dearest?" murmured Edgar, as he fixed his eyes, glowing with admiration, upon the girl's face.

To his unspeakable surprise, she uttered a faint shriek, threw up her hands before her eyes as though endeavoring to conceal them from some too vivid light, and fell back insensible.

There was an instantaneous panic in the hall-room, and the insensible girl was speedily borne away by the attendants. Many were the inquiries made as to the cause of the sudden illness of Fiamma di Vasari, and when it was whispered about that she had fallen back insensible while talking to the English stranger, the words "*jattatore*" and "*mal'occhio*" were uttered more than once in suppressed tones. The unexpected catastrophe broke up the festivities, and Edgar was unable to communicate with the marquis, who had made up his mind to pass the night by his daughter's bedside.

The next morning, though Edgar rang his bell repeatedly,

none of the servants replied to his summons. Ascribing this, however, to the state of excitement into which the house had been thrown by Fiamma's illness, he completed his toilet unaided, and descended to the dining-room. The remains of the sumptuous supper remained on the table just as it had been left, and no effort had been made to remedy the disorder of the mansion of Di Vasari. For some time Edgar wandered about the corridors and the deserted rooms without meeting any of the domestics. At length he entered the stable-yard, and found a number of servants in eager conversation. The instant he made his appearance every eye turned upon him, but in another moment all glances were directed to the ground, and the fingers began to work in that manner which had now become so terribly familiar to him.

"Can you tell me where I can find the marquis?" asked he.

For a moment there was a dead silence, and then one of the footmen, studiously avoiding meeting the Englishman's eye, replied: "The marquis is in his daughter's chamber, and will not leave it until he hears the report of the physicians who are now engaged in consultation."

"What!" exclaimed Edgar, "is the case so serious as that?"

He would have said more, but at that moment the major-domo of the establishment made his appearance, and to him Edgar repeated his question. The man looked at him with an appearance of dislike and mistrust, and then replied: "The marquis can see no one at present, but he sent me in quest of you, signore, and begged that you would remain in your own apartment until he was at leisure to visit you."

"And the signorina—how is the Signorina Fiamma?" exclaimed the young man, eagerly, placing his fingers on the major-domo's arm.

With a half-stifled cry of affright, the man bounded to one side, and when he had placed a safe distance between Edgar and himself, he replied: "The signorina still remains in the same dangerous condition, and the doctors are utterly unable to account for the seizure—fools that they are!" he added, in an undertone; "as if every one did not know how it came about!"

Edgar drew out his watch; it was nearly eleven.

"I will take a stroll through the grounds," said he, mastering the intensity of his emotion; "have the goodness to inform the marquis of my intention."

He turned from the scowling group of servants, and directed his steps toward the gate which led into the grounds of the Villa Erlani.

He had hardly reached the appointed spot when, to his surprise, he heard the quick tramp of a horse, evidently urged to great speed, coming along the road.

"Strange," muttered Edgar; "surely that can not be the captain, for it was arranged that he was to bring a carriage. Perhaps it is another medical man," and he shuddered at the terrible train of ideas which this thought had evoked.

In a few minutes more the rider appeared, and pulled up in front of the Englishman with a suddenness which almost threw his horse upon his haunches.

"Why, Captain Spinazzi, it is you, then, after all!" exclaimed Edgar, in the utmost astonishment; "what is the meaning of this change in the arrangements?" and, as he spoke, he made a step forward and extended his hand.

The captain's eyes met those of the young man's for a moment and then turned away; nor did he make any effort to grasp Edgar's hand.

"There was no use in bringing a carriage," said he, in an embarrassed tone, "for your presence will not be needed at the Duke of Rocca Bianca's to-day."

"The meeting, then, is put off until to-morrow!" exclaimed Edgar; "I am glad of it, for, as you can imagine, I did not wish to leave Fiamma under her present critical circumstances."

"Why, what is the matter with the signorina?" asked the captain, who had left the ball before Fiamma's seizure.

In a few brief words Edgar told him of the sad event, and the cavalry officer uttered an exclamation of horror.

For a few seconds there was a pause, and then Spinazzi spoke again in cold and measured accents: "You need trouble yourself no more about Bertuccio Agostini; there will be no duel, and you have escaped the peril of standing up before the deadliest rapier in Naples."

"What do you mean?" said Edgar; "surely he has not withdrawn from the affair?"

"We Neapolitan gentlemen are not in the habit of acting in such a manner," returned the captain, haughtily; "but I have a painful task to discharge, and I had better be as brief as I can. Doubtless you expected something of the kind. Upon returning to Naples this morning, the Duke of Rocca Bianca's horses took fright, the carriage was overturned, and both the duke and his coachman badly cut and bruised."

"And the Count Agostini?" demanded Edgar, a sickening chill of apprehension creeping over him.

"I see, signore, you anticipate what is coming," answered the captain, with a sarcastic inflection in his voice; "Bertuccio Agostini was killed upon the spot."

"Heaven and earth! how terrible," gasped the young man, hiding his face with his hands.

"You are unlucky, Signore Edgardo, in both your love and your hate," continued the captain; "and now that I have done my duty as a gentleman, I will beg to take my leave of you; but before doing so I have one request to make, and one which I trust you will make no difficulty in granting."

"And what is that?" asked Edgar, a good deal puzzled by the captain's altered manner.

"It is that you will forget me," broke out the officer; "that you will never speak to me again, and, if possible, never let your thoughts dwell upon me. Wipe me from your memory as completely as if the sponge of oblivion had been passed over the fact of our ever having met."

"But why should you thus suddenly decline my friendship?" asked Edgar, aghast at this sudden outbreak.

"Because your friendship is as dangerous as your enmity," answered Spinazzi; "because, unless circumstances have combined against you in the most terrible manner, you

jattatore. Take my advice, leave Naples at once; or, better still, go into some secluded spot and put an end to a life which can but be a curse to your fellow-creatures as it is to yourself. Farewell," and the captain, wheeling round, put spurs to his horse, leaving Edgar stupefied.

Mournfully he retraced his steps; the marquis could not be seen, and he retired to his own room to brood over the terrible events of the last few hours. For a long period he sat, with his face buried in his hands, wondering what the next blow would be. He did not know how long he sat, or whether his overtaxed energies had thrown him into a slumber, but when he removed his hands from his face, the day had passed away and the room was in almost complete darkness. Mechanically he rose from his seat and lighted the candles which stood in massive silver candlesticks on the table, and he had hardly done so when the door was flung open and the Marquis di Vasari appeared upon the threshold.

The unfortunate father was terribly changed; his white hair was in disorder, his face livid, and his lower lip bleeding where he had bitten it in order to repress his agony of mind. "Fiamma is dead!" cried he, in a voice that had nothing human in it; "my darling Fiametta is dead!"

"Dead!" exclaimed Edgar, in accents as heart-rending as his own; "it is impossible. Marquis, you are raving!"

"It is true," answered the old man with a sob; "only too true. Not ten minutes ago she died in my arms, without ever having recovered her consciousness, or being able to say one word of farewell to her poor old father, and I have come straight from the chamber of death to speak to the son of my old friend, and to—" He paused for a second, and added—"my daughter's murderer."

"Murderer!" cried Edgar, striking his hand passionately against his forehead; "murderer—do you dare to say? Why I loved her a thousandfold more fondly than any father could have done."

"And yet you slew her," returned the old man, doggedly. "Fiamma di Vasari has died under the influence of the evil eye, and you it is that have given her her death-blow."

"You are mad to give credence to so childish a superstition," exclaimed Edgar; "why should I have slain the woman whom it was my dearest wish to make my wife?"

"Do not let us bandy words," replied the marquis; "the rites of hospitality are sacred, and I have come to save you for your father's sake. The servants of the house and the tenants on the estate—for the news has spread like wild-fire—are terribly exasperated against you. Your only chance is in flight. With my own hands I have saddled a horse for you, and have tied him to a tree in the garden. Mount him, and make the best of your way to Naples, for in a quarter of an hour I shall be unable to save you."

"Let me see her once again," pleaded Edgar; "let me press one kiss upon her dead forehead, and then let your mad-dened populace do with me as they will."

"This is madness," cried Di Vasari, impatiently; "do I not tell you there is no time to be lost. And hark you, leave Naples, or nothing will save you from the vengeance of Bertuccio Agostini."

"Bertuccio Agostini is dead," answered the young man, gloomily; "we were to have fought this morning, but he was killed on his return to Naples by an accident which happened to the Duke of Rocca Bianca's carriage."

"Powers of evil!" cried the old nobleman, raising his hands in the air; "the loved one and the hated whelmed in the same swift and speedy destruction. But fly—fly, I conjure you!"

"I will do so," answered Edgar, a sudden resolve flashing through his brain; "but tell me, if you think I am the hideous thing you assert me to be, and possess the terrible power of blighting foe or friend, how is it that you gaze upon me and look into my eyes with such inconceivable boldness?"

"Can you not guess, Edgar Ravelston?" returned the old man, wildly; "it is because I hope that the same baleful influence that has cut short my daughter's young life may stretch me a corpse upon the floor before you. And now farewell; I have done with the living, and the dead claim all my attention."

"And farewell, too, Marquis di Vasari," replied Edgar, with all the calmness of despair; "for I, too, have done with the living," and snatching up his hat, he glided from the room, and, passing into the garden, found the horse ready saddled as the marquis had told him he would. He unbound the rein which secured it to the tree, and, leaping into the saddle, rode back to Naples at a swift pace.

At the Corona d'Italia he settled his bill, and ordered the manager to dispatch his luggage to a certain address in London. "I have no need to make a will," he muttered, with a sad smile, "the next of kin can step in, and all will be settled quietly."

He then mounted his horse and took the road to Resina and Torre del Greco. Swifter and swifter went the gallant animal, and many an affrighted peasant started up in his bed, and, crossing himself, muttered a pious prayer as he heard those wild hoof-beats ringing up the road. The giant form of Vesuvius now rose up, seemingly at but a little distance, and after Edgar had passed through Torre del Greco he dismounted, and striking the animal lightly on the flank, it tore away in the direction of Naples, while the young man, turning his steps in the direction of the volcano, moved forward at a swift pace.

The night was unusually close, and once when Edgar cast his eyes to the summit of the great mountain, he saw a cloud of sparks start up with a suddenness which at any other time would have startled him.

"The powers of evil are prepared to welcome the *jattatore* to their abode," he muttered, with the same sad smile; "it is well to be expected."

More than once during his ascent he had to make a wide detour to avoid the noxious vapor that issued from the fissures in the lava and almost stifled him with their deadly exhalations.

"I must not fall senseless by the way," he murmured, as he passed his hand over his burning forehead, "and be dis-

covered by some party of tourists who come to view the mountain. No, there can be no doubt that I am the accursed thing that all men unite in calling me—a monster created for the destruction of his fellow-creatures; a human upas-tree, scattering a blight upon every living thing that comes within reach of its tainting influence. I must vanish so that no one may be able to come and heap curses upon the stone that covers the bones of the *jattatore*."

He staggered onward, still ascending steadily toward the crater. The boarse, rumbling sound within the bosom of the volcano now grew louder and louder, and, as if in response, the thunder pealed in the heavens above, and vivid streaks of lightning flashed around the cone of the mountain.

His task was over now, and he stood upon the crust of the crater gazing into the sea of fire which seemed rising up to engulf him. Lament flame of every conceivable hue darted and flickered from cisterns in the rocks, and down in the depths was a sheet of flame of lurid scarlet, seething and bubbling like water, while from its surface rose a cloud of transparent vapor, the exhalations of which became every moment more noxious.

He gazed around him, and, despite the vivid aspect of the scene, life had never seemed so sweet or the world more enjoyable. For a moment he hesitated, but it was only for a moment, and then Edgar Ravelston plunged headlong into the sea of liquid flame that surged and boiled beneath him.

A column of fire and smoke burst forth from the crater; then, as though to conceal the very foot-prints of the unhappy suicide, a flood of molten lava flowed down the sides of the mountain. All that night and all the next day the eruption lasted; the waves in the bay rose to unprecedented height and rolled upon the shore with restless fury, while the wind tore and howled through the surrounding country, uprooting trees and unroofing cottages. On the third day, however, the eruption ceased, the waves calmed down, and the wind lulled. Once again the sun shone out in all its brightness, and the birds sang gayly as ever as they flew from tree to tree. Indeed, it seemed as if the world, after the first spasm of horror, was rejoicing that it was freed from the accursed presence of the possessor of the evil eye.

A NEW POEM BY WHITTIER.

At a reception given by Mr. and Mrs. D. Lothrop, August 14th, in honor of Mrs. John A. Logan, at Hawthorne's old home, in Concord, Mass., the following poem, from the venerable and beloved poet, John G. Whittier, was read:

OUR COUNTRY.

Our thought of thee is glad with hope,
Dear country of our love and prayers;
Thy way is down no fatal slope,
But up to freer sun and airs.

Tried as by furnace fires, and yet
By God's grace only stronger made;
In future tasks before thee set
Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

The fathers sleep, but men remain
As true and wise and brave as they;
Why count the loss without the gain?
The best is that we have to-day.

No lack was in thy primal stock,
No weakling founders builded here;
These were the men of Plymouth Rock,
The Puritan and Cavalier;

And they whose firm endurance gained
The freedom of the souls of men,
Whose hands unstained in peace maintained
The swordless commonwealth of Penn.

And time shall be the power of all
To do the work that duty bids;
And make the people's Council Hall
As lasting as the Pyramids.

Thy lesson all the world shall learn,
The nations at thy feet shall sit;
Earth's furthest mountain tops shall burn
With watchfires from thine own uplift.

Great, without seeking to be great
By fraud or conquest; rich in gold,
But richer in the large estate
Of virtue which thy children hold.

With peace that comes of purity,
And strength to simple justice due,
So runs our loyal dream of thee,
God of our fathers! make it true.

Oh, land of lands! to thee we give
Our love, our trust, our service free;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee.

Senator Spooner's brother, Mr. R. C. Spooner, of Madison, Wis., who recently resigned the consulship at Prague, says that in the latter city every one lived in apartments, a custom to which he could not habituate himself. "I grew tired," he continues, "of going to theatres at six in the evening, staying until twelve, and being obliged to ring a bell and fee the janitor in order to get into my own house when I came home. I will never live in a town where latch-keys are not allowed. Another custom which annoyed me exceedingly was this: Every night before retiring, when I would put my feet up on the table, real American style, and lean back to smoke my last cigar, the two servant-girls would bounce in, grab my hand and kiss it, and then go through the same rigmarole with my wife. I warned Will Rublee, my successor, of these drawbacks to assuming office there, but he would take it."

The number of vessels passing through the Suez Canal at night by means of electric-light is increasing with extraordinary rapidity. The average time of transit has also been considerably shortened. In 1886, it was 36 hours, in 1887, 33 hours 58 minutes, in 1888, 31 hours 15 minutes, and in 1889, it had been reduced to 25 hours 50 minutes. The average time for vessels using the electric-light in 1889, was 22½ hours. The shortest time taken by a steamer in the transit of the canal in 1889, was 14¼ hours, which is ten minutes less than the best record.

BUDDING GENIUSES.

"Parisina" describes the Final Exams. at the Paris Conservatoire

The annual *concours* have just been held at the Conservatoire. It is quite the fashionable thing to be seen at these meetings, and that ladies intrigue for seats in the most barefaced manner, and are all the more eager to gain admittance that the number must of necessity be small, owing to the excessive exiguity of the place in which they are held. If you have never been inside the Théâtre du Conservatoire, you do not know what heat and stuffiness mean. But this does not matter a jot; it is the fashion, and that is enough. This year Mme. Carnot graced several of the meetings with her presence. As you know, Ambroise Thomas—the composer of "Hamlet" and "Mignon"—is the director of this institution the successor of Auber, and as such presides at each of the *concours*, the other members of the jury changing with the different classes; when music is the order of the day, other composers, musical critics, and a singer or two, Capoul, for instance—the tenor once beloved of the ladies—will be seated in the box; and if it is drama, their places are taken by actors from the Français, Got, or Worms, or by playwrights Alexandre Dumas or Pailleron, perhaps. It is considered an honor to be invited to make one of the ten—a brevet of literary or artistic worth, as it were. Of course they are all and always, most honorable men, and no more to be wheedled by a pretty face than Ambroise himself, who is notoriously a most unimpressible man. The female competitors, poor little dears, do not know this, however, and they will betake themselves, in their very best and most becoming clothes, to the homes of these immaculate jurymen and try their small arts upon them, smile at and ogle them sing and recite to them on the smallest provocation. The proper thing is to take "mamma" on such occasions, and the dainty little Parisian who is following the classes will often be accompanied by a woman in a wonderful get-up—overdressed, uneducated, and vulgar—who speaks of her daughter as the shining light of the Conservatoire, and is very sure M. So-and-So will give her his vote. The more knowing and less prudish ones dispense with a chaperon. Of course this can really make no difference, and the man on whom, in a measure, the success or non-success of the candidate depends receives the suppliant kindly or coldly according to his nature; but never—ob, never!—descend from his lofty eminence to a flirtation, however mild.

Some of the conditions are infinitely wearisome, as the piano-forte competition, when thirty-eight candidates will play over the same piece (this year it was the concerto in *la mine* by Hammel), but the operatic and comedy *concours* are much more interesting. Each candidate chooses a scene from an opera or play, so varying the entertainment; and each in turn is principal, the comrades giving the cue. This year's competition was certainly above the average. I will not venture to predict that among the fifty or so of sopranos, contraltos, tenors, baritones, and bass singers that there was a like Malebran, or a Mario, or a La Brache, or even a Patti, or Reské, nor that out of the thirty or forty actors a Rachel or a Sarah, a Mounet-Sully or a Coquelin is likely to be evolved nor yet that the piano-forte or the violin classes have produced a new Talberg or a second Paganini. But several fully deserved the prizes they carried off and others something more. There was a Mlle. Dux, hardly more than a child, who played the part of Hermione deliciously, whose voice is as sweet as pathetic as that of Sarah at sixteen, and who is as much at home on the stage as if she were thirty; a M. Dehelly, who absolutely captivated every woman with his handsome face, his delicate, yet passionate, love-making, his youth, and his fine figure; an accomplished actress—Mlle. Moreno—who was equally successful in tragedy and comedy, and who won the entire approval of two juries by the dignity of her carriage and the perfection of her elocution; a prima donna ripe for the opera—Mlle. Bréval—who will be singing in the "Huguenots" and "La Juive" there before long; an ideal Rosine—Mlle. Blanc—*petite* and brune; a very agreeable tenor with a big-sounding name—M. Imbert de la Tour; and the usual phenomena among the violinists and pianists, who are consummate musicians at fifteen and may make great names later on.

There are always a few amusing incidents in the course of these competitions. There was the usual little uproar when some of the awards did not meet the approval of the audience—almost an *émeute*, which M. Ambroise Thomas nipped in the bud by declaring the meeting at an end, when the discontented had to file out with the rest and protest on the pavement outside. A comic incident, too; Mlle. Bréval cutting small caper of delight when her name was proclaimed, which the sober portion of the audience frowned and the light-hearted laughed. Some hysterics and tears in the wing among the unrequited candidates of the softer sex, and quarrel between two fair ones, when hair was pulled if no faces scratched, as those who had the *entrée* to the green-room have since told me. It is not pleasant to fail and still less pleasant to see others succeed when you have scored nothing.

Well, it is all over now, the heart-burning and anxiety, the tears and smiles, the bitter rivalry, even the triumph of the laureates is soon forgotten, and the long vacation is before the youths and maidens, the *étudiants* and *étudiantes*, masters and pupils—may they all enjoy it.

PARISINA.
PARIS, August 3, 1890.

Of the consequences attendant on the possession of a wild elephant, we have all heard; but they have been contingent on the animals being alive. It now appears that to have an elephant on your hands when he is dead is even still more objectionable. There is an Indian saying that the "huge earth-shaking beast" must be buried where it dies, but it is not so easy to bury it. Not only must the grave be wide, but very deep, or the health of man is endangered by it. At Now sarae, in Baroda, it has been found necessary to chop one up and inter it piecemeal, but the consequences to the inhabitants were deplorable. They all had to leave the place.

THE DUNLO DIVORCE SUIT.

"Cockaigne" says it is a Terrible Shake-up for the Chappies.

To say that the verdict in the Dunlo divorce case is a bombshell in the camp of the "chappies" and "Johnnies" of high life, would be but a weak description of the dire commotion at present agitating the ranks of England's gilded youth who can add blue blood to their golden charms. To describe their condition as one of utter demoralization would not be putting it too strong. A bombshell, indeed! A hundred tons of dynamite exploded in their midst would be as the firing of a toy-pistol compared with the stunning effects of the verdict. Luckily the season is virtually over, and a goodly portion of the aristocracy scattered about in different parts of the kingdom, or the effects would have been even greater. It is really the biggest black eye the British nobility have got in a long time, and while they are still staggering from the blow and looking about them with bewildered, staring eyes, the people at large are clapping their hands with delight and applauding the fearlessness of both judge and jury, in the wholesome realization that the law (of England, if of nowhere else) is no respecter of persons. Had Lord Dunlo been a chimney-sweep or a costermonger, he could not have had meted out to him a fairer portion of even-handed justice.

The Earl of Durham was treated to the same impartial dealing a few years ago, when he tried to free himself in a similar manner from an inconvenient wife. The only thing was, of course, that Lord Durham's wife was a lady, and not a music-hall singer of doubtful ante-nuptial reputation. She was a Miss Milner (a sister, by the bye, of the young man who goes by the name of the "Red Duchess's" husband, he having, at the age of twenty-three, wedded the notorious Duchess of Montrose, aged seventy), a girl of rare beauty but somewhat cold nature. The Earl of Durham fell violently in love with her at sight, and she, much against her will, and chiefly at the instigation of friends and relatives who were dazzled by the coronet, married him. Her beauty soon palled upon his ordship, and in a few weeks he was tired of her. He pined to be free of a connection formed purely for animal gratification, which satiety soon made a yoke, and to that end, cooked up a lot of groundless accusations as to his wife's weakness of mind and consequent legal disability to contract marriage.

Curiously enough, Sir James Hannen was the judge before whom the case was tried, and he refused to nullify the marriage. He was the judge in the Dunlo case. I do not mean to say that the two cases are in the least parallel, except that in both instances the husband sought to undo a hasty and ill-considered, ill-assorted marriage. In both cases, the law has said: "No; you must abide by your folly. You must stand the consequences of your rashness. Marriage is not intended to last only as long as the lust which prompted it, but must endure after that is satisfied."

The fact of the matter is, that the young gentlemen of England, as a rule, take much too material a view of marriage. It is regarded commonly as a vehicle whereby some worldly benefit, quite distinct from the mere marriage relation, is to be gained—simply a worldly means to a worldly end. Love and affection, in their unsordid, unsensual purity, seldom, if ever, cut any figure in it. Take the two marriages—the one of Lord Durham, the other of Lord Dunlo. It is true that, in each, "money was the object"; but, at the same time, love and affection were no incentive. If love and affection furnished but a small ingredient of the motive, there would have been, within a short period, no cooked-up suits to set aside the marriages. Commonly in high-life marriages, money is the chief, indeed, the only, object. Good family connection may, now and then, induce a marriage; but money is the main thing sought after. Now and then, you may see marriages where money apparently cuts no figure, but it is very seldom you will meet with them. The only genuine instance I can think of at the moment is the Duke of Portland's marriage to Miss Dallas-Yorke. He certainly got no money with her. He did not want any, it is true; but lots of men who have plenty of money themselves will not marry a girl who has none. Look at the Duke of Marlborough. Do you suppose he would have even glanced at Mrs. Hamersley if she had had no money? Can any one name one American girl without money who has married an Englishman of title? I should like to hear if there is one. So far as my observation has gone, I have been given a very strong relief by it that no Englishman of high birth will give way to the indulgence of love and affection for any girl unless he knows she has money, or will be sure to have it some day. I almost believe that they think a marriage would not be binding unless a woman had money. The absurdity of a marriage without money would seem to be too great to allow it to be regarded with a serious thought.

Of course these rules apply only to marriages with ladies. In their association with ladies, Englishmen are therefore incessantly on their guard and on the watch, lest they should ultivate a sentiment of affection for any one of them unless he has money. There is always a sense of restraint and unnatural awkwardness. But Englishmen of high birth are men, notwithstanding their teaching and schooling and bringing up, and they like the unfettered society of the other sex quite as well as other men, and they seek it with women beneath them. They are fond of the society of actresses, because they can be natural in it. They can say what they like, and pay them as much attention as they choose without fear of having their "intentions" demanded by papas and mammas, and can even make love to them without a thought of marriage. Even if they were to get drawn into marrying, it would be easy to get out of it. So the gay "chappies" and "Johnnies," with handles to their names, used to think that they do not think so any longer. Marrying actresses and music-hall singers has its serious side. It is not only beer and skittles. Young lords of high degree, who go in for their sort of amusement, must make up their minds that a ceremony in a registrar's office is not only a jolly good lark, but a proceeding which gives them a legal wife to support and protect, and not a temporary mistress to be cast off at will.

One of the curious phases of the Dunlo case was that the young man's father, the Earl of Clancarty, a man fifty-six years old, took this adolescent view of the question. When he found that his son and heir had wedded Belle Bilton, the music-hall singer, he thought it was only a matter of form to get him free; a trip abroad and a divorce suit when he came home. The trip abroad was a success, but the divorce was a horse of another color. Money will not do *everything* in England, even for peers of the realm. It may send a silly young bridegroom on his travels round the world in the care of a bear-leader from Cambridge; it may hire private detectives to shadow the bride, in the hope of ferreting out damaging evidence against her; it may employ the cleverest solicitor in London, and retain the services of the leader of the bar and the greatest divorce queen's counsel; but it can not dissolve a marriage without legal cause, even though it be between the heir to an earldom and a music-hall singer. And so Belle Bilton is Viscountess Dunlo, the legal wife of an earl's eldest son, and will, one of these days, be the Countess of Clancarty.

I think it not unlikely that one of the effects of this case will be that the fathers and mothers of the aristocracy will encourage their sons to take a new departure in the matter of falling in love with girls of their own rank and class, and not drive them to seek a vent for their natural affections in the society of actresses. If so, the Dunlo case will have conferred a lasting benefit upon the British nobility of the future.

I happened, when in the smoking-room of a West End club the other evening, to hear from the lips of a few representatives of the Lord Dunlo class and type of youth, some comments on the situation:

"By Jove! don't you know, what's a chap to do?" remarked one young man, as he twisted the middle stud of his expansive shirt-front between his finger and thumb, and held a cork-tipped cigarette to his lips with the other hand; "what's the good of staying in England?"

His remarks might have applied to anything, but I knew what he referred to.

"Right you are," agreed another youth with a budding mustache and a lip.

"Fancy having a wife like that saddled on to one. By Jove! I feel rather in a stew," and he turned very pale and stared about him. "I just begin to remember that—by Jove! yes, it's quite clear—I went to the registrar's with Julia that day I got back from Ascot so beastly screwed. What will the gov'nor say?"

"Oh, bother all that!" exclaimed a young fellow with a brandy-and-soda in his hand; "square her with a fiver. Marriages like that won't count," and a decided hiccup demonstrated his obliviousness of current events.

"Won't count? Are you daft? What is the good of talking rot? Look at Dunlo."

"By Jove!" hiccupped the brandy-and-soda youth; "I forgot Dunlo. What a beastly bore it is, his bringing all this upon us."

"Rather," acquiesced the youth of the shirt-stud; "we must emigrate. There's nothing else to do."

"Deuce take the lawyers!" exclaimed the young chap with the lip; "they're a lot of cads, and don't understand the ways of gentlemen."

And so it went on, *ad infinitum*. COCKAIGNE.
LONDON, August 2, 1890.

The *Lancet* says: "In a paper, on 'Tuberculosis in Belgium,' MM. Destree and Gallmaerts come to the conclusion, as the result of their investigations, that, in comparing the mortality from phthisis of bachelors, married men, and widowers, the last are very much more subject to this disease than either of the other classes. The same statement holds good for all ages, and it is, they say, also true that widows are more liable than single women to die of phthisis. The authors do not think this is to be explained except by direct contagion of wife to husband, or husband to wife. They can not think irregularities and excesses indulged in by widowers can be answerable for it, for advanced age does not seem to make any difference. They would ascribe it to infection occurring during married life, the disease claiming its second victim some time after the death of the first."

"Young man, you don't look well behind a pipe," said the family physician, as he passed through the library on his way to the sick-room. "What harm is there in a pipe?" answered the young puffer. "None that I know of," answered the old physician, "except that smoking induces drinking; drinking induces intoxication; intoxication induces the bile; bile induces jaundice; jaundice leads to dropsy; dropsy terminates in death. As you sit up there behind your pipe, put that in it and smoke it."

"We can give a point to Eastern people about getting their money's worth out of these little movable electric-bulb lights," said an Idahoan, the other day; "out our way we take them to bed with us. For keeping one comfortable on a cold night they are as good as a roaring fire in a room. Rubber bags, tin boilers, and other devices for holding hot water get cold."

In New York is a sacrilegious sign-board, on which was inscribed, in many colors: "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you a big schooner of lager-beer, together with a choice entertainment, in which will appear Mlle. Viola, the dashing serio-comic; Senorita Lobella, the mazy reel and jig-dancer," etc.

The drollest result of the Little Lord Fauntleroy craze comes apropos of the crop of "Cedrics" that has sprung up all over the land since this first little Cedric set people's fancy upon the name.

Henceforward no building within the jurisdiction of the London County Council can exceed ninety feet in height. So the Lords' Committee on the Council's Bill have ordained.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The insanity of King Otho of Bavaria has developed into a violent form, and it is thought that he can not live long.

The King of Italy wants to be emperor too, and thinks of making himself "Emperor of Erythrea and Eastern Africa," on the strength of his protectorate of Abyssinia and some colonies on the Red Sea.

The great tenor Tamagno is about to retire from the stage to establish himself as a landed proprietor on an estate which he has purchased near Varese. He was engaged to be married before he left Italy for America.

George M. Pullman, of Chicago, celebrated his mother's eighty-second birthday at her summer home in the Thousand Islands—"Castle Rest"—last week. The display of fireworks is said to have been the finest ever seen on the rivers, and thousands of spectators came on excursion-steamers to witness the spectacle.

Geronimo, the retired Apache warrior, was reported to be teaching a Sunday-school class a year or two ago. Now an Alabama dispatch describes the baptism of his squaw and papoose after the Catholic ritual. Geronimo was dressed becomingly for the occasion and painted in highest colors. He watched attentively every movement of the priest, and seemed fully to appreciate every word that was uttered, kneeling during the ceremony.

In the agreement by which Heligoland is ceded to Germany, young Kaiser William—who, by the careful and deliberate conclusion of the United States of Germany, is the German Emperor and not the Emperor of Germany—appears as the "Emperor of Germany." The use of this title in the English counterpart of the deed was insisted upon by the German foreign office, although it is entirely contrary to the intention of the German nation.

It is said that the reason why the eloquent and learned Canon Liddon receives no preferment, though a bishopric has been vacant for several months, is that this foremost English cleric had once the misfortune to offend the queen by addressing her from the pulpit of the Chapel Royal, Windsor, as "Madam." The Guelph pride could not brook such familiarity, and her majesty forthwith commanded that "that man" should never more address royal ears.

The Bismarck monument fund, which is being collected despite the ex-chancellor's prejudice against monuments of himself, now amounts to some one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars. The members of the reading-room of the Society of German Students, in Prague, recently resolved to subscribe two hundred and fifty dollars to the fund, but were prevented by the chief of police, who threatened to dissolve their organization in case the contribution should be made.

In Bath, as in many other towns, some of the leasehold property is held on the life of the Prince of Wales. The favor in which his royal highness is regarded in this respect has, rather late in the day, aroused the apprehensions of the insurance companies. Not only are they refusing to take any more insurances on the life of the prince, but, fearing a run on their resources to meet the claims of leaseholders who have insured against loss, they are creating a reserve fund against the death of the prince, and also of the queen, whose life has likewise been identified with many leases.

The reverses of fortune are well illustrated among the descendants of the old French nobility. According to M. Lescurie, a grandson of that same Marquis d'Hauteroche, who chivalrously requested the English troops at the battle of Fontenoy to "fire first," ended his days as a common policeman. One of the noble family of Babou de la Bourdaisiere is now a washer-woman. Representatives of other noble families, equally famous in their time, are, or were, according to the same authority, occupying the humble places of game-keeper, carpenter's apprentice, house-painter, cab-driver, miller's assistant, inn-keeper, conductor of an omnibus, box-opener at a theatre, gas-man, bathing-man, maker of mouse-traps, chorus-singer at the opera, and woodman; while one, who is a great grand-cousin of the illustrious Cardinal de Retz, unites in his own person the lowly offices of grave-digger and village-fiddler.

Henry Villard earned his first money as a reporter. Austin Corbin worked on his father's farm for his first dollar. Collis P. Huntington began his career as a store-keeper when he was fifteen years old. Calvin S. Brice's first labor was in a country law-office. Daniel Dougherty made his first bit of money handling the ribbons over his father's bus teams. Eugene Kelly earned his passage to this country by driving a jaunting-car. Oswald Ottendorfer was a book-keeper on the *Staats-Zeitung*. Sidney Dillon was once an errand-boy in the employ of the New York Central Railroad. Chauncey M. Depew was admitted to the bar in 1838. Jay Gould was a surveyor and school-teacher. D. O. Mills worked on a small farm until the gold fever took him to California. Ex-Mayor William R. Grace was a butcher until he became a ship-chandler. Inspector Williams began to earn his living in a fish-yard. A. M. Palmer was once a lawyer's clerk. J. M. Hill was a manager of a juvenile company at the age of thirteen years. Henry E. Abbey began as a cornet-player. Daniel Frohman was an errand-boy for the New York *Tribune*. Augustin Daly was originally a newspaper man. John Stetson was a professional athlete. Tony Pastor was a clown. Vice-President Levi P. Morton was as a boy a clerk in a village dry-goods store. Russell Sage was taught frugality in his brother's grocery-store. Henry Clews's early life was spent as a porter in a woolen house at three dollars a week. Secretary of the Navy Benjamin F. Tracy was a farmer's boy. Andrew Carnegie began life at the trade of an engineer. Erastus Wiman made his first money as a newsboy when only nine years old.

THE TENNIS-WOMAN.

"Van Gryse" on the Enthusiast who doesn't Care How She Looks.

Tennis-women are all over the country now, as numerous as the summer girl, and quite as distinct a species. It used to be tennis-girls, but the craze has now spread into the ranks of the matrons, and, at the rate it is going, we will soon see mighty majesties, like Mrs. Paran Stevens, fanning the air with the racket, and doing wonders with back-handers.

It is very singular how little these women seem to care about their appearance. They absolutely set it at naught, and go in for the sport with the same deadly seriousness that the Anglo-Saxon race shows in taking its pleasures. The game came over from England, and, like everything English, can only be successfully done when done with the player's whole soul. The Americans dallied with it, and made a pretty pretence of knocking the balls about for some years. It is only lately—within the last few seasons—that women have taken it up seriously and made a regular business of it. I remember, four or five years ago, seeing two English women play it at an Orange Tournament of the Far and Near Club. They were real English right through—a pair of great, big, red, raw-boned girls, who looked as strong as oxen and had arms like blacksmiths. They wore rusty old jerseys and short, full skirts that showed their feet in big, black-canvases, shapeless shoes, looking, as one irreverent man said, "like hams." Their hair was hustled up some way under knitted Tam O'Shanter caps, the tops of which kept wobbling round when they ran. Their hangs, uncurled in the severe heat, hung down in dejected locks, and their faces emulated in color the descending luminary. But they could play! There was not a man on the field who could return their over-hand service, and when they got down by the net and volleyed the balls, they simply walked over their adversaries.

Everybody was astonished—at their appearance, in the first place, and their play, in the second. Elegant ladies—in filmy, floating summer-frocks and parasols covered with crimped gauze—went drifting round, like June zephyrs, murmuring: "How can those women make such guys of themselves?" But there was no denying the fact that "the guys" swept things before them. There was not a woman in the club who could stand up against them. So, after walking over all opponents, they placidly, at the end of the third day, departed laden with spoils in the shape of cut-glass and silver toilet articles. The president delivered the prizes in a neat speech, the winners standing in front of her. They presented a most remarkable spectacle, resembling more than anything else "the giant daughters of the plow" described in "The Princess." They looked very much like men dressed in women's clothes, and occasionally they mopped up their brows with a little moist wad of handkerchief.

The American tennis-player of that epoch made the game an excuse for wearing an attractive costume. Who, watching a pirouetting figure in a marvelous flannel get-up—invariably topped off with a sailor-collar and a boy's hat—has not been forced to answer that favorite question: "Now, do you think this dress will look well on the field?" that meant: "Do you think this is an effective costume that can be seen from the men's club-house without opera-glasses?" The field came to be a beautiful sight, alive with these carefully calculated "creations." They were mostly stripes—as stripes can be seen a great distance off. The waists that went with them were fearfully small, squeezed up in the regulation style and then supplemented with a silk belt of under twenty inches. There was no energetic pursuit of balls, for if the waists had not forbidden it in the first place, the general opinion of what constitutes grace would have in the second. The thing was to be as pretty as you could, and let the game take care of itself. I remember once seeing a girl, who prided herself on her picturesque appearance, playing in a languid style in a flowered lawn-dress and a huge black hat fastened some way on the back of her head. She was a sportive creature and she liked the game, though it did ruffle up her hair and heighten her color two tones too high. And when a ball came toward her she leaped forward buoyantly to meet it, the huge hat rising up from her head like an animated black teatray. Sometimes it turned a sort of back-somersault and lay on her shoulders, but this seemed to hurt her hair, for she stamped her foot, muttered some wicked word, and pulled it fiercely down over her eyebrows and then hit it a whack on the crown with her hand which sent it well on to her ears.

The whirligig of time has changed all this. The crack tennis-players of the various women's clubs are as oblivious to their appearance as the two English women mentioned above. They not only do not care if they do not look pretty, but they seem to take a sort of austere joy in looking hideous. The whole costume is to-day regulated with an eye only to lightness, coolness, and comfort; beauty is brushed aside disdainfully by these Spartans of the tennis-court. Most of them wear divided skirts and a full dress-skirt, which is a good deal off the ground and shows their feet in shoes—marvelous to relate—of a size that fit. A shirt in silk or flannel, loose and made like a man's, finishes off the dress. Then they generally wear a striped blazer and cap to match, throwing off the former in a daring, pleasant, manly way when they enter the arena. Most of them wear a loose belt, but those who want to do the thing up in true style wear round the waist a broad silk handkerchief in the club colors, the two ends knotted in front and a little point coming down in the back.

This is the dress of the real tennis-player, she who is not there for fun. And they work like Indians over their sport. Californians, who have not had the delirious rapture of living through a New York summer, can form no idea of the terrific beat under which these women will play hour after hour. Of course there is no shade on the courts, and from three in the afternoon, when the sun is at its hottest and when most people are sitting in shady corners groaning and using a palm-leaf fan, until dinner-time, these intrepid females play doggedly on. Sometimes, of course, they get sun-struck, and then

there is no more tennis that year. Generally, though, they are in such good condition, perspire so freely, that they survive. But they are not pretty to look at, being purple in the face, dripping with perspiration, and covered with dust and grass-stains from occasional falls on the slippery turf. Their play is deadly earnest to them. There come no delicate squeals and screams from the courts where they spring about. But not unfrequently there does come the soft echo of a smothered "swear," for these sweet creatures forget occasionally that they are not in the solitude of their own apartments, where, when the buttons come off boots and the hooks will never find their corresponding eyes, a little gentle "cussing" is quite permissible.

Big women are at a disadvantage at tennis; they can not get around so quickly. But, with the usual perversity of their sex, they will insist on playing it, just as they will insist on marrying little men. Then the true and steadfast tennis-player is continually falling, and this, with these massive girls, who weigh one hundred and sixty pounds, is no merry jest. The earth is shaken to its axis, and the victim's whole system has received a severe jarring. A girl at a tournament at Seabright, running forward to volley a ball, got so much momentum on that she could not stop, ran into the net, caught her feet in it, and fell as "falls on Mount Avernus a thunder-smitten oak." The crowd, to a man, rushed to assist her to her feet, but she rose, blushing but composed, arranged her somewhat dragged draperies, put her hand up to her head, as though to feel if it was on yet, and continued her game with a severely unconscious air that was much admired.

The best players are almost all small women, if not short, at least slender. Adeline Robinson, the champion, is a little bit of a girl, twenty-two or three years of age, very delicate-looking, and not suggesting either strength or flexibility. Looking at her closely, you see she is wiry, lighter than a feather, and extraordinarily precise and firm in every movement. When she plays, she is perfectly cool and confident, never gets unduly exhilarated by success, or "rattled" in dark moments. Though she is not, strictly speaking, a pretty girl, it is a pleasure to see her play; she is so exquisitely graceful in her movements, so unconscious, and so concentrated in her work. Half the time she does not seem to know whether there are two or two hundred people round the net. Her opponent, with the warning "Play!" raises his ball high in air and brings the racket down on it with a snapping ping. She jams her black-and-white striped cap down over her eyes, moves her racket warily round in her two hands, crouches a little to receive the ball, narrows her eyes a fraction as she calculates about the spot where it will alight, and, without an apparent effort, seems suddenly to lift it from the ground and send it back, just skimming the net, with a force that makes it look to the spectators like a swift, white flash.

Adeline Robinson is not only the best, but the prettiest player in the country. She never does an awkward thing, or seems to be breaking her neck to hit a ball. She also has the great advantage of never seeming to get overheated or out of breath. Her play is as easy, as effortless, as if she were making a cat's-cradle, and this is all the more odd because she is such a small girl, with a short reach. She is also a great favorite, for she never crosses over an adversary or seems too sure of a walk-over. She has charming, rather reserved manners, which she comes by naturally, being one of the Beverley-Robinsons, who, as all New Yorkers know, were once one of the most influential families in Manhattan Island, and have always been famous for their charming manners. The original Colonel Beverley Robinson was rather a magnificent person, a colonel in His Majesty George the Third's service, and owner of a slice of New York city, which, if he had kept it, would have made his descendants rich forever. Unfortunately, Colonel Beverley's devotion to his sovereign was stronger than his love for his adopted country. He remained a royalist in the Revolution, fighting under the king's colors. After the surrender of Cornwallis, his estates were taken from him, and he himself retired to Canada, which seems to have been as friendly to the exile then as it is now. He has numerous descendants in New York, one of whom, and that in the direct line, is Adeline Robinson, the tennis champion.

There is a great question agitating one of the fox-hunting suburbs just now and threatening to cleave society into two quivering halves. Ought the fox to be killed or to be saved at the end of the hunt? To die or not to die? that is the question. The humane portion of the community say the fox should be allowed to take a little run in sight of his heated pursuers, and then, before anything disagreeable has time to happen, he should be returned to the secluded safety of the bag whence he made his debut. This imparts the desired flavor of excitement to the chase, both of the pack and the fox, the former fondly hoping that they may yet reach their prey, the latter doubtfully fearing that unless all goes well it will be a close call for him. Both pursuer and pursued are given a taste, a delicate suggestion, of that great might-have-been, which the poet thinks so conducive to melancholy. Certainly, in this case, it is conducive to melancholy on the part of the fox, especially if the bag were to be mislaid.

The other faction is for killing poor Reynard, or rather for letting the pack kill him. Ladies who anticipate getting the brush belong to this side, while ladies who drive to the finish in phaetons and dog-carts think it is simply an assassination. The most interested party, the fox, shows a singular apathy on the subject. The air of America may have a subduing effect upon the spirits of this cunning quadruped, for not only in this country does his cunning desert him, but all inclination to bestir himself seems to have left him. He courts martyrdom. He seems to want to be killed. When he is let out of the bag, he generally sits sadly down upon his haunches, and views his executioners with a melancholy but resigned stare. The whole scheme of the hunt is upset by this unprecedented behavior. The huntsmen would like the whippers-in to heat the fox and make him run, and even the hounds have a delicacy about attacking the too willing victim. Once, in Essex County, the fox ran up a tree as soon as he had been let out of the bag. Probably, in the general upsetting of his ideas, and finding himself emerging from a bag,

he mistook himself for a cat, and with true dramatic instinct, acted accordingly.

Fox-hunting in the suburbs is by no means a new institution. Many years ago, in Orange County, they had a fox-hunt, and all the sporting characters in the district followed the pack in huggies and gigs. The route was rather circuitous, but they got there eventually. The hunt had the appearance of the funeral of a local dignitary. All that was necessary to carry out the illusion was a brass band in place of the pack. Late in the afternoon, the fox was corralled in a field by the roadside, and no one knew what to do with him. After a long consultation, a gamey being suggested that cutting off his tail was the correct thing. So they cut it off, after which the fox himself was dispatched as an afterthought.

NEW YORK, August 21, 1890.

VAN GRYSSE.

LATE VERSE.

The Shēkh Abdallah.

What does the Shēkh Abdallah do
In the long dull time of the Ramadan?
Why, he rises and says his prayers, and then
He sleeps till the prayer-hour comes again;
And thus through the length of the weary day
Does he sleep and pray, and sleep and pray.
Whenever the swart muezzin calls
From the crescent-guarded minaret walls,
Up he leaps and bows his turbaned brows
Toward Mecca, this valiant and holy man,
The Shēkh Abdallah—praise be to Allah!—
In the long dull time of the Ramadan.

What does the Shēkh Abdallah do
In the long dull time of the Ramadan?
Why, he fasts and fasts without reprieve
From the blush of morn till the blush of eve.
Never so much as a sip takes he
Of the fragrant juice of the Yemen berry;
He shakes no fruit from the citron-tree,
Nor plucks the pomegranate, nor tastes the cherry.
His sandals beads seem to tell of deeds
That were wrought by the band of the holy man,
The Shēkh Abdallah—praise be to Allah!—
In the long dull time of the Ramadan.

What does the Shēkh Abdallah do
In the long dull time of the Ramadan?
Why, he calls his servants, and just as soon
As in the copes the night-birds croon,
A roasted kid is brought steaming in,
And then does the glorious feast begin;
Smyrna figs and nectarines fine,
Golden flasks of Lebanon wine,
Sherbet of rose and pistachios,
All are spread for the holy man,
The Shēkh Abdallah—praise be to Allah!—
In the long dull time of the Ramadan.

What does the Shēkh Abdallah do
In the long dull time of the Ramadan?
Why, when the cloying feast is o'er,
Dancers foot it along the floor;
Night-long to the sound of lute and viol
There is wine-mad mirth and the lilt of song,
And loving looks that brook no denial
From a radiant, rapturous throng.
"Morn calls to prayers, now away with cares!"
He cries (this faithful and holy man!),
The Shēkh Abdallah—praise be to Allah!—
In the long dull time of the Ramadan.

—Clinton Scollard in September Scribner's.

Inscription for a Memorial Bust of Fielding.

He looked on naked Nature unashamed,
And saw the Sphinx, now bestial, now divine,
In change and rechange; he nor praised nor blamed,
But drew her as he saw with fearless line,
Did he good service? God must judge, not we;
Manly he was, and generous and sincere;
English in all, of genius blithely free:
Who loves a Man may see his image here.

—James Russell Lowell in September Atlantic.

Bitter-Sweet of Love.

O Love resistless! O passion that consumes,
O fatal flame that burns thro' heart and brain!
Before thy scathing breath, the fairest blooms
Of Life—Faith, Hope, and Joy,—are slain.
E'en as Sahara's simoon wrecks that plain—
And yet, near thee, how pales all other bliss
While men would give their all for one sweet kiss.

But yesterday! ah, me! 'twere truly well
Could the seared soul its blighting joys forget—
The bitter-sweet of Love, whose dull death-knell
Wakes the fierce pang—the biting, wild regret,
For that whose memory 'e'en is rapture yet—
Ah, no! they seek forgetfulness in vain
Who once have felt Love's transport and its pain.

But yesterday Life smiled thro' sunny bowers
Where tempting joys like buds of promise hung,
To-day thro' ashes drag the leaden hours!
Ye stars that wide your fiery torches flung
And yester-eve your song of triumph sung,
To greet elusive transports, quenched to-night
In mist and cloud, each scintillating light.

Sleep, if we can—dreams may repair the blight
Cast by dead passion o'er the darkened way,
Ah! like the glitt'ring ice on mountain height
Bathed in the golden beams of ling'ring day—
So cold our dreams—cold as that glitt'ring ray!
Their very brightness renders yet more chill
The swift awak'ning sense of longing still.

To-morrow! ah, to-morrow cometh rest!
Sleep without dreams, or bitter wak'ning pain.
Two weary, tearless eyes, so tightly pressed
That they shall never look on woe again.
This is the end of that fierce struggle vain!
Two hands crossed on the breast—a little ground
Where, later on, naught but our dust is found.

—Julia Clinton Jones.

A wonder of Peru, when the Spaniards discovered it, was the system of irrigation which made the arid land fertile. The conquerors destroyed this system because they found mining more profitable than farming. Recently an English syndicate was organized to carry on the work begun by the Incas. A dam six hundred feet long and eighty-five feet high is to be built across a valley to store the floods of the Piura River, and it is calculated that with this water the entire Desert of Leaura can be made fertile.

VANITY FAIR.

Describing the Goodwood races in England, a correspondent of the *Chicago News* writes: "Society is on dress parade. Each woman is displaying her most irreproachable gown and hat, and carefully dissecting the costumes of her friends. Each man is attired in the conventional high hat and frock-coat of the English gentleman. In each buttonhole there is a flower, and in nearly every manly eye a monocle, and the brand of vice is written on nearly every face. One looks in vain for a woman whose expression denotes contentment and sweetness; one looks in vain for a man whose face is free from the stamp of dissipation. Yet these people are the English nobility. One wonders how the same people can stare at each other in the same old manner year after year. They never converse at length, because it is not good form, and their vocabulary seems confined to different methods of grunting 'ah!' If, however, they do not display remarkable conversational powers, their efforts are directed in other ways, for along the terrace, under the shade of the duke's ancient oak-trees, the lunches of the 'smart people' are spread out. The owners of the different drags vie with each other in the elaborate setting of their repasts. Large portable tables are there, loaded with every conceivable viand. Magnificent plate and china adorn them, and amid the popping of corks and draining of glasses, powdered and liveried footmen silently move from guest to guest, passing truffled capon, chaudiroid of game, or other equally indigestible concoctions such as only an Englishman can safely consume. Some of the larger tables bear banners which denote that the hosts are the Royal Horse Guards, the Coldstream Guards, or the Fourteenth Hussars."

The daughter of a New York millionaire (writes Eugene Field) recently announced, with the arrogance characteristic of vulgar wealth, that she intended to make the finest display of diamonds at a certain social festivity in Paris. The boast was noised abroad and the other ladies conspired to get even. When, upon the eventful night, the young lady reached the ball-room, she found to her dismay that she was the only one who wore diamonds; none of the other ladies appeared with jewel ornaments of any kind.

The sensation of last week in Chicago was the marriage of Mrs. Wilbur F. Storey, widow of the famous editor of the *Chicago Times*, and Joseph R. Dunlop, the well-known Chicago newspaper-man, and for some time past managing editor of that paper. The event was entirely unexpected, and, in fact, nothing was known of it by more than half-a-dozen people in the city until the happy couple had departed on the honeymoon. At three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, a closed carriage bore Mrs. Storey to the home of Professor Swing. She was accompanied by Judge and Mrs. Lyman Trumbull. The widow was robed in an imported gown of gray silk, with panels of white broadcloth, and a garniture of ostrich-feathers around the hem. Gray-cloth boots, with patent-leather tips, peeped from beneath the skirt. The bodice was of white broadcloth, and the little bonnet of gray-silk velvet and white mousseline de robe. Mr. Dunlop awaited the carriage of the bride in one of the rose-bedecked parlors of Professor Swing's house. The ceremony was over in a few minutes. Then the newly married couple, accompanied by several friends, drove leisurely to the Union Depot, where a special car, lavishly decorated with flowers and ferns, was waiting to take them to New York. It is not known how long Mr. and Mrs. Dunlop will remain abroad. They will stay a week at Block Island, Mass., and from there it is probable that they will visit several sea-side resorts. Mr. Dunlop was a widower at the time of his present marriage. He is about forty years old. His bride is about the same age.

What does it cost to keep up a great house? Everybody knows that it is expensive; but not everybody was prepared for the statements that were made in an English court recently in the matter of the Earl of Radnor and his pictures. It costs, it appears, sixty-five thousand dollars a year to keep up Longford Castle and its dependencies. But even that large sum seems inconsiderable when compared with that of the great nobleman who once told Lord Esher that his household expenses alone were five thousand dollars a week. In that case, probably two or three establishments were kept up; but even one great country-house will eat up an enormous sum of money. It is not the eating and drinking that does it, as the ingenious hater of bloated aristocrats might imagine. Great numbers of servants have to be kept, and stables are costly; and the keeping up of the gardens and grounds is a frightful source of expense.

In the double surnames heard so frequently of late says the *Illustrated American*, women are giving audible expression to their desire for some individuality after marriage. It made not the slightest difference in olden times what distinction a woman might have won for herself, nor from how eminent a family she might have sprung. Before the altar she was required to sink her entire personality in that of her husband. Let him be John Brown or Peter Jenkins, and Mrs. John Brown and Mrs. Peter Jenkins must

she remain to the end of the chapter. Now if fame and the honor implied through a name have any significance whatever, then should a woman be just as insistent in holding to her own as the man is certain to hold on to his. It is difficult to imagine Gladstone's daughters being altogether willing to marry even the proudest title in England and drop from their signature the name their father has made illustrious. They should be Mrs. Gladstone—first, last, and always. Unless a woman has reason to blush for her maiden name, and in that case be glad to bury it in marriage, it is best for convenience, as well as pride and dignity, to prefix her father's title.

Dr. Lagneau's astounding proposal to tax bachelors is being discussed seriously in Paris, and his views receive the sanction of many of his scientific colleagues. M. de Laferrière, another social philosopher, has now come to the front with a thick pamphlet on the depopulation question, in which he, too, suggests that unmarried men should be subjected to an impost. The idea, however, is not new, and, as has been pointed out, there existed a law in France, in 1791, which obliged bachelors to pay more rental than married men, while in 1793, a decree was promulgated ordaining that votaries of celibacy should receive only half the usual amount of relief, in the event of their suffering from plagues or accidents. In the second year of the first French Republic, unmarried men over thirty had to pay one-quarter more taxes over other citizens, and this was afterward augmented by the law-givers of the same period.

"I believe," exclaimed a bright woman one day, "that I would rather have a really wicked person in the house, if he would only be good-natured, than to live with the best one who was cross." This was extreme (says *Harper's Bazar*), but any one who has ever endured the society of an irritable companion for many days will feel a sympathy with even this strong statement. Such a companion is a species of torture. It sometimes seems as though almost every duty were more forcibly impressed upon the young than the duty of amiability. In many quarters this virtue is absolutely at a disadvantage. The cross ones are likely to get a reputation for greater ability than the pleasant ones. "Fools," we are told, "are always amiable." It is to women that the poets are always giving praise for their amiability. But it is doubtful whether women are really so equable as men. Xantippe and poor Rip's wife are types of a very large class. It is reasonable to expect that women should be less amiable than men. Emerson says: "All healthy things are sweet-tempered." It is only within a few years that women have begun, as a class, to take proper care of their health. Even now they are not expert in the art, and more than half our women are semi-invalids. A woman's mode of dress, her diet, her in-door and monotonous life, have all been against her. Women are more conscientious than men. They ought to have more principle about keeping a pleasant face on; but when the whole nervous system is ajar from insufficient nourishment and close air, an angel could not always keep her temper. It was only she who "felt so pretty and so pleased all day" who "could not take the trouble to be cross." When one is baffled and thwarted all day, crossness becomes a luxury that most women are too prone to indulge in. But it spoils and degrades family life. We may not all of us be able to cultivate the highest virtues—constancy, generosity, magnanimity—but we can all keep a civil tongue for those around us and put on a pleasant expression if we try. Amiability has been pooh-poohed at too long. It is the source of more comfort and pleasure in any home in which it is practiced than many a more vaunted virtue.

For years, one nuisance in the foreign travel of British swells was the meeting with fellow-countrymen who would persist in trying "to know them at home" (says the *New York Sun*). At the close of the Napoleonic wars, the Grand Tour ceased to be a monopoly with the rich and great of England. For a very few years after, it was pleasant enough for tourists of all classes to meet in foreign parts, to compare notes on the inferiority of foreign ways and things. But not many years elapsed before a change stole over the spirit of this dream. When all had returned to England, the inferior strain of "parties" from city purlieus and the semi-detached villa districts would try to intrude upon their noble or West End acquaintance; and they did this with a courage and tenacity worthy of the stock that had stormed the breach at Ciudad Rodrigo and carried the glaciis of Badajos. The life of Briton's noble swells was charged with a new burden. The noble swells rose to the occasion. They snubbed and cut and crushed those aspiring cits till, after something like the full life of one generation, they were brought to a sense of social conditions. They learned that the civilities of a luncheon shared amid the ruins of Luxor, or the casual introductions of a Roman banker's ball, or even a week passed in threading Black Forest trails in company, constituted no foundation for recognition in London. And since this lesson has been learned, continental and other foreign travel has returned, for the English, to its earlier agreeable footing. The latest reports from London are to the effect that some members of the aristocracy there are feeling it incumbent on them to administer something

of the same social discipline to certain forward and pushing Americans. Every American—and every African, for that matter—has the right to hire in London whatever dwelling-place comports with his means. It is his privilege to exercise therein such social rites as please him. Americans have chosen to make London one of their watering-places, and to the American of sense it is one of the most agreeable on earth. If they seek the acquaintance of the natives, it must be on the natives' own terms. And, if they attempt to intrude, people of sense everywhere will applaud the spirit that bids John Thomas close the door.

Mrs. F. Darwin, in her interesting article in the *Nineteenth Century* on servants, insists that every domestic should have at least two hours' leisure every day, during which she is to be her own mistress and not bound to answer the calls of the bell. "This leisure she must employ exactly as she wishes." By all means let our servants spend the two hours as they like (says the *St. James's Gazette*); but, in that case, it will be necessary to post at the door of the house some such placards as the following: "Please don't ring; Mary Jane is lying down," or "Visitors are requested to call again, as the parlor-maid is having an Italian lesson," or she may be "receiving company to tea." It is to be hoped, too, that when Mrs. Darwin has secured the two hours' absolute recreation for servants, she may be induced to make an effort on behalf of the unfortunate mistresses, many of whom would be only too grateful for the like amount of undisturbed leisure.

From the number of Americans who are stopping at Homburg this year, or who have been stopping there, this continental resort may almost be classed as an American watering-place. They can get nearer royalty there than at any place to which they have access. Not only does the Prince of Wales come there every year and move about in the familiar and easy fashion which recommends him to out best society, but the Empress Frederick also puts in an appearance, opens what is known as the Schloss, and lives there in simple fashion. It is small wonder, under the circumstances, that Homburg is filled with Americans and that they will return to America in the winter time full of delightful reminiscences of the aristocracy and royalty with which they have rubbed elbows and with whom sometimes they have actually carried on converse.

The practice of serving dinner in the middle of the day still survives at many popular summer-resort hotels in the East, and was, until within a few years, almost universal. At Richfield, driving, riding, boating, bowling, rowing, and, indeed, all the amusements except dancing, dining, wining, and flirting are enjoyed mainly in the afternoon. Dinner at one or two o'clock was the hour chosen by all hotels until the Earlington made a departure a week or so ago. It is surprising to see how many diamonds and Worth dresses grace the dining-rooms in consequence.

The *American Architect and Building News* for August 16th contains a description of the new Crocker Building, which is now being erected at the intersection of Post and Market Streets in this city, with four large illustrative plates. One shows the Market Street exterior, another the main corridor, and the remaining two are views of the banking room in the corner of the first floor, to be occupied by the Crocker-Woolworth Banking Company—one taken from the entrance doors, looking toward the vaults, and the other from the arcades at either side of, and above, the vaults, looking toward the entrance. The designs indicate that the Crocker Building will be one of the handsomest business buildings in the United States. The architect is Mr. A. Page Brown.

—DORFLINGER'S AMERICAN CUT GLASS FOR the table is the richest and best. For sale by all first-class dealers.

Educational.

MR. H. B. PASMORE will resume teaching on July 28th, at his residence, 1426 Washington Street, near Hyde. Through six years' experience in teaching the Shakespearean method, Mr. Pasmore has proven that it meets the requirements of all voices. It beautifies and enriches, as well as strengthens the voice, and renders the tone pure and the vocal effort easy and natural.

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In the Conservatory-class lessons each pupil sings twenty minutes and listens to the instruction of others during the remainder of the time devoted to the class. This is the regular mode of teaching in vogue in all European Conservatories, and is recommended to those who can not afford private lessons. In these classes, the bright and earnest student can obtain instruction sufficient for a thorough vocal training.

Mr. Pasmore begs to state that Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, are about to issue nineteen of his songs in a book entitled "Song Album," by H. B. Pasmore.

French—"A Unique" method of acquiring, in the shortest time, complete fluency of speech in the French language, by Prof. De Filippa, containing simplified tables for the easy mastery of all the verbs; a synopsis of the grammar, etymology, conversations for every-day use, vocabulary, models of letters and cards, causeries, etc., etc. Price, \$1.75. The Bancroft Company.

SPANISH AND WRITING LESSONS

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MR. J. H. ROSEWALD, (Violin),
MME. JULIE ROSEWALD, (Vocal),

Having returned from the East, will resume giving instructions at their residence, 938 Geary Street, on Monday, August 4th.
At Home for the arrangement of schedule time on July 29, 30, 31, from 3 to 5 P. M.
Mr. Rosewald's Oakland address, care of Kohler & Chase's music store.

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Solo Violinist and Orchestral Conductor,
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Next term begins Monday, August 4, 1890.

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Will reopen in the new building, August 25th. Students prepared for college. Personal application may be made at 2014 Van Ness Avenue.

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Mme. B. ZISKA, M. A.,

Recently Principal of ZEITSKA INSTITUTE, receives at her residence, 1606 California Street, a limited number of young ladies who wish to receive special instruction under her charge. Studies resumed August 4th.
Singing—Signor G. H. Galvani. Piano—Mr. Lesley Martin. Drawing and Penmanship—Mr. Carl Eisenmied. Painting—Mme. S. Gay (Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris). Mathematics—Mrs. Hirkley.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A new novel by F. Marion Crawford, entitled "The Witch of Prague," is to be published serially in an English magazine, beginning in October.

The publishers of Ward McAllister's book, "Society as I Have Found It," are going to print two editions of the book; one a handsome library edition, the other an *édition de luxe*—limited to four hundred copies.

The Pure Literature Association, whose object is to translate light, wholesome English literature into the vernaculars of India and to sell it at low rates to the natives, proposes to put upon the market an edition of Dickens, beginning with "Pickwick." Commenting thereon the *Athenæum* says:

"Imagine the poor Indian riot brooding over the vagaries of Daniel Quilp or Sarah Gamp! Does the society accept the responsibility of intruding on Hindu mythology news and eccentric incarnations of Vishnu and of the Goddess Kali?"

There are one or two Nonconformist ministers on the committee, who are dismayed at the idea of introducing a Mr. Stiggins to the Indian public.

A complete edition of Matthew Arnold's poetry is about to appear in a single volume. It will contain everything that is in the last three-volume edition, and there will be added the poem on "Kaiser," from the *Fortnightly Review*, and an "Horatian Echo," written in 1847, and given to the *Hobby Horse* in 1887.

The arrest of the manager and two clerks of the American News Company in New York for selling erotic literature was noted in this column a fortnight ago. The result is thus stated by the *New York Times*:

"The grand jury refused to indict Manager Patrick Farrelly and two clerks of the American News Company, charged with selling obscene books. Acting District-Attorney Bedford and Assistant District-Attorney Lindsay read the books—'L'Affaire Clémenceau,' 'An Actor's Wife,' 'The Devil's Daughter,' 'Speaking of Ellen,' and 'Thou Shalt Not.' They marked several passages for the instruction of the grand jury, and said the books were nothing but trash. The grand jury could not find anything in them that would be considered obscene or lascivious."

Messrs. Merriam have brought suit against a number of firms who, it is alleged, resort to questionable means in pushing the sales of the reprint of Webster's Dictionary. The *Publishers' Weekly* says:

"It appears that many who were induced by the advertisements of the parties against whom suit is brought, believed they would obtain a substantial copy of Webster's Dictionary, such as is currently published by the Merriams. Letters shown us from some of those who have availed themselves of the inducements offered them, do not encourage us in thinking that they were satisfied with their bargains. We take satisfaction in noting the fact that the larger part of the book trade was self-respecting enough not to handle the book at all—its sale having been restricted to bazaars, green-grocers, and to the premium lists of country newspapers."

To undersell a New York dealer, who has issued an edition of "Black Beauty" in which he advertises "corsets, pills, and medical discoveries," the Humane Education Society of Boston has reduced the price of its cheap edition of that delightful autobiography of a horse to six cents per copy (ten cents if delivered by mail).

Says the *Critic's* "Lounger":

"I was inclined to be skeptical in speaking recently of the price (twenty-five thousand dollars) reported to have been paid by Harry Deakin for the 'American rights' in Sir Edwin Arnold's 'Light of the World,' but from what I have since heard I am more inclined to credit the statement. Sir Edwin offered his poem to certain American publishers for thirty thousand dollars, but as there is no copyright to protect them, they were rather shy about paying so much money for a thing that they could not own. Mr. Deakin seems to think that he will be able to copyright the poem by having it interlined by an American poet. I hope that he may, but pirates are hard fellows to fight."

M. de Blowitz, the London *Times's* correspondent in Paris, has been in London making arrangements for the publication of an exhaustive work on life in the French capital. He will call it "Paris Vivant," and hopes to issue it in the spring.

A new chapter was added a fortnight ago to the history of the "Kreutzer Sonata." Says a New York paper:

"Following its seizure, vendors appeared upon the streets with push-carts loaded with Tolstoy's now famous work, to which they called the attention of passers-by with conspicuous signs of 'Sunpressed!' A number of the vendors were arrested. The prisoners said in court that the publishers, 'The Pollard Publishing Company,' told them that the edition they offered for sale was not the true translation of Tolstoy's original work, and that it contained nothing that was offensive. Mr. Walter Pollard, of the Pollard Publishing Company, was present at the trial with his lawyer and a number of witnesses ready to swear there was nothing immoral in their edition of Tolstoy's 'Kreutzer Sonata.' Justice White said that while he did not consider the book strictly moral, he did not think there was anything liable to hurt any one's morals in it. He thought, however, that the signs displayed by the vendors, that the book had been suppressed by the Czar of Russia and the Postmaster-General of the United States, should be destroyed, as they were meant to insinuate that there was something shocking in the book and thus make purchasers among the curious. Mr. Pollard said that the signs should be destroyed, and the court discharged all the prisoners and ordered that the two hundred and forty copies of the book confiscated by the police be returned to them."

New Publications.

"Loafing and Loving" is the title of a paper-covered book containing eight short stories by an English writer. Published by *Fun*, London; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Romance at the Antipodes," by Mrs. R. Dun Douglass, is a pleasant little tale of the experiences of a young American woman and her brother in Australia. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company.

"Lord Ively" is the title of a poem in fourteen cantos, by John Habbaeus. The taste for epic

poetry is almost dead—starved, perhaps, by insufficient nourishment—and "Lord Ively" is not of the stuff that revives such a taste; in fact, it is only mildly amusing. Published and for sale by John B. Alden, New York.

"Five Little Peppers Midway," by Margaret Sidney, is a sequel to the same author's "Five Little Peppers and How they Grew," one of the most popular of recent books for children. It is a bright little story, and has won popular appreciation, for it has already reached its sixth thousand. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.50.

"The Bank Tragedy," by Mary R. P. Hatch, is a detective story, much in the style of Anna Katherine Greene's tales. There is a good, mysterious crime to begin with, the sympathies of the reader are carefully directed to the person suspected, and the tale is studded with the due number of ingenious intricacies before the innocent are cleared and the guilty punished. Published by the Welch, Fracker Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

The "Robert Elmsere" school of novelists is not as large as the fleshly school of Salus and Amélie Rives; but it has its votaries, and they are not unproductive. The latest novel in that line is "All he Knew," by John Habberton, a story of bigotry and striving after light. It is evidently an earnest book—people do not write theological novels to suit the popular taste, which, in this direction, is slow to excite and quickly satiated—but it is not particularly notable in other respects. Published by Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Pa.; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.00.

"The Story of the Ship" and "Mechanic Art," two poems by Julia Clinton Jones, have recently been reprinted in a tasteful brochure. The first was written for the launching of the *Charleston* and the second for the opening of the Mechanics' Fair. The dedication of the brochure is as follows: "Dedicated by the author to Irving M. Scott, Esq., Who through his Genius and Energy has Elevated San Francisco to a Prominent Position in the Ranks of Naval Ship-Building by the Masterly Construction of the U. S. S. *Charleston*, The First Steel War-Ship Built on the Pacific Coast." Published by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco; for sale by the booksellers.

Probably the most unpleasant book Balzac ever wrote was "Cousine Bette," a study of the utter degradation to which unrestrained sensualism will bring a man. Somewhat the same theme is used in "In Stella's Shadow," by Albert Ross, for Stella is one of those women who can drag certain men down to any depth, and General Vallée is not unlike the marquis in "Cousine Bette." But where the reader is eventually impressed with the moral that Balzac's novel inevitably conveys, "In Stella's Shadow" seems insincere, a story written to glut the recent appetite for salacious literature. "Albert Ross," by the way, publishes his books in the Albatross Series; if he tires of that name, "Phil Thyressm" might start a Filthy Mess Series. Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

"Expatriation" is the title of a new novel by the author of "Aristocracy"—whose identity has not yet been discovered, though many claim to find, in that intangible thing known as "internal evidence," proof that this mysterious person is the *Argonaut's* London correspondent, "Cockaigne." Like its predecessors—"Aristocracy" and "American Coin"—"Expatriation" is an international novel: it narrates the experiences of an American family and describes the ingenious devices they employ to effect an entrance into London society. The book is very amusing, though written in a bitingly satirical vein, and shows thorough familiarity with the worst class of Anglo-maniacs and the manner in which their folly is played upon by certain needy Englishmen of title. It has not plot enough to hold the reader's interest, but the incidents are so cleverly narrated and the pictures so brightly drawn—in spite of evident exaggeration—that few who have read a page will lay the book down until they have read "the end." Published in the Town and Country Library, by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

Some Magazines.

Following will be found extracts from the tables of contents of some of the current magazines:

Among the articles in the August *Nineteenth Century* are—"A Voice from a Harem," by Adale; "The Power of Suggestion," by A. B. McHardy; "The Hebrew Hell," by James Mew; and "The American Silver Bubble," by Robert Gillett.

In the August *Contemporary Review*—"Christ among the Doctors" (illustrated), by W. Holman Hunt; "Women and the Universities," by J. G. Fitch; "Illustrated Journalism," by Carmichael Thomas; "The Organization of Labor," by R. Spence Watson; and "British 'Fin-de-Siècle,'" by Frederick Greenwood.

In the August *Fortnightly*—"The Latest Discoveries in Hypnotism," by Dr. J. Luys; "Hogarth's Town," by Austin Dobson; "Russia: An Ode," by A. C. Swinburne; "Labor Disputes in America," by Dr. W. H. S. Aubrey; and "The London Stage," by Oswald Crawford.

In the August *Westminster*—"Modern English Novels," by Arabella Shore; "Divorce: Does Scripture forbid it?" by A. P. Richard; and "Lunacy Law Reform," by E. M. L. and C. E. L.

And in the August *Scottish Review*—"Canada and in the United States," by John George Bourinot; and "Odd Foods," by Alfred J. H. Crespi.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Mrs. De Maitre, the sister of Robert Louis Stevenson, is a contributor to the London magazines and one of the wits of the Literary Ladies' Dinner Club.

Miss Hattie Harvey, the actress who is visiting Patti, writes to a girl friend that she is "kissing Patti to death, taking cologne baths, and learning to play billiards."

At the Ascot races, where the toilets of the ladies are perhaps more splendid and more fantastic than at any other one "function" of high society, the Princesses Maud and Louise of Wales appeared in buff foulards of a flowered pattern, very simply made, and flower hats of corresponding simplicity.

The conical egotism of some pretty women—and some who are not so pretty—is shown by the letters which came to the author of the late article on "Side Glances at American Beauty" in the *Cosmopolitan*. She has had numberless solicitations and offers of photographs of all sorts and styles of feminine loveliness, who want her to "write them up and print them in the magazines."

Mme. Dieulafoy, the well-known Persian archaeologist, who has just brought out a novel of the time of Darius the Second, has become so accustomed to the greater convenience of masculine attire in her journeyings and excavations with her husband, that she seldom abandons it, and even in Paris rides her horse like a man. Her ability is so great that she is pardoned her eccentricities.

Few princesses in the royal and semi-royal houses of Europe are so sensible as the Princess Maria Anna of Portugal, who is about to marry an untitled doctor of medicine. In reply to an intimate friend who asked her recently how she could marry a man of such low rank, when so many princely suitors were at her disposal, she said: "I prefer to marry a man without a name, rather than a name without a man."

The Empress Eugénie, now a white-haired and pallid woman of sixty-four, with few traces of her former beauty, lives the life of a recluse, dividing her time between her devotions and the writing of a memorial of Napoleon the Third and the Prince Imperial, which will contain their private letters, and the proceeds of whose sales she will give to the fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of the war of 1870.

The Empress of Russia, who, as the Princess Dagmar, was one of the royal beauties of Europe, is now so thin and haggard that the friends who have not seen her in half-a-dozen years do not recognize her. Since her accession she has lived in continual fear of assassination, either for herself or for her husband and son; or in the still more grim companionship of the fear that his consciousness of perpetual danger would unsettle the emperor's wits.

Mme. Christine Nilsson, now Countess de Casamiranda, had a narrow escape in Paris lately. She was getting into the train for Lucerne, at the Eastern Railway station, when her foot slipped. She fell, and one of her legs was caught between the step of the carriage and the platform. She had to give up her journey and return to her residence in the Rue Clement-Marot. The doctors found that the countess's injured limb had only been sprained by the accident, but for some time she will not be able to walk.

Miss Fanny Gary, daughter of Judge Gary, of Chicago, a young lady of wealth and position, lately worked for two weeks in a Division Street tailor's shop from seven o'clock in the morning till six at night as substitute for a consumptive girl, who could obtain her needful holiday only on condition of leaving a competent seamstress in her place, which, until Miss Gary insisted on taking it, she found it impossible to do. With the mercury in the nineties, this sort of Good Samaritan succor touches the heroic.

One of the daughters of the Princess Metternich—the Princess Antoinette Pascaline, who was married, in 1885, to Count Waldstein-Wartenberg—has died suddenly. She was expected to take her mother's place in Vienna society, and was the most popular woman in last winter's salons. In the private theatricals arranged for some charities by her mother she took a leading part. The suddenness of her death was appalling. She was sitting before the looking-glass in her dressing-room, when the maid saw her lean to one side, and, before she could be approached, she had fallen dead on the floor.

A pretty surprise was prepared for the Archduchess Valerie, on the eve of her wedding, by her parents, the Emperor and Empress of Austria. In the evening, the party went out upon a balcony at the imperial villa at Ischl, and presently, in the still night, rose sweetly the notes of a tender love-song, the words and music of which had been composed by the young bride. Her eyes overflowed with grateful tears as she looked from her father to her mother. The emperor afterward went below and gave each singer a handsome diamond scarf-pin, thanking them at the same time for their rendering of the song.

—BUY JOS. TETLEY & CO.'S ELEPHANT BRAND Ceylon and India tea, in lead packets. Unadulterated, fragrant, delicious.

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DON'T BE DUPED

There have lately been placed upon the market several cheap reprints of an obsolete edition of "Webster's Dictionary." They are being offered at a low price

By

dry goods dealers, grocers, clothiers, etc., and in a few instances as a premium for subscriptions to papers.

Announcements of these comparatively

Worthless

reprints are very misleading; for instance, they are advertised to be the substantial equivalent of "an eight to twelve dollar book," when in reality from A to Z they are all

Reprint Dictionaries,

phototype copies of a book of over forty years ago, which in its day was sold for about \$5.00, and that book was much superior in paper, print, and binding to these imitations, and was then the best Dictionary of the time instead of being

Long Since Obsolete.

The supplement of 10,000 so-called "new words," which some of these books are advertised to contain, was compiled by a gentleman who has been dead over thirty years, and was published before his death. Other so-called additions are reprints of a like nature.

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The Story of Creation. Clodd. 80 illustrations.	30
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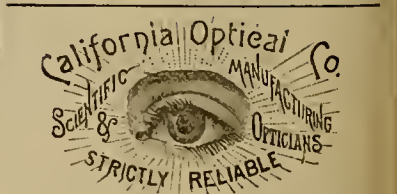
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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossp.

The first annual tournament of the recently organized Pacific States Lawn-Tennis Association (Mr. W. Mayo Newhall, president), will be held in San Rafael on Monday and Tuesday, September 8th, and 9th. The events will be ladies' singles and gentlemen's doubles for the championship of the Pacific States. First and second prizes will be offered for each, and they will be on exhibition at Shreve's during the next week. As this will be the first tournament on this coast in which ladies will compete for championship honors, great interest is taken in it. Several ladies have already entered the lists.

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, nee Crocker, presented her husband with an infant daughter at Seabright on Saturday, August 23d.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. James C. Adams for the wedding of his sister, Miss Elizabeth Grace Adams and Mr. John P. Jackson, Jr., which will take place at his residence, 949 Filbert Street, Oakland, on Wednesday evening, September 10th.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent San Franciscans:

Mrs. C. L. Catherwood and Miss Catherwood have left Dresden for Franzensbad, Bohemia, where they are taking the cure. They will pass the fall and winter in Vienna, Venice, Florence, and Rome.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott will occupy their residence in San Rafael until the end of September.

General James F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton returned to the city early in the week after a brief visit at Monterey.

Mrs. James Otis and Miss Helen Otis have been at the Hotel Vendome, in San José, for several weeks.

Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor and Miss Edith Taylor returned to San Rafael last Monday after a short visit at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman, and Mrs. Robert L. Sherwood have returned to the city after passing the season in San Rafael.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford returned from Monterey last Monday.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant has returned to the city after several months stay in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker will leave next Friday for Monterey.

Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Tucker, of Oakland, have been paying a visit to the Blue Lakes, in Lake County.

Mr. Daniel T. Murphy returned from Monterey on Monday.

Mr. Louis Hirsch will leave about September 21st, to make a trip to Central America and will be away five months.

Mr. James C. Dunphy left on Wednesday for a week's visit to his ranch in Monterey County.

Mr. William H. Stinson returned from Santa Cruz last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. William L. Ashe have been making a prolonged visit at the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Miss Mae Wickersham, of Petaluma, has been visiting Miss Maude Badlam during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Walter and the Misses Walter will return to their Van Ness Avenue residence in a few days after passing the summer at San Rafael.

Mr. George Loomis has returned from Santa Barbara.

Mr. J. B. Haggin is expected to arrive here from New York in a few days.

Mr. William Dunphy is visiting his ranch in Nevada.

Miss Jennie Dunphy is now at Baden-Baden. She will return here next spring with her brother, Mr. J. C. Dunphy, who will go to Europe to accompany her.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas T. Dargie, nee Sedgwick, have returned from their wedding trip to Oregon and Washington.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker has been enjoying a visit at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis G. Newlands are here on a visit and are stopping at the Palace Hotel. Miss Julia Peyton, of Santa Cruz, has been visiting them for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett have returned to their city residence after passing the summer at San Rafael and Monterey.

Mrs. J. L. Martel and the Misses Adèle and Ethel Martel, who recently visited Santa Cruz for a couple of weeks, are now at their country villa near Mountain View.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson have returned from a short visit at Monterey.

Mrs. Charles F. Mullins and Miss Alice Mullins have returned home after an enjoyable visit at Coronado Beach, Los Angeles, and Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Smith and the Misses Smith will remain in San Rafael until late in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Wooster returned from Napa Valley last Monday.

Miss Mollie Torbert has returned from a visit at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Easton have returned from a prolonged Northern trip.

Mrs. I. S. Van Winkle and Miss Van Winkle have returned to their residence, 2120 Jackson Street, after passing the season at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard are now at San Rafael, having returned from a visit at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin have been at Monterey during the past week.

Mr. Gordon Blanding was in Santa Cruz during the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Tallant are expected to return from Europe in October.

Judge and Mrs. William T. Wallace, Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue, and Miss Marguerite Wallace have returned from their visit at San José.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Tubbs have returned from a prolonged visit at Monterey.

Mr. Frank J. Carolan left last Tuesday to visit Virginia, Nev.

Miss Simpkins came up from Monterey last Wednesday to visit friends here for a few days.

Miss Mosely has returned to the city after passing seven months at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hewlett, of Stockton, returned from Monterey last Monday and passed a few days at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Rose Rich is the guest of Professor and Mrs. Neusbaum, nee Sutor, at Boan on the Rhine. She recently made a trip on the Rhine from Weisbaden to Cologne.

Mrs. Julius Bandmann and Miss Carrie Platt have returned from a visit of several weeks at Monterey.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway will remain at San Rafael until the middle of September.

Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance, of Los Angeles, is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Florence Reed has returned to the city after a prolonged visit at Monterey.

Miss Maud Nickerson is expected to return from the East in about four weeks.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Miss May E. Pope are at their residence on Van Ness Avenue after their visit at Monterey.

Mrs. Herbert W. Vemans has gone East, and will be away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Hayes have returned from Oregon, and will pass the winter at the Hotel Piesanuto.

Mrs. Eugene Casterly and Miss Daisy Casterly have returned to their residence on Buchanan Street after passing the season at Monterey.

Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Cushing will return from the East and Europe in a few days.

Miss Laura McDonald and Miss Blythe McDonald returned to the city last Monday after a delightful visit at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Chadbourne will remain at the Hotel

Vendome, in San José, several weeks longer before returning to this city.

Mr. George Crocker returned from Monterey early in the week.

Mrs. M. E. Warren, Mrs. Charles R. Peters, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Woods have returned from a pleasant visit to Monterey.

Baron J. H. von Schröder returned from Monterey last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones have returned to the city after passing the season at Elythdale and San Rafael. They will go to Sacramento while the State Fair is in progress.

Mrs. Charles Sonntag is at the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Adams and Mrs. Charles Coon are at their Menlo Park villa after a pleasant visit at Monterey.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Champion are guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins at Menlo Park.

Mrs. C. O. Richards will remain in San Rafael during the absence of Mr. Richards in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Mounford S. Wilson have been at Monterey during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Staples left on Tuesday to make a month's visit to Portland, Seattle, Victoria, B. C., and other northern points.

Miss Lizzie Tevis returned from Monterey last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Smith, nee Crooks, of Santa Cruz, were at the Palace Hotel early in the week.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas and Miss J. Delmas came up from Mountain View on Wednesday for a brief visit.

Captain and Mrs. R. R. Thomson and their daughter, Mrs. King, will leave next Saturday to make an Eastern trip.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke and Miss Lottie Clarke will pass the winter at Eastern Point.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre will occupy their residence on California Street during their absence.

Hon. James G. Fair paid a visit to Santa Cruz last Tuesday.

Mrs. R. H. Pease, Jr., was in Santa Cruz during the early part of the week.

Miss Ella Fender, of Sacramento, is visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Foster have returned from a trip to Honolulu, and are located at 1001 Pine Street for the season.

The Misses Dimond are entertaining their friend, Mrs. Johnson, of Mexico, at their Menlo Park residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Alexander have returned to their home in Oakland after a short visit at Monterey.

Miss Jennie de la Montanya, who has been traveling through Europe with Mr. McKinnon, of Chicago, is now in Berlin. She will leave Europe about the first of October to return home, but will pass several months in the Eastern States before coming home.

Mrs. F. E. Spencer and Miss Grace M. Spencer have returned to San José after a pleasant visit at Santa Cruz.

Miss Jennie Sanderson is passing several weeks at Monterey.

Mrs. A. H. Voorhies and Miss Kate Voorhies have returned from Monterey.

Mr. Albert E. Castle returned from Santa Cruz last Monday.

Miss Lotta Farnsworth and Miss Jennie McMillan have been at Sissons for the past two weeks.

Mr. Alfred MacGrumty has returned from Europe and is now visiting Monterey.

Miss Annie Buckhee has returned from a visit to friends at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace R. Hudson have returned from a two weeks' visit at the Blue Lakes, in Lake County.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford were at Puthus, Germany, two weeks ago.

Mrs. D. J. Tallant and Miss Anne Tallant returned from their European tour last Wednesday.

Mrs. D. E. Allison and sons are at Monterey.

Mrs. C. G. Hooker and the Misses Jennie and Bessie Hooker were in Tacoma a week ago, en route East.

Mr. W. Northrop Cowles has returned from a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Henry C. Hyde and family, of San Rafael, are passing a few weeks near Lake Tahoe.

Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin and Miss Adèle Perrin are at the White Sulphur Springs in West Virginia.

Mrs. W. E. Dargie and Miss Dargie, of Oakland, are visiting friends in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William J. T. Duff and family have returned to their residence, 11 Devisadero Street, after passing three months at their ranch, near Sonoma.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

A grand ball was given on Friday evening, August 22d, at Monterey by the officers of the United States Army now stationed there at the camp of instruction. The ball-room and its approaches were handsomely decorated, and the display of elegant toilets and jewels was unusually rich. An elaborate supper was served and it was followed by several figures of the cotillon. The committee to whom the credit of the affair is due comprised: Captain A. E. Wood, U. S. A., Dr. Leonard Wood, U. S. A., Lieutenant L. H. Strother, U. S. A., Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., Lieutenant T. H. Barry, U. S. A., Lieutenant F. d. L. Carrington, U. S. A., and Lieutenant J. B. Erwin, U. S. A.

Lieutenant and Mrs. James Ashley Turner, U. S. M. C., of Mare Island, were recently the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence, at San José.

Dr. Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., is now in New York city on a short leave of absence as the *Monongahela* is at the Portsmouth Navy-Yard for repairs.

Lieutenant James E. Nolan, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has obtained two weeks' leave of absence, commencing September 5th.

Lieutenant R. H. Noble, U. S. A., will soon leave for St. John's College, Annapolis, Md., to act as military instructor there.

Lieutenant William Black, Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant F. de W. Ramsey, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., will go to Camp Douglas, Wis., to attend the army rifle competition.

ART NOTES.

The following notes on the doings of San Francisco artists, at home and abroad, and of events in the local art-world will be found of interest:

The California School of Design will begin its winter season next Monday, with a large attendance, to continue three months. The instructors comprise Mr. Arthur F. Matthews for the antique and life classes, Mr. R. D. Yelland for the landscape class, Mr. A. Joulilo for the painting class in still life, Mr. Oscar Kunath for the portrait class, Mr. Lee Lash for the Saturday class, and Messrs. Yelland and Matthews for the sketching class. Under a new arrangement, teachers of the public schools will be received in the Saturday class at the rate of two dollars per month to receive instruction in preparatory antique, antique, and portrait and still-life painting.

Charles Rolla Peters is laying in a new moonlight marine, showing the *Paul Jones* coming down the channel.

The Art Students' League will begin its next season on September 1st, under the direction of Mrs. Mary Curtis Richardson, Miss Elizabeth Curtis, and Mr. Arthur F. Matthews.

Arthur F. Matthews has been quite busy of late making studies from life.

Benoni Irwin is occupying Keith's atelier for the present, and at exhibition there one of his new York paintings of last spring, a female figure in flowing Grecian robes of white and gold leaning against a gilded harp. He recently completed a portrait of Captain McDonald, president of the Bohemian Club, which is pronounced an excellent likeness.

Julius Pages, who has been studying art in Paris for several years, has returned to the city.

H. Raschen has gone to Germany.

John Stanton is attending Julien's academy in Paris.

William Keith has been making a trip up North and will return in a few days.

M. Staus has been utilizing the summer months by making several out-door sketches at Mill Valley Creek, Cazadero, and Strawberry Creek, in which running water, dense foliage, and sunlight effects are happily mingled. He has

also executed several fruit pieces of melons, grapes, and peaches grouped. Most of his recent work has been done on orders.

Joulilo has just completed a portrait of a young English lady, and is now engaged on a cartoon for the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. It is a representation of a scene in the streets of Mecca bright with gaudy costumes and mid-day sun effects. The nobles are mounted on camels and horses and each of the ten pilgrims will represent some well known local member of the order. He also has two flower sketches of Mareschal Niel and Jacqueminot roses.

MUSICAL NOTES.

A Mauzy Musical Evening.

An enjoyable concert was given in Byron Mauzy's piano warerooms last Thursday evening under the direction of Professor H. Clay Wysham. The following programme was presented, preceded by a portion of a musical monologue and song recital by Mr. Harrison Millard:

Grand nocturne, elegiac (op. 6), C. Schuberth—bass voice, violinello, and piano. Lada, Mr. H. Clay Wysham, and Mr. Adolph Lada; song, "The Mountain Maid," Millard, Miss Marie José Millard; whistling song, "Who's at my Window," Osborne, Mrs. Belle Johnson; Boehm flute solo, an idyl—"Rosemary"—Wysham (dedicated to Mr. H. Maryn Van Lennep), Mr. H. Clay Wysham; whistling solo, (a) bolero from "Sicilian Vespers," Verdi, (b) "The Lover and the Bird," Giuliano, Miss Gertrude Judd; piano solo, religious chorus and tarantelle, Rossini, Professor S. Martinez; duet, selection from "La Favorita," Donizetti, Miss Millard and Mr. Harrison Millard; duet, (a) "Welcome Thou Light of Heaven," Curschmann, (b) "When Roses Fair," Gustave de Suede, Mr. Morris Earl and Mr. H. Clay Wysham; grand trio (original) op. 56, C. G. Kressiger—Boehm flute, violinello, and pianoforte—Mr. H. Clay Wysham, Mr. Adolph Lada, and Professor S. Martinez.

The Adler Concert.

Miss Rose Adler gave a concert on Friday evening, assisted by Mr. Hermann Brandt, violinist; Mr. A. T. Regensberger, 'celloist; Mr. Abe Sichel, pianist; and Mr. Jacob Müller, basso. The following interesting programme was presented:

Piano solo, Valse Styrienne, Wellen, Mr. Abe Sichel; aria, "Lucia," Donizetti, Miss Rose Adler; violin solo, rumanza, and gavotte, Thomas-Sansate, Mr. Hermann Brandt; rumanza, "Stella confiante," Robaudi—with 'cello accompaniment—Mr. Jacob Müller and Mr. A. T. Regensberger; (a) song, "Möchte wohl ein Vöglein sein," F. Abt, (b) Swiss Echo Song, Eckert, Miss Rose Adler; 'cello solo, "Ala Mazurka," G. Golttermann, Mr. A. T. Regensberger; duo, "Barber of Seville," Rossini; Jacob Müller and Miss Rose Adler; violin solo, "Reverie," Vieuxtemps, Mr. Hermann Brandt.

Miss Marie Barnard, who will soon leave to join the Mendelssohn Quintet Club in Boston, will give a farewell concert this (Saturday) evening. She will present an excellent programme, and will have the assistance of Signor S. Martinez, Herr F. Zimmermann, Mme. Julie Rosewald, Mr. J. H. Rosewald, Mr. F. K. Tobin, Mr. C. W. Reynolds, and a double quartet from the Loring Club.

Mr. Nathan Landsberger, the young California violin virtuoso, will make his first appearance here since his return from Europe, at a concert which he will give on Friday evening, October 17th. Some of our best local talent will assist him.

Mr. Clarence Eddy, the well-known organist, will give an organ recital and concert next Thursday evening at the First Congregational Church. He will play upon the new organ which was presented to the church by Mrs. Charles B. Alexander.

Mr. Sigmund Beel, the violin virtuoso, will give a concert next Friday evening, assisted by Mr. Ernst Hartmann, the pianist, and a vocalist.

Mr. Henry Heyman has returned from his summer outing and is now located at 623 Eddy Street.

The Loring Club will give its first concert of the fourteenth season next Wednesday evening.

DLXXXII.—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, August 31, 1890.

Oxra Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Baked Crabs.
Vanity Hash.
Corn. Green Peas.
Rice. Chickadee.
Tomato Salad.
Chocolate Ice-cream. Fancy Cakes.
Fruits.

BAKED VANITY HASH.—One and one-half pints cold potatoes chopped fine, one-half pint cold roast or boiled meat, one large onion chopped and fried in butter, one-half cup of stock, one table spoonful of butter, pepper, and salt. Mix well and half fill a baking-dish, and over it spread a layer of potato puff, made in the following manner: One pint of mashed potato, two eggs (whites and yolks beaten separately), pepper and salt, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of milk. Bake in the oven for about half-an-hour.

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From over-exertion. Try it.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News* says of the reported engagement of Mlle. Jeanne Hugo to the only son of Alphonse Daudet, the novelist:

"Young M. Daudet is two years older than his betrothed, and will eventually inherit a large fortune from his mother. Mlle. Hugo has beauty and sweet manners. She is already rich, but will be considerably wealthier on the death of her aunt, Adèle. Her marriage will be delayed until she is of age, the will of Victor Hugo being so drawn up that her guardians have no power to sign settlements, or indeed to do anything save to deal with the copyrights of his works. She and her brother have inherited half of his fortune, and their aunt the other half."

—E. A. BELCHER,
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An Irish beggar-woman was following a gentleman who had had the misfortune to lose his nose, and kept exclaiming, "Heaven preserve your honor's eyesight." The gentleman was at last annoyed at her importunity, and said: "Why do you wish my eyesight to be preserved? Nothing ails my eyesight nor is likely to do." "No, your honor," said the Irish woman, "but it will be a sad thing if it does, for you will have nothing to rest your spectacles upon."

A lot of men were playing poker at Delmonico's the other night (says the Brooklyn Eagle). The party got a little hungry and ordered some sandwiches. They came, a small but appetizing plate; also the bill, fourteen dollars. Shortly afterward a quiet gentleman asked the waiter to pass him another sandwich. "All gone, sir," was the reply. The quiet gentleman beckoned to the waiter and said, in a confidential way: "All gone?" "Yes, sir." "Go down stairs and order some more." "How many, sir?" "Well," said the gentleman, thoughtfully glancing at the bill and the empty plate, "as I am quite hungry, I should say about two thousand dollars' worth."

Charles Mathews, one day previous to the period of his publicly proclaimed dire bankruptcy, invited a friend to dine with him. The walnuts were washed down by some rare East India sherry. "That's a delicious wine," his friend exclaimed; "it must have cost you a lot of money." "It didn't cost me anything that I know of," the flighty comedian answered, with a shrug. "You had it given to you, then?" the friend suggested. "Oh, no," answered Mathews, "I bought it from Ellis, in Bond Street." "But he will charge you something for it?" the friend exclaimed, in astonishment. "I believe he does write something down in a book," Charles retorted, gravely; "let's have another glass, my boy."

In New London, Conn., there is a lot in the city cemetery containing five graves, those of a man and his four wives. The women's graves form four sides of a square, the man reposing in the centre, while the inscriptions are as follows:

MY SECOND WIFE.

MY THIRD WIFE.

OUR HUSBAND.

MY FIRST WIFE.

MY FOURTH WIFE.

An American was at an Edinburgh hotel for a month, and when the bill was presented, noticed that he had been charged with a bottle of wine of a brand he had never used. Moreover, he had no recollection of having ordered any article of the kind on the date specified. He complained of the overcharge to the proprietor, who blandly remarked: "Very well, sir; I'll take it off. You see, the girl who got that bottle of wine from the cellar forgot to whom it had been served, so I charged it against every guest in the house. All who didn't have it will object, and the one who did will pay." "Well, but aren't you afraid that some one who didn't have it will pay, too?" asked the American. "No," was the reply, "I'm afraid they won't." Thirteen guests each paid for that bottle of wine.

Count von Mumm, of the German Legation at Washington, is a great amateur photographer, and never loses an opportunity to get views of Newport life. Being asked out to luncheon at one of the houses on the bay, where a lovely marine picture lies at your feet, he took his camera along. None of the ladies were down, and as he waited a moment a passing yacht under full sail caught his artistic eye. In a moment his head was under the little veil and the focus was being adjusted, when a stern female voice interrupted with: "Here, you there! What are you at? Whom do you represent?" It was the lady of the house. Count von Mumm had met only the daughter. He turned to her with a profound bow: "Madam, I haf de honor to represent de German Empire."

When James Albery's "Married" was produced at the Royalty Theatre, an unknown actor made the sensation of the evening in the part of a French waiter. His "deux bocks, deux," his "bifteck, un," had the genuine Parisian boulevard ring, and critics and first-nighters alike were asking one another in wonderment where Mr. Charles Wyndham had picked up this splendid and hitherto unknown character actor, whose name on the play-bill, "Mr. Crabbe," afforded no clew whatever. When little John Clarke, as a Scotch man-servant, in reply to the question whether the lady for whom he required rooms was his wife, vouchsafed the information, "No, she is my mistress"—meaning his "employer"—Crabbe's shrug of the shoulder, his purse of the lip, and his phlegmatic answer: "We are not at all particular, zar," was simply delicious. On the following morning every paper in London picked out Crabbe as a most promising comedian. Within a week after that, however, the cat was let

out of the bag. Mr. Wyndham had simply engaged a French waiter to play the part.

In the early days of Dr. Seward Webb as a railroad man, he attempted a little show of authority with Mr. Jay Gould (says the Philadelphia Press). It seems that W. H. Vanderbilt was just dead, when his son-in-law, Dr. Webb, in a business letter, called Mr. Gould rather peremptorily to account, and presented his ultimatum in a matter concerning some exchange of business between the Vanderbilt and Gould roads. Dr. Webb's idea was to hurry Mr. Gould to a settlement. But Mr. Gould was not to be hurried, or even brought to a consideration of the case, and he wrote a short note to Mr. Webb in which he simply said that his sorrow over the death of Mr. Vanderbilt three or four days before had been so poignant that he was unable to consider any business with his son-in-law at present. It is probable that Mr. Gould has not heard from Dr. Seward Webb since.

The Theatre Royal, Leeds, was once infested by a plague of rats, and Mr. Hobson, the lessee, called in a famous rat-catcher. The man contracted to clear the theatre of the destructive rodents for the sum of five shillings. When Hobson entered the theatre next morning, he found the man seated in the pit with a writhing, seething sack full of the live little beasts. He paid the five shillings. "But tell me," he added, having parted with his money, "why don't you kill the beasts? Why do you take them away alive?" "I sell 'em to t' dog-fighters, I do. There's nigh on a hundred on 'em, and they brings me tuppence apiece," the man replied. Hobson scratched his gray poll. He had evidently been cheated. "Ah," he said, "that ain't fair. I can't let you take 'em away without giving me a share." "That be hanged!" the man retorted; "t' rats is mine!" "Ob, no," Hobson insisted; "they are my rats; they were caught on my premises, and I want my share of the price." Argument and wrangling were both unavailing; the two were equally stubborn. "I'm tired o' this," the rat-catcher exclaimed, at last; "tek your rubbishing rats!" and with this, he turned over his bag and emptied the lot into the pit. The Theatre Royal, Leeds, was never cleared of them until it was burned down.

Three brother officers (says Tit-Bits) were traveling from Unritsri to Lahore, where they had been playing polo during the afternoon. One of them, tired after the game, fell asleep on one of the seats. His railway-ticket which was sticking a little out of his pocket, was promptly annexed by one of the others and transferred to his own pocket. When nearing Lahore, his brother officers awoke the sleeping youth, saying: "Now then, old man! Get up! Here we are!" It was still broad daylight, and for some reason or other the train was pulled up some little way outside the station. "All tickets ready, please!" shouted the ticket-collector. Two of the friends promptly found theirs, ready for the ticket-collector when he should make his appearance. The third searched this pocket, that pocket, here, everywhere, but could find no ticket. "Good gracious! where is my ticket?" he said; "I know I had one right enough when I started. You fellows saw me get it, didn't you?" he asked. "Yes, you bad it right enough," they said; "where on earth can you have put it?" "I don't know, blessed if I do," he replied, in desperation. "You'll have to pay the fare," said the others, consolingly; "it's not much." "But I haven't a cent with me," he returned; "will you fellows lend me some dubs?" Both said they were as high and dry as he was in regard to money. "Tickets, please!" said the collector, at last quite close to the carriage. "What the dickens, shall I do?" said the ticketless one. "Oh! get under the seat," said the others; "quick! a quick man; here he comes!" Under the seat, like a shot, went the man without a ticket. When the ticket-collector came to the door, three tickets were handed up. "You have given me three tickets, sir," he said; "but I see only two gentlemen. Where is the third?" "Oh! he's under the seat," they said, with the greatest nonchalance, as if it was an ordinary, every-day affair. "Under the seat!" echoed the ticket-collector, in a tone of surprise; "what is he doing there?" "Oh! he always travels under the seat," they said; "he prefers it!"

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26th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1890

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STORY OF THE YOUNG MARRIED MAN

And the Pretty Girl in the Hansom Cab.

In London, not many hundred yards from the rows of tall houses and trim squares which contain all that is most respectable in Bayswater—and very awe-inspiring that respectability is—lie some very gloomy, very dirty, and very much neglected slums; which, if they do not contain as large a proportion of the criminal classes as do some of the courts and alleys of the East End, contain a good many members of that class whose means of living are too precarious to leave their integrity absolutely above suspicion.

Charlie Farrington felt this as he picked his way through the puddles, and wished he had waited half-an-hour for his train at Latimer Road instead of making a short cut. He had been playing the banjo, with a view to relieving the monotony of the slum-dwellers' existence, at a penny reading—so called because nobody read and admission was free—organized by the energetic incumbent of St. Cuthbert's.

Short cuts, as every one knows, are often the longest ways; and Charlie very soon found himself in a blind alley between two dark rows of squalid cottages, with a blank wall, four costermongers' barrows, and a heap of rubbish at the end, which last he could feel and smell only. He now began to wish that he had taken his wife to the penny reading, in which case they would have gone home together in a hansom; whereas now he was trying to return on the cheap, as a dutiful young husband should. There were some very nasty-looking customers slinking out of that cottage—should be ask them the way? Better not, perhaps. A banjo is not an effective weapon, and he was all alone, and had his gold watch and chain on, given to him by his friends at the bank when he married. If only he could get a cab now! And then, as if in answer to his wish, there came a hansom trotting into the blind alley till the horse nearly struck the wall at the end with its head, and the driver pulled it back on its haunches and swore.

A pretty girl was in the cab. She saw Charlie by the light of the lamps, and called out in a frightened voice: "Can you tell me where I am, sir? I think the driver is taking me the wrong way."

The driver was turning his horse rapidly and using the whip.

"Where do you want to go?" said Charlie Farrington, going to the horse's head and standing there.

"To Chester Square."

"Where from?"

"Vicarage Gate."

Charlie Farrington whistled to himself. He stood where the driver could get a full view of his stalwart frame by the light of the cab-lamps. He was six feet two in his stockings and ex-captain of a foot-ball club, and he said to the driver:

"Look here, my friend; this is not the way to Chester Square, and you know it."

The man grunted that he had lost his bearings.

"Then you had better find them again," said Charlie, dryly; "or you'll have a cup of tea with me. Will you allow me to come with you?" he continued, raising his hat to the girl in the cab, and as she said nothing, he got in and sat beside her.

She trembled and clung to his arm, which he rather liked. "Where was he taking me to?" she said.

"Due west instead of south," he replied.

"Should I have been robbed and murdered if you had not come?"

"I don't know. I always thought yarns about wicked cabmen and their victims were all nonsense till now. Certainly it looked rather queer."

"I've heard they sometimes stab you through the little trap," she said, clinging still more closely to him in her agitation and apparently going to faint.

"I never knew them to do any worse than look down," he answered, thinking of his engaged days.

"Curious," he continued; "very curious. You say you came from Vicarage Gate, and I could have sworn I saw this gray horse and cab with yellow wheels standing outside the concert-hall I've been singing at."

She did not answer. Was she really going to faint? How awkward—he had better put his arm round her waist to steady her. A jolt made him lurch very near him, and he felt the little gloved hand fall upon his. He pressed it slightly for a few moments; then he thought of Mrs. Farrington sitting up waiting to give him his whisky-and-soda, and he repented and dropped it. Still he rather enjoyed the drive; more, perhaps, than his good little wife would have done if she had seen him. The driver evidently was on his best behavior, and was taking them straight to Chester Square. "I shall write down the man's number and inform the police of this," he said, presently; "what is it, .0055?"

The little plate was rather blurred and hard to read inside the cab. "I'll call a policeman, now, I think, and take you on in a fresh cab."

"Please don't," she said, quickly, though in a rather timid voice; "the truth of the matter is, my people think I have been in the country for the day; but I have really been to see a friend whom I, who—your know one has one's private pals. A good fellow like you will understand."

The slang rather jarred on Charlie Farrington, and the voice was not quite a refined one. "You mean you would rather have no fuss made?"

"That's it," she answered; "I thought you'd understand. The cabby may have meant to murder me; but to give him into custody and have to give evidence of where I took him from, would be worse."

Charlie looked inquisitively at her. She had ceased clinging to his arm and was lying well back in the cab. Suddenly, she peered out of the window, lifting the little blind at the side to see the houses better.

"Here is the square," she said; "he has come along well; do you mind getting out? We must not drive up to the door together."

He got out.

"Thank you so much," she said, pressing his fingers rather hard. He reciprocated slightly, though he was a young married man and a very good husband, too; "you have saved my life, perhaps."

"Does the driver know your number?"

"Yes; I told him when I got in." And off she drove.

"She must live right the other end of the square," said Charlie to himself as he walked in the same direction and saw the hansom steadily pursuing its way; "by Jove! they are passing the church! The villain can't be playing more tricks; he must know I should have his number. Phew! I must go home before I do anything. I wish I'd not got out."

And home he went to his little house, and his wife was very glad to see him back so early; but before he could tell her anything about his drive—and he meant to tell her something—she exclaimed: "Why, where is your watch?"

Sure enough, it was gone—presentation watch, chain, and all, and all his money and his pearl studs, slipped clean off at the setting as if with a pair of shears.

Then he managed to tell his story—more of it, perhaps, than he originally intended, for there was some reproach in his wife's eyes as she tried to console him and they talked over what they should do.

But the constable on duty outside the concert-hall knows nothing of the man who drove a gray horse in a yellow-wheeled hansom, and who was waiting there when the people came out on the night of the penny reading.

And there is no cab licensed with the number .0055.—*St. James's Gazette.*

The speaker (to the gentleman from Indiana, who has just called the gentleman from Illinois an ass)—

"Does the gentleman from Indiana withdraw the epithet?" The gentleman from Indiana—"I withdraw the language, Mr. Speaker, but maintain that the gentleman from Illinois is not in order." The gentleman from Illinois—"How am I out of order?"

The gentleman from Indiana—"Probably a veterinary surgeon could tell you."—*Life.*

—BUY JOS. TETLEY & CO.'S ELEPHANT BRAND Ceylon and India tea, in neat packets. Unadulterated, fragrant, delicious.

The successful merchants of the present day would never think of questioning that the advertising department of their business is as essential as any other branch, and in the practice of this idea is shown the great difference in the business methods of a past age and this.

Formerly, merchants who advertised only to a limited extent seemed possessed by the erroneous idea that the general wants of the public were governed by the seasons of the year, and at these particular times only did they use newspaper advertisements to attract the purchasing public to their stores. The natural effect of this idea was to leave their shelves burdened with a more or less extensive stock of goods that was bound to become shop-worn, or unsalable by reason of the change of fashion. A certain small amount of business would, of course, be done "between seasons," but the average tradesman of those days seemed satisfied with that method of conducting his affairs.

The more enterprising and progressive class of merchants finally awoke to the fact that the wants of the public were constant, whether in season or out, that their necessities were governed by the natural wear and tear of fabrics, and they realized that it was the standing or often-repeated advertisement that brought the most benefit to him. They found that in only a few instances did the advertisement cause a demand for any particular line of goods directly, and that it was, rather, the object of an advertisement to attract popular attention to the store, and having gained that attention, to fix it more firmly in the public mind by further frequent and attractive advertisements.

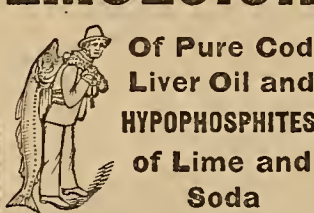
Thus it was that advertising developed into the separate and distinct art that it is at the present day, for it is only within the last ten or twelve years that the whole system of advertising general merchandise has changed altogether.

WANTS.

\$75.00 to \$250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B F JOHNSON & CO., 109 Main St., Richmond, Va.

MAN WANTED SALARY \$75 to \$100, to locally represent a N. Y. Company incorporated to supply Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Jewelry, etc., to consumers at cost. Also a Lady of color, \$2400.00 per year, in \$1000.00 now enrolled, \$100,000 paid in. References. Empire Co-operative Ass'n (well rated) Lock Box 1610, N. Y.

SCOTT'S EMULSION



Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

Is endorsed and prescribed by leading physicians because both the Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites are the recognized agents in the cure of Consumption. It is as palatable as milk.

Scott's Emulsion is a perfect is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy for CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds. Ask for Scott's Emulsion and take no other.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS UNION BLOCK,

202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco. Agents for The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co., The California Line of Clippers from New York, The Hawaiian Line of Packets, The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited, The Baldwin Locomotive Works, steel mills and track material.

SAUSALITO-SAN RAFAEL-SAN QUENTIN via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Monday, September 1, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.30, 11.00 A. M.; 1.30, 3.25, 4.55, 6.20 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.00, 5.05, 6.30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—9.30, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.00, 5.05 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.30, 11.15 A. M.; 1.30, 3.20, 4.55 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.50, A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 6.30 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7.55, 11.05 A. M.; 3.35, 5.05 P. M. (Sundays)—8.12, 10.10, 11.40 A. M.; 1.45, 3.15, 5.15 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.05, A. M.; 12.05, 2.15, 4.05, 5.35 P. M. (Sundays)—8.45, 10.40 A. M.; 12.45, 2.15, 4.15, 5.45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7.10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS. 11.00 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.35 P. M.

1.30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.

8.00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 6.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rates.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Localoma and Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tomales, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.

Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Localoma and Point Reyes, \$1.75.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, F. B. LATHAM, General Manager, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 331 Pine Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer, From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1890. Oceanic Thursday, September 4 (TOUCHING AT HONOLULU.)

Gaelic Saturday, September 27

Belgie Tuesday, October 21

Oceanic Thursday, November 13

Gaelic Saturday, December 6

Belgie Tuesday, December 30

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent. GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO. FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA

Colima Wednesday, Sept. 3, at 12 M.

Taking freight and passengers direct for Mazatlan, Acapulco, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajula, La Libertad, Corinto, Punta Arenas, and Panama.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama, direct:

City of Rio de Janeiro Sept. 23, at 1 P. M.

China Thursday, October 9, at 1 P. M.

City of Peking Saturday, Nov. 1, at 1 P. M.

Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

W. R. A. JOHNSON, Acting Gen. Agent. GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From July 14, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 2.15 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax.	4.45 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6.15 P.
9.00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles.	10.15 A.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	4.45 P.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	* 8.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	** 6.00 A.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José.	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	2d class Ogden and East.	9.45 P.
	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express.	
4.00 P.	Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deering, El Paso, New Orleans and East.	8.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Lathrop and Stockton.	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Land.	10.15 A.
	ing via Davis.	
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and San José.	* 6.15 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards and Niles.	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9.45 A.
9.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	7.45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7.45 A.	Excursion train to Santa Cruz.	8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	6.20 P.
* 2.45 P.	Centerville, San José, Alameda, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	* 11.20 A.
4.45 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos, and Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz.	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7.25 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2.30 P.
7.50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion.	8.25 P.
8.30 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, Soledad, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6.12 P.
10.30 A.	San José and Way Stations.	7.30 P.
12.01 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	5.13 P.
	(Del Monte Ltd) Menlo Park.	
* 2.30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.	* 11.15 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	* 10.00 A.
* 4.20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 7.56 A.
5.20 P.	San José and Way Stations.	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6.35 A.
† 11.45 A.	San José and principal Way Stations.	† 4.28 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. ** Mondays excepted.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, July 13, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.20 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.25, 6.25 P. M.; Sundays—8.30, 11 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.25, 6.25 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.00, 9.30, 11.40 A. M.; 1.40, 3.40, 5.05, 6.20 P. M.; Sundays—8.10, 9.40, 11.10 A. M.; 1.40, 3.40, 5.25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—7.15, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 12.05, 2.05, 4.05, 5.30, 7.00 P. M.; Sundays—8.35, 10.05, 11.35 A. M.; 2.05, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco, DESTINATION, Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Petaluma	10.40 A. M.
3.30 P. M.	9.30 A. M.	San Jose	6.05 P. M.
5.00 P. M.	10.30 P. M.	Santa Rosa	7.25 P. M.
		Fulton	10.30 A. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Windsor	10.30 A. M.
3.30 P. M.	9.30 A. M.	Healdsburg	10.30 A. M.
5.00 P. M.	10.30 P. M.	Litton Springs	6.05 P. M.
		Cloverdale	
		Way Stations	
		Hopland	
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Ukiah	7.25 P. M.
3.30 P. M.	9.30 A. M.	Guerneville	7.25 P. M.
5.00 P. M.	10.30 P. M.	Sonoma	10.40 A. M.
		Glen Ellen	6.05 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Sebastopol	10.40 A. M.
3.30 P. M.	9.30 P. M.		6.05 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Lower Lake, and Zeigler Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Sactago Springs, Bliss, Lakeburg, Williams, Capella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Litton Springs, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.75; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Guerneville, \$7.75; to Sonoma, \$8.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Litton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$3.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

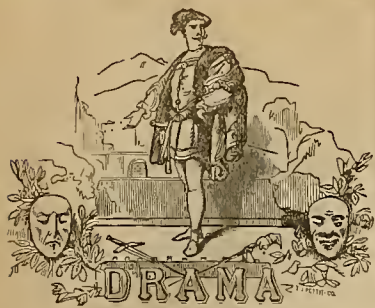
PETER J. MCGLYNN, General Manager, Tkt. Agt. Ticket Offices at Ferry and 222 Montgomery Street.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., August 7, 13, 23, 28, Sept. 2, 17, Oct. 2, 17.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesday, 9 A. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, Eureka, Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket office, Rice Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street. GOODALL PERKINS & CO., General Agents.

No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.



It is a well-known fact that Mr. Dixey walked into fame as the hind-legs of a heifer. It is rather hard to imagine how he did this, for anything less like either the hind or front-legs of a heifer than Mr. Dixey can not well be imagined.

A heifer is a gentle, heavy, dull-eyed, mild, phlegmatic animal, possessed of little grace and less vivacity, peculiarities which, it is to be presumed, are shared by its legs. Now, Mr. Dixey's qualities are the direct antitheses of these. He is neither gentle, dull-eyed, mild, nor phlegmatic, and he is all grace and vivacity. When a heifer, in its sportful moments, leaps into the air, it comes down with a deafening crash, where Mr. Dixey lights as noiselessly and lightly as a flake of snow; and when a heifer lows, the note is more or less melodious, whereas when Mr. Dixey lows—you can hardly, even taking poetical license, say that he sings—the note is not at all melodious, even judged from the standard of the burlesque artist. A heifer moves heavily and with reluctance; Mr. Dixey is never quiet, and frequently and unexpectedly leaps up into the air, as if, in the exuberance of his boyish high spirits, it were impossible for him to keep his feet down on the solid earth. In fact, where the one is the type of severe stolidity, the other is the essence of sprite-like animation.

A few such clever actors as the erstwhile heifer-legs keep the burlesque alive. It would be hard to say in just what Mr. Dixey's cleverness and attractiveness lie, but they undoubtedly are there. He is a good dancer, wonderfully light, and having the elasticity of a soap-bubble in a summer breeze, which keeps touching the floor and then floating up again—but, then, good dancers in the burlesque are as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore. He can not sing at all, which, of course, is a great recommendation for the comic-singer; but, like dancing, so many of them have this accomplishment that it has ceased to be either rare or remarkable. He has a funny, solemn way of saying bright things, especially of the topical order; but look at the glittering galaxy of funny men who have just this same dry, droll manner, and yet never make you laugh. He has a talent—and this is an absolute one that you can take hold of and see and describe—for disguise and mimicry. In getting himself up in different characters, he is really remarkably clever and successful. He is eminently graceful and picturesque. You needed only to watch him dancing with his bride at the wedding festival to see how much more elegant and graceful his movements were than those of any other dancer in the company.

But Mr. Dixey's cleverness lies outside all of this. It is a matter of personality. He has the originality, or magnetism, or individuality, or whatever you like to call it, without which an actor of burlesque is as ineffectual as one drop of rain on the desert. The quality is inborn, not to be acquired. Mr. Dixey had it when he was personating the drowsy bovine's hind-legs. The custom of the stage, a little self-confidence, a closer acquaintance with the glare of the footlights, a tincture of the elixir of success—these develop it. You can not improve it much by studying the history of the drama, or sitting at the feet of professors, or burning the midnight oil in deep meditation. Living at the hub of the wheel, where life flows quickest, in the heart of the whirlpool, where the pressure is most intense, will do more toward polishing and brightening this particular form of gift than reading all the books in the British Museum or the Congressional Library. People who possess it are, like Beatrice, "born under a merry star." They are in a small way what Mme. Patti is in a great way—pupils of nature, whose brightness wants only a little rubbing to shine out with a gay lustre.

A few such people made burlesque in the beginning and keep it up now. Without them, it is the most horribly boring form of amusement known to man. With them, it is one of the lightest, the merriest, the most nonsensical, the most whimsically piquant of entertainments. Its very lack of form and method, the gay, irresponsible way it kicks over traditions and meanders along as its fancy dictates, attracts audiences who have chafed at the old conventional methods to which the drama clings. Is there any class of people, or is there any art, as much hampered by tradition as the dramatists and the drama? When the music of the future is booming away in indifferent splendor, when writers and artists have worked out their own salvation and their new ideas oblivious to a storm of reproach, the drama alone hugs to its heart its time-worn, moth-eaten prejudices, and, though it sometimes yearns for liberty and novelty, fears to break the bonds that have held it for years.

Audiences are weary of the old ways and their

cast-iron rules, and they fly to the burlesque as a relaxation. In its present state it is rather a poor sort of thing, and the form in which it offers relaxation to the weary spectator is unquestionably feeble. But one experiences a sort of furtive, guilty joy in the very irrelevant way in which the story wobbles, in the tranquil manner in which all attempt at method and construction is set aside, in the utter want of connection between the various scenes, in the defiant idiocy of most of the situations—for is it not a daring revolution against all the old stage ways and methods, a challenge to every law that has ever governed the drama?

Most burlesques are purely and unpretentiously idiotic, like "Evangeline"; some are robustly vulgar, like "Faust up to Date." A few have a real vein of humor winding through them, like "Adonis." "The Seven Ages" does not belong to any of these varieties; it is a sort of mixture of all sorts of things—a dramatic plum-pudding; this in more ways than one, for a little of it goes a long way. The writers of it had a good idea, which they nearly spoiled. In the first place, they wanted to be original, and to strive after originality is to kill it dead. It is one of those things that, unless it comes easily, ought not to come at all. Then they did not want to make it too burlesque; they wanted to elevate its tone above the burlesque level. Then they were afraid they might elevate its tone too high, so they brought it down in places, and the consequence is you never know how to take it. Dashes of the pure, old, unadulterated, antediluvian burlesque irradiate pieces of elaborate farce-comedy, opera-bouffe comes in occasionally and relieves the strain, little bits of melodrama are inserted here and there—the whole is a mosaic, with a high glaze to conceal its defects.

Without the leading man, the piece would be decidedly slow. As it is, even he can not give animation to the scene where the British, assisted by eight Indians, appear to invade New York, or to the last act—the lean and slippered pantaloons stage. The hero's make-up here is wonderfully artistic, and the scene of the four old men recalling old times round the punch-bowl, while they puff at their long-stemmed "church-wardens," ought to be amusing. Unfortunately, it is quite the opposite. A good make-up is entertaining; but it does not continue to entertain when the dialogue is dull. The whole latter half of the performance is inclined to drag, and the various interpolations of songs and dances do not seem to animate it as much as one would suppose. Mr. Dixey scored his best points in the first three acts, and wore some capital disguises in the last three. He has a flexible face. When he mounted the horse and, wrapped in a cloak, stretched out his right hand, he bore a really wonderful likeness to the immortal George's statue in Union Square.

There are a great number of pretty girls in the company, who showed remarkable aptitude for personating any style of human being that the scene required. They changed their costumes so frequently that it was positively dazzling to see them, and impossible to keep track of them. There was absolutely no human creature that these accommodating young ladies would not undertake to represent. With lightning celerity they passed from elegant nineteenth-century damsels to Irish and Italian immigrants, who danced, by the way, quite a spirited break-down. They disappeared as merry school-girls, in short skirts and caps, to appear again in five minutes as the curled darlings of Knickerbocker New York, each lad having a lass on his arm, and the lasses, in almost all cases, being a good half-head taller than the lads, who presented their tickets and, still keeping their hats on, made haste to the wedding. The drop was hardly down ten minutes, when it rose upon an animated scene, in which the Old Continentals took part in all the panoply of war and presented, on the whole, rather a feminine appearance. These Amazons, retiring from the field of war, were served up within the next quarter of an hour as an opera-bouffe company, greatly varied as to costume, and never suggesting in their imperturbably smiling visages that they had only just torn themselves from the arms of Bellona. Incidental diversions in the way of dancing and singing still further varied their animated existence, which certainly must have been one whirl of costumes and music.

There was a good deal of pretty dancing in the performance. The Irish jig, or break-down, or whatever it was, in the first act was a jolly dance, and the girl on the end of the line, with a handkerchief tied under her chin, danced with a spirit that was contagious, and clattered with her heels and kept time with her arms like a true daughter of the Emerald Isle. The dance at the wedding, as a dance, was not much; as an effect of color, it was beautiful. These white-and-gold figures, moving in a stately, soft-footed way under a flood of silvery light, with the bride and groom in the midst, looking like a pair of animated Dresden-china statuettes, was a fairy-like picture. The constant change in the lights, the constant, though slow, movement of the figures, the raising and dropping of the arms, the deep bows, and the sweeping courtesies made a perpetual effect of shifting motion, like the noiseless passing to and fro of the shadows of leaves.

Mr. Dixey was a gorgeous figure in this pageant. He wore a beautiful costume and looked like a

French noble of the old school, with his close, white wig and his courtly air. His bride was pretty, but an indifferent actress. There was one lady in the performance who deserves praise for the clearness of her articulation, also for the creditable manner in which she treated a difficult part. This was Avonia, a sort of adaptation—the part, not the lady—of Rumor in "Henry V." She came out between the scenes and explained the coming act. It was hardly necessary, but she was pretty and talked so distinctly that it was a pleasure to hear her. It was very fortunate that her voice carried so far, for the noise they made on the stage behind her was absolutely thunderous. There was such a rattling, and banging, and clattering, and bumping you would have thought the whole theatre was dropping to pieces. Avonia dressed herself like the seasons—taking them in turn, that is—and her autumn costume, trimmed with the grape-leaves and bunches, was one of the most effective worn by any of the company.

G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"La Marjolaine" is to be sung here next week.

Dixey will continue to run the gamut of life in "The Seven Ages" for one week more.

Mrs. Langtry, it is said, is to jeopardize her bank-account by essaying a grand production of "Cleopatra."

Scanlan changes his play to "The Irish Minstrel" for next week, his last in town during the present engagement.

Minnie Palmer's debut in comic opera is to be in "The King's Page," an operetta by Genée, the composer of "The Royal Middy." It is not new, but it has never been tried in America.

Maud Granger is to commence an engagement in town week after next. She is starring in a play entitled, "Inherited," written by Mrs. Lucy Hooper, the Paris correspondent of several American papers.

W. S. Gilbert's suit against D'Oyly Carte for an accounting in their co-partnership and the appointment of a receiver for "The Gondoliers" has been amended, Sir Arthur Sullivan's name being added as a defendant.

Henry E. Abbey is moving heaven and earth to get Mary Anderson to fulfill her contract with him, and it is said that both she and her husband are weakening. If she does return to the stage, she will play under the name of Mme. Navarro.

Hoyt's "A Midnight Bell"—the titles of all of Hoyt's farce-comedies begin with the indefinite article—is to be given here in another week. It attracted little attention in this city two years ago, but it has run long and well in New York.

Of Francis Wilson's first night in "The Merry Monarch," an old French comic opera revamped, the *World* says: "The house was crowded from footlights to the rear wall, and the piece was the most successful that was ever presented on the boards of this theatre."

Annie Gleason, who has been visiting her mother in this city for a few months, is to appear in opera in New York this winter. She has been singing in Augustus Harris's Italian Opera Company in London for three years, under the stage name of Mlle. Alameda, but hereafter she will use her own name.

There is something of a sermon against the somberness of the modern evening garb of gentlemen in "Péti, the Vagabond." In the second act, Wilke looks every inch a king, in his magnificent white hussar costume; and in the last act, the sombre dress-suit makes him look like a waiter in a German beer-hall.

Alice Lingard is coming into prominence again—this time as the mother of two daughters who are shortly to be married. Lulu, the older daughter, is to become the wife of a lawyer named Wicks, and her younger sister Nellie is to marry a young musician, Arthur Godfrey, the nephew of Dan Godfrey, the bandmaster.

Nat Goodwin, as we have said, is not making money in London. The *Herald* ascribes his non-success to a poor supporting company and the fact that the British public does not take kindly to "A Gold Mine." But his personal popularity and artistic ability are not denied, and he is doing somewhat better with "The Book-maker."

Hubert Wilke is not drawing large audiences to see "Péti, the Vagabond." He is as romantic a figure as when he charmed the children of Hamelin town in "The Rat-Catcher," and he sings his wild Hungarian songs with much fire; but the play and the supporting company have failed to delight the few spectators who have dropped into the theatre during the week. However, "Péti" is to be continued another week.

Louis Harrison is likely to become a fixture in New York this coming winter. He traveled for four years in "Photos" and the same time in "Skipped by the Light of the Moon," and has been with "The Pearl of Pekin" for two years, so that he is entitled to a rest from the hard life of "the road." Moreover, he can be a picker and chooser now, for he and Goulay divided up over a hundred thousand

dollars as their profits from "Skipped," and he has been earning a good salary ever since.

Francis Wilson has laid down a rule that hereafter no flowers are to be passed over the footlights to members of his company. Marie Jansen, his prima donna, is not especially displeased at this, for it is said that she has been in the habit of sending both flowers and the notes accompanying them to a hospital, where the inmates have derived much pleasure from the flowers and amusement from the notes. The tributes to genius, by the way, were not always confined to flowers; jewelry, gloves, bonnets—women can perhaps imagine the bonnets men might select—boots, and even dozens of stockings have sometimes found their way across the footlights.

Fay Templeton has been taking up a goodly share of the New York papers this week, what with her reappearance in burlesque and the seizure of those diamonds. The burlesque is said to be only fairly good, and the festive Fay not quite up to her old form, histrionically and otherwise; but enough of the old charm remains to make the audience forgive her almost portly figure and her somewhat coarsened face. The latest in the diamond matter is Fay's declaration that they were hers long ago, and that there was no violation of the customs laws in bringing back to her the jewels she wore here three years ago. She adds, in explanation, that they had been pawned in Paris, and have only just been redeemed—a statement to which color is given by the fact that Howell Osbourne is said to have made a tremendous pile at baccarat and the races in Paris, and is again cutting a great splurge. The jewels are valued at between ten and twenty thousand dollars, and are thus inventoried:

- One diamond necklace of thirty stones.
- One diamond bracelet.
- Four diamond rings.
- Two pairs of big solitaires.
- One diamond-and-ruby ring.
- One gold opera-glass.
- One lace and pearl-hand fan, adorned with diamonds and rubies.
- One pair ladies' diamond cuff-boutons.
- One gold necklace, with diamond and ruby charms.
- One gold chataigne, with five toilet attachments.
- One diamond hat-pin.
- Three diamond brooches.
- One watch, set with diamonds.
- One watch, no bigger than a nickel.
- One gold scent-bottle, inscribed with the letters "F. T." in diamonds.

A tennis shoe, a bracelet, a restaurant, a carpet, a tooth-powder, and polish for silver, have been named after Stanley's bride.

MR. EDWARD MITCHELL'S BIG DRAW. He Got His \$30,000 and Sailed Across the Sea.

For a man who can talk so eloquently when he chooses, Mr. Edward Mitchell, whose office is at 14 Main Street East, is a reticent man. He did mention to a few intimate friends that he was going away for a trip to Europe for his health, but he had nothing at all to say about having held one-twentieth of ticket No. 59,843, which drew the first capital prize of \$600,000 in the drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Co. on June 17th, and there were very few who knew he had got the money. "He never told his luck, but let concealment, like a worm," etc. Not until Mr. Mitchell had got as far as New York was the fact of the big prize of \$30,000 coming to Hamilton noised abroad. But truth, like murder, will out, and when Ned comes marching home again he will have to do the honors. Mr. Mitchell is a great favorite in Hamilton, particularly in business circles and among his Masonic brethren, where his oratorical achievements have made him famous. No one will begrudge him his good fortune, nor insist that he shall "endow a college or a cat" with the proceeds. If he had "given the snap away" before he left town, he might have got the offer of a private secretary to accompany him to Europe to help blow in the \$30,000. Why he neglected a chance like that will remain a mystery until his return home.—*Hamilton (Ont.) Times, July 5th.*

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

—DR. E. O. COHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—EXTRA Mince Pies, SWAINS, 213 Sutter St.

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POWDER

Gives fresher Charms, to the old renewed youth.

TRY IT.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THE INNER MAN.

Nothing is more inviting and delightful, and more stimulating to a jaded appetite, than breakfast at an English country-house, where there is a large "house-party," particularly if it is a hunting country and there is a meet in the neighborhood (says a writer in the New York Tribune). The repast is, in all big houses, served in the breakfast-room and generally at a number of small tables; and the men in their pink coats and the women in their well-cut habits form a pretty picture as they jump up and help themselves, *sans façon*, to the very elaborate repast spread on the sideboards, which fairly groan with plenty. There are cold game-pies, and cold joints and hams. Before the fire are hot muffins, kidneys in chafing-dishes, sizzling fish, etc., affording fine opportunities for amateur cookery. The well-trained servants always appear at exactly the right moment with freshly brewed tea or coffee and hot toast. How is it all managed, we wonder, and how can they eat so much! One would imagine that luncheon after all this plenty would be a comparatively light affair; but no, it is a regular homely spread, more like our country mid-day dinner than anything else. To an American it does not seem appetizing, but even in the grandest houses it is ever the regulation meal—"two o'clock mutton," as one of our country-women called it. There is a hot, smoking joint and vegetables, followed by a pudding or apple-tart. This is a dull, heavy meal, as the men are generally away and there is none of the jollity or fun of the breakfast; it is simply serious eating for the stay-at-homes. At five o'clock tea the scene brightens—women make themselves smart in pretty tea-gowns, the men come in from hunting or sporting—there is a lot of lively talk about the "runs" and "croppers," or, if it be a sporting country, about "bags" and the weather. Meanwhile they discuss the delights of hot cakes, muffins, and rich plum-cake, which every one declares will make them ill and which every one eats nevertheless. Coffee may be brought in for those who like it, while the tea, as we all know, is made in the room by some divinity in a lovely gown with the prettiest tea equipage of old English silver. At eight o'clock the British appetite is again ready to attack an elaborate dinner *à la Russe*, with a most carefully chosen menu and all the appointments of a carefully kept table. In a moderately big house there will be about three footmen and a butler, the former in livery and the latter in plain evening clothes. One sometimes wonders why it is necessary in England to have so many servants that are superfluous, as it would seem—the upper house-maid and the lower house-maids, the parlor-maid, the kitchen-maid, scullery-maid, etc.; but certainly everything about the household machinery seems to move like magic, and with all the wealth which is expended in this country on living, such conditions seem impossible to be had, such harmony of domestic existence.

The following extraordinary paragraph is from the New York Sun: "There is a popular Western drink which New York bar-tenders are unable to mix. It is often called for on the Pacific Slope, and is drunk with great relish by the residents of California, Nevada, and Arizona. It is called an oyster cocktail. In the preparation of this queer drink, Puget Sound oysters no bigger than a thumb-nail are used. Four or five of these oysters are placed in the bottom of a glass, and a sufficient quantity of whisky to suit the taste of the drinker is poured upon the oysters. On account of their size, the oysters are carried easily on the current of the whisky over the palate." The man who wrote that ought to be made to tackle one of his own grown-up imaginings. In reality, the California "oyster cocktail" consists of a few small fat oysters placed in a tumbler, which is then filled with a mixture of salt, pepper, lime-juice, Worcestershire sauce, and oyster liquor. No one needs to be told how to take it.

Speaking of meats (says Eugene Field) reminds me that I came upon a viand in Hanover that is quite new to me, and I have had to do with pretty nearly every edible from the meek and lowly possum that blooms in mid-winter in Cole County, Miss., to the orthodox pumpkin-pie that graces the festal board in Puritanical New England—from the infinitesimal and indigestible cove oyster that abounds in Colorado to the prize-rebus and sphinx-riddle conserves that Buszard the bogus compounds in Oxford Street, London. This new viand is sausages served in a beer broth. The sausages are first fried, and then the fat juices which have escaped therefrom are thoroughly mixed with lager beer, the whole liberally sprinkled with pepper. Served upon a warm plate that has been rubbed over with a little garlic, this edible is most pleasing.

It may be of interest to democratic gastronomers to know what a royal dinner consists of. For their special benefit we clip from a Moscow daily the menu of the dinner given to the Italian heir apparent in that city on May 29th: "Potage sterlets à la Russe. Purée aux champignons. Petits pâtés ravigote-chiki. Langue de veau garnie. Chateaufroid de bécasses, sauce provençale. Punch glacé aux mandarines. Chapans, gelinottes, cailles. Salade, concombres. Asperges en branches. Bourdaloue aux pêches sauce abricots. Pain glacé. Dessert."

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Did your husband die happily?" "Yes, he died, happily."—*Life*.
A drowning man will catch at a straw, especially if he happens to be drowning his sorrows.—*Puck*.
"Mamma, let me hold the baby, will you?" "No, dear; mother is afraid you might let him fall on Fido."—*Life*.
"She—" How do you manage to think amid all the noise in the Stock Exchange?" "He—" We don't think."—*Chatter*.

"Don't you smell fire?" "No; I don't think I do." "I don't, either; but most people do if you ask them."—*Puck*.

"Billings—" Well, my boy, are you satisfied with married life?" "Benedict—" Satisfied? Why, I am perfectly satisfied with it."—*Ex*.

"Wag (to old gentleman who has just slipped on a banana-peel)—" Would you mind doing that again, sir? My friend didn't see it."—*Ex*.

"He (literary)—" How do you like Rice and Besant?" "She (worldly)—" I never tasted it—but I like rice and curry!"—*Funny Folks*.

"Spinks—" Hello, Jones! Glad to see you back at the club again; wife off to the country, eh?" "Jones—" No; she's got back."—*Grip*.

"Tommy—" Pa, may I ask you a question?" "Pa—" Certainly, my child." "Tommy—" Where is the wind when it doesn't blow?"—*Ex*.

"Adams—" Well, Jones, been getting drunk again?" "Jones (angrily)—" That's my business." "Adams (pleasantly)—" So I understand."—*Life*.

"Waiter (very gravely)—" I hope, sir, you'll remember the waiter." "Customer (coolly)—" I have a lock. Give me a lock of your hair."—*L'Intransigent*.

A woman named Bissell, living in Saginaw, Mich., was struck by lightning and cured of rheumatism. Friends are kindly requested not to send flowers.—*Figaro*.

Not an expert: *Charming Susan*—"What is a thick, short neck the sign of?" "Dear Jones—" I give it up. I never studied necrology."—*New York Herald*.

"She (thinking of ante-nuptial days)—" What does this coffee remind you of?" "He (tasting it critically)—" It reminds me of coffee, but that is all."—*West Shore*.

"I understand you are engaged to Miss Long?" "Yes; my first engagement." "Your first?" "Yes; I never smelled powder before."—*Binghamton Leader*.

A man was in town the other day selling musical corsets, the slightest pressure producing a few bars of popular music. That man is nearing starvation.—*Berkshire News*.

"Judge Guffy—" What's your name?" "The prisoner—" Annie Rooney, yure 'anner." "Judge Guffy—" Ten years at hard labor. Never mind what the charge is."—*Judge*.

"Dumley—" Considering that you are rivals, I don't see why you are so pleased that she wears such small shoes." "Jessie—" I'm pleased, because I know they make her life miserable."—*Ex*.

In a Chicago nursery: *She* (a visitor from Philadelphia)—"You haven't any ancestors?" "He (a native)—" Maybe I ain't; but I've got four fathers, and they're all living, too."—*Life*.

"First tramp—" Do you ever think of death, Bill?" "Second tramp—" Not very often. I ain't afraid to die." "First tramp—" You ain't?" "Second tramp—" No; death has no terriers for me."—*Ex*.

"He (as they pass a drug-store)—" Do you know, I read in this morning's paper about a girl who dropped dead while drinking soda-water?" "She—" Oh, how romantic! Let's go in and die together!"—*Lawrence American*.

A peddler has just been thrown out of the second-story window by the proprietor of the house. Coming up he thrusts his head again in the room. "Now, Herr Baron, joking aside, don't you want to buy something?"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Unwon veteran (after an amicable discussion of the war)—" You'll admit, now, that the South was in error, won't you?" "Confederate veteran—" Yes, indeed! If the South could have foreseen all this pension business, there would have been no war."—*Life*.

At the fair: "Here's a first-class marking-ink!" (Writes on a piece of linen: "Indelible Ink.") "And here, ladies and gentlemen, I've got a splendid preparation for washing out stains." (Proceeds forthwith to wash out the above words.)—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Kiljordan—" Take a look at this umbrella, Grindstone, will you? I've just had a new cover put on it. It's as good as new." "Grindstone—" What did it cost?" "Only two dollars and a half." "Umph! Seems to me that's pretty steep. How much has the umbrella cost you now altogether?" "Only two

dollars and a half, Grindstone—only two dollars and a half."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Magistrate—" What's the charge against this man?" "Policeman—" Pursonatin' an officer av th' force, sur." "Magistrate—" He is dressed in the regulation uniform and wears a shield. How do you know he is not a policeman?" "Policeman—" Sure, he has no brogue."—*Life*.

"Doctor—" He insulted me! He said he wouldn't have me attend a cat for him." "Maud—" Well, now, I think that was unkind of him. I don't see why he should fear to intrust a cat to your treatment." (The doctor looks surprised.) "Indeed, I don't. A cat has nine lives, you know."—*Life*.

"Editor of Arizona Kicker (looking over some copy)—" I wish I had that fellow within range of my old six-shooter." "New reporter (nervously)—" What fellow?" "Editor—" The man who sprung that French book on us. Can't you write up an account of a dog-fight or a lynching-party without calling it a 'Pastel in Prose'?"—*Life*.

"Tupper—" I hear that the doctor has forbidden you to drink any whisky." "Gulper—" No; but he says I must only take a drink after I have been in bathing." "Tupper—" Oh, that's not so bad." "Gulper—" No-n-no; not so very bad; but when a fellow comes to taking twenty or thirty baths every day it gets tiresome."—*America*.

"Inexperienced widow (writing an advertisement for boards)—" How will this do at the end, Miranda? 'All the comforts of home.'" "Experienced daughter—" That's good, mother; but you can make it stronger yet. Put it, 'All the comforts of the club,' and in a week there won't be a room left vacant in the house."—*Somerville Journal*.

"Bob—" How do you stand in with your employer so well, Tom; you never laugh at his jokes?" "Tom—" No; but I dine at his restaurant, and, pretending not to see him, I re-tell all his stories, saying, loudly: 'I can't tell it as well as he can, but here's a rattling good yarn Mr. D. told us this morning.' I've been promoted three times this year."—*Light*.

"I have had a delightful evening," he said, as he took his hat and rose to go; "may I call again?" "I shall be glad to see you," she replied, with a blush. As he walked out into the hall, he saw, in the mirror of the hat-rack, a reflection of the roguish girl slyly throwing a kiss at him, and he turned back. "I must have that in the original package," he whispered, and he was not refused.—*Chatter*.

"Anxious inquirer—" I have called to ask about a car-load of merchandise shipped to me from ——— city. It should have been here in June, over a month ago." "Freight representative—" Freight paid?" "Anxious inquirer—" Yes; and delivery promised in ten days." "Freight representative—" When did you say it was shipped?" "Anxious inquirer—" In June." "Freight representative (turning over his records)—" What year." "Anxious inquirer swoons. Freight representative lights a fresh cigar."—*Amusement Hot Blast*.

Lady Dunlop's favorite song, which illustrates but mildly the style of ballads she and her sister Flo most affect, is one called "Fresh as the Morning." It is given here just as she sings it and with her ladyship's own cockneyisms, but the eyes that go with it are impossible to produce in cold type.

There is a maid haunts Leicester Square
She sells sweet flowers and roses fair;
She is 'erself as fair as they,
And people parsing 'ear 'er say,
'They're fresh, fresh, fresh as the morning,
Fresher than new-mown hay;
'They're fresh, fresh, very best fresh,
And they're just wot you want to-day.

Old Mr. Brown, that good old man,
Went out one day the town to scan,
'E met this girl in Leicester Square,
'E thought 'e'd never seen one so fair.
She's fresh, fresh, fresh as the morning,
Fresher than new-mown hay,
She's fresh, fresh, very best fresh,
And she's just wot I want to-day.

Oh, come, 'e said, now don't be shy,
We'll dine together at the "Cri."
She turned 'er pretty 'ead away,
A score of people 'eard 'er say,
'You're fresh, fresh, fresh as the morning,
Fresher than new-mown hay,
'You're fresh, fresh, entirely too fresh,
And you won't do for me to-day.

— BUY JOS. TETLEY & CO.'S ELEPHANT BRAND Ceylon and India tea, in lead packets. Unadulterated, fragrant, delicious.

The property possessed by india-rubber of erasing pencil-marks was discovered about 1752 by a descendant of the navigator Magellan, according to a note published by the Paris Academy of Sciences of that year.



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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Whistling Girl.
She has a taste for whistling;
A taste that's not permissible;
But still I don't object to it,
The pucker is so kissable. —*Puck*.

A Psalm of Life.
Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Catching fire of pulsing bait.
—*Washington Star*.

Origin of a Trade Maxim.
When Pharaoh's finest daughter
Her daily strolling o'er,
Saw Moses in the water
And rushed the babe ashore,
She first that motto started
Which no shrewd merchant spurns,
If he be honest-hearted—
"Small prophets quick returns!"
—*Chatter*.

An Offer.
If you offer your love to some fair maid,
As to wedding perhaps she'll scoff,
But if you offer it to a buzz-saw
The affair's likely to come off.
—*Atlanta Constitution*.

A Love Lyric.
They sang, but did not sing of fame,
For most of them were spooney;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Rooney."
—*Boston Courier*.

An Ambitious Youth.
"You'll be a President, perhaps,
If you'll run life's race."
"I'd rather be," the boy replied,
"The man who plays first-base."
—*Washington Post*.

A Polyglot Couple.
She stops you with her sweetest smile,
And speaks in accents bland
In English of a novel style
You can not understand—
"Et vous, en Français, tout de suite
Répondez, comme il faut—
Lorsqu'elle demande, 'Qu'est-ce que vous dites?'
Je comprends pas un mot!" —*Pick-Me-Up*.

"Honn Soit Qui Mal y Pense."
King Edward picked the garter up that slipped by sad mischance.
Fore the noble lords and ladies in the mazes of the dance;
But when he bound it 'round his knee, the cynosure of eyes,
I wonder what he really thought in reference to its size.
—*Pick-Me-Up*.

— LADIES NEVER APPEAR TO GROW OLD IF they follow the treatment prescribed by Mme. Elise, the famous European cosmetic artiste. She has served the nobility of Europe for several years, and now is prepared to give the ladies of this city the benefit of her new and scientific method of erasing wrinkles, softening and beautifying the skin, and imparting the matchless complexion of the English beauties. Ladies worn by the exactions of fashionable life will find her treatment marvelously resting and beautifying. SALON COSMETIQUE VICTORIA, 704 Sutter Street.

— FULL-DRESS SUITS FOR HIRE, SUITABLE FOR balls, parties, weddings, or receptions, on reasonable terms, at Original Misfit Clothing Parlors, north-west corner Post and Dupont Streets.

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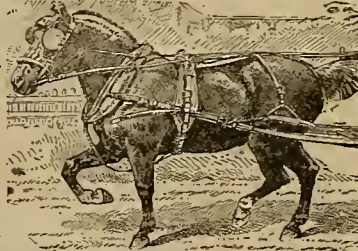
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The Stanford scheme of finance has been almost altogether ignored by the great financiers of the country. The great bankers and financial autocrats of the business world have so whistled it down the wind that it has not received the attention that it deserved; but while the money-kings and plutocrats who rule in Wall Street and reign at Washington do not give the "land currency" the attention it merits, nor concede to Governor Stanford that he has put forth an honest effort to give sound, abundant, and safe money to the industrial and enterprising classes of the community, we find that the idea has taken a firm hold upon the minds of many thinking, honest men. Mr. H. Alden Spencer, of New York, has communicated to the *National View*, printed at Washington, a letter which is well worth reading and gives an historical incident connected with the financial history of Holland which is well worth knowing. Mr. Spencer's letter reads as follows:

"The history of nations shows that Holland, one of the

smallest in territory and population, for more than half a century was the foremost maritime and commercial power of the world.

"She was the superior of England by sea and by land, and was a leader of the nations in every mart of industry. Her colonies were founded in all inhabitable countries of the globe.

"Holland's beneficent system of government credit, wisely extended to the citizens, enabled them to carry forward successfully all worthy industries known to civilization.

"Every citizen was allowed a credit capital from the government to use in legitimate enterprises, equal to one-half the amount of his taxable property. The progress and grandeur of her achievements aroused the envy and hatred of England, who unsuccessfully waged warfare upon her for many years. But her advancement in greatness, power, and wealth, shared by her whole people, was not checked until the usurers and bankers corrupted the government and betrayed it, even as has been in the United States, into a false system of finance and taxation, thereby accomplishing the robbery of the industrial masses.

"The enslavement of the so-called free people is a condition visited by the money power, through governments, upon every nation. In my travels through European countries, I found that whatever the form of government, the real enslavement and impoverishing of the toiling masses, is the work of the usurers, bankers, and money-gamblers, through that government, controlling legislation and the administration of public affairs. This same corrupt power holds the reins of government in our country to-day, through the leadership of the political parties and dynasties. The umbilical cord of this octopus reaches from Wall Street to all of the political centres of the country. The bondage of bonded and interest-bearing indebtedness covers the whole country, and now amounts to the vast and increasing sum, to be paid by labor, agricultural, and mechanical industries, of twenty-eight billion dollars. Is this a free country and a free people, when the industries are enslaved to the mercile usurers for the next half-century, even if the present indebtedness of twenty-eight billion dollars was not increased?

"But one eminent statesman in our time has dared to defy the money power by advocating in the United States Senate a measure which would deliver the people out of the hands of the minions of Wall Street and free the mortgage-enslaved farmers from the power of the money-lenders.

"Senator Leland Stanford has the humanity, the patriotism, and the statesmanship which should endeavor him to every honest man in the nation and make him their choice for the presidency of the United States for 1892."

The intelligent reader of history is familiar enough with the splendid career of the Dutch Republic to recall the time when, in arts and arms, it was one of the foremost nations in the world. Those who read, remember that there was a time when the Netherlands stood in the very front of the world's progress, and was the rival of France, Spain, Austria, and England in the heroic achievements that placed her flag at the mast-head of the commerce of the seas; when she extended her trade to India and to the islands of the Pacific in rivalry with the fleets of continental Europe, and when her industries were in competition with the most skillful workmen in all the markets of the world.

The financial policy that enabled the smallest country of Europe to carry her ships with a broom at the mast-head almost to the city of London, and to hold herself in alliance with all the more powerful nations of the maritime and military world, enabled her to challenge the supremacy of France, England, and Spain, to be the first in arts and the equal in arms of the more powerful governments of Europe, is identical with that which Governor Stanford has introduced into the United States Senate, but which has not been so far successful as to secure a favorable report from the committee to which it was referred. The time will come when the people who do the labor of this commonwealth will command enough attention from the men who now monopolize the nation's wealth to have the government recognize the principles of the Stanford Bill and provide sufficient currency, based upon

land values, to enable the national resources to be developed. The men who now absorb and monopolize the wealth of the country are the idle, non-laboring, and non-enterprising class. Their first care is to keep safely their wealth, and it is a seeming matter of indifference whether the country becomes poor or not, so long as they are permitted to usurp the financial direction of public affairs.

This country, and indeed the entire civilized world, is buried under a mountain of debt—a burden from which it can never extricate itself unless the money for its emancipation is provided at low rates of interest. Twenty-eight billion dollars of interest-bearing debt is an immense burden for so large a population as sixty-four millions to stagger under. And it must be remembered that it is all based upon land. Mr. Henry George proposes to have but a single tax, viz., that land must pay all the taxes. Land and labor do pay all the taxes under the present complicated system of taxation, and we see no very serious objection to placing the tax directly upon the land. It will save an army of officials and tax-gatherers, and thus lessen the burden imposed upon the people, by simplifying the machinery of collection.

If we can place silver bars in the treasury vaults, or government bonds in the national banks, and then issue currency, which the government guarantees to redeem, we see no material objection to the issue of currency upon land values, at a rate of interest which is sufficient to pay an amount equal to taxes and yet not burdensome enough to ruin the farmer and confiscate his property. We have never been able to understand why the government should permit the holders of its bonds, purchased at discount when the country was in danger, to have the privilege of issuing ninety per cent. of currency, at from six to eight per cent. interest per annum. The nation pays four per cent. upon the bonds, and enables the national banks to issue currency to the borrower at a high rate of interest upon land mortgages. Why not issue the currency upon the land value direct and dispense with the middleman, who is eating up the borrower with interest on twenty-eight billions of dollars of national debt—which is understood to be the bonded and current debt of the national government, the debt of all the State governments, the debt—computed to be five billions of dollars—of railroad corporations, the debts of municipal and county governments, and the mortgage debts that now exist upon landed estates? If the average interest of twenty-eight billions of dollars is six per cent. per annum, and the Stanford measure will issue twenty-eight billions of dollars of currency for its payment, at two per cent. per annum, there will be a saving of four per cent., amounting to one billion one hundred and twenty millions of dollars per annum, thus freeing the people, in something more than a quarter of a century, from the burden they are bearing.

Suppose every citizen of California were allowed a credit-capital equal to one-half the amount of his taxable property in real-estate to use in legitimate enterprises at an interest of two per cent. per annum—what would be the effect upon agriculture, mining, and mechanical industries, on commerce, trade, and improvements? And if currency is safely issuable upon silver in bars, upon bonds representing the national debt, upon coin of gold and silver in the treasury vaults, why may it not be regarded as safe when based upon grain-bearing and fruit lands, upon town improvements, brick blocks, warehouses, gold and silver-bearing mines, and upon ships engaged in commerce? There can be but one business that would be seriously interfered with, and that is the industry of usury. The pirate of illegitimate money-lending would be embarrassed, might, perhaps, be driven to some legitimate calling; he might be compelled to cultivate some of the farms acquired by foreclosure. And then, if his convictions of the iniquity of the Stanford law remained unchanged, he might prefer to borrow money of some pawn-broking national banker rather than from the government itself; he might prefer to pay seven per cent. per annum rather than two. If there is a working-man or mechanic who would not be benefited by the Stanford plan of currency, it would be because he desires to avoid the opportunity of labor with short hours

and good wages, in order that he might spend his time in labor strikes and boycotting the industries of his fellow-workmen. Under such a scheme, California would make a step in progress that would command the attention of the world.

The idea may be dismissed at once that under any circumstances will Governor Stanford become a candidate for a Presidential nomination. This ambition he has never entertained, and so long as he lives it will find no place in his mind. He would like to be returned to the Senate of the United States to carry out his views upon the currency question. His fortune is far beyond his capacity to employ. He is preparing to give it to found an institution of learning, and it is his present intention to leave it behind him in that form when he dies. There is an unfortunate difficulty between him and one of his associates in business, which has prompted his antagonist to place Mr. Stephen M. White, a young Democrat, in the field as his competitor for a seat in the Senate of the United States. Whether Governor Stanford or Stephen White will be chosen Senator is one of the issues of this campaign. It is important to the people of California, and is the only one in which we feel any personal interest. Governor Stanford ought to be reelected by the consent of every elector in the State and by the unanimous vote of every member of the legislature of California.

Governor Alcorn, of Mississippi, formerly a representative of that State in the Senate of the United States, has become a member of the constitutional convention at Mississippi, which consists of one hundred and thirty Democrats and two Republicans, all of whom are white, to revise the constitution of the State, in order to accomplish, if possible, the practical exclusion of the negro voter from the ballot-box. Governor Alcorn, having been written to by the editor of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, asking him for a statement of the condition of things and what was proposed to be done in the convention, answered in a letter, which will interest our readers, because it is the expression of the honest opinion of a man who has held a distinguished position at the South and occupied high places in the councils of the nation. Governor Alcorn, now advanced in years and having filled all the more important places within the gift of the people of Mississippi, being a man of large property and broad intelligence, with generous and statesmanlike views, is entitled to the highest consideration, and they should receive from people of all sections the most distinguished consideration, because they are the opinions of a statesman ripe in years and of the largest experience in public affairs. Omitting the introduction, he writes as follows: "The desire for the call of the convention arose from a spirit of unrest among the—white—people of this State. The negro population was increasing so rapidly in the State of Mississippi that there was already a majority of fifty thousand negro voters in the State. This necessarily forced the thinking men to the question, 'What was to be the end of this?' The rapid increase of the negro population arose from causes over which the legislature could exercise no control. The river counties, or what is known as the Delta of the Mississippi, increased in population from thousands of negroes imported each year from other portions of the South. During the last winter and spring," says Mr. Alcorn, "it is estimated that thirty thousand negroes were imported, brought at the expense of planters from populous negro districts in the Carolinas and Georgia. The lands of the delta will produce, under the most careless cultivation, as much as a bale of cotton to the acre; whereas, the lands of the Carolinas and Georgia require, with the best cultivation, as much as five or six acres of land to produce as much." The large land-holders in the delta found it profitable to import negroes from the States named, or elsewhere, to their rich soil. The negroes thus imported were generally of the most ignorant class. The planter was not in search of intelligence, but of strength, muscle, and endurance under the burning sun of the Mississippi swamps, and capacity to resist the influence of malaria. These were the prerequisites for labor in the Mississippi cotton-fields, inasmuch as this delta, much of which has been recently reclaimed from the flood of the Mississippi by reason of levees, embraces several millions of acres of land susceptible of a population dense as that of Belgium, and, on account of its miasma, held to be fatal to the laboring white man. The question presented itself as to what was to be the future of this population upon the destinies of Mississippi. Every one knows that the negro is incapable of self-government; that in the field of politics he becomes a commodity of barter and sale among white men, who use him as a means of elevating undeserving men to places of public trust, and hence forbidding all idea of a healthy body politic. "The negro," says Governor Alcorn, "has none of the instincts of the Anglo-Saxon race, with regard to self-government, but when possessed of limited education, becomes a mere tool under the manipulation of bad white men for wrong to the State, as witness the history of the lottery enterprise in Louisiana. The convention is called in to devise some means of putting a check in the text of the con-

stitution upon ignorance and corruption. The people felt the sting of the North in the continued charge of forcible domination in the South of the ballot-box. The desire to free themselves from this charge, which they felt, in some degree, to be true, and the wish to devise some means more in accordance with civilization and statesmanship to save themselves from the impending ruin, led to the calling of the constitutional convention. The convention is now in session. It was organized by electing one of the most conservative public men in the State as president of the body. Not much work has yet been done, but sufficient to make it plain that the business of the convention will be conducted with the most careful regard for the negro, whose presence in the State is held by all intelligent men to be necessary, on account of soil and climate, to the development of its agricultural industry, as found essential for the future growth and wealth of the State. Mississippi is settled by a strictly agricultural people, and the demand of its soil is for cheap and unskilled labor. In the negro is found the character of labor suitable to its advance. We wish to control him for our own welfare as well as his. We expend large sums of money for the education of his children. This," says Governor Alcorn, "we are forced to do that the negro may be contented, and it is necessary if we would advance the best agricultural interests of the State. It is necessary for our own interest to cultivate the most kindly relation with the negro. We would deprive him of his vote if the question was left to us alone. He is not regarded as capable of self-government by the body of our people, but is held to be an instrument of danger to the peace of society, and is controlled by designing and selfish white men; but this convention unmistakably recognizes the fact that the Fifteenth Amendment throws a restraint upon the action of the convention, which we can not overthrow and which we can not violate without foregoing our oaths, and which, if violated, would present an issue which would become void with the Federal power. Our people are confident, if they are not interfered with by the passage of the Lodge Bill, that they can, without violation of the Constitution of the United States, deal with the negro in such a way as to advance his civilization, promote his happiness, and through the strength of his arms render him valuable as a citizen of the commonwealth. The people of Mississippi have no sympathy with the class of men who would drive the negroes from the South, with those political empirics who are mere theorists, men who not only have not succeeded themselves in any practical work, but have aided and abetted, first in the work of secession, then in obstructing the work of reconstruction, by urging the people to reject the Fourteenth Amendment, and now propose to drive from the South the only practical labor we have, the only valuable labor available for the cultivation of the Southern cotton-fields." This communication to the *Boston Journal* bears the date, Jackson, Miss., August 17, 1890. A careful consideration of the views expressed by Governor Alcorn will, we think, convince all rational persons in the North that the solution of the race problem can be safely left to the consideration of the white people of the South. It can not be decided by any other class, and not peacefully in any other manner than is suggested by the gentleman who gives utterance to the foregoing views. In the State of Mississippi there are fifty thousand more black voters than white. The white minority can not be brought under subjection to the black majority without annihilation of all their rights and destruction of all their properties under the law. The black people can not be exiled beyond the borders of the State. They have been brought there by their own consent and in accordance with law. They are natives of the Southern States, and there is no mode of excluding them from their birthplaces by any humane or honorable course. They are necessary as a labor element and working force. They can not be intrusted with the ballot. They are not intelligent enough, and yet, by the Constitution of the United States, they are entitled to the elective privilege; and we see no impropriety in the passage of the law that shall confine the elective privilege to the intelligent, law-abiding, and property-owning class of the country. The rule of self-interest, as between classes, can generally be depended upon. The working out harms results, and while it is seemingly in violation of republican principles that the minority should rule the majority, we see no other mode of a peaceful solution of the problem presented in Mississippi except by leaving the legislative control to the white minority. We are not sufficiently advised of the principles of the Lodge Bill, now pending in Congress, to express an opinion upon its probable working. We must abide the result of the Mississippi Constitutional Convention, and wait the adjournment of the present session of Congress, before we can arrive at an intelligent decision as to the best method of solving this most troublesome and dangerous race problem.

The letter of Governor Alcorn is refreshingly frank and honest in its admissions. It looks the race problem squarely in the face, and proposes to solve it peacefully and for the best

interest of the people of the South. When Governor Alcorn says "our" people, he means the white race, and more than that, he means the better class of white people—the intelligent, industrious, law-abiding, and respectable white people of the South. And if the Mississippi convention will so change its constitution as to exclude from the elective privilege the ignorant, immoral, and propertyless of all, both whites and blacks, we would be quite willing to admit that the reform would be desirable. The Civil War has left no more vexed and troublesome question than this one growing out of the increase of the negro population, and unless Northern people should be willing that the white race shall have control of Southern ballot-boxes, civilization will relapse to barbarism, and fifteen of the Southern States will find themselves in a worse condition than before the rebellion. Northern politicians and Southern demagogues have presented to them opportunities of embroiling the South in complications and difficulties more disastrous and permanent than resulted from the Civil War. It may be accepted as a fact that the white race of the South can not live under the dominion of the black race, and that any attempt to place whites in subjection to blacks—by a political majority of the national Congress, or by the force of executive power—will disastrously fail. This is a question that, more than any other, demands wise and prudent statesmanship; and it is well that the question should arise in Mississippi. The negro question involves the most important considerations. The capacity of the Anglo-Saxon race for self-government is one thing; the capacity of the negro, or African, race for self-government is quite another question, and an altogether different one. Whether the Saxon, Celt, and Teuton may not be over-educated is still open to serious debate, but whether the negro should, within twenty years after emancipation from centuries of bondage, be intrusted with power to legislate for the government of sixty-four millions of people, is not a question of discussion among persons of intelligence. If the Republican party makes this issue and takes the affirmative of it, it will deserve to be overwhelmed and destroyed. The State of Mississippi raises cotton, and requires, not scholars nor politicians, not brains nor skill in labor, nor finesse in debate, but strength, muscle, and endurance under burning suns, in malarious swamps; and the question of fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man must be left to the discussion of poets and sentimentalists, and must be decided by broad-minded statesmen, and in the interest of the white race, because it is our race and because it is white. The nation is compelled to meet and consider a question similar to the one which, in California, we have so long considered, viz., the Chinese question, and the civilized world that is white must come to a similar conclusion as the one arrived at in California. If California had a majority of fifty thousand adult male Chinese voting population, we should become a province of China; our commerce, our laws, our literature, our religion, and our civilization would be subordinated to that of the Orient. We could not submit, and would not. If we, as Californians, would not submit to a Chinese majority, we have no right to ask our Southern countrymen to submit to a negro majority, to negro barbarism, and permit civilization and the Christian religion to be destroyed on the half of our continent. Better a race war that shall lead to the extermination of one of the contending forces.

Mr. C. P. Huntington makes his last appearance upon the political stage, and takes his final leave of Senator Stanford in what, we hope, is a conclusion of the unpleasant incident which has so complicated the heretofore agreeable condition. That Senator Stanford is the almost unanimous choice of all the prominent and respectable members of the Republican party of California, is admitted. Governor Stanford is sixty-six years of age, and is not in as good physical condition as his friends could wish; but that he is, in any sense, mentally impaired, no honest man who knows him pretends. Nor is he, in any sense, beyond the hope of thorough and permanent cure. His age justifies the presumption of a thorough and radical recovery from his temporary ailments. The last letter from Mr. Huntington is entitled to the interpretation that the friends of both Huntington and Stanford desire to place upon it, viz.: That it expresses a willingness, on the part of the first-named gentleman, not to push a controversy which has been met with no unkind or acrimonious rejoinder. From the beginning of this most unnatural and inexplicable contention, Governor Stanford has not himself made reply nor authorized any journal, or personal friend, or "paid hire ling" to reply for him.

The wind has blown constantly from the same direction but not always from the same quarter. The *Chronicle*—animated by a motive we can not penetrate, nor understand nor find reasonable excuse for—had begun its personal and political crusade against Governor Stanford some months before there was any open indication of the Huntington quarrel. The Huntington episode was a welcome aid to the *Chronicle* coming from the railroad family, and furnished Mr. Miché de Young a welcome ally in what he hoped would suffice to

drive the senator from public life in the Senate of the United States.

A more inexplicable course has been pursued by the *Call* and *Bulletin*, one showing less courage than that displayed by the Republican organ. What can be the motive for this line of action—for the present beyond our comprehension—is one of the additional mysteries that complicate the whole business. It was not surprising that Mr. Stephen M. White should rise to the fly while this quarrel seemed to be irreconcilable and hope to receive the reward of an election to the Senate of the United States; he will, we presume, drop back into the pool, content to take his chances with ordinary Democrats for the bait that comes to the open mouth of the patient waiter.

We have no right to suggest that Mr. Huntington is less vindictive than when he commenced this most unnatural assault upon his friend and business copartner, but we naturally seek for some motive for his sudden resolution to call off his dogs from Governor Stanford, and perhaps he will see how rational it is for us to assume that it has been done, not under the inspiration of Christian generosity, but from the more selfish fear lest it should not be regarded as a friendly act by Republican senators and a Republican administration that he should place himself in position to defeat a Republican senator, and return Democratic members of Congress from a Republican State to Congress, and defeat the Republican governor and all the maneuvers of the party, to satisfy what is at best but a personal quarrel. Perhaps it may have been suggested to Mr. Huntington that he had too large interests pending in Congress to imperil them by conduct which would be interpreted as hostile to the Republican party. Rich men are sometimes influenced by their own pecuniary interests, and no fortune is large enough to risk the antagonism of vindictive and hostile national legislation.

At all events, we are glad that a mountain is tunneled, and the way is apparently clear for the successful return of Senator Stanford to his seat in the Senate of the United States.

On Tuesday of this week, San Francisco was the scene of a most extensive parade, in honor of the admission of California into the American Union forty years ago. This day has been usually appropriated by the Society of California Pioneers for their especial holiday, which has been gradually, year by year, diminishing in interest. The younger generation of Californians—organized, some years since by General A. M. Winn, into a society named "Native Sons of the Golden West," which has grown to extensive proportions—resolved to select the ninth of September as an appropriate occasion for assembling for parade and exhibition of its strength. Tuesday was a day especially comfortable for a grand parade, and our city was treated to the most unique and interesting public procession that has ever been witnessed in its streets. It seemed as though the entire State had poured its young people into the city, and they met with a most generous and cordial welcome. Money was contributed by our great corporations, millionaires, and business men to provide every attraction that good taste could suggest. For three hours there tramped to the music of military bands as handsome a set of young men as were ever convened on the American continent. In this procession moved many of the pioneers of the early days and before the admission of California into the Union, and it will be well for the younger men, who are now crowding upon the stage, to remember and imitate the example of the Argonauts who blazed the path that led the State into the confederacy of its sister sovereigns. There was an army corps of American-born soldiers parading beneath the banner of the stars, and every face beamed with the ardor of patriotism. It was an American parade that we were delighted to observe, and it made us feel that if there is any danger in the Jesuit order that made its parade only a few days ago, there was an army corps of brave and stalwart youths, full grown and fully armed for the defense of any attacks upon America or American institutions. The young men who marched under the banner of the stars were educated in the public free schools of the country, and when there comes from any quarter a summons for their defense, there will be a rally that will surprise the community in which we live. The Sons of the Golden West are all Americans, and whatever the land of their fathers or the religion of their ancestors, there will come out of the "parlors" of California none but true, brave, and loyal sons. One feature of the celebration was the good order and sobriety which characterized it—not a drunken man in the streets, not a quarrel or casualty that we heard of; no arrests by the police, not a disturbance of any kind; and when of such a parade it can be said that "it was American," it is saying everything that can be said. The Native Sons of the Golden West will of necessity become a political, but we hope not a "party," organization. For such a body of men to say that it is not and will not become political is to refuse to do its duty and is to throw open its ranks to un-

worthy membership, which will take advantage of it to play sinister political tricks within its ranks. In a republican government, every man born upon its soil, with his citizenship, inherits the duty of guarding with his life the heritage of freedom he has received from his birth.

A double Chinese-American wedding took place at the St. Louis Cathedral, New Orleans, Sunday. Leng Man Lou married Miss Noemie Boleriche, and Leng Sing Wing, Miss Katie Lynch. Both the Chinese are young and well-to-do. They adopted the Catholic religion preparatory to the marriage.—*Special telegram to the San Francisco Bulletin.*

Marriage by the Church of Rome is a solemn sacrament, and can be appropriately celebrated only by a priest in his robes at the altar of the church after the solemn ceremony of the mass, and when once concluded, it is indissoluble except by consent of the Pope, which is not usual save in cases where it becomes necessary to secure an heir to a throne, as in the case of Napoleon with Marie of Austria, and as was not necessary in the case of Henry the Eighth of England. A marriage between Protestants and Roman Catholics is not favored except under peculiar circumstances, and is not celebrated before the altar, but usually performed in private by a priest, and if in high life, under a dispensation from Rome. The children of these marriages must be raised as Roman Catholics. When the marriage ceremony is performed by a Protestant clergyman, the marriage relation is designated by the Pope as "filthy concubinage," and is annually denounced from Catholic pulpits as inadmissible and unbecoming. The marriage of uncle and niece is occasionally sanctioned, as in a recent instance between Amadeus, once King of Spain, and Letitia Bonaparte, of the family of Napoleon. A similar marriage occurred in San Francisco between an Italian and the daughter of his brother; the ceremony was performed by a Catholic priest, a marine league from the shore, to avoid the laws of the State. A marriage between brother and sister is admissible in order to legitimize a family of children; this occurred recently in the case of the wealthiest family in the City of Mexico. Judge Sullivan decided the marriage between Sarah Althea and Senator Sharon to be valid, though it was a secret contract followed by secret cohabitation. The ceremony before the altar was dispensed with, there was no celebration of the mass, and no promise that the children should be educated in the faith of the mother. The decision of Judge Sullivan was affirmed by the decision of a Democratic supreme court, whose chief-justice and two associate-justices were Roman Catholics. The "double Chinese-American wedding"—judging from the names—which occasions these reflections, was celebrated between a German female, an Irish lady, and their Asian spouses, with all the solemn and appropriate ceremonies that should characterize a sacramental covenant. It was performed after high mass, before the high altar, the miracle of transubstantiation having been performed, in the cathedral of St. Louis, and on Sunday. The Chinese had taken upon themselves the obligations of the Roman Catholic vows, and have entered into a solemn promise that the children of these marriages shall be raised in all the mysteries of this very mysterious and wonderful faith of the Church of Rome. It would not be profitable to speculate upon the stock likely to result from this marriage between Chinese and the Pope's Catholic German and Irish. But we may readily understand that the Democratic party will gain an addition to its membership when the sons of these marriages shall be entitled to vote, as they will when arriving at age, under the Fifteenth Amendment of the constitution. We congratulate the Church of Rome upon reconciling the Irish prejudice against the moon-eyed Asian by this sacramental and indissoluble union of races.

Between the Democratic nominee, the Republican nominee, and the nominee of the American party for superintendent of schools, there can be but one safe course to pursue, and that is to vote for the Republican candidate, J. W. Anderson, of San Francisco; not because he is an able and experienced teacher, but because he is *not* a Roman Catholic, because he is the friend of free, public, non-sectarian schools, while his opponent, Henry C. Hall, of San Mateo, is the friend and advocate of parochial schools. We do not know Mr. Hall, but from information that admits of no question, he is a bitter and bigoted Romanist. Mr. Lambert, the American candidate for school superintendent, is the best man nominated for the position, but he must be sacrificed, because the election lies between Anderson and Hall. To throw away a vote for Lambert is to endanger the election of Anderson. Every Roman Catholic priest in California and every layman loyal to the Roman Church will vote for Hall, and for no other reason than that he is a Roman Catholic. He may be a very good teacher, a very good man, and a very good citizen, but it would be a crime to vote for him for the office of superintendent of schools, because he is a Romanist.

The nominee of the Republican party for chief-justice of the supreme court is William H. Beatty, of San Francisco, the present chief-justice, and of the Democratic party, John

A. Stanly, of the Alameda County bar. Judge Beatty is the more learned and able lawyer, with the larger and better experience. Both nominees are honest men, but between them there is no chance for hesitancy or doubt. Judge Beatty is a scholarly, learned, and excellent jurist of most exemplary life and industrious habits. He has demonstrated his fitness for the position, while Judge Stanly's election would involve an experiment. It is never safe to experiment with new judges when old and experienced candidates can be secured. We shall be surprised if Mr. Justice Beatty does not receive the highest vote cast for any judicial candidate.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"Titled Americans."

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Patriotism and love of fellow-man are said to be human traits. Staunch friendship and honest love are admired and sought by all. We are all wont to applaud the heroic conduct of Lucrece; a tear of sympathy courses our cheek while reading of the luckless fatality of Heloise; we all admire Penelope, and burn to avenge the betrayed and slandered honor of Imogen. Are these women types, or mere creations of the poet's fancy? The latter appears to be true. I have before me a little book containing the names of over two hundred daughters of this land of liberty, who have chosen

"To be partnered
With tom-boys, hired with that self-exhibition
Which their own coffers yield. With diseased ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold."

It is an eternal disgrace that the maids of America, who have played on our commons and twined garlands of our liberty-loving flowers, should purchase with American gold the empty pageant of "Lady," of "Countess," of "Baroness." It is pitiful that beneath the stars and stripes are reared maidens so degenerate and devoid of patriotism as to sacrifice their chastity—I had almost said virtue, but they have none—their pride, and their country's honor on the altar of decayed despotism, rejecting the honest and ardent love of the children of the Mayflower. Shame, shame, ye creatures of commerce! You have betrayed your country and surrendered your charms—but not for love. You have insulted the dignity of American freemen and the delicacy of American mothers. Your ancestors went out pioneers, and with sturdy blows and infinite toil wrought wealth, which now you flaunt to allure and ensnare the infamous inmates of a Cleveland Street bagnio. The book alluded to is entitled "Titled Americans," published by Street & Smith; price 50 cents.

SEPTEMBER 9, 1890.

[The book was noticed editorially in the Argonaut some months ago.—EWS.]

The French, in extending and developing their immense possessions in North-western Africa, have projected a railway to connect Algeria with Senegal and the Western Soudan, and subsequently, with the French territory on the Congo River. They have even constructed a small part of this line southward into the Desert of Sahara. In building this desert line from Medina to Bafulabeh, a distance of ninety-seven kilometres, the sum of more than eight millions of dollars was expended, and the work occupied several years and cost many lives. All this expenditure, according to a report of Admiral Vallon, Governor of Senegal, is clear loss. The line was never practicable, and is now abandoned. As soon as possible the grade will be turned into a wagon-road, where such vehicles as pass will be drawn by cattle. The railroad, however, was in existence long enough to carry some freight. The business done was hardly profitable. To transport over the line a ton of merchandise, valued at one hundred and fifty dollars, cost between fourteen and fifteen hundred dollars. Such a railroad could be maintained only for state purposes, and this one is not useful now even for those purposes. Nevertheless, the French do not despair of their trans-Saharan railroad, and build great hopes upon its completion. Besides the obstacles of a murderous climate and a difficult country, the builders of such a line must contend with a hostile and destructive human enemy. The Tuaregs, a warlike race who ravage almost the whole Sahara, are quite determined that the French shall not take possession of the country which they regard as their own. The French are setting themselves at work, therefore, to pacify the Tuaregs as a preliminary to further operations. In the division of the continent of Africa between various European powers, which is now in progress, the French Republic is not likely to miss its share. It already possesses Algeria, Tunis, a vast region reaching inward from Senegal as far as Timbuctoo, a strip of the Gold Coast, and the country to the north-west of the Congo. No one disputes France's possession of the Sahara except the Tuaregs; but nothing but a great railway could render the possession of either the desert or the more fertile regions of the Western Soudan of any particular value to a European power.

Mr. J. McN. Whistler is pictured as a small, slight man, with dark hair streaked with gray, curling all over his head. His blue eyes have a merry twinkle, with a quizzical light in their depths. He has a short, grayish mustache, which he pulls at nervously now and then. He is altogether a very uncommon-looking man, and his attire is likewise. He looks like a boy, in a suit of blue flannel and a narrow turn-down collar on his white linen-shirt. In place of an ordinary cravat, he wears a dark-blue ribbon, tied in a small bow, and on his head is a narrow-brim straw sailor-hat, perched very much to one side. He talks pleasantly and pithily, and chains one's attention with a lot of small talk, and now and then laughing slyly at one of his own clever jokes.

Near the entrance of the pretty little cemetery of Passy, the mother of Marie Bashkirtseff has erected a monument to her gifted artist daughter, which is more like a house than a tomb. The little chapel, whose interior can easily be seen by all passers-by, contains Marie's rocking-chair, little table, and favorite books, while the names of her paintings are emblazoned in gold letters on the walls. A perpetual light burns before her flower-covered bier, and a life-size portrait of the young girl hangs above it. Foreign tourists are constantly visiting this touching memorial of one whose book has been so widely read in all parts of the world.

Mrs. Clara Louise Kellogg-Strakosch is building a summer-home in the heart of the high hills near New Hartford, Conn. The region is quite wild and is a favorite resort of camping parties. The woods abound in game and the streams are alive with fish.

AFFAIRS OF STATE.

"What imports the nomination of this gentleman?"—HAMLET.

SCENE I.—Reading-room of the National Club (Republican). A small knot of well-dressed, solid-looking, middle-aged men are engaged in earnest conversation.

Colonel Rochester—As the situation stands, it is an easy matter for us to win, if we put up the right man.

Mr. Grant Ellsworth—And quite as easy to lose, if we make a bad nomination.

Judge Franklin—We may as well understand, once for all, that the time is past when a nomination means an election with us. The Democratic party in this section is thoroughly organized, and has been steadily gaining strength. If we are to hold the district, we must put forward the best man that is available, and then make a hard fight.

Mr. John Draper—Well, we are ready for the fight. We are quite as well organized as they are. And I was surprised, the other evening—it was at the rooms of the board, and there were a dozen Republican business men there—I was surprised to see what an unusual degree of interest they took in the coming conventions.

Mr. Grant Ellsworth—Oh, yes; the people are thoroughly aroused.

Mr. Augustus Nansey—They are determined to rebuke bossism, and to take the control of affairs into their own hands.

Colonel Rochester—Now, the question is, who shall we run?

Judge Franklin—I am prepared to name the man.

Mr. Grant Ellsworth—You are? Who?

Judge Franklin—General Rowland.

Several of the group—But he won't take it.

Judge Franklin—So I thought until last night. I had a talk with him, and he expressed a good deal of fear lest the district should pass into the possession of the Democrats. I proposed to him that he should run, and told him that it was a general conviction that he would draw out the entire vote of the party against the best man they could put up, and would get, moreover, a great many Democratic supporters. At last, he agreed to go in for the nomination.

Colonel Rochester—Well, that is the best news I have heard for a long time. We tried hard to get him into the fight four years ago, but he stood out.

Judge Franklin—He put up liberally, however, and made some telling speeches.

Mr. Grant Ellsworth—Oh, he is a thorough-bred—a stalwart to the back-bone.

Mr. Augustus Nansey—And a gentleman and a man of culture.

Mr. John Draper—He will make a splendid candidate—couldn't be better, possibly.

Mr. Grant Ellsworth—He will get the unanimous support of the best element of the party.

Judge Franklin—It is hardly probable that we will have any difficulty in getting the nomination for him, do you think?

Colonel Rochester—None at all. It ought to go to him by acclamation.

Mr. John Draper—Gentlemen, I begin to think that the next election in this district will result in an overwhelming victory for the Grand Old Party!

Colonel Rochester—Gad, the thought of an old-time fight, with old-time majorities, makes my blood tingle.

Mr. Augustus Nansey—And it will be a great rebuke to bossism.

SCENE II.—Smoking-rooms of the Constitution Club (Democratic). A small group of men gathered about a table, on which there is a decanter, some small glasses, and a bottle of seltzer. They are smoking and engaged in earnest conversation.

Major Benton—But have you heard what they intend to do?

Omnes—No.

Major Benton—They are going to nominate General Rowland.

Mr. Jefferson Pike—Oh, he won't accept.

Major Benton—Yes; he has consented.

Mr. Pierce Marshall—That means a hard fight.

Mr. Monroe Ripley—With dubious chances of winning.

Major Benton—Not at all. It simply means that we must make a nomination equally good. If we do that, the chances are all in our favor.

Mr. Jefferson Pike—But where will you find the man?

Major Benton—I can name a man who you will admit will make a stronger candidate than General Rowland.

Mr. Pierce Marshall—Who the deuce do you mean?

Major Benton—I mean Judge Oliver.

Omnes—Good! The very man!

Mr. Monroe Ripley—But he has refused the nomination twice.

Major Benton—That's all right. He won't this time. He and Rowland have crossed swords before, and they both are anxious for a chance to have at one another again. From what he has said to me, I know that with Rowland in the field he will be very willing to accept.

Mr. Jefferson Pike—That is glorious good news.

Mr. Pierce Marshall—With those two pitted against one another, it will be a regular old-time affair.

Mr. Jefferson Pike—With the odds in our favor, you bet. If we can't carry the district with Oliver, we can't with anybody. Look at his record—straight as a die.

Mr. Monroe Ripley—He is my idea of a thorough-going, old-fashioned Democrat. His views on the tariff are conservative and business-like, and when it comes to a discussion of constitutional principles or the record of the party—well, he's there every time.

Mr. Jefferson Pike—Boys—I tell you—I begin to feel good already. I believe we are going to get away with them in great shape, and it makes me want to—well, here's to it!

When you fellows have gone through all that I have in the way of submitting to defeat, you will know what it means to have a victory in plain sight. We have stood some rough times—eh, major?

Major Benton—Well, I wonder if we haven't! It has been an eight-to-seven game with us ever since the war.

Mr. Pierce Marshall—There is a better time coming. The party is holding down its worse elements everywhere, and putting forward its best men. Its principles have always been right, but it has suffered from bad leadership.

Mr. Monroe Ripley—The nomination of men like Oliver is characteristic of the new era of the party.

Mr. Jefferson Pike (rising)—Well, boys, I think we are all of one mind with regard to the coming fight. We go into it with a splendid candidate—one who is sure to win. And we are all ready to put in our very best work for him.

Omnes—Right you are!

SCENE III.—The back room of Tom Hallenan's. Doors and windows closed, and the air blue with tobacco-smoke. Four men, with their elbows on the small round table covered with green cloth, converse in low tones.

Mulligan (Democrat)—It's time dat tings was fixed one way or nudder, see? De byes is all askin' wot's goin' ter be done.

Lambey (Republican)—That's it. We don't want no kickin' to get started.

Flynn (Democrat)—What's that? Who's kicking?

Koffmaier (Republican)—What the devil's the matter with them?

Mulligan—Dey ain't kickin' you know—only dey is askin'—

Flynn—Tell 'em to go to hell.

(Silence of a few seconds, during which Mulligan gnaws at the frayed end of a big cigar, and Lambey expectorates over a square yard of the floor.)

Flynn (to Koffmaier)—I suppose we may as well tackle it now as any time.

Koffmaier—I'm ready, if you are.

Flynn—We ought to settle about the district first. I told Moriarty to call our primaries for the twenty-eighth.

Koffmaier—Ours are called for the second of next month. There is plenty of time to get things into good shape.

Flynn—Now, as to the district—we had it last time, though it did us damn little good. I was a fool to let that fellow Sloane in. He actually hadn't sense enough to be of any use. It was through him that the collectorship slipped by us.

Koffmaier—Well, what do you say—do you want it again, or shall we take it?

Flynn—I don't care a rap.

Mulligan—Toss up fer it. Dat's de best way.

Lambey—Now you're talkin'. (Fishes up a small coin.) Here you are.

Koffmaier (to Flynn)—Ain't there nobody that you want to throw it to?

Flynn—Well, it's like this—Casey wants either that or the third ward, and I promised to fix him if I could.

Koffmaier—Smith wants to go back in the third, and he has stood in, you know, in good shape.

Flynn—D'ye think he can swing it again? People are onto him like hell.

Koffmaier—You can put up Beers against him. That would make it safe.

Mulligan—Say, you've done that twict wid Beers, 'n' last time he was roarin' like a stuck pig.

Koffmaier—Let him roar. Does he want the street sprinklin' again, or not?

Flynn—That's it. But say, there ain't much in representative for Casey, you know.

Koffmaier—Well, let's toss up for it, then, which takes the district and which the third ward.

Flynn—All right. Whoever guesses, gets the choice. Flip her up, Ned. You call, Koffmaier.

Koffmaier—Heads. (The coin falls on the table.)

Lambey—Dat's wot she is. See?

Koffmaier—Well, I take the third for Smith.

Flynn—And Casey gets the district. All right.

Mulligan—It'll ketch de byes, 'cause dey tink dey ain't no one like Casey fer makin' a speech.

Koffmaier—Who d'ye think we had better stick up against him?

Flynn—Is there any one in your crowd that wants it?

Lambey—Say, dere's Dennis. He's been layin' fer dat nomination for a long time. We kin fix de convention for him, easy.

Mulligan—N' say! Agen Casey, he won't have no more show 'n a cat in hell widout claws. See?

Koffmaier—He'll do. By the way, we may have a little trouble in the primaries. Of course you will stand in with your fellows, as usual.

Flynn—Give you all you want. I expect something of a kick on Casey in a certain quarter. We shall need help, I expect.

Koffmaier—Oh, we'll be there, and see that he pulls through all right.

Flynn—I suppose there is no danger of an independent candidate?

Koffmaier—I think not. There are damn few independents in the district. They all vote one way or the other, thank God.

Flynn—And either way we have them dead to rights, eh, boys?

The boys—Haw! haw!

Mulligan—Say, I hear de udder day dat de Republicans was goin' ter put up General Rowland.

Lambey—Well, 'n' I hear dat de Dimmicrats was goin' ter nominate Judge Oliver.

Flynn—Rats!

Koffmaier—S'mother time.

Mulligan—Dey ain't nieder of dem in it. See?

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1890. HUGH NAYLOR.

A modest epitaph that may be read on a tomb in a cemetery at Madrid: "Hic jacet Juan Pinto, the Spanish Orpheus. When he arrived in heaven he joined his voice to those of the archangels. Scarcely had he heard it than the Almighty exclaimed: 'Be silent, all, and allow the illustrious tenor, Juan Pinto, to sing alone!'"

OLD FAVORITES.

A Garibaldian's Story.

"Aye, signor! That's Nervi, just under the lights. That look down from the forts on the Genoese heights; And that stone set in stone in the rim of the sea, Like a tall figure rising and reaching a hand, Marks the spot where the chief and his red-shirted band Hoisted sail. . . . Have a light? Ah, yes; as for me I have lights, and a leg—short a leg, as you see; And have three fingers hewn from this strong sabre-hand."

"See that cursed cowed monk, black-mantled, and black In his heart as the plague, or the stole at his back, Stealing by like a spy down that sweet wooded way? Well, these were the fellows we grappled. Why they— They were thick in the land as the locusts. The land Was eaten alive by their indolence. Yea, They did toil not nor spin, and yet their array Was as purple and gold; and they laid heavy hand On the first of the fruits, of the flocks; and the gown Soiled the first fairest maidens of country and town."

"Look you there! Do you see where the blue-banded floors Of the heavens are frescoed with stars? See the heights, Then the bent hills beneath, where the grape-growers' doors Open out and look down in a crescent of lights? Well, there I was born; grew tall. Then the call For bold men for Sicily."

I rose from the vines, Shook back my long hair, looked forth, then let fall My dull pruning-hook, and stood full in the lines. Then my young promised bride held her head to her breast As a sword trailed the stones, and I strode with a zest. But a sable-trailed monk girt his gown, and looked down With a leer in her face, as I turned from the town."

"Then from yonder green hills bending down to the seas, Grouping here, grouping there, in the gray olive-trees, We watched the slow sun; slow saw him retire At last in the sea, like a vast isle of fire. Then the chief drew his sword:

There was that in his air, As the care on his face came and went and still came, As he gazed out at sea, and yet gazed anywhere, That meant more, signor, more than a peasant can say. Then, at last, when the stars in the soft-tempered breeze Glowed red and grew large, as if fanned to a flame. Lo! something shot up from a black-muffled ship Deep asleep in the bay, like a star gone astray: Then down, double quick, with the sword-hilt a-trip, Came the troop with a zest, and—that stone tells the rest."

"Hot times at Marsala! and then under Rome It was hell sure enough, and a whole column fell Like new vines in a frost."

Then year followed year, Until, stricken and sore, at last I came home— As the strife lulled a spell, came limping back here— Stealing back to my home, limping up out of hell. But we won, did we not? Won, I scarcely know what— Yet the whole land is free from the Alps to the sea. Ah! my young promised bride? Christ, that cuts! Why, I thought That her face had gone by, like a dream that was not."

"What a presence was hers! What a throat, what a mouth! Why, a mouth that Rossetti, the painter, had smiled But to see; had caught it on canvas, had set his craft wild With talk of his picture from Northland to South!— A mouth that half-opened as hungered for love, That trusted all things; a mouth that went out With daring and valor, that never knew doubt, Yet was proud and as pure as that hent moon above. . . ."

"Yes, peaches must ripen and show the sun's red In their time, I suppose, like the full of a rose; And some one must pluck them, 'tis very well said, As they swell and grow rich and look luscious to touch; Yet I fancy some men, some fiends, must have much To repent of: This reaching up rudely of hand For the early sweet-fruits of a warm, careless land; This plucking and biting of every sweet peach Ere yet it is ripe and come well to its worth, Then casting it down, and quite spoiled, to the reach Of the swine and the things that creep close to the earth. . . ."

"But he died! Look you here. Stand aside. Yes, he died Like a dog in a ditch. In that low battle-moat He was found on a morn. The red line on his throat They said was a rope. 'Bah! the one-fingered man Might have done it,' said one."

Then I laughed till I cried When the guard led me forth, and the judge sat to scan My hands and my strength, and to question me sore: 'Why, what has the match-man to do with all this— The one-fingered man, with his life gone amiss?' I cried as I laughed, and they vexed me no more."

* * * * * Some men must fill trenches. Ten thousand go down As unnamed and unknown as the stones in a wall, For the few to pass over and on to renown: And I am of these."

The old king has his crown, And my country is free; and what more, after all, Did I ask from the first?

Don't you think that you lights Through the black olive trees look divine on the seas? Then look you above, where the Apennines bend: Why, you scarcely can tell, as you peer through the trees, Where the great stars begin or the cottage-lights end!

"Yes, a little bit lonely, that can't be denied: But as good place to wait for a sign as may be. I shall watch on the shore, looking out as before; And the chief on his isle in the calm middle sea, With his sword gathered up, stands waiting with me For the great silent ship."

We shall cross to the shore Where a white city lies like yon Alps in the skies, And look down on this sea; and right well satisfied."

"Aye! The whole country round vaunts our deed, and the low Raised that shaft on the spot—for the whole land is free; And some won renown, and one won a crown, And one won a right to sell lights by the sea. Have a light, sir, to-night? Ah, thanks, signor, thanks! Bon voyage, bon voyage! Bless you and your franes."

—Joaquin Miller

Some time since a hansom cab was driven at a very rapid pace along the Strand, and passers-by observed, to their horror, there were two men inside engaged in an apparent deadly conflict. Fearing that murder was about to be committed, they raised an alarm and some bold individuals rushed to the horse, and brought the animal to a standstill. The upon the two persons who, a minute before, seemed to be engaged in a life or death struggle, quietly leaned forward a distributed among the crowd some hand-bills inviting them to go to such and such a theatre to witness a certain performance.

AMERICAN GIRLS ABROAD.

Van Gryse" on Getting Gowns in Paris and Fame at Homburg.

The going abroad of to-day is not what it used to be. Nobody, in these enlightened times, goes to "see things." Nobody thinks of putting their heads inside cathedrals or their feet inside picture galleries. They never go trotting over witzerland, looking at glaciers and mountains, or "doing" Italy with a guide-book and a courier. The idea is supposed to be that they have seen all these things. Swell Americans are as blasé about the Louvre as Parisians, and as for the tower of London, to which our tourists used to make annual pilgrimages, you run as good a chance of meeting the ghosts of Lady Jane Grey and Anne Boleyn there, as of encountering any of the New York Four Hundred. These haunts are fit to the Cook's tourists, who go about in droves, as the buffaloes used to.

People now "just run across" for a month or two—the men for a little recreation, the women to buy good clothes. They stop for a space in London and call on their American friends there, and drive about and do shopping, and say: "There goes So-and-So," and "How stout Mrs. Thingumbob's grown," just as if they were at home driving in the park. Then they flit across to Paris, put up at a hotel where everyone knows them, pay and receive visits from the American colony, never stare at objects of interest, spend days with the redisties, do not know where Napoleon's tomb is, and have names of streets and people as glib on their tongues as if they were hack-drivers.

When they run across friends, they say: "Ah, hullo; how 'ye do?" as if they had met them on the steps of Del's or outside the Casino. Meeting mere acquaintances—fellows met at odd dinners and dances throughout the past season—here are bows, hats lifted, gracious bending of swan-like throats, and both parties pass on without words. The girls who have never been in Paris before and are half-dead of loneliness and boredom, go out walking with the English maid, who has her hair plastered down on each side of her face, and who is called by her last name only.

On one of those pleasant broad sidewalks specked with the shadows of horse-chestnut leaves, they meet Mr. Smith-Brown—whom they met so often last winter—sprinting along at a vely pace, his tall hat shining in the sun, his heard cut in a point, his elbows sticking out at the right angle, his orange gloves gripping his cane—a beautiful sight to see—a fellow-countryman, welcome to the eye in this arid Gallic wilderness, the oasis in the desert to the glance of the thirsty Arab. The girls feel joy in their hearts, but they are well brought up—they know the correct caper, if such an expression can be applied to these dignified, straight-backed beauties. Level with Smith-Brown they all bow—three lovely, female heads, crowned with Parisian novelties, bend gracefully on three long white throats, incased in Redfern collars; three heauteous ruby mouths curve into three melting, tender smiles, tempered by eserved dignity; three pairs of fawn-like eyes gaze softly at be pointed beard, a gaze, however, which is chilled by a knowledge that these American graces know what American graces must do under such circumstances, and then three sighs—three large, well-developed, melancholy sighs—as Smith-Brown, raising his tall hat to the sky, swings past.

"If it weren't for that horrible Pinner," whispers the eldest of the graces, "I would have stopped and spoken to him, but he's just the mean wretch that would go and tell mamma."

But Paris in summer is good only for buying clothes. The places to go and see people and hear gossip and enjoy life are the continental watering-places. Homburg is the favorite with all nationalities. It is especially popular with rich, fashion-loving New Yorkers, because it is here that the corner-stone of many in American beauty's success has been laid. The Prince of Wales goes to Homburg, and, as every one knows who has followed the career of that lively person, he has an eye for female beauty that is said to be without rival in Europe, and hat is particularly appreciative of the American article. So he American beauties, who do not want to blush unseen, go o Homburg, and range themselves there in all their loveliest clothes, their sweetest smiles, their attractive hats, and bewildering shoes, and wait the approbation of the son of kings.

It is a very critical moment for them. Their appearance here in such large numbers constitutes a sort of competitive examination for the position of professional beauty. And getting this position is no mean task. There is a lot of wire-pulling and finessing to be gone through before the title of Professional Beauty can be acquired. When the prince comes along, he sees them all, and wags his princely head, and gets introduced and says many complimentary, kind things about their prettiness, and the newspapers get hold of this and it appears in large letters in the Sunday issues. When this occurs, the aspirant has been successful, and from that moment on is entitled to the denomination of Professional Beauty. She might have stamped on her note-paper "Approved by the Prince of Wales," just as hatters and shoemakers have on their bill-heads, "Especial boot-maker to the royal family." But she has a little reluctance about doing that. What she goes to Homburg for, and what she is pleased to gain, is a notice in a New York paper of this sort: "Miss Montgomery-Jenks, who is summmerring at Homburg, s said by the Prince of Wales to have the prettiest nose of any American he has ever seen." After this, when she looks nto her glass at night, she can say to herself: "My nose is my fortune, sir, she said."

It is in this wise that the vogue of certain American beauties has been started. Of course they really are beauties, or the thing would be a farce, but stamped with the prince's approval, then beauty becomes more resplendent than that of a stage sunset in a tropical land. Miss Jennie Chamberlain's fame was started here. The Royal Personage, as they call him in novels, cast his princely eyes upon the blushing daughter of Ohio, and said she had an "angel's face and a gypsy's hair"—or it may have been the other way—anyway, this rang through the country like the blast of a trumpet. A flush of pleasure spread itself over the face of the entire State of

Ohio, which has not ceased bragging about it yet. Whatever Miss Chamberlain's wishes may have been, from that moment on she was doomed to be a newspaper beauty. Had she been as ill-favored as the old woman of Florida in the poem:

"Whose face became horrid and horrid,
Till the populace found her
And took her and drown'd her,
That ugly old woman of Florida."

She would have been regarded as a gem of purest ray serene in the galaxy of American beauty.

After this, many more enterprising young ladies went to Homburg and got their diplomas. Miss Julia Schreiner, who is there again this year, made her début at the popular watering-place a few seasons back with great success. Miss Schreiner is a very striking-looking person, enormously tall, very dignified and stately, and having a fine air of distinction, which some people prize above beauty. The prince, seeing her, admired and said: "She is the most distinguished-looking American I have ever seen." This, filtering through several dozen papers, filled New Yorkers' hearts with a mad yearning to gaze upon the divinity. Enough time having elapsed to let the pregnant remark soak deeply into them, the divinity unfolded her wings and sought her native land. When the anglomaniacs heard she was coming, they grew faint and dizzy with the excitement of anticipation. They went down to the wharf to see her in all her distinguished glory; they fell at her feet, like the Indians before Juggernaut, and silently worshiped her. She gazed upon them with benign dignity from the superior height of a good six feet, paralyzed them with her gorgeous costumes, enchanted them with her charming manners, and returned to her foreign home in the spring, leaving the town in mourning for "the most distinguished-looking American I have ever seen."

But Homburg must be a jolly place. No wonder they congregate there—prince or no prince, beauty or no beauty. A returned native was telling about it, the other day, and it sounded very fine: "The place is filled with Americans—of the richest, the idlest, the best looking. Whatever their minds may be, their clothes are good; whatever their manners, they make life pretty and outwardly charming. You meet them in the morning at the Elizabeth Brunnen, taking their three glasses of the waters, and in the shaded alleys of the Obere Promenade. Such stylish, pretty women, and those beautiful American young girls, with their fine, small, decided features, their wonderful look of completeness and perfect finish, their narrow feet in pointed shoes, their close-braided hair surmounted by a little, trim, French-looking hat, with flowers and ribbons pinched up in the back and a short, scooped front pressing a few curls down on their foreheads. They generally wear transparent veils, through which gleam their clear and rather piercing eyes, and their dresses are made quite plain, with a ribbon outlining an extraordinarily small waist, and the shoulders puffed up like sprouting wings.

"You see familiar faces starting up, here and there, out of a lot of strangers in the most delightful way. I saw quantities of people I knew—it was like a New York club-reception. Miss Urquhart was there—Mrs. James Brown-Potter's sister. She is pretty, but dresses in a theatrical sort of way. Once I remember seeing her at a club tournament in a bright-scarlet dress, a white hat, like a boy's, and a transparent black parasol that could not have been much good to keep the sun off. She wears her fair hair in the same fashion as her sister—very loose and hlowy about her face, and in the hack as if it were just on the point of falling down. I never thought her very pretty, but she is undoubtedly striking-looking, and dresses to accentuate that peculiarity.

"All the American girls there get a good deal run after by the foreigners. European men—especially German officers and French counts—think that every American is a millionaire and every American girl is an heiress to boundless wealth. No sooner do they hear that a young unmarried woman is from the United States, than they begin to besiege her with matrimonial attentions. There was one girl there—Miss Somebody-or-Other, whose grandfather owns the Fifth Avenue Hotel—who was rather stunning-looking, with a good figure and a fine air. When the foreigners, who thought she was perfectly angelic in the first place, heard from reliable sources about her ancestor's vast possessions, they fell before her in battalions, and the proposals came in by every post. These fellows are perfectly open in their chase for a fortune, and the way they hunt the rich American girls ought to disillusion those young ladies. They are rather disillusioned as far as the German officer and the French count go, for they have learned that these are drugs in the market, hardly worth the taking."

VAN GRYSSE.

NEW YORK, September 4, 1890.

Idiots have been known whose memory for names and words was so retentive that they could repeat a sermon verbatim and indicate where the preacher hlew his nose and coughed while delivering it. Cardinal Mezzofanti, the linguist, who is said to have known a hundred languages, declared that he never forgot a word he had once learned. To a friend, who had congratulated Leyden on his remarkable memory, he replied that he had often found it a source of great inconvenience. On the friend expressing surprise, he explained that he had often wished to recall a particular expression in something he had read, but could not do it until he had repeated the whole passage from the beginning to the expression he desired to recall. An English clergyman mentions a man who could remember the day of the burial of every person who had died in the parish during thirty-five years, and could also repeat the name and age of each deceased person, and the names of the mourners at his funeral; but so weak was he intellectually that he could not be trusted to feed himself. Dr. Moffat, the distinguished African missionary, and father-in-law to Dr. Livingston, once preached a long sermon to a crowd of negroes. Shortly after he had finished, he saw a number of negroes gather about a simple-minded young savage. He went to them, and discovered that the savage was preaching his sermon over again. Not only was he reproducing the precise words, but imitating the manner and gestures of the white preacher.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Count Casa de la Miranda, the husband of Christine Nilsson, has been appointed an under-secretary of state in the new Spanish ministry.

A newspaper controversy has arisen as to the shortest name borne by a citizen of the United States, and so far Eli Ho, of New Brunswick, bears off the palm.

Grover Cleveland's next-door neighbors at Marion, Mass., have felt it necessary to put out a placard on which are inscribed the words: "Next door is the place."

Among the victims of the railroad disaster at Quincy, Mass., was E. C. Bailey, who had been concerned in a number of Boston newspaper ventures. At one time he owned the Boston Herald, and later on he was editor of the Globe.

The Chicago Tribune says: "Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York World, who has become totally blind, has for private secretary a young Englishman named Ponsonby, who is a nephew of Lord Ponsonby, the latter being the private secretary by appointment to Queen Victoria."

Mr. Gilbert is seriously ill, and the doctors have ordered him complete rest, so it is not probable that his new opera, the coloring of which is based, it is said, on his recent visit to India, and for which Mr. Alfred Cellier is stated to be going to write the music, will be ready for some time.

Lord Tennyson must enjoy the London papers lately, if he reads them. Since his eightieth birthday they have been discussing, with more or less concern, the merits of rival candidates for the succession to the post of poet laureate, all of which must be cheering to the old gentleman, who is in vigorous mental and physical health.

F. P. Sargent, the head of the Brotherhood of Firemen, and a prominent figure in recent railway strike assemblies, was formerly a Vermont photographer. Then he became a United States cavalryman in Arizona, and finally a fireman on the Southern Pacific Railroad. He now rules over three hundred and eighty-four lodges, and is said to be well off in this world's goods.

Lieutenant Brownell, who avenged the death of his commander, Colonel E. E. Ellsworth, of the New York Fire Zouaves, at Alexandria, Va., near the opening of the war, is now in the Pension Department, at Washington. He was with Colonel Ellsworth when the secession flag on the Marshall House was hauled down, and shot J. W. Jackson, the hotel proprietor, just after the latter had killed Ellsworth.

The King of Greece was fearfully bored, when at Aix, by the sets made at him by professional beauties. One of them bired the flat near his lodging, and a piano. Her musical education was neglected. But she knew how to play the Greek hymn. Whenever his majesty returned from the baths, she struck it up. If there is an air the king bates more than another it is that one. He has had to listen to it many times every day at Athens for twenty-seven years. So be sent and asked her to stop.

Referring to the chronic ear-ache from which the Emperor of Germany suffers, Harold Frederic says, in the New York Times: "Just what the affection is, no one has yet been able to determine. It grows worse in cold and wet weather, and that is about all that is known of it. The physicians disagree as to its character. William himself, though at times suffering acutely from it, has never been alarmed about it, and really believes it to be a local ailment. Its existence, naturally enough, suffices to create a certain uneasiness in the minds of his friends, and of Germans generally, but I can not learn that any responsible professional men regard it as necessarily dangerous. This year it is less troublesome than usual."

H. Walter Webb, the third vice-president of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, whose struggle against the strikers has brought him into such prominence of late, is thirty-nine years old, and was graduated from Columbia College in 1873. He studied law and practiced it for a while, and then entered a Wall Street hanking-house as a partner. In 1886, he undertook the reorganization and management of the Wagner Car Company, and was so successful that eighteen months ago he was called into the executive offices of the New York Central, promotion to his present position following later on. It is thought that if Chauncey M. Depew should resign the presidency of the road, Mr. Webb would be his successor.

It seems (writes Eugene Field) that the latest rumor of the death of the infant King of Spain grew out of a telegram which was sent from Madrid to the Cologne Gazette. The correspondent was a German, of course, and his dispatch was worded in the vernacular. News was rather scanty and he felt warranted in announcing the death of Fea, the pretty spaniel that was so great a pet of Alphonso, the late king. Accordingly, the telegram read (or rather was written): "Hund Alphonse XII. gestorben"—"Alphonse XII. dog is dead." During transmission over the wire this dispatch was corrupted into: "Kind Alphonse XIII. gestorben"—"The child Alphonse XIII. is dead." And so the squeaking of a mouse set the mountain in travail.

At Carlsbad last June (writes Eugene Field to the Chicago News), Mr. James I. King, of Buffalo, visited the Bohemian spa for a course of treatment, and the local press and the kurlist (by a natural though none the less serious blunder) announced him as James I., king of Buffalo, in America. This blunder seemed humorous enough at first, but presently serious symptoms were exhibited. The parvenus, the sycophants, the tuft-hunters, the snobs, the parasites, and the beggars swooped down on poor King; the hotel people fleeced him, and there seemed to be a general conspiracy to mulct him. In vain he sought to convince his persecutors that it was all a hideous mistake—that he was no royal personage. He actually had to flee the town, and is in hiding at a pension in Marienbad under the alias of Thomas Thompson.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

By Geraldine Bonner.

Mr. Bertram Lamar sat on the arm of a chair in the hall of the hotel at Monterey, and idly swung his foot. Mr. Lamar was bored. An extended acquaintance with this young man forces me to confess that he was not often afflicted in that way. We know that no man can aspire to be of the highest fashion without constantly experiencing the pangs of this distinguished ailment, and yet Mr. Lamar was unquestionably of the highest fashion. The most cursory glance would tell you this. Any one could see that he belonged to the best people, that he was used to the best people, that only the best people would be bearable to him. It was therefore with humiliation that he confessed to himself how seldom—how singularly seldom, considering all his advantages—he felt the inspiring throes of boredom. Who can guess how hard he tried to crush his exuberant vivacity, to quell his laughter, to extinguish the sparkle in his handsome brown eyes? He could draw amusement from Philadelphia, find diversion at Tadmor in the Wilderness. If you were a true devotee of fashion, his unquenchable spirits would make your hair stand on end.

But now he was genuinely bored, and he felt joyously that any one could see he was. Ladies passed—old ones, who swept up the dust with trains, and who creaked as they moved, as if they wanted oiling; young ones, in light frocks and wide, flowered hats, which cast a shadow over the clearest eyes. They kept banging open the glass doors and going out into the blaze of sun beyond, with a bursting into bloom of lace parasols, or coming into the cool of the hall, with the rustling, silken sheathing of the parasols suddenly furled, and the tapping of little heels on the hard floor. He never glanced at them. But they did at him—swiftly, obliquely—from under the hat-brim out of the shadow. He looked away, with raised chin and indolently drooped eyelids; but about his heart he began to feel a little creeping, warm titillation of interest, a premonition that he was not going to keep bored very much longer. There was one girl—she kept going to and fro—and, as he looked on the ground, he could see the hem of her dress and her feet. They were pretty feet in yellow shoes, small and pointed. Mr. Lamar found himself ruminating: "Suppose the head is as pretty as the feet. But it never is. There's a law of compensation which prevents that. The head which belongs to those feet is thirty-five—" And he looked up. The head matched the feet to perfection. Mr. Lamar felt that he did not look bored any longer. Rather, however, than sacrifice this dearly bought and enviable condition of being, he turned his back on that enchanting head, and sauntered into an adjoining room. There would be no one to look at here to destroy the aristocratic vacuity of his mind.

The room was empty, cool, and dim. It had oak-chairs and tables and writing-desks, sea-green walls, and a great window opening on the balcony. Outside there were old ladies sitting under a forest of parasols. Beyond were velvety sweeps of close-cropped turf, dappled with short shadows shrinking to the tree roots. Splinters of dusty sunlight crept down the boles of the stately cedars and trembled on the white dresses of passing girls. There were glimpses of spiked unfolding fan-palms and rustling melancholy dracenas, fat Arizona cactuses of an unhealthy morbid hue, and little squat, flat, prickly green things growing in irritable confusion. Mr. Lamar felt that he might gaze upon this prospect for an infinitude of time and remain bored.

But fate willed otherwise. As he entered the room he saw something on the floor near the table. He picked it up. It was a band about an inch and a half wide, covered with a puckered yellow ribbon, and with one end run through a clasp of dull silver, showing a monogram in small diamonds. There was a bunch of narrower yellow ribbon beside the clasp, each end finished with a little tongueless silver bell. It appeared to Lamar, from some hanging filaments of thread, that the two ends of this band had once been stitched together. He looked curiously at his find.

"What can it be?" he mused, staring at it. We have said that he was young, and came of the best people, and with the best people there is always a doubt as to whether they wear such vulgar things as stockings or possess such unmentionable things as legs. "Wings, not legs and feet, shall move them," as the poet gracefully expresses it.

Lamar first thought he would take it to the office. But curiosity impelled him to study it. It might be worn round the neck; but no; it was not long enough. He drew the severed ends together, and held it off from him, eying it dubiously, and reflectively pulling his small mustache. Oh, yes, of course. Now he saw. How dense he had been! A bracelet. Holding it together, he pushed his hand through it, and it swung on his wrist.

"I don't think I ever saw a bracelet just like that before," he thought, moving it round and looking at it with his head on one side.

And then, as he looked at it, came a sudden flash of wakening light, and, for a moment, he stood staring at it in stupefied horror as it hung over his wrist. With the return of consciousness, he crumpled it up and crushed it into his pocket. What should he do with it? If he took it to the office, its owner would never dare to claim it. If he found out who she was, he would never dare to offer it.

He could imagine the scene: A lovely and youthful lady is discovered walking in the corridors. To her appears Mr. Bertram Lamar in full evening-dress, with a white pink in his button-hole. Making toward her, he executes one of those majestic yet easy bows for which the Lamar family have been famous ever since their illustrious founder came over in the *Mayflower*, and stepping ashore on Plymouth Rock, which has since bashfully retired before the advances of the boisterous Atlantic, greeted the Indian Chief Walla-Walla with so elegant a salute that the rancor of that untamed barbarian melted like snow before thaw. Then, drawing a package from his pocket, Mr. Lamar presents it to her, murmuring, "Yours, I believe," and vanishes through a trap-door. He might give

it to her, and then pretend to be prostrated by the heat, and fall on the floor with his eyes shut, to avoid embarrassing her by witnessing her inevitable confusion. The Lamars were also famous for their chivalrous attitude toward the sex. But can a man be prostrated by heat on a day when the thermometer in its most ambitiously soaring moments can only struggle up to seventy-five degrees? What should he do to spare her feelings and his own? And he turned the cause of his perturbation over in his pocket.

Just then he heard a step outside—a feminine frou-frou. With a guilty start, he retreated from the table, fell into a chair, and seized the morning paper, in which he buried his head. Any one noting this fact would of course imagine that he slumbered, and feel themselves safe from espial.

"It is she," thought Bertram, seized with guilty tremors; "she has come to hunt for it," and he remained motionless.

So did she. There was not the smallest vibrating rustle from her silent figure. Bertram rattled the paper, stabbed a little hole through it with his finger, and peeped at her. She was standing in the doorway, peering about the room, and she was the young lady with the yellow shoes. She was charmingly pretty, in a light dress of striped flannel and a loose shirt of thin silk, made like a boy's. Under the turned-down collar was knotted a four-in-hand necktie of white piqué, and about her waist was a woven silk belt clasped with a silver S. She was slowly sweeping the room with a long glance, only her head moving, her figure finely erect, her right thumb in her belt, and her left hand hanging by her side, and lightly clasping a little leathern thong which was wound about her knuckles. As to her head—that lovely head with strong brown hair curling up crisply under her sailor hat, delicately rounded cheeks, and gravely pouting lips—it was an image of soft, delicious beauty. At her side sat a little pug-dog on its haunches, gasping and rolling its eyes.

She cast a hurried glance at the gentleman reading the paper, and walked into the room, looking intently about the floor.

"What would she say," thought Bertram, as she passed him in her search, "if I were to innocently ask her what she's looking for, and gallantly offer to help her find it? But I'll spare her that, even though I do appear a clown," and the hero peeped again.

She was certainly hunting thoroughly. She moved several of the chairs, drew up the lace curtains and looked under them, peered into all the corners and under the tables and round the desks.

"What the deuce could she have been doing?" thought the young man; "she must have been playing puss-in-the-corner or forfeits. I'll burst with curiosity soon, and hit her with one of the pieces."

When she had searched everywhere, she straightened herself with a sigh, threw one last reluctant look about the room, and calling to the pug, "Come along, dearest; it isn't here," departed.

Bertram laid down the paper and looked after her. She appeared to him to have a singular amount of *sang-froid*, also a very graceful back. How well she walked! How proudly she carried her small dark head!

When she was out of sight, he cautiously drew forth the yellow band and studied the monogram. It was exceedingly complicated, and seemed to him to consist mainly of large B's, with small O's distributed about them.

"B. & O.," said he musingly; "Baltimore and Ohio! Perhaps her papa is a railway man, and this is a touching evidence of filial devotion. What a sweet girl!"

Mr. Lamar was not bored that afternoon. He was consumed with perplexity. How could he return the lost treasure to its owner without causing her embarrassment, without making her his enemy for life? If it had been anything else, how delightfully he could have broken the ice with it! But to break the ice with that historic emblem—impossible! It would have exactly the opposite effect, and cause the ice to form as beneath a breath from the Arctic.

He roamed about listlessly. It was a warm afternoon, and outside the glass doors there was a great blaze and glare of sun. After lunch, the guests dispersed. The dowagers lumbered upstairs to appear resplendent at dinner-time, and sit along the ball-room walls, watching three gyrating couples try to imagine, like the ambitious little goats who endeavored to persuade themselves that they were cows, that they were attending a large and select ball of the most brilliant gayety and fashion. The younger married women also withdrew, to lounge away the afternoon in golden-moted gloom behind drawn blinds. Driving-parties started out with laughter and gay voices, the snapping of whips, and the grinding of gravel under revolving wheels. Away they whirled down the drive, streaked with already lengthening shadows, to range along winding yellow roads beside the many-sounding sea, where dark, writhing cypresses crouched before the angry breezes, or steal through noiseless, dim, dun-colored woods, silent and dripping with funereal mosses, the sad ghosts of once green and whispering forests. Some of the young ladies strolled over the lawn, away through light and shade, parasol on shoulder, book in hand.

Then it grew very hot and still. The surf boomed faintly on the distant shore. There was the long roll and crash of balls from the bowling-alley, and a gentle, occasional clicking from the billiard-room. The clerk read a novel with his feet on the desk; down in the barber's shop the barbers were all sitting in white jackets, reading papers. In the glass-covered end of the balcony enormous flies buzzed ceaselessly, and bees swung in the cups of the huge drowsy-headed poppies. The shadows stole across the velvet sward, a leaf circled languidly downward through sun and shade. The afternoon was steeped in the strange silence which broods over the Californian landscape. Here was a condition of things to have bored a newly liberated convict, to have subdued the high spirits of a miss fresh from the convent.

But Mr. Lamar was not bored. He even did not care whether he looked so or not. His pride was shattered. He sat on the balcony, and there being no one to dispute his loneliness, he put both his legs over the arm of his chair, clasped his hands behind his head, and tilted his hat on to the

bridge of his nose. From under the hat-brim rose occasional thin spirals of smoke and long sighs.

"I must give it to her this evening," he thought; "I'll wrap it up in paper and tie one of the ribbons round it that are on that mouchoir-case Milly gave me. Then, if she asks me—as of course she will—what it is, I'll say carelessly: 'Oh, nothing! Just a little trifle I think belongs to you. Don't hurry to open it. Have you noticed what a beautiful night it is?' And so I'll engage her in absorbing conversation. But if the conversation is not sufficiently absorbing and she begins to open it, I must flee from the wrath to come. And when next I meet her, dying to speak or even bow to her, there will be a wall of ice raised between us. She will turn her profile toward me and become engrossed in the beauties of the landscape. Such is the irony of fate."

The languorous afternoon burned itself away in loitering stages of deepening light and color to a smoldering crimson sunset. Dinner loomed in the near distance, and was awaited with fond expectancy. At seven o'clock, Mr. Lamar came slowly down the broad stairs, looking as handsome as the young Dionysius in his dress-suit, his shining shirt-bosom, and a white pink in his buttonhole. The hall was full of moving figures and a blaze of light and color. Gay running laughter and broken ends of sentences detached themselves from the hum of voices. Splendidly dressed ladies passed and repassed in couples, in threes, in long lines, or stood in groups, with the gas-light breaking in myriad little splinters on their tumbled trains of soft silk, and sliding with glossy radiance along their half-bared arms. There was a fluttering and sweeping of fans, a rustling of rich crushed fabrics.

Outside there was still light. Through breaks in the foliage gleamed the fiery eye of the angry sunset. The summits of the taller trees were touched with a lingering brightness, but in their odorous shadows lurked the reluctant dewy dusk. Mr. Lamar was too perturbed in mind to care to mingle with the gay, loud-voiced, laughing crowd. He wished for solitude, and directed his steps toward the little writing-room. He had not wrapped the treasure in paper, nor tied it up with a ribbon from his mouchoir-case. He had not done anything with it. He did not dare. The sight of its owner might inspire him to the desperate pitch of boldly offering it to her, or suggest to him some cunning way of returning it without betraying the identity of the finder. With these ideas in his mind he carried it still in his pocket, in company with his keys, jingling on the end of a chain.

The gas in the writing-room was not lit. Red gleams shot in from between the great boles of the cedar-trees and touched the sea-green walls. Mr. Lamar liked the softened light and the pensively faint prospect, and went to the open window. Just outside it, on the balcony, in a Shaker rocking-chair, was the young lady who had worn the yellow shoes. She was reading and rocking, her pug in her lap; and if she was pretty in her flannel morning-dress, words can not describe her in a mist of fine black gauze, cut square round her neck, and showing her arms to the elbow. Her skin was as white and flawless as a blanched almond. There was the gleam of a gold pin from the shadow of her dark hair, and a jewel hung round her neck rose and fell with her quiet breath. As she read, she absently pulled the pug's ears, which drowsed with its eyes half-open and its head against her arm.

Lamar looked. She turned the page. The pug, disturbed, rose to its fore-paws, gazed at her with an expression of idiotic fondness, and tried to lick her chin. She avoided this demonstration of affection by moving her chin from side to side, keeping her eyes still on the book. The pug continuing, she struck it gently, observing:

"Don't, you bad little abominable dog!"

"I beg your pardon," said Lamar suddenly from the window.

The lady looked up, with the raised eyebrows of polite inquiry.

"I have something of yours," said the young man, desperately, and in a low tone.

"Yes? What is that?"

"I—I—don't quite know. Or, rather—well—but—um! I didn't like to leave it at the office. I thought—yes—I thought—" He leaned out of the window, with his closed hand extended. "Here it is."

She held out her hand, and he dropped it in. She looked, and gave an exclamation of joy that caused the pug to jump to the ground.

"Oh, how glad I am! Thanks so much. Thanks awfully! I was so afraid it was lost. Isn't that lucky?" And she looked affectionately at the returned treasure, with her head on one side.

There was light enough to see her face distinctly. She did not exhibit a sign of embarrassment, not the ghost of a blush. Lamar felt a sudden chill of disappointment and disapprobation.

"You found it in there?" she said, indicating the writing-room, and looking up at him with frank, candid eyes; "yes; that's where it was lost."

"I—supposed so," said Lamar, with a wan smile.

"I looked for it myself this morning all over," she continued; "under everything; but it was gone."

"Yes?" said the young man, with a fatuously inquiring air. ("If she knew I was behind the paper, she'd ask me why I didn't give it to her then and there; and what the deuce would I say? I couldn't tell her that I was afraid she would be embarrassed, for such an idea has apparently never entered her head. I must dissemble," thought he.)

"I value this very much," she went on, turning it over in her hand.

"I should imagine so."

"You see there is only one like it. There is not a single duplicate anywhere."

She looked smilingly into his face. Lamar stared at her in stupefied horror.

"Only one—did you say?" he managed to articulate in a faint voice.

"Only one," she repeated, nodding her head; "it was made to order."

There was a moment of silence. Lamar made no comment, but continued to stare vacantly at her. He was thinking: "It must have been an accident. She can't be a veteran of the war. I might have known it—the law of compensation gain. Such a lovely face as that must have some counterbalancing defect."

"When you have only one—and that such a pet," she continued, not noticing his silence, "you like to have everything as pretty as possible."

"Yes, yes. Of course, of course," ejaculated Lamar, laughing idiotically. "If you have only one, I expect it must be somewhat of a treasure," he thought. Then he added oldly, but with the air of confiding a piece of news: "I have two."

"Two?" said the young lady, with vivacious interest; "what kind?"

Lamar looked askance at her, in alarmed silence. Was he doubly afflicted? She was stroking the pug with the tips of her fingers, and there was nothing in her placid expression to suggest mania of any form.

"The same as everybody else's," he answered, with some hauteur; "are the people in this part of the country in the habit of managing with one?"

"As a rule, they have only one; it's so much less bother. Though, to be sure, I have a friend who has—let me see—eleven."

"She must be a centipede," thought Lamar; "I seem to be encountering remarkable freaks of nature. There is a fortune waiting here for any one who wants to start up a dime museum." Then he remarked aloud, regarding her with his head on one side, a tolerant, fond smile on his lips: "That must be quite an *embarras de richesses*, especially when you're walking."

"They do get rather in the way," admitted the young lady; "but most of them are very well trained."

"Very clever of them, I am sure," murmured Lamar, leaning against the window-frame, and feeling that he was about to swoon.

There was another short silence, during which the girl continued to examine her restored treasure. Presently she said, musingly: "I see the threads are broken. She has broken them once before, though I don't see how she can possibly do it."

Lamar only stared and swallowed. She held his glance with a horrible, eerie fascination.

"You know she loves to run about so," she prattled on; she ran away from me this morning, and when she came back, it was gone. She must have crept under the table, and come out until she had got it off."

"Who is she?" asked Lamar, in a voice from the tombs.

"She? Why, Bobo—my pug. Isn't she a beauty? Come up here, Bobo—patting her knee—" "I want to put our collar on, and show this gentleman, who was kind enough to return it, how pretty you look when you're all dressed up," he held the band round the dog's neck, and, turning to Lamar, said, with laughing archness: "Isn't it becoming?"

Lamar sat down on the window-sill. He was not bored, but he took up the morning paper, which lay on an adjacent desk, and began to fan himself with it, though the evening had grown cool.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Professor Christian Henry Frederick Peters, who died of apoplexy in the Litchfield Observatory recently, was probably the most curious figure in American college life. Like a true German professor, Professor Peters did not feel a very intense interest in teaching the young men of Hamilton College all he knew about astronomy in thirteen weeks. He appeared in the class-room with clock-work regularity, went through the lesson conscientiously, bled an examination at the end of the term, and that was all. Professor Peters said that "a young man had no desire to learn, he had no desire to make him learn, for the young man was the only one concerned, and, therefore, the only one to choose. This rather realistic philosophy did not work out on the German university plan, however. Callow upper-class men, who wished to get free to join a South College poker-game, often engaged friends to answer their names at roll-call, and to recite for them, if necessary, in the astronomy class. Professor Peters was too near-sighted to remark any incongruities of appearance which might result from such arrangements. Not infrequently three or four men would leap out of the window of the class-room while Professor Peters was at the blackboard. If the old astronomer's attention was attracted by the shutting off of light or the clicking of a heel on the window-sill, he remarked, indifferently: "Der gentleman might choost as vell go out der door." He was very outspoken concerning his dislikes. Few men were less to his liking than the Rev. Dr. Henry Darling, resident of the college. Dr. Darling was called to the presidency about seven years ago to raise a five hundred thousand Presbyterian endowment fund for the institution. He has never raised the fund, although he has announced annually that he was just on the point of doing so. Professor Peters had no patience with this sort of thing, and not long ago, when the president made his familiar announcement once more in faculty meeting, he commented audibly: "Dere must be a liar somewhere about in dis room."

Brasenose College, Oxford, has just regained a lost possession, and one which it apparently holds dear. This is the quaint bronze knocker from which it derived its name; the old knocker having been alienated from its ancient home for nearly six centuries. When the Oxford "scholars" migrated to Stamford in 1334, in consequence of a feud which then distracted the university, they carried off this knocker with them; and ever since then it had remained on the door of the house in which they settled. This house was, however, older than once; and the other day, when it was again on the market, Brasenose itself became the purchaser, and bore off once more the ancient emblem. It represents a lion's face, with a ring through the mouth, and was probably introduced in the twelfth century. Surely this is the first time on record that a house has been bought for the sake of its knocker!

A LESSON IN LIVERIES.

"Cockaigne" repeats his Conversation with a New York Woman.

"One thing I mean to do before I return home is to select proper liveries for my men-servants," said an American lady to me, the other day. She was a prominent New York lady of fashion, who had been making a long stay in London during the season, and, thanks to the kind patronage of Mrs. Ronalds, Mrs. Mackay, and several other leaders of the American colony, had been received into the best society, and been made the recipient of much gracious attention from the Prince of Wales.

"I thought you already had all that sort of thing in New York," I replied.

"So we have," she went on; "so we have—or think we have. All who have carriages have liveries on their servants. But they are awfully slovenly and faulty in nine cases out of ten. I never was so much struck with it as I have been during my present visit to England. I used to think our liveries were perfection. I didn't know any better. But now I do," she ended up, proudly. "I see how absurd they are."

"I quite agree with you," I said, honestly mistaking her meaning; "liveries on servants in a republic are most inconsistent. Nothing could be more absurd."

She opened her eyes and looked at me hard.

"Agree with me? Indeed, you do no such thing, if you say that. What I mean is that it makes me quite ashamed to think how ridiculous my coachman and footman must have looked all this time."

"Yes; and why?"

"To begin with, they had no crest on their silver-plated buttons."

"Then you have a crest?"

"Why, certainly."

"And what is it?"

"Well" (little cough), "I don't know—yet. That is to say, we have a crest. There is a Van Hornschamer crest, of course. So they assured me at Parkins and Gotto's, whom I have employed to look it up for me in the Herald's College. They are to let me know in a day or two."

"I think I can make a fair guess at what it will be. I'll lay you a wager it will be either a hand, holding a dagger, or a griffin's head, with its mouth open. Those are the two stock crests for crestless applicants in England, and, no doubt, a good many go to Americans in the same condition."

"If they give me either, I won't take them, then," she replied, with a toss of her head.

"I'm afraid it will be Hobson's choice with you if you don't. They won't stultify their researches by getting you another."

"I don't care. I shall choose one for myself. I saw such a pretty one, the other day, on the silver at a dinner-party. I shall adopt that."

"But you can't do that," I said.

"And why not? Didn't the——" (mentioning the name of some very great New York swells of recent elevation, through the helping hand of Ward McAllister), "adopt Lord Mandeville's crest after he paid them a visit?"

"I suppose they found it was the only way of securing a return of their hospitality."

"Perhaps they did. But they've got it all the same."

"But I thought you wanted your liveries to be correct," I urged.

"Certainly."

"They wouldn't be if you had somebody else's crest on the buttons."

"Who would know the difference?" she asked, womanlike.

"You would yourself. I should sooner have no crest at all than one to which I had no right."

"But don't you see, there are no questions of right to crests in America."

"I can't make out then why you should want any."

"Oh, they look so pretty, and no livery is correct without one."

"I saw it was useless to argue with her."

"And what is the crest you have taken such a fancy to?" I asked.

"It was a coronet, with a cow's head coming out of it."

"A bull's head, I suppose you mean?"

She turned very red and her eyes flashed with suppressed indignation; but she said nothing.

"I beg your pardon," I stammered; "a cow's head, then. It doesn't really signify." She still looked very cross.

"A cow's head out of a coronet, eh? Hum. That's the Neville crest." Still no notice. "It would be very absurd for you, with not a drop of Neville blood in your veins, to take forcible possession of their family crest. It would be quite as bad as putting cockades in your servants' hats."

She opened her eyes very wide and stared at me.

"I'm going to have cockades," she answered, sullenly; "every one in England has cockades in their servants' hats."

"Pardon me," said I; "you make a huge mistake if you think so. In England, people do not put a cockade in their servants' hats unless they have the right to do so."

"The right!" with a sniff; "the right, again!"

"Exactly. Only certain county officials and army officers, both active and retired, have that right. No one else would dream of using them. I know a lot of ignorant or brazen snobs have them, but I am talking of ladies and gentlemen, whom I venture to suppose it is your wish to follow in such matters."

"But everybody in New York has them."

"And I thought you said a moment ago that the liveries there were incorrect."

She patted her foot on the floor impatiently.

"The liveries, yes. Not the cockades."

"But a cockade is a part of the livery."

"I never heard of such a thing," with a disdainful laugh.

"Evidently not."

"Liveries are the coats and the—the—the other things."

"The breeches and top-boots, you mean," I supplied, helpfully.

Another flash of indignant eyes, followed by haughty silence.

"But perhaps you only intend your servants to wear trousers?"

She had to laugh in spite of herself.

"I should be sorry to think they should wear nothing else," she said; "I should certainly create a sensation in Central Park if I adopted that style."

"I expressed myself badly," I explained, put out with myself for giving her the chance to score; "I meant trousers instead of breeches."

"I must beg of you to say no more about it," she interrupted, quickly; "I think you have said quite enough," and she turned her head to address some one else near by.

"But," I said, "I am deeply interested in the subject, and should be very glad to help you in any way that I am able in your selection of liveries. I'm sure I humbly beg your pardon if I've said anything to offend you."

She turned her head back again, with a mollified smile.

"Why, certainly. Don't mention it. I shall be glad to have your assistance."

"You say you want proper liveries."

"Yes, I do."

"Well, then, the plainer and simpler you have them, the better. Don't go in for bright, glaring colors. Snobs do that. There are, I know, a few old families who have decidedly loud liveries. The oldness of their names and the fact that they have had the liveries for centuries, save them from being thought vulgar. Age excuses everything in England. But if a lot of new people went in for the same thing, it would be execrable taste. Loads of snobs do, but they are only laughed at by people who know anything. You don't want to copy them?"

"No; certainly not."

"So I supposed. What are your servants?"

"Englishmen."

"I don't mean their nationality. Are they grooms, coachmen, footmen, or what?"

"Only one coachman and one footman. That's quite enough in America."

"More than enough, I think. Have their coats made of dark-blue cloth, with silver-plated buttons, and a crest, if you can find one that legitimately belongs to you—otherwise better have a monogram. The coachman first. His coat should be a single-breasted frock, buttoned up high over a plain white flat scarf and a high-standing shirt-collar. The skirts of the coat must be short, and on his legs—"

There was another dignified flash of the eyes. "And on his legs," I hurried on, "he should wear top-boots with white tops, and white-leather breeches. Stay. This is the name they are called in England. I know of no other name by which to call the poor things."

"There is such a thing as needless repetition," she replied, with her head in the air and her eyes resting fiercely upon the top of a distant row of Lombardy poplars—it was at a garden-party; "suppose we proceed to the consideration of the footman."

"In one moment. Just a word more about the coachman. The livery I describe is really that of a groom, but in a small establishment the coachman is the groom and the groom the coachman, as occasion requires. Although he wears a waistcoat, in no case must it ever be exposed to view. Now, for the footman. I will get over the only difficulty at once and say that his trousers—"

"Why not say pants?" she gulped out, as if even this compromise were an overpowering effort and jar to her refined sensibilities.

"Because the word is not English, if applied to outside clothing. However, to save time, we'll say that the footman's pants should be dark-blue cloth like his coat, which is a short-tailed, double-breasted dress-coat, worn open or held together by linked buttons. His waistcoat should be blue, like his coat. You can have red if you like, but blue is the better taste. It should be rather low cut and show a clean flat shirt-front and a high-standing shirt-collar, around which is tied a narrow white linen or cambric necktie. The shirt-collars of both coachman and footman should not meet under the chin, but show about three inches of the bare throat. The hats of both should be tall silk, kept sleek and glossy, and in no event should there be cockades in them."

She tossed her head defiantly and bit her lip. She was clearly bent on cockades.

"A gold or silver band round the hats is used only by a few old families who have had them from time immemorial. To begin with, one would be inexpressibly vulgar. A word about overcoats. Thick dark-blue or drab cloth, double-breasted, of frock-coat pattern, and the skirts reaching to the heels. Over these, in winter only, you may put fur capes. When not in use, the overcoats are folded so as to show the two rows of breast buttons, and hang over the back of the coach-box. There, I may not have given you what you'll consider a very showy—"

"Very showy?" she said under her breath, as she shrugged her shoulders.

"A very showy livery," I went on; "but it is in all respects what you want—an eminently proper one."

The interrogative tone of her slowly said "Yes?" followed by an immediate ending of the conversation by her hasty departure to speak to some newly arrived friends, demonstrated beyond the peradventure of a doubt that I had had my labor for my pains. In the hope, however, that there may be some other American ladies who, while yearning for a proper livery, have in view gold-laced trousers, sky-blue coats, Hessian boots, scarlet collars, and yellow pocket-flaps, I transcribe our conversation for their edification and benefit.

LONDON, August 15, 1890.

COCKAIGNE.

It is said that in the Vatican Library at Rome there are seventeen love-letters written by Henry the Eighth to the cruelly wronged Anne Boleyn.

ANDRÉ WAS FRESH.

An Incident in the Career of Mary Hennessey.

"André is too fresh."

This criticism was crisply made by Mary, after several vain attempts to blow an arrow of smoke through a ring which had preceded the arrow from her pouting lips.

Every one in the party had been lazily absorbed in the ring-and-arrow experiment; not that it was new, but the occasion was that listless half-hour after dinner when any careless diversion is welcome if it does not require thought. So no one replied to the remark about André, until John's failure to induce a raisin to incrust itself with rubies in a glass of claret, as it will with diamonds in a glass of champagne.

This afforded a chance for Frank, and in fact he appeared to be particularly interested in Mary's remark.

"André is the best waiter in the Café d'Or," he said.

"André," repeated Mary, beckoning to John for a fresh cigarette, "is too fresh."

As there was something incisive in her tone, something which suggested a piquant reason for the comment, the party showed a willingness to hear more, and did not notice a special eagerness in the interest of Frank and Sarah.

Mary's stories always interested her set. She made more frequent excursions into the outer world than did her companions, and they heard her experiences without envy and with profit. Some of them wrote up her stories into sketches and sold them; some of them got ideas for illustrations from the same lively source; but this graceless stealing of her material displeased her not at all—she ate, and drank, and smoked the proceeds of the stories and pictures, and remained the pet of the party. Mary is—but I can not describe her. You, dear reader, have not a dictionary of the newspaper-shop and studio slang in which alone I have heard her praises sung, and the language would convey but meagre meaning to your unused ear. It is enough to say, for this short acquaintance, that

"She dresses herself in her showy fal-lals,
And doesn't read Tupper a bit."

She dresses herself to pose for her friends, the artists; she reads what her scribbling friends write—and thinks it monstrous clever.

After the north light has faded from the studios, and before the electric-light draws its reluctant moths into the newspaper shops, she and her set dine in a droll little restaurant with saw-dust floors, strangely mixed company—and a cook who shall have an obituary which will make the angels turn green with envy, if I outlive him and his sauces!

Mary took her cigarette, and as she plucked the redundant weed from one end, Frank said:

"Well, what's André been doing?"

"As you know, children, I did not dine with you last night. I—"

"You dined with that insufferable Morton!" suddenly interrupted John; "I might have known he was not hanging around my studio for art alone when you were posing for—"

"Posing for art alone, Johnnie, as you have not paid me last week's wages, which you could have done, as Morton, on my sweet account, paid *you* your own price for that Tamalpais sketch."

"Johnnie, dear," lisped Sarah, "if you will kindly keep still until some one asks you to speak, we shall have—er—ah—eh?"

Sarah did not finish her sentence, she seldom does, but as John kept still, Mary began once more:

"André is too fresh. If it were not so, the young hut *not* insufferable Mr. Morton would still cherish in me his ideal of a sweet young thing, willing, under tremendous pressure, to witness, in timid and awe-struck amazement, his terrific plunges into the mad, wicked world; would still regard me as a modest, wayside violet, trembling in the glaring flood of light which his, er, hold and naughty, er—what's the matter, Sarah, love?"

Sarah was giggling, and Frank, who had looked at his watch several times, said:

"Just hoil the story, Mary, sweetheart. I must slide to the shop, soon, and while I dote on you when you talk grand, you never arrive. Now, Morton is a sweet, inexperienced hoy, recently afflicted with a million. He met you in John's studio and was moved with the commendable impulse to give you a new experience. Go on from there."

"When I am worth two hundred millions," resumed Mary, icily, "I shall buy you, Frankie, and present you with your leisure, so that conversation may be possible in your company. Well, we—Master Morton and I—went to the Café d'Or for dinner. I feel sure I looked charmingly frightened as André ushered us into a *cabinet particulier*. But André started in to 'pi' things, at the very start. Morton held a chair for my fluttering form on the mirror side of the table; André pulled out the opposite chair, with the cheerful remark: 'Mademoiselle prefers this side.'

"Morton looked a trifle queer, but proceeded to order dinner in a kindergarten manner, which caused André to favor me with a long, solemn wink. I looked back with my well-known haughty stare—the one I practiced for Johnnie's picture, 'Rejected'—but it ended dismally, for just then Morton ordered a sweet wine. André nearly fainted, but did not, I grieve to say. Instead, he murmured: 'And for mademoiselle? Shall I *frappé* a bottle of some dry brand? She can not drink sweet.' I dropped my haughty look and tried a beseeching one, but André appeared to be too indignant with Morton to notice me—I was not in it. Neither my feelings nor the general tone of the situation were improved by André's next effort. I had, with great difficulty, been prevailed upon to try just one cocktail before the dinner began—merely to learn what they were like, urged my *blasé vis-à-vis*—and when the order was given, André asked Morton if he would have a dash of absinthe in *his*, also. Morton appeared to notice the fact that I had said nothing about a dash of

absinthe in *mine*, and André's *also* made Morton think—or try to."

"Mary!" broke in Sarah, in assumed terror; "did André tell Morton that you never eat potatoes or sugar, because they make you fat, and did he—?"

"André was so thoughtful as to give both those warnings, Sarah; but how did you guess? He also requested Morton to add a little red pepper and lime to the seasoning of my fillet; he asked me if I would have a double proportion of oil in my plain salad-dressing, 'as usual,' and made things agreeable for me in my *ingénue* rôle in so many cheerful ways that his *faux pas* seemed almost inspired. Poor dear Mr. Morton was quite bewildered, and when I finally consented to smoke just one cigarette, gave me his jeweled case with some evident doubt whether I would not offer him one instead."

"And did you, sweetheart?" asked John.

"No; but André, when he passed the case, saw that it contained Cairos, and promptly gave me a package of Virginias, gallantly explaining, at the time, that *they* were my choice. Even that might not have entirely penetrated Morton's sweet little head, but the last act queered me. When my luxurious host rang for a carriage to send me home in, he started in to give André my address. Then that most extraordinary waiter bowed suavely and said: 'N'importe. The driver will know—' Sarah, what *are* you laughing at? The story is tragic!"

"I know, dear; but André did so well! Frank and I were in the next *cabinet* and coached André between the courses."

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1890.

The application for perpetual-motion patents are so many that the department has gotten up a blank which is filled out for all such applicants. On many other things a working model is not required, and they grant the patent on designs and drawings. To the perpetual-motion cranks they send back the money, which they forward with their application, with one of these blanks, which reads as follows:

"Sir: Your ———, an alleged perpetual motion, has been received with the fee therefor.

"Before entering said ——— on the books of the office, it is thought proper to advise you, in order to save you further expense and labor, that the views of the office coincide with those of scientists in general, in regard to mechanical perpetual motions—that they are impossibilities. Should your ——— be the first official action would be the requirement of a working model ———, the office being aware that it will be impossible for you to comply with this requirement.

"For the reasons given you, ——— and the accompanying fee are herewith returned.

"If, notwithstanding this notice, you still desire your ——— and the fee to be accepted by the office, you may return them and they will be retained.

Very respectfully,

CHARLES E. MITCHELL,
"Commissioner of Patents."

It will be seen from this that the Patent Office promptly advises all applicants for perpetual-motion patents that there is no hope of their success, and that they will only accept their application and money if they insist upon it. Many of the would-be patentees get very angry at this notice. They return the money, and insist upon the patent, but they do not get so far as to make the working model required. The Patent Office does not wish to make money out of enthusiasts. It is run on a common sense, business basis, and it is the best-paying bureau in Uncle Sam's great governmental machine. It is one of the few departments that bring in more every year than they pay out, and it has a balance in the treasury to its credit of more than three and one-half million dollars. It made, last year, one hundred and eighty-six thousand dollars more than it spent, and it granted, during that time, more than twenty-one thousand patents. Its officers embrace some of the most skilled thinkers of the country, and it is a big machine, run on business principles, in the interest of the people.

The following list of questions, in the line of developing the perceptive faculties, have been compiled by Louise Stockton:

When you go to your room at night, can you walk directly to the match-box and put your hand on it?

When you turn out your light and leave your room, do you have to fumble for the door, or can you go straight across the room and take hold of the knob?

Can you, at night, walk among the trees without running into them, or keep the garden-path as directly as you would were it daylight?

If you wish to estimate the size of anything, do you know enough of feet and inches to make a fair guess by simply looking at it?

Can you guess the height of a hat by sight?

Can you calculate the weight of a book, a box of matches, a bat, a ball, a glass of water, a letter, by holding it in your hand?

If you hear street-cars, where there is a double track, can you tell by the sound which way they are coming?

If you are near a river, can you locate a steamboat by sound?

Can you use your knowledge of music in analyzing the progressions of a steam-whistle? Can you tell on which tone it stops?

With your eyes shut, can you tell what kind of a flower is put to your nose?

Can you tell from the bark of the trees the points of the compass?

Can you, by listening, tell what kind of a vehicle is coming, and how many horses are attached to it? Do you know the difference in sound made by four and by eight hoofs?

Can you match colors without samples; carry colors and shades in your memory?

By the touch only, can you tell which material is cotton, which is woolen? Can you from a bunch of different-colored zephyrs pick out a black strand, keeping your eyes shut?

Can you, by the taste only, tell what kind of meat you are eating?

Can you decide what flavor has been used in a glass of soda-water?

Does a rose-petal taste like that of a violet? Do hard water and soft water taste alike?

In short, do you use your senses? Do you train your observation, and then remember what you observe?

Professor Huxley has a son-in-law who is something of an artist and still more of a wag. A recent picture from his studio represents his young wife, the professor's beautiful daughter, fast asleep in an arm-chair. At her feet, its pages tumbled by its fall, is a book, of which the title, "Lay Sermons by Huxley," may be plainly discerned.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

"Nellie Bly" has made an arrangement with one of the flash publishers of the East to write serials for three years. The first year she gets ten thousand dollars; the second and third, fifteen thousand dollars each, and no rebate.

The Princess Marie Studolmine Bonaparte-Wyse—who is to marry Emilio Castelar, the distinguished Spanish statesman—is well known in the literary and social world as Mme. Rattazzi. Although she has already been married three times and is over forty years old, she still retains much of the beauty and brilliancy which made her the pet of the Second Empire.

Harper's *Bazar* says: "The scheme of Pundita Ramabai to rescue the child-widows of India, for which she enlisted substantial sympathy by her lectures in this country a year or two ago, is not proving as successful, it is said, as she and her friends hoped it would. A reform which strikes at one of the greatest social weaknesses of caste-bound India can not, however, be expected to travel with railway speed." It may be added to this, that the Pundita is living in luxurious style on the shekels she collected while over here.

The New York Ladies' Club has outgrown its quarters and been compelled to take a much larger house in a more central location. Beginning with a membership of thirty-five in November last, it now has more than two hundred names on its roll, while so great is the desire to join it that the fees have been twice raised. Whether this proves that the club instinct belongs to men and women alike, or that new things easily succeed in New York, or that ladies find a central place for unceremonious visiting more satisfactory than the primitive method of leaving cards, remains to be seen.

The Duchess of Buccleugh—with other leaders of London fashion—has decided that "society" must be protected from the inroads of financiers and Americans. Next year, no American is to be recognized socially who is not properly introduced by the United States Minister at the Court of St. James. These aristocratic confederates regard the Prince and Princess of Wales as inexcusably tolerant of the newly rich, and at Her Grace of Buccleugh's late ball and garden-party, which were very splendid affairs, hardly an American, a financier, or a "cotton lord" was to be seen, though the Marlborough House garden-party swarmed with them.

The Countess Tolstoi, who is a beautiful and accomplished woman, is unusually fond of gay society, but, to please her eccentric husband, she bravely denies herself social pleasures, and acts as private secretary to the novelist. She makes many type-written copies of those of his works whose publication in Russia is prohibited, and these are sent through the mail to their numerous friends. They have nine children, and all of the family converse fluently in English, French, and Russian, and most of them are musicians. The oldest child is an attractive girl of eighteen, who attempts to carry out her father's ideas by denying herself all indulgences, buying the cheapest of clothing, and imitating, so far as possible, the habits of the early Christians.

Mme. Zola, though a very devoted wife, has never read or tried to read one of her husband's works. She declares she is perfectly willing to believe what their warmest admirers say of them. Zola himself is not a bit disturbed by her indifference to his writings. He says that he married her, not on account of her intellect, but on account of her heart, and thinks that it is a great mistake for any man, especially if literary, to do otherwise. One of his cardinal articles of faith is that a literary couple can seldom agree, holding that the exceptions are too few to affect the rule. He says he has known a number of Frenchmen whose literary consorts made their lives miserable. He names "George Sand" as a model literary woman, and declares no man could be intimate with her for any length of time without magnificent dissensions.

One of the most famous of modern pictures is Hans Makart's "Diana Hunting" (writes Eugene Field from Vienna to the *Chicago News*), and perhaps the most striking figure in this animated grouping is that of a beautiful naiad in the foreground. When the picture was first exhibited, this particular figure created a wondrous sensation. The tradition has been that an Austrian nobleman, falling in love with the figure upon the canvas, prosecuted a search for the beautiful original and married her. The truth about this has just come to light. A short time ago, the model herself appeared in a Vienna police-court to answer to the charge of vagrancy. She told a remarkable story. Made famous by Makart's masterpiece, she was sought in marriage by many, and finally wedded with a Vienna tradesman, an exceedingly well-to-do man. The poor fellow seems to have been infatuated by the girl's singular beauty, and she, flattered out of her wits by the compliments of the town and her suddenly acquired fame, exercised so evil a spell upon her spouse that from a keen man of business he betimes sunk into a condition of sensuous slothfulness, and, neglecting his pursuits, eventually became involved in debt and presently died in poverty. For a considerable period the widow subsisted upon the charity of friends, but by degrees these resources became exhausted, and now, in her age, the once famous beauty is homeless, penniless, and a vagrant. Traces of personal beauty still remain, her figure is still remarkably fine, and her hearing is that of royalty. She repeated in court a number of interesting reminiscences. At one time she appealed for help to a certain lady who had expressed great admiration for Makart's masterpiece. "You must really excuse me," answered this grand dame, "but I am not in the habit of giving clothes to women who have made a profession of going without any." All that the court could do for the famous naiad was to commit her to the custody of one of the charitable institutions of Vienna. So the naiad's vicissitudinous career will end in the poor-house.

VANITY FAIR.

Her Maiden Reverie.

I sit, my cheek upon my hand,
And grieve, with ample reason:
I mourn the year of '90—and
I mourn the buried season.

The men have flocked about me all
Upon the sandy beaches,
They've danced with me through many a ball,
And galloped windy reaches.

They've hailed me up the mountain-side;
They've helped me o'er the river—
But though my waiting-maid's a bride,
Yet I go on forever—
And men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

They sang, they sailed, they talked, they danced—
So many summer swallows—
But never one of all advanced,
As usually follows.

They took me yachting 'mong the gulls,
With brightsome breezes blowing,
And rowed me home with four-pair sculls—
A curious way of rowing.

They did—they did—I know not what—
Tom, Richard, likewise Harry—
I only know what they did not:
They didn't once say "Marry!"

And that is why I sit and sigh,
And with sufficient reason;
What comfort is it now that I
Was Belle of all the Season?

The modern man's a celibate—
Perhaps that's where he's clever—
His girls may still await their fate,
While he flirts on forever—
He'll flirt me on to twenty-eight;
And I'll go on forever—
Forever—
And I'll go on forever!
—Puck.

No voice from the harem has been heard for a long time like that which has come from a Turkish lady, Adalet, in the August *Nineteenth Century*. It has been supposed that the Turkish paradise was impenetrable, and now we have the anomaly of an article written for one of the first of the magazines by an intelligent mistress of a harem, who throws more light upon the present condition of Turkish women than can be gleaned from all the writing by Western parties that has heretofore been accessible. The education of a few Turkish girls in the schools of modern Europe has opened their eyes and changed their views, and some of them have dared to carry the laws and principles which obtain among Christian women into their Mohammedan homes. They have been reinforced by a few Turkish boys, who, educated at Paris or at Oxford, have learned that one wife is better than twenty slaves, and that the Turkish girls are better adapted by nature to second their views than the Circassians. This outside education has gone on, *pari passu*, until both sexes have reached the point where they could have Turkish opinions and carry out their European ideas of what married life ought to be. The revelations of the harem which the writer, Adalet, makes, dispel my fascination which it may have had for the minds of Western people. It is a system that has grown out of slavery, and which had its counterpart in the South, to some extent, before the war. The Turkish woman at her marriage receives a dowry of female slaves, or, if she is not thus enriched, her husband is apt to provide them for her. Though they do not take the place of the lawful wife and have no written contract which maintains their relation to the Turkish head of the household, they are closely connected with him, when the slaves bear him children, and the home life is such a mixed affair, with the children of the lawful wife and the children of the female slaves taking each the side of its own mother, that the only outcome of the household is for each woman to look out for herself and her children. This takes away the motive for moral improvement and prevents individual mothers from making proper efforts to bring up their children to conscientious and modest living. The harem simply ministers continually to the lower passions and immiserates and perpetuates this sort of life from generation to generation. What is most notable in this tale is that Adalet, of whom we know nothing personally except that she is a young lady who has been cut up in a harem, writes with the instincts and spirit of a modest and virtuous woman, and points out what is objectionable and repulsive in the life at her surroundings her, without using a single word that would not be read aloud in the best society. Evidently she is a woman who has been educated in European schools, and has carried her fine temper back to her Oriental home without in the least losing faith in the Mussul traditions. What she most notes in this harem life is that the slaves perpetuate the degradation in which they live, and that none of the defenses of virtue which European mothers consider of the first importance are taught by the Turkish women to their own daughters.

When gray-haired men smile at the girlish faces which peep out from beneath the visors of the new-fangled caps which give a dash of masculinity to the wretches, they are not thinking of the bright eyes which meet their own, and are guiltless of trying to be the ghost of a flirtation. The new fashion is simply a revival of an old one, with a variation of a degree in the sex of the wearer. Forty years ago every city boy wore a cloth cap, usually made with road top and a tassel hanging at the side, and adorned with a deep visor. Good little boys of the anford and Merton "type also wore trousers buttoned on their jackets, and a broad ruffled collar, lined with a lilack ribbon around their necks.

Pumps, tied with black ribbon, completed their attire. The maidens of the period having adopted the cap and collar of the youth of forty years ago, it is not strange that elderly men fancy they see in the girlish faces of the wearers the phantoms of their former selves.

Balzac has said that at thirty a woman is at her most fascinating and dangerous age—dangerous to the hearts of men. Perhaps no writer understood so well his own country-women as Balzac. But Balzac's criticisms would apply to a certain type of woman, more seen in France than in America. To the *blâsé* man of the world, the blushing *débutante* is peculiarly attractive. But it is the woman of thirty who whirls him in a vortex of emotions. She has lived and experienced, and is alert to every sensibility. She revels in the part of heroine, and in the disturbances and agitations of which she is the cause. She looks upon the dainty creature of twenty as milk and rosebuds—so simple. She goes on indefinitely playing her part. In perfect knowledge of her charms, unlike the "young thing" by her side, she uses each to advantage. She knows, through her well-trained intuition, the particular weakness of each victim. And with great *finesse*, she becomes, for the time, an enthusiast upon the same subject, pursues, with well-feigned sincerity, the same "fad," whether politics or athletics, theosophy or music—from Beethoven to Strauss—she will always be found a devotee to each. Flattery in its sweetest subtlety, satire in its keenest flashes, are well at her command. For the time is rapidly approaching when she must range among the lookers-on; when the chill of autumn will usher in the Indian summer. Fortunate is she if it brings with it the ripe graces and the poetic suggestions which give to that season of decay its most mellow charm.

A novel method of spending a honey-moon has recently been added to the list of unique wedding-journeys in coaches, on house-boats, or yachts. A young Viennese bridegroom procured for the trip a new furniture-van, with three horses and a driver. The interior he fitted up in a most daintily luxurious way, with every comfort and convenience dear to the feminine heart. The cooking problem would arise to any one but lovers, but whether the driver united the culinary art with that of handling the reins, or whether the young woman herself was a cooking-school graduate, is not known. Anyway, the pair expect to spend a two months' honey-moon, at a cost of little more than one hundred dollars per month, rumbling about the country in their own private conveyance, with buffet accommodations.

The Ladies' Club, as a social organization, is proving a somewhat dismal failure in London, where a few years ago it threatened to destroy the male caravansary entirely. It is moral, but lacks merriment; virtuous, but uncanny and spiritless. It requires the impetus of some well-defined purpose or aim to maintain its interest among members. Fair woman does not, as a rule, smoke or drink, or care much for cards. Eating and drinking without the presence of men is wearisome to the flesh. Conversation lacks animus without the manly element, and is like warm champagne—without snap and insipid to the taste. The club that flourishes, typically speaking, "like the green bay-tree," by the river side, is the club that is organized by men and for men, but to which fair woman is an invited, honored guest. Ladies who entertain their bachelor friends year after year, receiving their reward only where all good deeds are recompensed, in the dim hereafter, rejoice in this new club, where they may turn the tables on their bachelor guests. Perhaps the only person who does not really appreciate the new departure is the bachelor himself, for an entertainment to lovely ladies in one of those luxurious and highly aristocratic establishments is a heavy tax upon the financial resources of one whose income is limited.

Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in a recent Chautauqua address on the "Aristocracy of the Dollar," placed his finger upon the sorest spot in our social system—namely, its arrogant contempt of its own origin. He reminded his audience that Pope Urban, having been a cobbler, bravely, honestly took a cobbler's tools for his coat-of-arms, while, during a twelve years' residence in Newport, Mr. Higginson has never seen anything on any carriage to suggest that its owner had not inherited his wealth from a long line of kings. It is precisely this weak-minded, mean-spirited flunkynism which makes our aristocracy of wealth contemptible (says the *New York World*). Our aristocrats are ashamed of the honest toil or honest trade from which their money came; they hold in shame the memory of the fathers or grandfathers whose better pride in work made them rich. They hourly act a debasing lie for shame of an honorable truth. Some even openly talk of their aristocratic descent, and affect a superiority of birth because it was their grandfather, rather than their father, who lived over the shop wherein their money was made. In all this there is forgetfulness of the most honorable fact in the descent of American men—the fact, namely, that their ancestors were plebeians, or persons of what the English call "the middle class"; that is to say, that they are descended from honest men and women, and not from the Middle-Age highwaymen or the later de-

bauchees and royal favorites, who were the founders of Old World aristocratic families.

The superintendent of probably the largest grocery-store in New York remarked, in the course of a short talk, that it was about time for the newspapers to quit their silly jokes concerning the ignorance of society girls about cooking. "No newspaper reporter," he said, with a good deal of emphasis, "knows as much about it as I do. Our place is located near Central Park, near Fifth Avenue, and near Broadway. We are in the very middle of the richest and most aristocratic section of the city, and it is here that girls of wealth and position flock in greater numbers than anywhere else, except the opera. I have watched them for going on twenty years, and observed them closely. I have seen them come shyly in, with their mothers, when they were fifteen, and I have known them to bring their children in with them ten years later. I have known many hundred society girls to marry and take up housekeeping within a few weeks, and I tell you now that despite the newspaper wits and the army of people who write about things of which they know nothing, the number of society girls who are failures as housekeepers is infinitesimal compared to the number who succeed."

Nobility in England is being put to the same practical use as the Presidential office here—it is used as an "ad." to boom financial enterprise (says the *Illustrated American*). According to the "Directory of Directors," there are some twelve thousand five hundred Englishmen of social prominence who are receiving an average of five hundred dollars a year for lending their names as directors of companies. Some of these are *bona-fide* directors, who attend to their duties and earn their salaries. Others simply lend their names as decoys. A list of sixteen scions of noble houses has been printed whose names appear as directors of no less than one hundred and three companies. Of these, fifty-two are paying no dividends. John Bull may dearly love a lord, but he more dearly loves his pocket. The appearance of noble names on a gilt-edged prospectus no longer possesses the old-time fascination; it is actually beginning to be looked upon with suspicion. To deal a death-blow at an evil system, a bill was recently passed by the House of Commons, and is now before the House of Lords, which aims to protect small investors by making directors responsible for all losses that may accrue through misleading statements in their reports and prospectuses. Exactly what the House of Lords will do with it is uncertain. It is true that only eighty-seven out of the five hundred and eight peers in that House are themselves directors of public companies; but it is also true that a large number of their relatives and connections are engaged in this onerous business.

How few of us know that the stovepipe hat, which has come to be regarded as "quite foreign," originated in the United States and was introduced into Europe by Benjamin Franklin. The old gentleman came to Paris in the spring of 1790, wearing the simple attire of the Quakers. A distinguishing feature of this was the hat, which has narrowed and heightened into the fashionable "plug" of to-day. It was low-crowned and broad-brimmed, and presented so quaint an aspect that the Parisian dandies were disposed to make it the butt of their wit. Not so, however, the rest. The leaders of the French Revolution fancied that hat and they forthwith adopted it to be their own. In three days' time the Franklin hat was the rage. And from that time—just one hundred years ago—the tile has grown in favor, although it is probable that a machine more destructive to the hair and more useless for practical purposes was never invented.

An English paper has copied a letter, the writer of which, an American, has been expressing an opinion on the very delicate question whether English girls are, or are not, pretty. He thinks they are not. "Nearly all are ugly," he declares. The English admit that he is entitled to his opinion, but seem curious (writes G. W. Smalley in the *Tribune*) to know what opportunities he has had of forming one. He seems to have been present at a party or ball given "by the wife of one of her majesty's ministers," and to have delivered judgment on the beauty of the "aristocracy" from what he there observed. It is but a narrow foundation for a generalization so sweeping. To infer the presence of the aristocracy from the fact that the husband of the giver of the entertainment is a minister is rash. There are many ministers—some in the Cabinet, many more who are not. Even if we are to suppose a Cabinet Minister to be meant, it does not quite follow that the party given by his wife would be what is here called "smart." The smartness of social gatherings in this country depends on considerations with which politics have very little indeed to do. Anybody who knows London would tell you that a political party is not the kind of amusement which the aristocratic, or fashionable, or smart world most cares for, or, as a rule, cares for at all, or attends in great numbers.

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This preparation removes Sallowness, Sunburn, Freckles, Moth-patches, Black-heads, Eruptions—indeed all blemishes that collect in the skin. It does not take from the face the natural rosy color, BUT BLEACHES OUT ALL BLEMISHES LODGED IN THE SKIN. The face generally looks rather badly while being treated, as all impurities in or directly under the skin are brought to the surface, but no alarm need be felt, as the Bleach is perfectly harmless, and is always to be relied upon. Freckles and other discolorations are dissolved; black-heads, fleshworms, etc., are brought to the surface where they dry and fall off with the old cuticle, which flakes off like fine dandruff by rubbing the face gently with a towel. While the old skin is thus being disposed of, the new skin underneath is forming soft and smooth, pure and white and fine in texture. The complexion is then as perfect as it can be made, and nothing remains but to keep it so, by the nightly use of CUCUMBER and ELDER-FLOWER CREAM, or JASMINE KOSMEO. From one to three bottles are required to insure a perfect cure. Price, per bottle, \$1.50; three for \$4. At all druggists, and at Mrs. Gervaise Graham's Establishment, 103 Post Street, San Francisco.

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SOCIETY.

The Jackson-Adams Wedding.

Mr. John P. Jackson, Jr., son of Colonel J. P. Jackson, the United States Sub-Treasurer, was married last Wednesday evening to Miss Elizabeth G. Adams, daughter of the late Hon. James Adams. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride in Oakland, which was beautifully decorated with flowers. Miss Nannie Prather acted as maid of honor. Mr. Andrew Jackson was the best man, and Mr. James C. Adams, the bride's brother, gave her away. The ceremony was impressively performed by Rev. Robert Mackenzie, and was witnessed only by relatives and a few intimate friends. It was followed by a reception, to which one hundred and fifty guests were invited, and the succeeding hours were very pleasantly devoted to dancing and a delicious supper. The presents received were numerous and elegant. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson will reside in Oakland when they return from their wedding trip.

Notes and Gossip.

A new dancing club has been organized to succeed the Bachelors' Cotillion Club of past seasons, and the list of members is now in process of formation. It will be called "The Friday Night," and will be very exclusive. Six meetings will be held during the coming season, the first three to come on November 21st, and December 5th and 19th. Mr. J. B. Crockett has been appointed president, Mr. Henry T. Scott, vice-president, and Mr. E. M. Greenway, manager. The committee on organization comprises: Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr. F. C. Beazley, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. William H. Crocker, Mr. Joseph B. Crockett, Mr. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., Mr. E. L. Eyre, Mr. C. de Guigne, Mr. C. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Hall McAllister, Mr. M. S. Wilson, Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr. Henry W. Redington, Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. A. H. Small, Lieutenant L. H. Strother, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, and Mr. Robert J. Woods.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent San Franciscans:

Major and Mrs. J. L. Rathbone and Miss Nina Macbray will pass a few days in New York and Washington, D. C., before returning to this city.

Mrs. Theresa Fair and Miss Birdie Fair will leave for Seaside next Saturday to visit Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Deichs.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Simpkins, Miss Simpkins, and Mr. Harry Simpkins will return from Monterey on Monday and will soon leave to make a tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith left for the East last Wednesday en route to Europe.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw are at the Palace Hotel after passing the summer in Monterey.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco is passing several weeks in San Rafael.

Mrs. T. H. Holt has returned from a visit to Monterey and San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, passed the first of the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Dr. Harry L. Tevis have arrived in New York city.

Mrs. Alexander Forbes, Mrs. Johnson, and Miss Forbes returned to San Rafael last Monday after a visit to Santa Cruz.

Mrs. George H. Beaver and the Misses Beaver have returned to their home on Taylor Street, after passing the summer at their ranch in Santa Clara County.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. LeCount and the Misses Ella and Jessie LeCount, who have occupied the Hacienda at Sausalito for the past six months, have returned to their city residence.

Colonel and Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer have moved into their new residence, 825 California Street.

Hon. Ira Bishop and family, of Oakland, are now at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Miss Violet Whitney, of Oakland, who is visiting Miss Neumann in Honolulu, will return home the latter part of this month.

Major B. R. Woodworth and family, of Fresno, are staying at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Judge and Mrs. J. H. Roalt have returned from the East, having Miss Alice Roalt there to return in October.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze and family will return from Monterey a few days and will soon leave for the East where they will remain during the winter.

The Misses Nagle have returned to San José after a short visit to friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Sperry have returned from a prolonged visit at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels and Miss Spreckels have returned to the city after passing a couple of months at Honolulu.

Hon. William G. Irwin arrived here a week ago from Honolulu to accompany his wife East.

Mrs. Mark L. McDonald and the Misses McDonald, of Santa Rosa, came to the city from Monterey last Tuesday.

Miss Etta Birdsall, of Sacramento, has returned from a visit to the Hawaiian Islands.

Mrs. John F. Miller and Mrs. Richardson Clover came to the city from Napa last Monday to witness the Admission day celebration.

Mr. Walter L. Dean has returned to the city after passing several months at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone have returned to the city after passing the summer at their country residence, Oak Knoll, in Alameda County.

Miss Maud O'Connor will return to the city from the East out the latter part of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord passed the holidays at Monterey.

Mr. Andrew Jackson came down from Napa a week ago to remain over to be present at his brother's wedding.

Miss Mae Wickersham, of Petaluma, has been the guest of Miss Maude Badlam during the past fortnight.

Hon. and Mrs. John Boggs and family, of Colusa, are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Miss Leslie Gregg has gone to Boston and will pass the winter there.

Mrs. W. E. Pinney and Miss Jessie Morse have been in San Rafael during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall have left the Palace Hotel after occupying their new residence, 1819 Jackson Street.

Miss Florence Reed has returned from a pleasant visit at Monterey.

Mrs. J. S. Fassett will return to her home in Elmira, N. Y., a few days after an extended visit here.

Miss Lucy Edwards and Miss Georgie Edwards have been in San Rafael during the past week.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker and Miss Fannie Crocker have returned to Monterey to remain a couple of weeks.

Mrs. E. B. Coleman is enjoying a visit at San Rafael.

Miss Leila Catroll has returned to Sacramento after visiting Mrs. C. O. Alexander in Oakland.

Mrs. Loring M. Johnson and family, of Mexico, the Misses Dimond, of Menlo Park, Mrs. E. J. D. Irwin, and Miss Irwin are traveling up north in the private car

Buenaventura, visiting Puget Sound, the Columbia River, Victoria B. C., and other points of interest.

Mr. Jerome B. Lincoln has returned from a visit to Monterey.

Mrs. Isaac Friedlander, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bowie, Miss Bessie Bowie, the Misses Friedlander, and Mr. A. J. Bowie, Jr., are at Coronado Beach.

Mrs. J. M. Fillmore and Miss Fillmore, of San Luis Obispo, are here on a visit to friends.

General and Mrs. Cadwalader, of Red Bluff, are passing a few weeks at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. J. William Brown has returned from a delightful visit to friends in Southern California.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Givvin, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard, Miss Mary Eyre, and Mr. Perry P. Eyre passed the recent holidays at Monterey.

Mrs. Cosmo Morgan has returned from the country to her home, 2210 Devisadero Street, but will soon leave for the East to place her son in Harvard.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames have returned from a visit to the White Sulphur Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Huntington have returned from their Eastern trip, and have apartments at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mme. de Sadowska-Pelitto, the Russian contralto, has returned from a visit to her country residence.

Miss Hilda Castle has returned from a delightful visit at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Sampson Tams are now occupying their residence on Van Ness Avenue after passing the summer months in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson have been enjoying a visit at the White Sulphur Springs.

Mrs. Mark Shibley Severance will return to her home in Los Angeles in a few days after passing several weeks here and at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Coleman, Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Kate Clement, and Miss Belle Hutchinson returned to Oakland last Wednesday after a short visit at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Campbell have been passing several days at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Sherwood passed the recent holidays in San Rafael.

Miss Julia Bissell and Miss Fannie Tompkins have been visiting the Misses Barber in Ross Valley.

Mrs. Charles E. Bancroft has returned from Santa Cruz, where she was visiting her mother.

Mrs. Frederick L. Barreda and Miss Rosa Barreda have returned to the city after a month's visit at Monterey.

Miss Mattie Gibbs has been paying a visit to friends in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman will return from San Rafael about the first of October.

Miss Maud Howard has been passing the week at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa R. Wells are at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Lillie Lawler has returned from a pleasant visit to the Misses Doyle at Menlo Park.

General and Mrs. N. P. Chipman and Miss Chipman, of Red Bluff, are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Coursen have returned to Portland, Or., after a pleasant visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. James T. Rucker, of San José, passed the early part of the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Van Wyck and family recently returned from a trip to Mount Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Easton returned to the city early in the week after a brief visit to the Hotel Vendome, in San José.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and Miss Childs, of Los Angeles, have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Walter M. Castle and family have returned to the city after an enjoyable visit at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young came over from San Rafael to witness the celebration, but returned to "Golden Meadows" on Thursday and will remain there several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence, of San José, came to the city to participate in the Admission Day festivities.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin have returned from Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Miss Mamie Holbrook, and Mr. Harry Holbrook are passing the autumn at their Menlo Park villa.

Miss Jennie Sanderson will return from Monterey on Monday after a protracted visit there.

Mr. A. H. Small returned from Monterey early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head returned from Monterey last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding are occupying a cottage at San Rafael after an enjoyable visit at Monterey.

Army and Navy Notes.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant L. P. Brant, U. S. A., has returned from Monterey and is now stationed at Benicia.

Lieutenant Samuel L. Fabson, U. S. A., has been detailed as recruiting officer at Benicia.

M. de Gaste, the French champion of women's rights, who would not only give women votes, but seats in Parliament, sought to have his forty-year-old daughter declared incompetent to manage her own affairs. He said she was hysterical, but the court denied the petition.

CHAS. E. NAYLOR

Resigns as Manager for the "New Home" and Takes the "Calligraph" Agency.

Mr. Naylor, who has been prominently connected with the sewing-machine business in this city for over fifteen years, has resigned his lucrative position as general manager for the "New Home" Sewing Machine Company and embarked in the type-writing business, having secured the general agency for the famous "Calligraph," now the leading writing machine in all parts of the world, and will in future devote his attention and time to this agency, together with type-writing supplies and stationery. Mr. Naylor is also prominently connected with the management of local building and loan associations, and will probably do more in this direction very shortly. His present address is the same as it has been for years—725 Market Street, History Building—where he may be found during business hours.

The following extract from letters which Mr. Naylor has recently received from the "New Home" Company, his former employers, shows the estimate in which they hold him:

"Your letter of June 26th came to hand in due time, and we were much surprised to learn that you had decided to resign the office of manager of our business in San Francisco. We regretted that you felt the necessity of making a change, still we do not wish to stand in the way of your progress. We feel that your best efforts have been spent in the business during the time that you have had charge, and wish that prosperity may be with and go with you."

—HANDS BEAUTIFULLY MANICURED FOR LADIES and gentlemen. Complexion baths given at ladies' residences as desired. Mme. Elise, 704 Sutter Street.

—GOVERNESS.—AN ENGLISH LADY TEACHES piano, organ, English branches, etc. Miss M. E., this office.

—E. A. BELCHER, Attorney at law, 234 Montgomery Street, Opposite Russ House.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Beel Concert.

Mr. Sigmund Beel, of Oakland, the violin virtuoso, was given a testimonial concert last Friday evening in Irving Hall. He had the assistance of Mr. Ernst Hartmann, pianist, Miss Florence Jacquay, soprano, and Mr. Clarke W. Reynolds, accompanist. A large audience enjoyed the concert, which comprised the following selections:

Polonaise in E flat, Op. 28, Chopin; aria, "Caro Nome" ("Rigoleto") Verdi; fantasia ("Oello"), H. Ernst; fantasia ("Faust"), Ernst Hartmann; adagio (ninth concerto), Spohr; farfalla, Sautet; ballad, "O That we Two were Maying," Gounod; andante et rondo capriccioso, St. Saens.

Mr. Richard A. Lucchesi will give a concert on Friday evening, September 26th, being assisted by Mme. Emilia Tojetti, Mr. Hermann Brandt, Mr. Louis Ritzau, Mr. Henry Siering, Mr. Theodore Mansfield, Mr. G. B. F. Mills, Mr. J. Lombardo, and Mr. S. Martinez.

The opening exercises of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, under the management of Professor E. S. Bonelli, will take place at Metropolitan Hall on Thursday evening, September 18th, beginning at eight o'clock promptly.

Preparations are now being made for the concert which Mr. Nathan Landsberger will give on Friday evening, October 17th, and a musical treat is promised. It will be given under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman.

DLXXIV.—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, Septerober 14, 1890.

- Havana Soup.
- Cantaloupe.
- Fried Chicken.
- Veal Steaks.
- Potato Croquettes.
- Stuffed Bell-Peppers.
- Summer Squash.
- Roast Chickens.
- Tomato Salad.
- Whipped Cream and Strawberries.
- Lady Fingers.
- Fruits.

HAVANA SOUP.—Two quarts of stock, one onion, ten cloves, four whole peppers, four tomatoes, and a little celery-salt or celery-tops. After boiling fifteen minutes, add one-half a cup of rice and one-half a pint of salted shrimp. Serve when the rice is cooked.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

IMPARTS NEW ENERGY TO THE BRAIN

Giving the feeling and sense of increased intellectual power.

In reference to a curious advertising controversy, the London *Chemist and Druggist* says:

"On Tuesday, July 23th, a large board displaying an advertisement of 'Beecham's Pills' was set up on the shore of Bowness Bay, Windermere. During the night it was pulled down, and two days later another similar advertisement took its place. As there appeared to be a strong feeling in the village against the advertisement, Mr. Beecham's agent sought the services of the police to watch the board, and a constable was put on the duty. About one o'clock in the morning of July 18th, he saw two men sail up to the board. One got out of the boat and commenced to saw the posts. P. C. Hastwell tried to capture him, but both escaped. On the following Saturday night or Sunday morning, a yacht, which had been purchased for the purpose of advertising, was boarded, and a hole bored in her, and she sank about eight o'clock the morning. On Wednesday morning of last week, the police, watching the board, saw, about half-past one, two men row over to the landing where the board was, and one of them got out of the boat and commenced to bore the uprights with a brace and bit. P. C. Armstrong succeeded in catching him. The other man then left the boat, and came to his companion's room, but he was secured by P. C. Hastwell. The police had a severe struggle before overpowering the men, whose faces were blackened. The men turned out to be Mr. Edward Darcy Curwen and Mr. Alan Delaney Curwen, twenty-five and twenty-one years, respectively, of Belle Isle, Windermere, and Workington Hall. It is stated that they offered the constables five pounds sterling each to settle the case. They were, however, locked up, and, in the morning, brought before a magistrate, charged with willful damage, and remanded. Bail was granted in personal securities of fifty pounds each. A committee of the inhabitants has been formed, and the secretary has written to Mr. Beecham, asking him to have the obnoxious advertisements removed. On Tuesday, July 23th, Messrs. E. D. and A. D. Curwen appeared at the Windermere Petty Sessions, and after hearing the statements of Mr. Squary—who represented Messrs. Beecham—and the apology made on behalf of the defendants by Mr. Musgrave, the magistrates imposed a fine of forty shillings."

—BUY JOS. TETLEY & CO.'S ELEPHANT BRAND Ceylon and India tea, in lead packets. Unadulterated, fragrant, delicious.

Two Austrian officers of the Army Railway Regiment have made by accident what is believed to be about the longest balloon voyage on record. They made an ascension from the Prater in Vienna at nine o'clock on a Friday evening, intending to remain only a short time among the clouds; but they were caught by a strong wind and carried to Bruckow, in Posen, where they descended at eight o'clock on Saturday morning, having been blown three hundred and fifty miles in nine hours, or at the rate of an express train.



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Science has Conquered! Our system for testing and adjusting, to correct any error of refraction, is used on this coast only by us, and is endorsed by the leading authorities throughout the United States as the best known to science. A perfect fit guaranteed. EXAMINATION FREE. Our manufacturing facilities are the best in the United States. Opera, Field, and Marine Glasses. All kinds of Optical Goods repaired.

NEW BOOKS!

MANUAL OF NERVOUS DISEASES, Arnold, A. B. M. D., \$2.00. A second edition, revised and enlarged, has been issued of Arnold's "Manual of Nervous Diseases," for many years professor of diseases of the nervous system in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore; the Manual is adapted for the classroom or for general reading by those interested in the subject. The book is illustrated with cuts.

MINERAL SPRINGS AND HEALTH RESORTS OF CALIFORNIA, with a complete chemical analysis of every important mineral water in the world. Anderson, Winslow, M. D., joint editor and publisher of the *Pacific Medical Journal*. \$1.50. The work contains the names of over two hundred California springs, with about one hundred analyses and two hundred analyses of all the famous springs in America and abroad.

EPISODES OF THE CIVIL WAR—NINE CAMPAIGNS IN NINE STATES, Herr, Geo. W., corporal. \$5.00. In which a coterie of military men are interested. Fremont in Missouri; Curtis in Missouri and Arkansas; Halleck's Siege of Corinth; Buell in Kentucky; Rosecrans in Kentucky and Tennessee; Grant at Chattanooga; Hooker on Lookout Mountain; a most complete account of Sherman's movements from Chattanooga to Atlanta; and the pursuit of Hood, which terminated in the Battles of Franklin and Nashville, Tenn.

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721 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Above have just been published by us, and will be mailed, post-paid, on receipt of price.

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Clarets, White Wines, and Olive Oil.



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THE EXTRA DRY. The perfection of a Dry Wine.

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POWDER.

It imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations, and makes the skin delicately soft and beautiful. It contains no lime, white lead or arsenic. In three shades: pink, red, white and brunette.

FOR SALE BY

All Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers Everywhere. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Mrs. Henpeck (hearing a rumour)—"You, Charles I'd like to know what you are up to now?" Mr. Henpeck (feebly)—"I suppose, my dear, I can fall down the cellar-stairs if I want to."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Customer—"Give me ten cents worth of paregoric, please." Druggist—"Yes, sir." Customer (abominably)—"How much is it?" Druggist—"Quarter."—*New York Sun*.

Educational.

Mr. ALFRED J. KELLEHER,
Teacher of Vocal Music.

Monday and Thursday at Mills College (seventeenth year).
Ladies' Class for Musical and Vocal Instruction and Part
Songs commences August 2d. Address,
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PROF. SAMUEL ADELSTEIN,
Teacher of Mandolin and Violin,
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MME. FRIES-BISHOP,

TEACHER OF SINGING,

Has resumed lessons. Address, 730 Sutter Street.

French—A "Unique" method of acquiring, in the
shortest time, complete fluency of speech in the French lan-
guage, by Prof. De Filippie, containing simplified tables
for the easy mastery of all the verbs; a synopsis of the gram-
mar, etymology, conversations for every-day use, vocabulary,
models of letters and cards, causeries, etc., etc. Price, \$1.75.
The Bancroft Company.

MISS LAKE'S

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1534 SUTTER STREET, cor. of Octavia.

Next term begins Monday, August 4, 1890.

MISS M. LAKE, Principal.

Miss West's School for Girls

Will reopen in the new building, August 25th. Students pre-
pared for college. Personal application may be made at
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A SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR.

REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER, M. A., PRINCIPAL.

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Miss Emily Edmunds reopens July 28, 1890. Larger
premises, with lofty class-rooms and good play-grounds.
Grading, primary, and kindergarten grades. Language
classes and music lessons. Special scientific tuition for back-
ward and delicate children, insuring rapid progress without
long hours of study.

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Mme. B. ZISKA, M. A.,

Recently Principal of ZEITSKA INSTITUTE, receives at her
residence, 1606 California Street, a limited number of young
ladies who wish to receive special instruction under her
charge. Studies resumed August 4th.

Singing—Signor G. B. Galvani. Piano—Mr. Lesley
Martin. Drawing and Penmanship—Mr. Carl Eisensheimel.
Painting—Mme. S. Gay (Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris).
Mathematics—Mrs. Hinkley.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

William Whiston was court chaplain to George
the Second's Queen Caroline. Once, when Mr.
Secretary Craggs said that a Minister of State might
be honest for a fortnight, but it would not answer
much longer, Whiston, with characteristic simplicity,
asked, "Mr. Secretary, did you ever try it for a fort-
night?"

Peter Finnerty, the Palliatmentary reporter, was the
manufacturer of Wilberforce's famous "potato
speech" (referred to in last week's "Storyettes.")
For a libel upon Lord Castlereagh, Finnerty was im-
prisoned for eighteen months, and upon his release
Lord Castlereagh, seeing him in the street, went up
to him and bluntly asked him how he was. "Well
enough," Finnerty replied, "to hope to live to see
the day when you will cut your throat." Some years
after, the hope was realized.

A veterinary surgeon told his assistant to give a
powder to a sick horse. "You take the powder,"
he explained, "put it in a tin tube, open the horse's
mouth, and blow the powder down his throat." Not
long after, the assistant came back, looking as sick
as people ever get to be. "Did you give the horse
the powder?" "I tried to. I put the powder in the
tin tube, forced open the horse's mouth, put the
tube between his teeth, and—" "Did you blow
the powder down his throat?" "No; I was going
to, but the horse blew first."

During the revolutionary war in America, two
soldiers of the army of Lord Cornwallis went into a
house and treated the inmates in a most shameful
manner. A third soldier met them coming out and
recognized them. He was in no way to blame, but,
since he declined to give up the names of his com-
rades, he was sentenced to the punishment they had
incurred. Lord Cornwallis rode up to him when on
the gallows. "Campbell," he said, "what a fool
you are to die thus! Give up their names!" "You
are in an enemy's country, my Lord," was the firm
reply, "and you can better spare one man than two."
And he was hanged.

August 21, 1762, died Lady Mary Wortley Mon-
tagu, *née* Pierrepont. Horace Walpole writes:
"Lady Sundon is dead. I was saying to Lady
Pomfret: 'To be sure she is dead—very rich!' She
replied, with some warmth: 'She never took
money.' When I came home, I mentioned this to
Sir Robert Walpole. 'No,' said he; 'but she took
jewels. Lord Pomfret's place of Master of the
Horse to the Queen was bought of her for a pair of
diamond ear-rings, of fourteen hundred pounds
sterling value.' One day that she wore them at a
visit at old Marlborough's (Sarah, Dowager Duchess); as
soon as she was gone, the duchess said to Lady
Mary Wortley Montagu: 'How can that woman have
the impudence to go about in that bribe?' 'Madam,' said Lady Mary, 'how would you have
people know where wine is to be sold unless there
is a sign hung out?'"

A French traveler, in Corsica, found himself pur-
sued by a band of brigands. He soon stumbled
upon the border of a lake. There was no path
around it; it was impossible to swim across, and the
brigands were behind him. Necessity quickened his
wits; he hastily cut with his knife one of the long,
hollow reeds that grew on the shore of the lake.
Then he stopped up his ears and nostrils with wet
clay from the margin, took the reed in his mouth,
and waded out into deep water, where he remained
submerged, with upturned face, just allowing the
upper end of the reed to project above the surface.
On came the brigands, following the traveler's tracks
to the water's edge. The brigands remained waiting
on the shore for some time, but no sign of the trav-
eler appeared. They concluded, at last, that he was
a sorcerer, who had caused himself to vanish into
thin air. Then they disappeared, and the French-
man, who had been under water all this time, breath-
ing through his tube, came out. He managed to
keep under cover and make his way to Ajaccio in
safety.

In 1882, David R. Paige, Democrat, ran for Con-
gress against Captain A. S. McClure, Republican, in
a Republican district in Ohio, which included the
"Iron Works" of the city of Cleveland. A trusted
lieutenant of Mr. Paige, the second night before the
election, found a man who in height, form, features,
and voice strongly resembled Captain McClure. He
dressed this man to personate the captain and took
him into the Iron Works, where many of the men
were frequenters of saloons. A man, known among
the iron-workers, was hired to introduce this coun-
terfeit in the saloons as Captain McClure. At each
place visited, the simulator, after being introduced
as Captain McClure, asked in spread-eagle style the
"voters present to vote for him, made some fulsome
promises, walked up to the bar, and called for two
glasses of beer, which he and the master of cere-
monies drank. Not a voter present was treated to a
drop. The howls of derision and indignation which
went up from each saloon after the departure of the
pretender and his guide can be imagined. The next
night, David R. Paige covered the same ground, and,

not to go too much into detail, the contrast was so
great that Captain McClure lost enough votes in
Cleveland to defeat him.

Dr. Walcot, the celebrated "Peter Pindar," was an
eccentric character, and had a great many queer
notions of his own. A good story is told by one of
his contemporaries of the manner in which he once
tricked his publisher. The latter, wishing to buy
the copyright of his works, offered him a life an-
nuity of two hundred pounds sterling. The doctor,
learning that the publisher was very anxious to pur-
chase, demanded three hundred pounds. In reply,
the latter appointed a day on which he would call
on the doctor and talk the matter over. At the day
assigned, the doctor received him in his dressing-
gown, even to the night-cap, and, having aggra-
vated the sickly look of a naturally cadaverous face
by purposely abstaining from the use of a razor for
some days, he had all the appearance of a candidate
for quick consumption. Added to this, the crafty
doctor assumed a hollow and most sepulchral
cough, such as would excite the pity of even a
sheriff's officer and make a rich man's hair crazy
with joy. The publisher, however, refused to give
more than two hundred pounds, till suddenly the
doctor broke out into a violent fit of coughing,
which produced an offer of two hundred and fifty
pounds. This the doctor peremptorily refused, and
was seized almost instantly with another even more
frightful and longer-protracted attack that nearly
suffocated him, when the publisher, thinking it im-
possible that such a man could live long, raised his
offer and closed with him at three hundred pounds.
The old rogue lived twenty-five or thirty years after-
ward.

At the battle of Hazel Grove, during the Chancel-
lorsville campaign, occurred an incident which is
thus vividly described by the man who was princi-
pally concerned in it, Major Clifford Thomson, of
General Pleasanton's staff. General Pleasanton rode
from gun to gun, directing the gunners to aim low,
not to get excited, to make every shot tell. The
enemy were forming in line of battle on the edge of
the woods in our front. They were scarcely two
hundred yards distant; yet such was the gloom that
they could not be clearly distinguished. General
Pleasanton was about giving the order to fire upon
the party when a sergeant at one of the guns said:
"General, aren't those our troops? I see our colors
in the line." This was true, for where he pointed
our colors could be seen—trophies picked up on the
field. General Pleasanton turned to me and said:
"Mr. Thomson, ride out there and see who those
people are." For myself, I was not at all curious
about "those people," being perfectly willing to wait
till they introduced themselves. But I rode between
two of our guns, and galloped to within thirty or
forty yards of the troops in question. All along the
line they called out to me, "Come on; we're friends."
It was quite dark and I could not make out their uni-
forms, but I could see three of our flags, and these
caused me to hesitate. I came to a halt, and was
peering into the darkness to make sure, when a bullet
whistled by me, and there came the "rebel yell."
The Confederate line charged up the hill toward our
guns, and I led the charge! Lying down on my
horse's neck, I gave him the spur, and the yells of
the "Johnnies" behind further stimulated him, so
that we got over the ground in a lively manner.
With the report of the first shot fired at me, General
Pleasanton had opened fire, and those twenty-two
guns belched forth destruction at a fearful rate.
Although I was lying down on my horse, I kept an
eye on the guns and guided my horse between the
flashes, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, I
was on the safe side of them. It was load and fire
at will for some minutes. The enemy was mowed
down in heaps, and ran back down the slope to the
cover of the woods. Old artillery officers have in-
formed me that they never before heard such rapid
firing. The roar was continuous, and the execution
terrific. After it had ceased, I rode up to General
Pleasanton and said: "General, those people out
there are rebels." There was a grave twinkle in his
eye as he held out his hand and replied: "Thomson,
I never expected to see you again. I thought
if they didn't kill you, I should, but that was no
time to stop for one man." I should have agreed
with him more cordially if that "one man" had
been some one else.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
ACT LIKE MAGIC
ON A WEAK STOMACH.
25 Cents a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

[Established 1854.]

GEORGE MORROW & CO.,

HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

39 Clay St., San Francisco. Telephone No. 35.

PERFECT, PURE.

FREEMAN'S
FACE POWDER.



THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00
Surplus.....1,000,000 00
Undivided Profits.....2,091,568 76
JULY 1, 1890.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of
California; Boston, Tremont National Bank;
Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis,
Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M.
Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zea-
land, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan,
and India, Chartered Bank of India, Austral-
ia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspond-
ents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of
the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world.
Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin,
Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stock-
holm, Göteborg, Christiania, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney,
Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in
Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cin-
cinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles

WELLS, FARGO & CO.

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Capital and Surplus.....\$5,000,000

Directors: LLOYD TRAVIS, President; JNO. J. VALENTINE, Vice-Prest.
Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver
Eldridge, Charles Fargo, Geo. E. Gray, C. F. Crocker.
H. Wadsworth, Cashier.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a gen-
eral banking business.

26th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1890

Home Mutual Insurance Co.
No. 216 Sansome Street.

Capital (Paid up in Gold).....\$300,000 00
Net Surplus (over everything).....244,884 41

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. L. N. SHEPARD
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STAGY
GENERAL AGENT.....ROBERT H. MAGILL

London Assurance Corporation

Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720.

Northern Assurance Company

Of London. Established 1836.

Queen Insurance Company

Of Liverpool. Established 1837.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.

Of Hartford, Conn.

ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.

North-west corner Sacramento and Montgomery Streets.

WANTS.

\$75.00 to \$250.00 A MONTH can be made
working for us. Persons pre-
ferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole
time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably
employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities.
B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 109 Main St., Richmond, Va.

BEAUTIFUL
GIRLS ruin their health and beauty by
wearing some bad fitting corset.
BE SURE TO BUY FERRIS'
GOOD SENSE
CORSET WAISTS.
THOUSANDS NOW IN USE.
Best for Health, Economy and Beauty.
Buttons at front in-
stead of OLDS.
RING BUCKLE at hip
for hose supporters.
Tape-fastened But-
tons—won't pull off.
CORD-EDGE Button
Holes—won't tear out
FIT ALL AGES—
Infants to Adults.
Sold by Leading
RETAILERS
everywhere.
Send for Circular,
FERRIS BROS.,
Manufacturers,
341 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.
J. RICHARD FREUD & CO., Wholesale Agents,
728 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

J. M. LITCHFIELD,

REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR RAIL-
road Commissioner,

SECOND DISTRICT,

San Francisco, San Mateo, and Marin Counties

Pears' Soap
Fair white hands.
Bright clear complexion
Soft healthful skin.

"PEARS"—The Great English Complexion SOAP,—Sold Everywhere."

MR. WILSON'S TWO COLUMNS.

An Ernie Tale of a New York Reporter.

"Mr. Wilson, how soon can you get ready to start for H—, Illinois?"

"In an hour, sir."

This conversation took place in the office of the New York *Chronicle*, one morning as the men on the staff came to receive their assignments. If the city editor had asked Wilson how soon he could get ready to start for Alaska he would have received precisely the same reply.

Edward Wilson hurried off to his rooms, and, hastily packing a few necessities in a valise, reported back at the office in exactly an hour.

"He was a paragon of a reporter," you will say, "this Wilson." But he was merely an ordinary city staff reporter, who, like thousands of others on the big dailies of America, stood ready at an hour's notice to start for any part of the world.

"This Illinois story will bring two columns, even if I'm recalled immediately," he mused, as he rattled up to the Grand Central Station in a hansom; "two columns will bring my bank-account up to one hundred dollars, and one hundred dollars will bring the wife and little one to New York." Wilson thought with delight how happy they would be in his comfortable little Lexington Avenue flat. It was a pleasant little day-dream.

In fifteen minutes, the Buffalo express, hearing the newspaper man to his destination, rushed snorting out of the Harlem Tunnel, like another earth-bound Thor rejoicing at his freedom. Past the end of Manhattan Island, past Riverdale, Yonkers, and all the lovely northern suburbs of the city, along the rolling Hudson, past the muddy Mohawk, then, as night fell, screaming past the little hamlets sleeping under the hills of Central New York, and on, on, on, to the great lakes.

There was nothing in the car to interest Wilson, and as the sun sank behind the ripening wheat-bills he dozed fitfully, and waking, would sleep again, waking and sleeping by fitful starts and wondering what it was that kept him in a vague but all the more fearful terror. Finally he slept, and it was while he dreamed that a terrible accident happened. The trestle-bridge over a swollen creek, weakened by the rush of waters, had given way under the advancing train, and nine hundred people were hurled into the creek.

Three or four men hurriedly finishing late "copy." A dozing office-boy waking every few minutes to glance at the clock and long for two o'clock and freedom. The night-desk littered with proof slips and "held-over copy"; no sound but the operator ticking "good-night" to his far-off brothers, and an occasional shout of "Copy!" from the desk.

A tall figure in a caped overcoat and traveling-cap enters the room, and, silently walking up to the night-desk, lays some "copy" before the editor. The men in the office, bending over their work, do not see him pass, but the office-boy, brushing his hat, yawns: "Good morning, Mr. Wilson," but the form goes straight on.

"Can't use this, Mr. Wilson," says the editor, looking at the clock; "why, it's 1:50; the paper's going to press. What is it, anyway?"

"Yes, by George, we will run it," he continues, excitedly; "Jim, stop the presses."

Then to the operator: "Have you an accident on the New York and Buffalo yet?"

"No, sir."

"How did you get it, Wilson?"

But the form had gone.

"My God! listen to this," says the sub-editor; "the accident must have occurred at 1:50 exactly. Among the dead was Edward Wilson, a reporter on the New York *Morning Chronicle*. What was it, then, that brought this 'copy' in?"

"I don't know," replied the editor, in a hushed voice; "send the story up, just as it is. It runs exactly two columns."—*New York Tribune*.

THE WELL-CONNECTED ENGLISHMAN.

Once upon a time there was an Englishman, of such preternatural vulgarity that he readily ingratiated himself into the affections of some of the very best people in New York. For it was evident, even to prejudiced observers, that he was, as he said, "well-connected."

It was not long before he was "received everywhere," and his society was eagerly courted by a number of gentlemen who were wont to gather in Del's, the Hoffman House, and other public resorts. And he ravished the ears of his new friends by intoning, with the true London drawl, the old-time formula: "I shall have to make you my bankash this evenin', dear boy."

And when they heard his rich, musical words, they "give up" sums varying from two to ten dollars. For, like Time, as we glide adown his stream, he touched them gently.

And one day a stranger came journeying into the city from over the seas, in search of an unfaithful servant, who had stolen from him his money and passports, and was disporting himself under the name and title of his former master. And one evening, his eye fell upon the well-connected one as he was seated in a café telling a number of young men

about the Prince of Wales, and making up his mind whom he would make his "bankash" that evening. Then the stranger fell upon the well-connected one, and was upbraided him for his faithless conduct until he slunk away, disgraced and mortified. And the stranger proved that he alone was well connected, and that the first-come was an impostor and fraud. That evening every one banked for himself.

The Saxon stranger, having proved beyond all question or doubt that he was the rightful bearer of the name claimed by his servant, was "received everywhere," and speedily became a general favorite in the most exclusive circles in the metropolis. He was put up at the best clubs, and, while awaiting drafts from England, appointed different members of these clubs his "bankash" on different evenings, one member serving each evening, and no one desiring a second term.

And one day a club-member surprised his friends by exclaiming: "Do you know, I'm sorry we let that Briton who is with us now. When we banked for that fraud it generally cost us about a fever, but this swell never lets us off for less than a cold fit. Have you noticed that, any of you?"

"But," exclaimed his friends, "you surely don't imagine you can bank for a real howling swell as cheaply as you could for his valet!"

"Are his remittances never coming?" queried the first speaker, sadly.

"When they do, he will be reduced to the low commercial level of a bagman," replied the others, haughtily.—*J. L. Ford in Illustrated American*.

Two friends, one the agent of a life-insurance company and the other a drummer, are sitting in a tavern playing cards. They get into a quarrel and become very personal in their remarks. Finally the life-insurance agent jumps up, seizes the drummer by the throat, and shaking him, says in a hoarse voice: "You infernal scoundrel, if you were not insured in my company I'd choke the life out of you."—*Texas Siftings*.

—Dr. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Sutter (near drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

The retail dealer who advertises in his local paper, or papers, in such a manner as to make the public believe that the goods which he offers are worth a great deal more than he asks for them, will find that many of those who call at his store will go away without purchasing, after having looked at the goods, and that most of those who do purchase will not continue to trade with him. On the other hand, if the article is a little better than the customer expected to find it, or if it is equally as good as the advertisement led him to believe, the dealer will not only make a sale to him on this particular occasion, but will be quite sure to continue to sell him more or less goods in the future.

I am personally acquainted with a gentleman who, for many years, was opposed to the large department stores which are to be found today in all our large cities. So bitterly was he opposed to them, that he would not buy the most trivial article in one of them. One morning he chanced to glance at an advertisement in his morning paper by one of the largest department stores in the city. As he did so, his eye rested on the notice of a special sale of men's shoes, which was being held in the shoe department of the store on that day. Among other lines there were two hundred pairs of men's French kid shoes to be sold at three dollars and twenty-five cents per pair. The notice went on to state that these shoes were all custom-made, hand-sewed goods, and that no custom shoe-maker in the city would make similar goods for one cent less than eight dollars a pair. Now, our friend considered himself something of an expert in the shoe-and-leather trade, and he instantly decided to go to that store, look at the goods, tell the salesmen what a rascally set of deceivers they were employed by, and have a tale to tell about the department store for the remainder of his life. He went to the store; the shoe department was crowded, but he elbowed his way through to the counter on which the French kid shoes were displayed. His mind was filled with his high resolve to expose the swindle, but he didn't make the exposure. One look at the shoes convinced him that no custom shoe-maker would sell a pair like them for a cent less than eight dollars, if for that. He was converted instantly, and at once proceeded with the greatest eagerness to find a pair to fit himself.

From that day to this he has continued to read the advertisements of that house, and to say that he knows of one department store which tells the "honest truth" in its advertisements.—*J. J. Terry in the Art of Advertising*.

—FOR—

WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES, and CORNICE POLES

—GO TO—

G. W. CLARK & CO. 653 and 655 Market Street.

STORAGE For Furniture, Planos, and other goods. ADVANCES MADE. J. M. PIERCE, 735 Market Street.

GAIN ONE POUND A Day.

A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER,

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS AND IMITATIONS.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco.
Agents for The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co., The California Line of Clippers from New York, The Hawaiian Line of Packets, The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited, The Baldwin Locomotive Works, steel rails and track material.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN via NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.
Commencing Monday, September 1, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:
From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 4:55, 6:20 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:05, 6:30 P. M.
From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 3:25, 4:55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:05 P. M.
From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 7:45, 9:30, 11:15 A. M.; 1:30, 3:20, 4:55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, 11:40 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6:30 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.
From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:55, 11:05 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:15, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:15, 5:15 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.
From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 10:05 A. M.; 12:05, 2:15, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:45, 10:40 A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 7:10 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.
11:00 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12:45 P. M.
1:30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.
8:00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 6:15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.
Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rates.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Localoma and Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tomales, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.
Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Localoma and Point Reyes, \$1.75.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.
Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.
JNO. W. COLEMAN, F. E. LATHAM, General Manager, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 331 Pine Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY. FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
Steamer, From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1890.
Gaelic.....Wednesday, October 1
Belgie.....Thursday, October 21
Oceania.....Saturday, November 13
Gaelic.....Tuesday, December 6
Belgie.....Tuesday, December 30
Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA
City of New York..Saturday, Sept. 13, at 12 M.

Taking freight and passengers direct for Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, La Libertad, and Panama, and via Acapulco for all lower Mexican and Central American ports.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama, direct:

City of Rio de Janeiro.....Sept. 23, at 1 P. M.
China.....Thursday, October 9, at 1 P. M.
City of Peking.....Saturday, Nov. 1, at 1 P. M.
Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.
W. R. A. JOHNSON, Acting Gen. Agent.
Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From July 14, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	2:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax	4:45 P.
8:00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6:15 P.
9:00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Ekersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles	10:15 A.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff	4:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore	8:45 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	6:00 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	9:45 A.
3:30 P.	2d class Ogden and East	9:45 P.
4:00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Lathrop and Stockton	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Land, via Davis	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore	8:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and San José	6:15 P.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7:45 A.
8:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	9:45 A.
9:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	7:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Excursion train to Santa Cruz	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6:20 P.
2:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	11:20 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos, and Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:25 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	2:30 P.
7:50 A.	Monterey, Santa Cruz, San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, Soledad, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	8:25 P.
8:30 A.	San José and Way Stations	7:30 P.
10:30 A.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	5:13 P.
12:01 P.	(Del Monte Ltd) Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pacific Grove, Castroville, Monterey, and Pacific Grove	11:15 A.
2:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations	10:00 A.
4:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	7:56 A.
5:20 P.	San José and Way Stations	9:03 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	(San José and principal Way Stations)	4:28 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. ** Mondays excepted.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, July 13, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:
From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:25 P. M.; Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:15 P. M.
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:00, 9:30, 11:40 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05, 6:30 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—7:15, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 12:05, 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 7:00 P. M.; Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	SUNDAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa
3:40 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	10:40 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	10:00 A. M.	6:05 P. M.
		10:30 A. M.
		7:25 P. M.
		6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Headlands, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	7:25 P. M.
		6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.
		7:25 P. M.
		6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.
3:40 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	7:25 P. M.
		10:30 A. M.
		6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma
5:00 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	10:40 A. M.
		6:05 P. M.
		6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Glen Ellen.
		10:40 A. M.
		10:30 A. M.
		6:05 P. M.
		6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 P. M.	Sebastopol.
		10:40 A. M.
		6:05 P. M.
		6:05 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Lower Lake, and Zeigler Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Willits, Chato, Capella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.
EXCURSION TICKETS: From Saturday to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Headlands, \$3.40; to Litton Springs, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Guerneville, \$8.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Headlands, \$2.25; to Litton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$2.70; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$3.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager, PETER J. MCGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt. Ticket Offices at Ferry and 222 Montgomery Street.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, G. M., August 3, 13, 23, Sept. 2, 17, Oct. 2, 17.
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The majority of the people who went to see "The Midnight Bell," on Monday evening, expecting to be entertained by a Hoyt farce, found themselves let in for a three-hours' New England comedy of the hayseed order.

The prevalent sensation was disappointment. The hayseeds in the audience did not want to look upon themselves in their habit as they lived, and that portion of the spectators who were not the nurse-lings of nature have had a surfeit of New England and its simple ways. But so determined was everybody to be pleased, and so general was the good temper of the multitude, that even the humor of Deacon Tidd was appreciated and the song of Martin Tripp applauded. This—to those who have sat through the play—will give some idea of the angelic sweetness of the Californian bucolic when making holiday.

Of the two halves of the house, the audience side was the most interesting. The California, without being precisely "the handsomest theatre in the world," as it modestly asserts on the ticket-envelopes, has a prettily decorated interior, and its yellowish-tinted walls make a better background for heads than do the orange hues of the Baldwin. This was especially apparent on Monday evening, when the side-aisles were fringed with a line of wall-flowers, who, though they did not exactly show "a wealth of simple beauty and rustic health," showed a fine coppery coat of sun-burn that accorded with perfect harmony with the yellow walls behind. They evinced, too, that concentrated, intense interest in the scene before them—that set determination not to miss any part of the fun—which is a peculiarity of the untutored child of nature, and they, one and all, had that steady, direct, unflinching gaze, which is an attribute of every native Californian, be he patrician or plebeian, townsman or countryman. In the open enjoyment of the show, the honest genuineness of their laughter, the depth of their interest, there was infinitely more entertainment for the spectator than in the rapid performance going forward on the stage.

For it was a tame play. Mr. Hoyt had much better keep to his farces and write songs like "McGee's Back Yard." His style of art there may not be high, but it is not flat. Miss Flora Walsh may not have any voice, or much dramatic ability, or a superabundance of beauty, but when she sings "Drill, ye Tarriers, Drill," in a little voice you can hardly hear without an ear-trumpet, and ends up with a sort of dance in which she steps out as light and gamesome as a fairy footing it under the new moon, she is a pleasant thing to hear and see. The moment that she is there is a good moment, though certainly not a great one, and you keep a little picture of her in some corner of your memory, dressed in a white frock and with hair falling over her ears like a child's, a pair of neat black-silk stockings emerging from a fluff of muslin skirts, and two small feet in patent-leather slippers twinkling to the throb of the music.

There is nothing so nice as this in "The Midnight Bell." There is nothing marked about it one way or the other. It is like the son of Mother Goose who was "not very good, nor yet very bad." There is a sort of agreeable mediocrity about the whole performance that restrains you from saying, as the acts drag by: "How long, oh, Lord, how long?" and on the other hand subdues all evidences of undue hilarity. It inspires you with a sort of gentle tolerance, and keeps you saying at intervals, "Well, this isn't so bad as 'Lights and Shadows,' is it?" or, when Martin Tripp comes forward to sing the eighth verse of his tuneless number about the infancy of his "popper," "I think this is just a shade slower than 'Nadji.'"

The story is a simple tale of love, robbery, and a clergyman. The clergyman permeates the whole plot, you can not get him out of your mind for a moment, for when he is on the stage you are all the time thinking of when he is going to go off, and when he is off, you are all the time expecting the moment to arrive when he is going to come on. He clings about the play as the scent of camphor clings about a winter coat. In appearance, he is a close reproduction of the better style of English groom, an illusion which he still further carries out by wearing, like old Grimes, "a long-tailed coat all buttoned down before," a tall hat, and if he would only complete the costume with a fur-cape, we would have before our eyes one of those aristocratic coachmen that Van Schaick pictures in *Life*.

The clergyman, in this simple New England tale, loves the school-teacher, who, like the school-teacher in "The Danites," is young and charming, and is respected by the clergyman of loving another, which she does not do. When the clergyman thinks he has discovered this soft secret, he immediately de-

cides that he will sacrifice himself, after the way of stage heroes. It is rather difficult, in the paucity of material offered by a small New England village, to find anything to make yourself a martyr about, but being a determined man, he manages to work up the situation to the proper sentimental pitch by bringing his rival back to the school-teacher. This is sufficiently self-abasing to satisfy even a New England conscience, and the clergyman, happy in his success, goes away to fatten himself for the sacrifice.

There are several other characters circulating about this main pair, none of them showing a particularly strong *raison d'être*. The pivot of the story is a bank robbery, for which an innocent old gentleman is arrested. When the minions of the law attempt to lay hands upon him, his nephew dashes forward and says: "He is innocent, I took the money; release me aged relative." They release him and transfer their handcuffs to the nephew, not seeming to be particular as to whom they arrest so long as they get somebody. Their attitude is similar to that of a hostess, who, having a vacant seat at her dinner-table, feels that she must get some one to fill it, no matter whom he may be.

It was pleasant to see Miss Percy Haswell back again, she who made such a pretty Jenny Buckthorn in "Shenandoah." The little soldier-girl, born on the plains, and brought up in the shadow of tents, hearing for her lullaby the inspiring note of the bugle, and educated on the military code, was a more taking figure than Dot, the minister's sister. Dot is a somewhat pert school-girl, very pretty with her yellow curls and her demure eyes, and given to saying stinging things. The deacon himself repeats one of her *bon-mots* at his expense. She was behaving in a very irreverent and flippant manner. "Are you trying," he asked at length, "to show your want of respect for me?" "No," she answered, "I'm trying to hide it." She has a lover—called on the play-bill "a city lawyer"—whom she treats with scorn and contumely, and who retaliates by being as consistently rude as stage-lovers of that type always are. When she enters he takes up a novel and begins to read, with his feet on a chair. After she has coughed, knocked the crockery about, pushed the chairs against each other with sudden crashes, she manages to attract his attention. "Ah," he says, languidly, as an English Guardsman in a woman's novel, raising his eyebrows and looking superciliously at her, with an air of elegant boredom. This makes her love him all the more, but she conceals her tenderness under an avalanche of contemptuous sarcasms. And they keep up this kind of sparring whenever the clergyman and the school-teacher give them a chance.

Miss Haswell is a pretty girl, graceful and having self-confidence. She is getting over that dreadful accent that nearly spoiled her Jennie Buckthorn, and which is a stamp of the actress of a second or third class. But she is still unpleasantly affected—she minces and mangles her words, she rolls her eyes round—not quite as irrepressibly as Miss Hattie D. Barnes does, but still in a masterly manner—and she has that consciousness of her clothes and the sensation she is making, which is obvious through the cleverest assumption of indifference. It is a pity that a girl who is so pretty can not forget her looks, and sink herself in her part in the hope of, at some future date, becoming an actress.

The school-mistress is pretty, too, but it is one of those whining parts representing distressed and downtrodden innocence and beauty. All the world is conspiring to injure and oppress this gentle sylph, with a Psyche twist and a long, slim black dress. When she is alone, and when she is in company, too, if not actually in tears, she always appears to be repressing them by a heroic effort, and smiles in what the novelists call "an April manner." When she and her clergyman finally get married, they will be able, hand in hand, to go and hunt sacrifices and have the loveliest imaginable time making themselves miserable. G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"A Midnight Bell" is to be continued next week.

The Baldwin will close its doors next week, and may not be re-opened until the beginning of November.

"The Bells of Haslemere," an English melodrama, is to be produced in this city in a few weeks. The scenery, which is being painted by Forrest Seabury, is expected to be very fine.

"La Marjolaine," with the Gaillards, Henry Norman, Louise Manfred, Fred Urban, and other well-known people in the cast, has proved popular, and will be run for at least one week longer.

Thomas W. Keene, who has not been seen in San Francisco for a number of years, is to revive our memories of the legitimate drama in a fortnight or so. He will probably open in "Richard III."

Mrs. Frank Stechhan, who is professionally known as Irene Dudley, will shortly be married to John Henry Willett, Esq., of London, Eng., who is at present sojourning on the coast in the interest of several English journals.

Maude Granger commences her second week next Monday night. "Inherited" is a very "weepy" play, of the "Jane Eyre" order, and has afforded

much melancholy satisfaction to a number of tender-hearted landladies and other emotional young things.

Maurice Barrymore, who is known as a very handy man with the gloves, is not going to let Sullivan monopolize pugilism on the stage. He has engaged E. J. Henley for "Reckless Temple," and the two are to have a very pretty "scrap" in the second act.

"The Fugitive" is to be withdrawn to make way for "A Man from Maine," a war drama by the man who wrote "Ranch 10." There will doubtless be plenty of moving incident in it, but the management aims a little high when it predicts that the play will prove a second "Shenandoah."

Rose Osbourne is in New York playing the leading rôle of "Satan in Paris" at one of the Bovey theatres. The *Sun* says:

"In most of the scenes she has to wear trousers, a high bat, a frock-coat, and other male fixings. Miss Osbourne is more than plump, and a rear view of her is not at all impressive. In spite of her powerful lines in these scenes, the sense of her unfitness for the rôle was marked. She displayed marked ability, however, as a swordswoman in a duel episode."

A Chicago critic recently expressed surprise that so many women attend such performances as "The Seven Ages," whose principal element of attractiveness he considers the revelation of feminine curves. These curves can be of no interest to femininity, he writes, unless it be for "mental comparisons with recollections of mirrored revelations," and adds that if men were as scantily attired, audiences would not be so large.

Robinson's Circus is to open its three rings at Central Park next Monday night. The circus is the best that remains on the road, and has a number of very clever gymnasts and daring riders in its ranks. The menagerie is one of the most complete ever brought to San Francisco, and in the comparative dearth of theatrical attractions next week one could easily find a far less interesting place to put in an evening than at the circus.

"The Crystal Slipper" is a Chicago production,

and, like everything else from that breezy burg, is immense in all its aspects. The company is a large one, the costumes and scenery are as gorgeous as can be made, and the music and words were considered exceptionally clever—in Chicago. Of the people in the cast, those best known here are Louise Montague, formerly known as the ten-thousand-dollar beauty; W. S. Daboll, a comic-opera comedian; and Eddy Foy, a comic Irish policeman.

Here are some bits from the *Sun's* account of John L. Sullivan's debut on the stage:

"This first hilarity was caused by his looking like the rockiest Little Lord Fauntleroy that had ever grown into an enormous slug, with hair cropped close to a wide-eared head, and hands so big that it was a wonder how the sleeves of his coat had got on to his arms, while the stalwart legs were in velvet panties and knee-stockings."

"She seemed to feel better and safer as soon as she was out of his arms, while he, with nothing to hang on to, slouched a few steps across the stage, with the true Powery lurch—such as the comedians are so fond of mimicking—and then stood stock still, with a fixed, meaningless face suggesting paresis, and which may have come of stage fright."

"Mr. Sullivan stood still nearly all the time he was in sight. He was altogether absent from the second act, but the third had him in a blacksmith-shop, with his arms bare to the biceps, and his tremendous fists on full view. He undoubted one of them, covered his brow and most of his head except with the broad palm, and, while an expression that was almost human came into his face, said, hoarsely: 'Let me think!'"

"John L. said: 'If you are looking for the murderer, there he is!' He thundered this out, and at the same time elevated the tremendous arm and allowed the Westphalia ham at the end of it to float out upon the air, with fingers under the villain's nose."

And thus he disappeared after his speech:

"He bowed, the stiff bristles rose and fell in a slight smile, his eyes glanced skyward with the genuine stagey roll, and he was gone."

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

First boy (to second boy, who has been fishing)—
"Catch anything?" Second boy—"I haven't been
home yet."—*Ex.*

Mrs. Cumso—"Well, Harry's wife is certainly a
thing of beauty." Cumso—"I hope she won't be a
jaw forever."—*Yenowine's News.*

Barber—"Your head is full of dandruff, sir."
Customer—"I'm glad you told me. I was under the
impression that it was brains."—*Life.*

Young Whipper—"I would like to have your
daughter for my wife." Old Snapper—"Indeed;
and what does your wife want of her?"—*Puck.*

Cobwigger—"Why does a woman have her pocket
where it's so hard to get at it?" Merritt—"So that
she can stick her friend for the car-fare."—*EPOCH.*

"He shouldn't say shoulder arms to those cavalry-
men." "Why not?" "They have nothing but
swords. He ought to say shoulder blades."—*New
York Sun.*

"There doesn't seem to be any point to this joke,"
said the funny man's wife; "why do you print it?"
"The managing editor got it off," replied the hu-
morist, sadly.—*Ex.*

Mr. Trouble—"You say men are harder on stock-
ings than women? How do you make that out?"
Mrs. Trouble—"Because women wear their stock-
ings longer."—*Plunder.*

Teacher (to class)—"In this stanza, what is meant
by the line, 'The shades of night were falling
fast?' "Bright scholar—"The people were pulling
down the blinds."—*Lynn Press.*

Jack—"I was reading in the Sun, a few days
ago, about a drummer who is in the habit of light-
ing his cigars with ten-dollar bills." Tom—"Hotel
bills, I presume."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Bill Cole—"Say, old boy, those type-written let-
ters of yours are full of errors—n's used for u's, l's
for f's, and dollar-marks for s's." Jack Wood—
"Ah! But you ought to see her s's."—*Puck.*

Miss Katie—"And you never got your baggage
last night, at all? Why, what did you do?" Han-
num—"Well, Miss Katie, in the absence of my
nighty, I was compelled to sleep in my figure."—*Ex.*

Johnson—"Some people are continually wanting
to know the why and wherefore of everything.
They are not content to accept facts as they find
them." Jackson—"Yes; you're right. I wonder
why it is?"—*Puck.*

"I am so happy," she said; "ever since my en-
gagement to Charles the whole world seems differ-
ent. I do not seem to be in dull, prosaic New Jer-
sey, but in—" "Lapland?" suggested the small
brother.—*New York Sun.*

Old lady—"Where is your husband, Mrs. de
Long?" Mrs. de Long—"He couldn't come.
He has the rheumatism all over him." Old lady—
"Goodness me! And he's over six feet high."—
Street & Smith's Good News.

Customer—"I want the most beastly fit you can—
aw—give me, y' know." Tailor (astounded)—
"Sir?" Customer—"Ya-as; I want to make the
deah boys think I had it made in Englan', y' know."
—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

"Haw-haw!" laughed Lord Noodle, as he en-
tered the auditorium of the Lyceum Theatre.
"What's up, me lud?" asked the Marquis of Fidle-
fadle. "They call this the Daly Company. It's
weally a nighty company." "Haw-haw!" laughed
the Marquis of Fidlefadle.—*Sun.*

"Uncle John," said little Emily, "do you know
that a baby that was fed on elephant's milk gained
twenty pounds in a week?" "Nonsense! Im-
possible!" exclaimed Uncle John, and then asked:
"Whose baby was it?" "It was the elephant's
baby," replied little Emily.—*Toronto Empire.*

Police magistrate—"Did you see the beginning of
his trouble?" Witness—"Yes, sir; I saw the very
commencement. It was about two years ago."
"Two years ago?" "Yes, sir. The parson said,
'Will thou have this man to be thy wedded hus-
band?' and she said, 'I will.'"—*London Star.*

Waiter—"But, sir, if you can't give me your
name and address, how can I send you home?"
Guest (considerably under the weather)—"Do you
now, I've forgotten everything. But say, I tell
you, waiter, just read the directory through to me,
and when you come to my name I'll tell you."—
Figende Blätter.

At a provincial theatre, where Fanny Davenport
as playing a tragic part, a very drunken man stag-
gered down the aisle to a front seat in the orchestra.
He watched the actress attentively, so much so that
he caught his eye several times, and as she pro-
nounced these words: "I can love you no longer,"
he man rose, put on his hat, bowed profoundly to
Miss Davenport, and said, with much drunken grav-
ity: "That settles it," and left the theatre.—*Life.*

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ed, fragrant, delicious.

A DISAPPOINTING SYLPH.

"Nym Crinkle's" Opinion of Fay Templeton.

Fay Templeton has been more talked about than
any starving hero of our day. She is celebrated in
all her fleshly particulars and in all her eccentricities
of conduct. The idle world has been proud to be-
come her bulletin, and she has been content to in-
scribe herself—shall I say—with her legs?

Upon its own plea of popular attractiveness, bur-
lesque tumbles into dreary ashes, if judged by Fay
Templeton. The excuse of burlesque is that it fur-
nishes a sensuous delight.

Does it in Fay Templeton's hands?
Does she feed the lustful eye commensurately with
the famed expectation?

Let us weigh her in her own balance.
Why not? She has provided the idea. Set up
the standard. Paraded her supposititious sylphness
abreast of greater souls and more decently clad
bodies. Hung her marble limbs in every hotel and
cigar-shop window. Held her drapery high in pho-
tography and inflamed every wandering street soul
with her Parnassus smirk.

What her herald trumpets said in advance was
virtually this: "Fay Templeton's limbs are coming,
coming, coming. So also draws near her torso; her
pectoral and abdominal charms approach. Let your
fancy revel and your eye prepare itself." Some
other mention was, indeed, made of Fay Temple-
ton's vocation, but it was incidental. The surpassing
splendor of her corporeal exhibition paled all other
considerations. Ivory legs of her were shown in
black and white. Pure Etolian legs that ceased to
be ivory only to become alabaster. Hellenic legs,
too dainty to do anything but pose blushless, and
wooing the eye from a face that would have blighted
Aristides with a sense of the inexpressible. She
seemed to shoot these siren promises of human love-
liness into all the reserved corners of illustration in
advance of her coming. Then she came.

The coming Fay was ethereal, pensive, sprite-like.
The arrived Fay was adipose, somewhat brazen in
demeanor and cow-like in a certain staring insensibi-
lity. The promised notoriety basked in the fresh-
ness and swelled with the exuberance of youth. Her
very calves were vernal. The furnished notoriety
capered heavily in the light of other days and her pro-
uberant physique was autumnal.

One may acknowledge on behalf of the theatre-
going public that the half-disclosed perfections of a
sylph are not without a fervor-stirring charm. But
one does not care to see a dowager in tights. And
dowagerhood betrays itself not only in black silk and
side curls, but in fleshly lines. A sylph with a
stomach may be possible, but it is tedious. A sylph
may pose, but heaven spares us when she adiposes!

Absolute and relentless justice is always tempered
with mercy in a newspaper office, when it is meted
out to these women, and then, of course, it is no
longer relentless justice. They dodge the truth with
insensibility, not with elasticity. To treat them with
rigid justice would be to hold them to their own stand-
ards, which are fleshly. If Miss Templeton invites
attention to her physical perfections, justice demands
that on the exhibition night those physical perfections
be measured.

I should like to see the writing physiologist who
would dare to tear from Miss Templeton the per-
sonal illusion that she is still a sylph, and hold her
up quiveringly to the public as a fat, and, if not a
mature, at least a premature exhibition of her own
physical decline.

Anatomically her charms are now like an over-
done biscuit or a prize pumpkin. They might com-
mand the first mention in a county fair, but they
would not, I am sure, set the poet's eye with fine
frenzy rolling.

The probability is that a sylph never knows when
she has passed the boundaries of sylphdom, and of
course she will never permit anybody to inform her.
Some of them pass the boundaries with a suddenness
that confuses us, but they keep on pirouetting and
smiling. They grow old in certain physical lines
without suspecting it. The vital nature, which is
about all the nature they ever had, begins to burst
its corsets when the era of milk punches sets in.
Then Titania takes to compressing instead of ex-
pressing herself.

Perhaps it is cruel to destroy the illusion that this
burlesque actress is a perennial sylph. But I am
bound to say that sylphdom is not a fixed factor of
existence like one personal identity. It is a mere
phase of development, like teething.

Once a sylph, always a sylph, in spite of develop-
ment, is an egregious proposition that nobody but a
burlesque actress ever makes. Nobody that I ever
heard of, except Maggie Mitchell and Lotta, carried
this audacity through every phase of life and almost
every experience unscathed. The rest of them soon
found that they had too much to carry.

I went to see Miss Templeton on the first Circas-
sian night. I am free to confess that I yawned.
The physical splendence bored me. I think it
ought to have been covered up. Some one told me
afterward that I should have been interested in her
talents and not in her physique.

So I should, but I did not know she had any.
The man who made the observation to me evi-
dently labored under the popular hallucination that
tights were made to wear on talents.—*New York
World.*

ARMY LIFE ON THE PLAINS.

A New Book by Mrs. Custer.

"Boots and Saddles," that delightful book written
some years ago by Mrs. Elizabeth B. Custer, widow
of the general, has gone through twenty-one editions.
It is now supplemented by another, "Following the
Guidon," which will be eagerly read by those who
ran across "Boots and Saddles." The present vol-
ume is a collection of reminiscences of every phase
of army life, and we shall make some extracts from
its picturesque pages. In commenting on the tone
that pervades the book, a New York Tribune re-
viewer says:

"The love that kept officers' wives with their husbands
in those ante-railroad days must have been strong indeed,
for the life was a daily and hourly trial. Provisions of some
kind appear to have been generally obtainable, but they were
not always acceptable, and at times there was a distinct
monotony about the menu. All sorts of queer shifts had to
be resorted to for the purpose of entertaining visitors and
eking out the very meagre accommodations of the quarters;
and for the spinning of the spindle which made the clothing
and their wives as one family and the light-heartedness
which converted every difficulty into a drill incident, the
common experience must have been not a little exasperating.
Floods at one time, rattlesnakes at another, invaded the
quarters and drove out the occupants. Terrible Kansas
storms swept suddenly down, blowing the roofs down into the
creek and drowning everybody and everything. Once Mrs.
Custer, on leaving quarters she had occupied all the summer,
discovered that she and the general had been living all that
time directly over a nest of pole-cats, seven in number. As
to the rattlesnakes, they were everywhere, and General
Custer, together with some of his men, went so far as to ex-
periment with their 'bush' as elements of the cuisine. The
troopers used to lie in wait at their holes and clip their
heads off with a sabre the moment they issued forth, then
skin and fry them."

"A capital idea has occurred to the author. It is to
familiarize the public with the system of bug-calls by
printing them, music and (when possible) words, so that
they may be used by the troops. The words, it need
hardly be said, are simply humorous or quaint doggerel
verses which have been devised by the men, and handed
down from generation to generation. The variants of these
calls might be made the basis of quite an interesting inquiry.
Some of the calls are English, for instance, but the words
applied to the bug are different from those in use across
the water, and there is a decidedly quaint humor in the
American verses, as a rule, besides a distinct local at-
mosphere."

Mrs. Custer gives this instance of what had some-
times to be risked for the sake of a bath:

"Officers will run almost any risk to get a bath, but the
way in which two of our brave fellows resorted from their
toilet was also for years kept as a standing subject of jesting.
I believe that it was their first and only retreat. In going
into the Indian country, the officers sometimes relaxed vigil-
ance for a time. Perhaps days would pass with no sight of
Indians. At such a time, these two daring fellows went
down the stream some distance to bathe, and, to their delight,
they found water deep enough in which to swim. They forgot
everything in the enjoyment of clear water, for many of the
streams west of the Mississippi are muddy and full of sand.
Their horses saved their lives. Their attention was called to
the tell-tale ears, quivering and vibrating, the nervous starts
and the snorts that many old cavalry horses give at sight of
Indians or buffaloes. Hearing these warnings, the bathers
sprang to the bank and found a few hundred yards of them.
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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It would be neither profitable nor honest to deny that the reflection of Governor Stanford is one of the issues of this campaign. Whether the Hon. E. B. Pond or H. H. Markham shall be chosen governor of California presents questions not at all involved in the senatorial contest, and appeals to sentiments of an entirely different character; whether the Hon. W. H. Beatty shall be chosen chief-justice of the supreme court or the Hon. John A. Stanly, involves considerations touching the qualifications, experience, integrity, and general character of the candidates; as they shall be weighed they shall reach the judgment of intelligent voters, and where they are not known or not considered the vote will be cast at haphazard, as the elector may be Democrat or Republican. The issues which are being considered in the case of Governor Stanford involve considerations of another kind. What kind of a senator he will be, if rechosen to fill his present seat, is determined by his

past service in the body of which he is a member, and is open to the consideration of all of his constituency who care to inquire. He is now absent from his seat in the Senate in pursuit not of pleasure but of health in a foreign country. He is in pursuit of information touching a matter of not less interest to the community of which he is a member, and the State of which he is a representative, than as if he were sweltering through a long summer session at the national capital. Governor Stanford has been visiting Germany, England, and other European states with a view to the study of their institutions of learning, for the purpose which will best carry out his generous views in reference to the Leland Stanford Jr. University. This is for the benefit of the rising generation of California youth, and this time will not be misspent or his efforts misdirected if he shall succeed in securing a model college where the boys and girls of California will receive their education. This contest seems to lie between Governor Stanford and Mr. Stephen M. White, as the political campaign now shapes itself. There is to consider who best deserves the honor of an election to the Senate of the United States. In Governor Stanford we find a gentleman of advanced years and ripe experience; in Mr. White we find a young Democrat, whose only evidence of ability has been displayed in the successful energy which has made himself prominent as the Democratic candidate for the highest position in the gift of the Democracy. We do not withhold our admiration for the genius which has elevated him to leadership; we admit the energy which has raised him to prominence as a senatorial candidate. We know of only one man in the Republican party who contests with Governor Stanford the place he is ambitious to fill, and that is Mr. M. H. de Young, the proprietor of the *Chronicle*. The issue is then between Governor Stanford and Mr. de Young in the Republican party, in event of a Republican triumph; and between Governor Stanford and the Hon. Stephen M. White, in event of the triumph of the Democratic party. If Colonel Markham succeeds in winning the position of governor, we assume that enough Republican members of the legislature will be elected to give Governor Stanford more votes than Mr. de Young. If Mayor Pond is chosen governor, we shall expect the result to be narrowed down between Governor Stanford and Mr. White. What rôle, if any, will be played by Mr. Huntington in the campaign, we shall not know till Mr. Huntington arrives in the State. When he arrives his position will be defined, and the contest be carried on upon the lines he shall mark out. If he desires to defeat the Republican party and elect Mr. Pond as governor, we presume Republicans will accept the issue and make the fight with Mr. Huntington as an open enemy. If Mr. Huntington shall in good faith carry out his purpose, and shall abstain as president of the Southern Pacific Railroad from interfering in politics, and shall not consent to put any part of his millions in the fight, we shall have a clear fight and an open field in favor of Governor Stanford as the Republican candidate for the United States Senate. This is where we desire the contest to come. We think Governor Stanford fairly and honorably entitled to succeed himself in the United States Senate, and we shall not believe that Mr. Huntington has the ability, if he has the inclination, to rob him of this honor. If Mr. Huntington is a Republican, as we believe he is, then we shall not expect him to make an open issue against his comrade in the campaign. Mr. Huntington ought not to oppose Governor Stanford, and if he does, the Republicans will contrast him and his life with the man whom he is endeavoring to defeat. Governor Stanford is a man of wealth, so is Mr. Huntington; but the Stanford fortune has been devoted to the development of the best interests of California. He resides in California, and has not been selfish in the expenditure of his money. His residences are in San Francisco, Sacramento, and San Mateo. His lands and vineyards are in Butte County; his stock-farm is in San Mateo; his expenditures have been scattered throughout the State; his beneficences and charities have been broadly distributed. He has always favored the retention of the railroad offices in California. If Mr. Huntington has been correctly represented, he

has desired to remove the railroad business to New York. He has built no home in California, and, so far as we know, he has contributed none of his ample accumulations to the laying of one brick or stone upon another in this State. He has not been distinguished for his generousities, nor has he done anything in aid of charitable institutions. He has not given, nor does he propose to contribute, any money to the people of the State to aid them. His home is in New York and he comes to California with the purpose of defeating Governor Stanford. If we are correctly informed, he has entered into a written agreement by which he consented to the return of Governor Stanford to the Senate, and, in writing, pledged himself to do everything that "honorable effort" could accomplish to reflect Governor Stanford to the Senate of the United States, and in consideration of that pledge, Governor Stanford resigned his position as president of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. This agreement was drawn in New York by Colonel Crocker, was signed by all the parties to the agreement, and was intended by Governor Stanford, Mr. Huntington, Colonel Crocker—who drew it—and by Messrs. Stillman and Hubbard, all of whom considered and signed it, as a complete and honorable adjustment of all differences and misunderstandings that had existed between them. A copy of this document was in Mr. Huntington's pocket when he made the attack upon Governor Stanford. If this is true, it was bad faith on the part of Mr. Huntington that he has been making his assaults upon the governor.

When the whole of this most unnatural contest is exposed, and the motives that have prompted it shall have been submitted to the legislators of California, we do not doubt that by an almost unanimous consent the Republican members of the legislature will see the propriety of sending Senator Stanford to Washington as the senator of California.

The name of Captain John Birmingham is coming before the Republican municipal convention for nomination as the party's candidate for mayor—a most excellent nomination—and there is every probability that he would make a successful campaign. The other candidates named, so far as we have heard them, are Mr. Easton, the real-estate broker, and Mr. Ellert, the druggist, who is at present a member of the board of supervisors. We think we do not overrate the superior claims of Captain Birmingham when we say that he is incomparably superior to any of the candidates whose names have been suggested. This is the opportunity for the Republican party to secure a mayor for San Francisco, and we are entirely confident that no more safe and available candidate can be nominated by that party than Captain Birmingham. The Democracy are hopelessly divided. Mr. Buckley has not lost his control over municipal politics in this city, and although the independents—under the leadership of Messrs. Swift, Nougues, Deuprey, and Stewart Menzies—are a disturbing element in his management of the Democratic party, there is no certainty that Mr. Buckley will lose entire control of the city government. Under these circumstances, it becomes necessary for the Republican municipal convention to nominate its best and strongest candidate for mayor. No better or stronger man than Captain Birmingham can be selected, for he is popular not only with the merchants, but with the large element of the water-front. He is a connective link between stevedores, dock-laborers, the water-front masses, and the business and commercial men who compose our community. The nominee of the Independent party, Captain Jim McDonald, is an honest and honorable man, though not especially popular nor generally very intimately known throughout the community. The incident of his withdrawal from the board of supervisors will be remembered to his advantage, although it was regarded as a very questionable thing for him to do at the time. Rumor says that Buckley's party will give the Democratic nomination for mayor to Strother, who has made a thoroughly good auditor, and who would not make a thoroughly good mayor. It would be better for Mr. Buckley to forego the privilege of choosing a mayor for San Francisco and give the nomination to the Hon. Frank McCoppin. If we could leave the contest between John Birmingham, Frank McCoppin,

James McDonald, and C. C. O'Donnell, there is a fair probability that the Republican party could carry its candidate for mayor, and with it the entire city and county ticket. All of which advice, given to the Republican, Democratic, and Independent parties, is gratuitous, and, if followed, we are confident the city and county of San Francisco would have a very much better government than the one now presided over by Mayor Pond and his friend, Christopher Buckley.

It is only when one can get a collective view of the railways of the United States, that one can form an idea of the extraordinary interests that are involved in that great division of our industrial economy, generally known to statisticians as transportation by land. An advance copy of the second annual report on the statistics of railways in the United States, made by the various corporations to the Interstate Commerce Commission, has been received at this office, and from it some remarkable figures are obtainable. It has been prepared by Professor Henry C. Adams, of Ann Arbor, Mich., who is the statistician of the commission, and is for the year ending June 30, 1889, so that it covers a period as yet untouched by any issue of "Poor's Manual."

It is learned from the report, for instance, that on the last day of the fiscal year of 1888-89, the railway mileage of the United States was 157,759 miles, an increase of 6,848 miles of new line brought into operation during that year. Of this amount—that is, of the total amount, 157,759 miles—149,948 miles were covered by the reports to the commission, so that the statistics here presented may be considered quite comprehensive, especially as the 7,000 miles and odd not reported on are also accounted for under the head of "unofficial mileage." Of the total railway mileage of the United States, California is set down as containing 4,062 official mileage and 188 miles unofficial, making a total of 4,250 miles. While this amount is quite large, it still only places California fifteenth in the list, which is headed by Illinois with 9,829 miles, closely followed by Pennsylvania, Iowa, Kansas, and Texas with over 8,000 miles; by Indiana, Michigan, New York, and Ohio with over 7,000 miles; Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Wisconsin, coming with 5,000 and over. California's companions in the 4,000-mile rank being Colorado, Georgia, and Dakota. Then comes Alabama with 3,034; Arkansas, Florida, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Mississippi, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia with 2,000 and over; while Connecticut, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Oregon, Vermont, West Virginia, Arizona, Montana, New Mexico, Washington, and Wyoming are in the 1,000; Indian Territory, Idaho, Nevada, and Wyoming treading close on their heels with 999, 844, 927, and 901 miles, respectively. After this the drop is quite big—Delaware appearing with 305 and Rhode Island with 214 miles. The smallest showing of all is made, of course, by the District of Columbia, which has 30 miles of railway.

But while California stands fifteenth on the list of railway mileage on June 30, 1889, her increase in mileage over the return made on June 30, 1888, has been greater than that of any other State or Territory in the Union. The figures are 536 miles, the closest approach to which is an increase of 498 miles, shown, strangely enough, by Georgia. Colorado has added 451 miles; Michigan, 438; Texas, 446; Indiana, 322; Kansas, 332; Minnesota, 308; Wisconsin, 327, and so on, in a constantly diminishing scale, until we come to an actual decrease.

Passing from mileage to equipment, it is learned that the United States railroads possess 29,036 locomotives, 25,665 passenger-cars, and 854,031 freight cars, exclusive of 49,766 set apart for fast freight-line service and of 31,657 cars devoted to what is known as "company's service." To attend to the running and management of the railway service in the United States there are 704,743 workers, most of whom are men. In the opinion of Professor Adams, it is a safe estimate to say that, independently of stockholders, the railway industry of the United States provides a living for 3,000,000 persons, or about one in twenty-two of the total population of the country. But while this number is positively large, the number of employees per one hundred miles of line, as compared with foreign railway administration, is remarkably small. England, for example, which has but 19,820 miles of railway against our 157,759, gave employment in the year 1888 to 346,426 men, or nearly one-half as many as did ours, although her railroad mileage was only about one-eighth of that of the United States. Tables showing the distribution of employees on the railways of the two countries are given, and from them it is seen that while the station-agents—or station-masters, as they are called in England—are employed in this country at the rate of 16 per 100 miles of line, in England they are employed at the rate of 31 per 100 miles of line. Again, the American engine-men are employed at the rate of 20 per 100 miles, while in England the ratio is 65. In this country, our conductors are at the rate of 14 per 100 miles of line, while in England similar employees are at

the rate of 30 per 100 miles. The same discrepancy runs all through the list, but it must be remembered that while American railways are managed in many cases with more economy of labor than is the case with those of European nations, this fact is partly explained by the sparseness of the population in many of the districts through which railway lines in this country run, and also by the fact that the length of the haul for freight and passengers is greater in this country than in any other.

In this connection, however, it is interesting, if not particularly satisfactory, to note some of the exceedingly grave statistics of railway accidents. During the year for which the report is made, no fewer than 1,972 employees were killed and 20,028 wounded, 310 passengers killed, 2,146 wounded, and 3,541 people classed as "other persons" killed, and 4,135 injured. By these "other persons" is meant, in all probability, tramps, drunkards, dozing farmers, and all those whose business unfortunately leads them to cross the railway lines. A startling total shows that during the year ending June 30, 1889, 5,823 people were killed and 26,309 injured, or a grand total of 32,132 persons killed and injured by the railways of the United States. As has been seen, the total number of railroad employees is 704,743, and by a trifling arithmetical calculation it will be seen that the returns show one death for every 357 employees and one injury for every 35; while other tables show that for a segregation of engineers, firemen, conductors, and other "train-men," railway accidents are the occasion of one death for every 117 employees and of one injury for every 12 men employed.

"If," says Professor Adams, "these figures be placed by the side of corresponding figures for England, the comparison is greatly to the discredit of the United States. According to the report of the board of trade on railway accidents for the year 1888, English railways gave employment to 346,426 men, of which number 396 were killed and 2,193 injured. From this it appears that in England one person is killed for every 875, and one injured for every 158 men employed."

Segregating the English employees again into "train-men," as was done in the case of the American employees, it will be found that the English returns show one killed for every 329 such servants of the corporations, and one injured for every 30. Comment on comparative figures of this sort would not emphasize their serious character. Considering next the casualties to passengers, it appears that 310 were killed and 2,146 injured during the fiscal year 1889. Now the total number of passengers carried was 472,171,346; and here again the simple sum in arithmetic will show that one passenger in every 1,523,133 was killed, and one passenger in every 220,024 was wounded. Professor Adams shows that for the year 1888 the rate of casualties in England to passengers from railway accidents was one passenger in every 6,942,336 killed, and one passenger in every 527,577 injured. In France the ratio of casualty is about the same as in England, although the statements published would seem to imply that railway travel in the former country is even safer. In either case, however, the comparison shows to the discredit of the United States. It is quite possible, in fact, to carry a policy of economy criminally too far.

Returning now to the commercial portions of the report, it is found that so far as its gross revenue is concerned, the Southern Pacific Company stands second on the list, with an income of \$43,292,582, the Pennsylvania alone standing above it with a gross revenue of \$57,719,086. Even the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad enjoys a smaller gross revenue, its figures standing at \$34,960,901. Of those lines in which this coast is interested, it may be mentioned that the Northern Pacific stands tenth, with a gross revenue of \$19,213,264; the Union Pacific twelfth, with a gross revenue of \$18,649,972; the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé fifteenth, with a gross revenue of \$16,001,267; the Canadian Pacific sixteenth, with \$13,731,639. The gross earnings of 69 companies are given in the table from which the foregoing figures were taken, and they show a gross revenue of \$734,797,941 earned on 98,636 miles, making the average gross revenue per mile of line for these companies to be \$7,450. These statistics serve to show, in a measure, the tendency toward centralization of railroad property, while the further figures that the railway capital for a representation of 153,385 miles show \$4,251,190,719 of stocks; \$4,321,856,023 funded debt; and \$442,128,632 current liabilities, or a grand summarized total of \$9,015,175,374, will show the enormous extent to which the capitalization of railway property has grown.

The figures of gross revenue given in the preceding paragraph do not, however, by any means stand as the net income or profits of the railways. To look for these, it will be necessary to study out the tables of earnings and expenses. The gross earnings of these sixty-nine specially mentioned companies have been already set down as \$734,797,941, earned on 98,636 miles, while, for the whole 590 corporations reporting, the gross income on 153,385 miles was \$964,816,129. From this, however, there have to be deducted \$644,706,701

operating expenses, leaving the net income at \$320,109,428, an increase, by-the-by, of \$4,482,864 net income over 1888. Of the \$964,816,129 gross income, \$300,063,891 were received from passenger-service, and \$644,777,801 from freight-service. In this calculation of earnings and expenses, only the operating expenses are counted; the maintenance of way and structures, \$144,821,953; of maintenance of equipment, \$106,709,258; of conducting transportation, \$330,915,439; and other general expenses, making up the \$644,706,701 expenses.

The income account of the railways of the United States for the year ending June 30, 1889, does not, however, give such rosy figures. As we have seen, the net income from operation was \$320,109,428. To this must be added \$125,169,702, income derived from interest on bonds, dividends on stock owned, rentals, etc., making a total income of \$445,279,130. But from this amount, according to the book-keeping of the Interstate Commerce Commission, there must be deducted \$343,890,394, made up of interest on funded debt, interest on interest-bearing current liabilities, rentals, etc., making the final net income of the railways of the United States for the year under consideration to be \$101,388,736.

In speaking of the statistics of railway accidents, a reference was made to the total number of passengers carried during the year, being 472,171,343. It should be added that the aggregate number of miles traveled by these passengers was 11,553,820,445 miles, or an average journey of 24.47 miles per passenger. Under the head of public service, it should also be mentioned that during the year the railroads of the United States hauled 539,639,583 tons of freight, at an average haul of 127.36 miles for each ton of freight, or an aggregate number of ton-miles of 68,727,223,146. Taking these figures as a basis, Professor Adams has worked out the peculiar result that if the total passenger mileage of the year were divided equally among the inhabitants of the United States, each inhabitant would have traveled 175.58 miles, while the railroads would also have carried what is equivalent to 1,041.32 tons of freight per mile for each inhabitant. The use of railway facilities in this country is shown by these figures to be free and enormous, and, it may be added, that use is considerably in excess of most European countries.

The *Chronicle* of Sunday suggests and advocates the propriety of borrowing ten millions of dollars, at two and one-half per cent. per annum, and bonding the city for an amount necessary to pay the interest and sinking fund for twenty years. It is impossible to do this without obtaining the consent of two-thirds of the electors of San Francisco to authorize the law.

It is not our purpose to discuss the question, nor the difficulties that will attend its solution, nor to inquire whether the money can or will be honestly disposed of for public improvements; but for any reason it is desirable to borrow ten millions of dollars, at two and one-half, or any other per cent. of interest, why is it not a good idea to recognize the principles of the Stanford Bill and authorize the government to advance the money at two per cent., and issue its currency in payment of the amount?

The *Chronicle* has been waging a bitter and vituperative war against Governor Stanford for the Senate of the United States, and has even resorted to the criminal and cowardly suggestion that he is lacking in mental strength, and has not sufficient intellectual vitality to perform the duties of the senatorial position. One of the reasons that has led the *Chronicle* to that suggestion, is the fact that Governor Stanford has introduced a bill into the Senate of the United States authorizing the government to issue currency upon the assessed valuation of real property throughout the country.

Now, if it is an evidence of mental imbecility to ask the government, with its redundant surplus in the treasury, to issue national currency at two per cent. per annum, which may be used in the payment of all mortgage and interest-bearing debts, why may not the city of San Francisco ask that the government lend the money to it upon what is really a small percentage of its assessed valuation? If the government would do this thing to the city of San Francisco, why not to individuals? If a corporation can borrow of individuals ten millions of dollars for a public use, why may not the private owner of land borrow ten thousand dollars of the government to be used in private enterprise, or for the payment of private debts?

It is not our intention to discuss whether or not San Francisco might not profitably borrow and expend ten millions of dollars in the improvement of its public works. But if it can do it, why may not the government lend the money? And if the government can lend sums to the municipal corporation, why not to an individual borrower, who can furnish the adequate security? The city of San Francisco has a property valued at three hundred millions; why would it not be well and wise for the national government, out of its surplus revenues, to lend the city of San Francisco one hundred millions; or why should not the entire reserve capital of the

ation find investment, based upon the credit of real properties? The security would be more valuable than that based upon the national debt, or upon gold coin, or silver bullion in its vaults. Nothing affords a better security than land.

If all the debts owing to individuals or to foreign countries could be paid by the issuance of currency by the national government, we would find that all our debt was owned at home, and the debt under such circumstances, if it could be paid any, would be regarded as a national blessing.

If the *Chronicle* would consider this question of national currency suggested by Governor Stanford, divesting itself of personal feeling against the governor, and consider the question solely upon its merits, it might, perhaps, come to the conclusion that Governor Stanford is mentally sound, and that he is sincerely desirous of serving the agricultural, mechanical, and other working-classes.

An opinion is expressed by scores and hundreds of members of the American party, and by individual members of the Republican and Democratic parties, that they desire to use some method by which they can express their American sentiments. They can not do so by voting for General Bidwell, who is the candidate of the American party for governor, nor for either of the other candidates presented by the Democratic and Republican parties, nor by casting their ballots for Mr. Chief-Justice Beatty, although he is known to be a thorough American. If the vote is cast for General Bidwell, it will be counted for "Vinegar Bitters," and will stand for half a ballot in the roll-call of Americans. We know of but one way to test the strength of the American sentiment in California, and that is by voting for Ben Morgan, who is the candidate on the American ticket for lieutenant-governor. It is probable that in many counties and in many voting precincts there will be found no American ballots; but it is easy for any Democrat or Republican to mark off the name of the lieutenant-governor and write in that of Ben Morgan. If Mr. Reddick is not elected, it will make no difference, for we can not learn from any reliable or authentic source that he deserves to be. Mr. Valle, the Democratic candidate for lieutenant-governor, does not require American support, for, as we estimate his mediocrity, he will get more than he deserves. Ben Morgan is a gentleman of American birth and eminent ability; he is an orator of first rank, and should General Bidwell happen to be elected, and happen to join the heavenly choir of political orators who have tuned their harps to divine melodies, he would make an excellent governor. Morgan has within him the qualities of statesmanship and would grow with experience into a publicist of eminent service to the State. He affords an excellent opportunity for any elector to illustrate his appreciation of advancing Americans in the direction of ruling America. "Morgan" is a good American name, and "Ben" is a good American prefix. Reddick sounds German and Valle Spanish; but if the one is a descendant in direct line of Baron Steuben or De Kalb, and the other from the abella la Catolica, they could not be better or more American than the son of Ben Morgan's father. We shall vote for him for lieutenant-governor, and wish that every American, Republican, and Democrat in the State would do the same. In event of his election we will pray for the early demise of the governor who shall be elected, whether Pond, Reddick, or Bidwell, and thus secure an American Governor.

In company with E. R. Knight, of the West End Improvement Club, we had the pleasure of visiting that portion of the town from the North Beach, along the line of Bay and Lombard Streets, to Fillmore, with a view to examining the improvements projected for the benefit of that portion of the city. The North Beach Improvement Club is making a very careful and thorough examination of the streets, with a view to securing the most practicable line for a commercial street, over which goods and merchandise can be transported as conveniently as possible for heavy hauling without inconvenience. This necessitates a change of grade at the foot of Montgomery Avenue and Jones Street, and some not very serious changes elsewhere along the line of Bay Street. When these are accomplished it will be of immense benefit to that portion of the town, and give great value to the property within the line of improvement. Mr. Bingham, supervisor from the first ward and chairman of the street committee, has been giving his personal attention to what is demanded by the improvement club in this portion of the city, and says there will be no difficulty in obtaining the consent of the board of supervisors to the improvements asked by the North Beach Improvement Company. It is expected that the War Department will give its willing consent so far as it affects Black Point—or Fort Mason, as it is called—and it is hoped that persons owning property in this portion of the city will be willing to permit these improvements to go on without hindrance, because of the certainty that property-values there will be largely increased. The portion of San Francisco

under discussion has been very seriously neglected, and there is now a disposition being manifested, both by the supervisors and by business-men, to extend the bulkhead to the government reservation at Black Point. With Bay Street improved, it will afford business facilities for that entire portion of the city, as it is contemplated to extend Bay Street to Fort Point, and it is also in contemplation to build a boulevard, for pleasure driving, through the line of Lombard to the government reserve. When these improvements shall have been accomplished, North Beach property will at once be largely advanced in value. There is no better time to accomplish the work than now, and it would be well if there was less complaint against the nine ring in the board of supervisors. It is popular to condemn Mr. Buckley, and to attribute to him, and to the men who are under his influence in the administration of the city government, improper and dishonest motives, and while we are not attempting to defend Boss Buckley, or the ring, or the men whom he influences, we simply ask the question whether it would not be better to withhold, somewhat, the criticism which the press, bolting Democracy, and fault-finding Republicans put upon Mr. Buckley and those under his control?

The McKinley Bill seems to have caused agitation in Canada, and serious complaint from the agricultural producers, so much so, that the governor-general, Lord Stanley of Preston, has deemed it proper to make the McKinley Bill the subject-matter of political discussion, though he denies that the people of Canada have any right to criticize the legislation that may be had in the United States, or complain of a bill that shall have become a law of Congress. He suggests that the only relief which the agricultural and producing classes can obtain is by discovering new markets for the produce of the Dominion.

To us this seems to be very sensible advice, and it would look as though all these questions were tending to the consummation of the projected annexation to the United States. Particularly to the agricultural and commercial classes is this becoming an interesting subject of consideration. This outcome seems the only possible way in which Canada can break down the cordon of custom-houses that line our border, and permit the products of Canada's industry to find a free and open market with our sixty-five millions of people.

The politicians of the Dominion may object to this, but the great industrial class will clearly see that this is the only way out of the difficulty in which it now finds itself in reference to market; nor does there seem to be any good reason why, along our northern border for a distance of three thousand miles, people of the same race, speaking the same language, brought up in the recognition of the same laws and traditions, should endeavor to maintain a government which recognizes the Crown of England as its sovereign, and is represented by a governor-general appointed by that crown.

The people of the United States of America are not endeavoring to present this question; but in the natural course of things the intelligent people of Canada will ask themselves whether they had not better join the American Union and unite themselves with the people south of their border, with whom they will stand upon terms of personal equality, and with whom they will enjoy the only market that is, or ever will become, available to them. This will settle all political questions between us—fisheries, bait, Siberian Sea, border disputes—and give them a perfectly independent position as sovereign States in the American Union.

The Roman Catholics of Lower Canada are showing a deplorable tendency to think and vote for themselves, which is causing great distress to the Holy Father upon the banks of the Tiber. His Holiness has heretofore looked upon his Canadian children as without any rivals in subserviency. Not even in Spain has the Church of Rome had more faithful and obedient slaves. Ignorance and submission have been a source of profound joy to the Italian hierarchy. The bishops of Quebec, with Cardinal Taschereau at their head, are proposing a formal protest against the interference of the Vatican in the politics of Quebec. It is the old quarrel between the parochial clergy and the Jesuit order. The clergy and the laity of the Roman Catholic Church are endeavoring to destroy the ecclesiastical machine now engineered by the premier, M. Mercier, in the interest of the Society of Jesus. We sincerely sympathize with his imprisoned holiness at the insubordination that is growing up around him; France—the eldest, strongest son of the church—has successfully set up a republic, which even Bourbon intrigues and jesuitical conspiracies have been unable to undermine; Spain is looking forward to a republic; all the South American nations are in revolt against Rome; a statue of Giordano Bruno has been erected under the Pontifical nose by Italian students; Quebec is in revolt and American school-houses in open rebellion against the Council of Baltimore for establishing parochial schools, and a tendency is manifesting

itself among American Catholics throughout the United States of America to think and vote and act for themselves independent of the Roman priesthood. We see troublous times ahead for the octogenarian monarch of the triple crown, and we can suggest no more safe retreat for the Pope than for him to pack up his sacred relics, his holy staircase, his bones of saints, his blood of Saint Januarius, his altars, emblems, and solemn millinery, and emigrate to the United States of America, where under the law he is guaranteed a freedom of worship and ceremony with which no one dares interfere. This is the land where freedom of conscience and immunity from persecution find the most ample protection, and where the Pope of Rome would enjoy the fullest liberty and the most unrestricted freedom.

A special dispatch from Washington to the *San Francisco Chronicle* of September 22d, says that "Senator Stanford is about to visit San Francisco, for the purpose of dedicating the Leland Stanford Jr. University at Palo Alto, and will bring with him the President and Vice-President of the United States, all the Cabinet, with their ladies and families, twenty senators, with enough members of the House of Representatives, distinguished guests, and newspaper correspondents to fill twenty Pullman-cars, with hotel cars, etc., to accommodate the party." It is also stated in the dispatch referred to, that it is the intention of Senator Stanford to "invite certain distinguished literary celebrities from Europe, and people equally celebrated from the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and from the great universities of France and Germany." One of the present objects of Senator Stanford is to select a president for his university, which we are informed will be opened for the admission of pupils some time next year. The university is to be dedicated in June. These excursionists will be the guests of Senator Stanford, visiting the State at his expense, and to be entertained by him during their stay in California.

It will undoubtedly be very desirable, if the foregoing account of Senator Stanford's intentions be true. It would be very agreeable, indeed, if the senator could bring twenty Pullman palace car-loads, embracing the President, Vice-President, all the Cabinet, and twenty senators of the United States, with their ladies and families, and several literary celebrities of Europe. It would be a matter of State pride to have all these distinguished personages visit our State. It would be a splendid advertisement of our climate, of our material resources, and all the attractions that our Pacific Coast might present. But we are compelled to look upon this anticipated pleasure with some grains of salt. We think it hardly probable that Governor Stanford will desire to make so costly and ostentatious an exhibition of his generosity and hospitality, to make so great an effort for the purpose of inaugurating and dedicating the Leland Stanford Jr. University. We hope it may be true, but can hardly anticipate its realization.

In the general Catholic Congress, recently convened at Pittsburg, Pa., the Rev. Dr. Bueschler, of New York, said that Catholics had no use for public schools, and that the Roman Catholic children are to be brought up in their parents' faith. This is the doctrine of the assembly that convened at Baltimore recently, and expresses the opinion of the foreign-born hierarchy of the Roman Church in America. It is in opposition to the free public schools. These schools are an American institution. They are a part and parcel of our governmental plan, which was organized by the fathers of our republic, which met with the approval of Jefferson, and was the result of patriotic deliberation before the United States began to receive any considerable addition of Roman Catholic population. The remarks of Dr. Bueschler represent the antagonism of the Roman Church to our free public schools. It is an antagonism to the institution of our free republic, and if the time ever comes—prophesied by Lafayette, recognized by General Grant, and apparent to every intelligent individual who loves republican government—that contention and bloodshed will result from any antagonism between Catholicism and Protestantism, this determined, thoroughly organized assault upon the American school-house must lead to the first difficulty that will arise between the contestants. This country can not be governed except by men educated in non-sectarian schools. There is no God in our constitution, no religion in our system, and no church can be permitted to receive any portion of the public moneys, or have any recognition by the State. These remarks apply to all churches, and not exclusively to the Roman Church; but, for the present, the only opposition to our free schools is found in the Church of Rome. Protestants have accepted the absolute separation of church and state, and if the Church of Rome takes the position that free public schools must come under the dominion of their church, or the dominion of their priesthood, they have taken a position which is a declaration that will lead to a civil war, whenever they shall feel strong enough to carry their principle into practice.

THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN.

The prænomen of Simon had descended to him together with four thousand dollars from his maternal grandfather. At college, the name had naturally been shortened to Sim, and then, quite as naturally, extended to Simple. So he was known to his familiars as "Simple Howard."

There was a senior, with a reputation for wit, who said of him: "The people who maintain that Simple Howard is an idiot are quite wrong. He is merely an anachronism. He is several hundred centuries out of date, though whether before or after his time can hardly be determined. The trouble with him is that he so persistently *will* believe what he is told."

Unless it be necessary, "in the fatness of these prosy times," to regard commonplace virtues as something quite out of common, we may say that, while he was in college, Simon showed no marked characteristics, other than this one mentioned by the senior. He studied his lessons faithfully, paid his debts regularly, and indulged in no performances with the paint-pot.

It took three out of the four thousand dollars to put Simon through college. This does not happen to be the right place to discuss the question of the game and the candle; it is enough to say that when he started out into the world, the young man had cash assets to the amount of one thousand dollars. His parents were dead, and he had no brothers nor sisters; nevertheless, he possessed an ample stock of relatives—uncles, aunts, and cousins—scattered in various parts of the Union.

Simon had enjoyed his college life so well that he was loth to leave when the course was completed. He therefore decided to continue his work for a year longer, in the belief that this would secure for him a place as tutor. But when he talked the matter over with the president, he was compelled to change his mind.

The president said: "I can never conscientiously advise a young man, to whom anything else in life is open, to become a teacher. Now, Mr. Howard, I should imagine you were best suited to some sort of a business pursuit. I would advise that you go to any large city, where you have friends or relatives, and secure a place in some big wholesale house. There you would have an outlook in life. But whatever you do, don't teach."

"Thank you for the advice," said Simon; "I shall follow it."

A few days later, he presented himself at the book-keeping department of the great firm of Dott & Carry, and asked to see his Uncle Martin, who presided over one aisle of desks. He put his case as briefly as possible, for Uncle Martin seemed to be greatly hurried.

"Do you know anything about book-keeping?" asked the business man.

"Nothing at all," replied Simon; "if you think it advisable, however, I will go to a business college. I have still a little money left."

"You have?" said Uncle Martin; "then I will tell you what you had better do; go and study a profession—medicine, for example. There's your uncle, Harvey Blood. See what a good thing he has made out of it. He claims that his practice yields him five thousand a year—net. And here I am, after twenty years' experience with the best houses in the city, on a salary of one hundred and seventy-five dollars a month! If a man has no capital and no expectation of any, he is a fool to go into business."

Whose judgment could be wiser in such a matter than that of Uncle Martin? After thanking him, Simon proceeded to go in search of Uncle Harvey, who lived in a small town at the other end of the State.

"If he has so much practice," thought the young man, "it is quite possible that he may need an assistant. I can study medicine and earn my living at the same time."

When he called at his uncle's office, a bright-looking young man whom he found there informed him that the doctor was out. Simon sat down to wait, and the young man went to a desk and began to turn over the leaves of a medical book.

"Are you a physician?" asked Simon.

"Oh, no," answered the other; "I am Dr. Blood's assistant in the office, and I am studying with him."

"Why, then, you have the place I intended to ask for!" exclaimed Simon.

"Indeed," said the other, with an injured air; "well, there were several that wanted it, but I guess I can do all that the doctor needs to have done."

When the doctor came in, Simon explained the cause of his visit, but added that he had no wish to interfere with existing arrangements.

"If you want to study medicine," said Uncle Harvey, "I would advise you to go to a medical college."

"I think I will do so," said Simon.

"But," continued the doctor, "I must first tell you in all candor that I think you will make a great mistake if you study medicine at all. The fact is the profession is horribly overcrowded. The medical colleges keep on turning doctors out by the thousand, where there is not room for them by the hundred. It is a noble profession and all that, but a man is in great luck if he can make money enough in it to pay his lawyer's fees in malpractice suits."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Simon.

"Why, see here now," said the doctor; "if you are looking for a profession, why don't you study law? That is the moneyed profession. Men make fortunes in it as easy as lying."

"Is that so?" said Simon.

"There is a friend of mine in the firm of Mortmain & Tort in the city," said the doctor; "I will give you a letter to him, and he will advise you in the matter. I will tell you in advance that his income is about fifteen thousand a year, yet the other fish don't look upon him as a whale by any means."

"Whew!" said Simon.

Several days later when that celebrated champion of evil-doers, Mr. Blackleaf, came to his office, he found a mild-countenanced young man waiting for him with a letter in his hand.

"Ah," he said, when he had read it through; "you want to study law, do you? Well, if you come to me for advice—and I don't know what else Dr. Blood could have sent you for—I can give it in short order. Let this profession alone. There is nothing in it. Good-day; you see, there are quite a number of people waiting to speak to me. Call again some other time, Mr.—ah—um."

"Thank you," said Simon.

It began to be evident to Simon that the task of getting started in life was a serious and a difficult undertaking. It was likely to consume a somewhat longer time than he had supposed, and he regretted that he had not kept out a larger sum than one thousand dollars. This was already beginning to disappear, for having come of poor but extravagant parents, Simon did not understand the art of economy.

"I can see," said Simon, "that it is quite easy for a man to make a dangerous mistake in his choice of a life pursuit. Suppose I had undertaken to become a teacher, or had tried to get into a business house, or had studied law or medicine? In each case I would have found myself in a line of work where there was really no place for me. I would have been in the position of a superfluous man, and might have starved to death. I will go slow, lest I fall into other errors similar to these I have escaped."

He then proceeded to go slow—so very slow, in fact, that a number of months slipped by and several hundred dollars were spent, without any results whatever.

One day, as he was coming away from the office of a court reporter, where he had just learned that it would be foolish for him to study stenography, as the profession was swamped by the numbers that were flocking into it, he met his Cousin Felix, a man who had traveled much and who understood well the ways of men.

"I have heard of your difficulty," said he to Simon, "and I have a solution to suggest. You have been trying for some time to get in here, but find every avenue closed. The trouble is that there are too many people in this city for the amount of work to be done. Your services are superfluous. It is always that way in the sections of the country that have been longest settled. Why don't you go West? There is plenty of work for everybody in growing cities, like Chicago or St. Paul. You have relatives and friends there who will help you to get in."

"Yes," said Simon; "I must get in somewhere. I'll try it in the West."

Thus began the wanderings of Simon Howard, which, if there were space here for an extended epic, would form an Odyssey by themselves. The Chicago uncle-by-marriage, who had made a little in wheat, declared that he had seen dozens of experienced men walking the streets month after month in search of a job. The Minneapolis cousin said that every vacancy there had several hundred applicants. He recommended Dakota, and gave Simon a letter to a man in Fargo. The latter was not to be found, and Simon, after a vain effort to get "in," started for St. Louis. On his way, he met a traveling-man, who assured him that that city was "dead," and advised him by all means to go to Alabama or Tennessee. There was great demand there for active, intelligent young men. He gave Simon several letters to merchants in Chattanooga.

A day or two later, Simon presented one of these letters.

"Dear me," said the recipient; "do you know that you are the fortieth man who has applied to me for work in the last two days? Why don't you go to Texas?"

At El Paso it was suggested to him that he should try the new country in the Indian Territory, and, after failing there, he went to Denver. Here, for the first time, he learned that great things were in progress on the Pacific Coast, and he hurriedly set out in that direction.

While these events were taking place, months were passing and money steadily going out. He still had, as he supposed, about one hundred dollars remaining. But soon after he arrived at a Southern California city, he received a letter from his bankers that made him very pale.

He had miscalculated, it seems, either in addition or subtraction (Simon was always bad in mathematics), and the money was all spent.

"Now you see," said Simon to himself, almost breathlessly, "I must find something to do—I really must."

Necessity makes heroes out of some and cowards out of others. When Simon went out to look for work that morning, his knees trembled under him, there was a cold weight in his stomach, and when he spoke it was with a weak, quavering voice.

The advertisements in the newspapers told of places, but for every one there were fifty applicants. When men asked him about his "experience" and learned that he knew nothing of any kind of business, they seemed to wonder at his audacity in asking for work.

Late in the afternoon it happened that he fell in with a man whom he had seen among the applicants for a certain place.

"Say, I got that place," said the man, "I go to work to-morrow."

"Do you?" said Simon.

"Yes. Are you fixed yet?"

"No."

"Well, I know what it's like to be out of a job, and I'll just give you a pointer. I know of a place you can get, if you go after it immediately. No experience is needed. All they want is a man who is honest and intelligent, and any one can see you are both of those. I could have taken it, but the pay isn't much—only ten a week."

The man then gave him the address, and added: "I was there about five minutes ago, and they had no one. You can get it, sure."

"At last," muttered Simon, with a gasp.

It was only a few blocks distant. He ran most of the way.

As he opened the door a young man came out.

"Are you looking for this job?" said he to Simon, with a grin; "well, I just got it. See?"

Simon went slowly down the steps into the street. It

seemed to have grown quite dark all at once, and he could no longer hear the noise of the wheels upon the stone pavement. He walked straight along, his head down and his senses dead.

"Look out there!" some one yelled.

There was something of an uproar, and a crowd gathered in an instant.

"Lift him up," said one man; "he isn't killed."

"Isn't he, though?" said another; "do you expect a man to come out of a mashing like that alive?"

They carried him into a drug-store and laid him upon the floor. A physician came through the crowd, ordering them to stand back. He looked at Simon and puckered his lips.

"You had better ask him his name," said one of the bystanders.

"What's your name?" said the physician.

Simon moved his head a little, but did not answer. He was frightened and confused, and could not think.

"Ask him where he works," said another; "perhaps he will tell that."

"Where do you work?" repeated the physician.

"Work" . . . whispered the Superfluous Man; "work. . . . SANTA BARBARA, September, 1890. WILL DWIGHT.

A WILD RIDE

Across the Continent in the First Overland Stage.

BY J. C. TUCKER.

The year 1859 found me in New York city again. I had passed the disagreeable months of the preceding winter in the South, traveling with some friends. Pleasantly worded letters of introduction to the captain-general, and to some of the wealthiest merchants and sugar-planters throughout the Island of Cuba and the States of Louisiana and Mississippi opened wide to us many hospitable doors and hearts.

Perhaps the superior attractions of our two lady-companions had more than our letters to do with the gracious receptions everywhere accorded us. The ladies (relatives of my companion, Mr. H—,) were a fair young widow and her still fairer niece, who, reaching New York from Europe just after our departure, had joined Mr. H— in Havana by a following steamer. Balls, bull-fights, processions, and fêtes were just then continuous for weeks, celebrating the victory of Spanish arms over the Moor. And, what with receptions, equestrian parties to the wondrous caves near Matanzas and to the incomparable Valley of the Yumeri, drives on the Calle d' Isabel Segunda, to Moro Castle by the seaport entrance, operas at the Tacon Theatre, promenades upon the palace plaza amid bewildering Spanish beauty and under the delightful influence of tropical scenery, ravishing music, and moonlit skies—the summer months were nearly upon us before we could rend the bonds of kindness and rescue the ladies from a cordon of Spanish admirers. Then we crossed the Caribbean Sea to New Orleans, and again running the gauntlet of overwhelming hospitality extended by our Southern friends, made our way northward. The fleet and majestic steamer *Diana*, the pride of the Mississippi, took us up that king of rivers in the royal style that existed only in the South and the ante-hellum days.

In New York our party broke up. Sated with luxurious travel, and with a longing for wilder, rougher experience again, I determined to set my face once more toward the setting sun. Which route should I take back to California? Panama, the Horn, Nicaragua, Mexico, Tehuantepec—I have traveled them all and now sought a new track. While undetermined which to take, newspaper mention was made of the starting of the Butterfield Overland Stage Line. This was the pioneer overland mail-carriage, subsidized by the government and supplanting the "Pony Express." The first stage was advertised to leave Syracuse, Missouri—the Western terminus of the railroad, thirty miles beyond St. Louis—and to reach San Francisco in thirty-five days. This was an excitement that measured my mood, and the following week found me in St. Louis, booked for a through sea upon the payment of two hundred dollars.

Dashing away across those level pampas-roads behind spirited horses, the first overland mail-coach started out from Syracuse upon its long trip across the continent of America. The cheers of a mighty crowd, waving of flags, and firing of cannon, gave us an enthusiastic send-off. Our schedule speed for the first week out was ten miles an hour, and with frequent changes of horses and drivers, we came pretty near making it.

As I turned my back upon the East and looked out over the bleak and limitless prairies hedged by the Western horizon alone, a sense of utter loneliness oppressed me. Had I left the world behind me? For months it had been my sweet privilege, in the unrestricted companionship of travel, to look upon one fair face, to hear one sweet voice, that I felt would not easily be forgotten. Would the wild excitements of the Far West neutralize the starlit tropical dreams, wreathed in the glamour of quivering palms, fragrant flowers, and sublimely melody?

Down through Missouri, Arkansas, and across the shallow Red River, through the Indian Nation, rolled the elegant Concord coach, cheered at every little hamlet and village as the avant-courier of closer connection between the seas that, three thousand miles apart, wash the Oriental and Occidental shore of our broad republic.

Shortly after crossing Red River, in Arkansas, we took aboard a party of four—two men and two women—all French. We three men, who occupied the back seat, at once placed us at the disposal of these unexpected lady passengers and their escort. While politely acknowledging—in their own tongue—the courtesy, the party at once assumed an utter exclusiveness of manner and ignorance of English. The *patois* of the elder woman and man proclaimed their Canadian origin. The younger man, of about thirty-five years, was evidently a Parisian—a haughty, supercilious fellow, who saw nothing but the young and handsome French girl he chattered to in

cessantly. But the bright black eyes of the girl saw everything. Evidently, she was fresh from some rural province in France, and hugely enjoying the novelty of border life in this country. "Mon Dieu—c'est extraordinaire!" was her constant exclamation.

Somewhere about here, we took on a typical border-man—a tall, handsome young fellow in boots and buckskins, bound for his ranch in Texas. With Western familiarity, he was at once addressed as "Texas," as I was saluted as "California." The other two men were denominated by their destination, Arizona and Mexico. A few miles further and a fat German-Jew boarded us.

It was raining, and this party—now all inside—filled the coach. "Dutchy," as Texas at once irreverently called our two-hundred-and-fifty-pound Teutonic acquisition, insisted upon sitting at the door in the middle seat, and Texas discomfited himself in the middle, to give him the fresh air he wanted. It was sultry and close already, but when the rain began to pour down in torrents, and it became necessary to close the windows, it was stifling. The Americans passed around their flasks, joked, and told stories. The Frenchmen distantly rejected, in French, all approach at companionship, while Dutchy disagreeably growled at want of room and air. Informed by the driver that the French party were professional gamblers, it was not surprising that our handsome Texan was soon broadly returning the admiring glances of the pretty, vivacious French girl. Texas was a blonde—straight, aristocratic features, well browned and bearded, with gracefully curling hair falling upon his broad shoulders. His manly, well-developed figure, set off to advantage by the picturesque buckskin costume, long boots, and belted weapons, was one calculated, at any time, to attract a woman's attention. Besides all that, while he was evidently educated and well-bred, there was an air of recklessness, an impulsive good-nature in every act and word. By the time we took supper at a station near Texarkana, the Frenchmen were furious, and the woman demurely responsive at the progressive flirtation between Marie and Texas. Evidently the men regretted their asserted "No speak English."

We all wanted to smoke, but the presence of the women restrained us. Just then, Dutchy pulled an immense pipe from his pocket and, deliberately loading, proceeded to light and smoke it, despite the remonstrances of all. The "Mon Dieu" of the women and the curses of the men only caused Dutchy to open his window to a torrent of rain and wind. Suddenly, Texas snatched the pipe from his mouth and flung it through the window. Dutchy was disposed to fight, but was deterred by a general acceptance of responsibility by all of the men. After indulging in considerable abuse, which Texas good-naturedly returned, Dutchy slewed himself around with his back against the door, took a big pull at his flask, and grumbled himself to sleep.

His snoring was equal to trombone practice and so annoying that Texas finally said: "We'll have to get shut of this porker." Quietly reaching behind Dutchy, he turned the door-catch nearly around. The next jolt the stage made, the door gave way, and out went Dutchy heels over head, into the road. Texas at once sprang out, helped him up, and in a tone of bantering solicitude, inquired if he was hurt. Dutchy fairly foamed with rage, and charged us all with attempting to kill him. So violent was he that we would not allow him to reënter the stage, insisting upon his riding outside, which he did to the next station, where he started off—the driver said—to get out warrants for the arrest of Texas and California, for assault. We stopped here but a few moments; the driver did not care to wait for anybody, he said, and so drove off, leaving Dutchy behind.

The flirtation between the French girl and Texas, by no means unobserved by her attendants, was warning to a dangerous temperature. The little attentions of a wild flower, a helping hand, or an admiring glance, which the dashing Texas managed to give her, elicited oath-garnished rebukes in furious French.

The stage had—the driver called out—rolled across the boundary line into the great State of Texas. It was nearing sunset, and the plain seemed alive with rabbits, antelope, and wild turkeys. In a low tree, quite near the road, sat an immense hawk. As we passed him and he slowly rose in flight, one of the men said: "There's a fine shot." Texas was sitting at the door-window upon that side. He pulled his pistol, and with a quick, chance shot, knocked the great bird's head off. Unquestionably an excellent shot, he himself candidly admitted that chance had much to do with the decapitation. Nevertheless, it was noticed that the pretty French girl smiled approvingly and received less frowning censure.

As the dead bird's mate rose just beyond, Texas motioned to the girl to shoot it, at the same time tendering her his pistol. Instantly the younger Frenchman turned the revolver aside, exclaiming, in excellent English: "D—n you, don't address this lady!" For a moment the men glared at each other, and then Texas, breaking into a laugh, quietly replaced the pistol in his belt.

"Well, Frenchy, you *do* speak English well enough to apologize at the next station," he said.

The Frenchman made no reply, but at once entered into a violent altercation with his companion. Above the woman's sobs, my limited knowledge of French enabled me to understand the fierce denunciations of the infuriated lover of Marie.

A half-hour of grim oppressiveness followed, and then the horn sounded our approach to a supper station. Both men were evidently brave and determined to come together when the women should be out of the way. As the stage stopped, Texas sprang out first and at once passed back of the station-house. I was about to follow, when the older Frenchman laid his hand upon my arm. "I wish to speak with you, sir, immediately I escort these ladies to the house," he said, in English.

I bowed in reply, and he was again with me in a minute.

"Your friend Texas, he must give my friend the satisfaction—here—now!"

"Texas is a stranger to me—is simply my stage companion, as he is yours," I replied.

"But you are his countryman—you will act for him?"

"That depends upon his wishes," I replied; "after you have explained to him the bloodthirsty desires of your friend, I think Texas will know how to act for himself."

"I will see him," exclaimed the Frenchman, and he followed Texas behind the house.

In a few moments they returned together, and Texas called to me:

"California, this fellow brings me a challenge from his partner to fight with pistols before we eat our supper. I'm ready. Will you act for me?"

Expressing my regrets at the serious turn affairs had taken, and finding compromise rejected by both parties, I reluctantly assented to his request.

"Now," said Texas, taking me aside, "these fellows are gamblers and not entitled to code recognition. There is a large empty corral back of the house; it has two gates opposite each other—north and south. Tell Frenchy to bring his fighting-man to the south gate, and you put me into the north entrance. Then, see that Frenchy don't interfere, and I'll fix the other frog-eater."

Returning to the elder Frenchman, I explained the conditions my principal demanded—a free fight to the death.

"No, monsieur, it is barbarous—impossible," he replied; "I have the beautiful pistols made to fight the duel. We will fight only with these, like gentlemen, not with the revolver."

"No," I said, "Texas will fight your friend only in the way I've stated. If you don't accept, he will slap your friend's face, before the ladies, and force him to use the revolver he carries. Texas knows your profession, and does not recognize you as gentlemen. Besides, we are the challenged party and have the choice of weapons."

For a moment rage made the Frenchman speechless; then he hissed through his teeth: "D—n the man, he shall be shot in the corral like the beast he is. I will instantly bring my friend to the south gate."

As he turned to go, I said: "One moment—let us understand our position, also, in this affair. We are simply to see that our principals, when they once enter the corral by opposite gates, are to fight it out, unmolested. Until, through agreement or death, they cease fighting, neither of us shall enter the corral. Any violation of this agreement will bring us into conflict, also. Do you clearly understand? Neither of us is to move from the outside of our gates, make a sign, nor utter a word. You must see that the women are kept away."

"Oui, je comprends," he replied, as he walked toward the house.

Whatever their profession, these Frenchmen were brave men, and it was with grave apprehensions of disaster that I returned to Texas, who remained by the north gate of the corral.

He had not much more than given me his address and that of a friend, to whom I was to write should he be killed, before we saw the two Frenchmen approaching the opposite gate. These entrances were quite two hundred feet apart, the ground level and unobstructed. Throwing my handkerchief into the air as a signal, the two combatants entered almost simultaneously and opposite each other. They had their revolvers cocked, the Frenchman carrying his raised for a drop, while Texas held his by his side for a rising shot. Sheltered by the heavy gate-posts from flying balls, we seconds watched the principals, who cautiously walked toward each other across the broad corral. While the Frenchman, with upraised pistol and eyes gleaming malignant hatred, was edging sideways across the tract, Texas was carelessly and more rapidly approaching him with square front.

Suddenly, the Frenchman dropped his revolver and quickly fired two shots. At the second discharge, Texas half-wheeled to the left and staggered. His exposed left arm was shattered near the wrist.

As if realizing his carelessness before, Texas now sprang forward several paces and fired. Almost at the same instant, the Frenchman's pistol again spoke, but neither was touched.

The blood was pouring from Texas's wounded arm as he again sprang several yards nearer his antagonist, who paused, and they quickly fired together. The Frenchman's shot knocked off Texas's hat, but as yet, the Frenchman was unhurt.

Then Texas dropped upon one knee, and resting his revolver across his wounded arm, fired with deliberate aim. His antagonist was, at the moment, also in the act of firing, but Texas's bullet reached his heart before he could press the trigger.

Throwing his arms wildly in the air, the Frenchman fell dead.

The firing had attracted all of the inmates of the station—not more than half-a-dozen. These—with the two Frenchwomen—quickly surrounded the fallen man. The driver had eaten his supper, fresh horses were in harness, and Texas and myself could only seize some food and jump into the coach, as the six wild mustangs started off on a fierce gallop. I also carried off the roller-towel and some shingles to splint the broken arm.

The French party remained behind; we saw nothing more of them. Of their history, from the driver, an old Santa Fé trader, we heard much. He had known the men as hard cases for many years upon the border. The older woman dealt faro for them, while the younger was doubtless a new acquisition. The men had a wide reputation for bravery and skill with weapons, and had killed many men. They were typical characters of that day—the well-dressed border tigers that met debauchery or death with equal nonchalance.

Owing to Indian troubles and a burned station, we were obliged to cross the Rio Grande just east of El Paso, and go down into old Mexico for a day. There was a slight delay in getting horses, but, at a ranch, the usual six untamed mustangs were initiated into harness, and after piling up in a heap a few times, started off on a dead run under the lash. The stations were supposed to be twenty-five miles apart, and the coaches to change horses at each place, but we could not always verify the supposition. Once started, the horses seldom relaxed their gallop until a steep mountain or the next station was reached. When willing to stop, the driver's cruel lash

stung them onward again. Once a poor animal dropped dead, and we were obliged to assist the driver in reharnessing but four horses, turning the fifth one loose. We were now in thorough-brace mud-wagons. The mail-bags left scarcely room for our feet, while the seats were narrow for three occupants each. Seated upon the outside end, I tied hay-rope across to keep from falling against the wheel.

Up and down mountains, through valleys, streams, and gorges, forests and deserts, on we rolled day and night, seldom stopping more than ten minutes at any station. Our approach to one was heralded by the horn; a fresh team was ready harnessed; our bacon and slapjack, with a bottle of coffee, ready for us to take into the stage, and the new and impatient driver's "All aboard!" left little margin of time. Twice only we had an opportunity to bathe—by stripping and jumping into a river we forded. There were no bridges.

The wearied gunner can sleep beneath his bellowing gun, the sailor amid the roar of ocean storm, but three on a seat in an open mud-wagon, tearing ten miles an hour through a wild country, is a situation calculated to set at defiance any such rest. Youth, health, and a trained endurance of loss of sleep in professional clinic, somewhat fortified me, but the extended suffering was intense and poignant beyond description. Greeley's wild ride down the Sierras, with the famous stage-driver Hank Monk, was railroading to the bouncing we experienced. Three in a row, and actuated by the same instantaneous impulse, we would solemnly rise from our seats, bump our heads against the low roof, and returning, vigorously ram the again rising seat we had incontinently left. You never encroached upon your neighbor, but upon waking you seldom failed to find him lying across you or snoring an apology into your ear. For we did sleep, somehow. The horribly weird feeling that accompanies the effort to resist slumber would give way for a few moments, and the blissful calm of a storm-tossed vessel gliding into quiet waters would fall upon our wearied senses. Often did I wake refreshed by a seeming sleep of hours of dreaming, to be told by my watch that minutes only had elapsed. One poor fellow went crazy from loss of sleep, and to prevent mischief to himself and others, we were obliged to strap him fast in the "boot," and leave him at the next station.

Texas suffered acutely with his wound. One of the bones of the forearm was fractured by the Frenchman's ball, which also produced considerable laceration. With the shingles and roller-towel, I had improvised splints, bandages, and a sling kept wet by a bottle of water and some laudanum we found at a station; but for the jolting, he would have been tolerably comfortable. After the crazy man left, Texas was less crowded and more at ease. He got off about Deming. A brave and manly fellow, I was glad, years after, to meet him in California, when he renewed his expressions of friendship and gratitude for my friendly and surgical aid. He had become a staid and wealthy cattle-owner in Texas.

At midnight we stopped for twenty minutes at Tucson. The hotel-bar was crowded with well-armed border men, one of whom slapped me upon the back and proved to be the Hon. Phil. Herbert, ex-Member of Congress, who shot a man in Washington, D. C. With him was ex-Judge McGowan of Vigilante memory in San Francisco, and several other self-banished Californians. The departure hour of the stage only saved my sobriety, or life! Through Arizona, skirting the Colorado Desert, across the Yuma and Colorado Rivers, leaving the San Bernardino range of mountains to our right—the north-east; Old Signal and Cocopa range to the south-west—onward we dashed, stopping briefly at Coyote Wells to drink reluctantly of its brackish water. Then, with the setting sun just disappearing in the West as the great full moon appeared upon the edge of the Eastern horizon, our gang of wild mustangs—now increased to eight—started on a keen run down into the broad basin of the Colorado Desert. Like a white, still sea looked those boundless plains of sand by the silvery moonlight. Unbroken, save by low mesas and clumps of mesquite, deerweed, and alfalfa, the browse of countless antelope and deer. Symmetrically washed mounds of stone and shell rose from the distant whitened surface like islands in a sleeping lake. Weird and ghostly seemed the imperfect perspective by Luna's light, and, pictured by an awed imagination, shaped wide-spread cities, walls, and battlements cresting distant shores and towering mountains. The shrieks and cries of wild animals and birds, the hurried panting of our horses, the dull grinding of the wheels through the sand, scarcely broke an oppressive stillness that seemed the funeral silence of departed nations.

The breaking morning and burning sun wreathed the vast desert in a thousand gossamer veils of waving mist. Down toward the northward spur of the San Bernardino Mountains, lay greeting our eager eyes a dainty bit of paradise—lakes, cascades, green meadows, and lofty shade trees. Hills crowned with castles and towers, forests and grassy lawns, the enchanting scene seemed all it really was—a beautiful, delusive mirage. And yet, until, like a dissolving view, it faded into other shapes, it was difficult to believe it but an optical delusion.

Again struggling through another weary stretch of sand—the Mojave; without water or food and chewing leaden bullets to alleviate thirst—still we pressed on toward our goal.

As we reached the lower outskirts of the then modest town of Los Angeles, we were met by a delegation of its people, who welcomed us with cheers and gifts of wine, grapes, and melons. The sweetest melon or grapes ever stolen when a boy could never compare with the deliciousness of those fruits that washed down the desert dust of the Mojave!

One-half hour for the first Christian meal since leaving Arkansas, and we were off in a fine Concord coach and six prancing steeds for San Francisco. By way of San José and up the San Mateo Road, just thirty-seven and a half days after leaving Syracuse, Mo., we dashed into San Francisco, Cal. Mr. Alvord, vice-president of the first overland stage-line, met and greeted us outside the city limits. I much fear that at that time we failed to appreciate his courtesy. Just then we were happy to arrive and could admire almost anything—except a stage and a stage-company's president.

OAKLAND, September, 1890.

HIS WIFE'S JEWELS.

By Guy de Maupassant.

M. Loutin was the head clerk in the employ of the minister of the interior.

One evening, he attended a soirée at the house of his vice-principal, and there met a young girl, with whom he fell desperately in love at first sight.

Her father, a country physician, had died some months before, and soon after she and her mother took up their abode in Paris, where they visited frequently among their acquaintances, madame hoping thereby to secure a favorable *parti* for her daughter. They were poor and honorable, quiet and unassuming in their manners.

The young girl was an absolute type of the virtuous woman, to whom every sensible young man dreams of one day confiding his heart and happiness.

Her simple beauty had the charm of angelic modesty, and the imperceptible smile which constantly hovered about her lips seemed to be the reflection of a pure and lovely soul.

Her praises resounded on every side. People never tired of repeating: "Happy the man who wins her love! He could not find a better wife."

Now, M. Loutin enjoyed a snug little income of three thousand five hundred francs, and thinking he could assume the responsibilities of a husband, proposed to this model young girl and was accepted.

He was unspeakably happy with her; she governed his household with an economy so clever that they seemed to live in luxury. She lavished the most delicate attentions on her husband, coaxed and fondled him; and the charm of her presence was so great that six years after his marriage, M. Loutin discovered that he loved his wife even far more than during the first days of their honeymoon.

He only felt inclined to blame in her two faults: her love of the theatre and a taste for false jewelry.

Her friends (she was acquainted with some officers' wives) frequently procured for her a box at the theatre, often for the first representations of every new play; and her husband was obliged to accompany her, whether he willed or not, to these amusements, which bored him excessively after his day's labor at the office.

After a time, M. Loutin begged his wife to request some lady of her acquaintance to accompany her.

She was at first opposed to such an arrangement; but after much persuasion on his part, she finally consented, to the infinite delight of her husband.

Now, with her love for the theatre, came also the desire to decorate her person. True, her costumes remained as before, simple, and of the most correct taste; but she soon began to adorn her ears with huge Rhine-stones, which glittered and sparkled like real diamonds. Around her neck, she wore strings of false pearls, and on her arms bracelets of imitation gold.

Her husband frequently remonstrated with her, saying: "My dear, as you can not afford to buy real diamonds, you ought to appear adorned with your beauty and modesty alone, which are the rarest ornaments of your sex."

But she would smile sweetly and say: "What can I do? I am so fond of jewelry. It is my only weakness. We can not change our natures."

Then she would roll around her fingers the pearl necklaces, hold up the bright gems for her husband's admiration, saying: "Look! are they not lovely? One would swear they were real."

M. Loutin would then answer, smilingly: "You have Bohemian tastes, my dear."

Often of an evening, when they were enjoying a tête-à-tête by the fireside, she would place on the tea-table the leather box containing the "trash," as M. Loutin called it. She would examine the false gems with a passionate attention, as though they were in some way connected with a deep and secret joy; and she often persisted in passing a necklace around her husband's neck, and laughing heartily, would exclaim: "How droll you look!" Then she would throw herself in his arms and kiss him affectionately.

One evening, in winter, she attended the opera, and on her return was chilled through and through. The next morning she coughed, and eight days later, she died of inflammation of the lungs.

M. Loutin's despair was so great that his hair became white in one month. He wept unceasingly; his heart was lacerated with grief, and his mind haunted by the remembrance, the smile, the voice—by every charm of his beautiful, dead wife.

Time, the healer, did not assuage his grief. Often, during office hours, while his colleagues were discussing the topics of the day, his eyes would suddenly fill with tears, and he would give vent to his grief in heart-rending sobs.

Everything in his wife's room remained as before her decease; and here he was wont to seclude himself daily and think of her who had been his treasure—the joy of his existence.

But life soon became a struggle. His income, which in the hands of his wife covered all household expenses, was now no longer sufficient for his own immediate wants; and he wondered how she could have managed to buy such excellent wine and rare delicacies, which he could no longer procure with his modest resources.

He incurred some debts and was soon reduced to absolute poverty. One morning, finding himself without a cent in his pocket, he resolved to sell something, and immediately the thought occurred to him of disposing of his wife's paste jewels; for he cherished in his heart a sort of rancor against the false gems which had always irritated him in the past.

The very sight of them spoiled somewhat the remembrance of his lost darling.

To the last days of her life, she had continued to make purchases; bringing home new gems almost every evening. He decided to sell the heavy necklace which she seemed to prefer and which, he thought, ought to be worth about six or

seven francs; for although paste, it was, nevertheless, of very fine workmanship.

He put it in his pocket and started out in search of a jeweler's shop. He entered the first one he saw, feeling a little ashamed to expose his misery, and also to offer such a worthless article for sale.

"Sir," said he to the merchant, "I would like to know what this is worth."

The man took the necklace, examined it, called his clerk and made some remarks in an undertone; he then put the ornament back on the counter, and looked at it from a distance to judge of the effect.

M. Loutin was annoyed by all those ceremonies, and was on the point of saying: "Oh! I know well enough it is not worth anything," when the jeweler said: "Sir, that necklace is worth from twelve to fifteen thousand francs; but I could not buy it unless you tell me whence it comes."

The widower opened his eyes wide and remained gaping, not comprehending the merchant's meaning. Finally he stammered: "You say—Are you sure?"

The other replied dryly: "You can search elsewhere and see if any one will offer you more. I consider it worth fifteen thousand, at the most. Come back here if you can not do better."

M. Loutin, beside himself with astonishment, took up the necklace and left the store. He wished time for reflection.

Once outside, he felt inclined to laugh, and said to himself: "The fool! Oh, the fool! Had I only taken him at his word! That jeweler can not distinguish real diamonds from paste."

A few minutes after, he entered another store in the Rue de la Paix. As soon as the proprietor glanced at the necklace, he cried out:

"Ah, parbleu! I know it well; it was bought here."

M. Loutin was disturbed, and asked:

"How much is it worth?"

"Well, I sold it for twenty thousand francs. I am willing to take it back for eighteen thousand, when you inform me, according to our legal formality, how it came to be in your possession."

This time M. Loutin was dumfounded. He replied:

"But—but—examine it well. Until this moment I was under the impression that it was—paste."

The jeweler asked:

"What is your name, sir?"

"Loutin; I am in the employ of the minister of the interior. I live at No. 16 Rue des Martyrs."

The merchant looked through his books, found the entry, and said: "The necklace was sent to Mme. Loutin's address, 16 Rue des Martyrs, July 20, 1876."

The two men looked into each other's eyes—the widower speechless with astonishment, the jeweler scenting a thief. The latter broke the silence.

"Will you leave this necklace here for twenty-four hours?" said he; "I will give you a receipt."

M. Loutin answered, hastily: "Yes, certainly." Then, putting the ticket in his pocket, he left the store.

He wandered aimlessly through the streets, his mind in a state of dreadful confusion. He tried to reason, to understand. His wife could not afford to purchase such a costly ornament. Certainly not. But, then, it must have been a present—a present!—a present from whom? Why was it given her?

He stopped and remained standing in the middle of the street. A horrible doubt entered his mind—she? Then all the other gems must have been presents, too! The earth seemed to tremble beneath him, the tree before him was falling; throwing up his arms, he fell to the ground unconscious. He recovered his senses in a pharmacy into which the pedestrians had borne him. He gave orders to be taken to his home. When he arrived he shut himself up in his room and wept until nightfall. Finally, overcome with fatigue, he threw himself on the bed, where he passed an uneasy, restless night.

The following morning he arose and prepared to go to the office. It was hard to work after such shocks. He sent a letter to his employer requesting to be excused. Then he remembered that he had to return to the jeweler's. He did not like the idea; but he could not leave the necklace with that man. He dressed and went out.

It was a lovely day; a clear blue sky smiled on the busy city below. Men of leisure were strolling about with their hands in their pockets.

M. Loutin, observing them, said to himself: "The rich, indeed, are happy. With money it is possible to forget even the deepest sorrow. One can go where one pleases, and in travel find that distraction which is the surest cure for grief. Oh, if I were only rich!"

He perceived that he was hungry, but his pocket was empty. He again remembered the necklace. Eighteen thousand francs! Eighteen thousand francs! What a sum!

He soon arrived in the Rue de la Paix, opposite the jeweler's. Eighteen thousand francs! Twenty times he resolved to go in, but shame kept him back.

He was hungry, however—very hungry, and not a cent in his pocket. He decided quickly, ran across the street in order not to have time for reflection, and rushed into the store.

The proprietor immediately came forward and politely offered him a chair; the clerks glanced at him knowingly.

"I have made inquiries, M. Loutin," said the jeweler, "and if you are still resolved to dispose of the gems, I am ready to pay you the price I offered."

"Certainly, sir," stammered M. Loutin.

Whereupon the proprietor took from a drawer eighteen large bills, counted and handed them to M. Loutin, who signed a receipt and with trembling hand put the money into his pocket.

As he was about to leave the store, he turned toward the merchant, who still wore the same knowing smile, and lowering his eyes, said:

"I have—I have other gems, which I have received from the same source. Will you buy them also?"

The merchant bowed: "Certainly, sir." One of the clerks left the store to avoid laughing outright, another pressed his handkerchief to his mouth.

M. Loutin said, gravely: "I will bring them to you." An hour later he returned with the gems.

The large diamond ear-rings were worth twenty thousand francs; the bracelets, thirty-five thousand; the rings, sixteen thousand; a set of emeralds and sapphires, fourteen thousand; a gold chain with solitaire pendant, forty thousand—making the sum of one hundred and forty-three thousand francs.

The jeweler remarked, jokingly:

"The lady invested all her savings in precious stones."

M. Loutin replied, seriously:

"It is only another way of investing one's money."

That day he lunched at Voisin's and drank wine worth twenty francs a bottle. Then he hired a carriage and made a tour of the Bois. He gazed at the various turnouts with kind of disdain, and could hardly refrain from crying out to the occupants:

"I, too, am rich!—I am worth two hundred thousand francs."

Suddenly he thought of his employer. He drove up to the bureau, entered gayly, saying:

"Sir, I have come to resign my position; I have just inherited three hundred thousand francs."

He shook hands with his former colleagues, and confided to them some of his projects for the future; he then went off to dine at the Café Anglais.

He seated himself beside a gentleman of aristocratic bearing, and during the meal, informed the latter confidentially that he had just inherited a fortune of four hundred thousand francs.

For the first time in his life, he was not bored at the theatre, and spent the remainder of the night in dissipation.

Six months afterward he married again. His second wife was a very virtuous woman, but with a violent temper. She caused him much sorrow.—*Translated from the French by Alton Brown.*

LATE VERSE.

The Lamp.

Clear as if she passed me now—
Stepping leopard-like and quick,
Long-limbed, with a furtive grace—
I can see the ivory brow:
See the gold bronze of the face
Burn with joy, I know not how;
See beneath the scarf the hair,
Black as midnight, fragrant, thick,
Falling all about her there,
And as fire bursts from char,
Each eye kindle like a star!
When her long-lost lamp I bring—
There's such magic in the thing—
From her ashes scattered far,
From her thousand years away,
She comes back to me to-day.

Just a little earthen lamp—
Here the oil swam, here the wick,
Here the flame went flaring back
If the bearer turned her quick;
Turned her in the shadowy space,
Saw the flash of one swift face,
Saw the eager arms, and—hark!—
Sprang aside, and let the dark
Blow her out and down the spark!
—*Harriet Prescott Spofford in Harper's Bazar.*

The Lovers' Quarrel.

(Mr. Gladstone's translation from Horace, Book III., Ode IX. "Donec gratia erant tibi.")

He—While no more welcome arms could twine
Around thy snowy neck than mine,
Thy smile, thy heart, while I possess,
Not Persia's monarch lived as best.

She—Whilst thou didst feel no rival flame,
Nor Lydia next to Chloe came,
Oh! then thy Lydia's echoing name
Exceeded even Iliad's Roman fame.

He—Me now Thracian Chloe sways,
Skilled in soft lyre, and softer lays,
My forfeit life I'll freely give
So sue my better life may live.

She—The son of Ornytus inspires
My burning heart with mutual fires,
I'll face ten several deaths with joy,
So fate but spare my Thracian boy.

He—What if our ancient love awoke
And bound us with its golden yoke?
If auburn Chloe I resign
And Lydia once again be mine?

She—Though brighter than a star is he,
Thou rougher than the Adrian Sea,
And fickle as light corks; yet I
With thee would live, with thee would die.

—*October Scribner's.*

Twilight.

When I was young the twilight seemed too long.

How often on the western window-seat
I leaned my book against the misty pane
And spelled the last enchanting lines again
The while my mother hummed an ancient song
Or sighed a little and said, "The hour is sweet,"
When I, rebellious, clamored for the light.

But now I love the soft approach of night,
And now with folded hands I sit and dream
While all too fleet the hours of twilight seem;
And thus I know that I am growing old.

O granaries of age! O manifold
And royal harvest of the common years!
There are in all thy treasure-house no ways
But lead by soft descent and gradual slope
To memories more exquisite than hope.
Thine is the Iris born of olden tears,
And thrice more happy are the happy days
That live divinely in thy lingering rays.
So autumn roses bear a lovelier flower;
So, in the emerald after-sunset hour,
The orchard wall and trembling aspen-trees
Appear an infinite Hesperides.
Aye, as at dusk we sit with folded hands,
Who knows, who cares in what enchanted lands
We wander while the undying memories throng?

When I was young the twilight seemed too long.
—*A. Mary F. Robinson in the Athenaeum.*

HOUSEKEEPING IN A FLAT.

"Van Gryse" describes a Young Wife's Woes with Green Girls.

Different people have different opinions and also different ways of economizing. Lots of people in New York economize on their summer holiday. They do not go away at all, or they go on flying trips of three days each. Some economize by living in the country, and eating their breakfast every week-day morning while on the dead run for the train. Others, again, economize by living in five-room flats over by the North River. The Browns never entertain for an economy, the Smiths always dress like rag-pickers, the Joneses never take a carriage or send for a doctor till the patient is two-thirds dead, while the Robinsons keep only "one green girl."

When two people, and sometimes three—generally three, a fact—go to housekeeping on a hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a month, they nip their expenses closest in the matter of servants. If they live in a flat, as everybody does now, whether prince or pauper, they fix the flat up nicely, they dress themselves nicely, they go to the theatre quite often, they have small dinners and diminutive Welsh-rabbit venenings, but they preserve the balance of the domestic ménage by keeping only one grassy, spring-like green Irish "help."

You get these girls at Castle Garden when they land and have been allowed to meet the American public for the first time on the Battery. They breathe carbolic acid with every movement, they beam good-nature, they glow with health and vitality. Their round, crimson cheeks look, if you stuck pin into them, as if the blood would spurt out and strike the wall across the street. They have immense shoulders and hips, splendid teeth, enormous feet, and are as willing as pack-ponies. You pay them ten dollars a month, and, in the days of their savory greenness, they will work cheerfully from dawn till dusk for that.

In a little flat across town on Eighth Avenue, a little couple set to housekeeping and the employing of green girls. Before the first year was out, their collection of these latter would have delighted a gatherer of curios, and their experience was as deep as the Bay of Fundy. The lady of the house—a juvenile person, with a knack for trimming hats and making altered almonds—said that the atmosphere of Eighth Avenue was demoralizing to the Irish character; nothing else could account for the universal incompetency of the battalions of cooks which had presided over her kitchen since last autumn.

Yet the locality, though not precisely elegant, was, in its way, "genteel." In summer, it was a little trying. Then, at ventide, would the street team with the young of the human species. They filled up the entrances to all the side-streets, and they materially interfered with the sanitary arrangements of that portion of the city by sitting, in half-dozens, in the gutters. They climbed all over everything, and they yelled continuously, until the night dropped and the stars and the lamps came out together. Then parents appeared and took them to bed, and it being hot weather and all the windows being open, you could hear their howls receding up a staircase, breaking out in a bedroom, and finally retiring into bed with the assistance of several persuasive spankings.

The little lady of the house was wont to complain bitterly of the neighborhood. Sitting, on a Sabbath evening, in her front drawing-room, the windows open to let in the breezes and the yells, eating her own salted almonds out of her own cut-crystal dish, she made her invariable plaint. But in the midst she paused, set down the dish, and, drawing back the ash-curtain of thin corn-colored silk, looked out pensively at the twilight, and said:

"Here comes my new Bridget. She's been to see her relatives on Staten Island. Come, all of you, and see if you think she's drunk."

There was a general rush for the window. The youthful lord of the establishment, in a velvet sack-coat, was in a state of thrilling anxiety.

"It's the great excitement of our Sunday," he explained; "we generally bet gloves on it. By George! Birdie, I think he's all right to-night."

The object of surmise was dimly discerned wending her way across the street. She was rubious as to face, but severely, solemnly steady in her walk. Gorgeous unfoldings of black lace floated out from her ponderous form, and a large Lainsborough hat, filled with black- and white plumes, crowned her head. Even in the twilight she was imposing. It was obvious that the lady of the house was in great anxiety. She concealed herself in the corn-colored silk-curtain, and, with her mouth slightly open and her neck rained out of the frill of her heliotrope-and-white tea-gown, watched the approach of her minion.

Presently the minion's ring sounded at the door of the flat. The owner of the velvet sack-coat went, in some trepidation, to meet her. The rest of the party choked up the end of the passage-way; but, being cravens at heart, hid behind an old lue portière. The courageous husband opened the door, and could be heard to say, in a tone of feeble conciliation:

"Aha, Bridget, is that you?"

"It is, sorr," came the answer, in a surly voice, and the mighty maiden entered.

"Have a nice time with your relatives on Staten Island?"

"With smiling obsequiousness."

"It's not on Staten Island Oi've been this blessed day, sorr."

"Haven't been on Staten Island? Well, then, for pity's sake, where have you been?"

"Yez may ask," sententiously; "on thim cars."

"Cars?" vaguely; "what cars?"

"The ikvated cars."

"All day on the Elevated! What on earth did you do that for? Why didn't you get off?"

"That's it—why didn't I git off? Ask thim lyin' larrykins hat shut the gates on me and made an onsensible fool of me, why I didn't git off. It's a thrave I've been havin'. I got on the cars and we went fur miles, up beyant the city altogether. Thim we stopped, and sez I, risin' meself, 'Is this the Bat-

'try?' An' they all bust into laughin' and sez: 'Take the other thrain, owld gurrel,' an' I tuk it. Thim I wint the way the thbaves towld me, an' set in that thrain till it stopped, whin one of thim divvils comes in an' sez: 'Git out o' this, onless you're wantin' to spind the day here.' An' out I got an' sez to another o' thim, airin' himself on the platform: 'What thrain do I take now?' An' he bawls at me: 'To your right;' an' I tuk that. An' after about four hours er ridin' up an' down on thim mad thrains an' I no nearer Staten Island, I got onasy an' got out, an' sez I to the furst man I met: 'Am I near Staten Island?' 'No,' sez he, laughin' like a loon. 'Well, how in the wurld can I git there?' sez I. 'Just you thrip over that bridge,' sez he, 'an' take the furst thrain you see, an' step lively, too; use both feet.' An' I got blazin', sorr, at his impertudence. I pulled the veil off my face, an' sez I: 'The hell, I will,' an' I come shtraight home."

This particular Bridget, she of the moving accidents by flood and field, was the fourteenth in a direct line since last September. She was good-natured, but she imbibed, and when under the influence of the juice of the grape, she became unduly talkative. She used to come into the drawing-room, sit on the sofa, and engage her terrified mistress in conversation. The lady was too frightened to send her away, and not seldom they sat thus for several hours, till Bridget, by wine oppressed, slumbered among the eiderdown cushions in drowsy content, and her employer went into her bedroom, locked all the doors, and cried till her husband came home and removed the massive form of the dreaming Helot. On one or two occasions, when his wife was hysterical, locked in her bedroom, and Bridget would not ope her dewy eyes, he had to carry her away, or rather drag her by the arms, as Barrett does Cordelia in "King Lear."

Among the fourteen, there were several "treasures," despite their greenness. The first of these stole everything movable. She had designs on the piano and the brass fire-irons, but her strength being limited, she contented herself with taking ornaments, silver, and clothing. She had a brother, a thin, red-eyed boy, his countenance laid out in freckles, who used to come and see her, carrying a large valise of shining black leather. That valise gutted the flat. By the time it had fulfilled its mission, the treasure was, indeed, a treasure, rich in many ornaments and articles of apparel.

They had one very funny Bridget, who used to laugh. She was there about Christmas, and it may be the joyousness of the season affected her spirits. If any one said anything amusing, she roared—she bellowed—with laughter. She laughed so that she could not hold the plates, but had to set them down and lean up against the angle of the mantle-piece, and there sigh and groan and gurgle. Of course it was pleasant if the jokes were yours, but occasionally she laughed at quite serious things, the mode of expression which we brilliant beings used to use tickling her sense of the ludicrous. Then, in the silence of general disapprobation which greeted her mirth, she would recover herself, wipe her eyes with the back of her hand, and, taking up her plates, say to the author of the jest, with a wag of her head:

"Oh, you're a broth of a boy, you are!"

Some time ago, I was up there at that genteel but inelegant corner of Eighth Avenue, and saw Number Fifteen. She has been perfectly amiable so far, and, indeed, has had rather a soft thing of it, the master and mistress of that little slice of a habitation being away in the mountains and at the sea off and on all summer. The lady was found going over her wardrobe. Standing in billows of millinery, she explained that she was looking to see how many of her clothes Bridget had worn in her absence. "She has let the ball-dresses alone, I think," said the little châteline, pursing her lips as she smoothed down a long train of pompadour brocade; "but she's been having a good time with the hats and parasols. Look!"

She reached for a parasol lying on the divan—a parasol of white silk, with bunches of lilacs sprinkled over it and a handle of white-and-flower-painted Dresden china. It was seamed with long sooty lines which, on inspection, seemed to have been rubbed with a wet rag.

"I left it at home," said the poor little lady, looking tenderly at it with humid eyes, "because it was too pretty to take to the mountains and flourish under the eyes of cows and mosquitoes and bucolics, but it would have been better than leaving it here to be spoiled by that Mohawk."

"Why don't you send her away?" asked the sympathizing visitor.

"Oh, I can't," said the châteline, sitting down amid the chaos of her fripperies and looking dreamily into a Bridget-ruled future; "she is the best of the fifteen. She doesn't get drunk, and she cooks well. One must put up with something. I've reached the stage when I will put up with anything—'anything for a quiet life,' so far as the Bids go. I will say nothing about this; there is no use. Next time I'll lock up my things, that's all. But, really, my proud spirit is so subdued by these wretches, that if Number Fifteen came into the drawing-room in my wedding-dress and asked me how I thought it fitted, I'd say, 'Quite nicely, Bidget dear; but it's a little too big around the waist. If you take it off, I will fix it for you till it sets as smooth as a glove.' I will submit to anything from her—she has the meals on time and she makes good coffee."

NEW YORK, September 18, 1890.

A wonderful story of advertising is told about a certain powder which its inventor protested in vain, would if men only tried it, cure headaches of all kinds, from the dyspeptic headache to the throbbing frontal enlargement supposed to be due to a "bat." But he could not get people to try it, and he did not have money enough to advertise. One day in desperation he went into a big drug-store on Broadway, put down a box of his powders on the counter and stalked grimly out without a word. Some customer tried one, the box was left invitingly open, and in a year's time that drug-store was selling two hundred and forty boxes of the powders a month. Now the owner is proceeding to try the virtue of printer's ink.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

President W. A. Quayle, of Baker University, Baldwin, Kan., is said to be the youngest college president in the world. He was graduated only five years ago, and is not yet thirty years of age.

B. L. Farjeon, the popular novelist, was once a newspaper man in New Zealand, where he was the proprietor of a small newspaper. A friendly letter from Dickens turned him in the direction of novel-writing. He is married to a daughter of Joe Jefferson, the actor.

The salary of President McLeod, of the Reading Railroad, has been increased to forty thousand dollars. The salary of Chauncey M. Depew, as president of the New York Central, is fifty thousand dollars, which is the largest salary paid to any railroad president in the world.

The Marquis de Mores is exhibiting his sympathy with the prisoners who are incarcerated in the Ste. Pelagie Prison in a most eccentric manner. Since his release, he takes regular supplies of coffee and different kinds of cakes, and with his own hands he distributes these additions to their regular prison fare.

Queen Victoria's family circle now numbers fifty living descendants, including sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters, great-grandsons and great-granddaughters. Besides these, she has four sons-in-law, four daughters-in-law, five grandsons-in-law, and one granddaughter-in-law. The queen has lost one son and one daughter, five grandsons, one granddaughter, one great-grandson, and one son-in-law. If these were living, her family circle would number seventy-four.

A. T. Stewart was not, as has so repeatedly been said, a penniless boy when he began life in New York. On the contrary, his opportunities for a successful business career were unusually good. When he was twenty years of age, his entire fortune, amounting to over twenty thousand dollars, was placed in his hands, and his first purchase was a large consignment of Irish linens in Belfast. The sale of these goods nearly doubled his fortune, and when he was twenty-one, he had forty thousand dollars in cash, and was well established in the business which afterward brought him such magnificent revenues.

Bismarck is one of the largest land-owners in Prussia, and carries on successfully at his various estates the businesses of cattle-breeding, geese-breeding, distilling spirits, brewing, and the manufacture of yeast. His cattle and geese industries yield him an annual profit of three thousand five hundred to four thousand five hundred dollars, and the annual income from his yeast business, the most important item in the ex-chancellor's income, is about thirty-four thousand dollars. His jewels, pictures, and plate represent a value of five hundred thousand dollars, and his total income is about one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars a year.

Prince Bismarck has a strong superstition concerning the number three, which he considers has always played an important part in his life. The arms of his family bear over the motto "In trinitate robor" three trefoil leaves and three oak leaves; all caricatures of him represent him with three hairs on his head; he has three children, Herbert, Wilhelm, and Marie; he has three estates, Friedrichsruhe, Varzin, and Schonhausen; he has fought in three wars, and signed three treaties of peace; he arranged the meeting of the three emperors, and established the triple alliance. Finally, he has under him three political parties, the Conservatives, the National Liberals, and the Ultramontanes, and he has served three German Emperors.

Speaker Reed received a letter from one of his constituents the other day—a woman, whose baby had chewed up half of a dollar bill. He was requested to persuade Uncle Sam to make good the loss. The Speaker, says the Chicago Herald, sent the ragged remnant to the Treasury by one of his clerks, and thus learned that the Treasury was willing to give a half-dollar for the mutilated note, and, on presentation of an affidavit that the remaining half had actually been masticated and swallowed by the baby, would pay the other half. Reflecting that an affidavit would cost the woman twenty-five cents, a postage-stamp, and a lot of bother, the Speaker concluded to settle the difficulty by advancing the half-dollar out of his own pocket. This he promptly did, and was rewarded therefor by receiving a letter of thanks from the baby's mother. "I knew that if there was any man in Washington who could make the Treasury officials stand around," wrote the woman, "you were the one."

Henry Walker Webb, third vice-president of the Central Hudson Railroad, is a remarkable member of a remarkable family. He is a lawyer by profession and training, and a railroad executive by circumstances. When W. Seward Webb was graduated as a physician, he tried the practice of medicine for a time. Then he met Lila Vanderbilt and wooed and won her. Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt asked him if he could support her as she had been accustomed to be supported. He replied that he hoped to be able to do so. Her father asked for proof of it, and Webb said he would bring it within a week. He explained to F. C. Hollins that he could bring Hollins & Co. all the Vanderbilt brokerage business, if he were a partner in the firm. It was soon arranged and Webb told W. H. Vanderbilt what his income would be, and that he could increase it, if his firm had the old gentleman's business. It was then and there agreed to, and Lila Vanderbilt became Mrs. W. Seward Webb. Webb was made president of the Wagner Palace-Car Company, and his cousin, Henry Walker Webb, was created vice-president. From that moment the service of the Wagner Company improved and new rolling stock was added to the old and worn equipment. Later on, H. W. Webb was elected to the third vice-presidency of the New York Central, in full charge of operation, and has fully vindicated the trust imposed in him. Watson Webb is a near relative.

THE DIAMOND TRAVELER.

I was returning to Petersburg, after an absence of some weeks. As our train stopped at Twiss, a young man got in, who, while not particularly shy-looking, had the air of a big school-boy out for a holiday. In taking his place in the compartment, he first, with great care, put in the netting a leather valise, which evidently contained something precious, as he scarcely took his eyes off it during the first hour of the journey.

You know how tediously monotonous a railway is—one quickly tires looking through the window of the coach at the straight line of road flying past in the midst of plains of a weary sameness of aspect—and to relieve the tedium of the long, uneventful journey the passengers naturally began to chat and exchange opinions and confidences, prompted alike by *ennui* and curiosity; and our young man would have found it a difficult matter to escape from his share of interrogation. His great anxiety lest any accident should happen to his valise was so apparent to all, that one of the passengers remarked on it to him, in a jocular way.

He reddened a little and replied: "It is true, I do feel anxious, for I am a traveler for a large jewelry establishment and am held responsible for a large sum, the value of some diamonds in that valise, which I am charged to deliver in Moscow."

This answer astonished me not a little, I confess. The first principles of prudence should have counseled him to conceal the nature of these valuable articles. It seemed to me that he was decidedly a novice in his business thus to disclose before so many strangers the fact of his having a fortune in his possession. I do not know why—for his explanation was plausible—but I felt a distrust of him, and set myself to watch his movements from that time on. There was an affectation of too much calm in his manner, I thought.

During the chatter and pleasantries common among fellow-travelers, when people talk without considering what they say, the conversation turned upon wonderful cases of theft and diamond robberies, and little by little, instances were cited wherein the skill and rapidity of the theft were marvelous.

The young jeweler was advised to keep a sharp look-out for his diamonds. Was not General Somaroff recently a victim to the cleverness of a robber who actually abstracted a bundle of roubles from the inside pocket of his coat?

"Oh," said the young man, "I am not uneasy; I am used to this sort of thing"—a statement which I did not believe. I could not help feeling he was *not* accustomed to the charge of gems of such great value; he had the face of a child, with a child's soft, sweet, innocent expression, unfamiliar with care or responsibility of any kind.

On reaching Kiln, we all got out to stretch our legs by a stroll on the platform, and the young jeweler, evidently not wishing to make himself remarkable, followed our example, taking his valise in hand as though unwilling to part with it for an instant. As the passengers crowded toward the door, he was pushed violently forward by some one in the throng; at the same moment the conductor appeared and refused to allow us to leave the carriage. The train was behind time, he said, and instead of the usual stoppage at Kiln, a halt of merely a minute's limit was made. While he spoke, the locomotive whistled for the train to proceed.

As we regained our compartment in somewhat straggling order, the young jeweler uttered a cry of fright, which, notwithstanding all effort at control, was one of agony.

"I have been robbed!" he cried.

It was true. Some bold operator, who, from an adjoining compartment, had overheard our conversation and been allured by what he thus learned, had attempted, with success, the robbery of the jewels. They were gone—the thing was done!

The young man still held in his grasp the handles of his valise, which had been adroitly cut, and in the pressure of the crowd he had not felt the loss of weight. He gazed around with an indescribable expression of terror. His despair was truly pitiable, and it was as much through sincere sympathy for the unfortunate youth as the excitement of an incident thus breaking the tiresome journey that the passengers surrounded him with extreme interest and curiosity. The theft had been accomplished with surprising skill and rapidity, and each one had something to say on the subject.

"It is incredible."

"We had only time to leave our seats and return to them again."

"It seems like magic."

One man declared that the conductor must be notified at once.

"No—no," stammered the young jeweler.

"Why not?" queried the other; "here you are with valuable diamonds stolen from you, and you do not wish it to be known! No one left the train at Kiln, therefore it is impossible that the thief has disappeared. Your valise is still in one of the carriages; no doubt hidden beneath one of the seats."

"No, no; do nothing," implored the unhappy youth. But the other did not stop to listen, he had already started to inform the conductor, and in a moment returned with that functionary, to whom he offered a string of suggestions as to the best means of recovering the lost jewels.

The conductor hesitated to take action in the matter; but, upon reaching the next station, secured the assistance of two police officers, whom he put in charge.

"The baggage of the passengers should be searched," said the man who had constituted himself the leader in the affair, and so the officers ordered.

At once a vigorous search began as the train rolled onward. The news spread quickly from the locomotive to the baggage-wagon, and every one yielded with good grace to the examination. The young jeweler alone betrayed any uneasiness; his face became livid, and he swayed back and forth as though on the verge of fainting.

The search was unsuccessful, and the officers shook their heads in a doubtful manner.

Suddenly our obliging neighbor, who had shown decided

instincts as a detective and who entered into the work with ardor, caught sight of a passenger, who, wrapped in a voluminous cloak, had seemed to sleep during the turmoil. Approaching him, he threw aside the cloak and disclosed to view the missing valise!

"Ah," said he, with a triumphant air, "I knew well it was not far off."

The passenger thus disturbed did not, however, appear put out by the discovery.

"Leave me alone," said he; "the valise is mine."

"Yours?" cried the man; "why, the handles are missing! You are too cool, by far. What do you think of the impudence of your thief, my young sir?"—turning to the jeweler, proud of the rôle he had so successfully played—"you recognize your valise, do you not?"

The poor young fellow lost his head. He should have thanked the man for his zeal, taken back his property, and thus terminated the affair; but he obstinately replied: "No; it is not mine."

The thief breathed again, the perilous moment passed. "You see," said he, with a superb disdain.

But our amateur detective was not convinced—he would not give up the battle. "I recognize it myself," he cried; "I am not blind; for the matter of that, it is easily determined if this be the missing valise or no. We know that the one we seek contains diamonds—here will be incontestable proof. Hand me your key, sir; we shall soon arrive at the truth of this matter. I can not comprehend your doubts on the subject."

But at this moment a terrible cry was heard. The young man rushed madly to the platform of the coach and threw himself headlong under the wheels of the train, which crushed him into a bleeding mass.

As you will have divined, the young man who passed as a traveling jeweler was, in reality, an agent of the nihilists, and the valise he guarded with so much care and anxiety contained—not diamonds—but models of newly invented explosives which were to be tested for the first time by a committee in Moscow, whither he was taking them. The wretches who had given him this abominable commission had evidently chosen a young student fresh from college.

At the next station the valise was opened and found to contain the infernal machine which explained the resistance offered by the unfortunate youth to the discovery. He had no doubt come to the conclusion that all was lost. In his stupefaction, he did not consider that he could have prevented the opening of the valise by acknowledging the property; he possibly saw in a vision the result of finding its contents. He feared arrest, and that it would force him to break vows implicating others, and being unable to cope with it, he rushed to his destruction.—Translated from the French for the Argonaut.

LONDON CORRESPONDENTS.

"Cockaigne" on the Mistakes of Eugene Field and Julian Ralph.

The average "London correspondents" who write to the American papers provide their readers with a lot of nonsense to read. Whether it be that a dearth of genuine material compels this, or that the truth would be too uninteresting and unattractive for publication, I can not begin to say. I only know that I hardly ever take up an American paper that I do not see, either in the shape of a London letter to the paper itself or in an extract from the letter of some other journal's London correspondent, about as silly a lot of stuff as it is possible to find in print. I do not allude to the manner, but the matter. Mr. George W. Smalley, the London correspondent of the New York Tribune, is an old hand at this sort of thing. He has a confident, knowing style, which no doubt impresses people who do not know any better. General Badeau is another of the same kind. I do not for a moment wish to imply that either of these gentlemen willfully misleads the reading public. Undoubtedly they themselves believe what they say, and do the best they can. They think they know a lot about England, when they really know very little. They have a very "swagger" style of expression, and impress people with the idea that they are intimately acquainted with high life. But are they? Of course I can not swear to the fact that they are not. But I am willing to assert, as a matter of opinion based on some experience, that they could not write the letters they write and have written—for General Badeau's achievements are chiefly in the past—if they knew much of the best English society.

The fact is, that men like Smalley and Badeau make that very common mistake with foreigners, which leads them to class all English people of large means in the first-class. The possession of a house in town and a country-seat, with horses, carriages, servants, and good clothes, is to them sufficient. They judge England by America in this respect. It is a very common error, and they are, perhaps, not altogether to blame for it. But it is an error, all the same. In England, a man or woman must have something more than worldly possessions and good clothes in order to be a swell. Smalley and Badeau had a sort of monopoly for some time in erroneously describing the doings of second-class rich people, under the impression and honest belief that they were thus recounting the doings of high life. High life, in England, is a social sphere into which the London correspondent does not get. Yet he is nothing loth to describe it—attempts to describe it, anyhow—taking as samples people whose own noses have never been inside the barrier which high-life society erects against all comers. Badeau has, I believe, returned to America, but Smalley still lives in London, and furnishes the readers of the New York Tribune with a weekly epitome of Smalley's ideas concerning affairs English. As long as he leaves high life, fashion, swells, and "the swim" alone, he keeps within the lines of his knowledge. It is true that lately I have not observed anything in his letters to complain of. It is also true that I do not see his letters very often. The last one I came across was one descriptive of Ascot. While

it was rather guide-bookish, and to some extent of the *rechauffé* order, it was kept within bounds in the matter of high life doings and sayings. With Badeau gone home, and his visits to the country-houses of Lord This and Lady That put a stop to, and with Smalley grown subdued and prosy, American readers have been relieved from the perusal of vast amount of misconceptions, exaggerations, and unconsciously written vulgarity.

But *le roi est mort, vive le roi*. We have now Eugene Field and Julian Ralph. I do not know which is the worse. That both are clever writers, endowed with uncommon descriptive powers, and possessed of some humor, I will not deny. But that both write a lot of worthless stuff to the papers that employ them, I have no hesitation in asserting. In order to appreciate the full beauty of the writings of these gentlemen, you must do your reading of them in England. Some time ago, Mr. Field, who is nothing if not audacious, indulged himself in a little dissertation upon the somewhat delicate theme of ladies' under-clothes, as exhibited by English ladies in the streets of London whenever they lifted their skirts in muddy places. I make no comment upon the taste of the writer. Mr. Field, no doubt, meant to be funny at the expense of what he believed were English ladies, and sought to convey the idea that English ladies wore coarse, awkwardly made under-clothing. But the whole point of the article (if I had any worth considering) was lost in the fact that English ladies do not walk in the streets of London. Mr. Eugene Field evidently does not know this. Again, the other day, he gave a description of a London smoking-party. After the smoke, he tells us "a light luncheon" was served. In England there is only one luncheon, and that is in the middle of the day. Luncheon at night is unknown to Englishmen. He was thinking no doubt of supper, which by uneducated Americans is frequently called "lunch."

Julian Ralph lately wrote to *Harper's Weekly* a graphic picture of Brighton, and in it had occasion to speak of the dress of Eton boys, which he describes as follows: "The Eton suit (which, by-the-by, he spells *Eaton*), consists of a pot hat, a jacket with a point behind, and over the top of it a flat, big, laundered linen collar. The trousers are like any trousers." I do not think I ever saw so many mistakes or misstatements, whichever you like, in three lines of print before. Now, at first glance, it would seem to be a minor matter what the Eton suit was. But is it? To begin with, if it is of so very little importance, why describe it at all? However, when you do describe it, do it properly.

Eton is the greatest public school in England. It is not merely a "fashionable academy for boys." Not only do all the swellest boys in England go there, but the swellest men in England have been there. Mr. Gladstone is an old "Eton boy." It would, indeed, be difficult to say who of England's great men have not been at Eton. One of the consequences of this is that everything connected with or pertaining to Eton is lifted into a position of much importance with Englishmen. Not by any means the least matter of importance is the Eton dress. It is an old-established style, and is known to every gentleman and lady in the kingdom, I should think. In the estimation of an English gentleman, especially an old Eton boy, to have the dress wrongly described would be an act little short of vandalism.

The first error is that the Eton boys do not wear "pot" hats. They wear "top" hats, *i. e.*, high silk hats, such as are called stove-pipes in America. A pot hat in England is what is known as a "Derby" in the United States. An Eton boy in a pot hat! A horse-artilleryman's busby would be more out of place. "A jacket, cut with a point behind," goes on Mr. Ralph. I defy any one who had never seen one to imagine even what an Eton jacket was like from such a description. "Over the top of it" (the jacket), nonchalantly proceeds the humorous gentleman of the quill, "a big, flat, laundered linen collar." Just what the collar is not. It is not, by any means, flat, but carefully molded. "The trousers are like any trousers," flippantly ends up this knowing correspondent. On the contrary, the trousers are either of black cloth, like the jacket and waistcoat (unmentioned by the graphic pen), or they are of gray cloth, of very subdued pattern; shepherd's plaid or some small, quiet check, but most commonly of simple "pepper-and-salt." As I say, it may seem a small matter. From Mr. Julian Ralph's standpoint, it doubtless was. But it really is not a small matter. And every English gentleman, if you ask him, will tell you. There is nothing old Eton boys are more tenacious about than the credit and reputation of their old school.

"By Jove!" exclaimed an old Eton boy, to whom I showed Mr. Julian Ralph's description; "fancy our dressing like that! The fool has seen some beastly cad of a tradesman's son out on a bank-holiday, and thought he was an Eton boy. Imagine any one being such an ass! Who is the chap?"

I told him.

"Oh, I don't wonder. Of course somebody humbugged him. But if he chooses to put what he sees into his letters, he ought to know what he is looking at and not mislead people."

In another letter, Mr. Ralph, in a lengthy epistle about English servants (meaning, of course, those he has observed at hotels and restaurants, who are chiefly Germans, by the way) speaks of the "buttons" who carved the meat. In England, the term "buttons" is vulgarly applied to a page-boy whose duties are not those of the butler. A page-boy carving!

Is it not a pity that people will insist on airing their ignorance, under the delusion that it is knowledge? A collection of these mistakes, if any one would give the time and trouble to it, would make an interesting book, and might be entitled, "The England of the American 'London Correspondent.'" Englishmen would find it more amusing than "Mark Twain."

LONDON, August 30, 1890.

COCKAIGNE.

A curious fashion has come into vogue in Paris. In all the cemeteries metal boxes, with a slit in the lid, are placed on the tombstones to receive the cards of visitors. The relatives of the deceased are thus enabled to see who among the living still cherish the memory of their departed friends.

VANITY FAIR.

This season has become widely known as "the white summer." The term has arisen out of the almost general fashion at all resorts, which made any pretensions to style, of wearing white-flannel clothing, or clothing with a general white effect, upon every occasion which did not, of its own nature, demand full evening-dress or other ceremonial attire. It looked like a cheap fad, that of dressing up in cheap flannel. No doubt very many young men and maidens thought last spring that it was cheap. They are wiser now. They have found that the very cheapest flannel costumes advertised at the shops do not pay; that if they want to look good in white flannel they have got to pay good prices for good material, and that it has cost another little income to keep their flannel costumes cleaned up and not shrunk up at the same time. The young man has departed somewhat from the all-white fad. At the fashionable resorts you found innumerable suits of white flannel with narrow dark stripes, but almost never a suit wholly white. The young men at these resorts carefully avoided sashes, such as have been worn so commonly this year. They wore silk or leather belts of black. The shoes men wore this year were the ordinary russets. After all, it was the summer-girl who made the white summer deserve its name. She was white from her loose tie to her slippers, and even they were all white but their heels. She even wore white-kid gloves on all sorts of occasions this summer, where last summer she did not trouble herself to wear gloves, or wore something of a more comfortable texture than kid. In matter of expense it depends entirely on the girl whether she spends very much less or a good deal more money for her white-flannel costume than the young man she goes hoating with.

The London *Speaker* has been making a study of the heroes who have been introduced to the public in the novels of the recent summer, and has found that the great majority of these gentlemen is composed of good, tall men, every one of whom is over six feet high, broad in proportion, and, of course, magnificently knit and gloriously strong. Doubtless this is as it should be, when a novelist is not bent on making merely a psychological study, and it is also in accord with the present turn for athletics, long shanks, velocipede-compelling, and well greaved in sombre or bright-hued hose, and, in short, with all the long array of things that enable the shapely young man to show himself to advantage. There was a time when black-visaged, surly, and soured men, rather than over the average height, and rather ugly than fine of countenance—men like Mr. Rochester, in "Jane Eyre," for example—were the predominant type of novelists' heroes; but it seems that during the past summer all this sort of thing was swept aside, and the tall and comely hero, bright as the fair god Balder, and at least an inch and a half longer than Lord Chesterfield's standard gentleman, stepped in and made his how to the world of novel-readers.

The always delightful English edition of *La Couturière* contains, in the current number, an ambiguous oracle, whispered, as it were, in a pause of its prattle about "cloacks" and "plates," which is transcribed verbally and literally: "The very traveling America has admitted the plan of adopting trousers and forsake the skirt. Here some have much laughed and made fun of. However, the idea has grown and made a long way for there is at New York a group of charming and young ladies most rich and elegant who keep that up. Only misses and ladies have not fallen in the exaggeration that we believe; that will not oblige us to become androgynous. They are not willing that we leave our graces or charm so as to cut our hair and so become missed boys; we shall remain thorough women but a special costume is looked for traveling, truntings, racing,—so as the amazon has been created exclusively for riding; the base of that costume will naturally be the trousers; but which one. Will it be short held in gaiters with a small skirt like certain hunting fitting? . . . Will they be inspired from the oriental puffing trousers who are more full and more discreet than our present skirts? That is the question. I thought I should not leave unknown the revolution they are doing above the ocean. Let us not be ignorant of the symptoms. When the moment will come the french dress-maker will be as usual at the height of the circumstances."

Comment on a recent runaway accident in Berlin, in which five persons lost their lives through a horse taking fright at a red parasol, includes the opinion that horses should be broken to parasols as regularly as they are to locomotives and other known objects of their terror. Nothing is said, however, of the "breaking" of women to consideration in the use of this article of feminine equipment. Not many women attain their majority without having a practical testimony of a horse's fear of a parasol, yet few acquire wisdom from the experience. A woman, walking along a country road, will suddenly spring her gay sunbade into full size in the very face, perhaps, of an approaching team. Or, what is even worse, an-

other will settle it over the upper half of her figure to protect herself from the dust raised by the passing vehicle, and the startled animal, who might accept this curious object if he can see the human face beneath, trembles and shies at it, apparently inanimate, yet in motion. It is such inconsiderateness that comes from want of thought and observation rather than from a latent selfishness, of which she is sometimes accused, that frequently makes men regard women as wanting in common sense.

"Wear street-gowns the color of your hair, house-gowns the color of your eyes, and evening-gowns the color of your complexion," is the advice given by a popular lecturer on the art of dress. As the majority of women have black, brown, and gray hair, the wisdom of the advice is apparent, as far as street-gowns are concerned. To dress well means to dress appropriately for each occasion, and it is now decreed that sober tints and plainly made woollen gowns are alone suitable for street wear. Silks and satins are permissible only to elderly women.

Here is a paragraph which Eugene Field finds in one of the fashionable society hebdomadals of London: "One of the most beautiful, and one of the richest American heiresses, is now in our midst—Miss Leiter. This one lady possesses the pleasant income of one million of dollars per annum, and is, moreover, one of the prettiest girls that ever 'calculated' she would marry a bloated Britisher. No time has been lost launching her in London society. The Prince of Wales at once took her up (for he is a Christian prince, and is always thinking of his impetuous pals), and the other night, at the hall given by her fellow-countrywoman, Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, at Spencer House, Miss Leiter was the belle of the evening. A book has been made on her, and, as most of our gilded youths are entered for this race, a glance at the odds would be amusing."

"What Makes Beauty?" is a question asked by the London *Spectator*. Beauty is a result of race, of circumstances, such as personal freedom and mode of life, and of continuous diet, not of intelligence, and still less of the acquisition of knowledge, which latter can benefit only the individual, whose features are fixed past serious change before study is even begun. A man or a woman inherits his or her face, and mental habititude, though it may affect its meaning, can not alter its shape. It may even be doubted, strange as many will deem the assertion, whether continuous education will produce beauty, whether the growth of intelligence will even in ages yield the physical result which we notice the authors of Utopias always assume, as if it were a scientifically demonstrable consequence of the new society. The most beautiful black race in Africa, a tribe in Nyassaland, on whose looks even missionaries grow eloquent, and who are really as perfect as bronze statues, are as ignorant as fishes, and though they have discovered the use of fire, have never risen to the conception of clothes of any kind. The Otahetian, when discovered, was as uncultured as the Papuan now is; yet the former approached as nearly to positive beauty as the latter does to positive deformity. The keenest race in Asia, and, as all who know them assert, the strongest in character, the Chinese, is decidedly the ugliest of semi-civilized mankind; while the Hindoo, if sufficiently fed, is, even when as ignorant as an animal, almost invariably handsome. The Circassians, who know nothing, and are rather stupid than exceptionally intelligent, are physically a faultless race, far more so than the Germans, who, though the best trained people in the world, display a marked commonness of feature, as if the great sculptor, Nature, had used good clay, but taken no trouble about the modeling. Some of the very ablest among them belong to the flat-nosed, puffy-cheeked, loose-lipped variety.

Mr. Silber and Lady Silber went to that very swell caravansary, the Hotel Metropole, London. Doubtless they enjoyed themselves, for they ran up the very tidy bill of four hundred and forty pounds sterling in some two months' time. Like Warren Hastings, they must now be amazed at their own moderation, not to say folly, in paying one hundred pounds, and leaving only the balance to be sued for. The proprietors went through the form of suing the impetuous husband, but joined the titled and wealthy wife, and they got nothing but their labor for their pains. The debt was the husband's, the court held. It made no difference that it was not his custom to pay. That was no reason for charging the bill to his wife, unless she made a separate contract to that effect, pledging her separate estate and credit. But there is an appendix to the decision. When the proprietors sued Lady Silber, she counter-claimed that they should return her goods. The debt, she argued, being her husband's, and the goods being hers, there really was no excuse for mixing things, and she wanted her gowns. It must be admitted that she had the best of the argument. But the hotel-keepers had the trunks, and the court said they might keep them. The hotel-keeper's lien, it seems, applies to everything which comes to a hotel with a guest. "If a guest brought to an inn goods to which he had no title, that would not deprive the inn-keeper of his lien

upon them." Lady Silber and her husband were trusted upon the faith of their imposing baggage, and the hotel-keeper could not and need not inquire which were the lady's and which the husband's. It was one transaction, and if Lady Silber wanted her boxes she could get them by paying her husband's bill. The English doctrine, thus declared, seems to be that a man and his wife are one, or two, according as you look at them. The American courts are even more ungallant, for they pretty steadily hold, since the Married Women's Property acts came into fashion, that they are separate persons. Thus, in a recent California case, where a wife's jewelry was lost with the baggage of her husband, who was traveling alone, the court held that the railway was not responsible. The jewelry was not the man's, and a railway is only liable for strictly personal baggage accompanying travelers.

A great social question is being discussed by the New York *Sun*: it asks "Why is it that our women do not marry—is it wholly the fault of the men or are women themselves at least to blame?" An ingenious man correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has thrown down the gauntlet by declaring that the reason is simply because men do not propose, supporting his premise by a collateral assertion to the effect that men do not propose because one-half the woman world is too modest to attract and the other half not modest enough to win the regard of the superior creatures of the genus homo. With all due respect to the *Gazette's* "Modern Daniel come to judgment," the *Sun* thinks it is safe to assert that the real reason of the celibacy of women is not due to their own deficiency in grace of person or manner, but simply to the fact that there are not men enough in the world to marry. Go where you will—to the sea-shore, in the mountains, to receptions, balls, teas, any of the important functions of social life where men and women are gathered together—the men are in the minority. Again, among bachelors, there is a smaller proportion who would make desirable husbands than there are good wives among the scores of spinsters, and of these comparatively few desire to marry for obvious reasons not relating to the modesty and coyness of women. In society, there are scores of *paterfamilias*, very capacious as to waistcoat, very bald as to cranium, very wheezy and useless in hall-room or tennis-ground, very anxious as to refreshments and an early departure for home. There are, too, scores of useful, beardless boys, with barely enough income to satisfy boarding-mistress and laundress, who dance divinely, devotedly carry shawls, fans, glasses, etc.; who are smiled upon by hostesses because of their utility, flirted with by women of all ages and positions for the want of better material, but are regarded in the light of husbands as decidedly below par, and not at all marketable.

Where, then, is the eligible man? At his club, off on a fishing excursion with a few of his kind, on a trip abroad with his college chum to flirt with pretty bar-maids and sing sweet serenades to shy provincial foreign beauties—but to come home heart-whole and fancy free as before. Why should this fortunate creature, for whom the whole woman world dons its daintiest toilet, smiles its sweetest greeting, showers its choicest gifts, and relates its most entertaining experiences, lose his identity among commonplace Benedicts and forfeit the adoration of the mass of women for the possession of one who may come to breakfast, after a little, in curl-papers and cease to pronounce his sins of omission and commission as "awfully wicked, but so fascinating, you know"? Clubs the most luxurious are at his command. Mothers with marriageable daughters dine him; fathers open choicest wines to honor his arrival, and deft fingers fasten for him all manner of toilet comforts and conveniences. Why should all this be exchanged for homes where plumbing is perpetually out of order, cooks always on the rampage, children constantly noisy, and the wife wears her old gowns to dinner when no one is there, all at a cost more than double the old comfortable bachelor's quarters, where domestic storms and worries were unknown? In league are the pretty married women who establish a sort of good comradeship between themselves and him, frequently more enjoyable than the association with unmarried women, who may misunderstand his motive and draw false inferences from his confidences. The young and fascinating married woman understands from her own experience with her husband the plan of action most agreeable to men, knows something of the subjects most entertaining to his intelligence, and, secure in her position, she exhibits her admiration for him, her sympathy and interest in his affairs as no unmarried girl would dare do, lest he misconstrue her intent. To the bachelor frequently this fearless, friendly matron, who is not criticised by him as to her capacity for making him a perfect wife, as the girl invariably—if unconsciously—is, seems more fascinating, lovable, and altogether charming than any girl could be simply from her removed position.

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FALL OPENING.



Mr. Bowhay, having just returned from Europe, extends to you a cordial welcome to call and inspect the entire new novelties and grand display of Evening, Fancy, and Tailor Gowns, imported especially by him for fall and winter of 1890.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

W. Clark Russell, author of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," "Marooned," etc., has written a new novel entitled "A Marriage at Sea."

Kirk Munroe's personal study of the various phases of railroad life, for literary purposes, has already resulted in a serial story for boys, called "On Time."

A new volume, the fourth, in the Famous Women of the French Court, translated from the French of Imbert de Saint-Amand by T. S. Perry, will be entitled "Citizeness Bonaparte."

Jean Ingelow, whose poetry has found an echoing chord in almost every heart among the English-speaking race, is still living in England, a delightful, white-haired, old lady, who is still engaged to literary pursuits.

Two volumes by Eugene Field, the witty and entertaining Chicago writer, who has been passing the past year or so abroad, will be published this month—"A Little Book of Western Verse" and "A Little Book of Profitable Tales."

Mr. Charles H. Crandall's "Representative Sonnets" is announced by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The volume will contain some four hundred and sixty examples by American verse-makers, together with two-score from English and continental sources, the latter in translation.

Speaking of Thackeray, Andrew Lang has this to say:

"Traveling lately, and in lack of a book, I read the first of 'Vanity Fair' again. It is even more delightful than it was. I suppose that, every five years, one learns better to appreciate this cynic, whose advice to young people is that they should 'learn early to love and to pray.' The meeting of Becky and Amelia on the day of Quatre Bras, the passion of Amelia, her sudden lapse into a child-like weakness, admiring George's scarlet scarf that she wears, and smoothing the pillow on which her husband's head will never lie, seem to me worthy of Shakespeare, or at least of Webster or Ford. Surely it is the highest genius which thus endures and masters and touches us again, after so many years of intimate familiarity. Fifty years hence who will remember such details in the works of any contemporary novelist? Who, indeed, remembers them a week after reading them?"

An interesting volume on Bismarck, entitled "Bismarck in Private Life," has just appeared in London. It is the work of a fellow-student, and deals with the great man's school-days and home-life, his life on his estate, and his experience in campaigns and with his admirers. No attempt is made to estimate Bismarck the statesman or his work for German unity. Several portraits will illustrate the text.

A New York literary weekly opened a voting contest as to the characters in Thackeray's novels, some weeks ago, and has awarded the first prize for the following list:

"1. The most interesting hero in Thackeray's Works?—Henry Esmond. 2. The most charming heroine in Thackeray's Works?—Edith Newcome. 3. The best love-scene in Thackeray's Works?—Between A. Osborne and Dobbin, Chapter xix., Book 2. 4. The most consummate villain in Thackeray's Works?—Barnes Newcome. 5. The most dramatic scene in Thackeray's Works?—Chapter xlii., Book 2, 'Vanity Fair,' between Kewdown Crawley and Marquis of Steyne. 6. The most pathetic character in Thackeray's Works?—Little Sister, in 'Philip.' 7. The most humorous character in Thackeray's Works?—Harry Foker, in 'Pendennis.' 8. The best scene for drawing-room reading in Thackeray's Works?—Chapter xlii., 'Newcomes,' in which Colonel Newcome says 'Adsum.' 9. The character you would most like to meet in real life in Thackeray's Works?—Colonel Newcome."

Miss M. E. Braddon, the famous English authoress, writes to the *Argonaut* to complain against William Caldwell, a publisher of New York, who has printed in his Sunday newspaper a story entitled "Tiger Head; or, the Ghost of an Avalanche," crediting the same to Miss M. E. Braddon, author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc. Miss Braddon says that this alleged story was hashed from an old melodrama which she wrote years ago and produced in Liverpool under the title of "The Missing Witness." It was never printed in any other form and Miss Braddon repudiates the story emphatically. She says:

"I have patiently seen fifty novels of my writing reprinted in America without the slightest pecuniary advantage to me, and I feel constrained to protest against a frittering away of my name as a writer by giving it to stories that I am known not to have written."

A New Yorker writes: "A publisher's circular came into my hands offering complete sets of Dickens for fifty-five cents. Also a two-thousand-and-seventeen-page so-called cyclopedia for forty-five cents. I went to look at them. The Dickens set is in twelve pamphlet-volumes, rather larger than the *Critic*, binding type, and flimsy paper; but the books are all there. Of the other, the less said the better."

Concerning the author of "With Fire and Sword," the *Critic* says:

"Henryk Sienkiewicz came to this country with the little band of Polish patriots, students, and artists, who followed Mme. Modjeska and her husband when they first pitched their tent in California. They had an idea of a communal ranch—somewhat on the plan of Brook Farm; and its results were about as substantial as those of that famous community. While in California, Sienkiewicz worked diligently for the Polish papers and magazines, but only one of his stories had an American background. He picked up a character here and there, however, for the Falstaff of his creation is a Pole well-known in San Francisco to-day, though he has fitted him with a costume of two hundred years ago. Since his visit to America, fourteen years ago, the romancer has become the most popular of Polish writers, and is said to be the best paid author east of Paris. He must be pretty well off, for he said that when, not long ago, a man who had read one of his books sent him a check for about fifteen thousand dollars as a slight token of admiration, he returned it with a request that he should give it to the poor. In Poland, Sienkiewicz is esteemed a greater novelist than Tourgueniev or

Tolstoi. National sentiment doubtless has something to do with this appreciation; but now that an English press is being given to his writings, we shall be able to form our own estimate of their worth."

Dr. William J. Rolfe has prepared a new edition of Shakespeare's poems, which will soon be issued. This will be the first thoroughly annotated edition of the poems published in this country. The notes will embrace the results of the latest investigations and discoveries relative to the history of the sonnets, together with much bibliographical and other information of value to Shakespearean students. The text is given without omission or expurgation.

G. & C. Merriam & Co., the publishers of Webster's dictionaries for forty years, announce a new edition which is to be called "Webster's International Dictionary of the English Language." Webster's "Unabridged" has remained unchanged, except for the addition of occasional supplements, since 1864, but the present work is an entirely new one, and has been in preparation by a corps of one hundred editorial workers, under the direction of Dr. Noah Porter, for ten years. The cost of the undertaking mounted to three hundred thousand dollars before the first copy was printed.

The following interesting paragraph is from the *St. James's Gazette*:

"Literary collaboration is an ill-fated thing. The partners, after getting on amicably for a number of years, and helping each other to make a great deal of money, almost invariably fall out at last. And when the quarrel comes it is commonly exceeding bitter. Mr. Gilbert, having discovered heavy griefs against Mr. D'Oyly Carte as to the profits of the works with which he and Sir Arthur Sullivan have adorned the stage, is satisfied with nothing less than law, blood being now difficult to have. Who is right and who wrong the gods alone may know. But the quarrel comes and the most pleasing refutation of the notion that the literary laborer does not get his proper hire. Mr. Gilbert's profits for three months this year were three thousand pounds sterling—that is at the rate of twelve thousand pounds a year for London rights alone. A hundred and eighty thousand pounds seems to be the inadequate reward of the Gilbert and Sullivan seven years' partnership, which has come to an end in such distressing circumstances. The connection between Messrs. Eckmann and Chatrian, whose differences have just been finally adjusted by the death of M. Chatrian, is an even more striking example of the difficulty of keeping a literary partnership intact. The two Alsatians had collaborated for forty years, when they suddenly discovered that they could not get on together. This tardy repugnance is to be seen sometimes between old married people—much oftener in France than in England. In the Eckmann case one of the partners thought that he was doing all the work while the other spent most of his time sitting at the receipt of custom. So they quarreled, and went their ways, and litigated. The breach was a loss for France; for although the critic may decline to assign the Eckmann-Chatrian novels a high place in literature, they were yet written with dash and spirit, they were full of adventure, and they exhibit a remarkable acquaintance with the workings of the French peasant mind."

New Publications.

"James Latrew," by Rose Wyatt, is a novel with a purpose—that of showing to young readers that divorce is subversive of society and religion. Published and for sale by John B. Alden; New York.

"The Tale of Wealth; Being the Personal Narrative of Chambers Rundel," by James Paxton Voorhees, is a narrative intended to put in a new or forcible light the undue influence of wealth on social caste. Published by William H. Morrison, Washington, D. C.; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"An Elementary History of the United States" is by Charles Morris, who seems to have no better reason for repeating the old story than he puts forth in his preface: "New histories are of yearly appearance. . . usually written for the old; . . why not new histories for the young?" Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 60 cents.

"The Woman's Side," by Frances Warren, makes a bid for popularity as "a woman's answer to Tolstoi's 'Kreutzer Sonata.'" It is utterly undeserving, however; it relates a very unpleasant incident with disgusting brutality, and has not a new or clever idea or phrase between its covers. Published by the Manhattan Publishing Company, New York; for sale by the newsdealers; price, 25 cents.

"Catherine's Coquette," by Camille Debans, has been translated from the French by Leon Mead. It is called "a tale of French country life," but it is not a pastoral; in fact, Catherine carries her coquetry to the cheerful limit of suggesting to one of her admirers that he kill her husband. Published in the Rose Library by the Worthington Company, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, 50 cents.

"In the Riding-School," by Theo. Stephenson

Brown, is a series of papers on equitation for women and girls, originally contributed to the Boston *Sunday Herald* and now issued in a handy little book. The author writes in a chatty vein, and gives minute reports of the elementary instructions given by French, English, and American masters, preparing the reader for private or class lessons and exercise and music rides, and warning her against the dangers of road riding. He also gives valuable hints as to dress in school and in public riding, with estimates as to cost. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.00.

"An Easy Method for Beginners in Latin," by Professor Albert Harkness, of Brown University, is somewhat of a departure from the usual text-books that have made Professor Harkness's name familiar in half the schools of the land. It aims to give the pupil a reading knowledge of the language before he is put into Caesar or Nepos, so that he may become interested in the subject when he begins to

read. The method employed is the use of exercises in translating from Latin to English and *vice versa*, with an increased vocabulary at each new lesson and grammatical points as they become necessary. The book concludes with the usual alphabetical vocabularies. Published by the American Book Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

As one reads "Aztec Land," by Maturin M. Ballou, one grows a bit skeptical of his statement in the preface that "repairing to the office of Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb, in Boston, the author handed the firm a check for the cost of a round-trip to Mexico and back." The book reads very much like a large advertisement of this excursion-organizing firm, for in the preface Mr. Ballou dilates on the delight of being freed from all care as to hotels, changes of trains, baggage, etc., during the trip, by the one payment which makes one a "Raymond excursionist," and says nothing of the unpleasant features that even the most easy-going and gregarious of men must find in such enforced and unselected companionship. And—naturally enough—Mr. Ballou confines his writing to that portion of Aztec Land which these excursionists visit. But there is still much to be said for the book, for Mr. Ballou is an experienced traveler, a keen observer, and a facile writer, so that the reader gets the benefit of about all Mr. Ballou saw and heard of the country. By the way, he is very outspoken in his denunciation of the mischievous and selfish policy of the Roman Catholic Church, and shows, in several instances, how the clerical influence is inimical to the progress and best interests of the people. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by William Doxey; price, \$1.50.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

Of "the next step in journalism," Colonel T. W. Higginson has this to say in a recent issue of *Harper's Bazar*:

"It is notorious that every one who does not edit a daily newspaper feels entitled to give advice to those who exercise that high function. The present writer, at any rate, has long held that a great revolution in journalism—or, at least, a great step in its evolution—must yet occur. Clearly the process of simply gathering the news, such as it is, has already approached perfection; it is impossible to carry it much further than the point which the metropolitan press has already attained. The next point attempted must certainly be that indicated by the old Scotch song: 'But are ye sure the news is true?' It is inevitable that in time we should aim at quality as well as quantity; at accuracy as well as amount. The old editor's injunction in New England, 'Ye're mitch, nothin', and what yer do know yer don't know sartin,' is no longer applicable in full. Nobody can now apply the first half to the daily press; but the last half is as applicable as ever. The larger the newspaper, the greater seems the deficiency on this point. It is not a question of willful falsehood, which, in perhaps, rare, but we simply see an approach toward a certain point, but as yet to be developed farther."

"I asked a very successful newspaper correspondent during the Civil War why he found it necessary to describe himself as having personally witnessed two events which had happened at the same moment eight miles apart? He answered very frankly that such was the general rule of his profession, since it is the foundation of the second-hand information, and the public demanded that everything should be reported by an eye-witness. It is now twenty-seven years since that incident, but the same rule appears yet to be maintained. In no other way, at least, can one account for the astounding minuteness and the marvelous inaccuracy of the information given. Any one who has occasion to look up a point of war history through newspaper evidence will find that many things will forever remain absolutely inscrutable from this very habit of correspondents. It is not merely that half-a-dozen persons will give wholly irreconcilable accounts of one event—that is to be expected; and if each would only say frankly that he was writing camp rumors or tales of 'an eyewitness' on paper, and that he might be able to deal with them by making proper allowances; but since each claims to have personally seen the fact he describes, the case is hopeless. No system of averages will apply. If one correspondent describes a certain hero as dying at sunrise, and another pictures him as breathing his last just as the evening star shines out, you can not adjust the matter by killing him at high noon, but at this habit of vicarious description did not disappear with the Civil War; it is just as prevalent to-day in times of peace."

"Let any one compare the references to himself or herself in the newspapers—and who is so humble as not to appear repeatedly in the society columns?—and it will become evident that the habit of referring to the truth, but is often so diametrically opposite as to destroy each other. You are in the city and in the country on the same day; you have sailed for Europe, and are driving in a four-in-hand among the Berkshire Hills. A gentleman with whom I should be well acquainted used to carry in his pocket two scraps cut within a fortnight from metropolitan newspapers, the one describing him as a man without a gray hair in his head, and the other as a man possessing a remarkably fine head of snow-white locks. Should his biography ever be written, it is a matter of chance which description will come into the record as the unimpeachable testimony of an eye-witness. Even as this is written, the present writer turns to a newspaper column of persons, and finds that he is just returning from a place which he has never visited to another place where he has no intention of going. So constant is this sort of thing that he can lay his hand on his heart and testify that to the best of his knowledge and belief the majority of statements that are made about him in the newspapers are not only erroneous as to details, but are made out of the whole cloth. On inquiry he finds it to be just the same with all his neighbors. The same witness already quoted receives frequently a cutting from different newspapers recently published, describing him as taking 'a daily spin' on a tricycle to certain designated towns, with his little daughter behind him, the fact being that he has not mounted a tricycle for two years, nor the other person mentioned for three; nor did they ever visit in that way the towns specified."

"Emerson somewhere describes a very shy man, to whom it was always a pain that he must, at any given moment, be somewhere, but who was comforted by the thought of the inconceivable number of places where he was not. The present habit of the newspapers deprives us all of that innocent pleasure, since they may, at any moment, assign us to all these innumerable places at the same time. Cicero, who rejoiced that he was at a certain time so unimportant that he could mount his horse and ride a few miles out of Rome without anybody's noticing it, would lose all that privilege when he was among us, for he would very likely be reported as on horseback, whether he was there or not. In one way, this fictitious publicity, or publicity under fictitious circumstances, has its advantages, for if the newspapers sometimes report you to be where you would not have thought of going, they often do you the favor of recording you at present at some public function—a funeral, for instance—where you ought to be, but are not. The friend, already quoted, tells me that this has gradually begun to exert on him a demoralizing influence; if he attends on such an occasion, he avers, it is commonly left unmentioned; but if he fails to go, his name is apt to fall the list of persons present. Now, as on this semi-public occasion the great object is not to be there, but to be supposed to be there, the reporters secure for you that credit without exertion of your own."

"The curious thing is, that no matter how irresponsible are the newspaper assertions about ourselves personally, we find it impossible not to put some faith in them when they relate to other people. Even when we know that we were not

present, as reported, we assume that everybody else was. We read the list of guests at some entertainment, and readily believe that all named as attending were actually there in the body, although we may have known a hundred instances where such lists were taken only from some hasty list, printed or written, of invited guests, some of whom might be at the time in Seattle or Venezuela. The cruel advantage of the reporter lies always in the intrinsic impressiveness of print, the product of an art which still retains something of the solemnity that belonged to it in the days when it was held to be magical. It has its hold on the reporter himself, who often finds in not merely stoutly maintaining, but actually believing, his statements to be strictly true in all its parts as printed, although he knew well an hour ago in what a better-skeller way it was picked up. If these little black ink called types can thus beguile the very most experienced, how shall the ignorant escape? Their power is irresistible. You may contradict a printed statement never so often, yet nobody sees the disclaimer, and the wise soon outgrow the habit of correction. Everlong, perhaps, these despots of ours will grow humane from v-v-y mercy, and the journalist who ranks highest in his profession will not be he who presents the most facts, but the fewest falsehoods."

—AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY FOR INVESTMENT is afforded by the sale to be held by Easton, Eldridge & Co. at their Real-Estate Exchange, 638 Market Street, next Tuesday noon. They will sell at auction, among other properties, ten lots on Sunset Heights, fronting on Stanyan and Frederick Streets, near Golden Gate Park.

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SOCIETY.

The Merrill Dinner-Party.

A delightful dinner-party was given by Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill recently at their residence, 1732 Washington Street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, of Honolulu. Those invited to share the pleasures of the affair were: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, and Mrs. Richard Ivers. The dining-table was beautifully decorated with Papa Gontier and La France roses clustered in vases. An elaborate menu was provided, and the evening was made a most enjoyable one.

The Pleasanton Hop.

The first of what are termed the "Pleasanton Socials" took place last Wednesday evening at that hotel and proved a decided success. During the early part of the evening Ritzau's orchestra played several selections from "Orpheus and Eurydice," "William Tell," "Carmen," and other operas, a clarinet solo from "La Traviata" was played by Signor Cesare Abiati, and a violin solo, "Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer," was given by Professor Ritzau. Following this was the dancing which commenced at nine o'clock and continued until midnight. Mrs. M. E. Pendleton and her daughter, Mrs. M. R. Hall were assiduous in their attentions to the invited guests, and the committee having the affair in charge ably managed the floor and accessory details. These gentlemen were: Mr. William E. Fisher, Mr. J. C. P. de Kraf, Mr. C. B. Platt, Mr. M. R. Hall, Mr. E. G. Davis, Mr. C. H. Shields, and Mr. H. McD. Spencer. The spacious dining-hall was used for dancing and there were just enough people present to fill it comfortably. In the private dining-room iced punches and light refreshments were served throughout the evening. These hops will henceforth be given on the last Wednesday evening of each month throughout the season.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Anne Tallant, daughter of Mrs. D. J. Tallant, will be married next Tuesday noon to Mr. Austin C. Tubbs, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, at the residence of the bride's mother on Bush Street.

Miss Alice Boalt, daughter of Judge and Mrs. J. H. Boalt, will be married about the middle of November to Mr. Hugh Tevis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis.

The wedding of Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., and Miss Dora Boardman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman, will take place on Tuesday evening, November 4th, in the First Congregational Church. It will be followed by a reception at the residence of the bride's parents, 1750 Franklin Street. Miss Susie Tompkins, Miss Julia Tompkins, Miss Helen Ouis, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Evelyn Carolan, and Miss Maud Forbes will be the bridesmaids. The best man will be Lieutenant L. H. Strother, U. S. A., and the ushers will be army officers.

Miss Elizabeth B. Folger, daughter of Mrs. J. A. Folger, of Oakland, will be married to Mr. Le Grand Cannon Tibbitts at noon on Wednesday, October 13th, in St. Paul's Church, Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Hattie Gage, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Gage, and Mr. Clarence M. Mann, will take place at the residence of the bride's parents next Thursday evening. Owing to the illness of the bride's mother, the wedding will be quietly celebrated, and only the relatives and most intimate friends of the young couple will be present.

The wedding of Miss Marie Bucknall and Mr. James Appleton Maguire will take place next Tuesday evening in St. Luke's Church. Miss Helen Walker will be the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Etta Cole and Miss Eleanor Wood. Mr. George E. Maguire will act as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Frank Vail, Mr. Nicholas Kittle, Mr. W. Harvey Jardine, and Mr. John O. Blanchard. After the ceremony a reception will be held at the residence of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. George J. Bucknall, 1121 Laguna Street. Twelve hundred invitations have been issued for the wedding, but the guests at the reception will be limited to relatives of the contracting parties.

The committee of arrangements of the Friday Night Club request that immediate answers be sent in response to the circulars they recently issued. The reception which Mr. and Mrs. Austin D. Moore were to have given last Wednesday evening did not take place, owing to the demise of Mrs. D. de Atherton, who was the grandmother of Mrs. Percy Moore, nee Macondray.

An elaborate dinner was given at the Pacific Union Club, on Saturday, September 20th, in honor Mr. Austin C. Tubbs, who is to be married on September 30th.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent in Franciscans:

Major and Mrs. J. L. Rathbone and Miss Nina Macdonay were returned to the city after their long absence in Paris. Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford will leave Liverpool on tober 6th, and will arrive here three weeks later. Mrs. John P. Jones and Miss Jones came up from Santa Monica on Monday, after passing the summer there at their

beautiful sea-side residence. Mrs. Jones will remain here until after the wedding of her niece, Miss Marie Bucknall.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley and Miss Barber, who passed the summer in Napa Valley, are in San Rafael now and will remain there a couple of months.

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Dr. Harry L. Tevis will return from New York the latter part of October.

Miss Evelyn Carolan will soon leave for the East to place her sister, Mrs. Genevieve Carolan, in school at Farmington, Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon are expected here on a visit in November.

Mrs. Hall McAllister returned from Santa Cruz last Monday, after a week's visit with Mrs. E. Peyton at the Powder Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourn have been passing a fortnight at their ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank will leave for the East about the middle of October, and will be accompanied by Miss May E. Pope and Miss Edith Taylor, who will remain away about three months.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe and Miss Kate Jarboe will return from Santa Cruz next Tuesday after passing the summer there.

Mr. Irving M. Scott is in New York city.

Mr. James G. Fair, Jr., was at Santa Cruz during the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Spence returned to San José last Monday after a visit to Mrs. James Leland Stanford at San Jose. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss and family, who have been passing the summer at their cottage in San Rafael, will return to the city in a few days.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin, Miss Agnes McLaughlin, and Miss Minnie Fogg, of Oroville, have closed Golden Gate Cottage at Santa Cruz for the season, and are now at their residence in Menlo Park, where they will remain until next Wednesday when they will go to Oroville.

Dr. and Mrs. F. J. Huse have gone East and will be away several months.

Miss Mattie Gibbs will leave about the latter part of October to visit Miss Margaret Jones at Salt Lake City, and after that will visit her sister at Fort Niobrara, Neb.

Mrs. W. T. Ellis and Miss Hope Ellis, of Marysville, are still at Monterey.

Mrs. Joseph G. Eastland and family will remain at the Hotel Vendome, in San José, a few weeks longer.

Miss Florence Reed is being entertained by the Misses Dimond at their residence in Menlo Park.

Mr. Johnson and his sister, Miss Edith Forbes, returned to San Rafael last Tuesday after a visit at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Hastings are occupying their residence, 2024 Jackson Street, after passing the summer at their ranch in Napa County.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair left by steamer last Thursday for Coronado Beach, where they will remain for several weeks, in the hope that Mrs. Blair's health will improve.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson returned to the city on Monday after a visit to Sacramento.

Miss Bettie Ashe has been passing a week in Ross Valley as the guest of Miss Lucia Kittle.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Payne, who have been at their Menlo Park villa all of the summer, will return to their city residence next month.

The Misses Nellie and Minnie Corbitt, of San Mateo, have returned after a week's visit at Sacramento.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke and Miss Lotie Clarke have been paying a visit to Lieutenant and Mrs. C. G. Lynn, U. S. A., at Fort Bowie, A. T., en route to New York.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and the Misses Childs have returned to Los Angeles after passing a month here.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, who have been passing the summer at Sausalito, have returned to the city, and are at their residence, 2432 Divisadero Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Smith have returned to Stockton after a delightful visit to Mrs. W. P. Buckingham.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Moore and family, of Oakland, have returned home after a three weeks' visit to Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. D. F. Verdenal, of New York, is visiting Colonel and Mrs. William Forsyth at Fresno.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Earle, of Sacramento, are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. C. O. Richards has returned to the city after passing the season at San Rafael.

Major and Mrs. Benjamin Woodworth will return to Fresno on Sunday after passing three months here at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Badlam, Miss Maude Badlam, Miss Maude Perry, Mr. A. T. Badlam, and a few other friends left on Friday to visit "Arcadia," the beautiful summer-home of Mr. Badlam, which is picturesquely situated in the mountains back of St. Helena.

Miss Bessie Shreve has been enjoying a visit at Monterey.

Miss Lena Elending has returned from a visit to Mrs. William B. Collier at Clear Lake and is now in San Rafael.

Miss Annie Ferguson has returned to her home in Fresno after a pleasant visit here and at Santa Rosa.

Mrs. Crabbe and Miss Louise Crabbe have returned to the city after a prolonged visit at San Rafael.

Miss Cora Caduc is passing a couple of weeks at the Hotel Vendome in San José.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Nellie Smedberg will return from the East in about a week.

Miss Maud Hollingsworth, of Woodland, is visiting Miss Bowen at Santa Cruz. Miss Nellie Hollingsworth is visiting friends here.

Miss Lotta Farnsworth is the guest of friends at Pacific Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Tatum have gone East and will be away three months.

Hon. and Mrs. George C. Perkins contemplate making a tour of Europe soon.

Captain and Mrs. Millen Griffith and family will return from San Rafael next Wednesday.

Mrs. Cosmo Morgan has given up her Easter trip.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Jackson, nee Adams, have returned from their wedding trip and are at their residence in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Walkington will occupy their apartments at the Palace Hotel next Wednesday.

Mrs. M. L. Clawson, Mrs. J. M. Allen, Miss Gertrude Allen, and Miss Minnie Smedberg, of Salt Lake City, are visiting this city and are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. William M. Stewart left Reno, Nev., a week ago for Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Hathaway and the Misses Hathaway, of Sycamore Park, are at a down-town hotel and will receive on Mondays in October.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Harrison will leave to-night for a six weeks' visit to the Eastern States.

Miss Laura Bates has returned from a visit to the Misses Dimond at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Simpkins and Miss Alice Simpkins have returned from Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence, Miss Arcadia Spence, and Miss Ada Sullivan have been passing the week at the San Felipe Ranch.

Mrs. George Hearst has been in San Luis Obispo during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Harrison, of Baltimore, are passing a few weeks at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., Miss Cecilia Miles, Miss Sherman, Miss Hoyt, Captain Eli L. Huggins, U. S. A., Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., arrived in Chicago on September 20th, after their trip through the northwest. Lieutenant John L. Schen, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence, commencing November 15th. Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Burton has been visiting Folsom on official business.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Lucchesi Musicales.

Mr. Richard A. Lucchesi gave a musicale last Friday evening, with the assistance of Mme. Emilia Tojetti, Mr. Hermann Brandt, Mr. L. N. Ritzau, Mr. H. Siering, Mr. Theodore Mansfeldt, Mr. F. G. B. Mills, Mr. F. Lombardo, and Mr. S. Martinez. The programme included the following selections:

Quintet in C major, op. 47, (1) maestoso e espressivo, (2) scherzo, (3) cantabile sostenuto, (4) allegro finale, R. A. Lucchesi, Signor R. A. Lucchesi and the Hermann Brandt String Quartet; "Where Landens Bloom" (for baritone), Dudley Buck, Mr. F. G. B. Mills; "Souvenir de Moscow" (air, Russe), Wieniawski, Mr. Hermann Brandt; grand aria from "Le Prophete," Meyerbeer, Mme. Emilia Tojetti; (a) aria, Bach (b) minuetto, Cherubini, the Hermann Brandt String Quartet—Messrs. H. Brandt, L. N. Ritzau, H. Siering, and Th. Mansfeldt; "L'Addio" (duet for soprano and baritone), Donizetti, Mme. Tojetti and Mr. F. G. B. Mills; "Murillo," fantasia for flute, Terschak, Signor F. Lombardo; "Ave Maria" (Op. 25), R. A. Lucchesi, for soprano, violin obligato, organ, and pianoforte, Mme. Tojetti, Messrs. L. N. Ritzau, S. Martinez, and R. A. Lucchesi.

The Rector's Circle.

A musical and dramatic entertainment was given under the auspices of the "Rector's Circle," of Trinity Church, last Wednesday evening. The music was under the direction of Mr. H. J. Stewart and the comedy was directed by Mr. John I. Housman. A large audience enjoyed the programme, which was as follows:

Violin duet, Misses Madeline and Leontine Beckhousen; vocal solo, selected, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham; recitation, Mr. Frank Mathieu; whistling solo, Mr. Will E. Stevens; vocal solo, "By the Fountain," Weatherly, Mr. Hubert M. Fortescue; Howell's comedy, "The Garroters"—cast of characters: Mr. Roberts, Mr. E. B. McCormick; Willis Campbell, Mr. J. F. Larken; Mr. Bemis, Sr.; Mr. Fred Norris; Mr. Bemis, Jr.; Mr. Frank M. Avery; Dr. Lawton, Mr. Will Denman; Mrs. Roberts, Miss Martha P. Gibbs; Mrs. Crashaw, Miss Edna Lissak; Mr. Bemis, Jr., Miss Gertrude Housman; Della (the maid), Miss Alice M. Farnsworth.

The Maury Concert.

An enjoyable concert was given at Byron Maury's piano warerooms last Thursday evening, under the direction of Mr. W. J. Bachelder. The programme given was as follows:

Ladies' quartet, "Russian Medley," Rees, Miss Nellie Chase, the Misses Sedgley, Mrs. Bachelder; baritone solo, "Ye Gallants of England," Gatty, Mr. M. Cohn; cello solo, "Russian Fantasia," Kummer, Dr. A. Regensburger; contralto solo, "Carleluog," Donizetti, Miss Leckie Sedgley; soprano solo, "Should be Upbraided," Fishon, Miss Mellie Chase; baritone solo, "Garden of Sleep," De Lara, Dr. A. Regensburger; contralto solo, "Expectancy," Buck, Mrs. Olive Reed Bachelder; duet (soprano and alto), "O wert thou in the Cold Blast," Mendelssohn, the Misses Sedgley; soprano solo, "Thou art like unto a Flower," Rubenstein, Miss Phoenix Sedgley; ladies' quartet, "O tell it her," Rees, Miss Nellie Chase, the Misses Sedgley, and Mrs. Bachelder.

Mansfeldt Piano Recital.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave his twentieth piano recital of this season Thursday evening, September 18th, in Byron Maury's piano warerooms. The following interesting programme was presented:

Overture, "Fingals Cave," Mendelssohn, Miss Bessie McFarland and Miss Eva Crowley; grand duo, "Dinorah," Meyerbeer, Misses Hattie and Josie Dunkap; tarantella, D minor, Raff, Miss Eva Crowley and Miss Emma Ellis; (a) sonata, D minor op. 31, Beethoven, (b) "El Costume," Rubinstein, Mr. Emil Steingeger; sixth rhapsodie, Liszt, Miss Emma Ellis and Mr. Mansfeldt; mazurka, G minor, Saint-Saens, Miss Eva Crowley; from foreign lands, (a) Italy, (b) Germany, (c) Hungary, Moszkowski, Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt.

Mme. Ziska and her daughter, Miss Alice Ziska, gave an informal musicale last Tuesday evening at their residence, 1606 California Street, and delightfully entertained quite a number of their friends. Vocal and instrumental selections were charmingly given by Miss Ziska, Miss Dougherty, Miss Ferre, the Misses Barry, Signor G. B. Galvani, and others which made the evening one of much enjoyment. Light refreshments were served at intervals and the affair ended at midnight.

Eugen d'Albert, who is now resting at his villa near Berlin, expresses himself as delighted with his American tour, and intends to give another series of concerts in this country in 1892.

Mr. Nathan Landsberger is making preparations to give a concert on Friday evening, October 17th, under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman.

—THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP SAN JOSE, will sail for Panama, taking freight and passengers for New York, Central America, and way ports, on Friday, October 3d, at noon.

—E. A. BELCHER, Attorney at law, 234 Montgomery Street, Opposite Russ House.

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Mr. ALFRED J. KELLEHER,
Teacher of Vocal Music.

Monday and Thursday at Mills College (seventeenth year).
Ladies' Class for Musical and Vocal Instruction and Part
Songs commences August 2d. Address,
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Teacher of Mandolin and Violin,
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Particular attention given to production of tone, style, and
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The only thorough music school on the Pacific Coast.
Special attention given to artistic touch, harmony, and ear-
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—OF—
LANGUAGES
FLOOD BUILDING, HAMILTON HALL,
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EDWARD LARCHER, Principal,
Will be at his office, back from Paris, October 9th or 10th.

MISS LAKE'S
Boarding and Day School for Girls
1534 SUTTER STREET, cor. of Octavia.
Next term begins Monday, August 4, 1890.
MISS M. LAKE, Principal.

ST. MATTHEW'S HALL
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A SCHOOL FOR BOYS.
TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR.
REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER, M. A., PRINCIPAL.

School for Young Ladies and Children
2524 California Street.
Principal, Miss EMILY EDMUNDS. Large premises, with
lofty class-rooms and good playgrounds. Grading, Primary,
and Kindergarten grades. Language classes and music
lessons. Special scientific tuition for backward and delicate
pupils, insuring rapid progress without long hours of study.
Pupils sent for.

1606 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO
Mme. B. ZISKA, M. A.,
Recently Principal of ZETSKA INSTITUTE, receives at her
residence, 1606 California Street, a limited number of young
ladies who wish to receive special instruction under her
charge. Studies resumed August 4th.
Singing—Signor G. B. Galvani. Piano—Mr. Lesley
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GOOD SENSE
CORSET WAISTS.
THOUSANDS
NOW IN USE.
Best for Health, Economy and Beauty.
Buttons at front instead of CLASPS.
RING BUCKLE at hip for easy support.
Tape-fastened Buttons—won't pull off.
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REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR RAIL-
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SECOND DISTRICT,
San Francisco, San Mateo, and Marin Counties

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A certain priest was attending the death-bed of a wealthy old lady, and pricked up his ears when he heard her say, slowly and with difficulty: "Father—I've—given—you—" "Stay," cried he, anxious to have witnesses for this nuncupative testament; "I'll call in the family." When the family had assembled, the old lady resumed: "Father—I've—given—you—a great—deal of trouble." And, exhausted with the effort, she fell back and expired.

They tell this little story of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Walking in a friend's garden, one day, she asked the gardener: "Have you ever read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?" The perplexed fellow slowly unbent himself. He was unwilling to wound the sensibilities of Mrs. Stowe, and he wished to say the most for himself. And so he felt himself getting very red as he stammered: "Well, not exactly, ma'am. Not as you might say 'read it,' but I've tried to, ma'am."

One day a man of some pretension was calling upon Mme. Bashkirtseff, and his hostess wondered within herself whether the day's bill of fare would justify her inviting him to dinner. She called a servant, and gave him a whispered direction to find out what the cook had for them. The man departed on his errand, and the visitor began telling an entertaining but rather extravagant anecdote. Just as he reached the most incredible part, the butler threw open the door, and announced, distinctly: "Madame, c'est un canard!" (Madame, it is a duck.) The company burst into irrepressible laughter, for the butler had exactly hit the story.

George Moore, the English disciple of Zola, once had a play at the Odéon, in Paris, and at the same time an adaptation of "Othello" was being rehearsed at the theatre. He called one morning and asked to see the manager. "What name shall I give, monsieur?" demanded the concierge. "Tell M. Porell that the English author whose play he has accepted desires to see him." The concierge went toward the manager's room. "There is a gentleman in the hall who tells me he is the English author whose play has just been accepted," he said to the official. "Quite right," answered the latter; "send him in. Monsieur Shakespeare, no doubt."

Cheery John Maclean made his first appearance in London, at the Surrey, somewhere about 1867, as Peter Purcell, in "The Idiot of the Mountain." Shepherd and Creswick were the managers of the theatre then, and Maclean was standing one day at the bar at Rockley's, when a kind friend pointed out the newly engaged actor to Shepherd, who, having been ill, had not yet seen him. "You're playing in my theatre, Mr. Maclean?" Shepherd bawled. "I'm playing in 'The Idiot of the Mountain,' sir," Maclean replied, half-timidly. "Glad to hear it, sir; glad to hear it!" Shepherd exclaimed; "you're not the idiot, surely?" "No, sir," Maclean answered, with a serious face; "the manager who engaged me is the idiot!"

Captain Charles C. King tells the following neat military anecdote: "There was a subordinate officer, inclined to hair-splitting, who had received orders from his colonel to put his battalion in camp on the other side of the river, facing east, and he did not. Presently the colonel saw that his orders were not being carried out, and not being in a mood for direct inaction, he put spurs to his horse, dashed through the stream, and reined up alongside of his victim with 'Didn't I order you, sir, to put your battalion in camp along the river, facing east?' 'Yes, sir; but this ain't a river—it's only a creek.' 'Creek he d—d, sir; it's a river—a river from this time forth, by order, sir. Now, do as I tell you.' There was no further delay."

There is a leather-dealer, in a small city in New York, who is noted for the length and luxuriance of his side-whiskers (says the *Brockton Shoe*). At one time, an acquaintance said: "Lethergood, I would give twenty dollars for your whiskers." Within an hour, the acquaintance was approached by a man whom he failed to recognize, but who called him by name and thrust into his hand a package neatly tied in white paper. Something familiar in the stranger's voice roused his curiosity, but he was told to open the package. He did so, and found a mass of brown, crinkly hair, and with it a bill which read as follows: "—to Austin Lethergood, Dr. To one pair whiskers, as per agreement, \$20.00." One look at the smooth-faced stranger was enough. It was the leather man. The acquaintance pulled out his wallet and handed him a "XX."

Often have sculptors and painters discussed the relative merits of sculpture and painting. A funny story is told of an artist who resented the disparaging comparisons made by a sculptor, and laid a wager that he could, within a given time, paint a picture

which should display the human figure as completely as any sculptor could do. The wager was accepted, and upon the appointed day a painting was produced which fulfilled all the conditions. It represented a warrior, his back to the spectator, bending over a sheet of water, in the limpid surface of which was reflected his entire face and form. To the right a suit of polished armor hung, and threw back a full-length profile image, while a mirror performed a like office for the left side. The sculptor, of course, handed over the money staked, and the painter doubtless laid it out to great profit and advantage to himself and his friends, in the approved "cakes and ale" of the period, after the generous manner of his kind.

Where the outlet leaves Lake Quinault, in the State of Washington, the orifice is not large enough, in case of a sudden freshet, to carry off the water; and at times, during the spring rains, the water rises rapidly. One instance, where it is said to have risen sixteen feet in three hours, furnished rather an amusing incident (says the *West Shore*). A man whom a neighbor had furnished with a "grub-stake," wrote to his benefactor the day before this freshet: "I have erected a cabin on the bank of the lake and am now clearing off a spot for a garden. I have found God's country at last, and expect to end my days right here. Send more flour and bacon." The surprise of the benefactor can be better imagined than told, when, the next day after receiving the letter, he met his man, armed *cap-a-pie* with his skillet, frying-pan, coffee-pot, and camp equipage, "hoofing it" down the beach. "Well," said he, "what's up?" "Why, the d—d lake's up, and I don't propose to stay in a country where the water rises so fast that you can't climb a tree ahead of it." And he never went back.

What strikes the pilgrim from other lands (writes a Philadelphia *Press* correspondent) is the predominance of women in Boston. Women everywhere—in the restaurants, behind the lunch-counters, in the shops, in the offices, women seem to be doing all the work. Foreigners from New York or Chicago, ignorant of the customs of the country, sometimes make an effort to be pleasant with these young ladies. The result is always disastrous to the foreigner. I was much amused at the attempt of one of these "foreigners," just mentioned, to bestow a small fee upon one of these young women. She drew herself up with all the hauteur of family pride—for no doubt her name was Winthrop, or Adams, or Hancock, or Winslow—and then she remarked: "Excuse me, sir; we are liberally rewarded for our services by the corporate lessees of the place, and, consequently, the offer of any gratuity is entirely a supererogatory act." Then, turning to a small boy, she murmured: "Johnny, accept the gentleman's nickel. We keep him for that purpose, in order not to offend those who may be strangers in Boston."

Visiting Southerners—at least those from Texas—are not at all pleased with the rush of Northern railroads, if we may believe Major Martin, of that State. They are used to a very different sort of doings. By way of illustration, the major told this story to a New York *Tribune* reporter: "I remember that a woman one evening asked the conductor of a train in my State to stay at a certain place all night. She wanted to spend the night with some friends, she said, and if he didn't oblige her she would have to wait twenty-four hours for a train. The conductor said he hated to be disobliging to a lady, but he didn't like to delay the other passengers. Finally he agreed to talk it over with them, and we decided that if her friends would give us lodging and breakfast, we wouldn't mind an extra day spent on the way. The train waited half-an-hour while she got off and consulted with her friends, and just as we were about to leave the place she came and told us that they had agreed to the terms. The fires in the engine were banked, and the train left on the track. The next morning, after a comfortable night spent in the farm-house, we left the place twelve hours late. Talk about accommodating railroads!"

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Try **BEECHAM'S PILLS.**
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OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

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PERFECT, PURE.
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FACE POWDER.

THE MODEL DAIRY CO., CALIFORNIA
MILLBRAE
PURE CITY DEPOT
RICH PASTURES COUNTRY TELEPHONE
WHOLESALE FEED MILK 3331
HEALTHY COWS
DELIVERED TO ALL PARTS OF THE CITY.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
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Capital.....\$3,000,000 00
Surplus.....1,000,000 00
Undivided Profits.....2,091,568 78
JULY 1, 1890.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Göteborg, Christiania, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.
BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Capital and Surplus.....\$5,000,000
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Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver
Eldridge, Charles Fargo, Geo. E. Gray, C. F. Crocker,
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Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

26th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1891
Home Mutual Insurance Co
No. 216 Sansome Street.

Capital (Paid up in Gold).....\$300,000 00
Net Surplus (over everything)... 244,884 4
PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
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North-west corner Sacramento and Montgomery Streets.

WANTS.
\$75.00 to \$250.00 A MONTH can be made
working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities.
B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 109 Main St., Richmond, Va.

Good morning
Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?

A MAN MATCH-MAKER.

The Remarkable Results of his Maiden Effort.

"I tell you, Arnold, you are making a fool of yourself."

"I know I am," said the individual addressed, with something like a groan, "but what can I do? If I only had the courage I would clear out of this cursed Narragansett this very night, but I can't, and that's the end of it. Why should I stay? The girl doesn't want me, Johnson, that's clear."

Johnson blew a big cloud of tobacco-smoke, put his heels on the rail of the piazza and answered with great deliberation: "It is not clear that the girl does not want you, but it is clear that you showed your hand too soon. The idea of a man proposing to a woman he has known only three days!"

"You need not say any more about it," said Arnold, throwing away his half-smoked cigar and picking up his hat.

"Sit down, old man," said the other; "I do believe that I have an idea. I'm going to do you a good turn. Leave it to me to find out for you what is the exact state of affairs."

"There is no use," said Arnold, wearily; "and, besides, you'll make a boggle of it. What is your plan, anyhow?"

"Oh, it is very simple," said Johnson; "and I shall not make a mess of it. I shall supply her with a rival. It will be very easy to see from the way Miss Ralston takes it how you really stand in her eyes. Since women have no scruples about employing artifices, why should we?"

"But what will the other girl say? Will she consent to serve as a tool in this way?" asked Arnold, dubiously.

"Oh, I'll make that square. My cousin, Miss Erskine, is coming down to stay with us. She is the dearest girl in the world, and would do anything for me. Just leave it in my hands. You shall see how she will enter into the spirit of the thing. But remember this, the success of the whole business will be in your chucking that infernal reserve of yours to the dogs. You must be as light as air, and go about with her as if quite oblivious to the fact that there is a Miss Ralston on the premises."

With many misgivings, Arnold consented to be a party to the deception. He felt as if he were a prospective party to a burglary, or batching conspiracy against the State.

On the evening of Miss Erskine's arrival, he dressed himself with special care and went up to the house. He was prepared to be very ill at ease with his fellow-conspirator. But the girl who was sitting beside Mrs. Johnson, in the drawing-room, showed no signs of conscious participation, though the proposer of the scheme had told him that she had been told all about the situation and had given her promise of assistance.

Among those who came in later was Miss Ralston. Johnson felt that his plot was going to be a success, when he saw Arnold take no more notice of her than to bow stiffly. He wondered a little at the gift for realistic acting which his friend had suddenly and unexpectedly developed. To look at him and Miss Erskine, you would have said that they were friends of very long standing. His triumph was increased, though it was dashed by just a little remorse, as he saw Miss Ralston watching them with a peculiar look in her eyes.

"She does care for him," he said, to himself; "but it serves her right to get this lesson."

Mr. Johnson gave her an opportunity of talking to him, but she made no allusion to the other couple for a long time. Finally, she asked him how long Arnold and Miss Erskine had known each other. She seemed surprised, though she tried to hide it, when told that they had met for the first time that day.

During the next week, the comedy progressed gayly. The hero and substituted heroine walked together, played tennis together, and were generally inseparable.

One evening, on the pier, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson saw them passing the place where the lady sat for whose benefit the play was arranged.

"We won't have to keep it up much longer," said Mr. Johnson; "that is gloriously well acted." But Mrs. Johnson said nothing.

All Arnold's old mopishness had flown away, too. The consciousness of coming success seemed to have settled down on him. He was no longer impatient, and instead of being the worst, had developed into the best company in the world. Johnson one day told his wife that he believed Providence had cut him

out for a diplomatist. Every sign given by the person deceived he watched with the keen eye of a doctor observing the details and development of a pet case.

Early next week he had to go up to town. At the end of three days he came back. He was quite curious to know how the plot had progressed during his absence. Arnold was the first person he saw as he descended from the train. He knew that there was nothing wrong from the expression of his face.

"Well, how have things been going while I was away?" said he, with a fine professional interest.

"Splendidly," said Arnold; "you shall be the first to congratulate me, old man. It was all settled this afternoon."

"I do," said Johnson, wringing his hand with a vigor that made the other wince; "and I hope she won't be angry with me for planning the deception we played on her. Miss Ralston is a fine girl, old fellow, but a devilish hard one to manage."

"Miss Ralston!" said Arnold; "why, my dear boy, your cousin, Miss Erskine, promised to marry me to-day."—Sun.

On the Train.

Blossom (to Drummer, sitting by open window)—Excuse me, sir, but that open window is very annoying.

Drummer (pleasantly)—I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to grin and bear it.

Blossom—I wish you would close it, sir.

Drummer—Would like to accommodate you, but I can't.

Blossom—Do you refuse to close that window, sir?

Drummer—I certainly do.

Blossom—If you don't close it, I will.

Drummer—I'll bet you won't.

Blossom—If I go over there I will.

Drummer—I'll give odds you won't.

Blossom—I'll ask you once more, sir; will you close that window?

Drummer—No, sir; I will not.

Blossom (getting on his feet)—Then I will, sir.

Drummer—I would like to see you do it.

Blossom (placing his hands on the objectionable window)—I'll show you whether I will or not, sir.

Drummer (as Blossom tugs at window)—Why don't you close it?

Blossom (getting red in the face)—It appears—to be stuck.

Drummer—Of course it is. I tried to close it before you came in.—Life.

Sore Shoulder Cured.

Charles A. Stiles, 180 Carroll Street, Buffalo, N. Y., writes: "I have been a clerk in the Continental Hotel, corner Exchange and Michigan Streets, for some years, and first used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER three years ago for a sore shoulder. I fell down stairs and got a terrible wrench and bruise. For several weeks I suffered acute pain in the shoulder joint and, getting no relief, or only temporary, from numerous liniments, I put on an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER; kept it on for two or three weeks and my shoulder was well. They also cured me in six weeks of a most obstinate form of dyspepsia."

How to reach consumers of the articles advertised through such mediums as have the least waste—that is, papers that go to the family and are read in the home circle—is ever the study and aim of the judicious and successful advertiser. What class of papers have the most waste for the advertiser—that is, papers that are glanced over for a market report or a telegram, and then thrown away? Most undoubtedly the daily papers. Not so with the weekly paper. There is comparatively no waste to the advertiser in the weekly, for, with the exception of the few exchanges, every copy printed goes into the homes of paid subscribers, and is sometimes read over and over again during the week. A weekly of ten thousand circulation can do better service for an advertiser than a daily of fifty thousand circulation. The weekly goes into the family, has less of its space devoted to objectionable advertising—"massage," "personals," etc., is conservative and not sensational. Every copy of it is read in the home, while the daily is thrown aside on the streets, in stores, around railroad depots, on the trains, and street cars after the merest glance at its columns.

Next to having a good house and managing it properly, nothing plays so important a part in the success of a hotel as advertising. It is, in fact, the life of the concern. What avails the most palatial establishment if the world is not aware of its existence? Or how are its advantages to be made known? There is only one sure way; advertise. Just as sure as competition is the life of trade, just as sure as advertising is the life of competition.—Philadelphia Hotel Man's Guide.



Some Children Growing Too Fast become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. But you can fortify them and build them up, by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

They will take it readily, for it is almost as palatable as milk. And it should be remembered that AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. Avoid substitutions offered.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

UNION BLOCK,

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Agents for The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co., The California Line of Clippers from New York, The Hawaiian Line of Packets, The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited, The Baldwin Locomotive Works, steel rails and track material.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN via NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE. Commencing Monday, September 1, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows: From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 4:55, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:05, 6:30 P. M. From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 3:25, 4:55 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:05 P. M. From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 7:45, 9:30, 11:15 A. M.; 1:30, 3:20, 4:55 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M.; 12:00 P. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 6:30 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:55, 11:05 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:12, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:15, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 10:05, A. M.; 12:05, 2:15, 4:05, 5:35 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11:00 A. M. Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12:35 P. M.

1:30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 6:15 P. M.

8:00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 6:15 P. M.

THIRTY-DAY EXCURSION—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tomales, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.

Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$1.75.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, F. B. LATHAM, General Manager, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 331 Pine Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA. NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with Steamers for Shanghai. Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1890. Gaelic.....Wednesday, October 1 Belgic.....Tuesday, October 21 Oceanic.....Thursday, November 13 Gaelic.....Saturday, December 6 Belgic.....Tuesday, December 30 Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates. Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco. For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent. GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA San Blas.....Tuesday, Sept. 23, at 12 M. Taking freight and passengers direct for Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Punta Arenas, and Panama. This steamer will make a special call at Tonala.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama, direct: China.....Thursday, October 9, at 1 P. M. City of Peking.....Saturday, Nov. 1, at 1 P. M. Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets, Front Street. W. R. A. JOHNSON, Acting Gen. Agent. GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Sept. 14, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	2:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax.	4:45 P.
8:00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
9:00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and Los Angeles.	10:15 A.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, East, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	4:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	8:45 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	* 6:00 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
3:30 P.	2d class Ogden and East.	9:45 P.
4:00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans and East.	8:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Lathrop and Stockton.	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis.	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	8:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and San José.	6:15 P.
6:00 P.	Haywards and Niles.	7:45 A.
8:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 A.
9:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	7:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Excursion train to Santa Cruz.	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	6:20 P.
2:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	* 11:20 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos, and Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz, Sunday Excursion.	8:25 P.
8:30 A.	San José, Almaden, Gilroy, Livermore, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, Soledad, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:30 P.
10:30 A.	San José and Way Stations.	3:00 P.
12:30 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	5:05 P.
3:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	* 10:05
4:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 7:50 A.
5:20 P.	San José and Way Stations.	* 9:03 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. ** Mondays excepted.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, July 13, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows: From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:25, 6:25 P. M.; Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:15 P. M. From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:00, 9:30, 11:40 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05, 6:30 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:15 P. M. From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—7:15, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 12:05, 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 7:00 P. M.; Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.	WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Ukiah, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7:25 P. M.	6:05 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 P. M.	6:05 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	6:05 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sonoma.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.	6:05 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	6:05 P. M.	6:05 P. M.	6:05 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Lakeport, Bartlett Springs, Lower Lake, and Zeigler Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Willits, Capeta, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Ukiah, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Ukiah, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3.10; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager, PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt. Ticket Offices at Ferry and 222 Montgomery Street.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Oct. 2, 17, Nov. 1, 16, Dec. 1, 16, Jan. 1, 30. For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M. every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 12 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street. GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents. No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

"What do you think of my photograph?" "It is very beautiful. But I do not think you are justice."—Bazar.

THE SWEET TOBACCO FOR THE PIPE IS MARBURGS YALE MIXTURE A DELICATE BLEND OF CHOICEST TURKISH, PERRIERE VIRGINIA IT IS PRONOUNCED BY SMOKERS WHO HAVE TRIED IT AS ABSOLUTELY INCOMPARABLE.



A Frenchman was once asked if he could play the violin. "I don't know," he answered; "I never tried." Chicago being asked if it could produce a good extravaganza, made the same reply, and afterward tried. The success of the undertaking was instantaneous, grand, and glorious in Chicago. Whether it will be so in San Francisco is another question. The audiences here are undoubtedly extremely critical and hard to please. The one of Monday night was not enthusiastic, though the claque labored like good men and true to stir them up to demonstrations of approval. It is to be hoped that the pessimistic man, who, in a sudden pause, was heard to remark, "They ought to charge ten cents for this show and then send you home in a carriage," did not voice the sentiments of the multitude.

The domains of Prince Prettwitz were gorgeous and glittering. They glimmered and glinted and glowed and sparkled from eight till half-past eleven like all the stars of heaven and all the electric lights of all the theatres combined. When the curtain rolled up, the colors on the stage rushed out and almost blinded the audience, and as for the lights, they bulged out into the auditorium till you would have thought they would knock the walls down. Never in the domains of song and story was seen anything more magnificent. Merlin's choicest inventions—palaces that pierced the sky with twinkling spires, and peaks that shimmered with the light when all below lay shrouded in the gray of twilight—were a mere circumstance, a hut, a shanty, compared to the prince's banquet-hall, where water runs down the back walls, and magnificent Amazons, sheathed in tin, enchant the eye of the beholder.

The performance was one great glitter. The scenery glittered, the costumes glittered, the painting glittered, the eyes glittered, the teeth glittered, the bogus diamonds glittered splendidly, and the real diamonds—of which there was no mean display—glittered with more reserve, but good effect. The people all glittered, in the way of apparel. They were spangled and tinsel and jeweled and armored and puffed and powdered and painted till the stage looked like a whirlpool of color and sparkle.

Everything was brilliant and always shifting—waving skirts, blue, red, and yellow; froth of white lace, forests of legs, armored torsos banked to the flies, gay figures passing in and out through endless, purposeless dances; long streaks of color dashing back and forth like the shuttle shooting through the web. Everything was scintillating—flash of light on polished breastplates, on peaked spear-heads, on moving jewels, on satin-shod feet, on crumpled silk and velvet, the shining incrustations of the walls, and the prince's sword, sticking out beyond his cloak.

Viewing it closer, there appeared to be innumerable women perpetually moving about the stage. They were useless, and not particularly ornamental, and they came and went without motive or reason. They were peasants, in short skirts and velvet bodices—large, confused masses of them, who filled the stage and looked at the audience with cow-like stolidity. They were warriors, in pink tights and a pink scarf and a large, generous hat with a big feather. They came wandering in, and stood about and looked at the prince—who always seemed to be standing in front of the footlights and writhing and warbling—and then they went away again. Sometimes they were ball guests in long trains, and then they melted away and solidified subsequently into pages, or link-boys, or something—but always in tights and doublets, with a cloak and a big hat, and a sword and a fine, thick coating of rouge and pearl-powder.

Once, in the middle of a pale salmon-colored apotheosis, of a lurid hue like that of a fire seen through a sea-fog, they came fluttering through and hopping along like blackbirds—the blackbirds that were baked in the pie. And they fluttered and hopped, and stood in groups and walked about in circles—but never a dance-step did they do. Then, as they retired, a blue band suddenly shot in from the lower right-hand corner of the salmon-pink horizon, and, at the end of the line, massively magnificent in a blonde wig and a blue coat, appeared that stalwart sylph who used to lend a glamour to Inre Kiralfy's ballets, and who made her debut in the "Fall of Babylon," and footed it every evening on the damp grass, under the little early stars, with a rose-crowned head and unfoldings of silvery, spangled stuff.

Through the level uninterruptedness of this continuous magnificence, the prince kept coming and going like a flame in a draught. You could not help noticing him, not because of his transcendent charms or genius, but because he would be noticed

or leave his dead body on the field. Such persistence is affecting in this languid and indifferent age. There was one moment when the curtain went down upon the prince and cut his encore, and this for the noble boy was a deadly moment. So frightened was he of losing the chance of re-singing his song that he came boldly forward and was almost stricken down by the curtain-rod. Death is better than silence, a cracked skull is above a lost encore.

When the crowds were thickest, when the peasant-maidens stood ten deep, rocking to the music and waving their arms, when the orchestra was blowing great guns, when the Amazons were crowding each other flat against the wings, and all trying to squeeze into the front place, then a cry would go up, "The prince!" The crowd would fall back as if rendered faint by the ten-thousand-dollars' worth of beauty about to appear, and down the aisle formed by his subjects Prince Prettwitz proceeds to take the stage.

The prince invents his own fashions, which is one of the advantages of being a great person. His fad is to wear a low-necked doublet. He also sets the fashion of keeping on his hat—a very fine hat, too, full of feathers and as big as a bushel-basket—when he gives a ball. The courtiers do not follow his example, which shows they are badly trained. To make love is this royal being's great pleasure. To sing, we should suppose, caused him extreme pain, for, when he is celebrating his love in song, he writhes as one who suffers with internal agonies. The courtiers do not writhe, and in this instance they appear to be well trained, and so strike a neat balance of conduct.

The prince's existence before the footlights seems to give him deep joy. If by any unforeseen and cruel chance he should be crowded out of sight behind the pink Amazons, it is to be feared that he would droop and die. "Oh, solitude! where are thy charms?" Those sentiments of Alexander Selkirk seem to be appreciated by the lovely Prettwitz. His attitude toward the audience is generous and kindly. We have never seen a ten-thousand-dollar beauty before, and are naturally interested in the phenomenon. Prettwitz knows this, and is going to let us look and admire as much as we want. "These lambent eyes," and he rolls them up; "these ruby lips," and he smiles; "these splendid teeth," and he throws back his head and laughs in princely merriment; not this hair, because it is a wig, and everybody knows it; but this beautiful figure—these are the component parts of a ten-thousand-dollar beauty, which is something you do not see every day. It is thus that the Prince seems to speak to us. It is in this wise that he acts his part of a love-sick kingleit, in a décolleté doublet and a pair of pink boots.

Through the piece, side by side with Prettwitz, there goes a being called Mardi Gras, a jester, who seems to have caught from his royal master the fever to be always in the front place. Mardi Gras evidently thinks he was never born to blush unseen, or waste his sweetness on the desert air of the rear ranks of Amazons and dancers. If there is a buttress, or a wall, or a tower, or a flight of stairs upon which Mardi Gras can perch, up she flies and stands there on one leg, like a meditative stork. It is seldom that one sees, even in an extravaganza, two women so determined to push themselves forward as the prince and Mardi Gras. And as their costumes are very beautiful, they get stared at to their hearts' content.

Of the rest of the whole company, excluding Edwin Foy, who is a bright comic man, little Ida Mülle is, perhaps, the best. She has changed a good deal, since, as Cupid, in wings and bow and arrow, she charmed the hearts of the Harvard students. That was quite a number of years ago, one does not like rashly to mention how many, and the light-footed Cupid has gained something in weight and lost something in the tone of her voice. The little Mülle is a creditable artist, she tries her best, and her mind is not concentrated on the set of her train and the angle of her wig. It is even believable that if, for one dark and gloomy moment, one of those beetle-browed, tin-clad Amazons did get between her and the audience, she would survive the horror of the instant. She makes a nice little, fat Cinderella, quite the blonde-haired, dun-colored, good-tempered, cinder queen of the old story.

Taken as a whole, the extravaganza is a second-rate imitation of Kiralfy's shows. Kiralfy never got up such a fresh and dazzling array of costumes or scenery—he was always given to dressing his people in moth-eaten duds of dingy antiquity—but his dancers, be their clothes old or new, could generally dance. Even "Antiope," that amazing performance he gave a year ago at the California, had some half-dozen good artists among the ballet, and the peerless Carmencita as a première. There is only one good dancer in "The Crystal Slipper"—Frau Qualitz. But it is really a farce to see those girls in those exceedingly pretty and novel "Blackbird" dresses, trotting round in a ring, with about as much idea of dancing as a performing dog has. The husk of the performance is charming, the kernel poor. There is a great display of ornamentation, but the thing ornamented is not good. It is a pity to see those really lovely costumes thrown away on a lot of coryphæes who are stiff and awkward, and who pirouette and step in dances that are neither new nor pretty.

And the dialogue is slow. Edwin Foy has one good joke, or rather one joke that he passionately

adores. It is the joke that goes: "Have you heard the last thing ag'in Markham?" In the joke-famine that blights the play, this one gem of wit is treasured and repeated at intervals, and the audience are like the white wings that never grow weary. Each time this one ewe-lamb of Mr. Foy's is sprung upon them, they rise to the occasion with a stern sense of what their duty is, and they laugh long and loud. Between times Mr. Foy retires behind the scenes, and it is to be supposed puts away his joke in cotton and camphor and ties the cover on its box with a white ribbon.

But not even that last, sad joke—that melancholy, limp, and languid joke—can cast a shade over the gorgeousness of scenery, of costume, of Amazons, and coryphæes. The deadly upas-tree itself could not blight the beauty of the prince's blush-pink and pearl-colored dress, nor extinguish the color in the fairy, salmon-colored grotto. G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Crystal Slipper" will be continued next week.

The farce-comedy, "The United States Mail," is to run another week.

Planquette's comic opera, "The Privateer," will be continued for another week.

Thomas W. Keene will begin his engagement in town with "Richard III." next Monday night.

A benefit performance at the Tivoli will be tendered to Emily Soldene on Thursday evening, October 2d.

"The Bells of Haslemere" is in active preparation, and will probably be presented for the first time in San Francisco next week.

Victor Capoul, a tenor whose name has been known for two generations, has written a lyrical drama in collaboration with another Parisian. It is called "Le Prince Noir."

Fay Templeton seems to be regarded as a public calamity in Philadelphia. At least, the Director of Public Safety in that prudent burg has torn down all the posters in which the sportive and not over-dressed singer was represented, and her manager has set in motion the mighty machinery of the law to get redress.

This note about a California girl, who is more or less known in this city, is from the New York Sun:

"Alice Arrington, the youngest sister of Marie Burroughs, is rapidly fitting herself for appearing upon the Metropolitan stage. Miss Arrington is a girl of rare beauty, tall and graceful, with expressive eyes and golden hair. She possesses much magnetism and shows decided ability for the stage. She comes from California, of a family noted for the beauty of its women, and formerly possessed of wealth. Her debut at Oakland about a year ago was most successful."

Bernhardt is to arrive in New York early next year, and will appear in the principal cities in "Cleopatra," in which Sardou has not used Shakespeare's play as a model, "in La Tosca," which she has not yet played in America, and in "Joan of Arc," also new to us. She is to play a short engagement in this city, and will leave here for Australia in the beginning of May.

An attraction in a New York dime-museum is a "White Cap Victim"—a man who was taken from his cabin at the dead of night and treated to a coat of tar-and-feathers by a band of Wyoming "White Caps"—which coat he retains, at so much a week. His downy covering gives him the appearance of a human goose, and points the moral of the showman's lecture on the fallibility of circumstantial evidence as applied to wild Western justice.

The favorites of the opera season in London have been Mme. Melba—a stage-name from her native city, Melbourne—who is said to have an unequalled upper register and marvelous flexibility, though her lower tones are rough and her dressing and acting mediocre; the De Reszky brothers, a tenor and a baritone, both men of remarkable physique, with fine presence, handsome faces, and a fiery dramatic ability ascribable in part to their Polish birth; and La Salle, a descendant of the famous French navigator, who sang the title rôle in "Le Prophète" in a manner that has never been excelled in London.

Richard Mansfield, whose "Beau Brummel" has been the chief theatrical attraction of the late summer in New York, has decided to visit the Pacific Slope again, and will then probably go on to Australia and thence around the world. With this idea, he purposes selling his art-treasures at auction next month, and, a few days ago, he threw open his bachelor apartments to the inspection of his friends. The Sun says:

"Mr. Mansfield has a very large personal wardrobe, which he keeps in rich antique clothes-chests. A fine collection of old china is one of the features of his sitting-room. There are also old prints, carved chairs, and cabinets, battle-axes, guns, old armor, and all sorts of curious knick-knacks. The walls are covered with tapestries, embroidered cloths are stored away in the nooks and corners of old chests and drawers, and there are hundreds of curios which the actor picked up in his travels. Part of his theatrical library will also be sold, and it is said to be the intention of the auctioneer to arrange his gallery at the sale to duplicate the artistic arrangement of Mr. Mansfield's rooms."

The younger Dumas's old novel, "The Clémenceau Case," which has to do with an exceptionally depraved woman, after being successfully dramatized in Paris, was put on the stage in New York a few

days ago. It was an absolute fiasco, however, owing, according to one critic, to Pearl Eyttinge's trying, at two hundred pounds, to impersonate a young and bewitching girl. The play was little improved by the substitution of Sybil Johnstone for Miss Eyttinge, later in the week. But Miss Johnstone's costume in one scene was a revelation—it could hardly have been greater if she had worn none at all. In the second act—a studio scene—she impersonated the artist's model, and appeared in the centre of the stage in pink tights and a pink jersey. She wore no waist-stays, and both the tights and jersey fitted snugly to her figure. When she came on, everybody, even the actors, gasped.

The Marie-Roze-Mapleson imbroglio has led an Eastern writer, with an uncomfortably good memory, to unearth something of the singer's past. Among other things, he says:

"It is understood that Henry Mapleson has long been fickle, and that Mme. Roze, having acquired evidence of his inconstancy, is determined upon freeing herself a vinculo. Some curiosity prevails as to the disposition that has been made of the money that Mme. Roze has earned in the last twenty years. If she has kept it, she must be quite prosperous. As a European prima donna, Mme. Roze is a creation of Henry Mapleson. Mme. Roze was, at the outset of her public life, a very pretty girl, with a small voice and a modicum of dramatic intelligence. Her beauty first attracted the attention of M. Astier, whose rooms in the Conservatoire were always crowded with the youngest and comeliest of the pupils, and it afterward brought to her knees Baron Haussmann, prefect of the Seine and the re-creator of Paris under the Second Empire. Through the good offices of these venerable men, Mme. Roze was engaged at the Opera Comique. Baron Haussmann worshipped at her shrine for many years, and, having at length parted with him, she received in turn the homage of Duvernoy, one of the best of French pianists; of Perkins, an American basso, now dead; and of Celli, a brother of W. T. Carleton. Her acquaintance with Henry Mapleson did not begin until after she had visited America. Mapleson's allegation that he made Mme. Roze the money-producing performer that she is, is well founded. Long before Mme. Roze had been 'hippodromed' through America and England, she had lost her good looks and her figure. Her voice was not sufficiently beautiful or powerful to attract attention, and her opulent physique bore down her powers as an actress. She was, in fact, nothing more than a mediocrity, but, by a liberal use of printers' ink she was kept continuously in the public eye, and, being amiable and inoffensive, she continued to hold her own. Her latest engagements have been with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, among whose inexpensive prima donnas she shone with planetary effulgence. The fact that she had visited America, Mapleson suggests to observers, Mr. Mapleson allows suit to be brought against her, versed in the mysteries of professional life, a probability that Mme. Roze has outlived her utility. She is a very kind-hearted and agreeable woman, and public sympathy, whatever that may be worth, will surely go out to her in her troubles."

DLXXVII.—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, September 28, 1890.

Purée of Venison Soup.

Cantaloupes.

Smelts à l'Espanole, Mashed Potatoes.

Lamb Chops, Tomato Sauce.

Succotash, Fried Oyster-Plant.

Roast Chickens.

Lettuce.

Strawberry Ice-Cream. Fancy Cakes.

Fruits.

PURÉE OF VENISON SOUP.—Cut up the remains of the venison that has been roasted for a former dinner, put a few slices of ham into a stew-pan, then the venison, two whole onions, a blade of mace, two quarts of stock, and a faggot of a sprig of thyme, parsley, a little basil, and two cloves; set it on the stove to simmer two hours or more; strain it off, and pull all the meat to pieces and pound it with the lean ham boiled with it, and the crust of two French rolls which have been soaked in consommé; rub the whole through the tammy with a pint of boiled cream or port, and enough consommé to bring it to the consistency of cream. Put it into a stew-pan au bain marie. Work a little butter into it, and serve with bread fried in dice.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

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San Francisco, Cal.

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Proprietor and Manager.

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COMPLEXION

POWDER

Combines every element of beauty and purity.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Colonel Ingersoll says, in criticising a lady's article on modesty in dress: "What a curious opinion dried apples have of fruit upon the tree!"

Mrs. Custer's most intimate friend is said to be the actress Clara Morris, between whom and the widow of the brave and handsome cavalry officer a warm attachment has existed for many years.

This important piece of intimate information is from the *New York World*: "Nellie Farran, of the Gaiety Theatre, London, has more diamond garters in her collection than any society woman in England."

A young Russian noblewoman, the Baroness Loubanowski, is going to ride from St. Petersburg to Odessa, fifteen hundred miles, to win a bet and break the record which was set some years ago by the Austrian Archduchess Maria Theresa.

The Queen of Roumania, well known as an author, was led to poetry by sorrow, as Shelley says poets always are. Her majesty's only child died at an early age, and the queen became an author to distract her mind from this bitter grief.

The Countess of Aberdeen, who contributed so much to the popularity of her husband's viceroyalty of Ireland during the last administration of Mr. Gladstone, is to become editor of a new penny monthly magazine for women and mothers.

The youngest great-grandmother lives near Pomona, Cal. Her name is Francisca Cordolla, and her age is but fifty years. She was married when but fifteen years old, and her eldest daughter married when she was a little over seventeen years old. Mrs. Cordolla was but thirty-three years old when she was a grandmother. Her eldest granddaughter was married April, 1889, at the age of fifteen years, and now a great-granddaughter is born.

It is said that the drop of colored blood in the veins of Mlle. Jeannine Dumas, the only unmarried daughter of the younger Dumas, shows more conspicuously in her complexion and features than it does in that of her illustrious father, who is only an actor, and, therefore, the tinge of color in his children ought to be imperceptible. The elder sister of Jeannine became Mme. Lipmann, some years ago, and is renowned as being very eccentric and very fond of flirtations.

It appears that Mr. Henry M. Stanley is to be accompanied to America by divers members of the family into which he has just married. Mrs. Tennant, the mother-in-law, is a very superior woman, and is in the habit of conducting the temporal and spiritual affairs of all around her. It was she who insisted that the Stanley wedding should be solemnized in Westminster Abbey, and to her is the world indebted for the splurge and display on that occasion. The chances are that when Stanley goes to Africa again, he will stay there longer than ever before. It is understood that his wife will accompany him there, but that the mother-in-law will be left at home. Mrs. Stanley is a smart woman—much smarter than her husband. It is told of her that she had her portrait painted by a London artist last winter and then authorized him to sell it. One day, this artist sent Miss Tennant a note, saying that he had been offered so much money for the portrait; could he sell it for so much. Miss Tennant answered: "No; double the price and wait for a purchaser, you'll understand later on." Of course when it became known that Miss Tennant was Henry M. Stanley's fiancée, the price demanded for the portrait was paid without a murmur. Miss Tennant, by the way, was past thirty when she married.

Miss Margaret Blanche Best, of Meadville, Penn., whom was awarded the Sargent prize for physical metemetry, says she was not a competitor in the sense working for the honor. She thinks her natural form was aided and developed by a careful course of physical culture. When at La Salle she gave no promise of becoming famous in this way, as her form is quite slight, but continuous practice intelligently directed, no doubt, was responsible for the result. Her age is twenty-five years. She is the youngest child of Dr. David Best, who died a little more than a year ago, and for forty years was one of the leading physicians of Meadville. Miss Best took the full course in the Meadville public schools, graduating from the Meadville Academy in 1883, after which she continued her studies at La Salle College, Burdendale, Mass., where she began the study of elocution and physical culture, in both of which she evinced great ability and advanced rapidly. In 1877, she taught both of these branches. New-Church School at Waltham, Mass., and then pursued the same studies in Boston and New York, since which time she has had charge of these studies at Allegheny College, Penn. She has also taught many private classes and pupils in Meadville and adjacent towns. Miss Best weighs one hundred and thirty pounds, and is five feet five inches in height.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"They say the sun never sets on the British Empire." "Too many bayonets, I suppose."—*Bazar*.

Easterner (in Far Western store)—"Got any neckties?" *Proprietor* (mystified)—"Um—er—what sort—silk, calico, or bemp?"—*Good News*.

"How you feelin' ter-day, Sistah Cornstassle?" "Waal, I hain't got no bodily pain." "Troubled in de sperit, eh?" "No; muh head aches."—*Bazar*.

"Why do you carry two watches?" "Because I don't like to be hurried." "How do two watches help you to avoid hurry?" "They give me plenty of time."—*New York Sun*.

Johnson—"Did you see it stated that New York city has a population of five thousand lunatics?" *Jackson* (who has frequently visited New York)—"Is that all?"—*Lowell Citizen*.

Judge—"In what respect did your husband treat you in a brutal manner?" *Plaintiff*—"We were quarreling, and he darted out before I could get the last word."—*New York Herald*.

Parent—"Can I get this boy into the circus at half-price?" *Ticket-seller*—"Of course you can't. The boy is over fifteen, ain't he?" *Parent*—"Yes; but he's blind in one eye."—*America*.

"We made a big mistake, Adam," said Eve, after they had settled outside of the garden. "How, dear?" "We should have insisted upon having that matter arbitrated."—*New York Sun*.

Aleck (from the city)—"Uncle Silas, your clock is half-an-hour slow." *Uncle Silas*—"Never mind, Aleck. The minute-hand'll drop half an hour after it passes twelve. It's loose."—*Jewelers' Weekly*.

Kittie (at the wheel)—"Look out, she's going to jibe!" *Aunt Maria* (who has been looking very pale)—"I really think that Kittie needn't have called attention to my distress in her horrid sea slang."—*Puck*.

Mrs. Wickwire—"If you go first, you will wait for me on the other shore, won't you, dear?" *Mr. Wickwire*—"I suppose so. I never went anywhere yet without having to wait for you at least half an hour."—*Terre Haute Express*.

Tutor—"What is the meaning of the phrase, 'Caesar's wife should be above suspicion'?" *Pupil*—"Oh, I suppose it means that a man like Caesar should never marry a woman who is likely to keep asking questions about his type-writer."—*Munsey's*.

He was exceedingly unromantic; indeed, one might say that romance was unknown to him: "My hands are very cold," she remarked, as they sat on the piazza. It was then he proved his lack of romance. "Shall we go into the house?" he asked.—*Bazar*.

Adult son—"Mother, does a girl mean to encourage or discourage a man when she—" *Mother*—"My son, there is no need of going into details. When a girl starts out to either encourage or discourage a man, the man never has any doubt about what she means."—*Good News*.

"I can't imagine what you see in this house," said Kicksaw to his wife, who had been house-hunting, and had taken him to see one she had selected; "the neighborhood is bad and the house little and old." "It has twenty closets," replied Mrs. Kicksaw, decisively.—*New York Sun*.

Pretty daughter—"Ma, may I go boating?" *Fond mother*—"Indeed, you shan't. The idea! Who invited you?" *Daughter*—"Mr. Bliffers." *Fond mother*—"Oh! Yes, you may go with Mr. Bliffers. He has a cork-leg, and if the boat upsets, just you hang on to that."—*Good News*.

Scene.—Uptown Palace Café. Group of "Generals" around a table. Terrible predicament of Colonel Nevertreat, who, while pounding the table to emphasize one of his favorite oaths, accidentally touches the bell: *Waiter* (suddenly appearing)—"What shall it be, gentlemen?"—*Puck*.

Tenant—"That chandelier in the parlor is so shaky I'm afraid some time, when the children are romping under it, the whole thing will fall." *Landlord*—"Well, that chandelier ain't worth more than its price for old brass, anyhow. It don't matter whether it gets broken or not."—*Good News*.

"Mother," said the girl, in a confiding tone, "do you believe that some marriages are made in heaven?" "Yes, my dear. Why?" said the mother, anxiously. "Because I know I've nearly reached my thirty-seventh year, and would like to look forward to something in that way."—*Bazar*.

In 1492: *Male aborigine* (charging into the hut)—"It's come at last, Hiyila! We are discovered! Christopher Columbus has just landed!" *Female aborigine* (triumphantly)—"There, I told you so, Howlow! You remember this morning when you dropped your stabber and it stuck in the floor—I told you it was a sign we would have visitors to-day. Now, for goodness sake, tie a string around your waist or Columbus will think you are a savage! Is my bat on straight?"—*New York World*.

OLD FAVORITES.

Doris: A Pastoral.
I sat with Doris, the shepherd-maiden;
Her crook was laden with wreathed flowers;
I sat and wooed her, through sunlight wheeling
And shadows stealing, for hours and hours.

And she, my Doris, whose lap incloses
Wild summer-roses of sweet perfume,
The while I sued her, kept hushed and hearkened,
Till shades had darkened from gloss to gloom.

She touched my shoulder with fearful finger:
She said, "We linger, we must not stay;
My flock's in danger, my sheep will wander;
Behold them yonder, how far they stray!"

I answered bolder, "Nay, let me hear you,
And still be near you, and still adore!
No wolf nor stranger will touch one yearling.
Ah! stay, my darling, a moment more!"

She whispered, sighing, "There will be sorrow
Beyond to-morrow, if I lose to-day;
My fold ungarded, my flock unfolded,
I shall be scolded and sent away."

Said I, denying, "If they do miss you,
They ought to kiss you when you get home:
And well rewarded by friend and neighbor
Should be the labor from which you come."

"They might remember," she answered, meekly,
"That lambs are weakly, and sheep are wild;
But if they love me, it's none so fervent:
I am a servant, and not a child."

Then each hot ember glowed quick within me,
And love did win me to swift reply:
"Ah! do but prove me; and none shall bind you,
Nor fray nor find you, until I die!"

She blushed and started: I stood awaiting,
As if debating in dreams divine;
But I did brave them; I told her plainly
She doubted vainly—she must be mine.

So we, twin-hearted, from all the valley
Did rouse and rally her nibbling ewes;
And homeward drove them, we two together,
Through blooming heather and gleaming dews.

That simple duty fresh grace did lend her,
My Doris tender, my Doris true;
That I, her warder, did always bless her,
And often press her to take her due.

And now in beauty she fills my dwelling,
With love excelling, and undefiled;
And love doth guard her, both fast and fervent,
No more a servant, nor yet a child.
—*Arthur Joseph Munby*.

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Time has but satisfied us of the correctness of our original expression with relation to the granting of universal suffrage to the negro race, namely, that it would be injurious to the white race and to the maintenance of free and honest government. There has been no period in the history of the world in which the black race outnumbered the whites and the control of affairs in which civilization has not retrograded. Prior to the late Civil War, the large majority of the American people were convinced that equality of the races was impossible, and it is a singular fact in this connection that to-day the Republican party, which is the dominant one, holds its power by the negro vote in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and one or two other States. That party is not related as strong with the white people of the North as in the time of Abraham Lincoln. It is in a minority of over one million of the white voters of the United States, and but for the issue of the tariff would be still weaker. Originally the Republican party was formed on the basis that free labor and

slave labor were in conflict—irrepressibly so. The Fugitive Slave Law and the Dred Scott decision were technically the law of the United States, yet the majority of the white people of the North were against them. The effort to enforce them and to carry slavery into the Territories brought on the Civil War, in which these rules of law and slavery were stamped out of existence.

At this time, under the forms of law, the ignorant, degraded, and poverty-stricken negro population of several of the Southern States are entitled to rule the whites, and virtually to control all their property rights, to tax them as they please, to waste the taxes as they did in carpet-bag times, and to laugh in the faces of property-owners if they dare protest. Yet these laws the minority of the white voters of the United States, aided by their negro allies, declare shall be obeyed, if it takes all the force of the government, aided by the judiciary, to accomplish it.

Mr. Langston, a colored man from Virginia, declared, in a speech delivered the other day at Washington, that the negro was not only a participant in the rights of governing by his vote, but that he would eventually aspire to the Presidency, and by the shedding of hogsheds of white and negro blood, which was offered freely by the negro, he would reach that elevation. And a white man, whom Mr. Cheadle, of Indiana, himself a Republican, declared to be the lawful holder of a seat in Congress, was turned out to make place for this same Mr. Langston. So that the experiment is being tried on the Southern whites which Great Britain tried on the American colonies—in endeavoring to enforce the Stamp Act, a law hated by the people who were affected by it; and the further experiment is being made to force the Southern whites against their will to obey laws far more obnoxious and despised by them than the Fugitive Slave Law and the rule formulated by the Dred Scott decision was by the North. Does it not appear as if the Republican party was, in this, attempting by force to do that which cost the Democratic party its supremacy and the South its slaves?

The sole idea that seems to permeate Mr. Reed and the members of Congress at his back, seems to be that, as the law authorizes the negro to vote, this right must be enforced, even if the negro becomes virtually the holder of the balance of power and the ruler by the strong hand of the destinies of the whole white race on this continent. The result will be this: That in some of the Southern States, like Mississippi and Louisiana, one of two things must happen—either the negroes will become so numerous, so emboldened, and so familiar with arms, that they will virtually surround or drive out the whites; or a race war of the most malignant character will ensue, into which will be drawn thousands of people from adjoining States. If the negroes succeed in overcoming the whites, and holding these two States, how long will it be before they will invade others, and fulfill Mr. Langston's prediction that they will sit in judgment over all the whites? This "irrepressible conflict" as surely exists between the races as it did between the free and slave labor prior to the war. It is as idle to whistle this thing down the wind as it was to smile years ago and say secession and war were impossible. If the negroes do emigrate to several of the Southern States, thousands of them will go to the Middle and Western States, as already many of them have gone; and as soon as their numbers are sufficient they will control one or the other of the national parties. We, here in California, know how we would feel if we saw the Chinamen voting and controlling our property.

A friend at our elbow asks how we would like to live as he did once for ten years, in carpet-bag times, in a former slave State, where the board of supervisors, who laid the rate of taxation on property, had not a cent's worth of their own, were unable to read or write, were black as the ace of spades, and whom nothing delighted so much as to pile up taxes for the "white folks" to pay, which the other carpet-bag officials of the county stole and gambled and wasted in riotous living—yet it is to that same state of affairs the Southern whites are commanded to return on pain of being traitors to the law and the constitution.

Is it not about time that the intelligent and thoughtful white

people of the North should return to their former faith and declare that no laws which are not the will of the white people of the community to be affected shall stand; that black men shall not rule white men any more than slave labor shall rule free labor, or Chinamen shall rule white men?

This end of negro domination can never come from any acts or declarations of the Southern whites. They are discredited in the North because of their participation in rebellion. How then can it be accomplished? Only by the repudiation by the Republican party of its present unnatural policy on that subject. It must return to its allegiance to the white race, where the founders of the party stood. It must abandon the ante-bellum Southern secession idea of forcing slave labor on free white labor under the forms of hateful law. There are a few men in the party who seem bold enough and philanthropic enough to have some confidence in Southern white men, who recognize the fact that the old parties have changed position on the negro question. Witness the fact that Governor Stanford, in the Senate, voted to confirm Mr. Lamar to be justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. And to the Southern men and to thoughtful patriots everywhere, who see that to white people alone can republican government be safely intrusted, it must be plain that the more of such brave and independent Republicans we have in the Senate, the more certainly will the time sooner come that the old principles of the Republican party and the American idea of government will be reestablished.

To such Republicans as Stanford must this task be committed if it is ever to be accomplished. How he may think it should be done, how far he may coincide with our views, we know not. But we do know that he was brave enough, with Stewart, of Nevada, to vote for Justice Lamar's confirmation. We do know that he loves liberty, and wishes to see it perpetuated, and therefore to the judgment of such men, who have power to convince their followers and equals, when Democrats would have no strength, it is better to confide such a problem. It seems to us that all Southern men should be anxious to see Governor Stanford reelected to the Senate.

If before the fourth of November it shall be proved that some years ago, when involved in working a mine, Colonel Markham used a profane expression against the Irish—even if it should be conclusively demonstrated that he wrote the words "d—d Irish," and discharged them from his employment; and if it shall be determined that as owner of stock in an Alaskan cannery company Mayor Pond is working Chinese, we ask: "What of it?" There is not a Democrat in California who has not employed Chinese labor, not one who ever marched in a Democratic procession who has not worn a shirt washed at a Chinese laundry, smoked Chinese cigars, and worn Chinese boots. There is scarcely a manufacturer in the State, or a merchant in town or country, who does not sell Chinese goods. There is scarcely a wine-maker, or fruit-grower, or farmer who does not employ Chinese, and there is not a voter in California who drinks wine and eats fruit or nuts who does not know that he is encouraging the employment of Chinese labor. The Chinese peddlers of fruit drive their wagons from the valleys to the mountains, and every miner, rancher, and lumberman purchases from them meat, vegetables, and fruit. There is not an Irish family in the city of San Francisco, or in any city or village between the crest of the Sierras and the Pacific Ocean, who does not directly or indirectly employ Chinese labor or consume Chinese productions. There is neither Republican, Democrat, Reform Democrat, or member of any patriotic organization, or secret society, or charitable institution, or church—Roman or Protestant—who does not do the same thing.

If this is true, and it is, without exaggeration, then we ask, and answer, "What is the reason that the Examiner charges that the Republican candidate for governor damns the Irish" and the Chronicle charges that Pond employs Chinese in a cannery?" The answer is: "They are demagogues, and in politics the community stand in cowardly fear of the Irish. We are afraid of their church organizations, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and all the religious and

otic shams under which Romanists hide their political conspiracies. The Young Men's Institute in this city is a Jesuitical conspiracy against our republican form of government and our free schools, and by its false and hypocritical pretenses it claims to be non-political. This pretense is a fraud and a sham. There are twenty-one Roman Catholics who are candidates for office, nominated by the Democratic party, who are members of the Young Men's Roman Catholic Institute in the city of San Francisco.

There are Roman Catholics who are good Christians and good citizens and loyal to the constitution; but they are not Jesuits, and do not believe in the doctrine that yields civil authority to the Pope of Rome. From these liberal, loyal, American Catholics, who send their children to the free public schools, we get brave soldiers and sailors, reform Democrats and Republicans, and there are among them loyal and patriotic Americans, who despise party bosses, hate the devil, and do not acknowledge an Italian Pope as entitled to civil allegiance.

There are Catholics and Jesuits. The Young Men's Institute is composed largely of Jesuits. We printed in our last issue a secret circular from that institution against Thomas O'Brien, the Republican candidate for tax-collector, a good Catholic, a liberal man, and an efficient and honest officer of clean life and good character. It was intended to injure him and to aid A. B. Maguire, the Democratic candidate for the same office, because Maguire is a member of this Young Men's Roman Catholic Institute. The secret circular is signed by M. W. Fleming, an ex-president of the institution, and now president of a subdivision of the order, No. 35.

We can understand why this politico-religious order, that parades our streets with banners and bands of music to attend the ceremonial of high mass at the Jesuit Church, should secretly conspire for the defeat of John Swett as superintendent of schools, and prefer the election of J. C. Ruddock for that position, because John Swett is a Protestant and favors non-sectarian free schools, while Ruddock hates non-sectarian free schools and favors parochial schools. This we can understand; but why Thomas O'Brien should be marked for political assassination from behind the altar of his own church by his countrymen, is something we can not harmonize with our ideas of any religious organization that has a desire to be considered respectable. We should hold our Catholic fellow-citizens in very low esteem if we did not think the better men among them would resent so dishonorable and treacherous an act.

The Church of Rome is not strong enough to play such tricks as this under a republican form of government and in a commonwealth where every man is entitled to vote, and where the Church of Rome and all churches are under dominion of the law. The Society of Jesus has, by its intrigues, conspiracies, acquisitiveness, and treachery, been disbanded by the Pope, and driven from every respectable Catholic country in Europe and America. Race wars, sectional strife, and religious conflicts are promoted by the intrigues and conspiracies of the Jesuit order. The Order of Jesuits should remember its history and be content to remain quiet in a republic which has no desire to secularize its property, interfere with its religious ceremonies, or meddle with its dogmas. It should also remember that, powerful as it is, well organized and able as it is admitted to be, it is not as strong as the Government of the United States, and in a conflict of politics or arms it will never be able successfully to engage in conflict with that government.

This criticism of a Jesuit society is not because it is Roman Catholic, for the same line of argument would be applicable to the Grand Army of the Republic, to the ancient and honorable order of Free and Accepted Masons, or to any benevolent or religious organization in the land if it engaged in party politics. The Grand Army purposes to be non-political and non-partisan. The Masonic Order, embracing men of all faiths and all nationalities, asserts that it does not carry Masonry into a political campaign. The Methodist Church—which has a larger membership in this country than the Church of Rome—is not charged with partisanship among its own professors, nor do we know of any philanthropic or religious organization outside of the Roman Church that meddles with political affairs. It is perhaps natural that this church, to the extent that it is composed of alien members, should find it difficult to abstain from interference in the concerns of government when it is an article of faith to regard a foreign ecclesiastical authority as "infallible," and to admit that an Italian bishop of Rome is entitled to civil authority in the United States because he is the vicegerent of God, and as his representative ought to be clothed with universal civil power. This dogma is in direct antagonism to the organic law of the country. It is treason to act upon it, and it is in contravention of the constitution to accept it. It is un-American, and when such authority is used in aid of one Irishman and Catholic in opposition to another Irishman and Catholic, it is a breach of every honorable obligation that ought to be a rule binding gentlemen and Christians in their political intercourse. Mr. Flem-

ing ought to be expelled from his membership in the Young Men's Institute for conduct unbecoming a gentleman, and if he is not, it is because the institute is a political and not a religious organization. If no attention is paid to his conduct, the Young Men's Institute is a sham and a fraud, and its professions are lies, and its members will no longer be entitled to respect when again they march with music and banners to say their prayers before an altar dedicated to the worship of the Christian's God. Thieves have honor among them, and criminals do not betray each other.

The circulation of the *Argonaut* is so broad, and the character of the persons who read it is so markedly different from those that immediately surround us, that we sometimes seem to neglect the discussion of questions that are the theme of earnest consideration in the locality where they are being agitated. We are not indifferent to the political question, and for the purpose of expressing our opinion upon candidates who are now presented for office, we have printed what we designate as the *Argonaut* Ticket. It has upon it the names of men of different national births and of different religious opinions. It has cost no candidate anything to have his name printed in this connection.

To the unthinking and impractical, it may seem that the *Argonaut* has lost sight of its distinctive American principles. It is not so; but where there are Catholics and men of foreign birth in nomination for the same office—as in the case of O'Brien and Maguire—we have presented the name of Thomas O'Brien because he is a good citizen and loyal to the principles of republican government.

We have rejected the name of J. C. Ruddock, the Democratic candidate for superintendent of schools, not because he is Irish and a Romanist; and we have put on the name of John Swett, not because he is American and a Protestant, but because Swett is the friend of non-sectarian free public schools, and Ruddock favors parochial schools and is the enemy of the American free-school system. Our school directors are chosen upon the same principle, and if among the school directors there is any one who is not the stanch and open friend of non-sectarian free schools, we will remove his name from the ticket upon being convinced of the fact.

We have presented the names of many candidates of the Republican convention, because it seemed to us to have been composed of independent men not under the control of partisan bosses. The recollections of the olden time, when the Republican party was under the leadership of talented, strong, earnest, and unselfish men, is very dear to us. It is, in our judgment, the best place for the cultivation of the American sentiment, and furnishes the only opportunity for Americanizing the country. The time is drawing very near when the Republican party will be compelled to recognize liberal sentiments in this direction. When this time comes, the South will be with the Republican party. We would oppose the proposition to admit the negro vote to control white minorities, as we would the foreign vote, because it is ignorant and vicious, and only for that cause. We do not oppose the black man's vote simply because he is not qualified for its proper employment. As we would restrain foreign immigration, and would repeal the naturalization laws and deny to the non-citizen the ownership of real property, so would we limit to the intelligent, the moral, and the property-owning, who are native-born, the privilege of the elective franchise.

Our candidate for governor is Colonel Markham; while we have respect for Mayor Pond, and think him an honest man of executive capacity, we shall cast our vote for Colonel Markham. For the supreme judges we prefer the Republican candidates to the Democratic; we think Mr. Justice Beatty and his associates upon the Republican ticket are men of more learning in the law than their Democratic opponents, and Judge Beatty, having been upon the bench and acted well, is entitled to reelection.

For superintendent of public instruction, our candidate is Mr. J. W. Anderson, because he is the friend of non-sectarian free schools, and his opponent on the Democratic ticket is not the friend of free schools.

We have chosen to place the Republican candidates' names in position because the principles of the Republican party are, in our judgment, more advantageous to the prosperity of the northern manufacturing and agricultural community than are the principles of the Democratic party.

In the race conflict now going on in the Southern States, our sympathies are with the white race, and to that extent in harmony with the Democratic minority fighting the Force Bill.

In municipal politics we have given our support always to the man whom we regard as the best citizen, who is best qualified and best entitled to the office. There ought not to be any partisan feeling in municipal administration. A man who has made a good officer is fairly entitled to renomination and reelection. If Pond were again running for mayor, we would vote for him. This rule applies to Laumeister for sheriff; he has made a good one—none better, and he ought to be elected in preference to Tim O'Brien, a man whose life

has largely been passed in the City Hall as a Democratic machine official. We support John Siebe for assessor because he is, and for years has been, opposed by the bosses and ward-strikers in the Republican party. We have no feeling against Mr. Kreling, his opponent, whom, so far as we know, is a good citizen and man of character; but Mr. John Siebe deserves the vote of every Republican who does not desire to have the Republican party come under the domination of alien bosses.

The list of candidates is too long to permit the discussion of individuals. We have been compelled to omit some good names. Some we have named because we have regarded them as eligible and within the lines of probable success, and in order to defeat a more objectionable person. It is submitted in good faith and in the exercise of our best judgment. It is intended only to help intelligent persons who read and think for themselves and form their own judgment when they have the time and opportunity for reflection.

We publish elsewhere in the *Argonaut* an extract from the leading financial journal of the world, the *London Economist*, on the McKinley tariff. While lamenting the provisions of the act, it is considerate and almost kindly in its tone toward us, and is in striking contrast to the *London Times*, of which journal it speaks very plainly and forcibly, and in no hesitating tone censures its conduct toward the people and the policy of the United States. The *Times* is always snarling about the policy of the United States in everything. During our Civil War, its own correspondents were constantly belittling the cause of the North, while having no real love for the South; it was actuated only by a desire that both should be ruined and that our nation should cease to exist as a great power. It is now refreshing to read in the columns of so respectable a paper as the *Economist* such an article as the one alluded to. The *Times* represents the aristocratic sentiment of the British Empire, and this during our Civil War was in open hostility to the American Union. The *Alabama* was built, armed and manned, and sent forth to commit its depredations on our commerce, by members of the House of Parliament. Its piratical career met with the approval of the *London Times*, and when England was compelled to pay for its spoiliations, the *London Times* was in deep distress. When, by a mistaken act of our Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, two Confederate ambassadors were taken from the deck of an English ship, the *London Times* breathed again its threats of war. When Napoleon the Third tried to take advantage of our necessities, and endeavored to plant Maximilian upon the throne of our sister republic, Mexico, the *Times* was in sympathy with that iniquitous conspiracy. Every premier of England who was our enemy during the Civil War, had the support of the *Times*. Fortunately for America, we had two friends in the royal household. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were our stanch and constant friends, and we may thank them, and the great middle class and not the aristocracy of England, nor the *London Times*—whose representative it is—that the two great English speaking nations were not embroiled in a long, disastrous and bloody war. England wanted the trade of the United States, and was indifferent whether we remained one republic or were broken into a hundred fragments.

We received a call from Mr. Crab, complaining of our reflections in last week's *Argonaut*, concerning the condition of his vineyard, vaults, and fermenting tanks. It was, perhaps, unfortunate that we were compelled to contrast them with the elegant storehouses and well-cultivated grounds of his neighbor, Captain Niebaum. The one showed the greatest care and the other was in what seemed to us a neglected condition. Mr. Crab very kindly explained to us the advantage of redwood cooverture over that of oak, and informed us that in competition with many wine-makers in Napa Valley, he had received medals and premiums testifying to the good quality of his vintage. He also explained the ravages made by the phylloxera, and said that it had come from the neighboring Valley of Sonoma, and was rapidly spreading to the upper Valley of Napa, and would in time destroy all the vineyards in that portion of the State. Further, that the only remedy for arresting this plague is to do just what Captain Niebaum is now engaged in doing, namely, to take up the infected vines, burn them and in their place plant and graft resistant roots. But this is an expensive operation, and in the present financial condition of most vine-growers it is impossible of accomplishment by reason of the cost. We have looked upon the vine-growing interest of this State as among the most promising of its resources, and it is an uncomfortable reflection that vineyardists like Mr. Crab and others are to lose the profit of the labor and money they have expended in their development, and that the time for the production of good wines in large quantities is to be indefinitely postponed.

After writing the foregoing we had occasion, on the following Sunday, to take lunch at the "Ingleside," kept by Mr. Cornelius Stag, near Lake Merced, and feeling that we had

criticised the character of Mr. Crab's wines, we called for a bottle, with our terrapin, and, to our surprise, found ourselves drinking a very good still-wine, manufactured by Mr. Crab and bearing his brand. Mr. Stag informed us that the output of that vineyard was among the best of any wines produced in California.

There is no journal in London, perhaps none in Europe, that is better authority upon trade and finance and other questions of political economy than the *Economist*. Its views upon the McKinley Bill will have great weight among manufacturers and merchants. The London *Times* is seemingly prompted by a desire to criticise unkindly everything that is American. The *Economist* thinks the Congress of the United States has the right to pass bills favoring American manufacturers, and says that it would be better form if the *Times* would change its tone, or, what is better, mind its own business. Speaking of the McKinley Bill, the *Economist* says:

"The general scope and aim of the measure is sufficiently clear. The object is, so far as possible, to exclude all foreign manufactures from the United States, and to that end what are intended to be prohibitory import duties are imposed. No home industry appears to have been too small for the consideration of the legislature, which has condescended to take under its wing the manufacturers of ginger-beer, and guard them by a special tariff against the competition of the foreigner. It is hardly necessary to say that with legislatures of this kind we have no sympathy whatever. In our view, it is as mistaken as it is certain to prove mischievous. All the same, however, we fail to see what ground the protectionist nations of Europe have for denouncing it in such unmeasured terms as they have employed, and we are even more at a loss to understand why the *Times* should speak of it as an act of studied hostility to this country. The policy which the United States is pursuing may be—and, in our opinion, is—a most mistaken policy. But the American people have a right to regulate their fiscal affairs in whatever manner they think best, and for us to resent or insult this exercise of their freedom, because it clashes with our interests, is foolish and absurd. Such a display of temper will only aggravate the evil. It will play into the hands of the protectionists, who will contend that the success of their policy may be measured by the irritation it causes here. If it were not—they will say—because the States may be expected to reap from the tariff some advantage at our expense, we would not be so greatly irritated, and by exciting national feeling it may induce the people to cling to the tariff, even although experience may show that it is not working to their benefit. Nothing, in short, is to be gained by scolding. We must accept the position and seek to make the best of it."

COMMUNICATIONS.

A California University.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: To the narrow-minded and ungrateful who look upon Governor Stanford's money as a crime and upon his establishment of the university, bearing the name of his native son, as an act of political policy, we beg to ask: Has society become so communistic that it is now a crime to rise in the world? Have Americans forgotten the proud traditions of their country? Is it no longer their boast that they have institutions of such a nature that the poorest boy may climb to the highest position in his native land? Shall a man who has attained marked success in business be debarred from entering the highest council of his country on account of that success? Senator Stanford took advantage of all the opportunities thrown in his way, but all the working-men of California are doing the same thing. He is a millionaire. They are willing to become millionaires. Can the pursuit of wealth be a virtue, and its possession a vice? Can the man who plays for stakes and loses be one of the *elect*, and the man who does the same thing and wins be the Prince of Darkness? Senator Stanford obtained his property honestly and honorably. He holds his property by the warrant of the law, which is the only warrant our farmers have for holding theirs. If he is in equity landless, as some of his traducers assert, not a farmer in California owns a foot of land. Take away the prop that sustains his ownership and you take away the prop that sustains the ownership of every land-holder in the State. Senator Stanford has as much right to do as he pleases with his vast possessions as any farmer in the State has to do as he pleases with his farm. He has numerous intimate friends to whom he might have willed his property if so disposed. He has, however, resolved to give everything he has to the people of California. He has, in fact, already given a large part of his property to the people. This property has been conveyed absolutely. It can not be withdrawn. He is establishing a great university whose main object will be to advance the interests of the farmers and artisans of this State. A school of mechanics will be established, where all who wish to become skilled mechanics may obtain the most thorough instruction. A school of agriculture will be established, having a farm attached, where those who wish to become skilled farmers, fruit-raisers, or stockmen, will be able to obtain the most thorough instruction in their respective callings. On this farm all kinds of experiments will be tried for the purpose of increasing human knowledge in the matters of stock-raising, fruit culture, and farming in general. The average farmer can not afford to try experiments which may or may not be successful, but every farmer, be he poor or rich, will be at liberty to adopt methods shown by experiments on this farm to be superior to those now in use. This State has greater agricultural capabilities than any other part of this continent, but the development of its vast resources has scarcely passed its infancy. It will be an incalculable advantage to California to have a number of trained experts, with unlimited wealth at their command, constantly making experiments, whose results, when successful, her farmers, fruit-raisers, and stockmen will be at liberty to make use of. It can not be doubted that a vast improvement in agriculture will take place, and that the wealth of the entire farming community will be greatly augmented. There will also be great progress in other departments of knowledge. Some of the ablest of the world's thinkers on political and social subjects will come here as instructors, and a new era in social progress and intellectual development will, doubtless, have its birth in this State. The Union will have many difficult social problems to solve in the future, and there can be no doubt that the education of Californians will hereafter be so complete in political and social matters that in the hour of need the nation will look to the West for wise men, and not to the East, as in Biblical times. One of the main objects of this institution will be to inculcate

in the minds of the students the idea that it is the duty of each man to help his fellow-men. Cooperation will be the watch-word, and one of the chief aims of the faculty will, doubtless, be to devise reforms, which will, in a peaceful manner, ameliorate the condition of the working-men and bring about a more equitable distribution of wealth. Instruction will be given in every important branch of human knowledge. There is no university in any part of the world where so many branches of learning are taught as will be taught at Palo Alto. It will be an immense advantage to this State to have within its borders a number of the greatest thinkers and writers in the world. San Francisco will become a great publishing centre, and books will be written in California that will influence the whole world. Students will flock here from all parts of North and South America, Asia, and even from Europe, as Europe will, undoubtedly, in the future take her lessons in political and social matters from America, and students will come here to study social and economic problems. It is astounding that men can be found in this community so narrow-minded as to assert that Senator Stanford is doing all this to secure political influence. It is certainly a great distinction to be a member of the United States Senate, but it is a much greater distinction to be the founder of the Leland Stanford Jr. University; for, when all the present Senators of the United States shall have crumbled into dust and five-sixths of them have been completely forgotten, this great seat of learning will challenge the admiration of the civilized world. It is astonishing, also, to see people so short-sighted as to imagine that this university will benefit none but those who actually attend it. Are they not aware that its influence will permeate every part of this coast, and that all grades of society will rise to a higher level of intelligence on account of its presence? Every college and school in the State, large and small, will feel its benign influence, which will penetrate to the remotest hamlet. It will help all the degree-conferring colleges now in the State, as they will become feeders for its post-graduate courses. Will the people of California dishonor themselves and incur the lasting contempt of their own posterity by, as-likely, stinging to political death the hand of him who is earnestly trying to do them good? Let the native sons of this great State honor a man who is establishing a university in memory of a native son—a university which, in the years to come, will make the name of California a household word throughout the civilized world, and which will usher in a day when there will be no prouder boast than that of being a Californian.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 17, 1890.

A Vine-Grower on Wine-Making.

[The following communication is from one of the oldest and best wine-makers in California.]

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I take the liberty of writing to thank you for the criticisms you made in to-day's *Argonaut*, based on what you saw of wine-making during your trip to Napa Valley.

I am one of those wine-makers who are working for quality in their wines, and am following in the footsteps of Captain Niebaum and Mr. Parrott as fast as a limited bank account will allow me to do so.

I thank you because you are the first person who has had the courage to openly denounce the system of alleged wine-making that you criticised, at Mr. Crab's, and which is carried on in all parts of the State, to the certain destruction of our reputation for good wine in the East and Europe.

The method carried on by these manufacturers is to buy the cheapest grapes, in every stage of greenness, ripeness, or decay, and work them up into a hot slop. "Everything goes," and "we are not working for glory," are their favorite expressions.

After the violent fermentation is over, this filth, being full of every known germ fatal to wine, must be rushed upon the market.

I will not take up your valuable time to tell you in detail what this so-called wine goes through until, by every device of advertising, it reaches the consumer for less than half what it would cost to make good wine.

Mr. Crab, having become widely known throughout the East for his famous cheap "Tokalon" wines, has the hardihood to propose to put up a wine-fountain at Chicago for the World's Fair. The mere suggestion of such a thing should not be allowed, let alone the execution. It is simply a money-making piece of advertising, and Mr. Crab would prostitute the oldest and noblest business the world knows, to sell the wine you saw being made in his cellars, for five cents a glass, to our everlasting prejudice.

I hope you will follow up the good work you have begun, take some more trips into the wine districts, and help us all you can.

We can not help ourselves, as most of us are still at the mercy of the dealers, of which body Mr. Crab is a member; therefore what I have said is for your ear only, but if the *Argonaut* and other papers would espouse the cause of the quality wine-maker, we would soon have our day.

VINE-GROWER.

OCTOBER 20, 1890.

New Mexican Bigotry.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: A splendid constitution has just been voted down in New Mexico because it contained a clause advocating free non-sectarian schools. Are the true Americans of this prosperous Territory to be thus deprived of their personal rights as citizens of the grand and religiously unrestrained United States, simply because a number of ignorant and superstitious Mexican Catholics are urged by lies from their beloved priests to vote against statehood, and, as the latter say, "the annihilation and extinction of the Catholic Church"? The Stewart Bill, lately introduced, is a splendid measure, and should be heartily indorsed by all free-born and truly American Congressmen. Then the ignorant Mexican Catholic population, who, through their chiefs—the priests—run, apparently, the government of New Mexico, will be deprived of their franchise until they are able to read the English language, whereupon they surely should be enough enlightened to see through the clever (?) practices of the Roman Church, which now, they think, is their true source of life. The northern portion of New Mexico is made up, for the great part, of these ignorant people, whereas the population of the southern half is, by a large majority, "American," both as to nationality and tending. Why, then, should not this great southern half which, unlike the north—which is overweighted by superstition—is made up of steady and prosperous men who wish to see their land advance; why not, say I—I think in conjunction with many southern New Mexicans—why not form a State out of this southern part, applying for the consent of two or more of Arizona's counties to add to its size? At least a Territory should be made. If the Stewart Bill is passed, the greater part of Catholicism will be crushed, and Southern New Mexico will rise glorious and immortal.

B. G.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., October 14, 1890.

"ARGONAUT" STATE TICKET.

Governor.....	HENRY H. MARKHAM
Lieutenant-Governor.....	BEN. MORGAN
Chief-Justice.....	WILLIAM H. BEATTY
Associate-Justice.....	C. H. GARROUTTE
Associate-Justice.....	R. C. HARRISON
Associate-Justice.....	J. J. DE HAVEN
Secretary of State.....	E. G. WAITE
Attorney-General.....	W. H. H. HART
Controller.....	E. P. COLGAN
Treasurer.....	J. R. McDONALD
Superintendent of Public Instruction.....	J. W. ANDERSON
Clerk of Supreme Court.....	L. H. BROWN
Surveyor-General.....	THEODORE REICHERT
Congressman, 1st District.....	J. A. BARHAM
Congressman, 2d District.....	G. G. BLANCHARD
Congressman, 3d District.....	JOSEPH MCKENNA
Congressman, 4th District.....	JOHN T. CUTTING
Congressman, 5th District.....	E. F. LOUD
Congressman, 6th District.....	W. W. BOWERS
Railroad Commissioner, 1st District.....	WILLIAM BECKMAN
Railroad Commissioner, 2d District.....	J. M. LITCHFIELD
Railroad Commissioner, 3d District.....	J. W. REA
Board of Equalization, 1st District.....	GORDON E. SLOSS
Board of Equalization, 2d District.....	L. C. MOREHOUSE
Board of Equalization, 3d District.....	DANIEL COLE
Board of Equalization, 4th District.....	

"ARGONAUT" LEGISLATIVE TICKET.

SENATE.	
Twentieth District.....	GEORGE H. WILLIAMS
Twenty-Second District.....	DANIEL H. EVERETT
Twenty-Fourth District.....	J. H. MAHONEY
Twenty-Sixth District.....	J. F. BRODERICK
Twenty-Eighth District.....	THOMAS C. MAHER
ASSEMBLY.	
Twenty-Ninth District.....	JAMES H. DALY
Thirtieth District.....	THOMAS J. TULLY
Thirty-First District.....	JOHN HAYS
Thirty-Second District.....	GEORGE E. LEWIS
Thirty-Third District.....	F. L. JONES
Thirty-Fourth District.....	F. A. LUX
Thirty-Fifth District.....	HUBERT T. LYNCH
Thirty-Sixth District.....	JOHN P. GLYNN
Thirty-Seventh District.....	M. W. COFFEY
Thirty-Eighth District.....	A. T. BARNETT
Fortieth District.....	J. O'SHEA
Forty-First District.....	THOMAS W. DENNIS
Forty-Second District.....	H. C. DIBBLE
Forty-Third District.....	LOUIS A. PHILLIPS
Forty-Fourth District.....	W. E. TENNIS
Forty-Fifth District.....	GEORGE A. WENTWORTH
Forty-Sixth District.....	EUGENE F. BERT
Forty-Seventh District.....	L. HOEY
Forty-Eighth District.....	J. F. STELZ
	JOSEPH WINDROW

"ARGONAUT" MUNICIPAL TICKET.

Mayor.....	GEORGE H. SANDERSON
Sheriff.....	CHARLES S. LAUMEISTER
Auditor.....	DAVID STERN
Assessor.....	JOHN D. SIEBE
Tax-Collector.....	THOMAS O'BRIEN
County Clerk.....	HIRAM B. COOK
Treasurer.....	CHRISTIAN REIS
Superintendent of Streets.....	LAWRENCE J. WELCH
City and County Attorney.....	HARRY T. CRESSWELL
District Attorney.....	WILLIAM S. BARNES
Recorder.....	FERDINAND I. VASSAULT
Public Administrator.....	A. C. FREESE
Superintendent of Schools.....	JOHN SWETT
Coroner.....	DR. WILLIAM T. GARWOOD
City and County Surveyor.....	CHARLES S. TILTON
Supervisor, 1st Ward.....	H. A. BINGHAM
Supervisor, 2d Ward.....	D. B. JACKSON
Supervisor, 3d Ward.....	COLIN M. BOYD
Supervisor, 4th Ward.....	J. B. CURTIS
Supervisor, 5th Ward.....	DR. WASHINGTON AYER
Supervisor, 6th Ward.....	L. R. ELLERT
Supervisor, 7th Ward.....	G. A. CARNES
Supervisor, 8th Ward.....	R. W. BURTIS
Supervisor, 9th Ward.....	A. HEYER
Supervisor, 10th Ward.....	D. B. HUNT
Supervisor, 11th Ward.....	C. W. TABER
Supervisor, 12th Ward.....	W. W. WILKINSON
Superior Judge (full term).....	JOHN HUNT
Superior Judge (full term).....	AUSTIN A. SANDERSON
Superior Judge (full term).....	SELDEN S. WRIGHT
Superior Judge (full term).....	J. D. THORNTON
Superior Judge (short term).....	JAMES M. TROUTT
Justice of the Peace.....	JAMES I. BOLAND
Justice of the Peace.....	CHARLES A. LOW
Justice of the Peace.....	FRANK J. GRAY
Justice of the Peace.....	C. F. WOOD
Justice of the Peace.....	CHARLES F. HOGE
Police Judge.....	HALE RIX
Police Judge.....	H. L. JOACHIMSEN
Police Judge.....	SAMUEL HASKINS
School Director.....	J. H. CULVER
School Director.....	SAMUEL E. DUTTON
School Director.....	WILLIAM HARNEY
School Director.....	T. P. WOODWARD
School Director.....	J. H. ROSEWALD
School Director.....	SHELDON S. KELLOGG
School Director.....	JAMES MANON
School Director.....	JOHN I. SABIN
School Director.....	D. SEVELL
School Director.....	J. D. POWELL
School Director.....	A. COMBES
School Director.....	F. H. ...

AT THE KITCHEN-DOOR.

"Merry it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
When the deer sweeps by and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing."

It was a Friday afternoon in summer at John Fernald's ranch. The stalwart miner, his pretty little wife Mary, and, of course, the baby—for that had been omnipresent since its arrival—had been to the woods to shoot quail.

Half a dozen had been the reward, and merrily now the hunters were walking toward home, where Mary was already picturing herself broiling the delicious game, and John had a mental, life-sized picture of himself eating it, while even little John looked as though he had a full set of teeth, so thoroughly he entered into the general hilarity, making a crowing noise as his big father carried him Indian-fashion on his back, singing:

"Oh, Robin Hood was a bowman good,
And a bowman good was he,
And he met a maiden in merry Sherwood,
All under the greenwood tree."

Mary skipped along by his side more like the merry maid of old Robin's days than a dignified matron.

These moments of supreme happiness are, alas, too few in most of our lives, but this young pair had many of them, and, though far from neighbors, had found no such thing as loneliness in the San Benito Hills.

Their lives were as full of brightness as the landscape was of those golden poppies which we Californians love so well, and which the hook-legged, spindle-legged professors from the States vainly try to make us call by that ugly, German-Latin name with a Russian look.

"Now give me a kiss," quoth Robin Hood,
"Now give me a kiss," quoth he,
"For there never came maid into merry Sherwood,
But she paid the forester's fee."

Then this new Robin Hood took his fee from Mary and from little John when they reached the kitchen-door. The quail were soon dressed and broiling. Little John was playing in a serious sort of fashion with the black top-knots, and big John cleaned his shot-gun.

How the butter sizzled as it fell on the brown breasts of the six plump fowls lying on the gridiron! How each draught from the kitchen, laden with incense to Diana the Huntress, was sweeter than laurel or jasmine to the healthy nostrils of that happy family! They wanted no pepsin or peptonized wine, no aids to digestion.

Youth, health, happiness, were theirs. God he praised!

Thus this day closed like many another, full to overflowing with sunshine.

* * * * *

"Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Johnny so long at the fair?"

And Mary Fernald, sitting at her kitchen-door, rocked her baby-boy in his cradle, while she searchingly gazed down the path which led to the dusty road.

It was, indeed, a beautiful picture, that mother of a year, dressed neatly in her printed cotton gown, all her household duties finished for the day, sitting in the half-light of the doorway, with the hazy landscape lighted by the sun just dropping behind the manzanita-covered hills.

The day had been the first on which Mary had been left alone, for John Fernald had always taken her with him the few times he had been to town since two years before, when Mary, fresh from her New England home, had come to live at his ranch in the San Benito.

Little John was, of course, too small to travel, and so, with many good-byes and good wishes, big John had gone for the day to San Juan Bautista, some twenty miles away, to buy needed farming tools.

Though Mary did not expect him until after dark, she found herself beginning to look down toward the San Juan Road long before the sun had cast western shadows under the madroña before the house.

"If I do not reach home by nine o'clock," John had said, "you may know that I have stayed in town."

It was twilight up to eight o'clock, and Mary waited at the door until the last colors disappeared from the sky, before she lighted the lamp. Once the sound of wagon-wheels made her heart beat joyfully, but the wagon passed.

She was not a timid woman, but the idea of being left for a night in the lonely ranch-house without John was not pleasant. The desperado and handit Vasquez was then in full power, and though he was last heard of in the Santa Cruz Mountains, his marches were so swift and in such unthought of directions, that his very name carried fear through a large tract of country where he had not as yet appeared. John's rifle hung in the kitchen, and Mary, who well understood its use, took it down and carefully examined it, then placed it in a convenient position, while she lay down, dressed, on the bed by the now sleeping baby.

* * * * *

John made his purchases, not forgetting one of Mary's orders, and adding to them a neat, woolen gown and a cart for little John. The horses were weary, for the distance from San Juan Bautista was all up hill, so John drove slowly along, as he had scarcely a mile farther and it was not half-past eight.

"And fare thee well, my only love,
And fare thee well for awhile;
And I will come again, my love,
Though it were ten thousand mile."

Had John's thoughts not been at the end of the journey with Mary and the baby at that moment, he had surely heard the step of a horse behind him, as he drove into the willow-shaded stretch of road by the Arroyo Seco.

The last words of the song had hardly been uttered when he was violently seized from behind, his arms tied, a gag pressed between his teeth, and a lariat wound around his legs. About a dozen men were soon around the wagon, all speaking in undertones and in the Spanish tongue.

"Who is he?" asked one.

"The American who has the Guadeloupe Rancho," was the reply.

"Search him and leave him here in the willows. Drive the wagon off the road and take the horses; they are good."

These orders were quickly obeyed, and John, as helpless as little John, was rolled into the reeds by the roadside.

"Shall we go to the ranch-house?" asked one.

"Yes; but one of you will be enough. There is only a woman and a child there. You go, José, and bring us all the food on a pack-horse."

With all his strength John tried to break his bonds, but to no purpose, and the gag kept him silent. It was a time of agony to him as the party drove away as silently as they had come. John had expected them to shoot him or carry him away captive, for without doubt the hand was that of the notorious Vasquez.

However, life was spared, and in his heart he gave thanks to the Almighty, praying God to save his Mary and little one from harm.

* * * * *

Mary, by the side of her boy, had fallen asleep; she had thought to remain awake until John might possibly come, but sleep overcame her.

From pleasant dreams she was suddenly awakened by a step upon the porch. Her first thought was of John.

"Who is there?" she cried.

"No matter who," was the reply; "open the door."

"I shall not."

"There is no man in the house, I know, and I shall break it in."

The answer to this speech was the report of a rifle, and the ruffian gave a cry of pain as the bullet cut his arm. Man or no man, Mary Fernald, thanks to John's instructions, could defend herself when necessity came. Presently the rapid steps of a galloping horse were heard going down the hill.

"Thank heaven that I have not killed him," were Mary's first words; "it would be awful to have the door-stone of our home stained with blood, even though justly shed. I should have aimed lower," she added, as she looked at the bullet-hole in the redwood panel, just breast-high.

"He may come back with others!" Mary Fernald knelt beside her baby, who already slept, though awakened by the familiar sound of the rifle, and prayed for strength.

It was too late, she knew, for John to come that night, and she thought how happy would be their greeting in the morning when she would fall safe forever into his strong arms.

Several times she heard sounds which startled her, and even the wind, which moved the madroña branches against the roof, caused her to shudder.

The sound of horses tramping on the San Juan Road startled her once, and later the unmistakable creaking of the garden-gate, followed by a stealthy movement upon the porch, less suggesting that of a man than that of some large, wild animal.

Presently the door shook as if it would break from its hinges as the heavy body pushed against it. Mary stared with terror, holding the rifle aimed at the lower panel. A second assault followed, accompanied by a low, guttural sound—half hissing.

Sharp and quick rang out the rifle again. The house seemed to shake. From the door came a cry half-human, awful to hear in its agony. Mary fell upon her knees, covering her face in the clothes beside the frightened, wailing little John.

"Oh, what will John think when he comes in the morning? I must meet him down the road by the willows to spare him the fright."

The sun shines as warm on San Benito Hills to-day as it did that morning when Mary Fernald rose from her prayers to go down the road to meet her loving John.

The awful and unknown object which lay on the porch must be passed, but she was nerved to open the door when she thought of John's fright when he should find what had occurred and not see her first.

"Yes, how brave he will call me. He will call me his little bome guard."

The door turned into the kitchen; she stood irresolutely for one moment and then opened it.

Mary stood as petrified at the door—Oh, God in heaven! I can scarce bring my pen to write.

With that one glance went out forever her love, her soul, her God. She fell upon the threshold with a moan.

Bound and gagged, John Fernald had crawled to his door over the rough, sharp stones, and there upon the porch lay in his eternal rest with a bullet through his heart.

CHARLES A. GUNNISON.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1890.

In Mrs. Stanley's "London Street Arabs" there is a verse out of "Rule Britannia," which is a variation from the original, though the young gentleman who quoted it plumed himself on "knowing the words":

"Rule Britannia,
Britannia rules the whales.
True-arted Brittons
Never—never shall be slaves."

This preference for sound over sense is by no means peculiar to street arabs, and "rules the whales" is really not so very bad. I knew a musical lady (writes James Payn) who for twenty years sang "Thou who so gently 'walkest' over me" for "watchest." I had a little relative who, not till after four years' misunderstanding, found out for himself that "Harold be Thy name" was not in the Lord's Prayer. His parents had taken for granted that what was familiar to them must be intelligible to him—a very common mistake in education.

The discoverer of the "Skeleton in Armor," which Longfellow immortalized in verse, was Mrs. Hannah Cook, of Fall River, who has just died at the age of eighty-seven years. She found the curious relic, a human skeleton hearing about it semblances of rude brass armor, while digging in a sand-bank near Fall River in 1832.

LATE VERSE.

The Reason Why.

"When I was at the party,"
Said Betty (aged just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair,
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls
Began to laugh, but me—
I didn't laugh a single bit,"
Said Betty, seriously.
"Why not?" her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty—bless her little heart!—
Had been so sweetly kind.
"Why didn't you laugh, darling?
Or don't you like to tell?"
"I didn't laugh," said Betty,
"Cause it was me that fell!"
—Mary E. Bradley in St. Nicholas.

Retrospect.

At evening, when the breeze lies down,
And regal nature doffs her crown;
When brown limbed pines, like minarets,
Fringe all the hills, and ured day frets
To rest awhile—ah, then, I know,
Into a shadowed room you go,
And softly touch the organ-keys,
While pale stars blink amid the trees,
You sing a peaceful vesper hymn
That rises from your full heart's brim;
Your kindly eyes are dimmed with tears—
You wander through remembered years;
From gay to grave your fancies fly,
And end the journey with the cry:

"My heart played truant from my will,
I loved him then—I love him still."
—Robert Bridges in Life.

The Woman.

Only a little brown woman she,
Man of the world and profligate he,
Hard and conscienceless, cynical, yet
Somewhat, when he and the woman met,
He saw what other there is in life
Than passion-feeding and careless strife;
There came resolve, and a sense of shame,
For she made as his motto but "Faith and Fame."

The world is foolish: we cover truth;
We're barred by the gates that we built in youth;
Two were they, surely, and two might stay,
But she turned him into the better way;
His thoughts were purified, even when
He chafed and raged at the night-have-been;
He learned that living is not a whim,
For the soul in her entered into him.

He fights, with others, to win or fall,
And the spell of the Woman is over all.
Bravely they battle, in their degree,
For—"The woman I love shall be proud of me!"
And man and woman, the one in heart,
May be buried together or buried apart,
But the strong will battle in his degree,
For—"The woman I love shall be proud of me!"
—Stanley Waterloo in America.

The Point of View.

A crystal sky and a shining sea,
Smooth wide stretches of sparkling sand,
And watching the rippling waves at play,
Two lovers are seated, hand in hand.
Beside them the hull of a great, gaunt ship,
Flung dismantled upon the shore:
Youth and beauty and hope and peace,
Where death and disaster had been before.

No thought of the black and awful sky,
The bitter wind and the beating rain,
The cruel breakers that reached and roared
For the ship that struggled for life in vain.
No sound of the shrieks of the drowning men,
Dashed to their death on the rocks below,
While a soft, white hand with a diamond ring
Is laid on the ship wrecked long ago.

"This is just ideal!" the young girl said,
"And isn't it nice that it lies just so?"
No sea-shore is perfect without a wreck,
It's so picturesque and so sweet, you know.
And then, when it serves for a seat like this—
I get so tired upon the sand—
It's the nicest arrangement that could be made,
To have these timbers up here on land."

—C. B. Le Row in the Boston Transcript.

The Story of Omar.

Long centuries ago, three Persian boys,
Thinking upon their hope of future joys,
Between them—Omar, Abdul, and Hassán—
A lasting compact made, and thus it ran:
Abdul and Omar and Hassán. These three,
School-mates and friends, do solemnly agree
That to whichever one success may come—
Honor or Wealth—the hand of Allah from
This one to each companion dear shall make
Some worthy offering for Friendship's sake.
The years slipped by, and when good fortune came,
It brought to Abdul, honor, wealth, and fame;
Vizier the Sultan made him, and 'twas then
He thought of Omar and Hassán again.
And they, 'tis said, remembering the old
Agreement, came, their wishes to unfold.
First spoke Hassán: "Of thee, O Friend, my heart
Would crave of power to have some goodly part!"
But Omar said to Abdul: "It were well
With me, O Friend, if I might ever dwell
Within the shadow of thy happiness,
And from Life's grape the wine of Wisdom press!"
To each was granted that for which he prayed;
The vow fulfilled, the promised debt was paid.
But soon Hassán, grown greedier, forgot
His love for Abdul, and began to plot
Against the Sultan and the kind Vizier
Whose hand had helped him to his high career;
And at his bidding did a rascal's knife
Undo the thread of gracious Abdul's life.
Now Omar, he in peace and comfort sought
Wisdom—a school-boy still, by Allah taught;
Studied the course of planet and of star,
And for his Sultan made the Calendar;
But most he loved, at the propitious time,
His gathered wisdom to record in rhyme.
To-day, of all these three 'tis he alone
Whose name is honored and whose work is known.
Modest he was, and being modest, wise!
Therein the moral of his story lies.
—Frank Dempster Sherman in Harper's Young People.

THE COUNTRY CARRIER.

"Cockaigne" describes an Institution of English Country Life.

Among the many ancient customs which are to-day as faithfully observed in England as they were upon their foundation, there are some—not a great number, perhaps—which have not survived their use. One of these is the country "carrier." Every village situated at any distance from "the nearest town" has its carrier. This carrier is a man (sometimes it is a woman) who has a horse and cart, with which he makes periodical journeys by road to and from the nearest town, conveying as many passengers as his vehicle will hold, there and back, and doing errands, messages, delivering notes, making purchases, and transacting small matters of business for whomsoever may wish to employ him or make use of his services. Were it not for the carrier, many a tiring and otherwise unnecessary visit to the town (not to town, for that always means London), would have to be made, and he is therefore regarded by one and all as a great convenience and comfort, and he is both. It is a money-making business from an English village point of view. The usual charge for executing commissions is the small fee of one penny each. Of course, when the carrier is commissioned to make only one purchase in the town for one person, the pay of one penny is very little. But though he on one day may have but one matter to attend to, on the other he may have a dozen different articles to buy (often at the same shop), and as there is no extra work in buying the additional eleven beyond reading the list to the shopman, of course a shilling, or one penny for each separate order, becomes at once a very respectable fee. The charge for carrying passengers is not other than remunerative, depending on distance and being at so much a mile, and large parcels, boxes, furniture, etc., are well paid for. The carrier lives in the village and often takes in other villages of smaller population in his beat. His visits to the town are generally bi-weekly, sometimes tri-weekly, and in some places daily, Sundays excepted, of course.

I once lived near a village whose carrier was a woman, who started business with a perambulator! In this she packed her parcels, and pushed it before her to and from the town, four miles distant. Her capacity for the conveyance of passengers was, however, somewhat limited. In time, as trade improved, she set up a donkey and cart. She was a hard-working, industrious, shrewd woman, and made daily journeys to and from the town. She was a woman of but little "schooling," yet she not only carried all her commissions in her head when they were not written down by her customers, but kept only mental accounts of the different sums of money given her for purchasing purposes. How she managed it all was a constant wonder to me.

Lately I have been staying at a friend's house, close by a village through which passes a tri-weekly carrier. A visit to the village was not by any means a common occurrence among the guests at the house. There was really nothing to take one there on week days, for its "two shops and post-office" formed the only breaks in the double line of white-washed walls and straw-thatched roofs, which bordered the main road and made the homes of the four hundred and sixty-odd inhabitants. All the letters were cleared from the box in the hall at five o'clock every afternoon by the butler, and by him locked up in the house mail-bag and sent forward to the village post-office in charge of the footman, so that the excuse of having a letter to post was denied one. One morning, however, I found myself in need of a registered envelope, and not wishing to trouble one of the servants, and it moreover being a warm, clear day, and the air more like spring than autumn, I lit a cigarette and sauntered across the park and through the adjacent fields and meadows, and went for it myself.

The village—West-Penstead by name—was like the average English village in all particulars. There was a baker's shop (whereat groceries were sold as well), and a blacksmith's shop (whose master was a wheelwright as well), four public-houses—which rejoiced in the distinctive titles of the "Coach and Horses," the "King's Crown," the "Spencer Arms," and the "Dragon and Peacock"—each and all of which were, so read the weather-beaten, time-worn announcements over their doors, "licensed to sell spirits, beer, and tobacco, to be drunk on the premises."

Suddenly the lumbering of advancing wheels echoed through the village street. Thinking it might be the coach of some American tourist, I stopped to listen for the accompanying drag-horn. But no. The coming vehicle was not a four-in-hand, but a one-horse, four-wheeled wagon, with a black cover.

Instantly the doors and gateways were filled by women—old, young, and middle-aged. Some ran out with letters, or parcels, or verbal messages, and told their needs to the brown-whiskered, red-faced man who held the reins, which he tightened and slackened about two inches, according as he desired his stout, brown nag to stop or go on. Others waited within their gates and let the driver get down and come to them, while others again, as a sort of compromise, shouted their orders from their doorways and small gardens. I had a vague sort of idea who the man and his conveyance were, but, wishing to make sure, asked a villager, in a felt-hat, corduroy trousers, hob-nailed boots, and a smock frock, who chanced to be coming out of the "Public" as I stopped upon the threshold. He gave me a look of mingled surprise, doubt, pity, and contempt. I thought he had been having a drop too much until he spoke; but he was as sober as a judge.

"Be ye daft?" he inquired, shading his eyes from the sun with his hand as he stared at me.

I did not reply, but walked on in no way favorably impressed with the civil manners of West-Penstead until I came up to where the wagon was standing, when I became suddenly conscious of the full force, meaning, and effect of the villager's uncomplimentary question. On the side of the wagon was painted in large white letters: "George Hodges, Chickfield and West-Penstead Carrier." I might have known it if I had only reflected, and thus avoided leaving myself open to the yokel's insult. But I quickly lost all

recollection of the incident in listening to the conversation going on between Hodges and some of his customers.

"An' mind ye," croaked an old woman, whose voice was her chief sign of declining years, for her wrinkled face and white hair were hidden within a capacious sun-bonnet—"mind ye, George, an' fetch the four ounces o' one-and-fo'-penny tea from Staples's, an' the 'arf-yard o' elevert three-farthing red flannel at Stuffen & Swindle's."

"All roight, mauther; don't ye worry," called back Hodges, cheerily.

"There'll be three ha'-pence to come hack, don't forgit," cried the old crone, as Hodges sent his horse about four inches farther ahead, where a young girl, with a frightened look in her flushing face, was waiting to see him.

"There," she said, quickly, putting a paper into his hand; "you'll find as I writ all I want down, and the money's wrapped up inside," and she ran back to one of the cottages, as if she were afraid of being seen.

"Sarah-Ann he spending summat on ribbons and furhewels and trinkets, I'll be bound," grinned Hodges, as he glanced hurriedly over the paper, and then thrust it into his pocket; "wonder where——"

"Two-ounce packet of Wills's Bristol Bird's-eye, if you please, Mr. Hodges," called out a smooth-faced young man, with spectacles and unbrushed hair and teeth, from behind a stone wall, over which his bare head peered; "I'll throw you the shilling. Well caught, indeed! We must have you in the eleven next season—he—"

"All roight, school-meister," called back Hodges.

The wagon went on about ten yards, and I found myself following it with a crowd of village idlers of all ages from ten up to eighty. A neat-looking servant-maid in a cotton gown and white cap came out through a gate-way in a high hedge, which I knew inclosed the kitchen-garden of the vicarage. Hodges pulled up beside her. She handed him half-a-dozen notes to deliver.

"The misses ain't sure about the address of this one," she said, pointing to one of them; "you must find it out at the Castleford post-office."

"All roight."

"And this you're to wait for an answer to. It's very particular, for it's to a tennis-party to-morrow."

"All roight. All?"

"Dear me, no. Miss Cicely wants you to get her 'The Captain's Last Love.'"

"What's he?" asked Hodges, scratching his ear.

"Why, a hook, to be sure, you silly! If you can't get it in the town, you are to try at the book-stall at the railway-station. Don't forget. It's very partic'lar."

"All roight. All?"

"Dear me, no. No fear, indeed."

"Oi zay, miss," came a gruff but good-humored voice from within the wagon's cover, while a red-bearded, sun-burned face was thrust out through the back, "can't ye haste ye a bit? I be goin' to——"

"Aye, aye! All roight," shouted Hodges; "you git in there where ye b'long. I'll see that you git in time."

"There's Miss Kate's tennis-racket to call for."

"All roight."

"And Master Henry's portmanteau from the station."

"All roight. All?"

"No fear. The master himself wants you to get the *Guardian* of the week before last."

"All roight."

"And I want a quire of primrose note-paper, scented."

"All roight. All?"

"Yes. Good-bye. Don't forget."

"Jemima! Jemima!" cried a feminine voice fast approaching within the gate-way in the hedge; "just come here, and don't let Hodges go for a minute."

"A minute!" groaned the man inside, and there was a chorus of similar sounds of distress from numerous voices whose owners were hidden within—men and women whose existence gave no sign heretofore, but on looking you saw half-a-dozen or more indistinct faces peeping out from the internal darkness.

"Tell Hodges," went on the feminine voice behind the hedge, its possessor now come into full view in the open gate-way, a young girl in a white gown and a man's straw hat, decorated with a "Maudlin" college-ribbon, a pretty girl too, with a bright complexion and blonde hair, a trifle untidy in its doing up, perhaps—"tell Hodges I shan't want 'The Captain's Last Love' to-day, if he'll be sure to call for my tennis-shoes at Tebbutt's. And, oh, yes. Miss Mabel wants him to get her last Saturday's *Lady's Pictorial*, *Modern Society*, and Master Freddy wants *Punch*. You won't forget?"

"No, miss."

"That's all."

"Thank you, miss."

The maid ran back to the wagon and the young lady vanished from sight. I turned round and found the footman from the "hall"—my friend's house—waiting.

"Oi say, now. You're a nice cup o' tea, you are," he began to Hodges, not seeing me behind the wagon for a minute. "Ob, I beg parding, sir," he stammered, touching his hat, as I came in sight. "Ere's a list the 'ouse-keeper wants you to get," and he handed Hodges a paper. "She thought as 'ow you'd gone on without calling. There's flags out at two houses up the lane yonder, so you'd better call there." (Putting flags out at the gates, I afterward learned, was the recognized signal for the carrier to stop.)

"I don't gen'ly forgit to attend to my business, do I?" asked Hodges in a hurt tone. The footman didn't deign a reply, but swaggered off up the lane to the lodge gate.

"Mr. Hodges! Mr. Hodges," came a female voice which sounded familiar, as the vicarage maid appeared running along the road.

"Drat that gal!" sounded from within, as Hodges pulled up again; "you're to get 'The Captain's Last Love' after all for Miss Cicely."

"All roight," shouted back Hodges as he shook the reins and the wagon went lumbering on again. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, October 7, 1890.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Miss Harriet Hosmer has been commissioned to execute a life-size statue of Queen Isabella of Castile, for which a special pavilion will be erected in the Woman's Department of the Chicago Fair of 1893.

It is announced that the latest of the lady dress-makers in London are the daughters of Wilson Barrett. Their business name is Elita et Cie. They are said to be very clever girls, thoroughly up in artistic dressing, and it is believed that they are going to make a wonderful success.

Queen Natalie is engaged in writing her memoirs, which are nearly completed. As she is only thirty years of age, her personal experiences do not reach very far back, and it will most likely be found that her memoirs are less such than a work directed against King Milan. She has got the better in the contest with her husband, in so far as she is at Belgrade, and intends to remain there.

Mrs. Emily Crawford, the celebrated Paris correspondent who announced that the engagement of the Duc d'Orleans to his cousin, the Princess Marguerite, was broken off, is probably right in what she says, for she knows more about French family secrets than any living foreigner. She has the Irish faculty of knowing who everybody's great-grandmother was, and has at her fingers' end every peccadillo that great-grandmother was guilty of. The result is the Parisians are very polite to her, for they live in mortal dread of her sweeping out dry bones from their family closets.

Mrs. Amélie Rives-Chanler is still studying art in Paris. She is living very quietly, and is trying to avoid the consequences of the notoriety gained by "The Quick or the Dead?" Fame is one thing, notoriety another, she has discovered. Mrs. Chanler's art studies have not yet resulted in a picture that has been exhibited publicly. Among her fellow-students she is very popular. Among other items of interest that the Parisians have discovered about her is that she has brought to France her old negro "mammy," who continues to watch over her with the care she would give to a child.

Miss Fay Fuller, of Tacoma, Wash., has lately made the ascent of Mt. Tacoma, which only twenty-eight men, and no woman before her, have ever accomplished. The mountain is 14,444 feet high. At 12,000 feet, the wind blew a hurricane over the unbroken snow. Miss Fuller, with the rest, slept in a cave on the summit, where the steam-jets from the crater looked like a row of boiling tea-kettles, but where her shoes were frozen stiff, and the blankets, wherever the steam had touched them, covered with ice. The descent was even more perilous than the ascent had been, and the resolute young woman suffered much from exposure and exhaustion, but never once flinched.

It is said that not one Englishman in a thousand could ever name off-hand the children and grandchildren of Queen Victoria, but they do seem to remember the Princess Louise, and news of her serious illness is received with general regret. Of all the daughters of the queen there is none more popular than Louise, who is not only the flower of the royal flock, but is believed to hold the broadest views and to have the keenest sense of humor. She is known to be the counsellor and confidant of her eldest brother, the Prince of Wales, who has great faith in her judgment. She is extremely simple in her manners, although one of the most intellectual of the princesses of the reigning house. She had promised this autumn to initiate several public improvements in Scottish towns, but her medical advisers have forbidden her to undertake any more such duties. As a first step toward recruiting her strength and obtaining that absolute rest which has been enjoined by her physicians, the Princess Louise has again sought the peaceful and bracing air of the Scottish coast. She is the guest of Cyril Flower, M. P., and she roams about undisturbed on cliffs and sands. She takes much delight in pottering about the tiny garden surrounding Mr. Flower's cottage, with its gay display of old-fashioned sunflowers and hollyhocks, petunias and mignonette.

A Paris searcher for interesting reminiscences of the Empress Eugénie, when she was Mlle. Montijo, learns that before her engagement was officially announced she and some of her many friends vowed to each other that whoever among them made a good match should help her other friends in life. A few days after they had made this promise, Mlle. Montijo went to the Hotel du Rue Bac and informed her friends she was about to become empress. After she had left them the Saxon minister saw her, and, turning to the young girl, said: "Laugh to-day with your friend, young ladies, for after to-morrow you will have to maintain a grave and respectful demeanor in her presence, for," continued the diplomatist, "she is about to become empress." After her marriage, however, the empress called her young companions to her and begged them to treat her as before, "for," she said, "I shall be much alone at the palace, and shall weary of all the etiquette which surrounds me." Many of the ladies of the court were anything but pleased at the emperor's choice of Mlle. de Montijo, and treated her with much disdain when in her company, leaving her entirely neglected. Indeed, so great was their hatred and hostility that Mlle. de Montijo complained to the emperor. The affair took place in the park, and not far from the emperor were the ladies who had behaved so unkindly, watching the scene with interest. The emperor listened quietly, and smiled at the beautiful plaintiff. When she had finished speaking he broke off a few green branches from a tree near and made a crown, which he placed smilingly upon her head, saying loud enough to be heard, "While waiting the other" ("En attendant l'autre"). From that time the Empress Eugénie enjoyed perfect peace, and the ladies, formerly so vindictive and disdainful, became equally amiable and obliging. There was much opposition on all sides to the emperor's marriage; but he was determined to have his way, and to all replied quietly, after listening to the objections raised: "I have decided to marry Mlle. de Montijo, and I shall marry her."

PARISIAN NOTES.

"Parisina's" Budget of Gossip from Lutetia.

About one French duel in sixty ends tragically. The majority of encounters here do not cost the combatants more than a skin scratch, but lately there has been an unusually large number of them, and it behooves quarrelsome fellows to look out, for the average has been passed long since. I fancy Catulle Mendès ran a great risk the other day of supplying the necessary dead man demanded by statistics, as in the very first pass he was wounded in the abdomen, slightly, it is true, but it does not need a wound "as big as a barn-door" to let a man's life out in that particular portion of his person. Fortunately the surgeon was on the look-out and cried "touché!" before the adversary's sword had done much more than prick his nether garments, or the world would have boasted of a witty fellow the less; whether Paradise would have been any the richer, is a question. Catulle is far and away the most immoral writer in France at the present time. Zola's novels are pure in comparison. If you were to meet Mendès, you would never guess him to be anything but the most immaculate of men, with his dreamy blue eyes and sweet, almost angelic, smile. It was no personal matter—merely a press quarrel—that set Catulle Mendès and Carl Perrières *ferailant* in the woods of Ville d'Avray.

I am told that it is chiefly due to the surgeons so few men get really much hurt, and certainly such was the case in this instance. Several "sawbones" have made a specialty of duels, and it is to one of these the seconds apply; he is expected to stop the combat at the crucial moment—if a small amount of blood is drawn without danger to the patient, so much the better. One surgeon, indeed, goes farther; he does not wait until a wound has been inflicted, but rushes forward, crying, "touché!" deftly administering at the same time a touch with his lancet to one or other of the combatants. As he likes fair play in everything, chance always decides beforehand which of the two shall need the handage. This is easily done with the first coin that comes to hand—"heads or tails?"

There is another reason why duels are less dangerous than formerly: it is no uncommon thing nowadays for females to be present, when the *rencontre* becomes of hardly more account than a fencing-match. "Do take me with you!" cries Circe, when she hears her lover is going to fight. The *fin-de-siècle* young woman is greedy for emotions, and, before an audience of fair ones, the duelist thinks more of showing off his skill and his figure than of his anger.

In some things French women are as emancipated as either American or English. There are already doctresses, *bacheliers*, and French women learned in the law, and now they are to be admitted to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, in the person of Mme. Bertaux, the well-known sculptor and president of the Union des Femmes Artistes. M. Larroumet, the director of the school, promised in an evil hour to consider the question. He thought to get rid of it by submitting it to the council, but to his dismay the council took a favorable view, and the climax has been put to the shocking of poor M. Larroumet's feelings by the minister, M. Bourgeois, himself agreeing to the proposal. You must know M. Larroumet fears (to use his own words) "that women and men assembled together in a studio would think more of flirting than of painting." But it is easy enough to build a studio for the women alone, and I am certain Mme. Bertaux, who is an elderly lady, would be horrified at the thought of anything else. Another thing is that if women go to the school, they must be allowed to compete for the Prix de Rome and the medals, and supposing a girl were to get it, how could she live in Rome, at the Villa Medici, with a load of wild young students? That objection is soon done away with; do not let them go to Rome, say Mme. Bertaux and Mlle. Ahhema. Let the women travel instead for three years; it would teach them more—and the men, too, for that matter—than the three years spent in Rome, during which the men-students themselves do not now produce anything like *chefs-d'œuvre*, whatever they used to do. Anyhow, in a few months we shall see French girls with "Elève de l'Ecole des Beaux-Arts" on their cards (if they have any). How proud they will be! How much longer will their allowances last, when they will not have to pay as much as a hundred francs a month sometimes for the mere tuition! I do not know how many feminine "Prix de Rome" all this will turn out. At any rate, I think the pencil and brush are quite as adapted to girlish hands as the lancet, which they have been wielding in the hospitals for some time past. And a girl who wants to be an artist ought to have things made as easy—perhaps easier—for her as a girl who wants to study medicine or the Code Napoleon.

Poor Jeanne Samary, whose death I have no doubt you have already heard of, will be a great loss to the Comédie-Française. She used to play soubrettes, or Molière's servant-girls—at least those were her most famous parts. She made her début in "Tartuffe," as Dorine Orgon's servant, and threw off with such *entrain* the witty sallies and sharp speeches she had to make, that, though really too young for the part, she was quite the rage in it. Jeanne Samary entered the Conservatoire, in 1871, at fourteen, and, under Bressant's tuition, took first prize in comedy at the end of three years. Comedy was always her specialty. She was bewitching in all her parts; perhaps the "Monde où l'on s'ennuie" and "La Femme à Socrate" were her greatest hits. She was to have played the first character in Henri Becque's new piece, "La Parisienne," which the Français is shortly to bring out. Indeed, she was studying the part when she was taken ill. She had come up from Trouville to play Suzanne de Villiers in the "Monde où l'on s'ennuie," and felt ill in the evening. What the doctors called bronchitis turned out, when Jeanne Samary had returned to Trouville, to be typhoid. In fact, it was about the first case of the epidemic that has been scaring all the swells at Trouville this last month, so much so that I hear that the town is to be re-baptized and called Vil-Trou, *i. e.*, heastly hole. But a word more about Jeanne Samary: Though she played light char-

acters—gay, but not overscrupulous soubrettes—Mme. Samary-Lagarde was in private life an exemplary woman. Her husband, M. Lagarde, adored her, and she might often be seen at her country-house, named rather fantastically "Cœur-Volant," surrounded by her children, for whose benefit she has written a book. Altogether, poor Jeanne, who was so gay and irresistible, will be awfully missed by her friends of the Français, by her family, and by the public.

Jeanne was only thirty-three when she died. Some other *sociétaires* of the Maison de Molière are not quite so youthful. Lately there has been quite a craze for indiscreet details concerning the ages of the different actresses. Thus we learn with interest that Mme. Worms-Bonetta was born on April 22, 1856, and is therefore thirty-four, nearly twenty years younger than her second husband, M. Worms; that Mlle. Dudley first saw the light in Brussels in 1850, and that her real name is Dulait; that Mlle. Reichemberg made her début in 1868. Note the fact that in this last case no date of birth is mentioned. Soon we shall be told how many dresses such and such an actress possesses, and what soap she uses. But these details are highly interesting to persons who thirst for knowledge, and do as news when there is nothing else.

I wonder what sort of reception is reserved for the Comte de Paris and the Duc d'Orléans in the States. Somehow I do not think you will care very much about them, one way or another. The former is not a stranger to you, and the latter, being under the paternal wing, will lose some of the prestige with which, in other circumstances, he might appear endowed. A wandering prince, young, already notorious, should be an interesting subject, at least to the ladies; papa, however, is *de trop*, and Henry will not be allowed a front place or much liberty, perhaps. Moreover, the reason given for the tour—the visits to be paid to the great battle-grounds of America—seems to preclude the idea of gayety. They take with them a fitting suite—crowned kings do not travel with larger retinues—two noble gentlemen in attendance on the count, namely, the Marquis de Lasteyrie and the Comte d'Haussonville, neither of whom is a stranger in America. It will be remembered that they represented the families of Broglie and Lafayette at the centenary. The young duke has a companion, the Duc d'Uzès, the first peer of Legitimist France and the eldest son of the lady who laid her millions at the feet of Boulanger. Colonel Parseval, the duke's faithful mentor, goes too; also a Captain Morhain, who will act as a sort of military attaché, and a physician, Dr. Récamier. It is not the first time the doctor has crossed the Atlantic, but his visit began and ended with Cuha, as he accompanied the Comte de Paris on the occasion of his last voyage out. He bears a name famous in the annals of beauty, and is, indeed, the grandnephew of the worthy hanker who played the somewhat second-rate part of husband to the lovely Récamier.

In the present state of affairs it is natural we should inquire what end the representative of monarchy in France had in view when he planned the journey. Is it merely a pleasure-trip, a segment of the grand tour that is to cap the education of the heir, or a way of getting over a somewhat inconvenient interval? There are many people who believe that the count went to South America to leave the field open to the Duc d'Orléans. Had *paterfamilias* been at home it would have looked unprofitable in the young man not to take him into his confidence; anyhow, it happened conveniently enough—whether purposely or not, who can tell? For my own part, I am rather inclined to think that what sent the count over the seas then, and is sending him again now, is the Boulanger episode. It can not be said that Philippe has run away to escape the result of the revelations made in the *Figaro*, because the journey was arranged and announced long before the publication of the "Coulisses" commenced; but he doubtless knew the day must come when one or other of the Boulangerists would "peach," and, perhaps, it was deferred somewhat longer than he expected, and the little trip to Cuha was premature.

Before leaving, the Comte de Paris published a letter, addressed to his political factotum, Bocher, which has the importance of a manifesto. We are told he regrets nothing that could upset the republic; that, proscribed by it, he used the arms it furnished him with to combat it—his enemy. As the representative of the monarchy, he "neglected no opportunity" of paving the way toward its reestablishment. Well, he is honest now, at any rate, and the government knows what to expect: open war—war to the knife. Hitherto a certain diffidence has been noticeable in his words and actions. But now he has thrown off the mask. The Comte de Paris means to reign if he can, and all means are good that further this end.

Instead of saying that the Comte de Paris means to reign, it would, perhaps, be more correct to say that the Comtesse de Paris intends he shall reign. Every one knows that Philippe is under petticoat-government, and it is no secret that the countess was the prime mover in the late Boulanger conspiracy. She is a thorough Spaniard. She inherits from her mother that love of intrigue that lost Queen Isabella her throne, and longs to play the part of a Duchesse de Berry. She is eminently a masculine woman. She rides like an Amazon, is a splendid shot, and scorns feminine employments. Whenever it is practicable she dons the simplest tailor-made suit, and will pop away at the partridges and pheasants, attired in a short skirt, leather leggings, and pot-hat.

I am told that she set a regular watch over her spouse at Skeen and elsewhere. She widened the breach between the count and his uncles, who have grown so accustomed to the present order of things that they have ceased to care for a change. So that De Joinville has his hunting he is content; D'Aumale is so busy writing the history of the Condés, he has no time for politics; and Nemours is quite the elderly gentleman. None of these would have advised a pact being sealed with Boulanger—of whom the second, at least, is the acknowledged enemy. They were not, therefore, consulted, while the old adherents of the Orléanists—the men who preach the same liberal principles as Louis Philippe—were kept at arm's length.

PARIS, October 4, 1890.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Prince of Wales has signaled the summer season just closed by wearing a snuff-colored suit and a crimson shirt at the German watering-places.

The following paragraph is floating around in the press: "The Emperor of Germany, it is stated, is having a watch made for himself at a factory in San Diego."

President Harrison and Secretary Tracy rode into Galesburg, Ill., in the cab of the locomotive. Mr. Harrison blew the whistles for stations and Mr. Tracy pulled the hell for crossings.

Lord Brassey's wedding had a very nautical flavor. The bridegroom's little nephews were in attendance wearing white sailor suits, and all the crew of the *Sunbeam* were present. The bride, Miss Sybil Capell, was a handsome woman in her satin and lace.

The Earl of Feversham, the father of the Duchess of Leinster and of Lady Helen Duncombe, who was married recently to Sir Edgar Vincent, is a nobleman whose idiosyncrasy consists in not paying his servants or tradesmen until he is forced to do so by a general strike, or refusal to do service or furnish goods.

Barnum, the perennial, is over eighty years of age. But he sees no reason why he should not work as hard as ever, and make as much more money as he can. He is now occupied with real-estate speculations in Colorado, which he follows with personal attention, and which reward him by justifying his foresight and courage.

The notable Russian nihilist Stepniak is a Slav in the prime of life, and of noble birth. He is constantly watched by the agents of the Russian police, and repeated attempts have been made to seize him and take him back to St. Petersburg for execution. Stepniak is one of the chief leaders of the revolutionary forces of Russia; he is under condemnation as a terrorist. Stepniak has lived for some years as a refugee in London, and he is now coming to see the people and the republic of the United States.

Colonel T. W. Higginson says of himself that the printers' ink in his blood is really three hundred years old, his first American progenitor, Rev. Francis Higginson, of Salem, having come to America about 1629, and published a book, "New England's Plantation," which is still reprinted. At Harvard College, Colonel Higginson's literary training was committed to Professor Edward Channing, the admirable teacher who instructed so many good writers, including Emerson, Motley, Holmes, Edward Everett Hale, and others.

William John Arthur Charles James Cavendish-Bentinck, sixth Duke of Portland, is about to visit America with his wife. Only two other English dukes were not horn to the strawberry-leaves—the Duke of Bedford, who was plain Mr. Russell, and the Duke of Devonshire, who was Mr. Cavendish. The beautiful Duchess of Portland was Miss Winifred Dallas-Yorke, only daughter of Mr. Thomas Yorke Dallas-Yorke, of Walmgate, Lincolnshire, who is said to trace his pedigree in an unbroken descent from Adam, and to look down on the whole British peerage as *parvenu*.

Whenever the baby King of Spain sees a grandee or gentleman whom he knows, he calls them by their Christian names, or their surnames without their titles, a custom always reproved by his governess. "Eh! Niquena!" exclaimed the king one day, as the ex-minister passed. The governess, who knew that the count's father was dead, and that the son had inherited the title, observed: "Sire, permit me to remind your majesty that the person whom you do the honor to address is the Duke of Bivona." The king burst out laughing, and exclaimed: "The Duke of Bivona! this is nice! But I know that it is Niquena! Are you not Niquena?" he added, addressing the count. "Yes, sire." "Do you see," the little king went on, "this woman has a mania for giving people new names. Doesn't she pretend that Juanito" (an officer of the Royal Guard, much loved by the king) "is the Marquis of Soto Mayor?" "Indeed, sire, he is; and you will permit me to remind your majesty that he should be so addressed," replied the governess. "Don't be stupid," was the monarch's answer; "this is Juanito, and the other is Niquena."

In spite of the fact that the young German Emperor has a shriveled arm, necessitating the use of an eating instrument, which is in reality a combined knife and fork, or fork sharpened on one edge for cutting purposes, he is, among his intimates, a jolly, good fellow, fond of all the pleasures of life, and much given to practical joking and nonsense in general. His left arm, the shriveled one, is not only considerably shorter than the other, but is almost absolutely without strength. The only use he can put it to is to remove his cigar or cigarette. However, the right arm is endowed with extraordinary strength and vigor, and this youthful monarch is not averse to putting it to a very noble use at times, to wit, encircling a taper waist. During the trip to Norway this summer he took great pleasure in ranging about *incognito*, and one day an officer of the imperial yacht had the misfortune to come face to face with the young emperor when the latter had a very pretty girl by his side. What was to be done? It was too late to turn back. To halt, face front, and salute would put the youthful monarch in a bad fix. Under these circumstances, the officer turned his back and pretended to be gazing into a shop window. Suddenly he felt a sharp pinch on his arm and heard a voice whispering. "You did that very nicely. Try to find as pretty a girl as I have. You have leave of absence until to-morrow morning." The emperor's special chum is Count Eulenburg, and the two friends, attired in the style of well-to-do citizens, take great delight in knocking about the streets of Berlin, arm in arm, smoking cigaretttes and ogling the girls. Nor is he above the indiscretion of coming to a halt and having a friendly chat when he hears a cocotte cry out: "Oh, look at the handsome blonde!"

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

The Feelings of a Patient whom a Doctor has Condemned to Die.

He had been our family doctor ever since I could remember (says a writer in the *St. James's Gazette*). I was feeling a little "seedy," rather out of sorts, and my appetite had failed me. So off I went to Dr. Ball. His man, who used to wear the doctor's old clothes and look very much like a physician himself, let me in.

"Is the doctor in?" I said.

"No, he isn't, sir," said the man; "he's away on his summer vacation. But there's another physician seeing his patients for him. You'd better see Dr. Herbert, sir."

I was shown into Dr. Ball's consulting-room, and at the doctor's table sat Dr. Herbert.

"Pray be seated, my dear sir," said Dr. Herbert.

That was exactly what Dr. Ball always said; it is what they all say. But there are ways of saying things. Why, when Ball says it, you feel better at once. But then, Ball's manner is worth a thousand a year to him, so his professional friends and rivals say. The very sight of old Dr. Ball inspires confidence. What is the good of being a doctor if you do not inspire confidence?

Dr. Herbert's "get-up" was perfection. He wore a choker and he had gold spectacles—not round, glass spectacles, but those queer ones, like *D's* lying on their backs, over the straight tops of which he gazed at me intently. He was tremendously professional altogether.

Before I knew where I was, the doctor had seized my wrist and whipped out his watch. Then he dropped my hand suddenly and sighed deeply.

"Want of tone? Loss of flesh? Appetite failing? Sleep bad? General depression? I thought so."

I became alarmed.

"You ought to have come here before," continued Dr. Herbert, severely; "you're breaking up."

Good gracious! He might have put it less brutally.

"Breaking up?" I repeated, mechanically, in an awestricken voice.

"Don't you feel that your clothes are getting too large for you?" asked Dr. Herbert, in a sort of moan; "of course you do. There, don't answer me, but get your waistcoat undone and your coat off."

I did as I was bid.

Then the doctor listened to my chest with his stethoscope. "Dullness," he said; "distinct dullness. Ah! Double mitral bruit and auriculo-ventricular regurgitation, with diastolic pause. Just as I feared. Ah, yes, probably hereditary. Do you suffer from double vision?" asked the doctor, stepping back to look at me.

I had turned pale. Would not any fellow turn pale when he suddenly became aware that he was an auriculo-ventricular regurgitator?

"Poor fellow," muttered the doctor, as if thinking aloud; "not married, I hope?"

"No, sir," I replied, "I am not married. I think you might have spared my feelings a little. You mean to suggest, I suppose, that mine is a bad case?"

Dr. Herbert smiled blandly, and rubbed his chin as though he had been a benevolent ape.

"Will you kindly answer me?" I said, for I was very angry.

"Professional etiquette, my dear sir," said the doctor, blandly.

"Tell me, at least," I cried, "how long I may expect to last. One year, two years—how long?"

"Do you lead a regular life?" asked Dr. Herbert.

"I do," I replied, angrily; "and I am engaged to be married."

Dr. Herbert shook his head dismally.

"Look here, doctor," I continued, coaxingly, "is there nothing I can do? I'll be very careful, I will, indeed; I'll wear flannel next the skin, or sanitary wool, or hygienic boots, or an electric-belt."

He only smiled a pitying sort of smile, and then he held out his band and looked at his great watch. I had the fee ready, wrapped up in tissue-paper. I placed it in his extended palm.

"Won't you write me a prescription?" I faltered out.

"What's the use?" said the doctor.

"When shall I come again?" I groaned.

"What's the use?" repeated Dr. Herbert.

"How long—how long do you give me?" I sobbed out.

"About three months—or less," replied the doctor; then he beld the door open, and it was all over.

Condemned to die! How bright the streets looked. It was a gorgeous summer day. I did not want to die. But—I was an auriculo-ventricular regurgitator, and what was the summer day to me?

How was I to break it to Ethel? We were to have been married in six months' time, about Christmas or the New Year; we had arranged to pass our honeymoon abroad. I wondered whether Ethel would have got over her sorrow for my loss by Christmas. I might die at any moment, of course; I might drop down dead and that sort of thing. The doctor had not exactly said so, but he evidently meant it. I had not any time to lose. I ought to make my will. I went into a book and stationery shop; I bought a blank form of will. As I was paying for it a big black book caught my eye—"Mopes on Heart Disease." The very thing. I would learn the worst. I bought the black book. I dined at the club. I went home to my rooms, and then I sat down and made my will. My landlady and her husband witnessed it.

Then I read "Mopes on Heart Disease" straight through. I found it rather difficult to understand, but I got some valuable hints. "In advanced cases, where there is no hope to be derived from treatment, the greatest attention should be paid to the diet and regimen. An attack of indigestion may at any moment prove fatal; and the patient should be restricted to a bland farinaceous diet such as the *Revalenta Arabica*, which may be varied with milk arrowroot, though this latter article is not of much value as a food. Meat should on no

account be permitted." And I had just eaten roast beef! "The *Revalenta* should be prepared with milk and taken frequently in quantities not exceeding a small teaspoonful."

I went to bed and I sent for the *Revalenta Arabica*. For two days I carefully followed the suggestion as to diet. I felt myself growing weaker; I was evidently sinking. Then another paragraph alarmed me: "The patient should on no account be confined to bed; exercise in a chair is imperative; other means of locomotion being inadmissible, as jolting may be attended with an immediate fatal result." I ordered an invalid's chair at once, much to my landlady's astonishment, and I went out in it.

Everybody turned round to look at me.

I would have written to Ethel to break it to her; but "the slightest mental emotion may at any moment prove fatal." That was enough for me! How I longed for a smoke; but I knew that "smoking must of course be rigorously prohibited." Before I went to bed that night, I re-read the chapter on "Morbid Changes and Physical Signs of Approaching Dissolution." When I tried to go to sleep I noticed that my feet were cold; and I remembered with horror that that was one of the "physical signs" of—Ugh! I might not even wake next morning, for "dissolution frequently, often, takes place quite painlessly; the patient not awakening from his heavy and untroubled sleep!"

Next morning I awoke. I was as hungry as a hunter. I had forgotten for the moment my terrible condition. I had ceased to remember that I was an auriculo-ventricular regurgitator. Alas! it all came back to me: "the patient is frequently harassed by the cravings of a morbid appetite and a hankering after indigestible food." I had longed for sausages fried crisp, coffee, and buckwheat cakes. Then I recollected that "the sufferer should be strongly advised not to dress without assistance, as stooping or over-exertion may at any moment produce fatal syncope." How could I put on my socks without stooping?

I had had a week of it; it was a terrible week. If I could have had but a scintilla of hope I could have borne it; but Dr. Herbert had been precise: "three months—or less;" those were his very words. I was in my invalid's chair. I was being wheeled slowly, very slowly, to avoid that dangerous jolting, when—could my eyes deceive me?—I saw Ball, Dr. Ball.

"Good gracious!" cried the old doctor; "what the deuce is the matter?" He held out his hand, which I took in my loose lined fur glove (it was August, but "the extremities can not be kept too warm.")

"Matter!" I replied, reprovingly; "hasn't he told you?"

"Hasn't who told me? Told me what?" cried Dr. Ball.

"Doctor, I'm an auriculo-ventricular regurgitator," I said, with the calm of one who knows that he is condemned to die, but who is at least determined to meet his fate like a man.

"A what—a what?" cried Ball.

"That is I believe the professional expression," I said, for I was hurt at his rough manner; "I had it from Dr. Herbert a week ago."

"Ah, Herbert—ah, poor fellow!" said Dr. Ball; and then he whipped off my glove, he put his finger on my pulse, and he laughed aloud in the most unfeeling manner. "Get out of that chair," he said, "you're as sound as a dollar. I'm awfully sorry, my boy," said Dr. Ball in a lower tone; "Herbert, poor fellow, is as mad as a hatter. He's told all my patients the same thing, and I was summoned back in haste. He's in the asylum now, poor fellow; sad case."

"But, doctor—" I began.

"Don't 'but' me, sir," cried Dr. Ball; "I tell you there's nothing wrong. I can't do it here, but jump into my carriage" (fancy telling an auriculo-ventricular regurgitator to jump), "and I'll sound you, if it's any consolation to you, as soon as we get to my office."

He was right. I've no further use for "Mopes on Diseases of the Heart." I'm to be married next month. If Ethel's mother has any nonsense about her I shall lend her my copy of Mopes.

The value and the timeliness of the news flashed under the ocean to our great dailies is thus exemplified. The nub, or *nard*, of the affair is a Carlsbad incident. This incident took place last June, was printed in a letter sent by Eugene Field to the *Chicago News* fully ten weeks ago, and was reprinted in the *Argonaut*, under date of September 15th, as follows:

"At Carlsbad last June, Mr. James I. King, of Buffalo, visited the Bohemian spa for a course of treatment, and the local press and the *kur-list* (by a natural though none the less serious blunder) announced him as James I., king of Buffalo, in America. This blunder seemed humorous enough at first, but presently serious symptoms were exhibited. The parvenus, the scyphants, the tuft-hunters, the snobs, the parasites, and the beggars swooped down on poor King; the hotel people fled him, and there seemed to be a general conspiracy to mulet him. In vain he sought to convince his persecutors that it was all a hideous mistake—that he was no royal personage. He actually had to flee the town, and is in hiding at a pension in Marienbad under the alias of Thomas Thompson."

In the *Chronicle*, of October 22d, appears the following: [Special to the *Chronicle*.]

JAMES I. OF BUFFALO.

HOW AN AMERICAN WAS CROWNED KING AT CARLSBAD.

CARLSBAD, October 21st.—The blunder of an ignorant official has given to the visit here of an American, James I. King, of Buffalo, N. Y., a degree of publicity which brought his sojourn here to a hurried conclusion. The official transformed the commonplace signature of a citizen of the great republic into "James the First, King of Buffalo," and in this shape it was printed in the papers. The effect on the more ignorant of the Carlsbadians was simply astounding. The modest pseudo-monarch was at once set upon at his hotel by such a crowd of tradesmen, beggars, tuft-hunters, promoters of stock companies, and schemes for the greater or less civilization of the Dark Continent, this being the latest German fad, that the unfortunate American was compelled to incontinently fly before the storm and leave by the first available train.

Since 1857, England's small wars have cost her about \$110,000,000. The war with China, in 1857-62, cost her \$30,000,000; the Abyssinian expedition in 1867-70, \$41,500,000; the South-African War in 1879-80, \$14,000,000; the Nile expedition in 1884-5, \$6,250,000; the Afghan War, between 1880 and 1886, \$15,000,000.

"A WOMAN'S HEART."

That Complex Organ as laid bare by a Subtle French Analyst.

The novel of the year in Paris, if indeed it is not the novel of the decade, is "*Cœur de Femme*," by Paul Bourget. All Paris that reads and thinks has been discussing it, and it has not only been called Bourget's masterpiece, the fulfillment of his bright promise, but has been given place above anything that Daudet, Dumas, Zola, or Guy de Maupassant has done in years.

Our correspondent in Paris wrote to the *Argonaut* about the book some weeks ago, and her account is well supplemented by a clever review by the Paris correspondent of the *New York Post*—himself a Gaul. Here is what he says of Bourget's beginnings:

"Like many of our most successful writers, Bourget came out of the Ecole Normale, the school which trains the professors of the French University. He soon abandoned the routine of public education, and first published critical articles on our best French writers. These articles were marked by a very delicate taste and a peculiar refinement of style and of thought. Literary criticism is not, however, the road to popularity nor to pecuniary success, and Bourget began to write novels. He struck immediately a new vein; his novels are not sensational; his stories are of the most simple sort. They are not complicated; they are simply the development of the most ordinary passions, but this development is accompanied by the most subtle analysis—Bourget's novels may be called psychological novels."

Analyzing more intimately the peculiar quality of Bourget's charm, the reviewer continues:

"Nobody has ever better understood what may be called the fatality of passion. It is with an almost painful minuteness that Bourget describes the struggles of the human will with the human instinct, of conscience and duty with the irresistible movements of the carnal heart. In this sense, Bourget may be classed in the realistic school, for he is a keen observer and describes only what he has observed, but he is not a realist of the Zola school. He cares little for material detail, he indulges little in description of things; the *milieu* in which his heroes and heroines move interests him only by its relation to the state of their souls. This tendency gives to all his works a spiritual character; thoughts and feelings interest him more than anything else."

"He also separates himself from the common naturalistic and realistic school by the fact that he has no preference for low people, for vulgarity; on the contrary, he prefers to live with people of society, of the highest, richest, most refined, and civilized society, probably because he expects to find in this society the greatest complexity of human passions. He does not belong to the school of those who mean to simplify themselves, if I may be allowed to use this Russian expression. Simplicity has no peculiar charm for him; he is an analyzer, and there is nothing to analyze in what is too simple. Human nature is the same in the highest walks of life as in the most humble stations; but where there is wealth, and the power which wealth confers—the leisure which leaves the mind and the soul in constant freedom—it is natural that temptations should be greater, that the play of human passion should become more active and more entangled."

Bourget's most pronounced success, before the "*Cœur de Femme*," was "*Mensonges*," though he had written some really exquisite books. The hero of this "*Lies*" was a young poet, who becomes the victim of a woman who had two lovers at the time, and is, nevertheless, adored by her husband—such a woman morally (or, better, immorally) as the *Mme. Marneffe* of Balzac's "*Cousine Bette*." But the woman of "*Mensonges*" was a woman of society—which *Mme. Marneffe* was not—and all of Bourget's women are women of society. Balzac has pictured such women, notably in the *Duchesse de Mauffigneuse*; but of recent French writers, where Daudet and Dumas have written of the artistic world, Zola of the slums, De Maupassant of the peasant and *bourgeois*, and Mendès of the *cocotte*, Bourget has bad the women of society to himself. This is exemplified again in "*Cœur de Femme*," as the reviewer above quoted shows:

"*Mme. de Tilière* is a lady of the best society; her reputation is perfect, and the breath of calumny has never touched her; she lives, however, secretly with M. de Poyanne, for whom she has a great admiration. Poyanne is a rising statesman, whose eloquence has won him a great popularity. He is the chief representative in the House of Deputies of a new school of Conservatives and Royalists; he is an ardent Catholic and a sort of Christian socialist. Why do two such persons as *Mme. de Tilière* and Poyanne conceal their mutual passion? It is because Poyanne is already married. His wife is in an insane asylum, and he must wait till she dies before his secret engagement to *Mme. de Tilière* can be made public."

"You see at once the difficulties of such a position; you imagine what it must cost two high-minded, enthusiastic natures to cover themselves with perpetual deceit. They both suffer from the strangeness of their existence; they are to each other a secret remorse and reproach, though they are bound to each other by the most sacred ties. Poyanne finds consolation in his ardent love for *Mme. de Tilière*, in his work, in his active life. She on her part is idle; her love is not ardent—she has mistaken admiration for love; she respects Poyanne, but her respect becomes every day colder. She is not conscious of the gradual change; she struggles against her own confused sentiments; she is in a highly nervous and agitated condition, and finally she becomes ready for the tempter."

"The tempter comes to her in the most unexpected way and form. There is a man whose name she has never heard pronounced without obloquy; a man famous for his duels, his gambling habits, his reckless expenditure, his conquests—a sort of Don Juan, hard, shrewd, clever, intelligent, and heartless. How does Casal, for such is the name of our Parisian Don Juan, come across her? How is she led to him, by curiosity, by a desire to give him good advice, by the hope of saving him and of touching in his heart the chords which nobody has yet touched? How does Casal, himself so accustomed to easy conquests, so corrupt, so selfish, find himself by degrees drawn into an entirely new world of thought and of feeling? How does he become in his turn the slave of that passion of love which he has always professed to master? And how, finally, do these two creatures, coming from the most opposite poles, find themselves led toward each other by a sort of inexorable fatality? The answers to all these questions must be looked for in the book itself, and there only you will find the delicate shades of this extraordinary transformation."

"Poyanne finds out the truth; he is no longer loved, and Casal is loved. The two men, under a futile pretext, call each other out, and *Mme. de Tilière* must, at any price, prevent the duel. She finds no other way than to go to Casal's house and ask him not to fight. Hitherto she had preserved her purity, though she had lost her heart; now it is all over; she becomes the mistress of Casal. For an hour only; she wakes from a sort of dream, and is horrified at herself and her own actions. She will never see Casal again; when he thinks that he can put her, at last, on his list of victims, when he himself feels for the first time in his life real love, she disappears. Her mother is still living; she goes with her to the country, buries herself in solitude, and, when her mother dies, enters a convent."

The book ends with these lines, which contain the whole philosophy of Bourget's work: Casal is on board a steamer, and meditates "on this sea and under this sky, less infinite and less changing, less mysterious, less dangerous, and less magnificent also than can be, through tempest and calm, the passions and the sacrifices, the contrasts and the sufferings of that thing which it is impossible thoroughly to understand—a woman's heart."

VANITY FAIR.

If any one had suggested the possibility of ladies being received in aristocratic male clubs a few years ago, he would have been considered a most promising candidate for Bedlam. Despite this fact, two of the most fashionable and exclusive clubs in New York city, and one club of the same character in Brooklyn, make provision for the reception and entertainment of the wives and daughters of their members; a third New York club will soon be added to the list of the clubs which have sanctioned the innovation, and other clubs are looking in that direction. The revolution was started by the famous Somerset Club of Boston, the most exclusive and conservative club organization in America. This club decided, about eight years ago, to fit up a suite of rooms exclusively for the accommodation of ladies, and provided a private entrance to this suite of rooms, which are entirely isolated from other parts of the club. The wife or daughter of a member was permitted to introduce other ladies as her guests, the sole restriction being that she should, in her own handwriting, enter the names of her guests in a book kept for the purpose. The innovation won immediate approval. When the Hamilton Club of Brooklyn was incorporated it adopted this feature, and shortly after, when the Lawyers' Club was established in the Equitable Building, New York city, the same system was adopted on a much broader scale. The Lawyers' Club set aside private dining-rooms, a public dining-room, a ladies' parlor, boudoir, and bath-room for the use of wives and daughters of its members, and, subsequently, placed them in charge of experienced ladies-maids, who are always in attendance. No gentleman is ever admitted to these rooms unless he is accompanied by a lady. Upon his election to the Lawyers' Club, a member fills out a blank with the names of the ladies of his family to whom he wishes to have the privileges of the club extended. The names so entered are copied upon a register, and thereafter the ladies named by the member have the freedom of the suite of rooms set apart for the use of their sex. They can gain admittance to these rooms at any time during the day, can meet other ladies there by appointment, can lunch or dine there, or can entertain friends at luncheon if they so desire. No check is ever presented to them, but the amount of indebtedness which they incur is charged to the member of the club at whose instance they are introduced. The somewhat remarkable departure has worked admirably, and has given entire satisfaction to the most conservative members of the club. A somewhat similar custom is in vogue at the New York Riding Club, and there, too, it has met with favor. That it will be generally adopted by the better class of social clubs before many years, there can be little doubt. And that it will tend to mitigate the asperity with which the feminine sex regard the clubs to which their husbands and brothers belong, there can be less doubt.

A discussion about the cost of living in the United States has reached its climax in a letter on clothes. An ingenious Briton (writes George W. Smalley from London to the New York *Tribune*) has made a calculation that for the price of three suits of clothes in New York the American may buy a first-class return ticket between New York and Liverpool, have his three suits made by a good London tailor, pay the tailor a good profit, and have something left over for himself. Whether this ingenious Briton be a London tailor or a Liverpool shop-owner is not clear. He might be either. He does not give the figures. If we take the price of a suit in New York at one hundred dollars, his sum will work out very well. It is often, I am told, one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Here in London it varies from twenty-five to sixty dollars. Taking the average at forty dollars, the traveler in search of English raiment would pay one hundred and twenty dollars for his three suits, and have one hundred and eighty dollars left for passage money. And the British tailor would have made a profit of about sixty dollars out of the transaction, the British steamship company taking their profit in their own manner, and to an extent which they can calculate better than the outsider. What one would like to know also is, how much of the American tailor's three hundred dollars for three suits is profit? Will one of them tell us? I suspect not.

With the return of autumn, as regularly as clock-work, we hear the cry of the dress-reformer advocating the shortening of skirts, and this year these social revolutionists have gained an ally whom they have hitherto regarded as a deadly foe. The new convert is no other than the boot-maker. The temptation which he offers women to shorten their skirts is none other than a fascinating pair of top-boots. They are now being made very light, usually of patent leather or morocco, with kid tops.

Mrs. Kendal's complexion is one of the things about which the world is thoroughly justified in talking. It is a question whether many women of her years in the world are so fortunately endowed by nature. She has not much color, but the texture of her skin is as smooth and satiny as that of the traditional country milkmaid. The ingredients which go to make up the prescription upon which Mrs.

Kendal depends, consist of ten hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, a walk of at least four miles in the air every day, brown bread, no coffee, no sweets, vigorous rubbing in cold water, and a few of the simplest and most harmless of toilet articles. Unlike most women she believes principally in exercise, and the effect which she exhibits ought to bring converts to her system of living. She has fallen off a shade in weight since she opened her season last year. This is the natural result of incessant travel.

The question: "What shall we do with our daughters?" in England grows momentarily graver as the daughters become more and more *en evidence*. It is rumored that Mrs. John Bull is considering the advisability of being less cordial to the sparkling American girls, with heavy money-bags, who come across the pond and capture so often the titled "eligibles," for people in America have no idea how very few and far between the eligibles really are in England. One lady of position, whose entertainments are famous in the London season, flatly refused to invite a single American debutante to her drawing-rooms, and next year other indignant British matrons are going to adopt the same chilling tactics, for the American girls are apt to be dangerous. Nowhere is the surplus female population so painfully apparent as in London. The appalling frankness with which the matrimonial question is discussed in the ladies' journals shows the gravity of the situation. The London *Telegraph* has, of late, been publishing letters from some of the surplus population on the marriage question. The letters are very well written, and are undoubtedly genuine. "Governess" writes that last winter she obtained a situation as nursery governess for the munificent salary of twenty pounds (one hundred dollars) a year. She has six children to teach; must mend their clothing, make the puddings or dessert for dinner, and in the evening read aloud the dearest sermons to the master of the house, an English clergyman, and a very dull one at that. "Governess" has reason to think she is not pious, as two ladies to whom she applied, after examining her credentials and hearing her play and sing, told her she was "too attractive" to suit them, as they had sons and young gentlemen visitors constantly about the house. "In my position I never have an opportunity to meet a gentleman, for when there are visitors I am strictly confined to the school-room; and this is the treatment women in my position ordinarily receive. It is only in novels that one hears of governesses marrying; in real life it is only by the rarest accident that such a thing occurs. I am a lady of birth, but by the people I am with my dependent position is made only too evident, and this feeling extends to their friends. Thus am I placed in my daily life, and as I have not the means of making acquaintances in any other manner, I am obliged to look forward to the same thing until I am too old to work." "Nineteen" writes dolefully that she has met one eligible man in six months, and she saw him for one evening only; and that the curate in her town is considered eligible (he is lame and bald), but that as nine girls are busy night and day working him slippers, antimacassars, mufflers, and bags, she wisely resolves not to contest for the "prize." The number of lady-like English girls who live in families as governesses or go-teel drudges for the sake of the roof which covers them and the occasional presents they receive, is painfully great. Every avenue open to women seems to be overcrowded, and the wages earned seem to an American woman the merest pittance. It is fortunate that many English girls have a small income, of from sixty pounds to eighty pounds a year, with which to keep the "wolf" at a respectable distance. The American girl has every reason to congratulate herself on her lot when it is compared with that of women in other countries.

The City of Mexico is brought face to face with a momentous question. This is whether the wearing of trousers in the streets shall be compulsory or not. The primitive practices of that blissful republic sanction a shirt and a breech-clout as public full dress for the lower orders, but the aldermen of the City of Mexico are determined to inaugurate an era of sumptuary decency in their town if the police have to be called in to enforce it. So they have held a special session over the matter, and have appointed five of their number as a committee to oblige the men employed in city work to use trousers and to visit proprietors of factories, etc., for the purpose of arranging to have their laborers arrayed with these bifurcated necessities. If we hear of a breeches revolution from the other side of the Rio Grande this summer, we may know that the down-trodden bare legs of the land of silver have revolted against municipal tyranny and modern tailoring.

A new industry has been added to the several permitted to reduced English gentlemen belonging to the aristocracy, by which their fallen fortunes are materially assisted. Like most of such industries, this latest thrives upon American dollars and ministers to the unquenchable desire of American women to be *en rapport* with the British peerage. It is the establishment of a system of paid correspondence from titled women across the water who are cognizant of the town and country doings of high social personages and who write to their cus-

tomers in barren New York, light, chatty, and familiar letters, duly scrawled on heraldic paper, with all the insignia complete. It is considered very "swell" to be able to retail the latest London gossip, be it a mot, fad, or scandal, and to say that Lady B. or the Countess of C. sent it over in a letter just received. Now this hitherto priceless privilege is purchasable, although—like the other privileges for sale by English female gentry, such as invitations to desirable houses, tickets for exclusive balls, presentations at court—negotiations for it must be conducted in a delicate and very tactful manner.

The McKinley Bill deals very largely with textiles and wearing apparel. Many of its changes affect the precious wares dear to the ladies. American woman-kind is accordingly in a state of mind. What she sees in the way of advanced prices confirm the exaggerated rumors she hears of what is to come in the same direction. It is, of course, impossible to set forth the difference in prices which will be caused by the McKinley Bill in dry goods and all kinds of finery. In some instances, the increased or changed rate of duty would apparently involve a pretty definite alteration in price. On an average the tariff on woolen and cotton dress-goods is raised from five per cent. to thirty per cent., and would add that much to cost. But as the increased duty is partly regulated by the weight of the goods, the increase falls less heavily upon the finer and correspondingly lighter varieties. The duty on silk goods is practically unchanged as regards the finer class of dress material. Commoo grades of velvets will pay from ten to twenty per cent. more than they formerly did. In hosiery the advances are important; cotton hose will probably cost fifteen to twenty-five per cent. more, woolen hose about ten per cent. higher, and silk hose from five to ten per cent. more. The rise in linens indicated by the new duties should be from twelve to fifteen per cent. over present figures. Buttons are harshly treated, and the commoner kinds may cost half as much again as they now do. High-grade kid gloves are taxed little heavier than at present, but the cheaper sorts may be from fifty to one hundred per cent. dearer. Parasols will in all probability rise about five per cent. in value, but it is a matter of public rejoicing that hats and bonnets are to pay no higher duty than of yore. In this instance again the prudence of the tariff-makers came into play.

Beau Brummell wore jewelry in plenty when he was a very young leader of fashion, but, observing that this habit was quickly aped by the cooks and other servants of his associates, he soon eschewed everything except a fob, with a bunch of seals, key, etc., gold shoe and knee-buckles, and a few other simple jewels. The youthful aristocracy of England did not take kindly to covering their persons with golden trinkets or flashing gems, and as it was the aristocracy of England that Brummell was ambitious to lead, he abandoned jewelry and set an example of simplicity in this sort of decoration in strong contrast to the lavishness of the Elizabethan period, which he had at first undertaken to revive.

An idea of the eccentric Baron Sellière, while he was in the United States, was to form a stock company for the purpose of providing American heiresses with titled husbands, whose authenticity should be guaranteed. In part, at least, this luminous scheme of the brother of the Princesse de Sagan is now realized. An office has been opened in Paris, where the impecunious nobility may consult a list of eligible American maids, widows, and divorcees, with accessory information in regard to the amount of their fortunes, their personal qualities, etc., upon which to base their advances upon them and their money. The list was compiled by an American woman resident in Paris, though the office is managed by Frenchmen. A fixed fee is charged for information, with a small percentage of the bride's estimated wealth contingent upon a patron's finding one out of the books of the institution. The list must be about as fearful and wonderful a mass of misinformation as has ever been got together. Among the eligibles named in it is a little daughter of one of the Vanderbilts, who is not yet in her teens, and the amount of millions credited to some of the fair sex of the States would dazzle a Louisiana Lottery philanthropist.

Eugene Field writes to the Chicago *Times*: "There is one custom obtaining in London that could never possibly obtain elsewhere, and that is the custom of wearing furs in summer. It is a common thing to see ladies out of an evening here wearing white gowns and at the same time enormous fur collars or capes. This is the London way of aping the French. But the Frenchwomen would never shock every sense of taste in that way—oh, no, not she! What the Frenchwoman does of a chill summer evening is to throw about her shoulders a boa composed of the lightest, flaccidest, and softest fabric imaginable. There is about as much difference between the taste of a Frenchwoman and that of an Englishwoman as there is between a gazelle and a cow."

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Takes pleasure in announcing to the public that its new system of five-cent deposit-stamps is about ready for general use, and will be introduced contemporaneously with its magnificent steel burglar fire-proof safe-deposit that is now nearing completion.

This deposit-stamp system has proved a marked success in England and Germany, and in its present form has reached its most perfect development in Frankfurt. It has also been shown to supply a long-felt want in such of our American cities as have had time to learn of it and to introduce it, notably in Detroit.

The People's Home Savings Bank has been watching its operation for some time, and has even corresponded with foreign consuls for fuller information of its workings, and has learned that the beneficial effect claimed by Consul-General Mason in the March consular report, pages 487-486, is even understated, and that this simple system has done wonders in encouraging small savings and in pleasantly inculcating in youthful minds valuable lessons of thrift and economy. As Mr. Mason says:

"The Frankfurt Savings Bank has enjoyed from the first a substantial and constantly augmented success. It began in 1823 with 291 depositors, the aggregate of whose deposits was \$5,934 marks. In 1870, the depositors numbered 12,314, and the capital of the bank had risen to 7,743,882 marks. From that date, its prosperity increased rapidly, and was still further augmented by the opening of the penny savings stamp department, which took place in 1882, so that at the close of 1888 there were 56,697 depositors, with an aggregated capital of \$8,215,697 marks. The receipts for that year alone were 6,319,276 marks, and the disbursements on moneys withdrawn by depositors 5,151,602 marks."

Our new stamps are beautiful specimens of the steel-engraver's art, direct from the printing office of the United States Government's stamps, and will be supplied to the public through our selected agents in all parts of the city in any quantities desired, a full list of our agents appearing shortly in these pages.

Our agents will receive the name and address of any girl or boy, small or large, or any grown person, that desires to deposit in the bank, and will give such depositors, free, on purchasing, at least two stamps for ten cents, a blank-book with ten leaves in it, each leaf ruled in twenty spaces for twenty stamps. This book bears a number, and each leaf the same number. The number of this book, with the name, is sent by the agent to the bank. Whenever any depositor has filled a sheet with twenty stamps, it is mailed by the agent, or by the depositor, to the bank, and then the first dollar is entered on your regular savings-bank deposit-book, and your money begins at once to earn the regular ordinary deposit interest, and so on with every successive leaf in the book ruled off in spaces; and as fast as one book is finished, you secure another, and so continue adding to your saving-bank deposit, and providing for a rainy day in the safest and most effectual way yet devised by the skill of man.

On this occasion, we would also remind the public that we are now building the most elaborate and secure safe-deposit on our coast, and at its completion we shall take pleasure in inviting a critical inspection of all its features. It has five layers of steel, four of which are of the peerless Brooklyn welded-chrome steel, and one of Bessemer steel. And our safes will not only prove the best possible treasury of your valuables, but the prices will be within reach of the most modest purse.

In thanking the public for the unbroken and increasing support and encouragement we have received in all our efforts from the very beginning, we beg to assure them we shall always strive to prove ourselves worthy of this unparalleled confidence.



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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"An Imperative Duty," Mr. Howells's new novel, will make its first appearance as a serial.

Joseph Jefferson's autobiography will soon be ready in book-form. It will be sold in the usual way.

H. C. Bunner's collection of stories, "Short Sixes," will be brought out in book form at an early date.

The clever English artist, George du Maurier, has essayed fiction, and his first novel is complete in manuscript.

Campanini, the famous tenor, has written a striking article on "How to Train the Voice" for one of the November magazines.

Charles Dudley Warner has written for one of the November magazines a paper on Southern California, which he calls "Our Italy."

"Captain Blake" is the title of the new novel which Captain Charles King has just finished. Like his other books it deals with military life.

The Lincoln biography of Nicolay and Hay will be brought out soon in ten volumes of five hundred pages each, handsomely printed on attractive paper. It will be sold by subscription.

A number of unpublished original drawings by Thackeray have been brought to light, and these are to be made a leading feature for one of the American magazines during 1891.

Sarah Orne Jewett is said to be the prettiest of Boston's literary women. She is the daughter of a Maine sea-captain, and is a dark-haired, graceful woman, with a Madonna-like face.

Austin Dobson's volume, entitled "Four Frenchwomen," comprises sketches of Mlle. de Corday, Mme. Roland, Mme. de Genlis, and the Princess de Lamballe. A portrait of Mlle. de Corday will be given as the frontispiece.

Of Mr. Kipling's ill-health the *Athenaeum* says: "We regret to hear that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has broken down from overwork. He has been ordered to take a sea voyage, and sailed on board the Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Shannon* for Naples the other day. His illness will probably delay the publication of 'The Book of the Forty-Five Mornings.'"

After a law-suit over the matter, E. H. House, who claims the authorship of the play, "The Prince and Pauper," made an agreement with S. L. Clemens and Abby Sage Richardson, whereby he was to receive one-half the royalties paid for the play.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, who has seen the manuscript of General Boulanger's book, the "Vraies Couilles," says:

"The book will be of considerable size and the author has collected everything favorable to his cause, but does not exclude certain facts and events, which he discusses, and for which he regards himself as only partially responsible. The most piquant part of the publication will be the letters from eminent or notable persons who were at one time the friends or sympathizers with the ex-minister of war. It is unlikely that Boulanger will put his name to the book."

In one of the January magazines will appear the first of a series of articles containing extracts from the Talleyrand Memoirs—the most eagerly anticipated autobiography of the time. The selections will be made by the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, minister of the United States to France, who will also write an introduction to the series.

A London correspondent of the *Commercial Advertiser* says:

"In England, our American magazines are not doing as well as their superiority over their English rivals would seem to deserve. The *Century* is the best, but the *Illustrated* is only an edition of not more than fifteen thousand, or possibly twenty thousand copies as a total. *Scrivener's* comes second with a sale of but little over twelve thousand copies per month. The *Century* is third, and sells ten thousand each issue, the small sale in this instance being accounted for by reason of the distinct American character of the contents. It is said, but true, that the Englishman's interest in American affairs begins and ends with those land or syndicate schemes in which he has his money invested. The other American magazines are unknown in England."

Harper & Brothers have received notification from Reuben B. Davenport, editor of the New Haven *Morning News*, that Captain Charles King's book, "Campaigning with Crook," contains libelous matter, and that he proposes to bring suit against the author and publisher. The Harpers have forwarded the document to Captain King and will for the present stop filling orders for the book.

Edward W. Bok, who is now in London, writes this about London's literary lion:

"Rudyard Kipling has, undoubtedly, taken literary London by storm, and wherever I went his name was brought up. Kipling is twenty-four years old, easy in his ways, and is made the centre of every conversation he goes. While English women concede that he is not handsome, they allow, as one woman confided to me, that 'he is striking-looking and attractive.' His eye-sight is against him. He is short-sighted, and at times has great ocular trouble. He bubbles over with vivacity, tells an exceedingly good story, either in parlor or at the club, and has a quickness about him that is very attractive to the listener. He does not seek especially for the approval of women, and prefers the society of men. If he were to work steadily for the next three months every hour in the day and night, it would be impossible for him to fill his orders. I know one editor who offered Kipling five hundred dollars for a short Christmas story, and the offer was declined. He writes every day, but does not allow himself to work more than five or six hours. Then he goes to the club, enjoys a good dinner, and would rather take in the theatre than the swiftest literary reception in London."

No more happy selection could have been made by the Messrs. Blackwood of a biographer for the brilliant Laurence Oliphant than that of his almost

equally brilliant namesake, Mrs. Margaret Oliphant. Concerning him, the New York *Tribune* says:

"He was one of the most eccentric geniuses that ever flashed across the exceedingly commonplace and monotonous firmament of the nineteenth century. His life from the time when he reached the age of sixteen until his death a couple of years ago, was one long series of the most extraordinary adventures. A favorite of London society—the folies of which formed a favorite hutt for his delicate and yet trenchant irony—he was a welcome and honored guest at the courts of nearly every European and Oriental potentate of his day. At one moment present at a banquet at the imperial palace at Vienna, at another he was taking part as a leader in one of Garibaldi's revolutionary expeditions. One day representing her Britannic majesty as her envoy at the court of the Mikado, he was on another condemned to be hanged by a British admiral as a member of Walker's piratical and filibustering expedition in the Central American waters. It should be added that at the very last moment, when on the point of being strung up to the yard-arm, it was suddenly discovered that he was a near relative of the English admiral in command, and an hour later witnessed his transformation from the role of a condemned pirate to that of an honored guest of the commander of the British fleet. Still more extraordinary were his adventures in search of a religion, and it is to be hoped that Mrs. Oliphant will be enabled to shed some light on the mystic side of his character, which until his death remained a mystery even to his friends."

The Lovell Paper Novels.

The combination of several publishing houses into the John W. Lovell Company, for the purpose of printing paper-covered novels, has all the good features of a trust without its objectionable ones; that is to say, by concentrating the work it gives the public better service at the same price. The authors, too, have not suffered, for the John W. Lovell Company has evinced boldness and judgment in taking up almost unknown American writers, and their dealings with foreign authors have been characterized by fairness and even liberality.

There are half-a-dozen or more "libraries" or specialized series issued by the firm now, among which the International Series is, perhaps, the most notable. It consists of novels by such popular authors as Katharine S. Macquoid, George R. Sims, "Ouida," Hawley Smart, Florence Warden, Florence Marryat, Mona Caird, S. Baring Gould, F. C. Phillips, "John Strange Winter" (Mrs. Stannard), "The Duchess," Justin McCarthy, Walter Besant, W. E. Norris, Rudyard Kipling, Vernon Lee, James Payn, and Lucas Malet, the list including almost all the English novelists well known in America. Some of the recent issues are: "A Marked Man," by Ada Cambridge; "Princess Sunshine," by Mrs. J. H. Riddell, including also "A Terrible Vengeance"; "The Night of the 3d Ult.," by H. F. Wood, the author of "The Englishman of the Rue Cain"; "Quite Another Story," by Jean Ingelow; "Dumps," by Louisa Parr; "The Great Mill Street Mystery," by Adeline Sargeant; and "Lover or Friend?" by Rosa Nouchette Carey, who wrote "Not Like Other Girls."

Another lot of English stories is published in the Westminster Series. George Meredith and "The Duchess," Canon Farrar and Florence Warden, and other writers representing as great extremes, are the contributors. Recent issues are "City and Suburban," by Florence Warden; "The Passion Play at Oberammergau," by Canon Farrar; and "A Marriage at Sea," by W. Clark Russell.

Still further afield do the publishers go for the Series of Foreign Literature. It is edited by William Gosse, the English critic and poet, and comprises books by Georg Ebers, Henrik Ibsen, Bjornstjerne Bjornson, Guy de Maupassant, and Karl Emil Franzos. The latest issue is "The Chief Justice," by Franzos, who divides with Sacher Masoch the rich literary field of Galicia and the remote Austrian provinces.

"Sunset Pass," by Captain Charles King, U. S. A., a stirring novelette of army life among the Apaches, and "Out of the Night," by H. W. French, a poetic story of a peasant lad who becomes a great painter, somewhat in "Ouida's" early manner of "Folle Farine," are two recent issues of the American Authors Series. The American Novelists' Series is not so well

chosen, if one may judge by the thirty-sixth issue, "Her Nurse's Vengeance," by George H. Masson, a melodramatic story of little merit. The Occult Series, however, is a slight improvement, Mabel Collins, Anna (Bonus) Kingsford, Edward Maitland, Franz Hartmann, E. D. Walker, and J. H. Connelly being the best known contributors. The latter's story, "Neila Sen," has little to do with the occultism of the Orient, except for the philosophical utterances of the Cinghalese girl whose name gives the story its title; but mesmerism, electricity, and other intangible forces are pressed into service to rescue Neila from her rascally guardian and his murderer associate.

Published by the John W. Lovell Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price: 50 cents a volume, except in the American Novelists' Series and the Westminster Series, which are 25 cents each.

New Publications.

"A Fellow of Trinity," by Alan St. Aubyn and Walt Wheeler, has been issued in the Globe Library published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 25 cents.

"Dear Daughter Dorothy," by A. G. Plympton, is a story for children, telling how Dorothy cleared her father of the charge of embezzlement. It is illustrated by the author. Pub-

lished by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, \$1.00.

"Renée," a translation of Zola's "La Curée," has been issued in paper covers by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"Payne's Pointers" is a handy little book of business forms, with a good list of synonyms. Published by the Excelsior Publishing Company, New York; for sale by the San Francisco News Company; price, 25 cents.

"The Taking of Louisburg in 1745," by Samuel Adams Drake, has been issued in the Decisive Events in American History Series published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

"In Low Relief: A Bohemian Transcript," by Morley Roberts, a story of life in the Bohemia of London, has been issued in the Town and Country Library published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"The Tempting of Pescara," a novelette of Italian life, full of political intrigue and romance, has been translated from the German of Conrad Meyer by Clara Bell. Published by W. S. Gottsberger & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 25 cents.

"The Nursery 'Alice,'" adapted from Lewis Carroll's story, contains twenty colored enlargements from Tenniel's illustrations, with cover designed and colored by E. Gertrude Thomson. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, \$1.50.

"Indian Tales" is the title of a book of seven hundred and seventy-two pages, containing Rudyard Kipling's best stories, from the "Plain Tales from the Hills" to the most recent products of his busy pen. Published by the United States Book Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Perfected Life: The Greatest Need of the World" and "Love: The Supreme Gift; or, The Greatest Thing in the World"—two pamphlets by Henry Drummond, the author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World"—have been published by Fleming H. Revell, New York, for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, 20 cents each.

"On the Blockade" is the third volume of the Blue and the Gray Series of boys' stories by "Oliver Optic" (W. T. Adams). It is a story full of healthy excitement, with occasional scenes of humor and pathos, and will satisfy "Oliver Optic's" circle of young admirers. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, \$1.50.

"The Viscountess," a story of modern Paris, translated from the French of Leon Barracand and retaining the original illustrations by Emil Bayard, and "Toil," an English version of Tolstol's latest book, which was written in collaboration with a Russian peasant, have been issued in the International Series published by Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents each.

"The Argonauts of California," by C. W. Haskins, is a bulky volume of reminiscences of life in the gold-fields in the early days. The book evinces little literary skill, but the life of which it treats was necessarily full of lively incidents. Illustrations, after the author's designs, are numerous. In appendices are given lists of members of the various pioneer associations throughout the country and other lists of early residents of California. Published for the author by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; for sale by the booksellers.



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RECENT FICTION.

"Modern Ghosts."

The latest issue of the unique Odd Number Series is called "Modern Ghosts." It is a collection of translations, all having a tinge of the supernatural. The book has a pleasant introduction by George William Curtis, and the following is the list of tales: "The Horla," from the French of Guy de Maupassant; "Siesta," from the Swedish of Alexander L. Kielland; "The Tall Woman," from the Spanish of Pedro Antonio de Alarcon; "On the River," from the French of Guy de Maupassant; "Maese Perez, the Organist," from the Spanish of Gustavo Adolfo Becquer; "Fioraccio," from the Italian of Giovanni Magherini-Graziani; "The Silent Woman," from the German of Leopold Komper.

After reading them, one can not but confess to a slight sense of disappointment. The best work in the book is by De Maupassant, but it is by no means the best work De Maupassant has done. None of the tales rises above mediocrity. And yet they are doubtless selected and re-selected from a very large number of translations. The winnowing process probably resulted in a score of stories, from which score these seven tales were finally selected. And yet, after all this labor, the result, as we have said, is a distinct disappointment.

To one who is familiar with the fiction found in foreign literatures, this is not a surprise. The amount of rubbish printed on the Continent in the shape of short stories is amazing. Not long ago there was published in New York a periodical, called the *Modern Age*, devoted entirely to translations. It ran for about eighteen months before its young life faded, and in that time printed probably two hundred translations. Of these, there were not ten of signal merit. A more recent illustration is found in *Five Stories a Week*. This was a Boston publication, conducted by Benjamin R. Tucker, a translator of some ability, who bears the doubtful honor of having first laid the "Kreutzer Sonata" before the American public. *Five Stories a Week* ran for about three months; during that time it published a large number of translations, none of them striking, all of them feeble, some of them flat.

This will give an idea of the difficulties attending the editing of "Modern Ghosts." The fact that it is not an utter failure is to the credit of its editor.

We hope, however, that readers who are unfamiliar with the work of Gustavo Becquer will not judge of that brilliant Spaniard by the one specimen of his work in "Modern Ghosts." It is not his best. In fact, we do not think he should be judged as a prose-writer, but as a poet. And the fact that the poor devil was a poet accounts for his poverty-stricken life and his untimely death. Probably these lines of his are autobiographical:

"Llegó la noche, y no encontré un asilo;
Y tuve sed! Mis lagrimas bebí;
Y tuve hambre! Los hinchados ojos
Cerré para morir!"

What a charming "Odd Number" volume, by the way, could be made of Becquer's poems, if any one could be found to translate them adequately—concerning which there is much doubt—and if enough purchasers could be found to make a volume of verse profitable to the publishers—concerning which there is no doubt at all.

Of the Odd Number Series, comprising "Modern Ghosts," "Maria," "The Medlar Tree," "Pastels in Prose," and "The Odd Number," the last is still easily first.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Ardis Claverden."

The reader will be disappointed who takes up Frank R. Stockton's latest book, "Ardis Claverden," with the expectation of finding it such a mine of that grotesque humor, now generally termed Stocktonesque, as his stories have proved, from "Rudder Grange" to "Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine"—even to "The Merry Chanter," now running in one of the magazines. But the result is not entirely unsatisfactory. "Ardis Claverden" is a departure from Stockton's accepted manner, but it does not verge on the monotonous as did "The Great War Syndicate"; in fact, it is a wholesome story of modern, every-day life. Ardis Claverden is a Virginia girl and the scene is laid chiefly at her home in the Old Dominion, with occasional discursions afield, as when Ardis visits the studio-world of New York. To tell the story in a few words would be worse than useless; it would rob the publisher of his readers and the reader of his pleasure, for it is not in intricacy of plot, but in the incidents and the delineation of character that the charm of "Ardis Claverden" lies. Ardis is a very womanly, and consequently complex, young person, and the shoal of suitors who hover about her tend to intensify her perverse charm. The three men who are most prominent are Jack Surrey, a dashing and impudent young man, against whom the reader's antipathy is strongly aroused at first and then allowed to simmer down without the satisfaction of seeing him receive the punishment that usually points a moral and adorns a tale; Dr. Lester, a noble soul whose quaintness interests, amuses, and then charms us, and for whose hopelessness the reader comes to feel as compassionately as does Ardis herself; and Dabrymple, a dude—not an exquisite, a fop, a

dandy, or a swell, but simply a dude—who loves Ardis to the extent of his capacity, never rising to what one could call an emotional state of admiration, desire, hope, or despair, but passing through his own triturations of those conditions and finally stepping out of life with the same calm vapidly that had characterized his colorless existence. The background is almost as full of minor characters as is a panorama of a battle, and in them there is much of the Stocktonesque humor, notably in old Prouter and in the three young Englishmen, who have migrated to Virginia, and there derive all their news of the outside world from fortnight-old copies of the *London Times* and *Illustrated London News*.

The story is not one that its author need be ashamed of; but it is not a great novel, and it is hardly commendable in Stockton to desert a field in which he stands alone to lose himself among the rank and file of fairly clever novelists.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Boy's Town."

It is not easy to say whether or not Mr. Howells's book, "A Boy's Town," should be classed as fiction. It is avowedly autobiographical, Mr. Howells himself being the "my boy" of the book; but the lapse of years and the author's sense of the fitness of things, if not of the dramatic, have woven the rough material of a child's experiences in a little Ohio town half-a-century ago into an almost brilliant narrative, full of romance and the picturesque. "A Boy's Town," however, is not quite a narrative, for chronological order is not strictly observed, and as one goes forward in the book, occasionally one turns back in time from the lad of eleven to the three-year-old boy.

"A Boy's Town" will take place with Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy" and "Mark Twain's" books about Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, but it should not be read continuously, as those stories were. It came out first in installments in *Harper's Young People*, and it should be read in installments, for even the freshness and humor that brighten every page might cloy the mental palate without the sustained interest of a plot.

An idea of the scope of the book may be had from a glance at the chapter-headings, among which are: "Earliest Experiences," "The River," "The Canal and its Basin," "Schools and Teachers," "Manners and Customs," "Plays and Pastimes," "Circuses and Shows," "Musters and Elections," "Pets," "Guns and Gunning," "Fantasies and Superstitions," "The Nature of Boys," and "Traits and Characters." From this it will be seen that almost every phase of boy-life, as it was in the West of fifty years ago, is touched upon; of the manner of that touch, it is only necessary to say that Mr. Howells is as felicitous in writing of boys as in his analysis of the New England woman.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

THE CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS.

When the flush of a new-born sun fell first on Eden's green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under the Tree and scratched with a stick in the mold;
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves, "It's pretty, but is it art?"

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled to fashion his work
The first of his race who cared a fig for the first, most dread review;
And he left his lore to the use of his sons—and that was a glorious gain
When the Devil chuckled "Is it art?" in the ear of the branded Cain.

They builded a tower to shiver the sky and wrench the stars apart,
Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks: "It's striking, but is it art?"
The stone was dropped by the quarry-side and the idle derick swung,
While each man talked of the aims of art, and each in an alien tongue.

They fought and they talked in the north and the south, they talked and they fought in the west,
Till the waters rose on the jabbering land, and the poor Red Clay had rest—
Had rest till the dank blank-canvas dawn when the dove was preened to start,
And the devil bubbled below the keel: "It's human, but is it art?"

The tale is as old as the Eden Tree—as new as the new-cut tooth—
For each man knows ere his lip-thatch grows he is master of art and truth;
And each man hears as the twilight nears, to the beat of his dying heart,
The Devil drum on the darkened pane: "You did it, but was it art?"

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the shape of a Kirkcaldy peg;
We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the yolk of an added egg;
We know that the tail must wag the dog, as the horse is drawn by the cart;
But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old: "It's clever, but is it art?"

When the flicker of London sun falls faint on the club-room's green and gold,
The sons of Adam sit them down and scratch with their pens in the mold—
They scratch with their pens in the mold of their graves, and the ink and the anguish start
When the Devil mutters behind the leaves: "It's pretty, but is it art?"

Now, if we could win to the Eden Tree where the four great rivers flow,
And the wreath of Eve is red on the turf as she left it long ago,
And if we could come when the sentry slept and softly scurry through,
By the favor of God we might know as much—as our father Adam knew.

—Rudyard Kipling in the *Scott's Observer*.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Steinway Hall Soirées Musicales.

Probably the most important musical events of the winter will be Mr. F. W. Ludovici's series of *soirées musicales* at Steinway Hall. The first took place last (Friday) evening, and the others are to follow on the evenings of November 7th and 21st, December 5th, January 8th and 22d, and February 5th and 19th, the nights being arranged so as not to conflict with the "Friday Nights." The tickets are for sale by subscription only, and must include the entire series, single-admission tickets not being sold; the tickets, however, are transferable. The success of the series has been assured by the large number of subscribers among prominent society people, among them being the McAllisters, Parrotts, Alvords, Babcocks, Newhalls, Tamses, Bournes, Otises, Hobarts, Bruguieres, Hearsts, Sherwoods, Colemans, Von Schröders, De Guignés, and other well-known families.

At each concert there will be numbers by a string quartet and vocal and instrumental selections by the best local talent and visiting celebrities. Among those whose services have been secured are:

The Beethoven Quartet, including Sigmund S. Beel, first violin; Charles Goffie, second violin; Louis Schmidt, viola; Louis Heine, cello; vocalists, Mme. Rosewald, Miss Ellen Atkins, Miss Willner, Mrs. Vivian, Miss Jacquay, Robert Lloyd, Loring Club and female quartets, and others; pianists, Miss Bugge, Miss Bacon, Miss Welton, Miss Werner, Mr. Hartmann, and others; violinists, the members of the Beethoven Quartet, Mr. Hermann Brandt, Mr. Rosewald, and others; and Miss Ella Lawrie, accompanist.

The first of the series took place last evening in Steinway Hall, which is admirably adapted for chamber music. It is small, accommodating only two hundred, and the acoustic properties are excellent; the arrangements for lighting and ventilation are admirable, and the decoration is very tasteful. Not an unimportant factor in the success of the concerts should be the piano. The instrument is the one Miss Bugge used at her recital last week, and is marvelously rich, pure, and sympathetic in tone.

The programme rendered at this initial concert of the series was as follows:

String quartet, G major, op. 18, No. 2, allegro, scherzo allegro, adagio cantabile, allegro molto quasi presto, Beethoven Quartet, first violin, Mr. S. S. Beel, second violin, Mr. Charles Goffie, viola, Mr. Louis Schmidt, cello, Mr. Louis Heine; song, "Toreador di Guadalajara," H. J. Shelley, Mr. Robert Lloyd; piano solo, "Faust Waltz," List, Miss Madga Bugge; song, "Orpheus with his Lute," Arthur S. Sullivan, Miss Ellen Atkins; violin solo, (a) "Walters Preis Song," Wagner-Wilhelm, (b) farfalla, Sauter, Mr. S. S. Beel; duet, "We Two," Henry Smart, Miss Ellen Atkins and Mr. Robert Lloyd; quintet, piano, and string quartet, andante quasi larghetto mosso, allegro brioso patetico, Raff, Miss Madga Bugge and the Beethoven Quartet; accompanist, Miss Ella Lawrie.

A Communication.

Concerning the Landsberger concert we have received the following:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Nathan Landsberger's concert at Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday evening, October 17th, was most successful. The large hall was so crowded that standing-room was at a premium. Mr. Landsberger's appearance on the stage brought forth prolonged applause. It was an ovation to the young Californian. It is fully seven years since he left us to complete his studies abroad, a talented boy then; and now he has returned a real virtuoso.

His programme numbers consisted of great works—Wieniawski's second concerto in its entirety; romanza Andalus by Sarasate, and a grand mazurka by Sauter; all played here for the first time. Also the famous "Souvenir de Haydn" by Leonard, and in addition to these he played three encores. His performance of all these works was most successful. He has a magnificent tone, beautifully pure, and mellow, warm and sympathetic, and a brilliant technique. He plays with remarkable ease and grace, and without the least effort.

Mrs. Carmichael-Carr played a brilliant valve caprice by Saint-Saëns in her usual masterly manner. The first movement from the octet by Raff, op. 176, also played here for the first time, was a splendid performance and made a fine opening number. The string orchestra was remarkably good, and deserves the greatest praise for the beautiful manner in which they rendered (first time here) a "Love Song" by John Lund, of Buffalo; and more especially for the artistic accompaniments to the Wieniawski concerto and the Saint-Saëns valve caprice.

Mr. Henry Heyman was the able musical director and conductor. To his indefatigable exertions the success of this concert is due, and his generous devotion to Mr. Nathan Landsberger, his former pupil, should not be forgotten.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 22, 1890. ST. CECILIA.

The Stevens Piano Recital.

Miss Neally Stevens gave an interesting piano recital last Thursday evening at Union Square Hall. It was her first appearance here since her return from a protracted course of study in Europe, and she created a most favorable impression. The audience was large and fashionable, and was well entertained by the following programme:

Toccata and Fugue, D minor, Bach-Tausig; sonata, op. 31, No. 3, (1) allegro, (2) scherzo, (3) inenqueto, (4) presto con fuoco, Beethoven; (a) fantasia, D minor, Mozart, (b) intermezzo, Von Bulow, (c) etude, op. 10, No. 12, Chopin, (d) nocturne, op. 27, No. 2, Chopin, (e) waltz, E minor, Chopin, (f) gondellied, Mendelssohn, (g) "By the Brookside," miniature No. 1, Rubinstein, (h) caprice Espagnol, op. 37 (dedicated to Miss Stevens), Moszkowski; American compositions: (a) first gavotte, Wilson G. Smith (Cleveland), (b) bourree antique, Seebeck (Chicago), (c) "Cradle Song," Kroeger (St. Louis), (d) staccatella, Stemberg (Philadelphia), (e) improvisation on "Albion Leaf," Foerster (Pittsburg)—these American compositions were dedicated to Miss Stevens—(f) "Witches' Dance," MacDowell (Boston); (a) "Love Dream," No. 3, (b) "The Nightingale," (c) transcription, Liszt.

The regular monthly recital of the S. F. Grand Conservatory of Music will take place next Friday afternoon, beginning promptly at half-past three o'clock. The conservatory will occupy its new quarters, corner of Golden Gate Avenue and Franklin Street about November 1st.

Adele Aus Der Ohe is to be here in a few weeks and will give a series of orchestral concerts during her stay.

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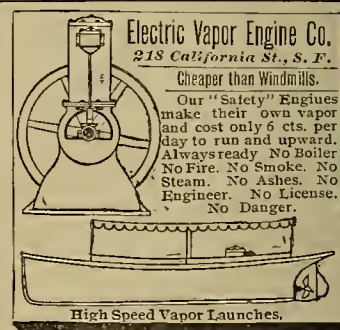


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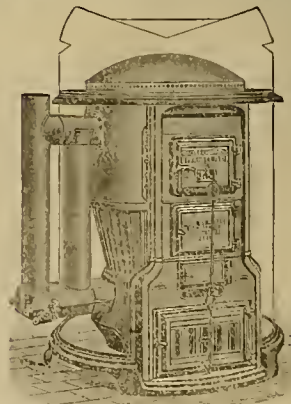
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SOCIETY.

The Holbrook Luncheon.

At her residence on Van Ness Avenue, Mrs. Charles Holbrook gave an elegant luncheon Friday, October 24th, to eighteen of her lady friends. The main apartments of the residence, through the skillful devices of Miss Mary Bates were converted into bowers of beauty and fragrance. Each salon vied in the variety and beauty of its decorations, the larger portion of which had been culled from the hostess' country seat at Menlo Park. The drawing-room was beautified with a wealth of chrysanthemums; in the library and main hall were baskets, roses, sprays, and large clusters of orange-hued autumnal berries; while the dining-hall was profusely decorated with pale-pink roses. Along the centre of the dining-table lay interwoven circles of pink roses relieved by innumerable fronds of maiden's hair fern. The whole effect was enhanced by an elaborate display of silver and crystal. At each cover was a menu and name card of most exquisite design.

During the luncheon hour, Noah Brandt's string orchestra played, several of the concert selections being entirely new. The guests present at the luncheon included:

Mrs. Leland Stanford, Mrs. Moses Hopkins, Mrs. George Loomis, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mrs. W. S. Hobart, Miss Mamie Burling, Mrs. Sampson Tams, Miss Mary Holbrook, Mrs. Alfred A. Nickerson, Mrs. Frank B. Dunham, Miss Myra Nickerson, Mrs. J. T. Haviland, and Mrs. David Hewes.

The Painter-Russell Wedding.

A very pretty wedding took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Russell, in Alameda, last Monday afternoon, when their daughter, Miss Jean Russell, was united in marriage to Mr. Edgar Painter, son of the late Mr. Jerome B. Painter, of this city. It was a quiet affair, as only the relatives of the contracting parties and a few intimate friends were invited, but in its details it was thoroughly enjoyable. The emerald-hued lawn, towering oaks, and parterres of bright hued blossoms made a pretty setting for the residence, where in the parlors were seen fragrant blossoms and glossy foliage embellishing every point of vantage with artistic effect. The "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" was played as the bride, escorted by her father, entered and met the groom beneath the floral wedding-bell. Rev. Robert Mackenzie performed the ceremony impressively, and at its conclusion the happy young couple were congratulated, and then a sumptuous *déjeuner* was enjoyed. Later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Painter left for the White Sulphur Springs, where they will remain several weeks, and upon their return they will reside in this city. They were the recipients of many beautiful presents.

The Burgess Dinner-Party.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess gave an elaborate dinner-party at their residence on Geary Street, recently, as a compliment to some old friends from the East who are making a tour of this coast. It was termed an autumn dinner, as the decorations displayed the beautiful warm tones of the season. Grapes in luscious clusters and on the natural vine, with their leaves glowing with bright colors, ornamented the border of a flat mirror which occupied the centre of the table, and also were effectively used in the *épergne* and on the buffet, candelier, and mantel mirror in combination with other fruits of the season. The menu was all that could be desired, and at the conclusion of the repast the company adjourned to the drawing-rooms, where a surprise awaited them. A quartet of gentlemen, using the guitar, mandolin, Portuguese zither, and piano, played and sang for them. The occasion also celebrated the anniversary of the birthday of Dr. Burgess.

The Schmiedell Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell gave a charming lunch-party recently in honor of Mrs. Alfred Poett, of Santa Barbara, at her residence on the corner of Post and Leavenworth Streets. It was a pink luncheon as the decorations were all of that shade, from the centre lamp to the chrysanthemums that surrounded it, the candles in the candelabra, and the confection boxes, containing the ices, which were embellished with moss roses. An exceedingly pretty effect was produced. Mrs. Poett has since returned to Santa Barbara after a pleasant visit here.

The Holbrook Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook gave an elaborate dinner-party last Saturday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow. Among those who enjoyed the pleasures of the evening were:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Stetson, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Miss Alice Hobart, Miss Mary Holbrook, Miss Myra Nickerson, Mr. A. L. Stetson, Mr. Harry Stetson, and Mr. Henry M. Holbrook.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius C. Reis will give a reception next Thursday evening at their residence, 2202 Sacramento Street.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs.

George C. Boardman for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Dora Boardman, and Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., which will take place in the First Congregational Church at half-past eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, November 5th. After the ceremony a reception will be held at the home of the bride's parents, 1750 Franklin Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin E. Whitney gave a delightful dinner-party last Tuesday evening at their residence on Jones Street. The decoration of the table was exquisite, the menu was perfect, and their guests were most hospitably entertained.

The wedding of Miss Alice Boalt, daughter of Judge and Mrs. J. H. Boalt, and Mr. Hugh Tevis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, will take place on Saturday, November 15th.

Miss Virginia Hanchett, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Hanchett, will be married to Mr. Edgar B. Carroll, of Sacramento, on Tuesday evening, November 18th, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, 1105 Bush Street. The bride's niece, Miss Alice Rutherford, will be the maid of honor, Mr. Lansing B. Mizner will be best man, and there will be six ushers but no bridesmaids.

An event to be looked forward to in December will be the annual ball of that worthy charitable institution, the Woman's Exchange. Manager Thorn has promised the ladies the use of the parlors of the Palace Hotel, and they will have many other favors bestowed which will tend to make the affair, as usual, a memorable success.

Mrs. E. E. Eyre will give a tea this (Saturday) afternoon, from four until seven o'clock, at her residence, 2119 California Street.

The arrangements are now being perfected for the fête which will be given in Irving Hall for the benefit of the Old Ladies' Home, the Maria Kip Orphanage, and St. Luke's Church. It will commence on Monday, November 10th, and will continue throughout the week. Excellent lunches will be served each day, except Monday, and an interesting programme will be given each evening. Several novelties will be introduced, and the services of a corps of our prettiest society girls has been enlisted to help in making the fête the success it should be.

The members of the Pacific Yacht Club will give a hop this (Saturday) afternoon and evening at the club-house in Sausalito. A tug will leave there at eleven o'clock in the evening to convey guests to this city.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent San Franciscans:

Mrs. Walter McGavin, who has been visiting relatives in England, is now in Chicago on route home.

Mr. Walter L. Dean will leave for the East on November 10th, and will probably pass the winter season in New York city.

Mr. Joseph Livingston, Mrs. Joseph Marks, Miss Eva Castle, and Mr. Arthur Castle are expected here in a few days.

Miss Alice Boalt will return from the East in about a week. Mr. John W. Mackay is in New York city after passing a couple of months in London.

Hon. and Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low are expected back in a few days from their European trip. Miss Meta McAllister will pass the winter with Miss Julia McAllister in New York city.

Mrs. George S. Ladd is at the Hotel Brunswick in New York city.

Mrs. J. H. Redington and Miss Julia Redington are in the city on a visit from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. E. Stanley and Miss Garber, who passed the summer in Napa Valley and at San Rafael, are at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Hopkins have returned from Redwood City and will pass the winter at their residence, corner of Clay and Buchanan Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin C. Tubbs have returned from Calistoga and are at the residence of Mrs. D. J. Tallant, 1200 Bush Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Simpkins, Miss Alice Simpkins, and Mr. Harry Simpkins will leave to-day for an Eastern and European tour, and will be away about three months.

Mrs. James C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood have returned to Menlo Park after a visit to San José.

Mrs. William E. Dargie and Miss Dargie are visiting Santa Barbara.

Mr. Charles G. Dana, of Boston, Mass., is at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. A. W. Simpson and Miss Estelle Simpson, of Stockton, are in the city on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard are the guests of Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre at their city residence, 2119 California Street.

Mr. Isaac Upham has been making a tour of Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Yerrington have returned to Nevada after a pleasant visit here.

Mrs. Peder Sather will return from Europe about the middle of November.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Wooster will pass the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Goodman have gone East on a month's visit.

Miss Carrie Taylor has returned to Sacramento after an enjoyable visit here and in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Fletcher and Miss Antoinette Roman will reside in Roxbury, Mass., during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Griffith, Miss Alice Griffith, and Miss Lucia Kille have arrived in New York city.

Miss Kate Whitney is on a visit to friends in Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Danforth are occupying their new home, 2850 Pine Street, and will receive on the first, second, and third Fridays in each month.

Mrs. William M. Stewart and Miss Maybelle Stewart will soon leave for a short visit to Southern California. Upon their return, they will go to Washington, D. C., accompanied by Mrs. Aldrich and Miss Aldrich.

Mrs. Milton S. Latham will leave early in November on an Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase will leave their home in Yountville on November 15th, to pass the winter in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington, Mrs. C. M. Campbell, and Mr. George E. Miles have arrived from New York, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Maud Nickerson, who has been visiting friends in Boston and Marblehead since her return from Europe, is expected here about Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Dr. Harry L. Tevis have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Vensinger will reside at the corner of Jackson and Buchanan Streets after their return from their country villa, in Sonoma County, on November 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Gibbs have returned from a visit to Southern California.

Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps is visiting Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter J. McGlynn, *né* Finley, will soon occupy their new home on Leavenworth Street, near Francisco Street.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Doury returned from Monterey last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bowie, Mrs. Isaac Friedlander, Miss Bessie Bowie, and the Misses May and Fannie Friedlander have left Coronado Beach, and are now in Los Angeles. They are expected here in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott and Miss Alice Scott, who are visiting relatives in Baltimore, will return home early in November.

Senator John P. Jones arrived in Gold Hill, Nev., last Monday from Washington, D. C. Mrs. Jones and her daughter were there to meet him.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Frank Smith will occupy apartments at the Hotel Pleasanton during the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger have returned from their European trip. Miss Bessie Younger is studying music in Boston.

Dr. George J. Bucknall returned to the city last Monday after a pleasant visit to Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard are at their residence, 1822 Gough Street and will receive on Wednesday.

Mrs. W. E. Pinney and Miss Jessie Morse are here from San Rafael and have taken apartments at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. James Otis has gone to South America and will be away about four months. During his absence Mrs. Otis will be in charge of the time with her relatives in Santa Barbara.

Captain and Mrs. R. R. Thompson, who are traveling in Texas, are expected to return home early in November.

Mrs. Charles Cadwalader, of Red Bluff, is at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Miss Hattie Belle Goad, of Colusa, is in the city on a visit to Miss Ella Goad.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General John Gibbon, U. S. A., and family will pass the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Dr. Leonard Wood, U. S. A., has gone to New York on a two months' leave of absence, and will soon marry Miss Condit-Smith, of Washington, D. C.

Dr. Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., is visiting relatives in Davenport, Iowa.

Captain W. C. Coulson, U. S. N., of the U. S. steamer *Richard Rush*, is at the Hotel Pleasanton with Mrs. Coulson.

Dr. and Mrs. G. M. Sternberg, U. S. A., are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

ART NOTES.

The following notes on the doings of San Francisco artists, at home and abroad, and of events in the local art-world will be found of interest:

David Neal has on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's portraits of Mr. Moses Hopkins and the late Judge Hager, which are attracting much favorable comment.

Henry Alexander has returned from New York after a long absence, and will soon open a studio.

Amadeo Joulain is engaged on two portraits which promise well. He has sold his Santa Barbara beach scene, which is at the Mechanics' Fair, to Mr. Frank Michaels.

The Art Students' League is progressing well under the new régime. The life class, for advanced students only—limited to ten—is in session from half-past eight in the morning to half-past twelve each week day. The instructors are Miss Elizabeth Curtis, Mrs. Ackerman, Miss Voorman, and Miss Heynemann. Emil Carlsen and A. F. Matthews act alternately as critics.

Miss Jennie Hobbs has removed to her new studio, Room 48, 120 Sutter Street, which she has fitted up tastefully. She is very busy on porcelain work to fill orders for the holidays, and also has a number of scholars.

Charles Kolla Peters is enjoying a sketching trip in the interior of the State.

John A. Stanton is studying in Paris, and is making marked advancement in his profession.

Benoni Irwin will leave for the East in a few days.

Arthur F. Matthews is engaged on a new canvas entitled "The Unwelcome Bath," showing the interior of a Holland home, with a young mother persuading her five-year-old boy to take his bath. He also has under way a large painting of "Judith," with moonlight and candlelight effects in combination.

Heath has gone to Mount Shasta to make sketches.

Thomas Hill has been visiting Colorado, and passed some time in the Grand Canyon.

At Morris & Kennedy's a number of new pictures are exhibited. One is by C. D. Robinson, a beach scene, under gray effects, representing the "Wreck of the King Philip." His brother-artists pronounce it his best work. Hugo Fisher displays a water-color, showing the edge of the Great South Bay at Long Island. William Keith has a delicately toned pastoral scene.

Miss Alice Vincent, who is now in Colorado, is represented by a flower piece, a basket overflowing with bright hued pansies. Another flower piece is by Miss Alice Chittenden, who has scattered pink roses over the damask of a dining-table. Julius Ludovici exhibits two pastel portraits, one of an aged English gentleman and the other of a pretty English girl in deep revery. There are two animal paintings by Thomas B. Craig, a couple of Turkish scenes by F. A. Bridgman, and a large painting by J. O. Davidson, representing General Washington visiting the French fleet before the siege of Yorktown.

Miss Elizabeth Curtis, in addition to her work at the Art League, is doing considerable illustrating for Eastern publishers and magazines.

Emil Carlsen has several portraits under way and is completing an attractive moonlight marine. He has a large class of scholars, who take up much of his time.

Miss Susie W. Dugan, the well-known artist, was married on Wednesday, October 8th, to Mr. F. J. Dibble, of Boston, Mass., at the residence of her mother, Mrs. T. H. Dugan, 33 Twelfth Street. Rev. Horatio Stebbins officiated, and the affair was very pleasantly celebrated. Mr. and Mrs. Dibble have gone to Boston to reside for several months, but ultimately will make this city their home.

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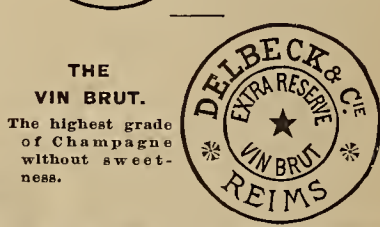
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

General Sherman, during his march to the sea, used to go out of his way to avoid a bridge. At any rate, some of the soldiers thought so. He was very fond of wading. One day the army was to ford a river, and for several miles before the men reached it they waded knee-deep in swamps. "I say, Bill," said one fellow to another, "I guess we struck this river lengthways!"

An undoubted alibi was, some time ago, successfully proved in an Alabama court as follows: "And you say that you are innocent of stealing this rooster from Mr. Jones?" queried the judge. "Yes, sir; I am innocent—as innocent as a child." "You are confident you did not steal the rooster from Mr. Jones?" "Yes, sir; and I can prove it." "How can you prove it?" "I can prove that I didn't steal Mr. Jones's rooster, judge, because I stole two hens from Mr. Graston the same night, and Jones lives fifteen miles from Graston's." "The proof is conclusive," said the judge; "discharge the prisoner."

A good illustration of "the retort courteous" was given to Count Herbert Bismarck, the rough-and-rude son of Prince Bismarck, on the occasion of the German Emperor's visit to Rome. At the railway-station, Count Herbert pushed rudely against an Italian dignitary, who was watching the proceedings. The dignitary, greatly incensed, remonstrated forcibly against such unceremonious treatment, whereupon Count Herbert turned round haughtily and said: "I don't think you know who I am. I am Count Herbert Bismarck." "That," replied the Italian, bowing politely, "as an excuse is insufficient, but as an explanation it is ample."

An amusing incident happened one day last summer at a farm-house in one of the interior counties of New York State (says the *Tribune*). The farmer had a house full of summer boarders, and one morning he was busily engaged in killing chickens for dinner. Just as he was about to decapitate an old black hen, the house was discovered to be on fire, and a scene of confusion immediately ensued. The farmer rushed aimlessly about in all directions, holding the hen under his arm and doing nothing toward assisting in putting out the flames. At last his wife caught sight of him as he was prancing about, and rushing up to him, wanted to know why he did not help put out the fire. Looking at her with astonishment, he exclaimed: "Why, Maria, how can I do anything? Ain't I holding the old black hen?"

This story is told of a distinguished and popular member of the Roman Catholic hierarchy of the United States, in connection with his recent visit to Oberammergau to see the "Passion Play." He was accompanied by his chaplain, or secretary. They would fain have had a room each, but this was not possible. They knelt down separately to say their prayers by their little cots, and presently it crossed the mind of the chaplain that it would not be well to make his orisons shorter than the archbishop's, and he glanced over his shoulder to see if his superior was about to make an end. The archbishop, presumably anxious not to scandalize his chaplain by the shortness of his prayers, also glanced over his shoulder and waited. The process was repeated several times. Both suppliants were very tired; and in time both fell asleep. They were found in the morning on their knees still, and sleeping.

In support of the well-established rule that a justice of the peace always finds for the plaintiff—that is, for the man that brings "grist to the mill"—may be cited a cause that was tried some years ago in Maryland. The action was against a railway company for killing the plaintiff's cow on the company's track. The testimony was all in favor of the company, tending overwhelmingly to show that the cow had "no business" on the track. After the hearing the magistrate promptly decided for the plaintiff. The company's attorney was greatly surprised and asked his honor upon what grounds he could arrive at such a decision. He said in reply that the company was negligent in not putting up a sign-board with "Look out for the locomotive!" painted on it. "But the cow could not have read it," said the astonished attorney. "Very true," said the majesty of the law, "but it would have been much worse for the company if a person had been killed, and under all the circumstances the company is getting off easy. Judgment for plaintiff."

Talleyrand, like most diplomatists, was famous for his attention to the details of etiquette. He prided himself on an ability to adjust his mode of address to the rank and position of the person to whom he was speaking. On one occasion, when a number of distinguished men were dining with him, he varied his formula, when inviting them to partake of beef, in such a manner as to suit the rank of the respective persons. "May I have the honor of sending your royal highness a little beef?" he asked a prince of the blood. To a duke he said: "Mon-

seigneur, permit me to send you a little beef." "Marquis," he continued, "may I send you some beef?" "Viscount, pray have a little beef." "Baron, do you take beef?" ran the next interrogation. "Monsieur," he said to an untitled gentleman, "some beef?" To his secretary he remarked, casually: "Beef?" But there was one gentleman left who deserved even less consideration than the secretary, and Talleyrand, poisoning his knife in the air, favored him with a mere look of interrogation.

They say (remarks the *Illustrated American*) that when Mr. Depew came recently from Europe, the usual swarm of yarn-spinners gathered nightly in the smoking-room to tell stories and chat about things in general. Every soul save one in the party kept his end up. The exceptional member of the party did not laugh or indicate by even a twinkle of the eyes any interest in the funniest jokes, and was as silent as a door-knob at the best stories. This conduct began to nettle Mr. Depew and the other spirits, and when the final *séance* came around, they had lost all patience with the reticent and unresponsive stranger. Mr. Depew was selected to bring him to terms. They were all comfortably seated and in came the stranger. "See here, my dear sir," said Mr. Depew, "won't you tell a story?" "I never told one in my life." "Sing a song?" "Can't sing." "Know any jokes?" persisted Mr. Depew. "No." Mr. Depew and all were prepared to give it up when the stranger stammered and hesitated, and finally made it known that he knew just one conundrum. "Give it to us," said Mr. Depew and the others, in chorus. "What is the difference between a turkey and me?" solemnly asked the stranger. "Give it up," said Chairman Depew. "The difference between a turkey and me," mildly said the stranger, "is that they usually stuff the bird with chestnuts after death. I am alive."

John Roberts, of North East, Pa., is a farmer well enough to do, but he had always been eccentric about his clothes. Until a week or so ago, he had not been known to buy a new suit of clothes for years. The ones he wore had been so often patched and repatched that no bit of the original warp and woof was visible. This personal slovenliness on the part of her husband was a source of constant annoyance to Mrs. Roberts, who is a woman of exceptional neatness. She long ago became so ashamed of his appearance that she would no longer accompany him to town to do her trading. This singular characteristic of the farmer was not owing to penuriousness, for he is a liberal man in all his dealings. A few days ago he went to town to do a little trading, and to the utter astonishment of the town, he purchased a new suit of clothes for himself. His new clothes were done up in a package, and he placed the package on the wagon-seat beside him when he started home that night. It was a dark night. Farmer Roberts had got half-way home when a brilliant idea struck him. He stopped his horse on a bridge where the road crosses the East branch. "I'll do it, by gum!" he said; "I'll do it and surprise Eliza!" Thereupon the farmer rose up in the wagon and began to take off the patched and repatched clothes he had worn so long. As he removed a garment he tossed it into the creek until he had tossed them all in, and had nothing on but his shirt. "Great apple sass!" he exclaimed; "but won't Eliza be surprised!" Then Farmer Roberts reached for the package that had his new clothes in. It was not on the seat. Farmer Roberts got down and reached under the seat. The package was not there. Then he felt all over the bottom of the wagon. The package was not anywhere on the bottom. Farmer Roberts rose up in the wagon and looked back along the pitch-dark road. Then he climbed back in his seat and away the horses went for home. The night was chilly and there were three miles to go. When Farmer Roberts reached home and climbed out of his wagon, he paused. "The hull idea didn't work," said he; "but I'll bet nine dollars that I surprised Eliza!" That he did, no one doubts, but when he got up in the morning and went out to the barn, clad in the hired man's overalls, and saw his package of new clothes hanging by its string on the brake-handle at the side of the wagon, he was a little surprised himself.

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The performance at the Grand Opera House is a variety show, with a pantomime at the beginning and an exhibition of athletics at the end. Between the two are the usual features of variety shows—an equilibrist display, the balanced ladder, a series of acrobatic feats, and a patter song by two funny men, the whole interspersed with solos on the French-horn and songs by a soprano. None of these rose above the ordinary level of such performances, nor were any of them so bad as to deserve especial notice by way of criticism. They were just what one has been before and doubtless will see again in *seculi seculorum*.

The pantomime, of which Paul Martinetti, son of the well-known pantomimist—and himself, if we mistake not, a native of San Francisco—lore the hunt, was decidedly amusing. It is a farce without words, and bears the same relation to a Palais Royal farce as Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* bear to a song by Kücken. It is practically a night scene—a frolic by three devil-may-care students in the rooms of the occupant of the rooms under theirs in their hoarding-house; they have been invited to dinner, and by way of repaying the hospitality, they convert their host's apartments into a pandemonium. The action is funny, and keeps the audience in a roar; hut, of course, the piece makes no pretension to be art.

This is the latest evolution of the pantomime. With the regular old pantomime and its four exponents—Harlequin, Columbine, Clown, and Pantaloon—young people of the present day have but a slight acquaintance. For two or three centuries their ancestors laughed over it; it was the most popular form of theatrical entertainment. The Italians resented the intrusion of the regular drama into a province which was sacred to Harlequin; when it was introduced into our mother country, old Barton Booth declared that pantomimes were rank nonsense, though they might be rendered useful by inducing persons who might otherwise have stayed at home to "partake of a good play." The shrewd old man added that, speaking as a manager, he did not care to be "wise to empty benches."

The quadrilateral pantomime had no particular plot. Harlequin loved Columbine, was thwarted in his amour by her father Pantaloon, was helped by his friend the Clown, and finally won his lady-love by dexterous trick. But this imbroglion left room for the introduction of an infinite variety of realistic gags, which probed politics and social life; for though the strict letter of the law required pantomimes to be performed in dumb show, the rule was relaxed when Clown had a good thing to say. It was soon discovered that a judicious admixture of ballet and pantomime suited the public taste; thus when spectators showed signs of weariness with Columbine's suittes and Harlequin's baton, the appearance of half-a-dozen young ladies of fine form with short skirts skipping through a gavotte, was an agreeable diversion.

The next evolution of the pantomime was into fairyland. The Italian quatuor dissolved into Aladdin, Bluebeard, the Invisible Prince, and Sinbad the Sailor. For a couple of generations these creations of Mme. Scheherezade—if that be her right name—reigned supreme over the world of pantomime, and grown people as well as children took lots of comfort out of Aladdin's palace and Bluebeard's bloody closet. To this day these dear old themes, which were the joy of childhood, are an agreeable solace to dull old age. Old and young strain their eyes to see Cinderella step into her fairy chariot, and to watch the pearls and diamonds drop out of the mouth of the good princess.

Not so very long ago, an attempt was made to arrange a marriage between the pantomime and the historical drama. But there was a manifest incongruity between creations of wild fancy and records of frozen fact, and the alliance did not last. It endured long enough to be celebrated by Thackeray in one of his pleasantest Roundabout papers. He went to see the pantomime of "Hamlet," and thus describes what he saw:

"The banqueting-hall of the palace at Elsinore is illuminated. The peaks and gables glitter with the snow. The sentinels march, blowing their fingers with the cold; the freezing of the nose of one of them is neatly and dexterously arranged. The storm rises. The waves come curling, leaping, foaming to shore. The winds howl fearfully among the battlements. Hamlet's umbrella is whirled away in the storm. He and his two friends stamp on each other's toes to keep them warm. As the storm reaches its height (here the wind-instruments come in with tremendous effect), the snow-storm rises (quick, quick, quick, go the fiddles, and then comes a *pizzicato* movement which sends a shiver into your very boot-soles), the thunder-clouds deepen (long, long, long from the violoncellos). The forked lightning quivers through the clouds in a zig-zag scream of violins. Hamlet's mother comes on to the battlements to look for her son; the storm whips her umbrella out of her hands, and she retires screaming, in patters. Whist, rush, hush! how the rain roars and pours! The darkness becomes awful, and what is that ghastly figure moving hither? It becomes bigger and bigger

as it advances down the stage. It seems to be marching on the audience, and the whole house screams with terror as the ghost of the late Hamlet begins to talk."

The critic's nerves were soothed when Ophelia, stripping off her garb of woe, became Columbine; but he was again disturbed when Hamlet's mother turned into Pantaloon, and was immediately knocked down by the Clown. He was less astonished at these transformations, when, at the pantomime of the battle of Hastings, Harold rose from the dead to become a very presentable Harlequin, William the Conqueror threw aside his battle-axe to play Clown, and the Archbishop of Bayeux made a most diverting Pantaloon.

Quite lately the French have revived the pantomime in the shape in which we see it in "A Terrible Night." It is simply a comedy, or farce, or melodrama without words. Its charm consists in the skill with which the performers portray emotion or provoke laughter by gestures only. A play of this kind, lately produced at Paris under the title of "The Prodigal Son," has had a tremendous success. It is emotional, and the performers, without uttering a word, manage to reduce the audience to tears. Martinetti's pantomime is equally expressive. Dialogue would convey to the spectator no information; everything is told in dumb show. The drollery of the students, the indignation of the host at their ill-timed huffoonery, the well-bred signs of annoyance by the hostess, the sly relish of the fun by the maid—all are told as well as words could tell it. One is reminded of Colley Cibber's guarded sentence: "It is possible in a pantomime to so happily express the passions by a mute narration of gesture, that even thinking spectators may admit it to be a pleasing and rational entertainment."

The performance of the Hanlon Brothers is the latest revival of the exploits of the daring young men on the flying trapeze. The Hanlons, or Hanlon-Volter, purport to be a family with different Christian names—as Robert, William, and James; but they are, in effect, a body-politic and corporate with perpetual succession, and only Hanlons in a professional point of view. Some of them are said to be related to those famous Hanlons who equilibrated their way round the world a quarter of a century ago, and won fame and fortune by their strength and their agility; whether or no, athletics is a progressive art, and the chances are that these Hanlons, whom we have with us now, are superior to their predecessors of the name. At any rate, they are proficient enough in their business to fascinate audiences, and to fill the dreams of young people with visions of muscular grace. The leap into the net possesses one peculiar attraction: if the trapezist miscalculates his distance, he will probably break his neck; if the net is not sound, he will probably break the neck of some spectator by falling on him. Thus for the trifling sum of one dollar, a member of the audience may perchance witness a remarkable case of suicide, a thing which few people ever see, or he may be killed by having an athlete fall upon him, which is also an experience so rare that it may safely be said to be cheap at the money.

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— THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP "COLIMA" will sail on Monday, November 3d, at noon, taking freight and passengers for New York via Panama and for Central American and way ports.

— THE COAST DIVISION SUNDAY EXCURSION train to Monterey and Santa Cruz will be taken off after to-morrow (Sunday), the twenty-sixth instant.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Magistrate" is to be played here next week by a local company.

Charles Santley, the famous English haritone, is coming to America, and will probably visit San Francisco.

The Hanlon-Volter-Martinetti Combine will diversify the programme for next week by introducing a number of new specialties.

"The Red Bird," which is described as "Lecocq's latest and greatest success," will be sung at the Tivoli next week for the first time.

In spite of the temporary delay caused by an injunction, James A. Herne is still playing Terry Dennison in "Hearts of Oak." Moreover, he is expected to continue to do so all next week.

Stuart Robson has joined the growing ranks of those who give "curtain-raisers" before the dramatic *piece de resistance* of the evening. He now precedes "The Henrietta" with a travesty on "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

New York has the four favorite dancers of the country at her theatres just now. They are Carmencita, Otero, Amelia Glover, and Birdie Irving. The latter is a very pretty English girl, and enjoys the unique distinction of not being one of the original Gaiety skirt-dancers.

William T. Best, the famous organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, is expected to arrive in this city on the next steamer from Australia. Manager Marcus M. Henry has been negotiating with him for a concert tour of the United States, the initial concerts to be given in this city.

Hoyt's "A Brass Monkey" is to be here again on Monday night. The managers are discreetly silent regarding the players who will fill the rôles, simply announcing "a new and great company of comedians." "A Brass Monkey," by the way, can get along without good comedians rather worse than any other of Hoyt's farces.

The newest California actress, Miss Laura Crews (*etat* nine years), is to commence a week's engagement at the Baldwin Theatre next Monday night, playing the title-rôle in a new comedy-drama called "Spray." The little girl made a very favorable impression as "Bootle's Baby" and Editha in "The Burglar," with the Grismers, and "Spray" is said to accord much better with her talents than either of those characters.

Mrs. Le Moyne delighted her hearers at the Unitarian Church on Wednesday evening. The audience was large and appreciative. This (Saturday) afternoon she reads Browning's "Pippa Passes" at the same place, commencing at three o'clock. She reads again on Monday evening, October 27th, and on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon of the same week. The programmes are all well chosen and afford an intellectual treat.

Henry E. Ahbey has begun the organization of a comic-opera company which is intended to eclipse any similar troupe the country has ever seen. Lilian Russell has already been secured to sing only leading female rôles, while for leading boy-parts a mysterious prima donna is being spoken of who is "as well known as Lilian Russell, both here and in Europe, and whose work has been stamped with the approval of both London and New York audiences."

The Kendals are back in New York again, playing in "The Squire," a drama by A. W. Pinero. Their return follows very close on their departure and was doubtless hastened by the financial success of their first tour, which exceeded their highest hopes. It is by no means certain, however, that they will reap as large a golden harvest on this second tour. One straw which shows how the wind lies is the fact that the newspaper interviews after their arrival were only a half-column or so in length.

A company has been formed in New York for the purpose of reading plays and producing such as are found to be of merit before an audience of managers and critics. The players to whom the rôles will be entrusted will be chosen from as good material as is obtainable, and the directors will take measures to exclude from the performances all too partisan friends or enemies of the authors. The projectors are Edmund C. Stanton, late manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, and William F. G. Shanks, who has long been connected with the best papers in New York.

Jerome K. Jerome is a very fortunate young man. He recently had the pleasure of having three of his plays on the stage of as many theatres in New York on the same night—at Daly's, the Lyceum, and the Garden Theatre. Jerome is a tall, fair-haired, married man of thirty, who has run the gamut of what the world calls "genteel employments." He has been law clerk, actor, advertising poet, reporter, and contributor to *Punch*. His first dramatic venture was "Barbara," produced in the Globe Theatre, London, four years ago. Jerome has lately completed an adaptation, for Mr. Daly, of "Die Ehre," which he calls "Birth and Breeding." He has also a contract with Mr. Frohman to furnish the Lyceum with a stock-piece for next season.

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Mr. Bingo (suspiciously)—"Tommy, who were those two boys I saw fighting in the next alley this morning?" *Tommy*—"One of them was Willie Slimson." *Mr. Bingo*—"And who was the other?" *Tommy*—"He got licked. I guess you don't want to know his name."—*New York Sun*.

"My dear," said the caller, with a winning smile, to the little girl who occupied the study while her father, the eminent literary man, was at his dinner, "I suppose you assist your father in entertaining the bores?" "Yes, sir," replied the little girl, gravely; "please be seated."—*Chicago Tribune*.

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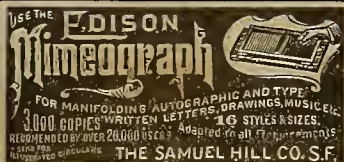
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To most of our readers it must be plain that while we have nothing but kindness for the colored race, we do not believe in best for them to rule the white race, or to shape or color policy of this government. We love children, feel like indulging them in all proper ways, yet we would not confide them the management of the Argonaut or that of our business or money affairs. What we are not willing to do ourselves, or have our neighbors compelled to do, we can not insist that people in other communities shall do. We know full well, and so does every other man who reads this, that here in California we would not in any community permit to have our property taxed, and the taxes misused, and our courts presided over by negroes or Chinamen. Therefore we can not rejoice with those who wish to see such rule we could not tolerate perpetuated in the negro States of the South. The mass of the white people of the South never owned slaves at all. Of the eight millions of white people who lived there prior to the late war, only about five hundred thousand owned slaves. These seven million five hundred thousand working whites—now become twelve millions—were hard-working, poor people, just as they are all through the North. They never considered themselves on a par with negroes. They never admitted them, of their own free choice, to any kind of equality. They were not responsible

for slavery in any form whatever. Upon them fell in all the wars, both for the Union and in the late civil conflict, a large part of the burdens of taxation. Upon them, innocent parties as they were, fell most of the horrors and miseries of the war and reconstruction period. These people to-day, strange as it may seem to Northern ears, cultivate, pick, bale, and ship to market three-fifths of the whole cotton crop of the South. They occupy for the most part the uplands of the Southern States, which are the healthiest but the poorest lands in that section. They are to-day as industrious and as thrifty as the same class in the North. They are as hospitable to the negro as the California working-man of the white race is to the Chinaman. They are satisfied, every one of them, that the only way to become a prosperous people is to become in habits, in thought, and in action just like the Northern people. They see and know that they are more interested in a perpetuation of the American Union than any class of people within its borders. Their cry and their struggle perpetually is to become homogeneous with the white people of those fortunate Northern States, which do not have to contend with a large population of black people—thriftless, saucy, and ignorant.

They feel it to be pretty hard on them—when they were not responsible for the sin of slavery, when they never made a dollar out of it, but were kept poor because of it—that their brethren of the same class in the North, hard-working farmers and laboring-men, should condemn them to give these negroes work, feed them, clothe them, pay taxes to educate them, and at last be forced to be governed by them.

Upon the workers, as we know, all the burdens of government fall, and all the hardships that are incident to the daily happening of current events. The men who are getting rich in the South are Northern men who go there with money, establish factories, and open mines, and the old slave-holding class who are bringing into the States where cotton and sugar can be grown upon alluvial soils to the best advantage all the negro laborers they can get hold of. Thus the mass of the white workers of the South, who yearn to become like unto their Northern brethren of the same class, are between two fires.

First, the dominant element of the Republican party, led by Mr. Reed, insists that they must consent to be governed by the negro, and to give up in the race of attempting to achieve homogeneity as a nation with the North. Second, the large employers of negro labor, few in number, who can buy up negro officials, and run away in the heat of summer to pleasant places of resort, and be conveniently absent when race riots are imminent, retard their progress in another direction.

Are these white people, now numbering nearly, if not quite, twelve millions, to be degraded to the crib of the negro, or shall they be permitted to rule the South, and make it a vast section of the Union, filled with hard-working, brave, free white laborers, and owners of small portions of the soil, such a people as the French are—the most patriotic and the richest of nations?

Shall the dream of the white people to become as their brethren are, be rudely dissipated? Shall they (because a few thousand whites held slaves and abused them) be doomed for all time to take their civilization and their advancement in the wrong direction—from the negro as a ruler and a taskmaster?

Nowhere in any of the original free States has this matter of the homogeneity of the race that is to govern and give complexion to the laws, the government, and the habits of the people of the commonwealth been more fully discussed and pondered over than in California.

Here we have been brought face to face with the Chinese menace, and how did we deal with it? We never ceased to agitate their exclusion from the country until it was accomplished, and we are ready at any time to take issue with any who insist that upon principles of philanthropy and humanity we must acknowledge Chinamen as our brethren.

We all know that any man who dared to advocate putting Chinamen, even of education and wealth, upon the same footing as our white fellow-citizens, would be execrated by

nine-tenths of all the people of this State. What we fear is that the Chinamen, being more economical, more willing to work on a cheap basis than white people, will underbid them in the field of labor, and thus render it the more easy to make labor subservient to capital. That is one of the reasons assigned for our position, but the true one is that we are not willing to have them as voters, as officers, or as those having any sort of governing power over us. It was this idea, namely: that the people of the United States must become homogeneous as to their institutions and laws, and that cheap slave labor and black people must not be put in a position to rule the nation or influence its destinies that brought into existence the Republican party and ended slavery.

It was not intended at first to do more than to preserve the Territories, which had not yet sufficient population to become States, from the hateful influences of cheap slave labor; but as a war measure it became necessary, as was thought, to the preservation of the Union, that slavery should be destroyed.

But it was not originally thought of in any of Mr. Lincoln's plans that negroes should be made voters, and, practically, so far as mere law could make it so, the rulers of the whites anywhere in this Union. It would have been far better for the general welfare of all concerned if the States in rebellion (admitting, for argument's sake, the white people thereof were not to be trusted) had been kept under military rule, and no voting allowed until the negroes had shown some capacity for honest government, rather than to have produced the carpet-bag governments of the reconstruction period. All thoughtful men now agree that this was a mistake; that, at the most, restricted suffrage should have been given the colored people. Why, then, should we again, by means of the Force Bill, endeavor to rule the whites by the negroes, not only of the Southern States, but of the North? Why not submit this question of voting to the people of each State, restricting their representation to the basis of their voting population?

Do we not know that the twelve millions of our brethren of the same race in the South are as much interested as ourselves in material prosperity and in satisfying the demands of all their people? What have they to gain by war or race conflicts? Are they not better able, being upon the spot, to deal with all these questions than we are?

They know that slavery is gone, that to be prosperous they must become a people of diversified industries, and we see that they are daily moving upon that line. They are just as fully aware as we are that they must have peace or ruin in those sections where the negro outnumbers them. Is it not, under these circumstances, safer for them and for the whole country to confide in native-born, white Americans, for the most part, over our kith and kin who want to assimilate the North to the South, and make a strong homogeneous nation, rather than to ignore them, and take for our allies the eight millions of negroes?

We must do one thing or the other: *ram* negro equality before the law down the throats of the twelve millions of the Caucasian race of the South, and make them even hostile and enemies, or we must let them settle the negro question. If let alone, are we to believe that, tried by the storms of adversity, and most of them turning utterly away from slavery and all that it meant as opposed to free labor—that this industrious, improving, brave, and essentially American people are incapable of fairly governing eight millions of blacks? The whites are giving these people work, and food, and clothing; they are taxing themselves millions of dollars yearly to educate them; they are doing nothing against them, except protecting free white civilization against African ignorance. Upon which side will the whites of the North stand? Which is the best for the nation—that the majority of whites shall rule, or a majority composed of whites and negroes?

With malice toward none, we must say we believe in white rule. And we think the great Republican party would do better to go back to its former position, and base this government upon white people primarily. If they do not pursue this course, some day they will be compelled, by the logic of their position, to uphold by the armies of the nation black rule over white people, ignorance and vice over intelligence.

and virtue. In this effort they will make as egregious a failure as did the slave-holders in forcing their negroes on white laborers.

The *Argonaut* presents to its readers a State and municipal ticket in order that voters may intelligently consider the proposition we submit to them. It is proper that we should say the editor of this journal was originally a Whig. He joined the Republican party, and was with it from its infancy till the successful ending of the Civil War. After the second term of Abraham Lincoln, because we believed that the war was ended, and the Union was in process of reconstruction, we favored the election of Horace Greeley for the Presidency of the United States, and with that view became a Presidential elector on the Democratic ticket. When subsequently we found that both the national parties were, in our judgment, going astray upon the question of foreign immigration and naturalization, and saw, as we thought, great errors being committed by both parties in that respect, we had the courage to attempt the organization of a national American party, to be composed, not of native-born Americans solely, but of all citizens, by birth and adoption, who were good and loyal Americans. This experiment was a failure, and we were compelled to change, not our principles, but our mode of enforcing them. Our respect for the Republican party, and our distrust of the Democratic party, induced us to seek the opportunity of political reforms in the direction we have suggested within the lines of the Republican organization. By having left it, we found we were no longer entitled to become a member of the municipal or State conventions, and, as the American party has failed to materialize, we found ourselves with no party following and with no party influence. Under the circumstances, we have sought admission to the Republican party, and are now undergoing probation in this respect with great uncertainty about being accepted, because we are not a good party man and can not be bound by the discipline which seems almost indispensable to party organization.

This being our political position, and by reason of having been a member of all parties and at present a member of none, we thought we were in condition to place in the field a ticket that should embrace the better men of the Republican party and the best men of the Democratic party. We have chosen in substance for our State ticket the Republican candidates, because they were nominated by an independent convention and free from political hosses, and while we would have preferred some men other than those nominated, we have accepted the ticket because it represents in its judiciary, members of Congress, and its prospective Senator of the United States men who are superior to those chosen by the Democratic convention. For our municipal ticket we have selected the best men and best citizens who are available by reason of their other nominations. In making the ticket, we have called in the advice of disinterested friends, no one of whom was himself a candidate for office nor had he any candidate in whom he was especially interested. No man has been asked to contribute to the printing of the ticket in the *Argonaut*, nor to its distribution at the polls; and we may here say, in parenthesis, that we shall have one hundred thousand tickets printed, and they will be for distribution at the *Argonaut* office, No. 213 Grant Avenue, two days previous to the election, till the close of the polls on election day. They will be distributed to every elector upon the register in San Francisco—one or more tickets with the *Argonaut*, which is delivered by carriers on Saturday. This ticket has been properly registered, with the vignette which is now seen at its head. There is one principle from which we have not departed, and that is, there is no man upon the municipal ticket that is not an open, avowed, and known friend of the public schools. Any person suspected of favoring parochial or sectarian schools and not the free, non-sectarian, public-school system, could not for money, and we hope not by intrigue, secure the printing of his name upon the *Argonaut* ticket.

The election of Dr. C. C. O'Donnell, the independent candidate for mayor, is within the possibilities. We have three citizens running for the office of mayor—Mr. Goad by the regular Democracy, Captain James McDonald by the reform or anti-Buckley Democrats, and Mr. George H. Sanderson nominated by the Republican party. Under ordinary circumstances, as there is but one Republican candidate in nomination against three Democrats—for O'Donnell is a Democrat—Sanderson ought to be chosen. But it must be remembered that Dr. O'Donnell received two years ago 15,800 votes, which were counted, while it is claimed that he was "counted out" after having really received a majority of the votes cast. If O'Donnell, running against Mayor Pond and Mr. Story, both of them old and highly respected citizens, received 15,800 votes only two years ago, what assurance have we that he can not do better now? In the election referred to, Mr. Pond received 20,809 votes, Mr. Story received 18,335, and O'Donnell received 15,800; total, 54,944. If the present vote should be similarly divided, and O'Donnell receive the

same proportion of ballots and a fair count, he will be mayor of San Francisco, and if he is chosen mayor, who shall he thanked for the accident but the very good and excellent and worthy candidates who are now running for the same office? O'Donnell is impressed with the belief that he was not fairly dealt with in the last official count, and he is making use of this fact. We beg those citizens who do not think that Dr. O'Donnell is safely to be intrusted with the duties of chief magistrate of San Francisco, to recall these facts, and remember that he was once elected coroner of San Francisco, and made a good one; that he has repeatedly run for mayor and governor, and always received a large and respectable vote, and we may say to Mr. Goad and Mr. McDonald that if O'Donnell is chosen mayor of San Francisco they will be held directly and properly responsible for the result. The man who does not vote for George H. Sanderson must be convinced that he is contributing to a result that will be in the highest degree mortifying to the self-respect of all good citizens who live in the commercial metropolis of this State and are interested in its business and in the value of its real property—not because Mr. Sanderson would make a superior officer to Mr. Goad or Mr. McDonald, but because he is the candidate whose election is most probable. If Governor Stanford should next year bring to this State for the dedication of the Leland Stanford Jr. University the President of the United States, the Cabinet, and their ladies, and from Europe the most distinguished savants and literary men, and from the universities of the world their most eminent professors, would Dr. C. C. O'Donnell, as chief magistrate of California's leading commercial metropolis, be deemed a fit and proper person to welcome these distinguished strangers to the hospitality of our coast? This is hut one of the consequences attending his election to the office of mayor of San Francisco, hut it is one well worth considering.

In order to show that the *Argonaut* has not been engaged in a vain attempt to make it appear that the Church of Rome was making an undue effort to control the politics of the country, we may be permitted to note the extent to which the thing has gone in the Democratic party of this State. Upon the Democratic State ticket we find the following names of Roman Catholics:

R. F. Del Valle	Lieutenant-Governor
James V. Coffey	Justice of the Supreme Court
John P. Dunn	Controller
H. C. Hall	Superintendent of Public Instruction
John T. Gaffey	Board of Equalization
Adam Herold	Treasurer
A. Caminetti	Congressman
Robert Ferral	Congressman

And the following names appear on the municipal ticket of the city of San Francisco:

Tim L. O'Brien	Sheriff
A. B. Maguire	Tax-Collector
Lawrence J. Welch	Superintendent of Streets
J. C. Ruddock	Superintendent of Schools
James F. Smith	Superior Judge
William W. Ackerson	Recorder
James Lawler	Police Judge
H. C. Haskins	Police Judge
Frank J. Murasky	Justice of the Peace
James I. Boland	Justice of the Peace
Frank H. Dunn	Justice of the Peace
James Ryan	Supervisor
Frank McDermott	Supervisor
William Grant	Board of Education
J. A. Kelly	Board of Education
D. F. Regan	Board of Education
James A. Donnelly	State Senator
P. J. Murphy	State Senator
T. J. Clancy	State Senator
John F. Brown	Assembly
Thomas F. Barry	Assembly
William J. Dunn	Assembly
William McManners	Assembly
Charles Sweeney	Assembly
Charles W. Welch	Assembly

Upon an examination of the Democratic State, municipal, and legislative tickets, we find that there are one hundred and two gentlemen nominated for office. Out of this number, thirty-three are Roman Catholics, and, if we are correctly informed, every one of that number is a member of the Roman Catholic Institute, of which Mr. Jeremiah Sullivan is the president and which is claimed by all non-members to be a political association. Good Roman Catholics, nominated by the Republican party, are being stabbed in the back by secret circulars, issued from the institute, and intended to defeat such Roman Catholics as have been put in nomination by the Republican party. One of these circulars is signed by Mr. M. W. Fleming, whom we incorrectly represented as ex-president of the Young Men's Institute, but who is the president of Institute No. 35. We are also informed that another circular is in circulation against Mr. Thomas O'Brien, Republican candidate for tax-collector, printed for distribution by Mr. Jeremiah Sullivan, who is the present president of the institute. If this circular makes its appearance before we go to press, we shall reproduce it. Nine Roman Catholics have been nominated by the Republican party—enough to demonstrate that Roman Catholics receive

a fair consideration at the hands of that party. These names are submitted for the consideration of our readers, and they must determine whether we have made any departure from the truth in saying that the Church of Rome contains within its religious organization a political conspiracy—intriguing, meddlesome, and dangerous. When a State and municipal convention, under the direction of a Roman Catholic hoss and with the aid of Roman Catholic lieutenants, shall, out of one hundred and two nominations, choose thirty-three Romanists, it is time for all who are not Romanists to take alarm.

We have admitted to our columns a communication from Mr. J. C. Ruddock, the Democratic candidate for superintendent of schools. We did not know that Mr. Ruddock was educated in the public schools of San Francisco or that he had been superintendent of schools in the County of Mendocino. But we did know that he was a member of the Young Men's Roman Catholic Institute and that John Swett was the regular nominee of the Republican party. We know a great many priests in the Roman Church who have attended our free schools. We know that very many of our school-teachers are Roman Catholics—some are Jesuits—and if there are any of them who think parochial schools ought not to be maintained at the expense of our treasury, we do not know it. If any of these Romanist teachers do not sympathize with the resolve of the Roman hierarchy in favor of ecclesiastical schools and in opposition to non-sectarian schools, which they call "godless," we do not know it. In fairness, we permit Mr. Ruddock's note to be published in our columns, but all the same, we have caused the name of John Swett to be printed on one hundred thousand tickets, which will be distributed before and on election day to the voters of San Francisco. We have assumed that Mr. J. C. Ruddock is an honest member in good standing of the Roman Catholic Church; we have assumed that the recent council held at Baltimore truthfully represented the Church of Rome; and when it declared that it was the duty of all Catholics to favor parochial or ecclesiastical schools, in preference to non-sectarian, free school instruction, that he was in favor of that principle, and that good citizen as he may be, educated as he may have been, he is not at liberty to put himself at variance with the teachings of the church to which he belongs. If Mr. J. C. Ruddock will openly proclaim that he is the friend of free school education, and is opposed to parochial schools, and is to that extent in variance with his church, and in opposition to its hierarchy, we will, if convinced that he is in earnest and sincere, take down the name of John Swett, and in its place put that of J. C. Ruddock. It is a very suspicious fact that the superintendent of schools on the State ticket, and the superintendent of schools on the San Francisco ticket, should both be in opposition to the system of education which they are to control. It looks suspicious, and it is suspicious. In the earlier history of our legislation, the school moneys in California were divided and a portion given to assist Roman Catholic pupils in their education. This law was attacked by Protestants, among whom the most prominent actor was John Swett. Since that time he has been driven out of the public schools by Roman Catholic influence. The law has been repealed, and John Swett has now the opportunity to be reinstated at the head of the schools in San Francisco.

The following circular is being distributed in order to defeat Mr. Thomas O'Brien, the Republican candidate for tax-collector. It is in the interest of Mr. A. B. Maguire, who is the Democratic candidate for the same office. Both these gentlemen are Roman Catholics and Irishmen, and the curious fact is that the secret circular comes from the Roman Catholic Institute, which professes to be non-partisan. First comes a postal-card, addressed to "T. H. Golden, Esq., 414 Eddy Street, City." It reads as follows:

HEAD-QUARTERS FRIENDS OF A. B. MAGUIRE,
ROOMS 26 AND 27, NUCLEUS BUILDING,
CITY, October 24, 1890.

DEAR SIR: You are earnestly requested to call at Room 27, Nucleus Building, corner Third and Market Streets, either on Saturday evening, October 25th, between eight and twelve o'clock, or on Sunday afternoon, from one to six o'clock. We want to see you for a few minutes on a matter of importance.

Very respectfully,

M. W. FLEMING, Secretary. JOHN J. McDADÉ, Chairman.

The accompanying circular is distributed to all who receive the postal-card, and is as follows:

ROOMS 26 AND 27, NUCLEUS BUILDING,
THIRD AND MARKET STREETS,
CITY, October 14, 1890.

DEAR SIR: We beg to inclose some of A. B. Maguire's cards, the Democratic nominee for tax-collector, and to respectfully solicit your active assistance in his canvass for this office.

This nomination came to Mr. Maguire entirely unsolicited by him, and his many friends knowing his purity and uprightness of character and his peculiar fitness for this important office, are determined to have him elected by the handsome vote to which these qualities entitle him, and will employ all honorable means to accomplish this result.

We believe that his election will not only give to this city and county one of the best officers this municipality has ever had, but it will also reflect credit upon those who may be instrumental in placing him there. Believing that you share with his many warm friends these sentiments, we cordially invite you to interest yourself in his behalf and to visit our head-quarters, Room 27, Nucleus Building, where any evening you can meet those warmly interested in this matter, and where you can obtain any printed matter or information that you may desire.

Very sincerely yours,

J. F. Sullivan, Ex-Judge Superior Court, John J. McDade, 19 Nevada Block, J. J. O'Brien, of J. J. O'Brien & Co., P. F. Nolan, of Nolan & Sons, Louis S. Kast, of Kast & Co., Garrett McNerny, of Spencer, McNerny, Bateman Bros. Building, 330 Pine Street, W. P. Sullivan, Jr., with Keane Bros., William Wempe, of Wempe Bros., P. J. Carr, corner Twenty-first and Mission Streets, Allan S. Neal, with Huntington, Hopkins & Co., F. M. King, with Whelan & Tracy.

Charles L. Ebner, with George F. Wells & Co., Shea & Shea, Architects, 26 Montgomery Street, Thomas H. Brady, 1416 Devisadero Street, M. W. Fleming, 284 Market Street.—Committee.

The gentlemen who have signed this circular are presumably all members of the Young Men's Catholic Institute, the same that paraded the streets, some weeks since, with delegates from all parts of the State—some eight thousand strong—and went to the performance of high mass at the Jesuit Church on Van Ness Avenue, and held a banquet, after speeches and orations, at the Grand Opera House; Judge Sullivan delivered the oration and was chosen president of the institute in place of John J. McDade. M. W. Fleming is one of the ex-presidents of the same band of young Roman Catholic politicians. They are after Tom O'Brien with the fury and fierceness of Russian boar-hounds.

The following tickets, with their vignettes, have been filed in the county clerk's office of the City and County of San Francisco, before the hour of four o'clock of the date of October 25th, and they are as follows:

- Regular Republican Ticket,
- Regular Democratic Ticket,
- Regular Reform Democratic Ticket,
- Regular Reform Republican Ticket,
- National United Labor Ticket,
- Regular American Ticket,
- Colored Citizens' Independent Ticket,
- Regular Progress and Reform Ticket,
- Licensed Tax-Payers' Union Ticket,
- The Argonaut Ticket,
- The Laborers' Union Ticket,
- Property Owners and Independent Improvement Party Ticket.

So far as the Argonaut ticket is concerned, it has been carefully filed to comply in all respects with the law, and as the count of the ballots is to be conducted under the Story law—which provides that the unscratched tickets shall be first counted—we shall hope that, so far as possible, the Argonaut ticket may be unscratched. It will save the election board great deal of time, and avoid the possibility of misconduct. We have a certificate from the county clerk's office, with seal attached, that "a correct copy of the Argonaut ticket, with vignette, is on file in the county clerk's office according to law."

The next issue of the Argonaut will contain a reply to a communication entitled "Vine-Grower," which can not be reduced this week owing to lack of space.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE TARIFF.

It seems to me that every patriotic voter in this State should form an opinion concerning the usefulness of the present protective tariff, and vote in accordance with his opinion at the coming elections. The amended tariff is now a operation, and the people of the whole Union will look to California for an expression of opinion upon the question of its merits. It may be wise, when no issue of vital importance is before the public, to make a display of independence by voting for candidates on account of personal friendship or on account of their integrity in private life, regardless of their opinions upon the political questions of the day. When, however, in rejecting a candidate whose personal character is not so spotless as it should be, a voter must reject a great principle affecting the welfare and destiny of the whole nation, he should prefer the interests of his country to his predilection for any particular individual. Of no evils, the voter should always choose the lesser. An unworky instrument may be the means of doing good. A firm believer in the tariff should not vote for an opponent of the tariff merely because he is a personal friend. In order that the farmers and stock-raisers of California may prosper, great home market for their productions must be created at their own doors. The carriage of the agricultural produce of this State to the East is so costly that the welfare of the State demands the settlement of a large manufacturing population in this side of the Rockies. This can not take place without the assistance of a protective tariff. The supply of cheap labor on the Asiatic side of the Pacific is too large to permit California to become a great manufacturing State under free trade. On the other side of the Pacific lies Siberia, a country containing hundreds of thousands of convicts and political offenders, who live in a state of extreme degradation and misery, and who, though barely getting enough of coarse food to keep the spark of life in their wretched bodies, have to toil like dumb brutes for the benefit of an autocrat and is empty treasury. On account of the immense outlay on their army, the revenue must be increased, and the Russian authorities will be quite willing to grind the suffering convicts of Siberia for that purpose. These miserable outcasts, who are compelled by the fear of the knout to labor like serfs, and who are worse fed than many of the dogs of California, will come into competition with the working-men of California if the protective barrier be thrown down. Siberia exports cotton and woolen cloths, leather, minerals, and other products, and the manufactures of that country can be increased to very great extent. The Russians are building a great transcontinental railway, which will have its terminus in the Sea of Japan. It is their avowed intention to establish, if possible, an extensive trade between Siberia and the countries bordering on the Pacific, and the Russian Government will be glad, if the opportunity present itself, to replenish their exhausted treasury by flooding the United States with the products of the unrewarded toil of millions of virtual serfs. The American working-men object to the competition of convicts at home. Are they willing to

compete with a whole nation of convicts, living on the very coarsest food and compelled to toil at the point of the lash? South of Siberia lies China, a country containing nearly one-third of the population of the world. The style of living of the Chinese is so low that it costs as much to maintain an American working-man's family for one day as to maintain a Chinese family for a week. In China, they manufacture fabrics of silk, cotton, and wool, and their manufactures are capable of being increased to an almost indefinite extent. The working-men of California demand the exclusion of the Chinese, as they can not compete with them successfully without living in hovels and eating the food which they now give to the lower animals. The Chinese cling to the customs of their native land, and will be quite willing to exclude themselves, if allowed to flood the United States with the products of their labor without paying duty. What matters it whether the Chinese work in Hong Kong or in San Francisco, if the results of their labor be allowed free access to the United States? The Chinese who live in California are, to a slight extent, Americanized, and pay taxes for the support of American institutions. The Chinese of Hong Kong, under free trade, would have all the benefits of the American market and pay nothing for the support of the American flag. Capitalists might establish a sufficient number of factories in Hong Kong to supply the whole Pacific Coast, as they would have at their very doors four hundred millions of laborers willing to work for wages that would drive American working-men to the poor-house or to suicide. What matters it whether the products of the labor of convicts, paupers, and virtual serfs be made in foreign lands and sold here free from duty, or be both made and sold here? Why do working-men applaud the speaker who shouts "Drive out the Chinese, as we can not compete with them and live as high-spirited American citizens should live," and applaud the same speaker, when he says, "Let the products of Chinese labor have free access to our markets, as it will make things cheaper"? Southwest of China lies India, containing a population of more than two hundred and sixty millions, and manufacturing silk, woolen, and cotton goods. Are the working-men of California willing to compete with the laborers of India, who live on fare that would be treated with disdain by the prisoners at San Quentin? It is true that in this country there is not now a just distribution of wealth. It is true that the position of the working-men of the United States is not what it should be, but it is also true that their position is superior to that of any other working-men in the world. Great social changes will have to take place and liberal schemes will have to be devised in order to give the working-men a greater share of the profits of their industry than they now obtain. On account of the freedom and intelligence of the main body of the people, this is the proper country to lead the world in social reform by setting in operation schemes for improving the condition of the working-men. American working-men will, however, be powerless to bring about reforms in their social condition if they render the problem too complex by introducing foreign competition. If they wish for success, they must not throw down the protective barriers and allow foreign nations, which will not be ready for such reforms for many years, to drive American schemes of reform out of the domain of practical politics by their unchecked interference in matters of trade. Let American working-men have the field to themselves and they will accomplish wonders in the matter of social progress. Let them throw down their wall of protection, and they will have to wait till the rest of the civilized world is sufficiently enlightened to act with them. In the case of every scheme of reform that is brought forward, the effect of foreign competition will have to be studied. If, for instance, the people of the United States were unanimously in favor of establishing a custom making eight hours a day's work, they would be unable to do so, if the working-men of Europe, laboring ten or twelve hours a day for lower wages, were allowed to fill this country with the products of their industry without the payment of duty. It is said that free trade would help to drive "trusts" out of existence. This is, doubtless, true, but the remedy would be the cause of much greater evils than the disease. If the people of this country have not sufficient ingenuity to regulate "trusts" without getting down on their knees and begging the assistance of foreign nations, they should lock up the eagle and substitute the sloth as the emblem of a degenerate nation. It is absurd, however, to think that a nation that exerts such a powerful influence in social matters throughout the whole world, has not sufficient ability to control "trusts" without calling in the aid of foreign competition. The opponents of the tariff harp upon the fact that its overthrow will make things cheaper. Things are cheap in China, but many of the wretched inhabitants are compelled to devour the foul vermin infesting their poverty-stricken country. Things are cheap in Europe, but women and children of tender age work in the fields like beasts of burden. Some things are dear in the United States, but the American working-man lives in comparative comfort, and his wife is an enlightened companion, not a drudge. The tariff compels Americans to deal with their fellow-citizens rather than with foreigners, but the patriotic citizen should never forget, that, in supporting a fellow-citizen, he is supporting a sworn upholder of his country's flag and institutions, a man who, if need be, will stand shoulder to shoulder with him in defending his family and home from foreign aggression, and not one who may at any moment become an enemy. He should never forget that it is the vast internal commerce of his country that links together in one mighty brotherhood the diverse communities that form this great Union. He should never forget that it is the tariff that has built up on this continent, out of the most discordant materials, a powerful, undivided nation, by interweaving the commercial interests of each part with the commercial interests of every other part, in such a manner that secession would be the certain forerunner of financial distress and ruin. Let Americans honor the policy that has made them a nation, and unite in the earnest endeavor to protect the civilization that has made them the wonder and theme of a dazzled and admiring world. J. S.



"ARGONAUT" STATE TICKET.

- FOR
- Governor..... HENRY H. MARKHAM
 - Lieutenant Governor..... BEN MORGAN
 - Secretary of State..... EDWIN G. WAITE
 - Controller..... EDWARD P. COLGAN
 - Treasurer..... JAMES R. McDONALD
 - Attorney-General..... WILLIAM H. H. HART
 - Surveyor-General..... THEODORE REICHERT
 - Clerk of Supreme Court..... LEWIS H. BROWN
 - Superintendent of Public Instruction..... JAMES W. ANDERSON
 - Representative in Congress, 1st District..... J. A. BARHAM
 - Representative in Congress, 2d District..... G. G. BLANCHARD
 - Representative in Congress, 3d District..... JOSEPH MCKENNA
 - Representative in Congress, 4th District..... JOHN T. CUTTING
 - Representative in Congress, 5th District..... E. F. LOUD
 - Representative in Congress, 6th District..... W. W. BOWERS
 - Railroad Commissioner, 1st District..... WILLIAM BECKMAN
 - Railroad Commissioner, 2d District..... J. M. LITCHFIELD
 - Railroad Commissioner, 3d District..... J. W. REA
 - Board of Equalization, 1st District..... GORDON E. SLOSS
 - Board of Equalization, 2d District..... L. C. MOREHOUSE
 - Board of Equalization, 3d District..... DANIEL T. COLE
 - Chief Justice of the Supreme Court..... WILLIAM H. BEATTY
 - Associate Justice of the Supreme Court..... RALPH C. HARRISON
 - Associate Justice of the Supreme Court..... CHARLES H. GAROUTTE
 - Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, unexpired term,..... JOHN J. DE HAVEN

"ARGONAUT" LEGISLATIVE TICKET.

- SENATE.
- Twentieth District..... GEORGE H. WILLIAMS
 - Twenty-Second District..... DANIEL H. EVERETT
 - Twenty-Fourth District..... J. H. MAHONEY
 - Twenty-Sixth District..... J. F. BRODERICK
 - Twenty-Eighth District..... THOMAS C. MAHER
- ASSEMBLY.
- Twenty-Ninth District..... JAMES H. DALY
 - Thirtieth District..... THOMAS J. TULLY
 - Thirty-First District..... JOHN HAYS
 - Thirty-Second District..... GEORGE E. LEWIS
 - Thirty-Third District..... F. L. JONES
 - Thirty-Fourth District..... F. A. LUX
 - Thirty-Fifth District..... HUBERT T. LYNCH
 - Thirty-Sixth District..... JOHN P. GLENN
 - Thirty-Seventh District..... M. W. COFFEY
 - Thirty-Eighth District..... A. T. BARNETT
 - Thirty-Ninth District..... J. O'SHEA
 - Fortieth District..... THOMAS W. DENNIS
 - Forty-First District..... H. C. DIBBLE
 - Forty-Second District..... LOUIS A. PHILLIPS
 - Forty-Third District..... W. E. TENNIS
 - Forty-Fourth District..... GEORGE A. WENTWORTH
 - Forty-Fifth District..... EUGENE F. BERT
 - Forty-Sixth District..... L. HOBY
 - Forty-Seventh District..... J. F. STELZ
 - Forty-Eighth District..... JOSEPH WINDROW

"ARGONAUT" MUNICIPAL TICKET.

- Mayor..... GEORGE H. SANDERSON
 - Auditor..... DAVID STERN
 - Assessor..... JOHN D. SIEBE
 - Sheriff..... CHARLES S. LAUMEISTER
 - Tax-Collector..... THOMAS O'BRIEN
 - Treasurer..... CHRISTIAN REIS
 - Recorder..... FERDINAND I. VASSAULT
 - County Clerk..... HIRAM B. COOK
 - District Attorney..... WILLIAM S. BARNES
 - Attorney and Counselor..... HARRY T. CRESSWELL
 - Coroner..... WILLIAM T. GARWOOD
 - Public Administrator..... A. C. FREESE
 - Surveyor..... CHARLES S. TILTON
 - Superintendent of Public Streets, Highways and Squares,..... LAWRENCE J. WELCH
 - Superintendent of Common Schools..... JOHN SWETT
 - Judge of the Superior Court..... JOHN HUNT
 - Judge of the Superior Court..... AUSTIN A. SANDERSON
 - Judge of the Superior Court..... J. C. B. HEBBARD
 - Judge of the Superior Court..... J. D. THORNTON
 - Judge of the Police Court..... HALE RIX
 - Judge of the Police Court..... H. L. JOACHIMSEN
 - Judge of the Police Court..... SAMUEL HASKINS
 - Justice of the Peace..... JAMES I. BOLAND
 - Justice of the Peace..... CHARLES A. LOW
 - Justice of the Peace..... FRANK J. GRAY
 - Justice of the Peace..... C. F. WOOD
 - Justice of the Peace..... CHARLES J. HOGE
 - Supervisor of First Ward..... H. A. BINGHAM
 - Supervisor of Second Ward..... D. B. JACKSON
 - Supervisor of Third Ward..... COLIN M. BOYD
 - Supervisor of Fourth Ward..... J. B. CURTIS
 - Supervisor of Fifth Ward..... WASHINGTON AYER
 - Supervisor of Sixth Ward..... L. R. ELLEKT
 - Supervisor of Seventh Ward..... G. A. CARNES
 - Supervisor of Eighth Ward..... R. W. BURTIS
 - Supervisor of Ninth Ward..... A. HEYER
 - Supervisor of Tenth Ward..... D. D. HUNT
 - Supervisor of Eleventh Ward..... C. W. TABER
 - Supervisor of Twelfth Ward..... WM. WILKINSON
 - School Director..... J. H. CULVER
 - School Director..... SAMUEL E. DUTTON
 - School Director..... WILLIAM HARNEY
 - School Director..... T. P. WOODWARD
 - School Director..... J. H. ROSEWALD
 - School Director..... SHELDON G. KELLOGG
 - School Director..... JAMES MASSON
 - School Director..... JNO. I. SABIN
 - School Director..... D. SEWELL
 - School Director..... J. D. POWELL
 - School Director..... A. COMPTÉ
 - School Director..... F. A. HYDE
 - Judge of Superior Court, unexpired term, ending Jan., 1891..... J. MCM. SHAFTER
 - Judge of Superior Court, unexpired term, ending Jan., 1893..... JAMES M. TROUTT
- For the amendment to Section 8, Article XI., Constitution.

THE MAIDEN SMILED.

He certainly used most remarkable gestures, and used them with a freedom that very much surprised young Mr. Leonard, until that youth happened to haltingly think that a Chinaman was an Oriental and that the Orientals are born gesture-makers.

He was unusually tall for a Chinaman, and unusually gaunt, too, and as he threw up his long arms to emphasize some particular statement, the heavy jade bangles slipped down over his elbows; while, when he lowered his arms again, he had to spread out his fingers to keep the stone bracelets from falling to the floor. Now he would poise his left hand, palm up, in the air, and would dart his right hand in and out of this, the fingers all bunched to a point, as though it were some bird of prey swooping down on its quarry. At another time, he would drop both these nervous hands to the furthest limits of arm's-reach, scoop up an invisible something, and then, lifting this head-high, would scatter it to the four winds, with a tornado motion of body and limbs that was very effective.

The play of his facial features was quite as remarkable. Like so many of his countrymen, he was deeply pitted with small-pox, but, unlike most of his countrymen, his eyes were large, though obliquely set, and full of fire. His neck was long and pliant as a snake, and indeed, when he threw back his head, opened his mouth until the corners ran up to the cheek-bones, and shot out a flash of light from under his half-shut lids, there was something quite ophidian in his appearance.

That young Mr. Leonard in his little surreptitious ramble through Chinatown was at first attracted by the gestures and Boanergian voice of the Chinaman, there is no doubt, but after a few moments had passed, his attention was drawn to another of the group of which the orator was the centre. There were six of them in this group, sprawled about the little gloomy store, in which nothing particular seemed to be sold. Five of them were men and the sixth was a woman, or girl, or child, young Mr. Leonard could not exactly say which. Any way, whatever her age may have been, she was as pretty as a peach—or rather as a nectarine, for, like that fruit, she was small and round and plump and juicy; like it, her skin was smooth and yellowish brown, with red splashes here and there; and she—still like the fruit—no doubt looked to be a good deal better than she really was. Her hair was starched out on each side of her head like a black butterfly's wings, and was twisted into a bar behind that looked like the handle of a black tea-pot. This general gloominess of head-gear was, however, relieved by sundry little paper-chrysanthemums stuck here and there, while in the thickness of the tea-pot handle there were two gold skewers, set up like a St. Andrew's cross. Her hair was drawn back in front from a low but intelligent forehead, underneath which glittered a pair of mischievous eyes. The nose was a snub, the mouth was quite pretty and provoking, and chin and cheeks and neck were smooth and round. Down below her trousers—dark purple, like her blouse—showed two plump ankles covered with fine white socks; and beneath these were two tiny feet—naturally tiny—incased in shoes of light apple-green, with high, white soles running down to a point from toe and heel like the lines of a sampan.

The trick of finding out that a young man is looking at her is not confined to the Caucasian girl, and two minutes had not passed before little Quang Loo began to preen and perk.

She accepted a conical cigarette which one of the Chinamen offered her, throwing out a deprecatory glance at young Mr. Leonard as she did so, as though to ask excuse for the mannish custom, and pulled back her loose sleeves—there seemed to be five or six of them—showing a dimpled arm that was altogether feminine. There followed coy looks in the shelter of a big red-silk handkerchief; roguish smiles half hidden by a veil of very queer-smelling tobacco-smoke, until, almost before he knew it, young Mr. Leonard was deep in the midst of a first-class flirtation with a third-class heathen.

The experience was one that made young Mr. Leonard tingle clear down to the tips of his brilliant yellow gloves and that made him flush so that his spectacles actually got dewy. It was the first time he had ever done such a thing, and he trembled with a delicious fever of joyful fright to think of what he would do if ever his Mama should find out what he was about.

He and his Mama were Boston people, quite rich and undoubtedly superior. She was a widow and this was her only son, her "mother's boy." He had been brought up like a pet lamb, and like that festive young creature was very innocent and very weak—and he looked it. Though now nearly twenty, his Mama still called him Baby, and so did nearly everybody else for the matter of that. She would have kept him in knickerbockers if she could possibly have done so, but even young Mr. Leonard's mild spirit rebelled at this and he insisted on clothing his flaccid little self in the rig of the ultra-anglo-maniacs. On those rare occasions on which Mama allowed him to stray from under her maternal eye, her parting injunction invariably was, "Now, Baby, be sure you don't get into mischief," and here he was getting into the very worst description of that article.

He had passed the handkerchief phase and had arrived at that desperate state where he was slyly feeling in his pocket for a visiting-card, when in one of the gestureful Chinaman's comprehensive sweeps of arms and vision, the Celestial saw what was going on. For a moment his hands hung suspended, then they dropped with a thwack on two bony knees, while he shot out a few gutturals to his companions. These looked quickly and sharply out of the little store-window and up and down the street, and then, at some more gutturals from the tall Chinaman, they slipped out and closed swiftly around the startled youth. Before he knew what had happened, young Mr. Leonard found himself inside the store, sitting down beside the little Chinese girl—much closer than he had ever dared to imagine, and the six Chinamen so thickly

grouped about him that he was hidden behind them as by a wall—a little wall of China, in fact. With child-like confidence and affection the maiden put her right arm around his waist and kept it there with a vigor that was quite surprising, while she brought her left hand, holding the big, red-silk handkerchief, so closely up to young Mr. Leonard's mouth, that he could only talk in a sort of mumbled undertone. Immediately in front of him towered the tall Chinaman, and in the Chinaman's hand was a huge revolver.

"You wan' buy that lill gel?" inquired this monster, working the revolver around until its muzzle looked like a revolving disk in an experiment in hypnotism.

"Good gwacious, no!" young Mr. Leonard was understood to stammer.

"Wha' for then you tly mashee, heh?"

"Good gwacious!" stammered the youth again, and there stuck, feeling very much as if he would like to cry.

"Lookee heah, you dam fellah," said the Chinaman, throwing open his mouth as though he was going to swallow his victim; "me, Quong Ah Wok, baddest highbinder San Francisco. Sixteen man-boy like you"—ticking them off on his fingers with the pistol-barrel—"I kill already this week. Now I kill you, too, less you buy this lill gel or give me hund'ed dollah."

"I haven't got as much money with me," moaned young Mr. Leonard.

"How much you got?" persisted Ah Wok.

"Only about fifty-three dollars and some odd cents, don'tcher-know," chattered the victim behind the red-silk handkerchief.

"Lemme have all you got—dam quick," said the terrible Ah Wok, playfully poking the revolver in his victim's vest-pocket.

Young Mr. Leonard lost no time in handing over his coin and bills, though the operation left his purse as limp as his legs.

"Now, then," said Ah Wok, with a combined movement of the head, body, and arms that made him look like a gigantic crane about to take flight—"now, then, young fellah, you skippee heap fi-fi; and, lookee heah, you no say no word any one, or I come—we all come—kill you in your lill bed."

Young Mr. Leonard wanted no further permission, and the encircling arm of the maiden being released, he tottered out and did not stop tottering until he had reached the hotel. There he half frightened Mama to death by his ghastliness, but he attributed it to "climbing so many bweastly hills," and after lying down for an hour or two, with a bottle of smelling-salts to his nose, he was again able to stand on his feet and face the wicked world.

The next day was Sunday, and young Mr. Leonard and his Mama went to the First Baptist Church, that being the sect of which the Leonards had always been strong supporters. Mrs. Leonard's devotions were considerably interfered with by the haunting suspicion that she knew the bonnet in front of her, and sure enough when its wearer happened to turn round to see the singers, who should it be but Mrs. Todhunter, also of Boston.

"Stay after service, my dear," whispered Mrs. Todhunter, during one of the hymns; "we're going to have a treat—converted Chinese."

All the missionary zeal of the New Englander was stirred at this hint, and they stayed. The first part in the appendix to the service was a Chinese Sunday-school, and young Mr. Leonard did not seem to be half as charmed by the services as his mother had expected him to be; indeed, it was all he could do to keep from sneaking out of the pew, or lying down in it under plea of being poorly.

He heard the devout heathen singing some horrible travesty of dear old "Rousseau's Dream" with all the vigor and tunefulness of a blacksmith's bellows, and then he heard a resonant, crackly voice, at sound of which his heart melted like wax within him. He glanced fearfully up. There was no mistaking that ophidian head and those free gestures—it was Quong Ah Wok, the prince of highbinders.

He was telling the story of his conversion, of his being brought out of the darkness and confusion of ancient Confucianism into the perfect clearness of new Baptistism, and telling it with a redundancy of picturesque action which young Mr. Leonard knew only too well.

"And now me cl-lean!" cried the convert with a fountain-like movement of the hands from the chest upward and outward; "all same cl-lean like snow, while you, pool sinnels, black like Melican man's shoe. Come be clean, come be white, then all go heaven, sing, sing, sing fo-levah—amen."

To say that young Mr. Leonard was amazed is but faintly to express his condition. He was simply stupefied, and it was in this stupor that he somehow knew his Mama was taking him by the arm and leading him up to the pulpit platform to shake hands with the converted Ah Wok.

"So charmed," he heard his Mama say, and then he felt his hand seized in a bony paw; a few quick, low gutturals were spoken, and then there was a thin giggle.

He looked up perforce, and there, sitting in sweet demureness, was the little Chinese maiden.

"This my niece, also one Clistian gel," said Ah Wok, with a fearful working of his mobile jaws and lowering of his lids; "you please shake hands wif lill Clistian gel."

Young Mr. Leonard put out a moist, quivering hand and felt it gently tickled in the palm. He ventured a timid glance from the corner of his eyes and met one as full of mischief as is a monkey. He thought of Celestial wile, of his fifty-three dollars, and sighed;

And the maiden smiled. THOMAS J. VIVIAN.
SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1890.

The plans for making Paris a seaport have been deposited at the Hotel de Ville. The proposed canal from Rouen to Paris is to be one hundred and ten miles long and about twenty feet deep, and is to cost twenty-seven millions of dollars.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

My Lady Waits.

Beneath the splendor of the Southern sun
A woman waits; dark chestnut is her hair,
And like a clean-cut cameo her face,
By some pale artist wrought and dwelt upon
Till life breathed in the stone; and she is fair,
Like some slim lily in the garden-place.

That in her heart my life should find a place,
That she should wait for me at set of sun,
That she should name me "Love!" a boon more fair
Life can not give, than I should press the hair
Back from her low white brow, and gaze upon
The love-lit frankness of her pure young face.

If this may be, then I must turn my face
Away from her, and win the right to place
My life at her command, strike her! upon
All that is false, nor must to-day's spent sun
Know me untrue. I may not touch her hair
Unless I be as true as she is fair.

She hath not spoken aught, or cold or fair,
Nor have I asked. I have but read her face,
And watched the sunlight glinting on her hair,
And loved her. If for me there be a place
In her pure heart, I know not. Now the sun
May kiss what I would lay my hand upon.

I know not what may be, but thus upon
My heart is put a pledge for purpose fair,
Whatever else may chance. Beneath the sun
Men are but human; so this woman's face
Would keep me strong and pure; then I may place,
As doth the sun, my kiss upon her hair.

And this I know—my lady waits, her hair
Back from her low white brow, a blessing on
Her lips. Against my heart my hand I place
And pray that I be true as she is fair,
So that at last I may look in her face,
Beneath the splendor of the Southern sun.

O heart, all doubts displace—the prize is fair!
That I may kiss her hair, as doth the sun,
Strive bravely on, thy shield her pure young face.
—Charles Washington Coleman in November Lippincott's.

The Instruction of Saint Cosmo and Saint Damian.

The blessed Arabian doctors, Saints Cosmo and Damian,
One day were disputing hotly of the soul and the body of man.
And the blessed Saint Cosmo contended, with a very fiery zeal,
That sins, being wounds of the spirit, were the first that they should heal.

And his brother, equally fiery, declared that the proper plan
Was to minister first to the body, and then to the spirit of man.
And while they were thus disputing, a man who was wounded sore—
Brought there to the brothers for healing—was laid on the hermit-
age floor.

And Saint Damian, precept with practice in harmony making go,
Was for whipping out his lancet. But Saint Cosmo motioned,
"No!"

And Saint Cosmo turned to the bearers, who had brought the hurt
one in,
And inquired, "Is this wounded person a person of virtue, or sin?"
And the bearers answered promptly, that, so far as they could tell,
The wounded man was a sinner and was far on his way to hell,
And prompt though the saint had questioned, and prompt though
the others replied,

Death was quicker than question or answer, and in sin that sinner
died!

And Saint Damian reasoned sadly: "Had we made his body whole,
We then might have cured his spirit, and so have saved his soul."
And Saint Cosmo, very humbly, to his brother made reply:
"God has shown that in our contention it was you had right, not I."
And then, by God's grace and mercy (so the ancient legends tell)
The dead man arose before them, and stood there alive and well!
And around him shone a splendor of purest heavenly light,
And they who had seemed but bearers were angels in robes of
white!

And then the vision vanished: having taught that God's own plan
Is to heal first the wounds of the body, and then of the spirit of
man.
—Thomas A. Janvier in November Century.

The Quaker Lady.

'Mid drab and gray of moldered leaves,
The spoil of last October,
I see the Quaker lady stand
In dainty garb and sober.

No speech has she for praise or prayer,
No blushes, as I claim
To know what gentle whisper
gave
Her prettiness a name.

The wizard stillness of the hour
My fancy aids; again
Return the days of hoop and hood
And tranquil William Penn.

I see a maid amid the wood
Demurely calm and meek,
Or troubled by the mob of curls
That riots on her cheek.

Her eyes are blue; her cheeks are red—
Gay colors for a friend;
And Nature with her mocking
rouge
Stands by a blush to lend.

The gown that holds her rosy
grace
Is truly of the oddest;
And wildly leaps her tender heart
Beneath the kerchief modest.

It must have been the poet Love
Who, while she slyly listened
Divined the maiden in the flower,
And thus her semblance christen-
ed.

Was he a proper Quaker lad
In suit of simple gray?
What fortune had his venturesous
speech,
And was it "yea" or "nay"?

And if indeed she murmured
"yea,"
And trobbled with worldly bliss,
I wonder if in such a case
Do Quakers really kiss?

—S. Weir Mitchell in November Harper's.

LILY LANGTRY'S ARRIVAL.

"Flaneur" Goes Down the Bay to Meet the London Star.

Manager Ahhey's Invitation—A Wild Wet Night—How a Gang of Young Englishmen drove Sleep from Weary Eyelids—The Troubles of a Cot—The Salted Beer and Avalanche of Loaves—The Sad-eyed *Herald* Reporter and his Weird Make-up—The Jersey Lily arrives at Last—How she Looked, Talked, and Dressed.

Mrs. Langtry is the most beautiful woman I have ever met. Thousands of columns have been written about her, and the judgment of hundreds of thousands of men has been in her favor, but I presume that San Francisco, like New York, will not believe half that is said until it can judge for itself. I predict that your judgment will confirm what I say, and that you will pronounce her a thoroughly charming woman in every way. I was the first man presented to the famous English beauty on her arrival, and was in no mood for the reception of good impressions, but I was carried away, nevertheless. I have had many remarkable experiences, but none that equaled those of Sunday night and Monday morning. I propose to write a truthful account of a noted excursion.

I was at dinner in the Brunswick Hotel, Saturday afternoon, when Mr. Ahhey, the manager, strolled into the *café* with his hands in his top-coat pockets, and his hat jammed over his eyes. He dropped into a chair at my table, and said:

"There are nearly a hundred men outside waiting for the news."

"What news?"

"The news of the arrival of the steamer *Arizona* in the lower bay with Mrs. Langtry aboard. They are going down with me to meet her. If you've never been on one of these excursions it would amuse you to go."

"Does it amuse you?"

"Well," muttered the man who brought Bernhardt, Salvini, and Nilsson across the water, "it amused me the first time, but candor forces me to admit that it begins to pall on me now. However, I am always more or less amazed."

"At what?"

"Judge for yourself. Will you go?"

"I don't mind. What time?"

"I think we shall start between three and four o'clock, Monday morning, so as to meet the steamer before she gets up the bay. I'll give you a wrinkle, though, that will save you from getting up at three o'clock A. M.—if it is possible for you to do it. Come down to the foot of West Twenty-second Street to-night about ten o'clock, and go to bed on the steamboat *Laura M. Starin*. We will have breakfast aboard on our way down the bay."

"Oh, that'll be quite comfortable."

"Will it?" said the moody Mr. Ahhey, with a sad and sorrowful smile. "I'm glad you think so. Don't disappoint me."

He imbibed, and walked slowly away. It struck me that he was rather morose in view of a prospective excursion, with a party of good fellows, to meet the celebrated beauty, but I attributed it to his liver, and finished my dinner slowly while speculating on our reception by the woman whose charms half crazed the Prince of Wales and set all England talking. Later I went to hear Théo sing, and met the music critics of the *World* and *Tribune*, who said they were of the party to meet the Jersey Lily, and we agreed to go down to the steamboat together. After they had sent their criticisms down town, we started over toward the North River. The *Tribune* man then remembered that he had to go down to the office, and left us to go alone. My companion, Kobbé, an old classmate of mine, who succeeded Copleson as dramatic and musical critic of the *World*, is not of a humorous temperament, and was fully as sleepy as I was; so we resolved to go directly to bed. When we went aboard, the watchman passed us into the after-cabin, where there was a long table covered with bottles and things and surrounded by half a dozen young English actors, now playing at Wallack's and Booth's theatres. They rose cordially and shook hands, and we inverted glasses several times, after which I announced that, as I was rather knocked up from the night before, I proposed to go to bed. This was received with jeers, followed by ominous threats, but I was really so much fatigued that there was nothing else to do; so Kobbé and I looked about and found a quiet nook on the next deck in the after-cabin, directly over the heads of the festive half-dozen actors. We lugged a small cot up stairs from the supply furnished by Mr. Ahhey, and placed it well back from the light, got a mattress and some blankets, partially disrobed, and calmly laid us down to sleep. Half a minute later, young Jack Howell, who plays a small part in the "Romany Rye," came up and insisted upon our taking some cigars. He dropped one while we were explaining that we were sleepy, and, while looking for it, I was dimly conscious that he was fooling around the legs of the cot; but he went below and we settled down.

The night was very still, and the gentle motion of the craft was delightfully lazy. The reflection of the street-lamps was thrown gracefully on the water, whence it glanced off and played about our windows, and the low swash of the waters lulled us to sleep. I was dozing gently off, when there was a fiendish yell, and an instant later our cot went rushing across the cabin at a furious rate, coming up, with a clattering hang, against the railing around the stairway. Fortunately, we were thrown out before the collision, and escaped death, but we were pretty thoroughly shaken up. A superficial examination revealed, in irrefutable fact, that the ingenious young Howell had tied a rope around the leg of our cot, and when they thought we were asleep the whole crowd seized the other end and perpetrated what they considered an extremely clever joke. I went down stairs *en déshabillé* to discuss the matter, but the good-hearted and joyful Howell had fled to the boiler-room. After a short argument, I went up-stairs again, and, after repairing the wreck, we once more turned in. Almost immediately, however, a committee of three arrived from below, with a lot of beer-bottles on a tray. I knew the beer had been salted, but said nothing; and when the actors went below, and stood at the foot of the stairs waiting to hear our agonizing cries, we carefully and conscientiously emptied the beer down on

their heads. We enjoyed this, but we knew we would have to suffer; so we deserted the cot, and went stealthily forward behind some benches, and waited silently. A few minutes later the dusky forms of the jolly and comforting actors came silently up the stairs in the semi-light, each man armed with two big loaves of bread. Carefully and craftily they placed themselves within range of the cot, and, at the word, let the bread fly. If I was ever thankful, it was that I was not on that cot when the avalanche of bread arrived. The actors jumped forward to view us in our misery, but all they heard was low chuckles of satisfaction, and they went below feeling saddened and unhappy. We followed, and after pledging every man's health, and swearing that we were having a good time, went up-stairs and to bed once more. It took a good deal of courage to calmly lie down, but I was so very sleepy that I could not keep my eyes open. We were dozing off again, when there was a terrific uproar down-stairs, occasioned by the arrival of the police-headquarters' man of the *Herald*, a contingent of men-about-town, and some more men connected, in one way and another, with theatrical affairs. The hilarity subsided into a running fire of alleged wit, and I once more closed my eyes, when my companion gave me a dig in the ribs, and I saw the classic form of the police reporter of the *Herald* waltzing, with quiet dignity, around our cot. His high hat was in an extremely reprehensible condition, his coat-tails were pinned over his shoulders, and his trousers rolled up to the knees. He waltzed with transcendent grace, and wore a smile of singular beauty as he moved around the cot. I turned over five times, trying to get asleep, and thrashed around nervously in bed, but the police reporter waltzed placidly on. After half an hour of it, I arose and went out on the hurricane deck to cool my heated brow, while my friend of the *World* argued with the police reporter; but he never said a word, and waltzed unceasingly. When he had become quite dizzy, he went down stairs to greet twenty or more new arrivals—mostly newspaper men, reporters, correspondents, and critics, who had come down in a party from the walking match.

It was after one A. M., and I had not had a wink of sleep; but before I made another attempt, six robust and vigorous gentlemen came up-stairs, stood over our cot, and sang "Peek-a-hoo," "The Lullaby," "Patience," and "Mr. Reilly," with enough force to be heard in Peru. We offered heartfelt thanks, and they went down-stairs. Half an hour later we heard them all coming up-stairs with a silent and ominous tread. Then we gave in. Our courage failed, and we sadly dressed, went below, and joined "the boys." A little incident occurred, after we had been there a few minutes, that caused a smile to play about my features. There was a hell-crowned silk hat placed carefully under one of the seats, and the joyous young actor, Howell, thought it was my hat, and filled it full of Apollinaris water. It was not my hat. It was that of Mr. Howell's manager, and the discovery of that fact went a long way toward restoring harmony, though the personal friendship between Mr. Howell and his manager was not strengthened. Then practical jokes ceased for a moment, until the door opened, and the long and lugubrious face of a notorious man looked in. His hair was dark and long, his eyes quite bloodshot, and his long green coat spotted with mud. He wore a sugar-loaf hat, and smiled in a soft, oily way as he came timidly through the door. The crowd no sooner recognized him as Oscar Wilde than a yell went up that nearly split the ear, and there was a furious rush toward the door where the aesthete stood. He saw the crowd, slammed the door, darted across the gang-plank, and sped up the dock, followed by the yells of the entire delegation. It was unquestionably very rough treatment, and I felt called upon to apologize to Mr. Wilde later for my share in it, as he came there as a guest of Mr. Ahhey. I do not know exactly what caused such an outburst on our part, unless it was his extraordinary appearance; for nearly every one there had met him before, and he is no novelty in New York. But he looked so thoroughly broken up and bleak-eyed that the effect, in connection with his æsthetic costume, was very odd. He asked the watchman on the dock what was happening on the boat, and the watchman said he was not sure, but he suspected that it was a prize-fight. Mr. Wilde waited in his cab till half past three, when he came aboard with Mr. Ahhey, a score or more other gentlemen, and a brass band. The steamboat slipped her moorings and headed down the bay, and we all paced the forward deck and smoked, as the keen wind, fog-laden and misty, swept by.

"Was it quite comfortable?" asked Mr. Ahhey, with a deeply significant smile as he noticed my baggard looks.

"Oh, quite," I said; "I enjoyed an excellent night's rest," whereat he shook his head sadly, and said he really boped it was so.

We all boarded the *Arizona* between five and six o'clock, and stood in an awfully bunged-up group when Mrs. Langtry tripped forward. I was by her manager's side and he presented me. She smiled charmingly, and offered an exquisitely formed hand, and we chatted for ten minutes about her trip across the water. Then the herd of reporters pressed around. What she said to them, and what they said to her has already been telegraphed all over the country. Her manners, as every reasonable man may suppose, are those of a perfectly bred English lady, and she is cordial and pleasant. I was struck particularly by her complexion. No wonder it is famous, and Millais deserves little credit for calling her the "Lily." The first thing that strikes a stranger is her resemblance to that beautiful flower, and there is no other simile but that. I repeat that her success in America is assured.

NEW YORK, October 26, 1882.

Several public-spirited citizens and enthusiastic musicians of this community have made vigorous efforts to promote an enterprise which would give San Francisco an annual series of classical concerts, at which the old masters should be interpreted and the modern composers have their latest works represented. The Philharmonic Society succeeded admirably in their plans last year. One of the principal features was the extremely low price of the subscription tickets. This year the society is making great efforts to accomplish still greater things. On next Friday evening, November 10th, a concert will take place at Platt's Hall. One of the principal attractions will be the rendering of Raff's Concerto, by Mr. Julius Hinrichs, on his violoncello. Mr. Henry Heyman has numerous assistants in his praiseworthy and laborious efforts, and he certainly deserves the unreserved support of the public.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Milady now adopts the English style or custom, and calls her maid by her surname. Thus we hear: "Jones, hand me my frizzes;" "Henderson, if anybody calls, say I'm out," and "Thompson, keep the children away from me to-day."

"Nothing is so exasperating," observes Calino, the French Mrs. Partington, "as to hold a lottery-ticket and find that the next number has drawn a prize. But I've taken my precautions now to prevent that—I always buy the two adjoining numbers as well!"

Old Chief Pocotello, says the *Boomerang*, now at the Fort Hall agency, in answer to an inquiry relative to the true Christian character of a former Indian agent at that place, gave in very terse language the most accurate description of a hypocrite that was ever given to the public: "Ugh! Too much God and no flour."

The fact that Herbert Spencer subsists almost entirely on dry toast and sardines is hardly likely to stimulate the adoption of this fare by would-be philosophers, who may recall the fact that when Agassiz was asked by a humptious *littérateur* how much of a fish diet would benefit his brain, advised him to begin with two small whales.

General Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia, used to tell of a missionary who, flattering himself that he had thoroughly imbued an American Indian with the right spirit in which to take the Lord's Supper, said: "Do you not feel a mental comfort, an inward refreshment from that holy cup?" "It is very good," said the promising proselyte, "hut," with a smile, "rum's better."

A traveler was leaning at night against a railing at the Harper's Ferry railroad station. A locomotive came along, and he sprang lightly over the rail to escape possible danger. He thought it was a meadow on the other side, but knew his mistake when he struck in a muddy stream forty feet below. On being rescued he was asked his name. "I wouldn't tell you for a thousand dollars," he replied; "describe me simply as a fool."

A Geometrical Angler.—Mr. Wright, says the *Whitehall Times*, went out to fish. And he became a Wright angler. He thought he would try and catch a shark. And became a try-angler. He laughed to think how smart he was. And he became a cute angler. But he did not see the shark with its nose under the stern of his craft. He was such an obtuse angler. Until the creature tipped over his boat. When he became a wrecked-angler.

A wealthy Austin gentleman, whose name we suppress on account of his family, and who has got a frisky wife, observed that his hired man had bought an entirely new suit of clothes and had his beard dyed. "What a ridiculous idea that is, for you to be fixing up in that way," said the gentleman. "Well," said the hired man, "you dye your moustache and dress up, too." "I know that, but I do it to please my wife." "Well, that's just what I do it for."—*Texas Siftings*.

A young lady, says a recent number of the *Atlanta Constitution*, who is very heavily insured by strangers in the matrimonial insurance companies, on the report of her approaching marriage, went with a friend into a dry goods store last week. She knew that the clerk who was waiting on her had invested a year's savings in a policy on her coming marriage. While examining a piece of silk she said to her friend, in an aside perfectly audible to the clerk: "Since my engagement is definitely broken off, I will have no trousseau to buy. I think I might afford this." When she turned to ask the clerk the price, he had fainted.

A young Maine man, who until recently has resided beneath his father's roof-tree, married a few weeks since and leased apartments in another part of the city. The other evening, after completing his day's work, he left the office, went up street and climbed the hill to his father's house. Entering its familiar precincts he made his toilet, and then presented himself at the table. The family, who had been watching his operations, eyed him with amazement, and at last his mother softly inquired: "My son, have you procured a divorce thus early in your wedded career?" A pale crimson flush suffused the young man's face, which rapidly deepened into cardinal. Then he gasped: "I forgot all about being married." Leaving the table amid a roar of laughter, the young man hurried out and walked hastily home, where his young wife was impatiently awaiting his coming.

It is a mistake to overburden a waiter with orders. A good story is told of what happened at Nantasket last summer, because a waiter had a good memory in the wrong place. It seems three swells went down to dine by the sea one afternoon, and ordered an elaborate dinner of numerous courses, beginning with Little Necks and ending with coffee. The waiter disappeared, bis eyes rolling frantically, and the trio sat back and chatted as only hungry men with the prospect of champagne and food can sit and chat while waiting. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed, and conversation flagged; the peculiarities of the crowds on the beach below, the gossip of the town, the last quotations from Wall Street, the dizzy heights of a new joke, had all been touched upon—still the waiter came not. Half an hour, thirty-five minutes—no waiter, no Little Necks. Then patience ceased to be a virtue, the soft salt air began to take a lurid hue, and bells began to ring, followed by indignant calls for "that d—elicious hoy." Finally, after nearly an hour's delay, these three bowling swells saw, to their dismay, the waiter approaching loaded down with the entire dinner! Soup, fish, game, fruit, and coffee were all before them. Not an item had been forgotten except the champagne. Words failed these impatient young men; but words were not wanting with the head-waiter when called to arrest this fiend, who had spoiled a dainty repast by serving it *en bloc*. The dinner was ordered over again; but the sharp eye was a little worn off those maddened appetites.

FROM FRIENDS OVER SEAS.

Our London Letter.

The Poet of Passion and his Daily Life—How Swinburne dispels Despair—His Poetry, his Loves, and his Friends—A Bachelor's Establishment that is the Scene of many an Orgy—Wonderful Powers of Improvisation.

An illustrious celebrity from Great Britain is about to visit the United States on a lecturing tour, in the person of Algernon Swinburne, the poet. People who have read his writings, both poetry and prose, and never having seen him, have formed from the perusal of his works a romantic idea as to his manners and looks, will, I fear, be sadly disappointed. He is, perhaps, one of the plainest looking men in England; in short, he is positively ugly. *Harper's Magazine*, as an embellishment to an article about him published a few months ago, gave a wood-cut of his photograph. It was his photograph, certainly; but it was one taken twenty years or more ago, and gave about as much idea of the way he looks now as do the old postage-stamps represent the physiognomy of the Queen of to-day. The article in question, however, was about as full of errors as it well could be; so, after all, a portrait a generation old, which claimed to be of recent production, was a fitting illustration of its pages. Now, I happen to have known the poet and his family for years, and can vouch for what I say. Swinburne is of undoubted good family. His father, an admiral in the royal navy, was the son of Sir John Swinburne, a Northumberland baronet, and his mother is a daughter of the Earl of Ashburnham, whose direct ancestor was with Charles I. when he was beheaded, receiving as a mark of gratitude from the dethroned monarch for his loyalty to him the blood-stained shirt which he wore at the block, which garment is to-day preserved and kept as an heir-loom by the Ashburnham family. The poet lives in London ostensibly a bachelor's life, but in reality, and in accord with the expressed spirit of his poetry, keeping up more than one establishment devoted as much to Bacchus as to Venus, and where a week-long orgy not infrequently terminates in a fit of *delirium tremens* of such severity as to necessitate the summoning of his mother from her country-house in Wiltshire. How he holds out is as much a puzzle to his medical men as it is to his friends, for his physique is none of the strongest; yet, like Poe, alcohol being the inspiration of his muse, as the immoral tone of his verses but too plainly shows, total abstinence for him would mean a total cessation of poetic work. It is needless to add that between him and his family there is little mutual intercourse; for, though his name in the literature of his country is a proud one, his writings are in the main forbidden pages for the perusal of the young, and his habits such as to render prolonged association with ladies impossible. He has one brother who resembles him in nothing except intemperance, though his sisters, of whom he has three, would be ornaments in any society. His youngest sister is looked upon as a beauty in the neighborhood in which she lives, and is noted as the possessor of four thousand a year in her own right and a pair of the smallest feet in England.

Lord Houghton is one of Swinburne's most intimate friends, and he frequently gives a dinner party to show the poet to his friends, at which he purposely manages to get Swinburne intoxicated as early as possible, the result being poetic improvisation of the most bewildering character, accompanied by a nervous movement of the hands and arms not unlike St. Vitus's dance. Much of the poet's eccentricity and waywardness are said to be due to the over prudish and straightlaced government of his mother during his earlier years. If so, Pope's idea as to the inclination of the tree being dependent upon the bending of the twig comes rather badly to grief.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, October 11, 1882.

The City of the Kremlin.

The Outskirts of Moscow—A Wild Ride in a Drosky through a Russian Thoroughfare—Visit to the Big Bell and Giant Cannon—The Service of the Greek Church—The Aristocratic Guide.

The approach to Moscow, coming from the west, *via* Warsaw, is not inspiring; in fact, is scarcely interesting. The low and interminable plain, chiefly occupied by a birchen forest, with an occasional opening marked by a peasant's neat log-cabin, (American builders of cabins could learn something in that special line of useful and æsthetic architecture from the Russian,) is not exchanged, as one might wish, for more varied or undulating features of the landscape. You only observe that market-gardens, well filled with wholesome cabbages, carrots, heets, and the like, have taken the place of the forest and peasants' meadow. With these and certain other indications of the proximity of a large city, you hasten to avail yourself of the privilege—here unrestricted by official notifications—to put your head and arms out of the window, and lo! there is Moscow, like another Venice, in the circumambient mist of the morning, which seems almost like a sea, out of which rise the characteristic forms of the gilded domes, airy turrets, fantastic towers, and the blue, green, and gold of lofty summits of churches, convents, palaces, and campaniles.

You realize your dream of the Kremlin—as some months ago of the Alhambra—and fancy a resemblance. But those bulb-shaped domes, which rise in such abundant richness together in and about the ancient fortress, are unique in all the world in their grandeur and magnificence, their brilliance out against the azure sky, their glistening and golden sheen dominating the great city underneath. And this is Moscow, the ancient capital of Russia, the lure that tempted the great Napoleon and his grand army to that disastrous campaign along the line that we have traversed, to advance to a conquest worse than defeat, and then to retreat again over those inhospitable plains amid the perils of the elements more dangerous than the most relentless of human enemies.

Moscow is in her glory this year. She has her grand exposition of all that Russia can produce, and that includes nearly everything, excepting constitutional government. Moreover, the Emperor and Empress have come to see it also, and Moscow is gay with bunting and the blare of bands. Landing in the station, the Bahel of an unknown tongue salutes us on every hand. We are fortunate, however, as usual, in having made the acquaintance of a Russian

physician, who kindly pilots us to a pair of droskies, and launches us for the hotel. Have you ever ridden in a drosky?—in Moscow, in a crowded street, in a hurry, over the rattling cobbles, and through the shouting—and, I presume, profane—drivers? As a tonic for weak nerves I can not imagine anything more worthy of commendation—*i. e.*, to those who believe in the "heroic" method of treating that malady. It is likely to kill or cure. And then, just as we were nearing our hotel, and passing the porte of the Chinese wall, we were shot out of it by a fire-cart on the full gallop, charging through, and only missing us by a hair. Ah, well, we are here. Now for a guide. One appears. We engage him. Alas! now our troubles begin; for we are to be under the direction and largely in the power of that once great, but I fear never good, man for several days. He will say "Go," and we shall go; "Stop, and take something," and we shall stop, and shall have to pay for what he takes, which is generally from two to five glasses of cognac. But we might do worse than exchange him; for yesterday another of the seven shining lights which, as *valets-de-place*, serve to enlighten the minds of strangers patronizing our hotel, while resting and refreshing himself, passed into a state of helpless inebriety. Our count—I omitted to say that he *was* a count—had this excellence, which he himself did not fail to remark to us, that he took nothing on the sly, as some others did. Very well; so we go with this invaluable cicerone to see the sights of Moscow.

First, of course, to the Kremlin, with its palaces and churches, its big cannon, "The Czar," forty tons of bronze, a big gun centuries ago, and its bigger bell, "Tzar Rokolok," sixty-seven feet in circumference and of two hundred tons weight. What a pity it is broken and dismounted. Were it otherwise it would be worth the visit to hear it alone. Then we inspect the treasures of the Metropolitan, and from seeing forty pounds of real pearls on one sacerdotal vestment, we have some idea of the relative economy of republican and Protestant accessories and aids to faith and devotion. We have paid our respects to several shrines of worship, in some of which we heard the stately and impressive chants of the Greek service intoned by stentorian lungs of priests, and answered by mellow tones of antiphonal choirs, voices of men and boys, and in the convent churches the silvery tones of invisible nuns.

We next inspected the original palace of the Romanoffs—the reigning family of Russia—which we found a nice model in some respects for a Californian home, and made a note of. We refreshed our minds and wearied our limbs at the Grand Exposition, rode on the electric railway, but did not find it so electrifying as the orthodox drosky; saw the model of Prince Demidoff's heap of gold—some thousands of tons—and sinned equally against our conscience and our self-respect by allowing the count the article requisite to maintain his efficiency and good humor—a moral weakness on our part, which had no shadow of justification except the pitiful one of expediency. So we have been roaming about the old city and mingling among its decayed aristocratic associations, and our poetical sense has approved the chance which has placed us under the protection of this decayed aristocrat.

MOSCOW, October 5, 1882.

RICHARD WYLIE.

The Gossip of the Boulevard.

Victor Hugo's Charitable Amusements—How he Entertained Several Hundred Poor Children—A Bloody Duel and its Result—The Dampening Ardor of some Fire-eating Journalists—Three Foiled Challengers.

Victor Hugo is a wonderfully preserved octogenarian. He seems incapable of fatigue. A few weeks ago he went down to Veules-en-Caux, to visit the sea-shore villa of Paul Meurice. One would have thought he would rest for a brief space at least. But not he. His spirit seemed as restless and uncontrolled as in its youthful prime, and he must needs hunt up all the poor children in Veules, and give them a grand banquet. There were several tables set in the public hall, and there Victor Hugo seated himself, with orphans and ragamuffins on every side of him. Not content with that, he gave a reception to a large school of boys; and then again, when passing through the next village, held a public levée for the youth of the community. On every occasion the vicinity was thronged with people eager to see the old man who takes such earnest interest in the education and training of the children of France.

The fatal outcome of the duel of a month ago has had a salutary effect on this terrible practice during the past few weeks. In the beginning of September last, the warfare between Dichard, of the *Petit Caporal*, and Massas, of the *Combat*, (both Bonapartist journals), had grown to such a height of personal rancor that a sword-fight was deemed necessary to satisfy honor. The forest near Saint-Germain was the chosen ground, and the *gendarmerie* only reached the appointed spot in time to confiscate the dangerous weapons and separate the bloody-minded scribes. Paul de Casagnac and M. d'Ornano, being chosen as referees, decided that a second meeting must take place, and therefore the next day found the two in a little private park at Nogent. The fight was furious, and poor Massas, the challenger, sank back dead into the arms of his second, while Dichard was pierced by three gaping wounds, from which he has recovered. But this has been of good service; for during the past week three challenges have been declined. M. Lévê, of the *Monde*, was challenged by M. Teste, who has been writing abusive letters in the *Gaulois*. Lévê's confessor, however, forbade the duel, and Lévê very readily obeyed the mandate of the church, notwithstanding the fact that people are saying that the priest was asked for the occasion. Then, again, Meyer, of the *Gaulois*, sent a note and two friends to Dreyfus, the Jew banker. The old Hebrew treated them with sublime contempt, and informed them that what Monsieur Meyer or his paper could say of him would be a matter of no moment, in consequence of which Meyer and the *Gaulois*, metaphorically speaking, heat their heads against the floor in their baffled rage. The third case is that of Maes, of the *Bataille*, who, with no avail, challenged Marouck, of the *Proletaire*, who interposed his importance to the working-class cause as a barrier against risking his life. So, you see, all the formerly valiant duelists are becoming "Sir Andrew Aguecheeks." How long the lesson will have its effect, is the question.

BABILLARD.

PARIS, October 9, 1882.

LITERARY NOTES.

Two articles in the English magazines of the current month, a translation of De Musset's "Rachel" in *Blackwood*, and a translation of Charles Monselet's "Tour through my Pockets" in *Temple Bar*, were published in the *Argonaut* some years ago.

"A Transplanted Rose," which has been appearing serially in *Harper's Bazar*, is now issued in an article book-form. It is a very cleverly written story of New York society, and, indeed, might well serve as a text-book for Knickerbocker etiquette. The story is that of a young Western girl who is introduced into New York society by a rich aunt. The maiden is a rough diamond at first; but she is gradually polished to a surprising degree of brilliancy, and finishes by winning the hand of an English baronet. The book is one of the most entertaining that has been issued this season. Published by Harper Brothers, New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$1.00.

One of the editors having happened to read the foregoing notice, read the book, which is contrary to his usual custom. He never reads—he only writes. He submitted the following paragraph, and readers can take their choice: "A Transplanted Rose" is the latest 'novel of New York society.' It has enough of society patter and slang to make it come from one of the concentric circles of New York society, if not, perhaps, the inner one. It has a Western girl, who is the 'transplanted rose,' and who, having come from the West, and had only San Francisco society experience, breaks glasses, upsets decanters, and eats oysters with her knife. This wild Western freedom wins her the heart of the usual English baronet, Sir Sydney Something, despite the machinations of the villain, coarse, common, and American fellow. The girls who ridicule her in the first half of the book all come to grief in the latter half. The book is spangled with had taste, had French, and bad grammar, and will make excellent reading for any San Francisco 'society young lady' who wants to know how her congener acts in New York. Published by Harper Brothers; for sale at Bancroft's.

The publication in America of "Spoiling the Egyptians; a Tale of Shame told from the British Blue-books," by J. Seymour Keay, might be deemed rather unimpeachably coming after the war in Egypt is finished; but the fact of the importance of four successive editions, which it attained in England during the war, was sufficient reason for its appearance here, however tardy that may be. The author endeavors to show through the Blue-books that England, aided by France, persuaded the last Khedive to accept enormous loans, and then, by successive extortions, tried to screw useless interest from the whole country of Egypt. The book presents a startling array of facts, and arouses the reader's indignation against England. But in a late number of the *Contemporary Review*, Professor Sheldon Amos, a man of reputation in jurisprudence and one who has long resided in Egypt, asserts that Mr. J. Seymour Keay has been guilty of deliberate deception, and that—not taking into account the fact that the Blue-books are necessarily defective for diplomatic reasons—he has neglected to quote letters and documents of whose existence he could not be ignorant, and which refute the charges made in his book. Published by G. P. Putnam & Co., New York; for sale by booksellers; price, 50 cents.

Mrs. Oliphant has always been an agreeable novel-writer, and her success in other literary work has been nearly as good, if we take into consideration her books on Italian art-history and like studies. "The Literary History of England in the End of the Eighteenth and the Beginning of the Nineteenth Centuries," is apt to have rather the smack of the "pot-boiler" about it; but perusal shows that the author must have given the subject months of care and study to attain the degree of excellence which the three volumes possess. Another surprise is the modern air of all Mrs. Oliphant's writings. One would expect that an author—especially a woman—who dated from the first quarter of the century, and who began to write as far back as the forties, would be unctured more or less with the prejudices of an earlier period; but, although this exists, it only exists in the case of the Scotch authors, a fact which may be due to the author's Scotch origin. But, throughout the volumes, Mrs. Oliphant evinces that she has kept pace with the progression of the age, and with her ready insight views the literary work of the period she describes with an impartiality unfettered by tradition. Her conception of the "Lake School" is as admirable as her judgment concerning Byron and Shelley is sound. One of the most attractive features of the work is the portion which treats of the English philosophers and their doctrines. Mrs. Oliphant has a graphic style, and her descriptions and artistic climaxes are well wrought, but her management of the language framework is cumbersome and very faulty. Published by Macmillan & Co., London and New York; for sale by Bancroft; price, \$3.

Announcements: Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce "The New Arabian Nights"—not Mr. R. L. Stevenson's last book, which Messrs. Holt will reissue, but a collection of the tales left out of the current version of "The Arabian Nights," translated and edited by W. F. Kirby. They have also in press "The Princess and Curdie," by George McDonald, a sequel to the same author's "The Princess and the Goblin"; and a book by William Leighton, on "The Subjection of Hamlet," in which the question of the insanity of the prince is answered in the affirmative.——Mr. Shorthouse, the author of "John Inglesant," has just published a second edition of his paper on "The Platonism of Wordsworth."——"The Singular Vote of Aunt Tib-box" is the title of a story which Miss Sally McLean, the author of "Cape Cod Folks," has contributed to the December *Harper*. It is said to be full of humor.——Mr. Henry James has dramatized his story, "Daisy Miller," and it will shortly be published in the *Atlantic*, under the title of "Daisy Miller; a Comedy." The story has been recast and rewritten, and new characters, situations, and incidents have been introduced.——The family of P. J. Proudhon have lately discovered a manuscript of his bearing the title, "Le Cesarisme et l'Histoire;" and they intend to publish it.

The *Plymouth Pulpit* has been revived as a medium for the publication of Rev. H. W. Beecher's sermons. We have received the first two numbers. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; for sale by the American News Company; price, seven cents, or \$2 per year.——The latest number of the Franklin Square Library is "A Short History of Ireland," by C. G. Walpole, M. A. For sale by Bancroft; price, 25 cents.——*Harper's* for November contains a fine frontispiece by Hamilton Gibson; the interesting article on "Southern California" is continued; and W. D. Howells is the author of "Pordenone," a rather tame historical poem.——The *Century* for November contains two fine engravings, one of Florence Nightingale, and the other of Victor Hugo, which latter is accompanied by a delightful paper from the pen of Alphonse Daudet; and W. D. Howells gives a charming review of "Henry James Jr.," and his works.——*Macmillan's Magazine* for October opens with an interesting article on "Oxford Reminiscences," by the Archbishop of Canterbury; "George Eliot's Children" will attract many readers; "Moltke's Campaign Against the Egyptians" is a curious review of a former war.——"Who was Primitive Man?" by Professor Grant Allen; "Rachel," an interesting account of the great actress; "Race and Life on English Soil," by Dr. B. W. Richardson; "Researches in my Pockets," a comediotta translated from the French; "The Salvation Army," by Cardinal Manning; "The Philosophy of a Visiting Card;" "A Night in the Red Sea;" "The Coming of the Mahdy," which throws much light upon recent movements in the Mohammedan world.——The *North American Review* for November contains "English Views of Free Trade," by the Hon. John Welsh, of Philadelphia; Joseph Neilson, Chief Judge of the Brooklyn City Court, writes of "Disorder in Court-rooms;" "Dr. William A. Hammond, ex-Surgeon-General of the United States Army, offers 'A Problem for Sociologists;'" "Advantages of the Jury System," by Dwight Foster, formerly a Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. Other articles are "Safety in Theatres," by Steele Mackay, and a symposium on "The Suppression of Vice," by Anthony Comstock, O. B. Frothingham, and Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley.

VANITY FAIR.

Fashionable society, of course, never laughs—that would be vulgar—but society at Newport has almost “smiled” itself into fits over a sentimental transaction which has just come to light, says the New York *World* correspondent. During the current season Newport has been visited by a young gentleman of very old family, and who bears a very well-known name. Though not so rich as Astor, he is possessed of large means, but his mental capacity is not perhaps so great as that of Daniel Webster. Some time ago he became much interested in a young lady here, a daughter of one of the “cottagers,” and paid her marked attention. He made her a present also, “*Honi soit qui mal y pense*,” in the spirit of King Edward III. of England, of a rare and royal pair—of garters! They were so elaborate in design and in workmanship that some ladies who have been fortunate enough to see them describe them as “perfectly lovely.” The fate of this beautiful gift was too good to keep, though the garters were not. The fair damsel told one or two friends about it, all in strict confidence, and they soon, of course, spread the news, until society is convulsed. Not long after he had made this gift, the fickle youth became enamored of another beauty, to whom, after a little, he offered, not a pair of garters, but a noose, and to whom he is now engaged. When this occurred he wanted to get back the garters, but the fair recipient refused to give them up. She vows she will not part with them until he jilts his actual lady-love, when she will send them to her in order that she may make her quietus with them, like the “unfortunate Miss Bailey,” of Halifax, famous in song.

New York is overrun with brides. Mr. and Mrs. Young-husband are thick as thieves in all the fashionable hotels, and it is good as going to the play to see the darlings decked out in all their bridal finery. A millinery opening is a mere nothing compared to the exposition of toilettes at the Windsor *table d'hôte*, and people who haven't committed matrimony enjoy the sight amazingly.

The India rugs, said a carpet-dealer recently to a New York reporter, run deep and rich in color, mostly in angular and odd mosaic figures, varied now and then by an occasional leaning toward rudimentary arabesque forms. They are soft and thick, and are much used in drawing-rooms. The Persian carpets are not so thick, but are closely woven and very durable. They are stiff and lie flat, not unlike the old Aubusson carpets, and are of heavier texture. In color the Persians are lighter, and are considered by some purchasers more tasteful and elegant than India goods. Persian carpets are thought to be more suitable for libraries and dining-rooms than those from India. The prices for Indian and Persian goods run about the same. The one you have seen, ten feet by fifteen feet, is worth two hundred and fifty dollars. These qualities are of the best; they vary in size from nine by twelve feet to fifteen by twenty-two, and sell at from one hundred to four hundred dollars. The styles most looked for are by no means such as a conservative taste could fully approve. They are made up of daubs or patches of all sorts of colors, seldom contrasting or harmonizing, and raked up into forms of no special significance, and no real beauty or effect. They are highly colored oddities, and often look not unlike the jumbled sweepings of a carpeting room. Those which are most irregular in all respects are the call with some purchasers. Some of them are very odd in shape, yet no matter how askew such rugs may be, people buy them daily without making the slightest objection. The real antique Turkish rugs are rather rare. Some of them are exquisite in make and remarkable for their texture. This one, you observe, though mellowed by age and a little faded, is as soft and fine as silk. It is probably a hundred years old, and has suffered from some of the accidents of age. Here in the centre groundwork a small patch is injured. There is another over in that corner, and near it you will find a narrow slit, which one of our salesmen declares to be a sword cut. I heard him entertaining a group of horrified customers over it the other day. As for moth-eaten places, you will find a half dozen at least. Yet we find no difficulty in disposing of even so small a rug for twenty or thirty dollars. This beautiful Dagestow, of three pieces its size and quite as fine, sells for twenty-three dollars. It had been moth-eaten or pitched around and patched up would bring more. Rugs seem to be the style, somehow, specially ragged rugs. A man told me the other day that some dwellings the operation of moving across a floor was effected by stepping gracefully from one rug to another. Forward tumbles, he said, were not infrequent. Of one thing there is no doubt: As mere articles of fashion Oriental carpets, not rugs, have gone nearly as far as they can go, and the craze will soon be on the decline. Carpets by the yard will soon be the thing, just as they used to be, and imported goods the exception.

Black stockings come high, but the girls must have them, serves *Progress*. Gloves are said to be as long as stockings, which is like saying something is as big as a piece of alk. How long are stockings? Sensational fashion writers there are stockings as long as a ballet-dancer's tights. It would be a problem to put on gloves as long as that. There is a fresh effort, say these same sensational writers, to have it *la mode* to wear stockings of different colors, as black for one leg and white for the other. It would not be queer, all things considered, if it had something of success. Women will obey almost any *bizarre* fashion if it has the right start.

“Society under the third republic,” says Theodore Child, writing from Paris, “is indeed a droll mixture. Take the brilliant crowd that throngs the Avenue des Acacias—the *Row of Paris*—and fills the Champs Elysées with its rascals and luxury; what is it composed of? Bookmakers, gamblers, and a few honest folk sprinkled thinly here and there, like the plums in what used to be called in economical isebolds ‘Shouting Pudding.’ The ‘tout Paris’ of 1882, not what it was twenty years ago—the élite of the Parisians who were distinguished by their birth, their talent, or

their beauty. As Albert Wolff remarked the other day, there is no longer any line of demarcation between the different fractions of Parisian society. The fusion is complete; and there are perhaps none but the workmen of the faubourgs, the dustmen, and the scavengers, who do not claim to belong to the elegant entity called ‘all Paris.’ Just consider for a moment the mass of material, anecdote, and document the present generation is preparing for posterity! Maxime du Camp will shortly issue the second volume of his ‘Souvenirs.’ The eminent conservative critic, the Comte Armand de Pontmartin, is preparing the second volume of his literary ‘Memoirs.’ Jules Claretie is writing his ‘Memoirs’ day by day; so, too, is Madame Alphonse Daudet, the wife of the celebrated novelist. Claretie and Madame Daudet intend to keep their ‘Memoirs’ for many years before they publish them. It is the weakness of many to compare disparagingly the present with the past, and to profess an exclusive admiration, some for the eighteenth century, some for the epoch of the Renaissance, others for the art of the primitives, others for that of China and Japan. In certain things the praises of the past are doubtless in the right; in the matter of feminine attire I should venture to differ with them. Exquisite, delicate, ingenious, refined, as were the toilettes of the eighteenth century, I venture to think that those of the latter half of the nineteenth century will compare favorably with them. Just now the Parisian dressmakers are beginning to display their winter novelties. You ask what are the latest fashions? There are no latest fashions, and there is just the charm of it. Every woman may dress to her figure, to her complexion, to her taste. In the way of hats and bonnets there is all the variety of the Revolution and of the Directory shapes, together with the modifications of contemporary inventiveness. For simple dresses, demi-toilettes, and ceremonial dresses there is a greater variety of material than the eighteenth century had. The Lyons weavers now turn out plushes, embroidered silks, ciseled velvets, brocades, surahs, merveilleux satins, finer in texture and as artistic in design as the marvels Philippe de la Salle invented a hundred years ago for Marie Antoinette. For more modest dresses we have cloths and woolen stuffs of a suppleness and softness unknown till within the past twenty years. Then, again, to my mind, the wooden paniers always gave a certain hardness to the lines of the eighteenth century toilettes, and rendered impossible that elegance of fold and subtle charm of draping which is the triumph of our Parisian artists. Even the simplest Parisian dresses are draped with a freedom, a style, a sense of decoration, that render their makers worthy of the name of artists.”

The duty of making the interior of the White House pleasing to the eye, at least so far as the “Blue” and “Red” rooms and the entrance corridor are concerned, has fallen to one of the leading architects of New York City, Louis Tiffany. The corridor is to be beautified with stained glass, six hundred pieces of varied and original designs having been chosen for the purpose. The “Green Room,” newly decorated during the Hayes administration, will remain untouched. But certain blue satin furniture, belonging to the same period, will be replaced by something which appeals more directly to popular favor, and a few new carpets are in contemplation.

Stiffness amounting to angularity is the prevailing style both in dresses and bonnets. In the minds of the designers of costumes there must be a deeper intent than to bring women down to a democratic level by making them all as nearly alike as possible. Well-rounded figures being greatly in the minority, the average contour of feminine proportions may be indicated by long, stiff stomachers, kept in place by steel and whalebone; puffed sleeves, to eke out the narrowness of the chest, and paniers to exaggerate the voluminousness of the skirt. But there is doubtless a vague reminiscence of fashions existing some centuries ago to be revived for the edification of nineteenth century belles, and for the especial advantage of their modistes. If heads were removable, to be taken off and replaced at will, as in the case of toy mandarins, which smile as blandly with their heads drooping on their shoulder-blades as on their manly breasts, it would be convenient to find the front of a lady's waist indistinguishable from the back—as is the tendency of the new fashion. But in the natural order of things, there is a prejudice in favor of the more familiar and graceful outlines of the female form. This dim foreshadowing of the portentous future is discernible in one of Worth's recent costumes of black satin brocade, artistically mingled with blacked ribbed silk, and trimmed with black lace. The inner waistband, which proudly bears on its satin surface the name of the great costumer in gilt letters, is invariably suppressed by the New York modiste when the garment to which it belongs passes through the dreadful ordeal of the custom house, for the mark of its origin is wont to inspire the levy of additional duties, and the penalties of greatness cling to it in whatever corner of the globe it shows itself.

There are as many fashions in window curtains as in bonnets and gowns. Milady dresses up the front windows as carefully as she does her children or her new lap-dog. Louis XIV. style of attire has been adopted for waiters at the Hotel de Paris, Monte Carlo. Black velvet coat and Knickerbockers, white silk stockings, and shoes with silver buckles make up the costume. Praise unbounded awaits the man who will invent a new costume for American waiters.—A fashionable church in New York has dressed its sexton in a new kind of ecclesiastical livery, which ladies pronounce stunning, you know. The sexton's opinion is yet to be heard.—At an alleged “tournament” held at Drayton Hall in England the other day, presided over by Lady Jane Tylour, all went well, we are told, saving a little *contretemps* in the donkey race, when one lady fell from her steed and remained in a vertical position on her head for some moments.—First Class in Natural History: Have you a mops dog? Do you want one? Because you can't have it if you do, as only the imperial family of Russia and Victoria of England are owners of the mops. Where are they to be seen? Queen Olga has been traveling about with a mops this autumn, and every other lap-dog in London and Paris is talking about it.

TWO STRANGE DUELS.

How Seven Furies Fought in an Indian Arena.

Poplar River, Montana, was recently the scene of two exciting Indian contests, which are described in a letter to the New York *Sun*. The first was a tournament between two “medicine men,” to determine who should have the honor of attending the sick wife of Two Bears, the chief. The mode of fighting was for the two rivals to rush at each other from one-hundred-yard distances, and to endeavor by the crash of the meeting to send the opponent to the ground. After each terrific “bump” the “medicine men” would at it again. Finally, one of them went reeling to earth, and stole crestfallen to his lodge, while the victor went with honors to the chief's sick wife. Following this was the fight between the four young daughters of Pole-cat, and a young buck who had assaulted one of their number. The scene is thus described by the correspondent: “The lines are broken and the tribe forms a huge ring, into which the savage who provoked the animosity of the Pole-cat family is summarily thrust. He looks sullen and dogged. He has a hard fight before him, and he knows it, but he is a man of his hands, and he means to wear those girls out if it lies in muscle and prompt and effective work. He may strike them anywhere above the breast, and kill them if a blow in the neck will do it, but bullets and arrows are ready for him if he strikes foul. The girls, on the other hand, must take off his apron. If they accomplish that, he is disgraced to the uttermost moment of his life, driven from his tribe, left to starve on the prairie, and all Indians cautioned against harboring, feeding, or associating with him. The injured woman is allowed to have such squaws as she may select to assist her. But if she chooses too many to effect her purpose it is a disgrace to her, and so she is careful to select only enough to make the battle nearly equal. The Pole-cat girls are the belles of the Yanktonais tribe. If a squaw can be pretty, these girls are beautiful, and by virtue of their attractions and their father's possessions in horses and other satisfactory property, they are the aristocrats of the camp. Perhaps for that reason they ask no help in their present undertaking; and for that reason also, perhaps, their savage sisters giggle and exchange whispers as the four girls step into the ring and approach the waiting buck. All five are in full war paint. Down the hunter's cheeks and along his neck are alternate sepia and green and yellow stripes on a background of brilliant red, while his chest, sides, and back are tricked out with rude pictures of guns, bows, and horses. The girls have smeared their faces with a coating of red, over which lies another of green striped with yellow. Their hair is unfastened at the back, and the front locks are braided with otter fur. Each wears a skirt and leggings, but their blankets are laid aside and their muscular brown arms are displayed. There are no preliminaries. The girls dash at their enemy and attempt to grasp him. If all bands manage to get hold of him, half the battle is accomplished. But he meets them squarely and fairly, planting a cruel blow between the eyes of the girl he had injured, knowing that if she is finished he can compel her to call off the rest. She is the general of the attacking forces and the prime object of his attack. Over she goes like a pin-wheel, but she is up again, her face streaming with blood and her eyes swelling. The elder girl has contrived to secure a waist hold, and locked her hands behind his back. His fists fall upon her upturned face with frightful force, but she keeps her hold. The other two girls are pressing him hard from behind, but his elbows work like battering-rams, and one steps back with her hand pressed tightly to her breast, and a look of agony in her eyes. Now he whirls suddenly, planting ponderous blows upon the face and head of the girl who, on her knees, still clings to his waist with a death-grip. He fairly raises her from the ground as he spins, but her hold never relaxes. His earlier victim again dashes at him, and is rewarded by a crashing stroke on the mouth. She reels, but recovers, and darts again, to receive his fist on her neck with a force that whirls her half a dozen paces off and drops her like a log. Not a word is spoken. The thud of his fists and the heavy breathing of the struggling contestants are the only sounds. The last rally of the prostrate girl has enabled the rear party to catch the buck, and one has twined her arms around his neck, while the other hangs to his right wrist. His left hand is still free, and it fairly twinkles in the air as he batters the maiden at his waist. Her grasp is like iron, but her head reels and sways as his heavy hand falls on it with a noise that reaches the farthest side of the irregular ring. Her eyes are closed, and her breath comes convulsively. Were the fourth girl there to grasp that arm, the fight would soon end. The girl behind is choking him, and he employs new tactics. Grasping the kneeling girl by the throat, he pounds the face of the one behind him with the back of his head. No vanity prompts her to let go. She tightens her grip, and buries her face in the back of his neck. The fourth girl is up, staggering and dazed. Brushing the blood from her eyes, with an angry motion, she approaches him, crouching as she moves. If the blow he has in store for her reaches the mark he will have another chance, for the girl at his waist is growing faint, and he can easily dispose of the other two. She comes at him like a cougar. The blow is delivered full upon her breast, but she grasps his wrist, and writhes up his arm. Now he is beset with danger. The two on his arms and the one at his waist pull him forward; the girl behind, still strangling him, throws her weight on his back. In vain he attempts to straighten. The kneeling girl bends, in her despairing struggle, until her hair hangs on the ground. The other three show the muscles rigid in their arms as they press him down upon their kneeling sister. Suddenly he springs backward with a marvelous effort of strength. The fainting girl at his waist finds her hands torn apart. But that triumph was his defeat. With a crash he comes to the ground, three girls upon him. One plants herself on his face, and the other two kneel on his arms. There is a struggle, and then the youngest rises, with a wild yell, waving the apron in her hand. Her yell is echoed by a low moan, as the mother of the prostrate hunter staggers out of the circle; and by a grunt of satisfaction as Pole-cat recognizes the victory of his girls. To-morrow somewhere up the river, that disgraced buck will be looking with a bullet in his brain.”

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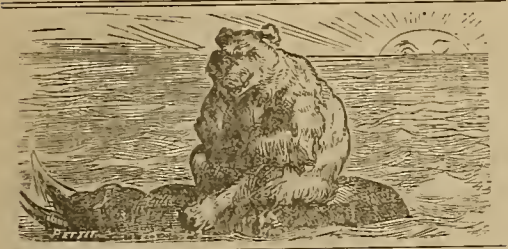
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FRANK M. PINLEY - - - - - Editor.

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Before the next issue of the *Argonaut* Mr. Estee will have become, by virtue of his election to the highest office of the State, its "first gentleman," or he will have been retired to a prominent obscurity, from which he will never again be permitted to withdraw himself. If chosen Governor, he will exercise the power of a large influence in the Legislature of the State, and he in position to enjoy the highest of social and political stations. His vetoes may be exercised to determine many of the laws that will pass the Legislature. He may have the authority to decide all questions touching the "better observance" of the Sabbath, and all laws governing the regulation of the liquor traffic. It will be his privilege to suggest, in inaugural and special messages, the policy of the State. He will largely control legislation on the debris question; his the power to direct the executive branch of government, and, in event of vacancies in judicial or other positions, to fill them. He will control the appointments along our water front, the managers of our public institutions, and our bank and other commissioners. He will, by virtue of his office, be commander-in-chief of our army and lord high admiral of our navy. He will be president of our Board of Regents, and ex-officio a gentleman. He will naturally call into his councils his chosen friends and political associates. General Miller will not be one of them, and no prominent early Republican will be admitted. He will naturally call around him those persons to whom he will owe his elevation to office. Let us fancy the following eminent peers as composing this most respectable Republican court: William, Lord Higgins, First Gentleman in Waiting; Colonel Sir James Gannon, Gentleman Usher of the Black-rod; Richard Cbute, Esquire, Gentleman Usher of the Backstairs; Honorable Pierre Cornwall, Grand Chamberlain; with the chief of the clan, McClure, as Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal and Dish-washer of the Royal Pots. If Mr. Estee should not be elected Governor, these gentlemen will be relegated to their early employments. What those employments were we are not unkind enough to mention. It is our opinion that Mr. Estee will not be elected Governor, and that he and all the mob of ward politicians, who have crawled forth to daylight in this campaign, will crawl back to their holes and the companionship of their mean associates. The farmers know, and the travelers across our plains have observed, with what seeming friendship the owl, the rattle-snake, and the ground-squirrel burrow together. When the train comes thundering by, the snake is quickest to wriggle in, the ground-squirrel or prairie-dog flies to cover and quickly disappears, while the stupid owl stands blinking at the sun, either ignorant of danger or conscious that he is not worth the killing. Among these denizens of the lower party depths who crawl to the surface on every political occasion, which is owl, or snake, or ground-dog, it is hard to say. They are difficult to scare and hard to kill, and there is only one

way to extirpate them. Destroy one, and another takes his place; shoot Bill Carr, and up comes Bill Higgins; skin Black-and-tan, and some other prairie-dog comes barking up to daylight; get rid of Tom Rodgers and other parasites and lo! Jim Gannon and Dick Chute jump up like jacks-in-the-box. The only way to destroy the machine is to inundate the plain. The only way to destroy the machine in San Francisco is to overwhelm it with the tidal wave of defeat. Drown out the whole barking, blinking, hiting nest. And in this metaphor of drowning rats, we do not mean the respectable and honorable gentlemen who compose the State ticket and the municipal ticket in San Francisco, nor in the counties throughout the State.

We do not desire to destroy the Republican organization, but to purify it. We would so cleanse, strengthen, and embolden it, that at its next State Convention it will dare to be honest, brave, temperate, and American; that it will dare to announce itself in favor of controlling the liquor traffic and supervising the sale of alcoholic drink in all groceries where provisions are sold, and demanding a high license from reliable persons for selling alcoholic drinks under any conditions. We would have a party brave enough to keep the Sabbath-day in a respectable manner, and resolute enough to compel all German, Irish, or American liquor-dealers to close their saloons on Sunday, unless they are in sufficient strength to enact a law against all Sunday observance, and throw this day, as all others, open to unrestricted labor. A party is needed that is brave enough in all matters of railroad control, taxation, fares, freights, and management; in all matters of mining regulation, irrigation of lands, appropriation of waters; to declare the right under general laws—the absolute right—without fear of railroad or mining corporations, without demagoguery, and without any desire to make a fictitious popularity by hidding to the prejudice, passion, ignorance, or selfishness of the mob. This party should dare to be American, and have the courage to stem this insweeping tide of ignorant and vicious paupers, who are now invading the country. It should put forth its best effort against the incoming of foreign crime and bigotry, and say to the Roman Catholic part of that immigration that civil allegiance to the hierarchy of Rome is treason to the constitution and laws of our country; and that any effort of pope, priest, or layman to interfere with our schools or school moneys is the act that defines the crime of treason. This party of brave and earnest men with honest principles will be, in its main composition, men of American birth, with intelligent and honorable Protestant foreigners in affiliation with it. It will be the party of patriotism, intelligence, and property, entirely independent of any ecclesiastical domination. It will proclaim the right, as in Germany, to disfranchise all individuals in municipal governments who have no taxes to pay and no possessions to protect; as in England, to demand some other and higher qualification than the outward form of humanity. It will be the party in America that will endeavor to give to property and to persons the protection of the law. It will be the party in San Francisco that will endeavor to avoid the history of the city of New York. The politics of that city demonstrates the results that are inevitable under Irish Catholic rule in alliance with the whisky, criminal, and pauper element in all our great cities. Tweed and his associates comprised a band of municipal robbers. With enormous taxation and most extravagant expenditure, they imposed upon the municipal government a debt of one hundred and eighty millions of dollars, with an unascertained and floating debt of thirty millions of dollars additional. When this band was broken up, imprisoned, exiled, and destroyed, Kelly succeeded, and is now almost as firmly entrenched in power as was Tweed. If the machine element in San Francisco, which is composed of the same kind of men, obtains control, we shall be overwhelmed with a burdensome debt that will reduce the value of property and increase the burden of taxation. The defeat of Mr. Estee will demonstrate the strength of the better classes, and work a healthful reformation that will be felt for years to come.

We have a right to question the sincerity of Mr. Estee's allegiance to the Republican party, as he came late into it and has not been true to it. Not till after the party had achieved success in this State by the election of Governor Stanford, and not till it had gained national dimensions by the nomination of General Fremont, and national success by the election of Abraham Lincoln, was he known as a Republican. Three times since then in State and national elections has he claimed and exercised the privilege of individual judgment in opposition to the party. Of this we do not complain, but we suggest it as a precedent that illustrates the right of individual judgment against the intrigues and tricks of Irish bosses and a party machine, and plead it as a precedent that justifies rebellion against them. No excuse, however, is necessary for an effort at emancipation from Rome, nor is any apology demanded for an insurrection against the Irish. If Mr. Estee is now sincere in his opposition to corporations, he is untrue to his entire past record, both in private and public life, or else in all that part of his life he has been insincere to himself and untrue to his con-

victions. In his professional career he has acted as the attorney of corporations. In public life he has been their recognized champion and advocate. So pronounced was his friendship for "corporations other than municipal" in the Constitutional Convention, and so zealous was he in their advocacy, that he did not escape the charge he is now so freely making against others, "that he was the secret servant and paid advocate of railroads." When the Sand-lot sent its cooks and scullions, saloon-keepers, a French hair-frizzing barber, a German corset-maker, butchers, draymen, and porters to form an organic law for the people, Mr. Estee had the adroitness to become chairman of the Committee on Corporations, other than municipal, and when this wise body of agrarian Daniels undertook to take railroads out of politics he had the genius to accommodate himself to both sides of the new issue, and loaned his great mind and brilliant oratory to the achievement of this difficult task. He and his associate demagogues devolved legislative, judicial, and executive functions upon a political commission to regulate and control railroad affairs. It took from the courts the privilege of adjudicating differences between railroad companies and individuals. It imposed upon the commission the duty of regulating fares and freights, and gave to it authority to make, adjudge, and execute all laws governing the subject of transportation by land and water, ship and rail. Of course, this is illegal, and the courts decide that such authority can not be delegated, and that this commission has no right to usurp legislative, judicial, and executive powers. Every intelligent man, from John T. Doyle down to Estee, down through Foote and Sumner to the original protoplasm of the Sand-lot, knows that this railroad commission is an illegal body. The same unwise body of Constitution-makers also provided that a Board of Equalization should be clothed with power to tax railroads. This highest function of political sovereignty was withdrawn from legislative control, withdrawn from judicial investigation or review, withdrawn from the county assessors, where it belonged, and where all other property is valued for taxation, and imposed upon a commission of politicians. Of course, the courts decide that this is not admissible, or in accordance with our system of equal laws; that it is illegal, and therefore powerless to perform the duties assigned to it, and that all its acts in the direction of assessing railroad values are inoperative and void. Thus all this effort to place railroad property and railroad control at the mercy of party highwaymen is made of no effect, and leaves railroads substantially outside of authoritative control. Mr. Estee should have had sense enough and known law enough to foresee the consequences of such provisions in the organic law; and instead of being now engaged in the denunciation of railroads, he should have sense enough to know that in his attempt at riding this hobby he is not deceiving an intelligent people. He must be made to realize by the popular verdict of the ballot-box that insincerity and demagogism do not constitute the highway over which statesmen reach the highest executive honors of the State.

The Prohibition State ticket, with Dr. McDonald at its head, will poll a large vote in the city of San Francisco and throughout the State. The intelligence comes from the interior that in many localities it is received with a genuine enthusiasm. The Prohibition party is full of earnest workers, both men and women, and no exertion will be spared to make its first demonstration at the polls worthy of the cause for which the temperance people have struggled so long and well. It is a matter of regret that any temperance Christian man should not recognize that the opportunity is now afforded him of so casting his vote that it shall demonstrate that he regards this principle of prohibition and regulation as superior to any mere party organization. It is to be regretted, now when those citizens who have not heretofore cooperated in the temperance movement are willing to come in, and as allies unite their forces with the forces of temperance reform, that some factions of the temperance people proper should hold back and be unwilling to lay the foundations of a party promising such beneficial results in the future. However, such is human nature.

In this city the Republican municipal ticket will command very nearly the united strength of the party. The Republican party in this city has passed through a severe struggle with the machine and the Irish bosses, and it has achieved a triumphant victory over them. When the primary election for delegates to the Republican State Convention had accomplished its work, it was found that by fraud, violence, trickery, and deception it had secured three-fourths of the delegates to the State Convention. Honest Republicans had been denied the privilege of voting. They were overruled, and the result was a State ticket with Estee as candidate for Governor, and a platform that satisfied the demagogism of the machine and would give their lobby the pretext of a blackmailing raid upon all corporate property. Flushed with victory, insolent in their triumph, this most vile combination of party adventurers determined to go for the whole business, and when in San Francisco the County Committee, supported by respectable Republican citizens, called "halt" to this army of Dugald Dalgetys, and determined to call a

municipal nominating convention independent of the machine, these political free-booters resolved through the clubs to have a convention of their own. Enough good men were bamboozled into its support to give it the color of respectability, but it was run by Higgins, Gannon, and Richard Chute, Esquire, from the Mint Saloon. There hovered and gathered its buzzards of plunder. Thence issued the orders for its control. It nominated a ticket. It determined to destroy the party unless it could control it. Thanks to the firmness of the other conventioo, and thaoks to the fifty respectable Republican gentlemen who came to the rescue this alliance between the machine and the *Bulletin* was outwitted, and a convention resulted which has given a most respectable candidacy. The Estee-Higgins-Bulletin conspiracy was defeated.

In San Francisco there are two machines. At Sacramento the Higgins machine nominated Estee. At San José the Buckley machine did not nominate Hearst. In San Francisco the Buckley machine nominated an entire Democratic municipal ticket. In San Francisco Higgins & Co. did not succeed in getting more than one or two men upon the Republican ticket. The Higgins machine is literally kicked out of the party. It has secured but three members out of forty-five in the new County Committee. The result of this is that the Democratic machine, with its Irish bosses, will work with the Republican machine and its Irish bosses in San Francisco for Estee, while the Republican machine and bosses in San Francisco will work with the Democratic machine for the election of the Democratic municipal ticket. The respective bosses of the two parties care nothing for party success. They demand a Legislature they can sell. They demand a Board of Supervisors they can sell. They demand officials with whom they can divide and whose patronage they can distribute. It is business all the time, and coin. The Democratic municipal ticket is in some respects infamous, and in all particulars contemptible. The convention that nominated it was almost solidly Irish. It was in no sense representative of the wealth, the intelligence, the respectability, or the decency of the Democratic party. It was ruled by Irish bosses. The candidate who stood the best chance of nomination was not the best man. Washington Bartlett was nominated for Mayor to please the *Bulletin*, which had gone so crazy over the water question that it allowed the Higgins machine to direct and almost to dictate its editorials. The Republican machine inspired its politics. There were Pat. Connolly for Sheriff, O'Grady for Tax-Collector, Bryan for Recorder, Sesson for Clerk, Sullivan for Attorney, Roach for Public Administrator, Lowney for Superintendent of Streets; McGuire, Toohey, Clough, and Coffey for Superior Judges; for Senators, nine Roman Catholic Irish; for members of Assembly, Roman Catholic Irish; for School Directors, Roman Catholic Irish; for County Committee, Roman Catholic Irish; Sullivans, McCarthys, Harrigans, Callabans, Keatings, Whaleys, Healys, Doughertys, Kelleys, Flynns, Cronans, O'Connors, and Murpheys are everywhere. The whole ticket, from top to bottom, is Roman Irish. Here and there was some poor, cowardly, contemptible American, German, Jew, or Scandinavian put on the list to take from it the "curse of Rome." It is made up by Irish Democratic bosses in the interest of a class of professional politicians, who make the pursuit of plunder the occupation of their lives. Here and there, upon the Democratic ticket, is a negatively "good" man, a "respectable" citizen, some unknown, quiet, inoffensive, and altogether obscure individual, a seemingly unobjectionable candidate, but one whom the bosses know, whom they have interviewed in their bunko rooms, and with whom they have made terms—such terms as a pawn-broker makes with a panel-thief. The Republican municipal ticket was not made up by bosses, but in defiance of their wishes and in defeat of their programme. There is probably not one candidate on the Republican ticket to whom, in event of his election, the bosses can go and demand a division of salary, a percentage of the pay of deputies, or claim as reward for nominating service the appointments of clerks. There are probably not five on the Democratic ticket with whom direct and specific bargains have not been made.

And yet we hear that the Germans, as a class, and the Jews, as a class, will vote for the Democracy. We do not believe this. There are Germans and Germans; there are Jews and Jews. There are Germans whose religion and patriotism rest in their bowels. There are Jews who descend in direct line from those who cast lots for the raiment of Christ, and have been in the second-hand business ever since. But there are Germans and Jews whom we number among our most intelligent, honorable, and wealthy class; whose every instinct identifies them with good government; who have children to educate and taxes to pay; who have every incentive and every inducement to preserve for this city an economical and respectable administration. We do not believe it is true that as a class the Germans, the Jews, or any other body of our respectable foreign citizens, will identify themselves with party machine bosses, or by their votes contribute to their ascendancy in the manage-

ment of our political affairs. What reputable gentleman, of any nationality, would have our County Clerk's office again become the vile and bawdy thing it was under boss rule? The present incumbent has cleansed and purified it so that virtuous women are not ashamed to write in it, and Mr. Wilder has reduced expenses sixty thousand dollars per annum. Our appeal is to the respectable of all classes—American and foreign. We do not reach the lower class. We have no influence over it. Vagabonds do not read the *Argonaut*. We have no compliments to pay to the mob. We seek no favors from it, and stand in no awe of it. We have no influence over any class other than in plain statement of facts. The newspaper press carries with it no influence further than that its bold and honest enunciation of correct opinions may impress its readers. Every false, partial, passionate misrepresentation of facts, and every misstatement, lessens its influence, till, like all thick-and-tbin party journals, it becomes the hollow, mocking echo of a meaningless party cry. The Republican municipal ticket, in all its parts, is composed of fairly representative men. Mayor Blake, Sheriff Sedgwick, Auditor Brickwedel, and Clerk Wilder have been tried, and found both honest and competent. The Board of Education has had no superior in the personal intelligence and respectability of its membership, and its old members should be reflected. The Superior Judges renominated have demonstrated their capacity and fitness for judicial position. The gentlemen in nomination for the Board of Supervisors are each and all of them highly respectable representatives of our best business men and property-owners. They are pledged to an economical government. Their past lives and business standing are a guaranty of honorable conduct in office. In contrast with this Republican ticket, the Democratic municipal Irish boss affair is altogether odorous.

We have the authority of Mr. W. W. Foote for saying that he is owned by the Railroad Company. This confession he made in his speech at Santa Cruz, when he said: "The Central Pacific Railroad Company has bought up all the scrub politicians in the country." The *Examiner* declares that Mr. Foote is the exponent of Democratic sentiment upon the railroad question. In this speech of the candidate for Railroad Commissioner, he defends himself for having prejudged the question of fares and freights, by denying that it is in any sense a judicial question. Either Mr. Foote has not read the debates of the Constitutional Convention, the writings of Mr. John Doyle, and the current literature of the last five years upon this question, or he is not as honest as a man of his intelligence ought to be. If Mr. Foote can find no reason why fares from San Francisco to Los Angeles, competing points, should be out of proportion to fares from San Francisco to Merced, a non-competitive point, then he lacks the first qualification of legislator or judge—viz., common sense. If he can not understand why grain should be transported at less cost from Red Bluff to San Francisco, along navigable streams and natural highways, than from Sumner, a like distance in the interior where competition does not exist, he is eminently deficient in practical brains, and, because of that deficiency, he must not presume that the farmers of the respective localities are equally stupid. When Mr. Foote, with the two W's, asserts that the General Government gave the railroads twenty-seven millions of dollars, he is guilty of a misstatement so palpably untrue, that he must rely upon the generosity of his audience that they do not characterize it by using that strong Saxon sword of speech spelled with three letters, and usually accompanied by a profane expression. When he treats a concession of lands as a "free gift" and "without consideration," the statement would be regarded in diplomatic circles as "inexact." When he refers to Mussel Slough as the place "where our citizens were shot down," he is guilty of the crimes designated in the learning of his profession as *suppression veri* and *suggestio falsi*. When he declares that "in bonds and lands one hundred millions of dollars have been diverted from the people's hands into the pockets of the monopolists," he piles the Pelion of misstatement upon the Ossa of misrepresentation. If Mr. Foote believes the statement as broadly as he has stated it—viz., "that railroads have been a curse instead of a blessing"—it will be generous to admit that he is a bigger fool than he looks. Whether anybody who owns a kiln at Colton refuses to sell lime for San Diego, we do not know; but if there is a "marble mountain" anywhere in the vicinity of a railroad which runs to the harbor of San Diego, we will venture the suggestion that there are some little hills in the neighborhood where lime enough can be found to supply the wants of that rising metropolis. If Mr. W. W. Foote is endeavoring to stir up the people of this State to the same resentments that existed in Iowa, where men burned railroad depots and pulled up tracks, he is like Shakespeare's character who hung half way down the cliff, gathering samphire—engaged in a devilish bad business. It is to be wondered whether this mild-mannered adviser of conflagration and spoliation has ever contemplated the result of railroad destruction in California. Has it occurred to him that, when rails are pulled up, the engines will be run into the round-

house, fires banked, and the company stop business till the rails are relaid; that in the meantime traffic will be suspended; that San Francisco would run out of food in ten days; that he could not walk from his home in Oakland to his office in San Francisco; that all the industries of town and country are thrown into chaos and confusion; that passengers are arrested from travel; that merchandise and farm products could not be exchanged? Has it occurred to this fluent horn-blower of the band-wagon which precedes the political circus that popular indignation might rise and scalp the political mountebanks who preach this doctrine of rapine? Perhaps Mr. W. W. Foote will permit us to refer to the history of railroads in Iowa, and ask him to draw a moral therefrom. There was a time in that State, when a set of ignorant demagogues succeeded in so arousing the jealous passions and so stirring the hatred of ignorant men, that they became inimical to railroads, and railroad builders, and railroad enterprise. That time passed as railroads demonstrated their usefulness. When Iowa lands increased in value, and the population in numbers; when wealth grew up around them, and the State was transfigured from an unoccupied wilderness till it became the very heart of abundance and the home of plenty—then the people saw their mistake, and drove the W. W. Footes into obscurity, silence, and contempt. Iowa has no quarrel to-day with railroad corporations. It is crossed, and paralleled, and gridironed with rails in every direction. It is one of the most prosperous of all our prosperous States. It will be so in California. This anti-monopoly, anti-railroad cry is the despairing wail of political idiots, and W. W. Foote is one of the last of the banshees whose shriek will be heard in the State.

The following is the correspondence extraordinary which passed between the alarmed Republican State Central Committee and Judge Brunson of Los Angeles, candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court on the Prohibition ticket:

[TELEGRAM.]

SAN FRANCISCO, October 31, 1882.

HON. ANSON BRUNSON, Los Angeles, Cal.: If favorable to your views, would like public repudiation of candidacy on Prohibition ticket; confident your better judgment will approve this course.

[Signed]

JAMES R. FINLAYSEN, Secretary.

[REPLY.]

LOS ANGELES, Cal., November 1, 1882.

JAMES R. FINLAYSEN, Esq., Sec'y R. S. C. C., San Francisco, Cal. DEAR SIR: Your telegram of yesterday is before me. In reply, permit me to say that I was never consulted with reference to my candidacy, nor have I yet been officially notified of my nomination by the Prohibitionists. I fully appreciate the high honor of a personal endorsement by so respectable a body of my fellow-citizens. I heartily sympathize with them in all their noble purposes in behalf of tempted and fallen humanity. I would rather be an obscure citizen in a Christian land than an autocrat of a kingdom without a Sabbath. But I am now, and for more than twenty-five years last past have been, a Republican. I have not yet lost faith in the party, nor in the masses who compose it. I am not now, nor have I been, a candidate for any office since I, in common with my part of the State, was forgotten in the house of our friends; nor is my zeal for the triumph of Republican principles in the least abated because I have to battle as a private and not as a commissioned officer. Respectfully yours, [Signed] A. BRUNSON.

The League of Freedom will put forth a secret ticket on the morning of election. It will be distributed covertly to all its members. Thus the rum-seller, by his acts, declares his defiance of the law, and his intention to rule parties in the interest of his infamous traffic. We concede to these foreign conspirators a first success. Let them enjoy it; for, as sure as God reigns, they will be in the end defeated and humiliated. The lesson must be taught in this republic that rum-selling Germans and Irish can not set laws at defiance with impunity.

We are informed, upon the authority of a Yosemite Commissioner, that the Reverend M. C. Briggs, of the Methodist Church, voted for and advocated the issuance of a license to keep a saloon for the sale of intoxicating and alcoholic drinks in the Valley of the Yosemite. The proposition was voted down, and rum is now sold in the valley by only one hotel-keeper. If this is true—as we believe it is—our very good and reverend brother had better secure a "proxy" when he presents himself to our other friend, Saint Peter, to demand his harp and stool.

Frederick MacCrellish, long time proprietor and editor of the *Alta California*, long time resident of this city, and for more than a quarter of a century prominent among the prominent men of San Francisco, died at his residence, after a painful and lingering illness, on Tuesday last. His was a gentle, generous, kindly nature, oftentimes tried, oftentimes imposed upon, yet few have so long filled the peculiarly difficult position occupied by him in journalism against whose personal qualities so little that is unkind can be truthfully said.

Judge Henry L. Joachimsen has been for many years officiating as Justice of the Peace. He has performed his duties with ability, industry, and unquestioned judicial integrity. He is renominated for the same position by the Republicans. We sincerely hope he may be re-elected. The judge is an old resident of San Francisco, and is highly esteemed by all who know him.

COUSINS: A CONFESSION.

By Philip Shirley.

SCENE—A luxuriously furnished library. MRS. FLETCHER seated before the fire. A servant enters and announces MR. KINGSLEY, who presently appears.

Mrs. Fletcher.—Come in, John. It was very nice of you to think to come to-night.

Kingsley.—Didn't I say I would?

Mrs. F.—Oh, yes; but I had not the least idea that you meant it, or would remember it if you did.

Kings.—Where's Zachary? I love to call him so—to show that I can. My cousin-in-law!

Mrs. F.—You like to call him so because you are a provoking tease. Some one came for him early in the evening, and they went out together. How did you survive the hall?

Kings.—Judge how well, when I tell you that I went home and wrote those verses for you.

Mrs. F.—“When he performs astronomers foretell it; the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word.”

Kings.—Do you say so? Have you not learned yet that your lightest wish is law to your abjectly devoted family? Have you forgotten that you made the rich match, that we have only to say to an indifferent world, “my cousin, my daughter, my sister”—as the case may be—“Mrs. Zach. Fletcher,” to reduce it to a quaking mass of obsequiousness?

Mrs. F.—You are pleased to be wonderfully satirical; I am at a loss to understand why.

Kings.—Shall I read you the verses?

Mrs. F.—Do. What are they about?

Kings.—A woman I saw at the ball.

Mrs. F.—How characteristically tactless of you to make, for me, verses on a woman you saw at the ball!

Kings.—Listen: [*He reads.*]

I saw your dark-bright face last night,
Brave in its “pride of place” again,
And yet to me ’twas worn and white,
And drawn with pain.

What tragic shade is cast across
Your love-illuminated way?
For in your look I read of loss,
Of joy astray.

Like a trapped panther I could see
Your baffled soul impatient rise,
And, unsubdued, look out at me
From your dark eyes.

I thought—and may it be forgiven!—
Seeking the cause of that fine rage,
A tamer soul had foregone heaven
For such a cage.

Meaning that she is so excessively good-looking, that her beauty should make her willing to absent herself a while from felicity to be enjoyed only by a disembodied spirit. See? Good idea admirably expressed, isn't it? Praise me, please.

Mrs. F.—Thank you very much. I think the verses are pretty. Let me take them. [*She has grown white, and her hand trembles as she holds the paper. She reads her own initials, “M. K. F.,” above the verses, and throws them into the fire.*]

Kings. [*aside*].—I wondered if I should touch the sensitive chord. You look ill, Mary—shall I call some one?

Mrs. F.—If you call any one I will never forgive you. Do I look sad? Did I look dowdy at the ball?

Kings.—If dowdy means a look of suffering desperately controlled.

Mrs. F.—I tell you it's impossible. I was radiantly happy. I am now; I always mean to be. Why do you look at me so? What have you heard?—what do you know?

Kings.—Fairly trapped, my queen! What will you give me for this? [*He shows her a sealed envelope on which her name is written. She becomes agitated. He throws the envelope contemptuously into her lap.*]

Mrs. F. [*in a whisper*].—Open it. Read it.

Kings. [*reading*].—“Ave Imperatrix, moriturus te salutat.”

Mrs. F.—Is that all?

Kings.—Every word; see for yourself. About a month ago I had a long talk with Grafton, and he gave me that letter, which he said I was to give you when he was gone out of the world; he smiled, and said I should not need to wait long to deliver it. Well as I knew him, I could not help thinking for a moment that he meant to take his own life, but he told me that he had been examined by a physician, who warned him that unless he had immediate and prolonged rest he could not live two months. He said there was another payment due for his brother's forgery, and when that was made he would rest as long as they liked. “It will be in my grave, though,” he said. “I believe the doctor's right. Something's wrong here about my heart. It flutters and troubles me.”

Mrs. F.—Poor heart! O God, I loved that man! If you guessed it before, triumph in hearing me confess it now.

Kings. [*kneeling by her side*].—Hush, Mary; control yourself. It is all over now, and he is at peace at last.

Mrs. F.—Do you know about his brother's forgery? Tell me what you know. Mr. Fletcher was against him and how could I defend him? But I always believed in him; I know he was loyal and honorable.

Kings.—Grafton had an elder brother named Edward, a rake and something of a sneak, who got his affairs, pecuniary and amatory, into such bad shape that he levanted one fine day, greatly to the relief of his family, and was not heard of for years. Our Grafton, Hilary, went through West Point and in time was ordered out here, and waltzed and walked on the sands with you, and studied, and schemed, and got a reputation for being fitful and cold. One day a tenement house in an obscure part of the city falls in, and the papers overflow with accounts of the heroism of a man, who, with heavy beams across his legs, a cook-stove on his chest, and a stationary wash-tub on his head for all I know, gives directions to the assistants where to find sufferers whose necessity is greater than his, and how to restore to consciousness various women and children, and finally faints from excess of pain. This martyred creature's name is Edward Grafton, the deserving brother of Lieutenant Hilary Grafton of the Argonaut, now stationed here. This was a chance for society, says the defender of the weak against the strong. The

stupid women Hilary had ignored, the fops he had supplanted, the mischief-makers and scandal-mongers at large, drew their faces down and wondered why Lieutenant Grafton, the swell, the prosperous, had permitted his angelic brother—they immediately adorned Edward with all the virtues, gratuitously—to remain in the ignominious position of hook-keeper in so humble an establishment, for it appeared that Edward was factotum of the collapsed tenement. The next time the story came round it had been settled to everybody's satisfaction that Edward Grafton's unrelenting exertions had put his young brother through West Point, and maintained him in luxurious ease in good society for the family credit. Men cut Hilary; he was shunned, and hounded, and traduced. He resigned from the army, and, before he could leave the city, it comes to his knowledge that the great and good Edward had forged his name, and had departed to Central America. Hilary honored the draft, gave all he had, borrowed the rest, and set to work to pay off the debt. You may be glad that you did not see him in those days; he was terribly altered. His was not work—it was slavery; and the hopelessness of his life when the task was accomplished killed him even sooner than the physician's prophecy.

Mrs. F.—I wonder if I could have helped him, if it would have been different or better if— But I am forgetting that it was by his advice that I married. [*KINGSLEY regards her curiously. She gets angry, springs from her chair, and walks about the room.*] You call me heartless, when you know nothing of the circumstances. You are presumptuous and cruel.

Kings. [*laughing*].—You are utterly absurd. [*She remembers that he has really said nothing, becomes calm, and seats herself again.*]

Mrs. F.—Let me tell you about him. If he had lived, I never would have told a living soul; but to-night I long to talk about him and old times to some one who knew him. Don't look as if you were judging me! I have been so wretched.

Kings.—I am far too much in need of charity for my own shortcomings to venture to judge any one, and least of all you.

Mrs. F.—No one knows better than you the home I had when our love for each other was all the wealth we could muster. My refined, sensitive father, without power even to conceive the first principles of the vulgar trickery that constitutes the “smartness” of successful men; my mother, patient and hopeful, striving to console my father in his failures, and to prevent the seamy side of life from warping all my youth to me; my brother, a dear, good boy, and the kindest fellow in the world—that was our family circle.

Kings.—And you?

Mrs. F.—Life seethed in me. From the time I can remember I craved luxury, experience, and power, with a hunger that consumed me. Not with the silly discontent of the commonplace girls who look to their parents and say: “Having brought me here, why do you not make the world endurable to me?”—but with a determination that hardened in my little brain like a steel bar, to conquer, in some fashion, wealth, ease, and endless pleasure for us all. I didn't know then what a woman's weapons at such warfare are: I fancied myself working, and hoarding a salary. My mother kept up her relations with the ball-giving faction for my sake, that I might have my share of dancing, like other girls; and heaven bless her for her courage!—for it is easier for such a woman to walk up to the cannon's mouth than to confront the insolence of purse-proud plutocrats. But I have avenged her. At least, she did not work in vain. I was invited to the jams, and went with my brother. Everybody asked who I was, and, being told, concluded they did not care to know me. I came to the world full of hope, and good faith, and charity, with my small sensitivenesses, and enthusiasms, and vanities quivering and expectant, like all young things; and the world twisted a little sneer, a little shrug, a look askance into each poor little sensibility, and jerked it out by the root, and watched the subject writhe, then laughed, and turned away. The subject has grown very callous, but she can count her scars. And yet I think they have not hurt my nature.

Kings.—What have you preserved?

Mrs. F.—Ah, you may sneer; but, indeed, when I examine myself most rigidly, I feel that I pity heartily the vulgarity and limited horizon of my old tormentors; and I know that if I could keep them out of God's holy heaven I would not use the power—I'd hush them in. I'd feel pleasure, and not of the mean sort, to nurse them if they were sick—to feed them if they were hungry. But every social pin-prick, every petty humiliation that is in my power to inflict or expose them to, I never spare; I never will spare while I live. Oh, the prestige I have blasted, the invitations I have smiled into slights, the mortifying awkwardnesses I have presided over with a bland word to drive in the sting! What balm those achievements would have been to the girl who stood gazing into the glass at home after a ball, while every heart-beat blinded her eyes with furious tears!—and even her defeat did not change for her the knowledge that she had been at least as kindly treated by nature as those who distanced her in the race; so she learned that the golden calf is the lord of the world. Out of the empyrean of the sons of God—I mean the drove of dancing men at balls—leaned one fine day Lieutenant Hilary Grafton, and I found favor in his sight; and once in a moment of panting excitement, a furious waltz just over, I stood in a strong draught, screening him from any danger of a chill. I confided to him my wild ambition to crush the people who had slighted me, and to rule supreme where I was then unknown. The cold light I grew to know so well flamed up in his eyes, and he told me—I did not know how truly then—that he recognized in me an ally. We became the greatest and most intimate of friends. We called ourselves—it seems too foolish to believe it to-day—“brother” and “sister.” He wished me to make a rich and powerful marriage. I wished his Washington combinations to prosper. Meantime, all our every-day interests were in common. He was my all-the-world; but we were always matter-of-fact—rather ironical in our strictures on tenderness. He had a formula—“best and holiest feelings of our nature”—which it was a pleasure to hear him use.

Kings.—I have had that pleasure. His irony was the shield of a big, tender heart, all the same.

Mrs. F.—Didn't I learn that to my cost? The hour came when my husband dawned on my horizon. He was a catch;

everybody pursued, and dined, and flattered him. He chose me; it was his whim, his pleasure. To me, who could give him no dinners. Mr. Fletcher threw the matrimonial rope to fish me, wretched, from the unplumed seas of poverty; and set me—captain's captain—at the helm of his triumphant establishment. I should have fallen at his feet chanting a hymn of thanksgiving, and, instead, I froze, and asked him for time to reflect. He was kind then, as always. He told me he wished me to reflect; that he knew that meant a girl's serious discussion of what was best with my mother; and more about my mother being my nearest friend and guardian angel; but, oh! I saw only Hilary Grafton's great, luminous blue eyes; it was with him I meant to consult. My ambition was fulfilled first. He was not ready to go to Washington yet; but when I thought of telling him, I felt all my ambition oozing out at the palms of my hands; and that the old tame, poverty-stricken existence with him was better than luxury with anybody else. Then I fancied I saw a peculiar smile of his as he divined my weak sentimentality—a smile that always cut me like a whip-lash, and I was strong once more. I told him my tale during one of our walks on the sands that you spoke of. He was very white and quiet. He bowed his head gravely when I finished, and said we never expected my good fortune would come soon. I felt as one does in earthquake weather—as if there were calamity in the air. He was so self-contained, while I could see that his nails were driven into his palms, as they always were when he was mustering his courage or controlling himself; and when I could bear it no longer, I said, in a weak, little voice: “Shall I marry Mr. Fletcher?” He stopped walking, and turned slowly toward me. You may laugh, if you like, and talk about modern dress, but he looked like a god. Jove smiles through the shadow on Io so in Correggio's pictures. His face was perfectly transfigured with exalted passion, approval, triumph; then the light died out of his eyes; he turned away and walked on, and said, quietly: “Of course.” I didn't dare to speak. I felt dazzled, as if I had been staring at the sun, and at last he went on: “I am in trouble up to my eyes. You will hear about it soon enough, and I know that you will understand that I am not to blame. You have been a good ‘sister’ to me. I thank you very much.” Then he muttered something about “striking pang from pang as note is struck from note.” You know how he was always murmuring poetry; and he said good-bye to me in his usual friendly way, and except for a sort of stirring under his eyes that was a sign of trouble in him, I should hardly have felt what it cost him to decide my future for me; for he knew that I put it in his hands when I asked him that question. As it was, I had the selfish pleasure of knowing that he suffered in letting me go, and was saved the humiliation of thinking that I had made proffer of the province of my wayward will to a prince who cared nothing for the submission. So that is the history of my intimacy with Hilary Grafton. Do you see how I could have acted differently?

Kings. [*smiling bitterly*].—No; but, by heavens, I don't wonder he died! [*There is a long silence, during which KINGSLEY sits with his hand over his eyes, lost in thought.*]

MRS. FLETCHER slowly pulls a deep red carnation apart.

Mrs. F.—John, sing for me. Sing me Wolfram's song in the hall, in “Tannhäuser.” The score lies there on the books, in the circular case. [*He gets up without speaking, goes to the piano, and sings.*]

Mrs. F.—That means all good and holy things to me. The last two lines remind me of one midnight, when I was leaning over the ship's side, watching the moon set. It was a faultless night, and I was, mercifully, alone. The moon was a great globe of “honey-colored fire,” and she was going down among black clouds that looked like a grove of trees. There was a kind of regularity about them that made me think of an orchard; and though I knew perfectly well that we were far from any land, still that was a charmed country to me, the place where I should be happy if I could only reach it—my San Borondon. It was Hilary's word for an impossible paradise. He said it was the so-called eighth island of the Canary Archipelago—only a cloud-picture, made by conflicting ocean currents; but real to the Portuguese, who insist on its existence, saying that a devil keeps people from landing on it, though it is the most beautiful island in the world. Has Hilary found his, I wonder? [*She hears her husband's entrance, though MR. KINGSLEY does not. With the greatest vivacity.*] You horrid boy, you never remember anything! I told you I worship the very pans white caramels are made in, and you have forgotten me and my tastes, and— [*While KINGSLEY is wondering if she has suddenly lost her mind, ZACH. FLETCHER enters. Mrs. F. flies to meet him.*]

Zach.—Did I hear something about caramels? How are these? [*He produces a blue-and-gold paper box.*]

Mrs. F.—You are altogether angelic. Here, John, have some candy. I forgive you.

Kings. [*uncivily*].—Thanks. I've been smoking.

Zach.—Now, aren't you going to give me a song before I go to bed? I declare, those fellows have bored me to death this evening.

Mrs. F. [*incautiously*].—Anything you like.

Zach.—Well, then, sing me “Sweeter than Marmalade.” That's what I call a good song—bright, and with a jolly chorus. Go, join in the chorus, Jack. [*The cousins' faces lengthen perceptibly. MR. FLETCHER remains impassive. They sing, without enthusiasm, how the lady celebrated is “all jam” and other pleasing attributes; ad nauseam. MR. FLETCHER applauds to the echo. He comes and lays his hand gently on his wife's shoulder.*]

Zach.—Isn't she a good girl, Kingsley, to sing me a song like that, when she only cares for high art wails with her serious friends? Why is high art so grumpy, pet? [*She bestows upon him “the lightning of the angelic smile.”*]

Kings.—I am sorry to be obliged to run away just as you come in, Mr. Fletcher, but I am a slave, and must sleep at night to work by day. Good-night, Mary; good-night, sir.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher.—Good-night.

Kings. [*to himself on the front steps*].—She can not keep the moth and rust of such a wretched life from eating into her soul. Better for her if she were taking in washing and Hilary Grafton's wife, to-day, than— [*He walks over the low block and falls perfectly prostrate. Exit with maledictions.*]

TALES FOR THE TODDLERS.

By Joseph Medill, the Chicago Tribune Humorist.

Little Lucy's big brother Charles promised to buy her some ice cream every Saturday if she would keep her hair nicely brushed during the week. One day Lucy and her brother were going to the place where the ice cream was kept. Lucy was trotting along, holding Charles's hand. She heard a strange noise in the street near them. Looking, she saw two boys with a little écu dog. One boy had tied a string to the poor little dog's tail, and on the other end of the string was a deserted oyster-can.

"O brother!" said Lucy, "see what the wicked boys are doing."

And then tears filled her eyes, because she felt sorry for the dog.

Then Charles asked the boy to let the dog go. They would not do this, but said they would sell him the dog for twenty-five cents.

"If we buy the dog, Lucy, you can have no ice cream, for I have only twenty-five cents in my pocket," said Charles.

Then Lucy was very sad, for she loved ice cream dearly, but still she knew it was her duty to prevent the dog from suffering.

So, for a moment she was silent, and then looking up to her brother she said, in her pretty way: "You kick in the ribs of the boys, dear brother, and I will hustle the pup up the alley."

And so Lucy had her ice cream, after all.

After Lucy returned from boarding-school, and began laying pipe to secure a Young Man, she coaxed her Papa to let her take lessons from a Singing Master, and pretty soon she could vocalize quite well, and loved dearly to sit in the Parlor and Turn Herself Loose at the Piano. Lucy was very partial to sentimental songs, and seemed to be a Little Gone on those that had rather sappy titles, and the words to which did not mean anything in particular. She would hustle around the Music Stand for a while, and then come to the surface with a lot of such Truck as "Angel Voices Now Are Calling," "Darling, Kiss My Eyelids Down," "When the Brown is On the Heather," and so forth. To hear Lucy singing "Tread Lightly, for Mother is Sleeping," while her Mamma was out in the Yard, with her mouth full of Clothes-pins, was worth quite a journey. But Lucy never seemed to think of the incongruity of such proceedings. She would wrestle with the Piano every day, while both her Parents were working hard, and never think that Idleness is the Mother of Matinees, and that the Singing Girl Gathers No Boss. One beautiful summer evening she was Having Her Hoot as usual, and had got far enough into the pile of music so that she was singing Sentimental songs. Finally she started in on one that begins: "I Am Sitting in the Glen," when suddenly her Papa, who had been trying to read the Paper, turned to his Wife and said: "How much do you think it would cost, mother, to move a fair-sized glen about nine miles, and fix things so that it couldn't come back?" Then Lucy began to cry, and said that her Papa was a Brute.

One day when little Charles, the good boy of whom I have before told you, was on his way to School, he passed by a large Orchard in which there were a great many kinds of Fruit, and as the sunshine came streaming through the branches of the Trees, and fell upon the rosy-cheeked Apples, the sweet, mellow Peaches, and the red Cherries, Charles thought they looked very Beautiful, indeed, and would Go Down Nicely with the Lunch which his kind Mother had wrapped up in a white napkin for him, and placed in the little Basket he carried in his hand.

Some of the Fruit hung very near the Fence, and as Charles looked at it wistfully he said to himself: "How easily I could climb over there and Pluck several of the Apples and Pears without being discovered, for there is no one in the Orchard now. But that would be Wrong, and if I did it I should always be Sorry, and suffer dreadfully from the Pangs of Conscience."

So he stood there a little longer, as the little Birds in the trees were singing their Merriest Lays.

Many times Charles looked up at the Fruit, and thought how easy it would be to take it, but every time he did this, the Small Voice would say: "That would be wrong, Charles," and he would resolve not to make any such Break.

But pretty soon a Bright Thought struck him, and his pure young face lighted up with a Sunny Smile. "I will go to the Owner of the Orchard," he said, "who lives in yonder House, and tell him how I conquered Temptation. Then he will give me all the Fruit I want, because that is the way Sturdy Farmers always do in the little hooks I get at Sunday-School."

So he went boldly up to the farm-house, but just as he entered the Gate a fierce Dog grabbed him by the seat of his Panties and Wiped the Ground with him for a few moments. The nice Lunch that his mother had put up for him was distributed all over the Yard, and his new jacket looked as if it had been Out With the Boys. When the Farmer heard the Noise he came running out of the House and called off the Dog.

"What do you want, my Little Man?" he said to Charles.

So Charles told him he had been tempted to take the Fruit, but would not do so because it was Wrong. And then he asked the man for some Fruit.

The Farmer looked at him for a Moment, and then he said:

"I have two more Dogs, both larger than the one you tackled, and unless you are out of here in Three Yards of a Lamb's Tail, they will be Lunching, and you will be Quite Conspicuous in the bill of fare."

So Charles ran quickly away, not even stopping to get his Basket. A little way down the Road he overtook Thomas Tough, who was eating a Delicious Peach.

"Where did you get that Peach, Thomas?" asked Charles.

"Over in that Orchard," replied Thomas. "I waited until the Old Crank who owns the place had gone to Breakfast, and then appointed myself Receiver of the Orchard."

"You are a very wicked Boy," says Charles.

"Yes," replied Thomas, "I am a trifle wicked, but I keep Getting to the Front all the time, and my clothes don't seem quite so much Disarranged as yours. You will also notice that my lunch Basket is with me, and that my piece of Pie for the Noonday Meal is not lying in Farmer Brown's Garden."

When Charles went home that evening, he told his Papa what he had done. "You know, Papa," he said, "that I would sooner be right than President."

"Yes," replied his Papa, "but I am not seriously alarmed about your being President, either."

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For Attorney-General,

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10th of August, 1882, the Nevada patients having been re-

moved to the new State Asylum at Reno. The buildings

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are pleasantly situated in the suburbs of Stockton, and are

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In order to thoroughly enjoy a melodrama, it is first necessary to approach the performance of it in a proper frame of mind. One should always seek one's entertainment with the correct bias. When a man makes up his mind to go to church (as men sometimes do even yet, if the world, the flesh, and the devil have not too powerful a clutch upon them) he put his mutilated coin for the plate in his pocket, works himself up to a sufficiently gloomy view of the hereafter, and sidles into his pew in a devotional frame of mind. When he goes to see the hallet he puts his opera-glass in his pocket, glides comfortably into his seat in the orchestra, and briefly resumes his anatomical studies upon the kindergarten system. When he goes to the circus he puts nothing in his pocket, reduces his intellect to its pulpst condition, and has a brief period of flaccid enjoyment. But when he goes to see the melodrama he should approach it with his heart upon his sleeve, and his emotions violently inflamed and quickly responsive. For is there not always a fair and virtuous young woman in a peck of trouble through no fault of her own, and a well-intentioned young hero who is never able to do anything to help her out till just before the fall of the last curtain, and a delicious villain so full of schemes, and plots, and counterplots, that it makes one dizzy to follow the tortuous course of his depravity? All of these you will find in "The White Slave." The gentle persecuted heroine is own dramatic sister to Zoe in the "Octoroon," and Anna in "The Danicheffs." A hood-maiden reared as gently as a lady, and unconscious of the pressure of her shackles till the plot of the play begins to ferment. In the person of Miss Georgie Cayvan she is a very charming young woman. Miss Cayvan has a graceful young figure, a rich, sweet voice, and a pair of dark, earnest eyes, with that excessive width between them which is said by many to denote the artistic temperament. She has the happy faculty of immediately placing herself *en rapport* with an audience, a faculty which will do more for her in her career than shining talent, perhaps. She is not heavily taxed in "The White Slave," which really plays itself, it being a grouping of incident rather than a study of character, but such as falls to her share is well done; notably, perhaps, in her interview with that deliciously wicked villain in white duck at Osceola. By the way, what a curious effect the hills have when, in quoting from the scene, they run:

"Rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake."
J. Thompson.

The scenic artist must have been unspeakably amazed to find himself accredited with this bit of melodramatic virtue when he sought praise for nothing more than a rather well-set scene, which was particularly good in the background. Its vivid sunset effect was duly appreciated, too, but a whooping plank in the foreground distracted the attention of the in-artistic and the heedless, who saw an impending catastrophe in every kick of the insecure plank. This all the more as the hero is likely at any moment throughout the play to dash from his anvilsh in the wings, execute a most remarkable bit of pedestrianism down the length of the stage, and fold the heroine in his arms, with a loud and apparently irrelevant cry of "Lisar! Lisar!" Some one, describing the sectional differences of manner and speech, once said that you could always tell a New Yorker by his "raw oysters." Years of training would not make him take his oysters without a final "Lisar" in the raw. Mr. Levick must be the truest New Yorker, for he will not have Lisar without an "Lisar." For the rest, he has a handsome stage presence, a good voice, and a melodramatic intensity. In fact, every time that he assumes one of his remarkable entrances there is a general dodging down the middle row of the orchestra, for he does not look as if he were going to be snubbed by a few natrty footlights.

ne suppose any. But there be any one character which is the *point d'appui* of "The White Slave" it is the villain, the one—McCluskey. Wessels, once the Ivao Ogareff of Tartaric splendor, was not to be dismayed by the commonplaceness of the plain American toilette in the *plais* Americaino melodrama. So he wears a long sweep of tangled locks, and a Billy Buffalo hat, and a very low-necked collar. And his brows are blackened preternatural black, and his cheeks are reddened preternatural red, and his tailor has clothed him in preternatural white. I do not know what is the established costume of the Southern planters, but I should fancy that a dazzling vision like this prancing their honest eyes with amazement. Upon the stage, however, he is a delicious assemblage of tawdry villainy, and his brilliant play of the face does not really seem amiss among the swift succeeding sensations of "The White Slave." The foreclosure of the mortgage close upon the death of Judge Hardin, the sale and transfer of Liza, the wreck of the *Belle Creole*, the murder of the *crook's* mistress, etc.,

The creole mistress is but a minor character, yet a feature of the life of the times. Miss Louise Sylvester, who always had a clever knack at small character hits like this, infuses her with life and interest, but it would have been just as well to have finished this sketch in one act, and when the amiable Mr. Lacey shoos her, to have concluded the octoroon girl's brief career before the footlights. The Camille-like scene of her death in the last act is an unnecessary

piece of tediousness in the hurry and rush of the general action. However, as the play is interspersed with almost everything but humor, death-scenes here and there are part of the filling.

Taking "The White Slave" for what it is, a spectacular melodrama, it is unquestionably a success. It is not written upon the same plane of literature as the other plays of the author, and has none of the warm human interest that made "Van" a pretty play and "My Partner" a new idyl of friendship. It is a fair picture of life and manners in the South in the old times, framed in a singularly improbable plot; for, although one shudders even now to think of what men did with their black progeny in those times, it would not have been easy to find a man in the South willing to stain a white child's brow with the curse of blood blood. Both the law and the sympathies drew the lines of caste too terribly to make such a story probable.

Such a story prohibitive. But every appeal to the audience is answered, and when there is a storm in the gallery, there is something more than a flutter in the dress circle. The truth of the matter is, the dress circle is more willing to view melodrama than it professes itself to be, and is more stirred by its startling situations than it cares to acknowledge, for we are all made of one clay, whether we sit in the high places or the low. The difference is a mere matter of decoration, physical and metaphysical.

The comedy of "The White Slave" is entrusted chiefly to the negroes. They have procured a band of the real article, and, as all the world knows, the negro is never comic when it is expected of him. Charles Reed's eyes snapping through the burnt cork of Billy Emerson's head built out like a New Orleans levee darkey's, is more north-provoking than a band of the genuine doing their best to be amusing. And, since they are genuine, why do they sing ever the hybrid Christy melodies when they might preserve the strange characteristic music of the levees, the cornfields, and the camp-meetings, a music which is passing away with this people?—for how often does one see any more in their race-stained faces the unmixed blood of the African? Through how many successive seasons of "Uncle Tom" and "The October room" have we all heard the "Old Kentucky Home," a spurious article, however sweet it be. Let any one strike up a real negro melody, and in a moment everyone in the house keeps time to it. That curious negro despatch at the minstrels, Conchita, is simply insufferable till she begins her negro music, and how many encores does Billy Emerson always get for "Weep Little Children, Weep."

There is a refrain of sadness in every note of it, as there must be in everything in this world to make it appeal to the heart. And in every song that the real negro ever sang there is a longing for peace and rest in the "happy land of Canaan." One of the old songs which they used to sing at their funerals, when it was the custom of the race to bury their dead at night, runs thus:

"I walk in de graveyard; I walk troo de graveyard
To lay dis body down.
I lay in de grave, and I stretch out my arms
When I lay dis body down.
I go to de judgment in de evenin' ob de day,
When I lay dis body down;
And my soul and your soul will meet dat day,
When we lay dis body down."

Some one of vivid imagination said once that when he heard this sung at a midnight funeral with the peculiar quality of the negro voice, the line: "I lay in de grave, and I stretch out my arms," seemed to him one of the most plaintive longings for peace and rest ever uttered since man first lived and died. And the Barbicue madrigals are all sad, being sung much in the minor key; but negro music has sufficiently nevered from miscegenation, and we shall not hearken to hear it again in its native peculiarity. Even aside from the music, the straight-haired negro has come in on the minstrel stage, and people laugh absurdly over a simple tune of his, because it has oot a kink in it. Whence the musical genius at the Grand Opera House in that singular pot-pourri of entertainment which includes pantomime, minstrelsy, tumbling, and specialties. A pantomime is lop-sided without a hallet; but people go to see this one more because it is one more place of amusement than for its intrinsic worth. There is patronage for more than the California, notwithstanding its burning floating spar with the whole interest of the melodrama lashed to one end of it, and its thrilling but singularly deliberate explosion.

They promise to open the Baldwin for the holidays, but in the meantime it is closed, excepting on the fifteenth instant, when an amateur dramatic performance of Gilbert's comedy, "On Guard," will be given for the benefit of the British Benevolent Association. The cast is filled with the names of those ladies and gentlemen who were so successful dramatically when the association was last benefited in this wise. The following is the cast: Dennis Grant, John I. Housman; Conny Kavanagh, J. Evelyn Bell; Guy Worthington, E. M. Greenway; Grouse, W. T. St. Auburn; Druce, F. Matthieu; Mrs. Fitzosborne, Mrs. Charles Mason; Jessie Blake, Miss May Scott. BETSY B.

Obscure Intimations.

"A Broken Tie," D.—Declined.
 "Criminal or Crank."—Will appear shortly.
 "Salem."—Correspondence not available. Thanks.
 "Viator."—All three MSS. unavailable.
 "C. W. H."—Declined.
 "Grand Master Hiram Ahiff."—Declined.
 "Epitaph on Mary Ellen J."—Declined. Send it to Mr. Pickering.
 "On Creation."—Subject too vast. Declined.
 "Noses."—Declined.
 "Por Casualidad."—Idea excellent; treatment poor. Declined.

CCLIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, November 5.

Purée of Lima Beans.
 Cantaloupe.
 Fried Halibut. Saratoga Potatoes.
 Broiled Test Ducks, Currant Jelly.
 Baked Tomatoes. Summer Squash.
 Roast Beef, Yorkshire Pudding.
 French Artichoke Salad.
 Strawberries, Whipped Cream, and Sponge-cake.
 Cakes, Figs, Oranges, Apples, Pears, and Grapes.
RECIPE OF LIMA BEANS—Put cold water and a little salt
 in a fire, and at the first boiling throw the beans in
 until tender; drain, wash through a colander. Put
 on the fire, with cream, and broth to taste;—put
 in thick or thin. Season with salt and pepper
 twenty for five minutes, stirring the while; turn into
 ap-tureen over croutons, and serve. It may be served
 in croutons.

A DRAMATIC EVENT

What the New Yorkers Think of Mrs. Langtry.

Mrs. Langtry seems to have taken New York by storm. A large crowd went to meet her, and every one is endeavoring to get sight of her face. The ticket sale for the first night amounted to nearly ten thousand dollars. Owing to the burning of Abbey's theatre, the opening was changed to Wallack's. The reporters give various accounts of the Jersey Lily. The following is what the *Tribune* representative saw:

Mrs. Langtry had come up on the companion-way with her father and dramatic teacher, Mrs. Henry Labouchere, wife of the editor of *Truth*. She stood now upon the promenade, gracefully poised upon shapely and dainty feet, their toes peeped out from under a short knitted stocking; she looked down at them and her eyes sparkled. Her hands were employed in smoothing down her hair, which fell in long, wavy curls over her shoulders. The smile gleamed in her eyes as she remembered the smiles from her friends; and her features with their happy expression pre-entailed a realization of their ideal. She was dressed in a simple gown of white satin, with a row of small pearls down the center, and a narrow gold band, with a row of ornament both on a plain side, and gold braided cuffs. On her head she wore a simple little hat, which did not hide the delicate molding of her temples, hung a heavy coil of lustrous dark-brown hair. Her photographs have made known the outlines of her all but perfect profile, but they have not suggested the loveliness of her great eyes. In her face there are no features. In them, and in the marvelous mobility of her complexion, lies the charm which will perhaps compensate for the absence of the brilliancy of style to which Americans are partial. Mrs. Langtry's voice is full and vibrant, and her speech rich in melodious modulations that keep time with the rhythmical flow of her face features. Her manner of conversation was necessarily about herself—her experiences, sentiments, and aspirations; yet she never hesitated, but replied to every question with unaffected directness. This was well illustrated when it was asked by a reporter that she would please make a fortune on the stock exchange. "I don't know," she intended to do with

"stage, and she was asked what she intended to do, artlessly, "I don't know." "Oh I don't know," she replied, artlessly, "I don't think much of money although it is very pleasant to have plenty of it, especially after you have been poor. But if you have a chance to make one fortune get stingy—don't they say people who make one fortune get stingy?" "Yes," said the Americans as they were about to leave her. "I think I might do something for the profession if I should make a fortune—establish a theatre, for instance." When a reporter asked if she was not now judged in England not as a member of society, but as a member of the profession, she replied, "No, no, no, no, so. I had a great many friends, and they were very kind to me; but now the people judge me by my merits, and haven't any." With little turns of conversation, saying at times that she thought the Americans (as was suggested) would take her not as a novice, but as an actress well established reputation, would be all the worse for her.

The *Sun* man gushes in much the same manner but differs on the question of the color of her eyes

The stout erect with her shoulders back, and the full lines of her figure perfectly revealed by a dress that fitted without a wrinkle. The dark blue bodice was unadorned except by a brilliant mass of gold beads sewn in straight lines within a fringe of silk of the neck. Beneath were two remarkably small English walking-shoes, and on her head the actress wore a small hat that had been named after her. Her hair was in loose and graceful ringlets over her forehead and drawn in a simple knot behind. Her waist was elegantly and her whole costume was characterized by elegant simplicity. Her hair is brown, with tinge of rich auburn that looks like gold. Her complexion is unquestionably a very beautiful woman. Her beauty is of the kind that baffles description, and those who have seen her pictures only have no conception of the charm of her face. Her complexion is pure white, and almost transparent. The mouth in repose has a pathetic or serious expression, and when she speaks as clearly cut as a statue's. The eyes, and the eyebrows, are the most winning feature of her face. They are a deep gray, with little jet black pupils, and are fringed by long dark lashes. They are wonderful in their expressive, and certainly very effective, for they did remarkable work yesterday. Mrs. Langtry raised them slowly, and glanced around into the faces of the men about her, looking at each one fully. The faces had been turned to her, perhaps, but they woke up. As Mrs. Langtry talked she looked at the faces about her, and with an expression of charming frankness, and she laughed ingeniously when she was amused. Her gaiety was infectious. When she smiled, her face burst into a broad and sympathetic grin, and when she laughed her musical tones were drowned in the subterranean gurgles of the enthusiastic spectators. Her voice is soft, agreeable, and so clear that it travels so far, she is utterly without the broad English accent so tiresome in some of the theatricals of the mother country. Mrs. Langtry gracefully changed the circle about her yesterday, and when she gracefully withdrew the men yesterday to each other and lost themselves in enthusiasm.

No one seems able to decide the eye question; indeed, the *Times* refrains from any opinion on this vexed question. The *World* reporter was politic and indefinite. He gives the reader his choice between two shades:

She is a flower of the Norman islands in the Channel, and inherits those effects of the benign influences of the sea which the Greeks deified in their Venus Anadyomene, and which the pretty women of modern New York earnestly at Newport and amid the city, and which the chestnut—"an excellent name," your chestnut was ever the only color of the eyes are large and gray—the Provencal girls would have called them "green," and meant to praise them—eyes full of light, which kindle when she smiles. Her voice is musical, as the voices of the Provencal women are apt to be. For the rest, she is a creature who would be apt to be a creature of beauty will of course come into it, but it is her duty to see Mrs. Langtry and to pass judgment upon her, he claims to the apple of Mount Ida.

The *World* thus describes some of her most striking theatrical costumes:

Mrs. Langtry makes her debut as Hester Greazebrook, in Tom Taylor's "Unequal Match." It is a part which calls for considerable versatility. Her costumes, like those in the other plays, are of her own designing. In the first act of the "Unequal Match," in which she is a poor country girl, she wears a flowered cotton dress, tucked up over a red petticoat, with a white apron and neckerchief; in the second act, she has a pale turquoise blue dress of soft material, made up in enormous folds, with long loops, and frillings, and adorned with cream lace, and in the third an elaborate garish dress, trimmed with "steel jet," which look like the

scales of a silver fish. In "She Stoops to Conquer" her first dress is of rich antique satin, brocaded with pink roses and over a lemon-colored petticoat, and the second dress is trimmed with emerald-green lace ruffles and fichu. The third dress is of sprigged muslin, with sack tied with marigold-color ribbons, brown hat with ostrich feathers. Suede gloves and Suede-color shoes. The third dress is gray cashmere, short petticoat, black lace-trimmed white apron with pink pockets, plain lace bodice with lawn lace and ruffles, gray stockings and black shoes with buckles, lace cap. In "Rosalind" Mrs. Langtry wears what she believes to be the true "doubllet and hose," Shakespeare while the daughter is banished Duke. The third dress is a white muslin with a black lace-trimmed apron with Hymen and Celia she appears in a quaint semi-Grecian costume with touches of flame-color about it. These extravagancies from the traditional wear of the Renaissance stage are understood to have been adopted by the advertiser. Upon this point Mrs. Labouchere, who accompanies Mrs. Langtry, however, may be heard. As to the "doubllet and hose," the London critics have fallen out among themselves, but the audiences in the general display-point have been about equally divided into Mrs. Langtry's infidelity to the convention of Gaiety.

Mr. Bartley Campbell has been very successful, pecuniarily, with his plays, mainly from the fact that he is a good business man, and personally manages the performing of them. Mark Twain is said to have realized some hundred thousand dollars from the sunny Colonel Sellers. Brooson Howard derives a handsome income from royalty in twenty-five dollars on his plays. Usually the new play, "Young Mrs. Winthrop," just brought out successfully at the Madison Square Theatre, Mr. Howard has received three thousand dollars in cash, with a contingency on future receipts. The limit of this contingency is twelve thousand dollars, to be paid in installments of three thousand dollars for every one hundred and thirty nights. Mr. Howard retains the right for England. Mr. Hart Jackson, who adapted the "Two Orphans" for the Union Square Theatre, is reported to have received seventy-five thousand dollars in royalties for that play. Joaquin Miller received a large income from "The Danites." But the dramatist who has received the largest revenue from his plays, either in ancient or modern times, is Mr. Boucicault.

"Pretty Georgie Cayvan," says Clara Belle, "wore, as a part of her costume, as the Gypsy Girl in 'The Roman Rye,' when that play was produced in New York, a yard or two of just such stuff at a cost that would have absorbed the ablest fortune-teller's fortune for a year. I forgave her, however, in view of the delicious swagger produced, by a peculiar rolling of the hips, that made her picturesque. Of course the real gypsies don't walk that way. They sneak and slouch awkwardly; judging by those that are introduced in the play, and are encamped near Cetrar Park. The women of that lot are too disgusting to go near, as I ascertained on trying. Speaking of those brocade patterns, and of going into queer places, I have seen once more the tattooed girl of whom I wrote. She has reappeared at one of our museums. She is the identical woman, but has changed her spots somewhat. Running across the calves of her legs now are bands of the newest fashionable patterns. The lecturer declared that the colors were picked up by savages ten years ago, and represented the insinuation when I called his attention to this fresh pattern of the present season, done in newly invented colors. As for the girl, she is Greek, and understands no English; yet when I talked about the new-fashionoo design on her legs, and said I was sure I could match it at a dry-goods store around the corner, she turned fiery red in the face, exactly as she would have done if she had understood English."

"An undecidably handsome woman," says the Cincinnati *Enquirer's* New York correspondent, "is the conspicuous figure in the 'Vicar of Bray,' the comic opera just brought out at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. I mean Edith Bland. She is half a head taller than any man on the same stage, finely proportioned, has rather a pretty face. She personates a ballet dancer, and wears a novel costume, almost wholly black, the only other color being a very little yellow. Even her stockings are jet, and they are shown considerably above the knees when she dances." "She is an English lady," said an observer. "She is the wife of Mr. Solomon, the composer of the opera, you know. Her father is a baronet, and she is highly cultivated. Don't you notice how softly English her accent is, and how well she carries herself? Just about a year ago I happened to be in Buffalo with a cousin relative. We were total strangers in the city, and had an evening on our hands. He suggested that there was my chance to go to a variety show without detection. We went. I found myself in a stuffy little box, and peeping out from behind the curtain I saw a smoking, drinking audience of men. Myself and two others were the only women in the house, aside from those on the stage. One of the latter was this same Edith Bland, just as stately and fine as I was the other night at the Fifth Avenue. Remembering this, I wondered if the admirer of her ladylike manner and soft English accent would have changed his mind if informed that, whether or not the actress was of aristocratic birth, she had acquired her graceful bearing on the despised variety stage."

To attempt to give representations of Italian opera in French, at the Château d'Eau Theatre, has been the most unsuccessful. The house closed with "Le Pasquale." In the middle of the opera, Maïmoise Mineur, who was singing Norina, suddenly stopped, and said to the leader, Moosieur Bourgeois: "You are accompanying me abominably; because, which, you suppress all the *ritornelli*." "We will not accompany you at all," coolly said Moïse Bourgeois, and, suiting the actio to the word, got down from his seat and walked out, followed by the whole orchestra. The curtain fell, and he rushed after the musicians and endeavored to bring them back, but was unsuccessful. The curtain then raised again, and an actor, addressing himself to the public in an agitated voice, asked: "Can anybody play the piano?" a query which was immediately answered by an old lady, who quietly rose from her seat among the audience, sat down to the piano and accompanied exquisitely during the remainder of the performance.

— **AYER'S SARSAPARILLA** IS THE PROPER remedy to take in the spring of the year to purify blood, invigorate the system, excite the liver to action, and restore the healthy tone and vigor of the whole physical mechanism, which often become impaired during the winter, by lack of open air exercise.

— BOTH LYOIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE
pound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233
235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of
\$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the for
pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per
for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters
inquiry. Enclose 3c. stamp. Send for pamphlet
Mention this paper.

— REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE HAS PROVED

efficiency by a test of 75 years constant use.

— "ROUGH ON RATS." CLEARLY GETS RID OF
flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks

— MORSE HAS THE FINEST GALLERY IN
old 8-6 Market Street. (Phelan Block).

"MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP" FOR F

ishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 25

THE SERVANT QUESTION.

It appears to be even in Boston a Burning One.

About this time, the mistress of the house, refreshed by several months of hotel life—her ambition stirred by large, smart stories told on the hotel piazzas, of how other women manage their houses—ties her bonnet-strings firmly, and, taking a long strip of paper upon which advertisements are pasted of cooks, second girls, kitchen-maids, butlers, parlor-maids, laundresses, and other household blessings, sallies forth with the determination that this year she is going to get what she wants, and not put up with make-shifts. At the head of the list is: "A cook (Protestant), thoroughly accustomed to cooking in the best families—honest, temperate, economical, and neat—not afraid of work and fond of children, would like a situation in a private family. Apply at 1802 Intelligence Avenue." Starting early, in order that the hundreds of other women on this rampage for household blessings may not head her off, my lady finds, with some difficulty, the number advertised. As the door opens she is met, not by the white-aproned, smiling, neat cook she had pictured in her thoughts, but a room full of young women, representing various nations, who present, in all the array of their summer Sunday finery, the appearance of a very dirty rainbow. Over them presides an unwashed blonde goddess, who signifies, by the extreme style of her costume and coiffure, that she keeps an intelligence-office as a pastime or fad, or, maybe, for the study of human nature. She smiles as sweetly as the "Bloom of Youth" will permit her, as the lady inquires for the "Protestant cook." "So sorry, but she has already been taken; but I have others here" (with a comprehensive wave of the hand toward the various beetle-browed, cross-eyed, flannel-mouthed malapert, who turn their expressionless eyes toward her) "who have the best of references and are all excellent servants." But with the support of her long list in her hand, the searching housekeeper feels able to decline, with some little asperity, the offer of the unwashed goddess, and gets into the fresh air as quickly as possible. Number two on the list is "A smart, competent cook, with best of references, desires a position in a first-class family." Ascertaining that this can not be an employment-office, she takes eight or ten wrong horse-cars, wishes she had thought to take a cab, and finally is confronted by the competent cook, and the following dialogue ensues:

"You want a place as cook, I believe?"
"Yis-sum."
"Where have you lived?"
Girl produces soiled piece of paper, upon which is stated that "the bearer lived for six weeks in my family, and I found her strong, smart, and a good bread-maker," signed by some suburban house-keeper, ten years back.
"Is this all the reference you have?"
"Yis-sum." (Signs of belligerency.)
"Where have you lived since?"
"Been home." (Increased belligerency.)
Searching housekeeper thinks she will hedge a little and waive the matter of references. "Can you make all kinds of soups?"
"Yis-sum."
"What kinds?"
"Oh, all kinds." (Terrific scowl on competent cook's face.)
"What kinds of desserts can you make?"
"All kinds."
"Well name some of them, please."
"Aw, I don't think I'll be after talking wid ye any longer; you're too fussy for a first-class cook to get on wid."
"Well, I hardly think you would do if you can't tell me what you can cook."
"Aw, I wouldn't live wid ye for a dollar a minute; no, I wouldn't!" and the competent cook bangs the door against the heels of the retreating housekeeper.

Resolving not to enter into any conversation whatever with the next advertiser if she shows any such signs of bad temper as the last one, she is agreeably surprised to see a calm-faced woman of extreme composure and servile manner. Changing her somewhat ruffled expression for a pleasant, amicable one, she seats herself before this emblem of servility with a sigh of relief.
"You want a place as cook, I believe?"
"Yes, madam."
"Where have you been living?"
"With Judge Greenbag, in Beacon Street, and the Flop-Doodles, in Commonwealth Avenue; and

Hon. Snyder K. Cheesit, of New York, and the Reserves, in Milton. I have also accommodated for the Lawns and the Tennessees in Brookline."

"Ah, then you must, of course, be a good cook, I should judge. You make all kinds of soups, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, ma'am, I can; although none of the families I have lived in cared much for soups."

Searching housekeeper feels crushed, and wonders why M. E. W. Sherwood or Christine Terhune Herrick or Theodore Child have never mentioned that soup is optional in the best families. Swallows once, and asks: "Desserts? I suppose you make all kinds—jellies, custards, molded puddings, etc.?"

"Well, most all the places I have been in, ma'am, they were very fond of fruit for dessert, and then they had ice-cream from the caterer when they wanted anything extra."

Searching housekeeper does not stop to think this time, but swallows again, and asks: "Bread—you can make rolls, I suppose, and all kinds of muffins?"

"Well, it is some time since I made any rolls, for they have always bought them of the French baker wherever I lived, or ordered them from some of these poor ladies' exchanges. Once in awhile I would make a little loaf-bread, but they generally ate those long French twists."

"Meats, vegetables?" gasps the searching house-keeper.

"Well, the kitchen-maid always attended to the vegetables and basted the meats. Of course I'm willing to prepare them."

"But I don't keep a kitchen-maid."

"Where do you live, madam?"

With a tremendous effort, in which defiance, shame, and desperation mingle, madam replies: "At the South End."

"Oh, madam, I couldn't live at the South End. I should never be able to find my way out there."

And madam retires briskly before her inclination to fling things can be gratified. She goes through her list to find a girl who can cook, but who drinks; a woman who is temperate and belongs to the Presbyterian Church, but can not make soups; a girl who can make soups, but can not make pastry; a woman who can make both soups and pastry, but who can not live with four in the kitchen; a woman who does not mind how many there are in the family or kitchen, but must have two-o'clock dinners; a girl who does not mind late dinners, but will not have children in the kitchen; and by six o'clock my lady flies home in a cab, with her bonnet on one side and her dress bedraggled, wondering what John and the children would say if she should go into the kitchen and do all the cooking herself.—*Boston Gazette.*

What They Are Good For.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are the best medicine known. First—They are purely vegetable, in fact a medicated food.

Second—The same dose always produces the same effect—other purgatives require increased doses and finally cease acting.

Third—They purify the blood.

Fourth—They invigorate the digestion and cleanse the stomach and bowels.


Fifth—They stimulate the liver and carry off vitiated bile and other depraved secretions.

The first two or three doses tell the story. The skin becomes clear, the eye bright, the mind active, digestion is restored, costiveness cured, the animal vigor is recruited, and all decay arrested.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar coated.

It is a retail dealer commences to advertise in a small way, and increases his advertising bill only as he finds the results profitable, but he will gradually work into a style and amount of advertising which will not be constantly suggesting to him a doubt as to whether any advertising is worth the effort and outlay. Too often the dealer enters upon his work with an utter disregard of the business results which control his actions in other departments. Were he to buy a new and untried line of goods in large quantities, without having first tested their suitability for his trade, he would not be surprised if the wares were left on his hands as dead stock. Why, then, can he expect that gambling in futures, or speculating in advertising, can be practiced without some of his advertising splurges proving failures? That occasional success attends such spasmodic efforts is no guarantee against average failure. Hence it is well to remember that haste begets waste in advertising as in everything else.—*Brooklyn Shoe.*

The public are influenced by advertising, but they are influenced only by correct, legitimate, well-written, well-placed advertising.—*N. C. Fowler, Jr., Advertising Manager Pope Manufacturing Co.*



**TEN POUNDS
IN
TWO WEEKS
THINK OF IT!**

As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that

**SCOTT'S
EMULSION**

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites
Of Lime and Soda

is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures

CONSUMPTION,
SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. AS PALATABLE AS MILK.
Be sure you get the genuine as there are poor imitations.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.,
SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St. and 3 Pine St., San Francisco.
Agents for The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co. The California Line of Clippers from New York, The Hawaiian Line of Packets, The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited, The Baldwin Locomotive Works, steel rails and track material.

SAUSALITO-SANRAFAEL-SANQUENTIN
via
NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.
Commencing Monday, September 1, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:
From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 4:55, 6:20 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:05, 6:30 P. M.
From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 4:55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:05 P. M.
From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 7:45, 9:30, 11:15 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 4:55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M.; 12:00, 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 6:30 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.
From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:55, 11:05 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:12, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:15, 5:15 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.
From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 10:05, A. M.; 12:05, 2:15, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:45, 10:40 A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 7:10 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.
THROUGH TRAINS.
11:00 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12:35 P. M.
1:30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.
8:00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 6:15 P. M.
EXCURSION RATES.
Thirty-day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tomales, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.
Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$1.75.
STAGE CONNECTIONS.
Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.
JNO. W. COLEMAN, F. B. LATHAM,
General Manager. Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 331 Pine Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets.
1 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1890.
Oceania.....Thursday, November 13
Gaelic.....Saturday, December 6
Belgie.....Tuesday, December 30
Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA
Colima.....Monday, Nov. 3, at 12 M.
Taking freight and passengers direct for Mazatlan, Acapulco, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acapulco, La Libertad, Corinto, Punta Arenas, and Panama.
For Hong Kong, via Yokohama, direct:
City of Peking.....Saturday, Nov. 1, at 1 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro.....Nov. 25, at 1 P. M.
China.....Thursday, Dec. 18, at 1 P. M.
(VIA HONGKONG.)
Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.
W. R. A. JOHNSON, Acting Gen. Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.
Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Oct. 1, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 1:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Auburn, Colfax.	4:45 P.
8:00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
9:00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, and Los Angeles.	10:15 A.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	4:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	7:45 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	** 6:00 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José.	9:45 A.
3:30 P.	2d class Ogden and East.	9:45 P.
4:00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.	8:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Lathrop and Stockton.	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis.	10:15 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and San José.	6:15 P.
6:00 P.	Haywards and Niles.	7:45 A.
8:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 A.
9:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	7:45 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Excursion train to Santa Cruz.	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	6:20 P.
* 2:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	* 11:20 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos, and Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

8:30 A.	San José, Almaden, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, Soledad, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:30 P.
10:30 A.	San José and Way Stations.	3:00 P.
12:30 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	5:05 P.
* 3:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way stations.	* 10:05 A.
* 4:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 7:55 A.
5:20 P.	San José and Way Stations.	9:03 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	† 7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. ** Mondays excepted.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY
THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, July 13, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:
From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:15, 5:25 P. M.; Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:15 P. M.
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:00, 9:30, 11:40 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05, 6:30 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:25 P. M.
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—7:15, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 12:05, 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 7:00 P. M.; Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.	DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.
WEEK DAYS.		WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, and Way Stations.	6:05 P. M.
5:00 P. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	Guerneville.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.		6:05 P. M.


Stages connect at Santa Rosa for White Sulphur Springs and Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Lepeseyville, Bartlett Springs, Lower Lake, and Zeigler Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Willits, Cahto, Capella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City.
EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturday to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$2.40; to Litton Springs, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.
EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Litton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$3.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.
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"What uncleanly people they seem to be out West," said Mrs. de Lite, of Boston; "here is a case of a man starting to clean out a house and they actually shot him."—*St. Joseph News.*

THE SWEET TOBACCO
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INCOMPARABLE.





It is said to be impossible to tame the red bird of Missouri. Unfortunately the same can not be said for "The Red Bird" of the Tivoli, which was born tame in the beginning, and which, with the flight of time, has been gradually growing tamer and tamer, till, for the past two weeks, its tameness would answer as a magnificent cure for insomnia. What the Tivoli ought to do is to advertise "The Red Bird" as warranted, before the end of the second act, to induce a deep and dreamless sleep in the most exaggerated cases of wakefulness. In this way the operetta would fulfill its real mission, and many people would be benefited.

The opening of the performance was not unpromising. When the curtain rolled up upon a Tivoli hackground, representing a congeries of red-roofed houses—which the programme announced as "Florence in the distance"—and fifteen bandits were discovered sitting round the inn-table drinking out of tin-cups, there was a pleasant suggestion about the scene of a perspective of courtiers and palaces, a terrace with a crescent of sea and one big palm-tree on the right, a chorus of village maidens, a solo for the tenor, the soprano—in a long-tailed dress, a high ruff, and a gold crown—squeezing out of a two-by-three window, on to a shaky balcony, and singing sweetly, with her eyes on the calcium-light, half-a-dozen girls dressed as pages, and a loud bang, hanging from the orchestra.

Unfortunately there was a steady decline from this cheerful and familiar beginning. Hope rose in the weary heart when, from behind the wings, Alice Gaillard's stentorian tones were audible to the naked ear, their mighty force causing the forest-trees to vibrate visibly to the naked eye. When, with her accustomed bounce and swirl of white-and-yellow skirts, Miss Gaillard placed herself directly behind the footlights, a blonde wig and a crown of poppies transforming her into an opera-bouffe Ceres, there was quite a little flutter of expectancy, and even the gentlemen who carry round the glasses and straws on black trays paused to admire her charmingly rustic make-up.

The interest soon drooped. Even the vivacity of a Gaillard, with poppies in her flaxen locks and a plum-colored bodice and a yellow skirt, can not infuse gaiety into one weighty and weary "Red Bird." Miss Gaillard, by the way, was the Red Bird. Nobody knew why she was so called, unless, perhaps, because red birds do not ever sing without using the full power of their lungs. When the human, poppy-crowned red bird has it on her mind to let the audience hear one of her high notes in all its refulgent reverberations, she comes close down to the footlights and, as it were, uncains the high note, which bursts forth into the dome of the Tivoli and makes the windows rattle as it careers joyously about exulting in its freedom. If Miss Gaillard would curb its high spirits, tone down its youthful vivacity a little bit, it would be an improvement, and the windows of the Tivoli would not run such a risk of being blown out into the street.

The next point of interest was the appearance of Soldene. The little ripples created by the entrance of the various members of the company were the only breaks in the smooth, mirror-like calm which brooded so peacefully over the existence of "The Red Bird." Soldene is supposed to be an emaciated student of extreme youth and timidity. She did not quite realize this ideal, but, none the less, she is an amazing person in the matter of make-up.

The appearance of a tall black figure at the back of the stage roused the fainting spirits of the audience. This was the emaciated student, the last of the Strozzi, attired in complete black from head to toe, and presenting, for one who is supposed to have reduced himself by study to mere skin and bone, a triumphantly healthy appearance. Both Soldene and Miss Royce suffered from not quite realizing the ideal of the libretto. Whenever any one looked at that solid and stately student, he exclaimed, with a shudder of horror: "What a miserable thin boy!" But when he gazed upon Miss Royce—she was Arabella—he fell back, struck speechless by her beauty. Indeed, when Soldene looked full upon Arabella's matchless countenance, she was forced to place her hand over her eyes to shut out the brilliancy of it. It was evidently the sort of hallowed beauty that blinds you—blazing so brightly that it scorches you into a cinder, as Jupiter's did Semele, when he appeared before that misguided female in Olympian full-dress.

The entrances of the different members of the company in fresh costumes were the only events in "The Red Bird." Soldene in yellow and pale-blue was the feature of the second act. It is amazing how well she looks and how she retains the dignity and

grace of her movements. She has a fine carriage, and she never for an instant neglects to pose herself in the most graceful attitudes. Alice Gaillard also lightened the tedium of that most unutterably boring second act, by leaping in her usual acrobatic way, in a cloud of pink gauzes and satin, with little roses strung all over her, and a sort of hat of pink buds on her flaxen wig.

But you can not be entertained on costume alone. A pink gauze frock with red roses sewed over it can not make up for an insanely dull dialogue. The stupidity of that second act was awful. Every now and then the pink figure came forward and sang. And sometimes the door into the duke's palace opened and Soldene emerged, heralded by half-a-dozen pages of a feminine appearance. Once Mr. Messmer got up and warbled his little song in his nice little voice, and during the singing he kept shutting his eyes as if he, too, were dropping to sleep over this very drowsy, weary opera.

The Tivoli seems to have lost some of its best people. The piquant and semillante Mrs. Hattie D. Barnes has gone and left a void in the Tivoli ranks. This beautiful being, with a little, round, doll's face, little, round, expressionless mouth, big, round, vacant eyes, could not sing the least bit in the world, but she was pretty, and she was clever enough to lend a rather dainty charm to the parts she took. She was young, and there is nobody in the company now who is either so young or so pretty.

Then there is Louise Manfred—whether she has gone for good or only for a holiday, you miss her all the time. She is neither so young nor so pretty as Mrs. Barnes, but she is a better actress and singer. Miss Manfred was the best member of the Tivoli company among the women, that is, she had a winning manner, and that is about all the singer of light opera needs. Beside that she was pretty, with a light, graceful figure, and she dressed nicely. She was very sweet in "The Gondoliers" in a dull beloitrope dress, taking a sort of Cinderella part in a soft, demure, mouse-like way that was quite fetching.

The only person they seem to have in the place of these departed houris is Miss Royce—Arabella. As Arabella, Miss Royce had not the opportunity for proving herself either an actress or a singer. All that she did was to come in, and, at intervals of five minutes, clutch Mr. Norman round the shoulders and say, in a deep and tender voice: "Calm yourself, popper." This, like the part of the doctor in the "Corsican Brothers," does not give great scope for acting, but in the hands of one in whom the divine afflatus was exuberantly buoyant, great feeling might be infused into these admonishing words: "Calm yourself, popper."

Arabella said them in a sleepy and perfumery way, spreading out her two black-gloved hands as they clawed the paternal shoulder, till they looked like two little blackbirds' talons. In fact, there appeared to be more expression in the way she clutched than in the way she spoke. In the second act, she contributed to the general effort to keep the audience awake by appearing in gorgeous blue raiment, with a crown upon her forehead, "pressing the brown curls down upon her temples," as they would express it in a novel. She did not say "Calm yourself, popper," in this act, but she allowed her lover, Caesar Cavalcanti, to express his adoration and finally to kiss her cheek, a demonstration which she received in the way Mrs. Wilfer received similar salutations. G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Clara Morris is to appear here, week after next, in "Camille."

Hoyt's "A Brass Monkey" is to be continued for another week.

Kate Castleton is playing Marguerite in a "Faust Up to Date" company.

The Hanlons will introduce some new specialties in their performance next week.

"Miss McGinty" is a new farce-comedy which is shortly to be sent out by the proprietors of "The City Directory." Fay Templeton is to have the title rôle.

There is a possibility of Augustin Daly's players coming here for a short season next June. If they do come, they will have to go direct from this city to London to keep their engagement in August.

Somewhat of a novelty for one of the regular theatres will be Liberati's Military Band, which commences an engagement on Monday night. The band is said to be unusually strong in reed instruments. The programme will comprise some vocal numbers.

There is not much talk of "The Clemenceau Case" now, though two or three companies are industriously trying to profit by the free advertising it received. The company playing in Boston has been engaged to come to San Francisco, but it is extremely problematical whether the organization can hold together long enough to reach here.

Henry M. Stanley is not going to be deserted during his American tour by his new relatives. Among those in his party is Hamilton Aidé, who has written novels, ballads, music, and plays—or, at least, adapted plays. He, with Jerome K. Jerome, who is to lecture in America on the stage and its people,

and C. Haddon Chambers, now superintending the production of one of his plays, will give the British dramatist a very fair representation on this side during the winter.

The age of the women who are the greatest successes in London music halls is surprising to Americans. Bessie Bonehill, who is a very clever, pretty, and chic woman, and has captured the patrons of Tony Pastor's theatre in New York, is about forty years of age, and Jennie Hill is perhaps five years older. The latter is coming to America, though it would be hard to say why. She is the best paid woman in her line, getting a hundred dollars for a single "turn," and she sings at four or five music-halls every night. She is even wealthy enough to keep a racing-stable.

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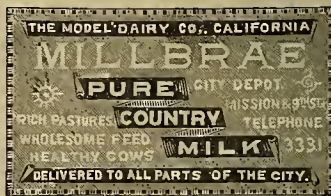


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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"It's very hard," sighed the gas-meter, "I always register, but I can't vote."—*Puck*.
Large silver tips are still used for canes, umbrellas, and hotel-waiters.—*Yonkers Statesman*.
He—"Do cigarettes make you ill?" She—"No; but the people who smoke them do."—*Munsey's*.
Old coquette—"Ten years of my life would I willingly give if I could make myself twenty years younger."—*Fliegende Blätter*.
"I'm not in it," said the traveler, as he stood on the station-platform and watched the last train disappear in the distance.—*Puck*.
Bow-legged man—"What do you think of my new saddle-horse?" Friend (examining it critically)—"It seems to be a perfect fit."—*Munsey's*.
Wife—"John, you often think of your birdie during business hours, don't you?" Husband—"I did to-day. A button came off my vest."—*Munsey's*.
Mistress—"Did you fix that sugar-bucket so the ants could not get in?" Bridget—"Yis, mum; Oi tuk the handle off the cover."—*Princeton Tiger*.
Old Gruffley (to his daughter, returned from the play)—"Well, how did you like it?" Miss Gruffley—"Oh, it was just lovely! The heroine wore eleven different dresses!"—*Puck*.
He (slightly rude)—"I called because I thought you were out." She (sweetly)—"Well, do you know, I thought I was out, too. The maid must have thought you were some one else."—*Bazar*.
Primus—"Johnston intimated to me that he had been the orator of many brilliant occasions. How do you suppose he managed to hold his audience?" Secundus—"By the buttonhole, I imagine."—*Munsey's*.
Mrs. Wicketts—"Don't you object to your husband betting on the races?" Mrs. Picketts—"Oh, no. I have an agent on the field who takes up all my husband's bets. I have almost made my fortune out of him."—*Munsey's*.
New spirit—"Was that a very bad man you just turned away?" St. Peter—"No; his record is good enough; but he's been the head man in a small town all his life, and I know there'll be no living with him."—*New York Weekly*.
The doctor—"The fright that you have had, madam, has troubled the functions of the heart, which has disturbed the circulation of the blood and caused your malady." Patient—"And what is it, doctor?" Doctor—"Five dollars, madam."—*Bazar*.
Winkle—"I wonder what becomes of all the boys who leave the country and enter the great struggle of life in the city?" Kinkle—"They make big fortunes, and then lie back in their easy-chairs and advise country boys to stick to the farm."—*New York Weekly*.
"And you mean to say that your train crossed the chasm where the bridge had burned without being wrecked? Remarkable! What kept it from going down?" "As good luck would have it, just at that moment it was being held up by train-robbers."—*Chicago Post*.
Doctor (on ocean-steamer)—"Your turn has come, I see, sir. Allow me to—" Sea sick passenger (an old bachelor)—"N-o, n-o, doctor. It-it will soon pass off. It isn't sea-sickness. I looked too long at those—those bridal couples."—*New York Weekly*.
"Excuse me, sir," he said, as he stepped into the office, "but do you carry any life insurance?" "I'd like to answer that question by asking another," said the merchant. "Do you carry any fire insurance?" "Why, no; I—" "Well, if you go out quietly you won't be fired, that's all."—*Pittsburg Press*.
First patient—"Why are all the doctors, nurses, and officials taking so much care of that man who has just been brought in? He doesn't seem to be hurt much." Second patient—"Oh, no! But he's a reporter who got hurt in order to get in and write the place up; and they're 'onto' him."—*Puck*.
Somebody has said that "a miss is as good as a mile," and the New York Herald comments: "Yes, and a great deal better. You can't hug a mile." Can't, eh? A Norristown young man, who was out driving with his best girl the other night, hugged twelve miles out of a possible dozen.—*Norristown Herald*.
Mrs. O'Rourke—"I wish yez wud give me an order for some medicine, your reverence, for little Jimmy, here. He's been ailing for two waxes." Father Reilly—"I think a little soap and water would do him as much good as anything." Mrs. O'Rourke—"Would yez give it to him before or after his males, your reverence?"—*Puck*.
Philanthropist—"Don't you pity the poor men who have to work with picks and shovels on the street?" Civic—"I do, indeed. I am thinking of circulating a petition in their behalf and then presenting it to the mayor." Philanthropist—"What do you wish to have granted to them?" Civic—"I will petition that all the kerb-stones be cushioned for their benefit."—*Munsey's*.

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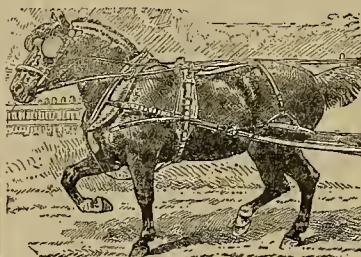
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wine-making! He has had several accessions of modesty since then, and has repented in financial sackcloth and ashes many of the sins he has unwittingly committed against this noble industry.

Colonel Agaston Haraszthy, an Hungarian nobleman, was the first man to make any effort to import European wines. In 1852 he received his first shipment of cuttings, among which was our well-known but much regretted Zinfandel. These he planted at Crystal Springs, near the site of the enormous concrete dam from which Spring Valley supplies the city water, and had it not been for the fogs and cold winds preventing proper ripening, that eight-mile reservoir would have undoubtedly been the location of the first pretentious vineyard in the State. But wine and water will not mix to advantage, either in nature or glass, so this irony of fate was averted by the vines being transplanted to Sonoma in the celebrated Buena Vista Vineyard, which phylloxera devastated long ago.

Colonel Haraszthy's activity created a tidal wave of inquiry over the quiet valley of Sonoma. Strangers came and went, the pony-express and the United States mail were laden with letters, pamphlets, cuttings, and vines. This was a season of great hopes, of loud talk, and much proselytizing in the agricultural districts. Wine-making was justly esteemed a gentleman's occupation, and everybody had the courage of ignorance. In 1861, Governor Downey appointed a commission to report upon the industry, especially ways and means of improvement, but it was not until 1880 that a viticultural commission was created by act of the legislature.

Planting a vineyard and making wine is a gentleman's occupation—the very highest type of agriculture—and a visit to any section where the industry has taken root finds the beautiful valley and sunny slopes thickly studded with lovely country-bomes, and one glance at the interior reveals the refined taste of the viticulturist's family. The wine-men of California are broad-gauge citizens and thorough good fellows, in every sense of the word. They represent the wealth and intelligence of the communities where they live. There are sixty-eight millions of dollars invested in vines, wines, and cellar capacity in this State, giving employment to ninety thousand men, and if there have been periods of depression, and if somebody has blundered by fancying himself a wine-maker when God intended him for a blacksmith, the blame must not be laid at the door of the industry or its possibilities. If experience has proven that the Mission Fathers and their followers planted neither wisely nor well, there is reverence and respect for their memory, since they followed their best light, and at least tried to do the right thing at the right time. The Zinfandel, from which so much was expected, has not lived up to its promise as a producer of either fine or durable wine. Its admirers were hugely disappointed, but, with Spartan-like courage, they have pulled up the vines, planted resistant stock, grafted on this cuttings from Château vines, and who dares say that in time the nomenclatures of our vineyards, with their pretty Spanish names, will not sound as sweet to the ear of the connoisseur as do those of the Lafite, Latour, and Margaux?

There are three distinct wine districts in California: the Coast Range District, which includes Sonoma, Lake, Napa, Alameda, Santa Cruz, and Santa Clara Counties; the Sierra Nevada Foothill and Sacramento Valley District, taking in Placer, El Dorado, Tuolumne, Yuba, Yolo, Sacramento, and Tehama Counties; and the Southern District, embracing San Bernardino, Los Angeles, San Diego, and Fresno Counties. The first excels, on the whole, in white and red acid wines, such as hock, claret, Sauterne, Burgundy, and others; the second produces most excellent dry wines of exquisite bouquet, many of which bear a greater resemblance to the wines of Hungary, Greece, and Cape Constantia than those of France, Italy, or Germany; while the third district excels in its port, sherry, Madeira, angelica, and other sweet wines.

Out of the fifty-two counties there is not one that does not produce grapes; forty-five make wine, either for sale or home consumption; and twenty-four counties make wine for export. The largest vineyard in the world—that of Senator Leland Stanford—is in Tehama County, and consists of 3,825 acres, or about 3,000,000 vines. California also has the smallest vineyard in the world—the one grape-vine in Santa Barbara County, which is seventy years old, has a diameter of one foot twelve inches from the ground, and whose branches cover an area of 12,000 feet. This one vine produces from 10,000 to 12,000 pounds of grapes, and the old Mexican woman who planted it used to have her Indian *peons* make wine from these grapes by treading them with their bare feet. It is believed that there are planted not less than 150,000 acres of vines in the State, and it is safe to estimate that fully sixty per cent. are of the finer grades of foreign wine grapes.

It is difficult to form a close estimate of the wine yearly consumed on this coast. I am led to believe that not less than 2,000,000 gallons are used in San Francisco and Oakland, and about 3,000,000 more in the interior of the State, in Arizona, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, and Utah. The amount exported to the Eastern States and foreign countries will not fall far short of 10,000,000 gallons this year. Reckoning in the sweet together with the dry wines, this would give an approximate value of about \$6,000,000. The brandy used on this coast, if exported, would swell the amount at least a million more.

Mexico awakened to an appreciation of our wines earlier than any other foreign country, and her trade in our wines grows steadily. There is no more hopeful field for California than Mexico and the Central American countries. The Sandwich Islands and Japan have been increasing consumers, while British Columbia bids fair to become equal to that of Panama and South America. The European countries have done very poorly with us, but that market is very like carrying coals to Newcastle. Our Eastern cousins drink plenty of California wines under French labels and smack their lips with evident satisfaction. Some time, when the millennium is not far off, the average American may have the courage of his convictions, and when he does and knows enough about wines to be entitled to an opinion, it will be a hopeful day for the California grape-grower. FRONA EUNICE WAIT.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Professor Koch's Discovery.

[The following article on Professor Robert Koch, the famous bacteriologist, and his discovery of a remedy for tuberculosis, or consumption, will be read with interest at this time. It is from the pen of Dr. Julius Rosenstirn, of this city. It was at our direct solicitation that Dr. Rosenstirn—somewhat reluctantly—consented to prepare his views for publication.—EDS.]

A glorious message has come to the world. Against its greatest scourge a remedy has been discovered. Tuberculosis—consumption—can be cured now. Not by long and expensive treatment in a special sanitarium, not by the prolonged stay in select climatic resorts—no, by means which the poor may share equally with the rich, the unfortunate majority with the favored few. This modern miracle is performed by injecting a small fraction of a drop of a certain brownish liquid under the skin. There is hardly a household among civilized nations to which this is not joyful tidings.

Who has not lost a relative, a dear friend, through consumption? And consumption, or tuberculosis of the lungs, is only one chapter of this dread disease. Tuberculosis attacks all the tissues of our body. On the skin, as lupus, it creates terrible ravages; in the joints and bones, it causes crippling deformities after the most intense sufferings; and wherever it passes through the organs of our frame, it carries destruction with it. The sorrow for the loss of a dear family member is closely followed by the agonizing fear for the lives of the others. Like the sword of Damocles, this fear overhangs so many homes, casting its dark shadow on the cradles of fondest hopes.

And now comes Robert Koch, of Berlin, and sends word on trembling wires around the globe, that science has celebrated one of its greatest triumphs, that he, the discoverer of the cause of this dreadful malady, has found means to eradicate it from the system.

The first question naturally would be: Can we trust this man? Granting that he is sincere in his belief, is he not an enthusiast riding through the air on a soap-bubble ready to burst at any moment, dropping him and his theory into the great pond of disappointment?

Who is this man Koch?

Twelve years ago Robert Koch was a name unknown. As county physician in the Prussian Government service in Wollstein, a few articles on microscopical photography constituted his entire claim to scientific recognition. In this retired place he made those famous researches which he embodied into his celebrated work, "Investigations on the Etiology of Wound-Infections." This book secured to the obscure country practitioner a most prominent place among the workers in the new science of bacteriology. He, as the first, showed for a group of closely connected diseases the origin from bacterial invasion and mapped out a line of investigation to be followed in all similar cases, in order to prove their mutual relation of cause and effect beyond reasonable doubt.

Dr. Struck, director of the newly established Imperial Sanitary Office at Berlin, appoints him as one of the members, and gives him the department of bacteriology. He begins work there in 1879. The publications of this office by Koch and his pupils are gems in the literature of hygiene. In 1881, he described his new Pure Cultures (*Reinculturen*) on solid mediums, as gelatine, potatoes, etc., methods which opened entirely new fields for examination. In 1884, he issued the full report on his great discovery of the *bacillus tuberculosis*—the disease germ; its first communication having been made in the Berlin Physiological Society, March 24, 1882, and a preliminary essay published in the Berlin *Clinical Weekly*, No. 15, of the same year. The following year he was ordered to lead the German Government expedition to Egypt and India for the investigation of cholera. There his brilliant discovery of the *komma bacillus*—the cholera germ—was the great feature of the expedition. It enabled him at Toulon, in June, 1884, when the pestilence reached France, to determine its true character by demonstrating the bacilli. This led to energetic sanitary measures, which helped immensely to prevent the spread of the disease.

In May, 1885, he laid the results of his labors before the Cholera Conference in Berlin, having previously succeeded in proving the specific virulence of the *cholera bacillus* by inoculations on animals.

His full report of the cholera expedition appeared in 1887, edited by Gafky, one of his pupils. Koch had been appointed, meanwhile (April, 1885), director of the new Hygienic Institute and professor of hygiene at the University of Berlin. His work since 1887 has culminated in the present wonderful discovery. All his contributions to science have been distinguished by a remarkable carefulness in his statements, of which he never has been forced to retract a single important item. Patient labor and unquestionable experimental proofs have been the invariable predecessors of his conclusions. Even his forced premature publication in the *Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift*, of Berlin, republished in the San Francisco *Examiner* of the same day, gives ample evidence of this trait. He has worked with his liquid at the clinics of such men as Bergmann, Frantzel, Leyden, and Levy. They have furnished their own patients in their own clinics—conditions for impartial control which could not be improved upon. What a chance for boasting of the great results obtained! Yet he hardly alludes to them, and leaves the report of cases and statistics modestly to his colleagues. His injections on human beings amount to over a thousand, but the insufficient number and the comparatively short time since the beginning of the investigations prevent him from forming any definite opinion as to the permanence of its results.

Does such a man deserve credence? Most assuredly yes. It can only be regretted if some local professional gentlemen publish as their opinion that Koch is a crank on bacteriology, compare his recent discovery to Brown-Séquard's stimulating injections, and finally commit the sad mistake of accusing Koch of suffering a dismal failure in his dark designs on the lives of Australian rabbits, attempting to infect them with chicken cholera. The real culprit is the immortal Pasteur, who sent his own assistant to Australia, and he is just as great and admirable as ever, although the rabbits refused to be poisoned.

What is this remedy? A dark-brownish liquid that certainly does not contain or act through germs, as it has to be sterilized by heat before being used. The addition of half a per cent. of phenol or carbolic acid is also for the purpose of sterilization, or freeing the liquid from accidental germ-impurities, not for treatment, as misunderstood by some colleagues on Sunday last. It acts probably like one of the

many newly discovered Ptomaines, or poisonous albuminoid substances so much discussed lately by Brieger and others.

How far-reaching the value of the discovery may be, seems impossible to estimate at the present moment. Disappointments may come and failures may call for new methods varying in many respects from the ones now practiced. The spontaneous birth of Minerva, as wisdom in its perfect form, came from Jupiter's head; we poor mortals have to try to shape our ideas, after birth, that they may attain the perfection we dream of. Let us watch, then, and wait; enough has been offered to disarm any severe criticism.

Koch's publications should be treated respectfully by all medical men. Our own eminent bacteriologists, like Sternberg, Osler, and others, revere him as their master. By virtue of his past, he commands the highest regard for his great genius and his firm adherence to unadulterated truth. He hopes, for his present discovery, that it may permanently cure cases of tuberculosis when not too far advanced—it certainly does so temporarily. His hope is shared by his colleagues, men of great eminence, who observed and watched the cases independently of him. May the future verify their most sanguine expectations, and mankind receive from the hands of Robert Koch one of the most precious blessings it has ever been the good fortune of any man to bestow upon suffering humanity.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 19, 1890. DR. JUL. ROSENSTIRN.

The Tokalon Vineyards.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: My attention has been called to the article in a recent issue of the *Argonaut* describing the vineyards of the Napa Valley, and to a communication from "Vine Grower," in which a great injustice has been done to Mr. H. W. Crabb, the proprietor of the Tokalon vineyards. I desire to say a word concerning Mr. Crabb and his wines with a view that he may be set right before the public. Among the wine-producers and wine-merchants the articles in question have had little or no influence. Mr. Crabb is too well known to them for that, and were he unknown, his wines would readily find a sale on their merits. It is but fair that a word be said for him among the classes which are reached more generally by your valued journal.

Some weeks ago, Mr. Crabb's vineyard and cellar were visited by Mr. F. M. Pixley and a gentleman who is acting as agent for a rival producer, who is striving for the cased-goods trade. Mr. Crabb was not at the time on the premises. An investigation shows that Mr. Pixley and his companion saw only the tanks filled with pomace, which was about to be sent to the still. The fermenting department proper, in which the wines are fermented, was not visited. As I understand it, Mr. Pixley does not claim to be an expert, and it is to be presumed that he depended on his friend for his criticisms. I am satisfied that had the cellar been examined nothing in the way of filth or refuse matter could have been found. Mr. Crabb is too able a cellar-master, and his reputation as such is too valuable to him, for it to be jeopardized by baphazard statements about his winery and cellar.

There are other statements that might be controverted. For instance, it is stated that vinegar-flies were thick in the winery. As a matter of fact, these flies are found everywhere—by no possible means can they be excluded, and furthermore they are harmless. Mr. Crabb uses some redwood coopeage, and so does his competitor whose agent piloted Mr. Pixley to the Tokalon cellars.

Now a word for Mr. Crabb. He has long been known as one of the foremost vineyardists in the State. His cellar has always been considered a model of its kind. His advice on all subjects pertaining to viticulture has always been sought and followed. All that he has invested in his place, and if his vines look dying it is because the phylloxera has extended its ravages greatly in recent months. This is a record that any man might well be proud of. His wines have received prizes almost without number, and there has not been any public exposition, within recent years, at which they have not received substantial recognition.

But this is not all that he has done for the wine industry. He has expended a small fortune in the establishment of agencies at Chicago, Washington, San Francisco, and other places. His wines are sold and known all over America, and certainly no wine-producer is better known since his offer to keep a fountain of wine playing throughout the World's Fair of 1893.

The many premiums that he has received are one recognition of his ability and skill as a cellar-master. Aside from these, I desire to call your attention to the certificates which he has recently received from the San Francisco Wine Dealers' Association, an organization composed of the principal merchants of San Francisco. Mr. Crabb is not, and never has been, a member of this association, and all of those who certify to his skill are his competitors in business. These certificates are as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, November 3, 1890.
H. W. CRABB, ESQ.—Dear Sir: It was with feelings of regret that I read an article printed in the *Argonaut* of the twentieth. I am at a loss to understand how the writer, who evidently has no practical knowledge of wine-making, could have been so easily misled by some one either intentionally or through the grossest ignorance. Our firm has bought wines from you, both young and old, at the highest market figures, and they were equal if not superior to any made in your district. I have visited your wine-cellar from end to end, and found them in as cleanly and fine condition as can be found in any wine-cellar in California while in operation, while the storage departments are models in cleanliness and practical appointments, and leave nothing for even the most fastidious wine-consumer to desire.

It affords me great pleasure to give you this testimonial of appreciation so well merited by you, who have ever been so devoted to the advancement of California's great wine industry, and who have always been so unselfish in the communication of the knowledge and experience personally acquired through enormous expense and many years of labor. With kind regards, yours truly,

ARPAID HARASZTHY.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 3, 1890.
It affords us pleasure to state that the wines of H. W. Crabb, of Oakville, Napa County, rank high among the best produced in the State.
C. SCHILLING & CO.

NAPA, November 3, 1890.
I consider that Mr. H. W. Crabb, by the importation of a very large number of fine grape-vines, and by his untiring efforts not only to produce, but also by his agency in the East to introduce, a high grade of wines, has largely aided the California wine industry.
E. C. PUEBER, Manager Napa Valley Wine Co.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 3, 1890.
We have frequently visited the wine-cellar of Mr. H. W. Crabb and have always found them to be in as clean a condition as any cellar within this State.
LACHMAN & JACOBI.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 3, 1890.
MR. H. W. CRABB, OAKVILLE, CAL.—Dear Sir: It is with pleasure that I am able to certify that your wines are classed among the best in California.
C. CARRV.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 3, 1890.
This is to certify that we have always been purchasers of the wines produced by H. W. Crabb, Oakville, Cal.; that we have always paid him the highest market prices; that we always considered his wine-cellar a model for cleanliness and practical utility; and that his reputation as a wine-manufacturer is second to none in the State.
A. LACHMAN & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 3, 1890.
We certify that H. W. Crabb is one of the most practical wine-makers in the State, and that he has done as much, if not more, than any other wine-grower to popularize California wines.
KOEHLER & FRIEDLING.

What more need be said for Mr. Crabb's wines, his cellar, and his reputation as a wine-maker?
S. WINE-DEALERS.
SAN FRANCISCO, November 13, 1890.

THE HONOR OF THE FAUBOURG.

The Vicomte de Bonnerueil, an insignificant but embittered old gentleman, the vicomtesse, melancholy and pious, and their three daughters—Hermengarde the eldest, handsome and baughty, Annie and Kate, the two younger ones, light-minded and vivacious—occupied the ungrateful position of poor relations in the family of their cousins the Signerols. The genus poor relation is not uncommon in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, in the circle where fortunes fly away every day and can not be remade, except by marriages with the banking interest or with trade; and though such marriages can hardly be called exceptional, they are not quite the rule, either.

The whole family had put their wits to work to provide for the dreadful old vicomte and his wife and daughters. The Marquis de Signerol had given them the mansard floor of his old hotel in Saint-Dominique Street, quite respectable apartments for a younger son for instance, and furthermore paid for their fires and lights.

The Marquise de Signerol dressed the three sisters every season, and other relatives gave the girls presents of spending money on their birthdays. I omit other sources of revenue, for the Bonnerueils belonged to the noble army of genteel beggars. Oh! their hedging was of the most refined and dignified kind, as befitted people who were quite aware that the keeping up of appearances in their case was a matter of concern to the whole Faubourg. They sought alms in the name of a principle. So they lived along with their five thousand francs income, supplemented by about as much more incidentally acquired; but they raged inwardly, gave themselves protesting airs, and went about with perpetually discontented faces.

They suffered agonies at the sight of their opulent cousins' luxury and fashion. The Signerols were kind to them, and invited them to informal dinners and to almost all their evening parties. But the three sisters could not show in new gowns as often as they wished, and it gnawed them to the heart's core. When they came home from a walk during calling hours, the swell equipage in the porte-cochère—not for them—filled them with bitterness and resentment.

If the marquise sent them out in her landau for a turn in the Bois with her little sons, the girls were haunted by the fear of being taken for the children's governesses.

In the bosom of the family, they had to endure their father's irritability. He reproached them by continual allusions with not being boys.

Oh, if he only had a son!

A son might have rescued them all from poverty. A son could have made a rich *misalliance* with some banker's daughter or merchant's beirress, selling his name very dear, since names are for sale and even confer vast honor upon those to whom they are sold. But how could a man dispose of three dowryless girls? They must be old maids or nuns.

This perpetual harping on one theme gradually impressed the eldest of the Bonnerueil girls, Hermengarde. She was a strong-willed girl, of stately brunette beauty, fully decided upon tasting life, and within whom, under her well-drilled grace and the thin veneer of a convent education, throbbed the warlike and brigand ardor of her far-away ancestors. Her poverty maddened her. What is a name? Is not the true noble the one with the power to seize and to retain? If a name is marketable, why should she not sell hers? The wife's name is easily hyphenated with the husband's. Doubtless the trade would be harder for a girl to make than for a man, but what would be the harm of looking about one?

And she looked about her.

At about the same time, Ernest Foussard, the eminently modern business-man that all Paris knows, owner of a sugar-refinery, two sailing-vessels, three newspapers, and four minor theatres, realized, in running over his books, that he had just gathered in his twentieth million. Married to the landlady of a family hotel, with a bank account, and soon left a widower, he had thought at first that he would not marry again, arguing that a man without a wife—be he bachelor or widower—is freer to enjoy ladies' society. But now that his fortune was made, now that he had everything—swell house in Paris, picture-gallery, historic chateau in the country, his nomination by the conservative interest at the last election, and, last and most conclusive, that he was verging on fifty—the idea occurred to him to take a wife who should bring him the sole thing he lacked—a great name to tack on (by and with the consent of the Senate) to his patronymic Foussard, and thereby, sooner or later, after a resistance which he foresaw and half-approved, his *entree* into the mysterious, inaccessible circles of the Faubourg.

And he looked about him.

Now, in the course of their looking about them, Hermengarde de Bonnerueil and Ernest Foussard met.

The first time was at a charity fair, where he paid her a thousand francs for a pair of cuff-buttons in her booth. He had first got thoroughly posted about her and knew that she had nothing in the world but her great name and her great eyes.

A few days after, he sent her a number of barrels of sugar and a mammoth bundle of clothing "for her charities."

Her noble papa wrote to thank him. The following week Foussard called on the Bonnerueils outright. He was received and saw Hermengarde.

He came again.

Let us abridge.

Ernest Foussard and Hermengarde had found each other out at the first glance, but both went through with the required acts of the comedy with the proper amount of discretion and seriousness. Foussard pleased the viscount by the purity of his monarchical convictions, and won over the viscountess by the purity of his religious convictions.

At the end of three months he proposed for the hand of Hermengarde.

The viscount was all lofty regret.

"Sir," he said, "it pains me that you have had the imprudence to formulate a request which our principles compel us

to meet with the most express denial. It pains me, I repeat, for I have felt drawn toward you—yes—very much drawn toward you, I am sure."

"At least," replied Foussard, "grant me one favor. Be kind enough to lay my proposal before Mlle. de Bonnerueil. If she, too, refuses, my grief will be overwhelming, but as I shall then know there is no hope for me, I believe I shall be able to summon more resolution to quell this fatal passion, sustained by the feeling that I am obeying her wishes solely."

"Sir," said the viscount, "you are one of nature's noblemen and your words prove the delicacy of your sentiments."

* * * * *

When the viscount told his daughter of Foussard's proposal, she said simply: "At last!" And then added: "The Signerols will froth at the mouth."

"Do you mean to accept him?" cried the father.

"I should say I do!" said Hermengarde; "I've had all the poverty I want. Besides, think a moment. Did not our Cousin Sillery, and the little Prince of Castelfidardo, and old Count d'Artenay all marry Jewesses within the year?"

"That's not at all the same," said the mother.

"Well," argued Hermengarde, "Mr. Foussard can be a Papal count whenever he wishes. If he likes, he can be legally Foussard de Bonnerueil until the Foussard is dropped altogether for the sake of brevity. You know it as well as I do."

"But if I refuse to give my consent?" said the viscount.

"I am twenty-two years old, my dear father. I shall be sweetly obstinate, and—I know you so well—you love your daughter so much that you would not have the heart to remain angry with her long."

"My child, you astonish and pain me indescribably."

"You do not speak like a girl who occupies your position in the world," added the viscountess.

All this did not prevent the viscount from writing to Ernest Foussard:

"SIR: It is my duty to inform you that, to my great surprise, my daughter receives your proposal favorably. I confess that I have opposed her resolution with all my strength. But the feelings with which you have inspired her are such that she has announced her intention of proceeding, if necessary, to legal remonstrance against my paternal authority. Such is the present situation. I beg of you to grant a father, bowed down with grief, the respite of a short time to master his emotion."

* * * * *

When the viscount told the Signerols about Foussard's proposal and Hermengarde's answer, there was war and tumult. The marquis and his wife declared that the mere notion of such a marriage should fill a gentleman with repugnance. The viscount agreed with them, but they went too far; they declared they would never suffer that Foussard—"that off-scouring, that Thing"—to cross the threshold of their home again. The viscount protested against such stringent measures; bitter words were exchanged, the viscount departed abruptly, in a lofty rage; the very next day he moved out of the Signerol top-floor, and, with his wife and daughters, established himself in a little flat—Rue du Bac.

There was general consternation throughout the Faubourg. Doubtless this was not the first *misalliance* which had occurred there; that was exactly it—there had been quite too many these last few years. Besides, this one was altogether too conspicuous. Foussard was in particularly bad odor; he was mere raw money—money naked and not ashamed, amassed too fast and by ways and means really too—modern. Such a marriage would signify, with much too insolent distinctness, that money can buy everything, that everything indiscriminately is for sale, and that, in order to make the same match as a Rohan or a Montmorency, the vulgarest of tradesmen had only to put up his coin. Then again, if this Foussard was a man to conduct himself with discretion and veil his success—but not at all, every one felt that he would shout it from every pinnacle of notoriety, emblazon it, advertise it on all the walls, fences, and railway-stations if he could. Three morning papers had already announced the thing under initials, as transparent—as wedding-cards.

Portly dowagers climbed the five flights that led to the Bonnerueils and exhorted Hermengarde for hours together, passing from the melting to the indignant, and from threats to prayers. She remained obdurate.

One of the most admired clergymen of the Faubourg, the Rev. Father de Sainte-Amarante, came to admonish the young insurgent in his turn. He could only extract these words:

"They don't want me to sell my name? Well, a thing that can be sold can be bought back."

We must infer that the excellent father understood this dark saying, for he immediately held a long conference with the Vicomte de Bonnerueil. We shall never know the precise words exchanged by the pair, but when the viscount escorted his visitor to his modest landing, the holy man said to him in a low voice:

"Let us sum up, monsieur le vicomte. We said, an annual pension of forty thousand francs, of which twenty thousand go to you and your cherished younger daughters, upon the condition that they shall marry only men in their own social circle; and twenty thousand for Mlle. Hermengarde upon the same condition. Am I quite accurate? Agreed? I undertake to submit your proposition to the Marquis de Signerol, and to the marquise, and to all those whom it will interest."

The proposition was accepted. Father de Sainte-Amarante hawked about among the dwellers of the Faubourg a sort of subscription-list for the Bonnerueil pension. The profane called these visits "the good work for poor relations." But the list filled rapidly, for self-esteem entered into the matter, as if the amount of each subscription were the measure of race-feeling in each subscriber and the gauge of his blood's azure. Some families that could ill afford it, that kind that worries along on thirty thousand francs a year, even preserving a decent air of grandeur about the ancestral manor, these imposed veritable privations upon themselves. The most highly heroic mite, however, was undoubtedly the contribution of Chevalier d'Outarville.

The Chevalier d'Outarville is the last chevalier extant. Of course he had been page at the court of Charles the Tenth. He was a natty old fellow, full of superannuated politeness, replete with prejudice and disinterestedness. He lived on a tiny income with one old servant, a white-haired Parisian, Joseph Bonhomme.

One evening, when by chance the chevalier did not dine out, and as he was eating his modest meal at home, he said, aloud:

"What times these are! That little Hermengarde de Bonnerueil! In my day—ah, well!"

Old Joseph sympathized respectfully with a silent nod. The chevalier continued:

"It is a great work to prevent such dishonor. Why can not I contribute? But we are not rich enough, my old Joseph!"

Full of lofty sadness, the chevalier only played with his dinner.

The meal was short that evening. Joseph, as much overwhelmed as his master, appeared to be reflecting deeply. The next morning, however, when he brought the chevalier's chocolate, the old servant was almost blithe.

"Monsieur the chevalier may take heart again," he said; "I have gone thoroughly over my books. With precaution and judgment, by pruning a little in every direction, if I get up a little earlier to go to market, we could save fifty francs a month. And I promise monsieur the chevalier that it shall not be too perceptible to monsieur the chevalier."

* * * * *

Ernest Foussard received the following letter from the Vicomte de Bonnerueil:

"SIR: Having consecrated to the most serious reflection the respite I begged you to grant in the matter we all have so much at heart, it becomes my melancholy duty to inform you that my daughter no longer looks favorably upon your suit. We hesitated for a long time, with so much esteem has your character inspired us, but we feel constrained to admit that there are certain paramount principles to which we must sacrifice everything. You will the better appreciate this feeling as these principles are, at bottom, your own, and you will approve their stern and, at times, sad autocracy. Believe me, ever," etc.

The honor of the Faubourg was saved.

—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Jules Lemaitre by Annie Lake Townsend.

THE STAGE IN GOTHAM.

"Van Gryse" on the Kendals, Ada Rehan, Otero, and Carmencita.

The stage is the word just now. Theatres and new plays and new managers are in everybody's mouth. The opening of the season, the promise for the winter's amusement, is, of course, awaited with a good deal of anxiety. New Yorkers are coming to look upon the stage with the nervous personal interest of Parisians. When they see a poor play at Daly's or the Lyceum, they feel as if they had been offered a slight, and go home morose and sulky.

There are novelties and rival attractions going all over town. The Kendals are back. Those clever Kendals! Who will say after having watched their American career that the English are without tact. They have come back while their success is still warm in the public's memory to strike another blow for the good American dollars that they have such a fancy for. Mrs. Kendal has grown thinner, but she is still dowdy off the stage. Last year they said she had all her stage costumes made new for her American tour, having heard that we were a people who demanded gorgeous dressing on the stage. In England she wears very simple, quiet clothes even in her most elaborate pieces. It is an innocent form of realism.

Of bright afternoons she strolls out with her husband for a look at the shop-windows and the four-mile walk which she says has been of such material use in preserving her complexion. The complexion is pretty—wonderfully fresh and delicate for a woman who must be somewhere round forty, has five children, and has led a life of anything but ease. Like all English women she is remarkably preserved—looking fresher on the street than on the stage. There is a color in her cheeks when she walks, and not even a hint of powder on her nose. She has beautiful hair, too—glossy, golden brown, worn parted and going off toward her ears in loose waves. This, *en passant*, is the *chic* way of wearing the hair now. All the women who have low foreheads part their hair so, and draw it off loosely toward the back. It makes them look like madonnas, but there is not one in fifty who has the shaped forehead for it. Jane Hading, Otero, and Mrs. Kendal are said to have made it the fashion.

The Kendals, on the avenue, are as English as Rotten Row and Regent Street. When you see an English man and woman walking together, there is one way in which you can always tell their nationality—the woman will be so badly, the man so well dressed. It is a pity the honors can not be more easy on this point. When the man is always *à quatre épingles* and looks as if he had come out of a bandbox, the woman is always dowdy and sometimes untidy. Not infrequently, when she lifts her skirts to cross the road, you may see a ragged accompaniment around the hems of tag-ends of braid and torn edges and frayed bindings. There is only one American woman I can think of at this moment who allowed herself the privilege of going thus unkempt about the feet. That was Mrs. Potter; she used to look like a fringed and dragged Indian about her ankles. But she always affected a limp and faded style. Her things always seemed to be held on by a few inadequate hooks and pins, which looked as if a good shake would break them off altogether.

Mrs. Kendal is neat, but not gaudy. She wears a flat, close, turban-hat sort of thing and a veil down over her nose. She is generally tailor-made on the street, sheathed in narrow tweed skirts, and often wears a fur cape and muff. She thinks she dresses very well. But the present fashions seem made only for slim women. The heavy ones look so badly in the close, tight skirts, that some enterprising firm in Paris announces a new kind of corset which is going to reduce girth round the hips to a mere nothing.

THE COLONEL'S FOX-HUNT.

The "Great Legare Hunt" in Georgia in 1858.

"You can talk about fox-hunting, sir, but I defy any man to prove that he has been on a bigger hunt than the one I rode in the fall of '58, by gad!"

The colonel was speaking. Major Huger, Squire Hammond, and Lank Smollet were listening. All were whistling.

"Was that the hunt that killed your Kentucky mare, Colonel?" asked Lank.

"No, sir; it was not. That hunt took place two years later, and was ridden under very different circumstances, sir; very different, indeed. This hunt to which I just now alluded, sir, took place, as I said before, in the fall of '58, and was the most wonderful hunt I have ever seen in the whole of my wide and varied experience—very wide experience, sir," and the colonel paused impressively.

The squire fidgeted in his seat, took out his plug of tobacco, and after all had partaken of the welcome refreshment, returned it to his pocket and gazed expectantly at the colonel. As the latter did not break the rapidly gathering silence, the squire said, with a deprecating wave of the hand:

"Colonel, would you mind relating to us the circumstances of that hunt?"

"Not at all, sir; not at all," replied the colonel; "that is, if the other gentlemen present desire to hear it."

The other gentlemen assured the colonel that nothing would or could delight them better. Whereupon he pulled his white mustache thoughtfully and began.

"It was, as I have said, in the October of '58, just after Squire Hammond was sent to the legislature. My father, Judge Legare, sir, who was then the wealthiest man in the whole State of Georgia—the whole State, sir—was so pleased at the squire's election that he announced his intention, sir, to give the biggest fox-hunt that had ever been seen in the entire South, sir, by gad!"

"Accordingly, and at great expense to himself—great expense, sir, but money was no object to the Legares in those days—he bought all of the fox-hounds to be obtained in the country and had them sent to his plantation. He also purchased a large consignment of blooded horses, which were, individually and collectively, the finest animals that I have ever seen, sir, by gad! in any part of America. There were two hundred of them, all magnificently strong in both shoulder and hind-quarters, and swift as the fastest locomotive on the Georgia Central.

"The day of the hunt opened fine and clear—so clear that the outlines of the Blue Ridge were distinctly visible to the naked eye. There was just enough breeze to color the cheeks of the ladies, and by gad! a handsomer set of women would have been hard to find in any of the courts of Europe, sir! Women in those days were women, and not afraid to ride the most vicious beast that ever was saddled.

"My father had invited all of the aristocratic people in the State, so that there were nearly a thousand men and women, sir—fully a thousand, in fact—whom followed the hounds upon the 'Great Legare Hunt,' as it was known for many years afterward. Besides, there were my father's own one hundred and fifty niggers and two hundred more who were the servants of the guests. Our house was so crowded that all of the servants had to sleep in tents out in the big meadows, and the nigger quarters fitted up for the accommodation of some male guests. The friendship of the Legare family, sir, was much sought after in those days.

"Never, sir, if I live to be one thousand years old, will I forget the grandly magnificent sight which was spread out before my eyes when I rode out into the wide avenue before the house and bowed to the assembled multitude. I was the heir-apparent of the Legare family, and a very important person, sir; very important, indeed. There was not a lady present who would not have felt herself honored, sir, highly honored, by a salute from my lips. I was the sole heir to one thousand acres and five hundred valuable niggers, sir, and I could have married any woman there for the asking."

The colonel paused and brushed the long hair back from his forehead, while the other three great men gazed admiringly upon their chief.

"We started out, sir, before six o'clock in the morning, with a great blare of horns and loud cheers from the niggers who were left behind to watch the house. About a mile from the mansion, the fox—a great, big, black fellow, sassy as a nigger in a

melon-patch—was started in a pile of underbrush, and the six hundred hounds were off in full cry, with the best riders a rod or so behind. In those days, sir, gentlemen rode with the hounds, not after them.

"Away we went, helter skelter, and devil take the hindmost, over zigzag fences and underbrush, through piney woods and plowed fields, with a dozen horns echoing and reechoing from woods to hill-tops, which were just tipped with the gold of the rising sun."

Here the colonel paused again, in order that his hearers might fully digest his bit of poetry, and whistled away two sticks before he began again.

"Those were the days, sir, when riding was riding. There were no confounded 'English mount' then, with three feet of daylight between rider and saddle at every jump. The man who couldn't stick closely to his saddle in trot, lope, or gallop, sir, was considered an abject fool, by gad! and would be hooted from any assembly of good horsemen. On we went, neck or nothing, leaping brooks twenty feet wide, sir—yes, and thirty, too—like squirrels; and never turning aside for the highest wall that was ever built. Fast! Why, we went so fast, sir, that we could see the air go by, and the surrounding landscape was just one long blur from start to finish.

"We had gone about ten miles, sir, when we felt little pieces of fur or hair flying against our faces. They stung our skins as they flew against it, and we wondered where on earth they could come from. But we kept right on, only two hundred of us by that time, for most of the ladies and some of the men were out of sight. But there were still more than two hundred of us racing close together, breathless with excitement and dizzy with the rushing of the air. It was grandly terrible!

"All of a sudden the hounds, that had never been out of our sight for an instant, stopped short. We had passed several dozen of them at various points along the road, where they were lying dead, but supposed that they had dropped under the frightful strain of the race. But we were mistaken.

"When, a minute later, we came up with the bounds, we saw the fox lying dead in the middle of the road, with a circle of several hundred hounds around him. To our great astonishment we saw that he had been completely skinned from nose to tail tip, and upon examining his legs we found that they had been worn off nearly to the knee. Then it was, sir, that we discovered where the bits of fur came from that flew in our faces. The fox had run so fast that his legs had been partly worn away, and the friction of the air had actually flayed him alive!"

The colonel stopped. Major Huger started to speak, but changed his mind. The squire leaned forward and drew figures in the dust with his coach whip. All remained silent for several minutes.

Then Lank Smollet spoke:

"Colonel, what killed the dogs?"

"It was a very remarkable thing, sir," replied the colonel, "very remarkable, indeed! The only dogs that we found dead were those of the Richmond Kennel, that always had to wear metal collars to comply with a State tax law. The friction of the air had made the collars red hot, and by gad! sir, the hounds had been burned to death!"—*New York Sun.*

A Valuable Remedy.

Hon. Edmund L. Pitts, the late President of the New York State Senate, writes:

"STATE OF NEW YORK, SENATE CHAMBER, ALBANY, March 11, 1886.
"I have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in my family for the past five years, and can truthfully say they are a valuable remedy and effect great cures. I would not be without them. I have in several instances given some to friends suffering with weak and lame backs, and they have invariably afforded certain and speedy relief. They can not be too highly commended."

Ninety-nine per cent. of all advertisements are made known to the public by a single glance of that public, and if the advertisement is so written, so arranged, and so printed that the public will at that one glance absorb enough of its meaning to be impressed by it, then the advertisement has done nearly its entire duty.—N. C. Fowler, Jr., Advertising Manager Pope Manufacturing Co.

The position of an advertisement has much to do with its effectiveness, but it is not always desirable to sacrifice cost for this one object. The supposition that an advertisement has only to be placed in every reader's way, where he can not read the paper without falling over it, is often carried to an extravagant extreme which the result does not warrant.—*Brooklyn Shoe.*

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SAUSALITO-SAN RAFAEL-SAN QUENTIN via NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.
Commencing Monday, September 1, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:
From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 4:55, 6:20 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:05, 6:30 P. M.
From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 3:25, 4:55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:05 P. M.
From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 7:45, 9:30, 11:15 A. M.; 1:30, 3:20, 4:55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:30, A. M.; 12:00 M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday, 6:30 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.
From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—5:55, 11:05 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M.
(Sundays)—7:10, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:15, 5:15 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.
From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 8:15, 10:05, A. M.; 12:05, 2:15, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.
(Sundays)—8:45, 10:40 A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 7:10 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.
11:00 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12:35 P. M.
1:30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.
8:00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 6:15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.
Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$7.75; Tolocoma and Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tomales, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.
Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Tolocoma and Point Reyes, \$1.75.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.
Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, F. B. LATHAM, General Manager, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 331 Pine Street.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.
NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 1 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG.
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1890.
Gaelic..... Saturday, December 6
Belgie..... Tuesday, December 30
Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA
San Blas..... Saturday, Nov. 23, at 12 M.
Taking freight and passengers direct for Acapulco, Chamerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Punta Arenas, and Panama.
This steamer will make a special call at Ocos.
For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:
City of Rio de Janeiro..... Nov. 25, at 3 P. M.
(Will make a special call at Honolulu.)
China..... Thursday, Dec. 18, at 3 P. M.
(Via Honolulu.)
City of Peking..... Saturday, Jan. 10, at 3 P. M.
Round Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or Passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.
W. R. A. JOHNSON, Acting Gen. Agent.
Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	FROM NOV. 15, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	1:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally.	6:45 A.
8:00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East.	10:15 A.
12:00 M.	Niles and Livermore.	7:45 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	6:00 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denig, El Paso, New Orleans and East.	8:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Lathrop and Stockton.	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Land.	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	ing via Davis.	8:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and San José.	7:45 P.
6:00 P.	Niles and San José.	7:45 P.
7:00 P.	Haywards and Niles.	12:15 P.
9:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	10:15 A.
	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Excursion train to Santa Cruz.	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	6:20 P.
2:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	11:20 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos, and Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

8:30 A.	(San José, Almaden, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Pacific Grove; Salinas, Soledad, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:30 P.
10:30 A.	San José and Way Stations.	3:00 P.
12:30 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	5:05 P.
3:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way station.	10:05 A.
4:20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	7:56 A.
5:20 P.	San José and Way Stations.	9:03 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. 1 Sundays only. ** Mondays excepted.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 16, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1:40 P. M.
Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 2, 5, 6:15 P. M.
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:20, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.; Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40 A. M.; 12:15, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:40, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.; Sundays—8:35, 10:05 A. M.; 12:40, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:30 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		7:25 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
		Fulton, Windsor, Headlands, and Way Stations.		
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
		Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:00 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:05 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Caho, Capella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City, Hydenville, Eureka, Bonnevill, and Greenwood.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Headlands, \$3.40; to Litton Springs, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$5.70; to Guerneville, \$8.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Headlands, \$2.25; to Litton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$3.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager, PETER J. MCGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt. Ticket Offices at Ferry, 36 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

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For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesday, 9 A. M. For Mendocino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street. GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

"Miss Henderson laughs just like a man." "Too bad. I hate a woman who is guilty of manslaughter."—*New York Sun.*



THE SWELL TOBACCO FOR THE PIPE IS MARBURGS YALE MIXTURE: A DELICATE BLEND OF CHOICEST TURKISH, PERRIQUE & VIRGINIA IT IS PRONOUNCED BY SMOKERS WHO HAVE TRIED IT AS ABSOLUTELY INCOMPARABLE.





The last time we heard "Trovatore" was at the Grand Opera House. There was great pomp and circumstance—women in full-dress, a big orchestra, and lots of light. That ramshackle old building looked quite gay and glittering.

Signor Sapia led the orchestra, and on the play-bill there were illustrious names. Tamagno, of the clarion voice, was the Troubadour, and he rolled out the impetuous magnificence of the high C, and between whistles sang flatter than a pan-cake, as a vocal relaxation. Valda was the soprano. Her performance that evening made her ill, so that she could not appear again during the engagement. But the audience managed to survive, which is saying a good deal for their recuperative powers.

One of the advantages of greatness is that the fortunate possessor may give way to all his whims and no one dare to say him nay. The audience at the Orpheum on Monday was not, to outward appearance, a particularly inspiring one—there were even some unruly members in it, who had to be forcibly restrained from expressing their opinions at the top of their lungs—yet Signor Guille sang for it with all the power and sweetness of a really lovely voice. He gave it of his best. He was pleased with its applause, and in answer to its stamping and clapping, he smiled a smile of genuine pleasure and gratitude that was very taking. The little tenor was visibly delighted. With a deprecating but beaming look, he gave a repetition of "Di Quella Pira" that rang to the roof, and was interrupted in the middle by the storm of applause that always cuts short that glittering production.

Stage manner is everything. Great, indeed, is the great person who, at the crown of his success, can still care to charm by the graciousness of his attitude toward his audience. This is one of Patti's highest claims to consideration. There is no one on the stage who dares to swindle the audiences as she dares. With the greatest coolness in the world, she takes their seven dollars for a seat, and then cuts the opera down to a mere stump, prunes all the prettiest twigs off, plucks away the leaves that garnish it, and, presenting the dry stick to the spectators, says, with the sweetest smile in the world, "Here is your seven dollars' worth. Isn't it lovely?"

And audiences stand this like lambs. It is the smile that does it. Patti, who has a wonderfully level head, knows that she could not treat the spectators in this high-handed way unless she beguiled them of their anger by her captivating stage-manner. She never, in her weariest, her most capricious, her most ill-tempered, moments abandons this graciousness. She seems to be overflowing with love and gratitude for the people who vigorously applaud her when she has sung an aria from which she has judiciously clipped all the higher notes and most of the embellishing trills. The last time she was here, having given a much-cut edition of the flute aria in "Lucia," she responded to the wild applause with the most flattering series of bows and smiles and band-kissings; and even the gods found it so nice to have Patti kiss her fingers to them, that they overlooked the fact of her having cheated them of most of what they came to hear. She is a wonderfully clever woman, with brains as remarkable as her voice.

But Tamagno, for example, treated his audience with unconcealed disdain. They did not flock to hear him sing "Trovatore" with Valda, in her blonde wig, as Leonora, and thereafter he was enraged. The Grand Opera House is, at best, a dispiriting place in which the muse—the muse of vocal music, whatever her name was—may unfurl her banner to the breeze—her banner to the hurricane would be more appropriate, for when that temple of Thespis is half empty the gentle gales of heaven blow through it exultingly, and on that particular evening caused Manrico's dungeon-tower to bulge in and out, and sometimes to go so far as almost to tear itself free from its rocky foundations and ride upon the boisterous elements.

This may have ruffled the great Italian's temper, a fact which he took no pains to conceal. He was ill-humored and sang badly. He flatted atrociously. Poor Signor Sapia, wielding the leader's baton, was in an agony, but could not curb the tenor's inclination to sing false upon every occasion. The audience were uneasy, and then cross, feeling they had been swindled. Once or twice applause was torn out of them by the roots by a sudden outburst of that exhilarating, tingling voice—true, hard, and clear as a trumpet's bray. For the most part they went home angry. He might have sung as false as he wanted, have flatted his part even, but there was no reason why he should have treated them as if they were br-mats. They felt distinctly snubbed, and most

of them said afterward that they did not like Tamagno, his voice had no sentiment; it was so hard and brazen when he sang a high note; it was like a steam-callope at a circus; it was not worth seven dollars anyway, and they would not go again.

The Orpheum is a trifle less depressing than the Grand Opera House—it is not gloomy, but it is dingy—yet no one, the most optimistic person in the world, could say that its appearance was either lustral or gay in the remotest degree. The light was poor, the audience dun-colored. It does not smoke like a fire of damp brush, as the Tivoli does, but it is rather close when it is filled up and when the Roman chariot-race unrolls and conceals the stage. Yet these drawbacks are worth enduring to hear the Hess Opera people—at least, if they are always as good as they were on Monday evening.

It is rather unfortunate that they should have chosen such an antique as "Trovatore" to open with. Opera people are getting past that elderly trifle. "Owen Meredith," to be sure, thought it the best thing Verdi ever wrote; at least that is what he says in one of his poems: "Of all the operas that Verdi wrote, there is none to my taste like the 'Trovatore'—see 'Aux Italiens.'" But he wrote that in his salad days, since when, it is to be hoped, his judgment has matured. The piece is very old—the organ-grinders have loved and lived by it for a long time, and now even they are letting it die. Its disappearance will fill a long-felt want, as our esteemed contemporaries are sometimes tempted to remark.

The whole tone and genre of the performance belongs to a past epoch. "Trovatore" has been parodied, and when a play or an opera has been parodied, the hour of its retirement is at hand. There is something indescribably funny about the whole opera, especially when you hear it in English. The confidant in white linen—she wore red silk this time—to Leonora's heroine in white satin, came out in the English version as a distinctly humorous element. The Count di Luna is perilously near the ridiculous. He has one little swear which he permits himself to use even at the church door—"Perdition." He does not send any one there—he merely ejaculates the baleful word, especially when he hears Manrico giving tongue in the distance. The Troubadour, sweeping the lyre, draws nigh, just as the count has concocted a plot by which he will kidnap Leonora, who at that moment comes out of church, where it would appear she has been getting married, though there is no bridegroom to be seen. It was at such intense moments as these that Mr. Mertens, drawing his white burnoose about him, expressed the turmoil of his feelings by that one supreme word of the Luna vocabulary—"Perdition!"

The Hess Opera Company may have chosen to resurrect this relic because they all sing it so well. They certainly give an excellent performance—a remarkable performance, considering the place and the price of seats. All the parts were well taken, and some far above the average. The soprano, Miss Guthrie, had a flattering welcome, and she, like Signor Guille, showed a pleasure in the approbation of her auditors that was very sweet and attractive.

She has some beautiful, rich, clear high notes and a good stage appearance. Though when she first came on with her confidant in tow, making her entrance down a terrace flanked by two marble statues of the choicest Orpheum variety, she seemed frightened and rather uneasy, and in the half-light looked a good deal older than she afterward appeared. It was in the wedding-dress, with the veil and orange flowers, that she was seen to advantage. She resembles the German type of prima donnas, who have all the same large and heavy figures and pretty, delicate faces. If Miss Guthrie were a little slighter, she would be an unusually handsome and attractive stage figure; as it is now she has a lovely head, set on rather too massive shoulders, and a voice which is well-trained and has some charming, fresh upper notes. She and Signor Guille reaped the honors, though the others were warmly applauded and called before the curtain many times. G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Cleveland's Colored Minstrels are to begin a brief engagement in town on Monday evening.

Emma Abbott is to bring her opera company out here in a fortnight. She has added three comparatively new operas to her repertory.

Collier's pretty opera of "Dorothy," with Alice Vincent in the cast, has proved satisfactory to the Tivoli's patrons during the week.

"7208: or, The Casting of the Boomerang," seems to be well liked as presented by the local company. It is to be followed by "Pique," which is also a Daly play, though of a different period.

Mme. Genée's German Theatre season is to take a flyer, next Monday evening, beyond the hitherto strict limit of its Sunday evening performances, Herr von der Osten appearing on that evening in "Kean."

Professor E. B. Warman, the well-known reader, has returned to San Francisco, accompanied by his wife, and intends to join the already large colony of professional people who have made California their permanent home.

The Bijou Theatre is to be opened up to catch a share of the holiday patronage. The players are said to be from the East, and if the opening play

goes well, the theatre may be continued permanently as a "combination house."

The Baldwin is to be closed for a fortnight, commencing on Monday, during which extensive alterations will be made in preparation for Bernhardt's "Cleopatra," which calls for greater spectacular effects than the present arrangement of the house will allow.

The Hess Opera Company is to sing "Rigoletto" next week. Mondays and Thursdays will be "off nights" during the engagement, those evenings being devoted to concerts by the Hungarian Band and the Hess Orchestra, with a resumption of smoking and drinking in the auditorium.

Frank Daniels is to appear here in "Little Puck" next week. Bessie Sanson is still the principal woman in his company; she has been with him during two previous visits of "Little Puck" and one of "A Rag Baby," and—if we are not mistaken—was with him when he made his first appearance in this city in "The Electrical Doll." She also has a claim upon local fame for having introduced "Annie Rooney" to San Francisco some months before it was heard of in New York.

"Evenings with Warman"

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Admission, 50 cts.; season tickets, \$1.75.
A. C. WATERMAN, Manager.

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VANITY FAIR.

The Bombazine.

't's everywhere that women fair invite and please my eye,
And that on dress I lay much stress I can't and shan't deny;
'The English dame who's all aflame with divers colors bright,
'The Teuton belle, the ma'moiselle—all give me keen delight!
And yet I'll say, go where I may, I never yet have seen
A dress that's quite as grand a sight as was that bombazine!

Now you must know 'twas years ago this quaint hut noble
Gown
Flashed in one day the usual way upon our solemn town;
Was Fisk who sold for sordid gold that gravely scrumptious
thing—
Jim Fisk! the man who drove a span that would have joyed
a king!
And grandma's eye fell with a sigh upon that sombre sheen—
And grandma's purse looked much the worse for grandma's
bombazine!

Though ten years old, I never told the neighbors of the
Gown,
For grandma said: "This secret, Ned, must not be breathed
in town!"
The sitting-room, for days of gloom, was in a dreadful
mess,
When that quaint dame, Miss Kelsey, came to make the
wondrous dress;
To fit and baste and stitch a waist (with whalebones in be-
tween)
Is precious slow, as all folks know who've made a bom-
bazine!

With fortitude dear grandma stood the trial to the end—
The nerve we find in womankind I can not comprehend!
And when 'twas done, resolved that none should grieve at the
surprise,
Within the press she hid that dress secure from prying eyes;
For grandma knew a thing or two—by which remark I
mean
That Sundays were the days for her to wear that bom-
bazine!

I need not state she got there late, and, sailing up the aisle
With regal grace, on grandma's face reposed a conscious
smile;
It fitted so, above, below, and hung so well all round
That there was not one faulty spot a critic could have found!
How proud I was of her because she looked so like a queen!
And that was why, perhaps, that I admired the bombazine!

But there were those (as you'd suppose) who scorned that
perfect gown,
For ugly-grained old cats obtained in that New England
town!
The Widow White spat out her spite in one: "It doesn't
fit!"
The Packard girls (they wore false curls) all giggled like to
split;
Sophronia Wade (the sour old maid!) she turned a bilious
green!
When she descried that joy and pride, my grandma's bom-
bazine!

But grandma knew (and I did, too) that gown was wondrous
fine—
The envious sneers and jaundiced jeers were a conclusive
sign;
Why, grandma said it went ahead of all the girls in town,
And, saying this, he snatched a kiss that like to burst that
gown!
But, blushing red, my grandma said: "Oh, isn't grandma
mean!"
Yet evermore my grandma wore *his* favorite bombazine!

And, when she died, that sombre pride passed down to heed-
less heirs—
Alas, the day 'twas hung away beneath the kitchen stairs!
Thence, in due time, with dust and grime came foes on foot
and wing
And made their nests and sped their guests in that once beau-
tiful thing.

'Tis so, in truth, Time's envious tooth corrodes each human
scene—
And so, at last, a ruin passed my grandma's bombazine!

To this day, I'm proud to say, it plays a grateful part—
'The thoughts it brings are of such things as touch and warm
my heart!
This gown, my dear, you show me here, I'll own is passing
fair,
Though I'll confess it's no such dress as grandma used to
wear;
Yet wear it, as—perchance when you and I are off the scene,
Our boy shall sing *this* comely thing as 't the bombazine!

Jules Simon has attacked the French system of dowries, advocating the total abolition of the system (says the *Illustrated American*). M. Simon complains that the system condemns to spinsterhood the portionless daughters of the poor. But the absence of the system in this country is responsible for the single life of many daughters of the wealthy. If their parents be healthy and give evidence of longevity, there is no class of American women whom a poor man, or a man of moderate means, can so ill afford to consort with. Brought up in the lap of luxury, their tastes and their habits utterly unfit them for love in a cottage. The young men themselves may have the fairest prospects for the future. But how can they face the intervening years of poverty with wives unused to self-sacrifice? Max Müller lauds the Hindoo idea—that young men on arriving at their majority should share with the father in the family possessions. Why not the young women, too? Late marriages are a curse to the community. They are a powerful incentive to disorderly living among our young men. They leave the duty of continuing the race to the waning strength of men who have passed their maturity. It is not a question of hiring young men to accept young women. It is simply a matter of supplying young men and young women, with the means necessary to accomplish one of the great ends of their being.

Julian Ralph thus writes in *Harper's Weekly*: "I disagree with the common report that all English women are dowdyish, and that no woman over there gets clothes to fit her. To the majority of Americans, who see only the women in the streets, this naturally seems to be the case, though, queerly enough, several Englishmen told me that the majority of the female American tourists they see look like guys. It is evident, then, that much of the basis for this international exchange of criticism must be national prejudice. I found some American support for the English view, however, when I talked upon the subject to a very brilliant and dressey New York girl in the Hotel Victoria one day. 'I should think they might well call many of the American women who are over here 'guys,' said she; 'we would call them so at home. When I see how they look, and hear and observe how they behave, it becomes difficult for me to make my

English friends believe what I say about the beauty and style of American women at home. But these women would look just as absurd in any of our cities. They are what I call "cow-girls." They've got more money than taste or good breeding.' The truth is that many of the rich and aristocratic English women are as well dressed, from a fashionable or artistic point of view, as any women in the world. The sign-boards of their dress-makers and mantua-makers on Regent Street bear some of the same names as the sign-boards on Fifth Avenue. Yet they dress peculiarly. Last summer every fashionable miss wore a straw hat with a ridiculous little apology for a brim, and wore it tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees; and misses and matrons all favored dresses puckered and baggy in front ('fulled,' I believe the ladies call it), to hide the absence of Hogarth's line of beauty in that part of their persons, while below, their waists were pinched with a cruel imitation of the letter V, and their shoulders and hips were the equipment of giantesses. Their rugged health is amazing. To be sure, it seldom rains there as hard as it does here, but I saw a great deal of very damp rain without encountering any that appeared to discommode or disconcert the English women. There are no shelters on the upper decks of their small river-boats, or on the roofs of their cars and 'buses, and it is on these exposed places that nearly all of them ride. Rain or shine, they stayed out just the same, seven in ten of them with fur capes put on over muslin dresses—the queerest combination imaginable when first it is met with. They wear shoes that the American girls frequently informed me were 'horrid.' They certainly were large and clumsy and loose as compared with French and American ladies' boots; nevertheless, their American cousins took note that the English women tramped around in the slop and wet in those shoes without rubbers, in a manner few American women would dare to imitate."

Some recent visitors to that part of the Caucasus known as Circassia have declared that the reputation of Circassia for beautiful women is entirely undeserved. Among them is Mr. J. Guthrie Watson, who has recently returned to England from a long sojourn in the Caucasus. He says the books and newspapers he has read convey the impression that the whole of the Caucasus abounds in lovely women. This he regards as a mistake. He enumerates the towns and neighborhoods not far from the eastern end of the Black Sea where these beauties have been reported to live in considerable numbers, and he is convinced that nine men out of ten would travel through those districts without noticing them at all. He says they are mostly poor peasant girls. They have handsome eyes, but have no expression in any feature. Up to the age of fourteen, some have rather attractive features, but later their faces become very coarse in appearance. There is a particular region known as Loogiddi, where the Sultan of Turkey has been in the habit of buying girls for his harem. Watson declares, however, that these women are beautiful only to the native eye, and Europeans find nothing to admire in them. At the age of thirteen or fourteen, these girls marry, and by the time they are twenty years old, they appear to be middle-aged women.

Of making lamps there is no end, but many lamps are becoming a weariness to the flesh. When the millennium dawns, possibly the ordinary housemaid will be equal to the task of keeping lamps brightly burning, free from any odor of oil. The average housekeeper of ample experience has a sort of sympathy for the foolish virgins, since experience has taught her that nothing is easier for a person charged with the duty of putting oil in the lamps than neglecting to replenish them. In the absence of the millennium an overworked housekeeper has ingeniously solved the lamp problem. She had a gas-pipe brought out just above the base-board in an unobtrusive corner of her parlor, and an ordinary drop-light tube attached. She connected it with a lamp made of a bandsome vase, fitted up for gas. The effect, when burning, was precisely the same as if oil had been used. The little table that held the lamp concealed the tube from the casual observer.

A new phase of the Stanley Africanus tangle is thus discussed by some correspondents in the London dailies. "Sartor Resartus" writes: "The sorest point of all with Mr. Stanley appears to have been the loss of his breeches, owing to the officers of the rear-guard dispatching his wardrobe to the coast. Again and again does he recur to this bitter charge, and asks piteously why they left their chief naked. Of course even in Africa some tribute has to be paid to decency, and it is doubtless hard to keep up the rôle of a mighty leader of men in trousers which barely reach to the knee. Still, on his own showing, Mr. Stanley acknowledges there were grave reasons for Major Bartelot and his officers taking a hopeless view of the prospect of their leader's return; and in that case there is nothing surprising in their imagining he would require his nether garments no more, or in their dispatching to the Emin Coercion Committee those melancholy remains." Another says: "Your correspondent 'Sartor Resartus' is not, I think, quite correct in writing that 'the sorest point of all with Mr. Stanley appears to have been the loss of his breeches.' It was not, I gather from the correspondence, so much the want of nether garments

—which probably in an African forest may be dispensed with for a time—that vexed the soul of Mr. Stanley, as the neglect of his lieutenants with the rear-guard to send forward his shirt-collar. The frequent and piteous allusions to this article of raiment or adornment have excited the frivolous to laughter. They forget, however—or, perhaps, never beard of—the tradition, familiar to some of us in our school-days, that the full dress of an African chief is, in certain tribes, a straw-hat and a cigar, and in others a shirt-collar and a pair of spurs. In our own country we know the importance which at court is given to what is called "a collar day." Is it not fair to suppose that Mr. Stanley may have deemed it of paramount importance to be able to wear on certain occasions the insignia which to African minds would be most likely to give the impression of high dignity, and thus, when he found that his shirt-collar did not arrive, to have asked so piteously of his officers, in words which have become historical, why they left their chief naked?"

New York is distinguished every season for its monster masquerades and fancy halls (says the *Ledger*). In spite of gas, music, flowers, and gay costumes, these gatherings, if we are to believe the reports of many who "assist" at them, are at once dreary and disgusting. The multitudes of mock kings, knights, duchesses, Scaramouches, Pickwicks, cardinals, Indians, clowns, Columbines, Pantaloons, hidalgos, sailors, Punchinellos, flower-girls, and what not, who meet upon a common level upon these occasions, are nothing more than promenading and gyrating dummies. The world may be a stage, but these ladies and gentlemen show very clearly that all the men and women are not *players*—not one in five hundred of them having the slightest idea of personating the character whose outer husk he or she assumes. These monster halls are said to be principally remarkable for three impossibilities, viz: the impossibility of dancing, on account of the crowd; the impossibility of getting any refreshments without fighting for them; and the impossibility of obtaining access to the dressing-rooms except by force of arms.

Japan appears to be a country in which women are little regarded. A correspondent (Mrs. W. H. S.) sends a warm protest to a London journal on behalf of the English women there resident, against the proposal made by the Japanese diplomatists to subject foreign residents to the jurisdiction of native laws. European nations, of course, exercise that right. If a foreigner commit an offense against the laws of a country in which he resides, he is tried and punished according to those laws without objection from his own nation. But Eastern nations, in their jurisprudence, their customs, and their whole range of ideas, differ so widely from civilized Western ones that this power of judging Europeans, with the consent of their own governments, has never yet been conceded to the East by treaty. That, however, is what the Japanese Government wishes to attain. The correspondent says: "Although, in most instances, Japanese would be incapable of adjudicating justly for us even a good code of laws, one can not help wondering how they mean to satisfy us in matters about which they have no laws—with regard to women, for instance. Japanese women have no redress against most kinds of wrong, infamy, and misery. In the event of the revision being made, does Japan expect English women to sink to the level of her own? Her women, for instance, can be married one month and discarded the next without reason. To show the condition of the marriage tie, in Tokio in one month there were one hundred and fifty-seven divorces—one hundred and fifty-seven men discarded their wives in one city in one month! And not one word from law in that, not one pitiful cry for justice could be raised; they were simply cast off to lead a life of misery or find a new master. Yet the women of Japan are sweet-tempered, highly intelligent, and naturally faithful. In the upper circles, too, a kind of polygamy is the rule, rather than the exception, from the emperor downwards, and so long as that exists, so long, we argue, is Japan unfit to have jurisdiction over us."

A young woman who has just returned from abroad, says that color halls are frequently given at Nice. "I attended two there, one red, the other white. The red was the more brilliant, but the white was exceedingly beautiful, too. At the former, the men appeared in red-satin coats, white-satin breeches, and red-silk stockings and shoes. The ladies wore white, with red roses. All the decorations and hangings were red, lamp-shades and all, and the supper ornate decorations were all of the same bright color. At the white ball everything was white. The men wore suits of white satin, with white shoes, and the ladies, of course, white dresses and flowers. Both were given by the nobility and were very gay and attractive. As a novelty, I was told, a black hall was once given, white shirts for the men and white flowers for the women being the only relief."

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The articles at the Braverman auction sale of jewelry at 119 Montgomery Street, are going at remarkably low prices. The sale will be continued until the entire stock is disposed of.

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The December number will contain an account, fully illustrated, of the **FIRST STEPS IN IRON-MAKING** in the Colonies, by Mr. W. F. Durfee, and will be sent free of charge to those who send in their subscriptions for 1891 before December 20th. 50 cents a number; \$5 a year.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A brother of George Eliot—J. P. Evans—has just died in England at the age of seventy-four.

The central episode of Mr. Stevenson's new story, "The Wrecker," is said to be the terrible hurricane at Samoa.

The word "collaborate" is not to be found in Webster's International Dictionary, though "collaborateur," "collaborator," and "collaboration" are.

Lewis Morris's new volume of verse, "A Vision of Saints," contains twenty poems, ancient and modern, of saintly persons, beginning with Antoninus Pius and ending with Father Damien.

Daniel Sidney Appleton, of the firm of D. Appleton & Co., died at his home on the thirteenth instant. He was a son of Daniel Appleton and brother of William H. Appleton, the present head of the firm.

Lawrence Hutton's historical work on the drama in this country, entitled "Curiosities of the American Stage," is nearly ready. It contains many portraits of actors and actresses, and covers the period since the revolution.

Mr. Andrew Lang has been seriously ill in Scotland, and although he is now convalescent his return to London has been postponed. Naturally frail, he is compelled to exercise the utmost caution in all that concerns his habit of life.

The *Athenaeum* says that the first volume of the Talleyrand memoirs "is printed, but, it having been decided to publish the first and second volumes together, the first of January is now named as the probable date of publication."

The Leonard Scott Publication Company, New York, add henceforth to the eight original editions of English periodicals which they supply to their subscribers, *Blackwood's Magazine*, by arrangement with the Edinburgh publishers.

"Why I Never Married," by a clever old maid; "Why is Flirting Wrong?" by Felicia Holt; "Side Talks with Girls," "Jewels of Fashionable Women," and a poem by Will Carleton are among the "features" of the *Ladies' Home Journal* for November.

Best Things is a large twenty-four-page illustrated journal of literature and timely topics, which is to be issued quarterly. It will contain a variety of readable material by well-known authors, with an abundance of illustrations. The first number will appear in December.

A brilliant number of the *Atlantic* opens with the first chapters of Mr. Stockton's whimsical story, "The House of Martha." There is irresistible fun in his conceit of the traveled man who can find nobody to listen patiently to his long-winded reminiscences of his year in Europe, and is therefore forced to hire a listener.

Among the notable writers who become contributors to the *Youth's Companion* next year are the following:

Lord Chief-Justice of England Coleridge, Seth Low, President of Columbia College, Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer, General O. O. Howard, Jules Verne, "Max O'Rell," Walter Besant, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Benson J. Lossing, and Carl Lumboltz, the Australian explorer.

Miss Sarah Jeanette Duncan, the author of that clever and amusing book of travels, "A Social Departure," is about to make still another social departure, if she has not already done so, by marrying Mr. E. C. Coates, an English gentleman connected with the Calcutta Museum. She will hereafter make her home in India. Miss Duncan was in New York about three weeks ago, on her way to England to join her future husband.

D. Appleton's announcements for this week are "Little Jarvis," by Molly Elliot Seawell; "A Squire of Low Degree," by Lily A. Long; "Essays on Educational Reformers," by Robert Herbert Quick, M. A.; "Crowded out o' Crofield," by William O. Stoddard; "King Tom and the Runaways," by Louis Pendleton, illustrated by E. W. Kemble; "Outings at Odd Times," by Dr. Charles C. Ahlott; and "The Cortina Method to Learn Spanish in Twenty Lessons," by R. D. de la Cortina, M. A.

Maurice Thompson thus writes in the *Independent*:

"Ward McAllister's book is the book of snobbery, speaking *ex cathedra*. It is a worthy outcome from a source that limited good society in New York city to two hundred less individuals than those who charged at Hialekava. It is written with abundant, clumsy, and bad English, and altogether we are reminded of Dr. Johnson's celebrated leg-of-mutton opinion in reading it—that it was 'ill-fed, ill-killed, ill-dressed, and ill-served.' One caustic critic has gone so far as to compare Mr. McAllister's syntax to the following:

"The lady which I saw with he
Was not her whom I thought her was;
And yet it seems quite strange that me,
What knows our whole society,
Should fail to see them furs."
Was hers."

The *Popular Science Monthly* will soon begin the publication of a series of important articles on "The Development of American Industries since the Time of Columbus." Among the early papers will be "The Development of the Cotton Manufacture," by Edward Atkinson; "The Iron and Steel Industry," by W. F. Durfee; "Woolens," by S. N. D. North; and "Glass," by Professor C.

Hanford Henderson. Articles on the silk, paper, pottery, agricultural machinery, and ship-building industries are in preparation. A series of papers on "The Principles of Taxation," based upon a course of lectures given by Hon. David A. Wells at Harvard, will be one of the features of the coming year. Dr. Andrew D. White's "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science" will continue to appear.

New Publications.

"A Squire of Low Degree" is a new novel by Lily A. Long, the newest literary light. It is published in the Town and Country Library by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Missing—A Young Girl," by Florence Warden; "He Went for a Soldier," by "John Strange Winter" (Mrs. Stannard); and "Work while Ye have Light," translated from Tolstoi by E. J. Dillon, are the latest issues of the Westminster Series published by the United States Book Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents each.

"A First Course in French Conversation," by Charles P. du Croquet; "Sans Famille," by Hector Malot, arranged for school use by Paul Bercy; "Les Travaillleurs de la Mer," by Victor Hugo; and "L'Homme à L'Oreille Cassée," by Edmond About, have been issued by William R. Jenkins, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price: \$1.00, \$1.25, and \$1.00, respectively.

A new edition of Charles Lamh's "Essays of Elia" has been issued, edited by Augustine Birrell. Those who have read Mr. Birrell's "Obliter Dicta" will not need to be told that he loves good books too well to allow them to appear in any but fitting dress of heavy paper, fair type, and tasteful binding. He has further exercised his editorial privilege by writing a pleasant little introductory essay. Published by J. M. Dent & Co., London; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, \$1.00.

A handy and useful list of the newspapers, magazines, and periodicals of the United States and Canada, compiled for the use of advertisers, is "Lord & Thomas's Pocket Directory for 1890." The list covers nearly five hundred pages, and the entries—arranged alphabetically according to State, town, and name—give the name of the periodical, the frequency of its appearance, its political, religious, or other complexion, and its acknowledged or estimated circulation. Published by Lord & Thomas, Chicago.

The seventh and eighth volumes of Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" have to do with Ireland and her relations to England, and include the events from the results of the Regency Act of 1793 to the defeat and abandonment of the Catholic conciliation which Pitt intended should follow the legislative union in 1800. Mr. Lecky has had access to a mass of hitherto unstudied documents, including the secret correspondence in Dublin Castle and many collections of private letters, and those who have read his earlier volumes do not need to be told that he has used this matter in a masterly way. He is not a sympathizer with Ireland over her alleged wrongs, and he shows that there was much exaggeration in the stories of oppression on the part of the authorities. The volumes fittingly complete a remarkable historical work, and are especially valuable as giving an elaborate and impartial statement of events which are of living interest to-day in Great Britain and America. The eighth volume concludes with a fifty-page index to the entire work. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, \$2.25 a volume.

Some Holiday Volumes.

"Summerland" is a volume of summer landscapes, engraved on wood from designs by Margaret MacDonald Pullman and printed under the direction of George T. Andrew. Each scene illustrates a line or two of verse, which is printed on the opposite page in ornamental lettering. The book is lavishly got up; but the illustrations are mediocre, to say the least. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, \$3.75.

An elaborate book, for the especial delight of young mothers, is "Baby's Kingdom," designed and illustrated by Annie F. Cox. It is an oblong octavo, on heavy cream-laid paper, with gilt edges and a golden cover, in which are bits of verse pertaining to babies, and various blanks to be filled in, making a chronicle of the baby's birthday, weight at birth and each month thereafter for a year, the date of its first tooth, and similar data of a more or less interesting nature. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, \$3.75.

A Christmas volume which will be welcome in many a family is "Christmas in Song, Sketch, and Story." It is a royal octavo in size, and contains the words and music of nearly three hundred Christmas songs, hymns, and carols, with prose selections from the writings of Beecher, Wallace, Auerbach, Abbott, Warren, and Dickens, with illustrations after famous pictures by Raphael, Murillo, Bouguereau, Hofmann, Defregger, Story, Shepherd, Darley, Meade, Nast, and other artists. The selection is the work of J. P. McCaskey, who compiled the

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"In and Out of Book and Journal" is a dainty little book of quotations, selected without any apparent method, except to preserve the epigrams of the ages, by A. Sydney Roberts. Wit and a gentle cynicism are the prevailing features, and the book is made more attractive by innumerable vignettes and thumb-nail sketches by S. W. Van Schaick, who has here surpassed his beautiful work in the "Pastels in Prose." Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, \$1.25.

"Tisayac of the Yosemite," by M. B. M. Toland, is a legend of the Yosemite Valley, telling in verse of the love of an Indian chief for a fair spirit maiden who made him desert his people, and bow she, taking pity on them in the desolation that ensues among his unguided tribe, cleaves the granite wall of the valley and lets in the melted snows of the Sierras, making the Yosemite Valley the beautiful green spot it now is. The book is very elaborately printed, and is illustrated by an illuminated half-title by Will H. Low, the water-colorist, and reproductions of drawings by Herrmann Simon, Frederick Dielman, H. Bolton Jones, Harry Sandham, and René T. de Quelin, and modelings in clay by John J. Boyle and A. L. R. Van der Bergben. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$2.50.

Books on the Holy Land there are almost without number, but there is still room for "In Scripture Lands: New Views of Sacred Places," by Edward L. Wilson. The author has journeyed through the places described in the Bible, and "snapped" them with a very modern camera—not to make a book, but to have pictures of the scenes of the Scriptures as they really are to-day, without the sometimes distorting influence of the artist's sympathy to override truth. The pictures, as presented in this book, have been changed from photographs only as the needs of perspective required. To them he has added data and textual references that will aid the reader to locate the scenes, and there is much interpolated of his impressions of and experiences among the native tribes of the region. Much of the country, by the way, is unknown to the ordinary traveler in the East. The book is a handsome octavo, and will find many admirers. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, \$3.50.

"Selections from the Sonnets of Wordsworth; with Drawings by Alfred Parsons," is the title of a delightful book, the result of a year's contributions by Mr. Parsons to one of the magazines. Among magazine illustrators of to-day—and the magazines have drawn to themselves the best artistic talent in America—Mr. Parsons is probably without a rival in depicting rural scenes; and his pencil is employed with peculiar felicity in portraying the scenes of moor and dale and field and mountain that the Lake Poet conjures up in his exquisite sonnets. More than four-score of the sonnets are given in this volume, and to almost every one Mr. Parsons has given illustration. Where all are so good, it is not easy to ascribe particular excellence to a few; one can only recommend the whole to those who love their Wordsworth, and will enjoy seeing the scenes he wrote of almost as he saw them. The resources of mechanical art have been exhausted in the production of the book, which is chastely bound in dark-green leather tooled in gilt. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Tsar and his People; or, Social Life in Russia" is a handsome book, sumptuous in appearance in its gorgeous yellow cover, and filled with a rich store of knowledge. It consists of papers which have appeared of late in one of the magazines and are now brought together to show the many-sided strangeness of Holy Russia. The first articles are "Social Life in Russia" and "Through the Caucasus," by the Vicomte Eugène Melchior de Vogüé, who is probably better informed regarding the social conditions of the Czar's people than any other writer of our time. He analyzes the Russian character keenly and shows its effect on the social structure, the religion, and the customs of the people. Theodore Child, an acute observer, a man full of knowledge of the various peoples of the earth, and a charming writer—though he does consider the atrocities of the Siberian prisons with remarkable coolness—follows this study of the people with pictures of their habitations and material surroundings in "Palatial Petersburg," "The Fair at Nijni-Novgorod," "Holy Moscow," "The Kremlin and Russian Art," and "Modern Russian Art"; Clarence Cook contributes a paper on "Russian Bronzes"; and the volume is concluded by an account of "A Russian Village," by Vassili Verestchagin. There are four hundred and thirty-five pages in the book, and throughout the text are scattered full-page and smaller illustrations by Thure de Thulstrup, H. D. Nichols, and other well-known artists. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

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ABOUT THE WOMEN.

"Carmen Silva" says that "men study a woman as they would a barometer; but they do not understand till the day afterward."

Christine Nilsson, like other celebrated women, has grown so stout that treatment with a view to reduction of flesh is necessary.

The wife of Count Waldersee is an American, and she is the only person at the German court who declines invitations to dances on Sundays, and who is permitted to do so without offense.

The German Empress wears jackets and dresses with a liberal display of braid, not only because of their beauty, but she hopes, by popularizing the fashion, to compel manufacturers to give employment to large numbers of expert needlewomen who are now unemployed or working for low wages at less intricate work.

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt owns a magnificent pearl necklace which belonged to the Empress Eugénie and is supposed to be worth two hundred thousand dollars. It is a single row of about forty inches, which she throws around and around her neck until it falls in successive rows to her waist. The average necklace is about fourteen inches.

The death is announced at Twickenham, England, of Elizabeth Lamb Bohn, the widow of the founder of Bohn's Libraries. Her husband started in life with only five thousand dollars capital, but made a large fortune as a bookseller and publisher. About six hundred publications are now included in his libraries. Mrs. Bohn was eighty-nine years old when she died.

The Archduchess Marie Therese, wife of the Archduke Louis, is known to have ridden from Reichenau to Güns—over seventy miles there and back—without stopping. A cavalry officer ventured to observe to the emperor that he wondered how the archduke had allowed this imprudence. "You speak like a bachelor," answered Francis Joseph, gravely; "women never ask permission to do what they like."

This is the lace age—for some people. The Vanderbilts are the possessors of laces which rival the Prussian and Austrian Crown laces, and are valued at five hundred thousand dollars. The late Mrs. Astor had a lace dress which cost fifteen thousand dollars, and it is stated that another was recently sold to an American lady for twenty-five thousand dollars. There are a number of ladies in New York who each own laces valued at from twenty thousand to fifty thousand dollars.

Here is a point in the old feminine discussion, looks *versus* brains. The Princess of Wales is one of the prettiest women in Europe; but she is not a bright woman. Albert Edward married her for love—yet it is not pretended that she has any particular influence over him. Her sister, the Princess Dagmar, married the present Czar for ambition, and he solemnly assured her before they were married that his heart was irrevocably another woman's. She is far from beautiful, but extremely clever—and she wraps the Czar of all the Russias around her little finger.

Mrs. Harrison is president of the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, whose object is to secure and preserve historical localities, and to erect thereon suitable monuments to the memory of the men and women who helped to make the revolution and the constitution possible. The daughters propose to hold an annual gathering every October 11th in honor of the discovery of America by Columbus, but their immediate occupation is to secure a worthy collection of revolutionary and pre-revolutionary relics, to be first shown at the Chicago Fair, and then made a permanent exhibition in Washington.

The Empress of Germany is a daughter of the Duchess Adelheid of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg. The latter is a singularly modest and reserved personage. She is in the habit of traveling about in incognito of the strictest kind. Recently she went to Vienna, and, as the Comtesse de Wolfersdorf, hired apartments in a *bourgeoise* part of the city. The landlord treated her as he might have treated any other elderly lady whose only visitors were her physician and a few solemn-looking friends. One day, however, the landlord was stricken nearly agast when the Emperor of Germany (who happened to be visiting Vienna) whirled up in front of the modest mansion and inquired after the Comtesse de Wolfersdorf. After this imposing visitor had departed, the landlord scuttled up to his lodger's apartments. "Do you know, Mme. la Comtesse," he inquired, breathlessly, "who your caller is? Why, it was the Emperor of Germany." "Of course," answered the old lady, quietly; "he happens to be my son-in-law." The sister of this estimable woman is the wife of Dr. Esnarch, an eminent surgeon, who is very chummy with the Kaiser. It seems rather curious that an emperor of Germany should have for his uncle a professor of Kiel University.

The germs of scrofula are destroyed by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

Ladies, What D'ye Lack?

Jewels, silverware, and all sorts of pretty things are selling at bargain prices at the Braverman sale at 119 Montgomery Street.

DLXXXV.—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday November 30, 1890.

Havana Soup.
Fried Smelts. Fried Potatoes.
Quail. Green Peas.
Egg-Plant. Stuffed Tomatoes.
Roast Beef.
Vegetable Salad.
Mince Pie.
Fruits in Season.

A NICE WAY TO COOK QUAIL.—To each bird tie a thin slice of bacon, say one inch wide and one and one-half inches long. Roll the birds in flour. Add butter, salt, and pepper. Place the quail in a skillet; add a little boiling water, cover closely and let them simmer or smother, turning occasionally until tender and nicely browned. Water may be added if necessary to prevent burning.

For Derangement of the Liver USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. O. Y. CILLEY, Boston, Mass., says: "I have used it extensively and with the most remarkable success. I give it in dyspepsia and in all cases where there is derangement of the liver and kidneys. With my patients it has agreed wonderfully."

Mr. E. B. Warman is making a genuine success in Oakland in his able expositions of Delsarte and readings. By request of many gentlemen who desire to hear Mr. Warman in this city, the afternoon talks at three P. M. are changed to eight P. M. He opens at Metropolitan Temple on December 6th.

A Pretty Sight for Women's Eyes.

A great many ladies have enjoyed a very charming sight during the past week at Nathan Dohrmann & Co.'s art-rooms. It consists of a series of Thanksgiving tables. They were intended for exhibition for only a few days before Thanksgiving, but so many ladies have wanted a second and third look at them that the firm has been prevailed on to continue the exhibition to-day (Saturday) until ten o'clock in the evening.

The tables are six in number, and have been set to show the service at each of the six courses of a dinner. In each case, covers are laid for twelve, with rich drapery, handsome centre-pieces, delicate services of wine-glasses, and all the accessories of an elaborate dinner except guests and viands. The room is darkened by portières and illuminated by lamps and candles, which shed a strong light on the tables and leave the diners in a softer light. The various services are chosen from among the hand-somest ever sent here by Mr. Nathan, the senior partner, who spends his time at the European art-centres, and who was ably assisted this year by Mrs. Paulsen—the sister of the resident partner, Mr. Dohrmann—who spent eight months of this year in Europe for the purpose of having many new and original ideas carried out by the manufacturers, a great many of them being special orders for some of the customers of the house. It would appear from the arrangement of the tables that a woman of artistic taste has superintended the display, for all those delicate details that a man might omit have been carefully attended to.

The first table which the lady visitors have called "The White Table," has silver lamps and candelabra, with white-satin shades, the glassware is of Delft's rich cut American crystal, the flowers are brilliant chrysanthemums, and the only touch of color is in the oyster-plates, decorated in royal Sèvres blue. At the second table, the soup-service is ornamented in gold on a rich ivory ground, and the centre piece is a porcelain bowl, which was designed by the late Louis the Second, the mad King of Bavaria, for his castle of Herren-Chiemsee, and, though not completed till after his death, was awarded the first prize at the Munich exposition of 1888. The third table has Munich wrought-iron lamps and candelabra, and the fish-plates are Limoges, decorated with fishing-scenes from the coast of Normandy. The service for the roast is of handsome English porcelain, and the Roman-punch cups are of Bohemian glass, each of a different tint; and for the game the plates are the odd-shaped Trianon and the glasses are of the beautiful Carlsbad ware, in which the delicate bowl is supported on a slender stem of twisted gilt. For the dessert, the plates are of Sèvres, bearing portraits of Louis Seize and the ladies of his court, and the decanters and finger-bowls are in deep-tinted Bohemian glass, enameled in rich colors.

A seventh table is set with the Prince of Wales service, consisting of twelve plates and a centre-piece of Royal Worcester, painted as delicately as miniatures on ivory by A. Handey, and in another room is a table set for lunch, with smaller tables, bearing chocolate, coffee, and five-o'clock tea services, around it.

For the sake of those who have not been able to attend this very unusual and artistic display, it is to be regretted that, on account of preparation for the coming holiday display, the exhibition could not be continued for a few weeks longer, as the object-lesson which it gave in artistic table-dressing was certainly more suggestive and interesting than all the information contained in the books on etiquette and table decoration.

Silver Curiously Wrought

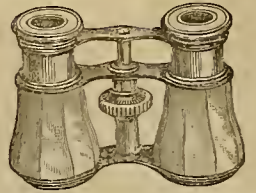
And jewelry in all the latest designs are being sold marvelously cheap at the Braverman sale at 119 Montgomery Street. The sale will be continued until the entire stock is exhausted.

—THE COLD WEATHER HAS COMMENCED, AND is consequently making it necessary for every one to wear warmer garments. Ladies in particular need an outer garment, and no house in San Francisco carries as large and as fine an assortment as Fratering & Co. The line of fur-trimmed jackets particularly has attracted considerable attention, as jackets with fur trimmings are considered the very latest, and no house in San Francisco can present anything like the variety shown by this well-known and old-established house. Among the various trimmings used on these jackets are Astrakhan, bear, beaver, krimmer, lynx, martin, mink, fish, Persian, and seal. Fratering & Co., the leading cloak and suit house of San Francisco, 105 Kearny Street.

—HOLMES'S FRAGRANT FROSTILLA HAS THE largest sale of any preparation in the market for chapped hands, sore lips, and roughness of the skin.

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The Argonaut.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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The Argonaut has, for many years, made a persistent, continuing fight against the principle of home-rule for Ireland. These past many years we have had no kind or sympathetic words for leaders joined in the endeavor to divide or destroy the Empire of Great Britain in the interest of Irish home-rule. We have not sympathized with the movement in Great Britain, in Parliament, nor in America. The same ugly and agrarian principle seems to have run through the entire business. Priests and politicians have composed the power that has moved the entire political machine—Irish priests and Roman Catholic politicians. Some priests command our respect in the highest degree for their religious principles, and some politicians for their patriotism. This controversy, on our part, carries with it only the force that belongs to a weekly journal searching diligently for facts, and often misled, but, at the same time, we recognize principles that would overcome all obstacles, and have resulted in triumph. This end has come finally, and would probably have come just as soon and just as completely if we had taken no part in the controversy. We take to ourselves little or no credit for the result. Home-rule for Ireland, in our judgment, meant the rule of a splendid country by a class of statesmen represented by

such Irish politicians as we have in San Francisco. To us it meant the triumph of the Roman Church and the subjection of education to the Roman priesthood; it meant demagoguery and ignorance; it meant that demagoguery and ignorance would control the finest and most productive country in Europe, and would subject its people to the domination of a priesthood that is tyrannical, because wherever a religious domination obtains political control, the result is always favoritism, priestcraft, and the seizure of the national property for the uses of the national church. Home-rule for Ireland meant agrarianism and misrule; it meant the political control of those who have nothing over those who have something—of the ignorant over the intelligent. It meant chaos and disorder over a portion of an empire that we regard as standing first in the ranks of civilization. We take no credit to ourselves for this victory. We attribute it all to the "Helen of Troy" who has embroiled Parnell, Gladstone, English Liberals, and Irish Home-Rulers, the Church of Rome, and the Democracy of America, in an entanglement. In a word, if we were compelled to raise a banner at the head of our columns to commemorate the victory we have described, it would be the "Banner of the Petticoat." If we had known ten years ago what we know to-day, we would have been less severe upon Parnell than we have been; for, covered with the crime of an unpardonable infamy, involved in a dilemma that brings him into conflict with England's best and ablest statesmen, he has had the courage to die game, and if he shall perish politically, it will be because, like Samson, he will bury himself in the ruins of the temple he has destroyed. He is displaying a courage that commands the respect of all brave men. He has had the courage, in explanation of his interview with Gladstone, and in explanation of what Gladstone and Harcourt have had the effrontery to deny, that it was a question of dealing with a "garrulous old gentleman," who monopolized the conversation, and with whom everybody who knows him finds it difficult to get in a word edgewise. That Gladstone's advancing years and overleaping ambition have landed him where the premiership of England will never again crown his exertions, the intelligent world must be convinced. Whether or not Parnell will be crushed beneath the falling wreck, every intelligent mind who admires courage will remember that he passed into retirement entitled to the respect that always surrounds the memory of a gallant and earnest man. We are not quite certain that Parnell will be driven to the wall; it is possible that Ireland will stand by him; Ireland hates England, and it may be possible that Parnell is not yet to be crushed beneath the "Grand Old Man's" Parliamentary band, who has changed his name to that of the "garrulous old gentleman." We are becoming so tender in our respect for the man who is dying game, that for the purpose of this article we are willing to admit that he is better than the party of which he is a member, and that he is not responsible for the murder of Lord Cavendish and his secretary, blowing up Kilmainham Jail, assassinating landlords, houghing cattle, shooting Lord Mount Morris from behind a wall, murdering James Carey, the informer, shearing our American lambs, for the purpose of supporting his impetuous Irish Parliamentarians from the servant-girls and laboring-men of our American community, attempting to destroy London Bridge, the Tower of London, and Houses of Parliament, exploding dynamite in the waiting-rooms of railroads, the general devilment of boycotting tenants, and the cowardly system of agrarian crimes that have for years been practiced against property, and the system of assassination and murder that resulted from the enforcement of the policy of home-rule in Ireland; further than that, we will endeavor to excuse Mr. Parnell—whatever may be the final outcome of the Home-Rule party, whether it survives and culminates in the parliamentary independence of Ireland or in a deserved ignominious collapse, the name of Charles Stewart Parnell will live in the minds of brave men while Gladstone, the "garrulous," lives to grow sour over his defeated ambition, leaving only the better memories that cluster around his earlier life. The Englishman who may desire to perpetuate the name of Gladstone will have many things to forget in his later life, and must content himself with preserving

only recollections of the period that antedates Gladstone's connection with the Home-Rule movement, when his patriotism and love of country were paramount to his political ambition. The conduct of Gladstone during our Civil War, his demagoguery shown in most foolishly extending the elective franchise, and his overreaching ambition to be chosen premier of England at the cost of allying himself with the Irish party for the practical dismemberment of the British Empire, should command the respect of no American citizen who is loyal to the country in which he has been born, and of no Irishman who has become an American citizen by adoption.

People have been intrigued by the publication in daily papers of an announcement that one Charles R. Marvin, of Chicago, had brought suit, in the name of the attorney-general, against the Southern Pacific Company, to cancel the lease of the company's telegraph lines to the Western Union, and likewise the other lease of the Central Pacific Railroad line to the Southern Pacific. On the face of it, people wondered what Charles R. Marvin or the attorney-general had to do with the matter.

The proceeding is partly explained by reference to an act of Congress, which was passed in 1888, altering the acts of 1862 and 1864, with regard to telegraph lines on the Pacific Coast. The object of that act was to compel the Western Union, as lessee of the Pacific Railroad telegraph system, to connect on equal terms with the lines of the Postal Telegraph Company, and to put a stop to the practice which the Western Union had pursued of refusing to receive or transmit messages coming to it from a rival company. It has been understood that, on the passage of the act, the Western Union voluntarily complied with its provisions. If this understanding is incorrect, the motive for Mr. Marvin's suit becomes apparent, though it is hard to see what the public are to gain by compelling the railroad to go into the telegraph business against its will. Its field of operations being limited, it would not do business as cheaply as a company whose lines cover the whole country; success in the suit would mean dearer telegraphy for California.

But the Act of 1888 does not explain Mr. Marvin's attempt to cancel the lease of the Central Pacific Railroad to the Southern Pacific. That appears to be a random shot, fired on the chance of its hitting somebody. The text of Mr. Marvin's bill in equity has not reached this coast, and we can not speak knowingly of its contents. But it is difficult to discover who can have been injured by the lease in question, which, in fact, was a mere consolidation of competing and connecting roads, undertaken for the purpose of reducing working expenses and promoting harmony in operation. Passengers pay no more for tickets and shippers pay no more for freight since the lease than they did before. The service is more expeditious and more exact than it was. Indeed, both rates and time schedules are now governed by the competition of four other lines, and are beyond the control of the lessee of the Central Pacific.

Assuming that Mr. Marvin has not been moved to his present step by commiseration for hardships endured by certain of his friends, but merely appears as a champion of abstract right, which, in his opinion, was violated by the consolidation of the California roads, it is difficult to discern the grounds on which this modern Don Quixote claims relief at the hands of the United States Court. He will allege, of course, that the Central Pacific Company, being a corporation created by an act of Congress and an act of the California legislature, possessed no powers but those which were expressly granted to it by the acts in question, and that among these powers the power to lease the property was not included. The supreme court will make short work of this quibble. When an act of Congress invests a corporation with the power to perform a certain service, it tacitly clothes it with authority to do all the other things which are essential to the performance of that service. When it is authorized to run a railroad, it is not necessary that the act should in so many words sanction the purchase of fuel, the building of water-tanks, the ballasting of the track—the power to do these things is included in the general grant of power to

run the road. And, by parity of reasoning, the acts incorporating the Central Pacific Railroad and investing it with authority to construct and operate a continuous line of railroad from Ogden to the coast, empowered it to organize, and, from time to time, to modify its organization in any way which experience might indicate as calculated to accomplish its main purpose most effectively. The board of directors of the Central Pacific concluded that they could best fulfill the trust confided to them, and most economically operate the road in which they were interested as owners and the people of the United States as creditors, by consolidating their several lines, through the form of a lease, to one general corporation. In so doing they did not exceed the powers confided to them by the Acts of 1862 and 1864; they merely carried out those powers according to their best judgment of the necessities of the case.

Into Mr. Marvin's motives in thrusting himself forward as a self-appointed knight-errant of the people at large, we have no desire to pry. Unless it shall appear from his bill in equity that he is personally concerned, either for himself or for friends, he must not be surprised if people put a dark construction upon his conduct. Baseless as his action appears to be, it is annoying, and it will cost the railroad some money to defend it. He must be prepared to be classed with those newspapers which, when advertisements are slack, sound their little tomtom round the building on Fourth and Townsend, in the hope that for peace and quiet's sake the directors will ask them in and throw them a sop.

Attorney-General Miller's appearance in the case is inexplicable. He may have felt bound to carry out the Act of 1888 by instituting proceedings against the company to unsettle the lease of their telegraph lines to the Western Union; though, in this case, he could have reached more effective results by proceeding against the Western Union, which was the real objective of the framers of the act. It matters little to the Southern Pacific whether the Western Union retains or loses control of its wires. But why he should allow his name to be used in a suit brought to defeat railroad consolidation in this State, when such consolidation is being effected with the best results all over the country, and why he should institute legal proceedings which, if they are successful, will do no good to any human being, and, if they are unsuccessful, will add one more to the many blundering failures of the law department of the government, are questions which can not be solved on any theory consistent with the intelligence and the integrity of Mr. Harrison's attorney-general.

A correspondent in the *Chicago America* writes to its editor as follows: "Can you inform your readers by what right these people (O'Brien and Dillon) are called 'envoys'? Whom do they represent? Are they commissioned by any government? To whom are they responsible for their conduct? If they collect funds, to whom does it go, and if they never make an accounting, by what process can they be reached? Are they really envoys or escaped criminals who jumped bail to come here?" And we may ask, in view of their coming to San Francisco, what faction do they represent in the British Parliament? Are they under the support of the Gladstone and Harcourt English Liberal wing, or are they friends and envoys of Parnell? Which one of the gang of mercenaries calling themselves members of the Home-Rule party do they represent? Are they begging for potatoes for famine-stricken Ireland, or for money to sustain the evicted tenants in their agrarian attempts against English landlords? To whom will they account for what money they shall receive, and if, peradventure, they should steal it, in what court will an action lie for their punishment and the recovery of the money? Are these men responsible for the earnings they take from America, and if so, to whom responsible? Have they credentials, and from whom do they receive them? Was the money collected in Chicago ever accounted for except by the murder of Dr. Cronin? Has Parnell, or anybody connected with him, accounted for any part of the money he has received from America? Has any of it been spent in the furnishing of elegant homes for Mrs. O'Shea, whose confessed paramour he now admits himself to be? How much of these funds were spent by the Parliamentary party in Paris; how much in the defense of dynamite criminals, assassins, and murderers? These are questions that will properly be asked by the men and women who are contributing their earnings for the maintenance of a gang of politicians who are now in confusion by reason of their own misconduct and internal dissensions. The politics of two continents have not, in the history of the century, disclosed a movement so interesting, so scandalous, and so important in its results, as this attempt of the Irish Nationalists to depose Parnell from the leadership of the Land League forces in Parliament. Whatever may be said of English statesmen and politicians—the greatest and purest of whom Gladstone is considered to be—it must be apparent that he, Morley, Harcourt, and the other distinguished statesmen of the Liberal party of England, are alone responsible for a condi-

tion of things that has threatened the dismemberment of the British Empire, and the turning over of Ireland to an agrarian mob under the direction and control of Roman Catholic priests. If the great leaders whom we have named can survive this chapter in their history, it will be a startling surprise to the intelligence of the age in which they have lived. At present, the conflict is in balances. For his follies, Parnell ought to be deposed from the leadership of the Home-Rule party; for courage and service, he ought to be retained. Mr. Gladstone will be eighty-two years of age on his next birthday. Parnell is in the prime of life, and he alone, of all the names connected with the direction of the Home-Rule party, is best entitled to the attribution of patriotism and love for Ireland. He is one of the few Protestants who could not be bought or swerved from his loyalty to the Irish cause. If he shall be deposed from his leadership, and some one else put in his place, it may be Justin McCarthy or some other Protestant, but it will not be an Irish Romanist, and if it is, that leader will lack the confidence of the Irish people.

The Farmers' Alliance has suddenly sprung into an important political position throughout many of the Southern and Western States. It is a fully grown and fully armed political organization. It embraces the best men of all parties and all sections. It may be called partisan, but it is not in any degree sectional. It is fairly, broadly, and generously national. It is entitled the "Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union of America." It embraces men who toil on farms and in shops, but its most distinguishing characteristic is the agricultural element represented in its councils. It has succeeded in revolutionizing the politics of the country in a great degree. In most of the Eastern States it has seriously affected the Republican party, but it is impossible to say whether the Congress newly elected will or will not be Democratic, in the sense that its members can be taken into caucus and constrained to abide by the caucus rule of the party. The Alliance has had the courage to attack the financial system of the government, and it has not lacked a power that is willing to contest with the Republican party the passage of the so-called Force Bill. It has assailed the policy of President Harrison, and is evidently preparing to measure strength with his party if the party shall ever presume to make him a second time nominee for the Presidential office. Whenever an alliance has met, it has recognized the Stanford plan of finance, which is to issue a national currency, based upon land values, at a low rate of interest and for a long term of years. And, so far as we know, no alliance or no general organization of labor has undertaken to nominate Governor Stanford, of California, for the Presidency, nor, so far as we know, has he ever taken any step or made any movement in the direction of attempting to secure the Presidential nomination from the Farmers' Alliance, or from any other source. So far as we know, and we think we know, Governor Stanford has carefully avoided any effort that looks to giving him prominence in any political position other than the one to which he has so recently been practically reelected. The *Examiner* is authority for saying that Mr. Creed Haymond has been sent to the Eastern States in the interest of Governor Stanford for the Presidency. *This is not true.* If Mr. Creed Haymond is doing anything politically, it is in the interest of Mr. Haymond. If Mr. Haymond ever did anything politically, it was in the interest of Mr. Haymond. It is not true that Governor Stanford desires the nomination of the "Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union," but it is within the range of possibilities that this organization may look to Governor Stanford as its natural candidate for the Presidential office. He is the author of a financial system which they recognize to be sound and safe. It is a complete change from the plan upon which national banking is founded. In the place of currency based upon bonds bearing interest, the money to be issued is to be secured upon the substantial agricultural wealth of the nation. It is the best security the world affords. It is in the interest of the best class of citizens in the United States. It will serve the men of industry, of enterprise, possessing habits of labor, instead of bankers, speculators, and millionaires. It changes the seat of financial business from Wall Street, and scatters it across the broad agricultural domain of the entire country. It will make money abundant on easy terms, with good securities, and will give it a distribution much needed in all the arteries of trade. If the farmers' and laborers' organization is wise, it will recognize in the author of the land bureau the proper candidate for the Presidential office.

Senator Turpie, the Democratic senator from Indiana, has delivered himself of a speech upon the Force Bill, which is under charge of Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts. It embodies the sentiments of the *Argonaut* on the race question:

"The measure," Senator Turpie said, "rested for its support upon the suppressed colored vote of the South. In the Northern States, where all this outcry is raised, the colored man has no chance of political preferment. The suppression of the colored voter of the South

was the thing in question affirmed on one side and denied on the other; but the suppression of the colored vote of the North was a thing without a question—actual, absolute, and unconditional. Supremacy of the white race is not peculiar to any portion of the United States. South Carolina is not more completely under its sway than is Pennsylvania. The man in the White House, who sought to embroil the white and black races for a political purpose that he could not conceal and dared not arouse, was guilty of an outrage tenfold greater than any of those he invented or described. Wherever the people of the different races were living peacefully together under the same laws, the members of the same body politic, without any other thought than that some must command and others obey, the race question was being solved. The purpose of the National Election Bill was, so far as it related to the South, to wreck and destroy this pending condition of inter-racial adjustment. It proposed not to maintain the will of the majority, but to overthrow it on a single issue of race, to make a majority of the black men because they are black, to establish a government of complexion, not of opinion. The purpose of the bill was that the law of the land must be suborned to set enmity between the white man and the black man. Pass this bill, and the right of the people to choose their representatives, that right so precious and so priceless to every lover of liberty, was lost beyond recovery."

All this is unquestionably true. The colored vote cuts no figure in any State or Territory that was ever free. It cuts no figure in San Francisco or California, and it should not, because the colored voter has never yet conceived or recognized the duties and responsibilities that he has assumed under the elective privilege. Too many colored men sell their votes or barter them for offices. The African elector is nearly as bad as the Irish, and if there were as many colored electors as there are Irish and Catholic, they would be undurable. San Francisco would not submit to the control of Africa, or bear it more patiently than it does that of Italy. Do negroes ever receive recognition from President Harrison? Does he cause negroes to be elevated to office in the State of Indiana, from which he was elected President? Does the Republican party in Washington, or elsewhere, ever give any considerable patronage to the colored race? The negro is never invited to the white man's table, and it is as infrequent to see him in a position of social equality at the North as at the South. He is very rarely admitted to a banking or commercial establishment upon an equal footing with the white employees, and we never heard of his membership in a labor union or trade guild. Is a marriage alliance regarded as respectable between the black and white race? If, therefore, business-men, merchants, and the whole range of white society exclude the negro from equal participation in its privileges, is it surprising that in the South there should exist a prejudice against making ignorant black men magistrates, legislators, and administrative officers? The Republican party is not strong enough in this nation to make this experiment. The sound sense of the voting North will never be placed in this position so long as the secret ballot prevails, and the statesman or politician who aspires for popular indorsement will never have the courage to risk his political neck in this noose. The Force Bill will never pass the Senate of the United States, and it never ought to become a law until some Northern States and Northern cities elect from the African race law-makers and administrative officers, supervisors to control our properties, and judges to interpret our laws; let them not pretend that there is any principle at issue in the Force Bill which has recognition in the free States. We are immensely impressed with the importance of submitting to the law as it stands upon the statute-books. We recognize the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution, and know that the ignorant black has the same right under the law as the ignorant white rebel soldier, or the uneducated foreigner from Italy, Ireland, Portugal, or Poland, and we would, if we had the power, disfranchise them all. If we could not repeal the laws now existing, which confer upon ignorance, vice, poverty, and crime the right to vote, we would avoid them by any indirection. If we had our way, no adult male, native or foreign-born, should be permitted to vote unless he can read and understand the English language; nor should any one be permitted to vote who can not speak the English language intelligently in his ordinary business with his fellow-citizens. We of the North did not obey the Fugitive Slave Law nor the Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court, and it is affectation to assume indignation against the white people of Mississippi because they will not submit to the dominion of an unenterprising, ignorant, idle, and impecunious African race.

"Americanism showed its strength in California in the recent election, when eighty-one out of one hundred and three candidates on the State and city tickets, favored by that stanch American paper, the *San Francisco Argonaut*, were elected. *America* congratulates Mr. Pixley on the able and successful fight he is making to secure the nomination and election of candidates who owe a single allegiance to their country and the offices to which they are chosen. Some of these days it will come to be recognized throughout the land that when a Roman Catholic is nominated for a position, he possesses other qualification for the place than 'the support of his co-religionists.' When he is nominated solely because of that support, his defeat should be inevitable."—*America (Chicago).*

Rarely do we reprint compliments to the *Argonaut*, though it often deserves them. If *America* knew how many of our

candidates were named from personal consideration of their merits, when we knew that their election was impossible, they would have a higher appreciation of our prophetic soul. Except where two Roman Catholic foreigners were running for the same office, and we were compelled to choose the better man and the better citizen, scarce one has been elected in the State. The *Argonaut* has accomplished one result that ought to give the American sentiment control in all nominating conventions in California. It is now necessary to put Americans in nomination in order to catch the American vote. Ireland no longer rules the conventions, and the time has gone by when the Democratic party can crowd its ticket with "chaws" and "micks," and trust the ignorant members of an alien church to elect them.

Thomas O'Brien, an Irish Roman Catholic, was elected over A. B. Maguire, an Irish Roman Catholic, for tax-collector, because he was loyal and sends his children to the public schools, while his opponent is credited with being a Jesuit, and the Jesuit branch of the church was playing its tricks with a stiletto and by stabbing with secret circulars.

John Swett was elected over his opponent, J. C. Ruddock, by over seven thousand majority for superintendent of schools in San Francisco; both being capable. Swett was New England born, and favored free, non-sectarian schools. Ruddock was of Irish extraction and a member of the Papal Church. It was believed of him that he favored parochial schools, though it has been since ascertained that this charge was unfounded; but it was known that Swett was loyal to his country and to its laws; he did not believe in the right of the Pope of Rome to manage or have voice in the politics of Italy or America, and that the Church of Rome had no business in the management of the politics of any country in the world.

A Mr. James W. Anderson was nominated by the Republican convention for State superintendent of schools; the Democracy nominated a Mr. Henry C. Hall, formerly of Virginia. He favored parochial schools, because he had become a convert to the Church of Rome. Anderson was a Protestant and from the North, and he was elected by a decisive and overwhelming majority.

The issue was the public-school question, and Rome was beaten; but it is only justice to say that nearly all intelligent Roman Catholics, who are not bigoted and priest-fidden, are in favor of free schools as against moneries, nunneries, and convent education.

Not one of the twelve school directors of the city and county of San Francisco is a Romanist, and there could not have been elected a single member of the board of education if he had been suspected of loyalty to the Pope of Rome.

It affords us pleasure to inform our friends in Chicago and throughout the Protestant world that the American sentiment prevails in our community, and, in our judgment, it is more influential than a separate American organization would be.

Dillon and O'Brien are coming to California to pass around the bat for alms for Ireland. They will get very little money, and none from any but Irish politicians.

The subject of the improvement of country roads is receiving an unusual amount of attention just at present in the Eastern States. This is the result of an agitation originally set on foot, it is believed, by the national organization of wheelmen, and afterwards taken up, with a promising degree of zest, by the country press, the various county boards, and, in several instances, by the legislature of the States. In Pennsylvania, for example, a special road commission has been appointed by the governor and legislature, with a membership of experienced men from all sections of the State. This body recently came together and began on the work assigned to it, by the issuing of a general pronouncement to the effect that the roads of that State were bad, that better roads were urgently needed, and that they might be secured by a more systematic and careful use of the amount of money that is now annually expended. It will be the duty of this commission—and similar bodies are likely to be organized in other States where the agitation is in progress—to investigate the subject of roads in this and other countries, and to advise the legislature as to the proper steps to bring about a better state of things. It is a fact worthy of notice that such an agitation as this should have received its first impetus from the wheelmen, whose use of the roads is for the most part dedicated to sport and not profit. It would seem that the individual most likely to send up a cry for relief would be the farmer, to whom the condition of the thoroughfares leading out of his lonely kingdom must be a matter of considerable importance. It is likely, however, soon to be shown that if the highways of the country are to be substantially improved, it will be through the efforts of people who wish to use them for other purposes than that of taking produce to market. It is not possible to calculate what the farmers of the country lose through the bad condition of

the roads over which they are compelled to travel—the horse-flesh ruined, the wagons battered to pieces, the time wasted, and the failure during certain seasons of the year to get to market at all. It is safe to say that these causes must cut no small figure in the farmer's general lack of prosperity. He has, however, through all his experience, been accustomed to roads more or less bad, and would rather spend half a day in digging his wagon out of a hole, and lame his best horse on an impossible grade, than put in the same amount of time and expense in making permanent improvements. Such appears to be the status of the road question in most parts of the Union, and California offers no exception. There are certain sections of the East where the farming country, being thickly interspersed with villas, presents many of the features of a suburban district, and where the highways have been brought to something like the perfection attained on the continent of Europe. This improvement has largely resulted from the fact that such roads are more needed for purposes of pleasure than are the average country thoroughfares. In the course of time, influences of a similar sort will probably play a considerable part in the matter of road building in this State. The peculiar climate of the coast and the facility with which fine effects of gardening can be wrought will always serve as an encouragement to the building of homes in country districts. In many sections in the northern part of the State, and especially in the orange-growing districts of the south, elegant places are to be seen, in large numbers and scattered through considerable areas—partaking of the convenience of city and the roominess of country homes. In such localities, the roads will finally be made into boulevards, fulfilling at once the needs of the farmer and the desires of the wheelmen. That the highways of California will in time be made excellent is no more to be doubted than that at present they are, as a rule, bad. It is not improbable that the discussion now going on in the East may point out certain lines of improvement in the building of roads, and of reform in the methods of taxation for that purpose, which can be wisely adopted in this State. Two years ago, a law was passed in New Jersey permitting the various counties in the State to issue bonds for the improvement of the county roads. It will be interesting to read something of the results, as shown in the annexed extract from the *New York Times*:

"There is no county in New Jersey in which the law has been given a fairer trial than in Union County. Bonds have been issued in that county to the amount of three hundred thousand dollars, and the money obtained by this issue will be sufficient to put in fine condition some thirty miles of country roads, extending in one direction from Elizabeth to Plainfield, and in another direction from Rahway to Summit. The original estimate of expense for these improvements was ten thousand dollars per mile, and to the credit of those who have had the improvements in charge, this sum has proved sufficient for them. The roads are now nearly finished, and, for the first time in the history of Union County, they are in condition for all sorts of travel in every season of the year. It is alleged that in bad weather one horse can draw a load which required the strength of four horses before the improvements were made. Chauncey B. Ripley, who was one of the projectors of the road law, says that it is the opinion of property-owners in Union County that the issue of bonds for this improvement will really never be felt by the tax-payers. The taxes levied to pay the interest on these bonds are now lighter than were the expenses to keep the roads in repair under the old system. Since the law went into operation, moreover, real-estate values in Union County have advanced nearly one million five hundred thousand dollars, exclusive of property advances in Elizabeth of nearly seven hundred thousand dollars more. While this increase is not claimed as all due to the improved roads, it is felt that this improvement may reasonably be credited with having already appreciated county values to the full extent of the cost of the roads, while general taxes are no higher than before the roads were laid. Mr. Ripley quotes Warren Ackerman, who is probably the largest real-estate owner in Union County, to the effect that the improvements can not cost the present tax-payers a dollar, because by the time the bonds shall mature the increase of population and the appreciation of values will have been sufficient to pay for their redemption. As Mr. Ackerman expresses it, the bonds will be redeemed by taxes on valuations that do not now exist and on persons who are not now residents of the county. Sheriff Glashy, who is also very much interested in the work, has expressed to Mr. Ripley opinions identical with those of Mr. Ackerman. He says that two years ago people were leaving Elizabeth because of the bad roads, but that the population is now increasing and that the city is becoming attractive to people who like to drive and who are now enabled by the condition of the roads to enjoy the pastime. In Massachusetts a chair has been recently endowed at the Boston School of Technology to be known as the Chair of Public Roads. Mr. Ripley says that there is hardly an Eastern or Middle State that has not taken on new zeal in the matter of the improvement of roads."

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Vindication of Mrs. Leiter.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your interesting paper of October 13th is a letter by your correspondent "Van Gryse," on "The Rise of Miss Leiter." I beg to say that, in what he says touching that young lady's mother, at least, both you and your readers have been grossly imposed upon by a writer who, for the chance of penning a readable letter, seems willing to do a thing singularly cruel and false.

I knew Mrs. Leiter, *née* Mary Carver, thirty years ago, and a lover, better bred, or more cultured young lady would be difficult to find in any circle of society. She is the daughter of Mr. Benjamin Carver, a wealthy aristocrat of Central New York, and a sister of Mrs. Samuel Remington, whose husband was the well-known fire-arm manufacturer of rebellion days. How, with such a beginning, and with her subsequent position in society, Mrs. Leiter could have become the vulgar creature, the "impossible mamma," she is represented to be, I leave you to imagine and a "Van Gryse" to explain.

Respectfully, CHARLES DEKAY NOTT.
THE PARSONAGE, FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
WASHINGTON, N. J., October 30, 1890.

A Card of Thanks.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will the *Argonaut* kindly thank the generous M. R.-M. F. for his annual remembrance of the Flower Mission, received through you to-day, and oblige,

Yours gratefully, THE S. F. F. & F. MISSION,
420 POST STREET, November 28, 1890. MARY A. HARRISS, Sec.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Edward Everett Hale suggests the appointment in some leading university of a "Professor of America," who shall stand as an expounder of Americanism.

Dying words of a great man: "James Lillie, a ball-player, died a few days ago in Kansas City, and his last words were: 'I'm afraid that it's three strikes and out.'"

Ben Clover, one of the new congressmen from Kansas, is reported to have said in one of his speeches: "My wife is just as ragged, dirty, and greasy as any of you ladies."

Arlo Bates, the well-known literary critic in Boston, has recently been called upon to cause the arrest of a young friend of excellent social position for stealing his plate. The value was about four hundred dollars.

Pedro d'Alcantara, who, up to a year ago, was known as Dom Pedro the Second, Emperor of Brazil, despite his age and his uncertain health, is enjoying Paris to the full. Every day sees him going about like a young man.

Moltke received on his birthday two thousand and ninety-nine congratulatory telegrams from every continent and every big city in the world. An extra force of men was put on duty at the Berlin postal telegraph-office to handle them.

John G. Otis, the leader of the Alliance Congressional delegation from Kansas, is a graduate of Williams College and of Harvard Law School, and is a native of Rutland, Vermont. For the past twenty years he has been a milkman in Topeka.

Prince Bismarck has added beer-brewing to his other industrial pursuits. The new brand of beer is to be called the "Bismarck Brau," and its manufacture is to begin on a capital of twelve thousand dollars. On this amount it is expected to realize a dividend of eleven per cent.

Baron Hirsch recently asked an English lady of rank to sell him one of her horses because he had one exactly like it. The lady declined rather curtly, whereupon the baron sent her his horse, with the message: "Although I am disappointed, I am still desirous that they should go in a pair."

The Prince of Wales's intimacy with Baron Hirsch is regarded at several European courts as a serious scandal. There is talk of a joint letter of protest from several of his foreign relatives. By the way, Zadkiel's almanac for 1891, just out, reports: "As Jupiter is now culminating (by direction), the elevation of the Prince of Wales, either to the regency or the throne, is now close at hand."

French authors on cremation or burial: Zola—"Leave the thing to the decision of the loved ones we leave behind." Daudet—"Either one would be disagreeable to me." François Coppée—"I will go to sleep in the cemetery." Henri de Bornier—"Hang you! you spoiled my dinner!" Leconte de Lisle—"I desire neither the one nor the other." Sylvestre—"I prefer the ground, from which flowers spring for lovers." Sarcey—"If I die in Paris, I will be cremated there." Jules Simon—"My children will choose the method which will give them the least horror." Sardou—"Burned! burned! It will afford me great pleasure to be burned!"

Colonel Pedro Bastarrica, formerly of a Spanish cavalry regiment, has just been publicly executed at Santa Cruz, in the presence of the whole garrison of which he had been the commander. His crime was the murder of his mother-in-law, committed in May last. He killed her because she had successfully opposed his efforts to seduce his sister-in-law. By a court-martial he was condemned to twenty years' penal servitude; but the supreme court in Madrid overruled the judgment of the military court, and substituted the death penalty, and the queen regent would not interfere.

News comes from Central Africa that Tippu Tib is at last on his way to Zanzibar, with seven thousand porters, carrying an enormous quantity of ivory. When his present stock reaches the coast, this greatest of African traders will have sent to the sea within the past four or five years about five hundred thousand dollars' worth of ivory. His present caravan is the largest ever seen in the equatorial regions. As he left Ujiiji a little before September 1st, he will soon be due at Zanzibar. It will be interesting to hear what he has to say about the Emin relief expedition. His opinions of Major Barttelot and his management will probably be rather piquant, for it is well known that he regarded the major as entirely out of his element in Africa.

Czar Alexander the Third is a great hunter, a real Nimrod, who does not like the official huntings, in the course of which animals are driven by foresters just under the hunters' guns. At the recent hunting at Spala, in Russia, a deer came out from under the brush, near the Czar, who was about to shoot it, when suddenly General Tcheverine, commandant of the Imperial Guard and an outspoken soldier, exclaimed: "You know, majesty, they have just led the deer here with a cord!" "Well," cried the Czar, half-laughing and half-angry, "do they take me for Louis the Fourteenth?" And, lowering his gun, he let the deer quietly pass away. But he left on the next morning with only two or three persons of his suite, in order to enjoy the chase on hunting-grounds not managed in such an easy and official manner.

A list of explorers who have crossed Africa shows that from 1802 to 1811 the feat was accomplished by a Portuguese, Honorato de Costa; in 1838 and 1853 by Francesco Coimbara and Silva Porto; in 1854 by Dr. Livingstone; in 1865 by Gerhard Rohlfs; in 1874 by Lieutenant Cameron and Mr. Stanley; then by Serpa Pinto and the Italians Mattenio and Massari; next by Lieutenant Wissmann, from 1882 to 1884; and recently by the Scotch missionary Armat, the Portuguese Capello and Ivans, the Swedish Lieutenant Gleerup, who occupied the least time, crossing from Stanley Falls to Bagamoyo in six months; the Austrian Dr. Senz; Mr. Stanley for the second time; and, finally, Captain Trivier, the French traveler. The first explorer who crossed Africa took nearly ten years, while the last occupied barely a year.

MR. ASHTON'S SECOND SERMON.

Her bold, black eyes stared at him as he went by the open bar-room door. She stood on the threshold, and Mr. Ashton flushed at her smile as he passed. She had long since ceased to blush, others might do it for her, but she was in nowise ashamed of her appearance. Strangely out of place she looked in the garish light, laughing and joking with the rough men near her. Such a girlish embodiment of the vice he was seeking the young minister was not prepared to behold. The heavy-footed, coarse-faced men, smoking strong-smelling pipes and sickening cigars, the imitation dandies, with swaggering gait and flaring neck-ties, they seemed to belong to the vicious place. But the girl, with her handsome face, plump arms and shoulders, here as if she were in a hall-room, and her scanty pink dress barely reaching to her knees, she was startlingly incongruous. So young, so pretty, so hardened, going down so swiftly to the gates of hell! Ah, it was pitiful.

Mr. Ashton sighed compassionately, as he went into the hall adjoining the bar-room. A few kerosene lamps, ranged along the walls, shone dully through a blue haze of tobacco smoke. Long, wooden settees covered the floor, which was dirty and uncarpeted. It was Saturday night, and a larger number than usual of men and youths lounged upon the seats or gathered in groups about the hall, across the rear end of which extended a stage, with footlights and curtain. A low, dingy-white gallery, connecting with the stage and running half way around the room, was divided into a dozen or more little stalls, called "wine-rooms." In them, certain moneyed and reckless patrons of the place could sit at their ease while drinking and viewing the stage and scene below, or they could, with curtains, screen themselves completely from the public gaze, as they preferred.

Such was the thriving young Western city's most notorious den of vice, sink of iniquity, centre of sinful contagion, etc., against which the young minister had recently thundered. His first sermon, delivered the Sunday before, had made a profound impression. It had set all the better portion of the community to talking about this plague-spot, known as a "dive," though it was up one flight from the main street. The *Daily Mirror* printed the sermon in full, with warm editorial indorsement. It applauded his earnest, fiery declaration that he would not, could not, discuss dogmas and creeds, living or dead, till he had done his best to start a crusade against the pestilential sin at their very doors. Until this foul snare, which was set before their eyes openly, but into which even the boys from his Sunday-school were blindly walking—until this was destroyed, there was no higher or holier duties to perform, no more vital theme to dwell upon. It was a strong, stirring blast from a mail-clad warrior, who did not seek in distant lands for the foe in his own house.

With the crusading spirit strong within him, Mr. Ashton, in the midst of his preparation of his second sermon, determined to slip out of his study quietly and see the monster of vice with his own eyes. Then, returning with its hideous visage still fresh in mind, he could vividly describe it on the morrow.

So, taking a seat well up to the stage, for he was rather near-sighted, he looked about him. It could scarcely be pharisaical, he thought, with a shudder of disgust, to thank the Lord that he was not as some other men were—such as those around him. What enjoyment could they get out of such a repulsive place? The foul air was hot and nauseating. Already he felt slightly feverish, and his head was beginning to throb. There was none of the glitter and glare which he had expected to find. But, of course, it was early yet; he would wait as best he could for the curtain to rise.

Meanwhile, he studied the faces of those nearest to him, trying to read their thoughts, listening to their talk, and endeavoring to put himself in their places. Two brawny fellows, with an Irish brogue, were warmly arguing about a strike of iron-workers then in progress, and their reeking whisky-drinkers' breath swept over his thin, shrinking nostrils. Next to them, three boys, the oldest not over fifteen, were animatedly discussing, while puffing cigarettes, the peculiarities of their "boss." Such shocking profanity, so carelessly uttered, the minister had never before heard. They left their seats, and, following them with his eye down the hall and through the open door, he saw them go into the bar-room, stopping on the way to chat a minute with the bare-shouldered siren at the entrance. He began to realize that he had got into another world, the inhabitants of which neither knew nor cared what he might have been saying about them from his fashionable pulpit to his silken and fur-clad congregation. Clenching his thin, white hands together passionately, he longed for the power of an autocrat that he might arise and command that this soul-destroying ulcer be instantly cut out, these good-hearted but imbruted ones about him forced to walk in the light till they came to know, as they must in time, that it was vastly better than darkness.

The whining of a fiddle, followed by the clamor of a small orchestra, interrupted his thoughts and presently up went the lights and the curtain. It was a variety performance, somewhat above the average, as a traveling company had gone to pieces in the city that week, and some of the members, unable for reasons of a distinctly financial nature to return to Chicago, had, in their stranded necessity, turned to the dive stage. They were skilled in the art of making both good and wicked people laugh. Mr. Ashton was forced to confess to himself that the stage performance was a deal more innocent than the surroundings. To be sure, some of the actresses appeared in tights, and all of them wore abbreviated skirts, but so, as he knew, did actresses occasionally in theatres and opera-houses of the highest respectability. Stamp out the bar and wine-rooms, and there would be nothing so very debasing about the resort, he decided. And after that he made no more mental memoranda. For upon the stage came one who instantly caught and held his serious short-sighted eyes as none had done before. He leaned forward, breathlessly, his heart beating like a trip-hammer, a scarlet line in either cheek. The voluptuous form, so freely displayed, did not affect him in the least, but the face—the face! he could see nothing else.

It thrilled him with a nameless ecstasy, the arch glance from the sparkling eyes, the pouting red lips, the curves of chin and cheek guiltless of paint, it was to him no gaudy dancer, but a living picture suddenly advancing from out of a hidden nook of a half-forgotten time. Who—who was she? Of whom did she so vividly remind him? He caught up his flimsy programme: "Belle la Reine, the famous queen of the variety stage." It was a lie. She was not a creature of that sort. Did she look at him then? Did she know him, though he could not recognize her? His hands grew moist as he twisted the programme around them nervously. She sang to him alone, of that he was positive, and if he could have seen himself as she saw him, his clear-cut intellectual face standing out in sharp contrast to the heavy features around him, he might not have wondered that she looked at him as she did. Her dancing, though graceful, annoyed him; her songs he did not hear, except one that told of hy-gone love, that stirred him strangely. She seemed to talk to him with her eyes, and held him spell-bound. But it could not last forever. She vanished the way she had come, and with a choking gasp he realized that she was gone. For him, the lights were out, the performance ended. He sat dazed for a few minutes, and then grasping his hat was about to leave his seat, having seen much more than he came to see, when a boy touched his elbow and handed him a slip of paper. Seemingly, intuitively, to know what it meant, he unfolded the note and read at a glance:

"An old friend would like to see you. Follow the boy."

He was comparatively a stranger in the city, probably nobody in the hall knew him. But he did not stop to reason. Certainly he could not be blamed for following the boy to see an old friend. He had no thought of turning back even when his small guide led him into the low gallery, by way of the side-door near the stage. Before he fully realized where he was, he stood in one of the dimly-lit wine-rooms, alone with the queen of the variety stage. She sat with her back to the audience-room below, between which and her snowy shoulders was a dingy red curtain. Still arrayed in her scanty dancing attire, her dainty, silvery shoes elevated to the edge of a round table upon which were hottles and glasses, she coolly surveyed him.

"You wished to see me?" he said, hesitatingly, advancing a step.

"Certainly," she replied, taking her feet off the table and rising; "but I don't want to see you as white as a ghost. What's the matter? Do I scare you?"

"It is the foul air below. I am not used to it and I have had a few dizzy spells lately," he murmured, unsteadily, leaning on the table as, for an instant, even she seemed blurred and far-away looking.

She came to him at once, took his hat from his nerveless hand, and ran her cool fingers soothingly over his aching forehead.

"Here, down with this and you'll feel better," she said, pouring out some liquor from one of the bottles. He recoiled with a shudder, put the glass from his lips, and stepped back.

"You mistake," he said, gravely; "I am not a frequenter of this place—I am a clergyman."

"As if I didn't know you!" she laughed, gayly; "and to think you don't know me! Don't you really recognize me? Come, look, not around, but at me, once, good and hard, and see if I am not an old friend."

She poised airily before him, and then, as he still seemed puzzled, she said, softly:

"Ned!"

A flame of red shot across the Rev. Edward Ashton's pallid face.

"Olive! Olive Faveur! My God, is it you?" he whispered, and sank into a chair by the table, staring at her dumbly, she still smiling. The minister was a young man, but his heart had once been wrung by this same fair woman. No, not the same. That was years ago, and she was then not as she must be now. Equally enthralling she had been to him then, though; and most terribly had she disappointed both him and all her friends. She it was who had turned his life-course. In the bitterness of his sorrow over her mad conduct he had set his face heavenward. And he had not known her that night till then!

She saw that he was profoundly moved, but she did not know how fiercely he was trying to crush back the feeling which burned in his eyes as he looked at her.

Perching on the table, she caught hold of his hand and began to talk to him of old times. But he did not listen to her. He was conscious of the squealing of the orchestra-violins, the stamping of heavy feet, and the tomfoolery upon the stage. In the adjoining stall he heard a drunken man trying to sing a rihald song with a woman, who was laughing at the maudlin attempt. Presently, though soft fingers held his own and a fascinating face was close to his, though satiny shoulders were so near him—presently he would arise and put Satan from him. But he could not do it instantly. She was so frankly joyous, so merrily bewitching, not a repellent line from her laughing eyes to the tiny shoes whose heels she was knocking together as she sat before him. With an inward wrench he shut his eyes, and was about to stand erect and forbidding, when he was shocked by a chuckling laugh behind him. Withdrawing his hand from hers, as if from the touch of fire, he turned his head with a guilty flush. A man, in a flaxen wig and comedian's stage-garb, stood in the curtained doorway.

"I know that they're guilty; but, oh, they're so sly!" laughed the intruder, repeating a line of a topical song he had just been singing on the stage, and, bowing low, he disappeared.

Mr. Ashton reached for his hat, the flush dying out of his face and leaving it very pale. But she put out her hand restrainingly, a quick glitter of anger melting to tenderness in her marvelously expressive eyes.

"It's only Jack," she said, hastily; "don't mind him nor his impertinence."

"Jack?" questioned Mr. Ashton, hoarsely, wavering again under her glance.

"Yes," she said, carelessly; "but he never troubles me. I do as I please in all things. You needn't think of retreating now, though. He has caught you, fairly or unfairly. If you went now he would be sure to have it in the morning papers, and make a few dollars out of the scandal, don't you see. But if you will bide a wee, and he sociable and sensible, I'll answer for it that not a whisper from him gets to the sensitive ears of your goody-goody friends."

Each word sank like burning acid deep into the young minister's heart. His face grew ghastly, the little red-curtained stall swam round and round, the bright creature leaning toward him seemed to be receding in a luminous mist.

"Olive, Olive!" he gasped, reaching out wildly toward her.

"My poor old Puritan Ned," she said, softly, sinking on her knees before him; "let this and me cheer you. For once forget everything but that you and I are here; neither of us will ever be here again, and never again, perhaps, will we be together. Drown care and enjoy yourself, Ned, dear old boy."

She lifted the glass he had once rejected to his lips. He, this time, clutched it, and, though it was not wine but a far stronger liquor, he drank it to the last drop as if it were cooling water.

In the gray of the Sunday morning, while the city was still slumbering, a tall, black-coated priestly figure stole homeward like a belated night-thief. Snow had fallen during the darkness, and the wide street of the new town was smooth and trackless, white and soft as wool beneath his hurrying feet. His footprints, showing a black trail behind him on the sidewalk stones, seemed to his feverish eyes to mark the passage of a foul thing over the dazzling purity, each step defiling the spotless way. Reaching his residence, he let himself in with his latch-key, and in another minute, noiseless as a burglar, he was hidden in his study.

Brazen bells clanged out in the crisp wintry air, calling to church the just and the unjust, earthly saints and human sinners. The first sleighs of the season jingled along with merry disturbance of the quiet, frosty atmosphere. The broad streets, house-tops, and fences gleamed in the sun, each evenly incrustured with frozen jewels by the gentle snow-fall. The ringing laughter of boys, snow-halling one another by the kerb-stones, mingled with the music of the bells. Sleigh-load after sleigh-load of church-goers arrived at the stately entrance of the church, which was the architectural pride of the young city. Within its lofty walls the organ rolled its rumbling voice high up to the vaulted roof.

Ladies in furs and silks, gentlemen in overcoats and broad-cloth, followed the soft-footed ushers up the richly carpeted aisles to the luxurious pews. Flowers rare and costly were before the pulpit, and added to their fragrance were the delicate perfumes from numerous fairer roses in the shape of the city's most beautiful daughters. The pews were filled to the last one. It was a great congregation—the greatest the church had ever held. So the reporter decided, as he sharpened his pencils, and noted the prominent men present, from the mayor down. The fame of the young minister's eloquence had gathered together all of the city's leaders to listen to his second sermon. But he was late in appearing. Minute after minute went by, the organ ceased to sound and then began again. The official chief of the church's laymen grew uneasy. It would be a great pity to disappoint such a splendid assembly by an untimely sick-headache. He did not know that the young minister might even then be working at his sermon, with flaming eyes and trembling fingers, trying to make up lost time. But he did know that Mr. Ashton had not looked overstrong. Finally, he slipped into his overcoat and went out in search of the tardy preacher. It was but a few steps to the pastor's residence.

"Mr. Ashton, I think, is still in his study," said the house-keeper; "I have not seen him this morning."

"But it is late," protested the churchman, in soft indignation at such thoughtlessness. Eloquence was not punctuality, and there were the honorable mayor and the highest people in the city kept waiting. He tapped sharply at the study-door, then he called and shook the knob. Then, finding the door locked, and being assured by the now alarmed housekeeper that the minister must be there, he, being a strong man and by this time excited, burst the lock and flung open the door.

In the chilly study, darkened by the drawn curtains at the windows, nothing but cold ashes in the grate, the minister lay sleeping his last sleep. Drawn up to his writing-table, upon a lounge was extended his black-overcoated form. The up-turned face, though rigid in death, yet showed lingering about the white lips a tender smile, as if in the solemn repose he had been visited by a pleasant dream. A bottle labeled "chloral" stood upon the table. The churchman groaned in horror:

"He must have felt nervous and taken an overdose! He has been dead for hours."

Beneath the bottle lay two scraps of paper. Upon one was penciled:

"An old friend would like to see you. Follow the boy."

Upon the other, a trembling scrawl, the pencil still beside it:

"Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

CHARLES ROBERT HARKER.

SAN JOSE, December, 1890.

Gerhard Rohlfs, the African explorer, expresses the opinion that the Trans-Sahara Railway could be built only after the complete disarming of all the peoples through whose territory the route would lie. For this purpose twenty thousand picked soldiers would be necessary. One of the greatest obstacles in the way of the constructors, Herr Rohlfs says, would be the sand-banks. The largest of these banks might be tunneled, he thinks, while cuts might be made through the smaller ones. In many localities, sand-sheds, built after the plan of the American snow-sheds, would be necessary.

Quinolineparamethylnbenzenylazoximeparacarboxylic acid is Quinolineparamethylnbenzenyluramidoximo and phthalic anhydride melted together.

PARISIAN NOTES.

"Parisina's" Budget of Gossip from Lutetia.

Paris has generally had the monopoly of scandals. Vulgar crimes are perpetrated quite as frequently in the country as in town, in the provinces as in the capital. But your social scandal is brought to greatest perfection in Paris. However, there is no rule without an exception, and Toulon has lately been the scene of one of the most scandalous affairs that have been brought to light for some time. It is the social standing of the parties implicated that causes the scandal, and raises an affair from the ordinary level of a case for the police court or the assizes. The crime of which M. Fouroux, Mme. de Jonquières, and Mme. Audibert are accused is, unfortunately, only too common; the horrible profession of *faiseuse d'anges* is so lucrative a one in most of the big towns of France that numbers of wretched creatures daily run the risk of penal servitude by exercising it, but their accomplices, and often victims, belong to a class whose morals are lax, and to whom the consequences of misdemeanor may mean destitution and starvation. To find the first magistrate of a large town—a man in so responsible a situation as M. Fouroux—lending himself to such odious machinations, naturally causes a great outcry. From one end of the country to another, the name of the mayor of Toulon is held up to execration. I have no intention of going into details; the reader must imagine the story: The husband away at sea, the frail wife, the crime perpetrated and hidden for a time, and then divulged through the jealousy of a former mistress, who had aided and abetted the principals in their hideous design. The manner in which the arrest of the mayor was brought about had a melodramatic element in it. He was at the theatre, seated in the municipal box, when the emissary of the commissaire beckoned him out, and, exhibiting his warrant, signified his intention of carrying him off to the prison, where the two women had been taken a few hours before. There are those who blame this proceeding. The adversaries of the government declare that the minister of the interior—had he been let into the secret—would have tried to hush the matter up and thus save its credit, but I do not believe this. Anyhow, it appears that malevolence and all sorts of uncharitableness are rife at Toulon. The police and the municipality are at variance, and the naval authorities are in perpetual warfare with the civil dignitaries, so that the downfall and utter undoing of the mayor is a matter of gratification to many. The dire wrong done to M. de Jonquières—a lieutenant in the navy—is resented all the more bitterly that the man who has wrought such ruin in his home is a Republican holding an office of importance in the town.

So many versions of the way in which the affair was divulged to the police are afloat that it is impossible to guess the true one. Naturally, it will all come out as soon as M. Fouroux is remanded for trial; he and his two accomplices are all under lock and key, bail having been refused. Lieutenant de Jonquières immediately instituted a suit for a divorce, but, as you know in such cases, the law does not permit of the reports being published. The excitement caused by this affair in the south is something extraordinary, and it finds an echo here. Every morning the Paris papers publish fresh details, and the "Scandale de Toulon" is the talk of the day.

In a week or two we shall have something else to think about, for Eyraud and Gabrielle Bompard are to be brought up for trial at the end of the month. The case for the prosecution is complete. The too famous red-and-white dressing-gown, with its cord and tassels—supposed to have been put to so horrible a use—have arrived from America. Eyraud and his counsel are doing everything they can to retard the trial, and the former spends his spare time in prison drawing up memoirs. He has been provided with money by his family, and is better off than he was at first—especially in the matter of tobacco. As for Gabrielle, she is still able to indulge in her passion for good eating, as M. Garanger has ordered nice little meals to be set before her every day, but discipline is not relaxed far enough to allow of the prisoner's maintaining the golden hue of her hair; the henna not being obtainable, the locks of *le petit démon* have returned to their natural ebon tint. We are told she is wearing a very becoming black-cloth gown cut down a little at the throat. Is this not interesting?

This shall be the last time I mention Mlle. de Sombreuil, of whom you have no doubt heard. Unfortunately for the poor judges, she was expelled—being a foreigner—from France about ten years ago. Ever since, she has regularly come back every year and has been as regularly tried and expelled. You can understand why we are rather tired of hearing about her now. Last week she turned up again, and made a great stir in the court by fluttering about in a brilliant costume and vociferating in the most extraordinary manner. However, we must be thankful she did not—as she is wont—give way to violent fits of hysterics. That is generally what she does in court. This time she was comparatively calm, only exclaiming once or twice that Mermeix was the cause of her being caught once again. She refused, too, to have her case put off till Friday: "Oh!" she exclaimed, vehemently, "no Friday for me! it's too unlucky!" The judge then chose Wednesday. "That'll do!" she said, and she stalked out of the court, casting looks of fury around at every one. However, she has calmed down now, for the minister has at last repealed the decree of expulsion that caused her so much anxiety, and Mlle. de Sombreuil (whose real name is Louisa Schneider, and who was born in Constantinople) will be able to remain in Paris unmolested, and, let us hope, unheard and untalked of.

Rather an amusing law has just been put before the Chamber by our worthy legislators in Paris. M. Moreau, following the example of the National Assembly of 1789, has proposed to suppress all titles and nobiliary distinctions whatsoever. There is nothing very remarkable about that in a republican country. But the second part of M. Moreau's bill is decidedly original. He means to begin by suppressing all titles, but directly afterward new ones are to be given to those who are vain and rich enough to pay a good round

sum for them. A sort of general manufactory of dukes and princes is to be opened by the state, and the honest *bourgeois*—who are afflicted with an unconquerable desire to prefix to their single Durand either a mere "de," or, perhaps, as much as a "Baron de," or so forth—will be able to enter the shop and an obsequious clerk will rush forward, and in polite tones inquire: "Ce que monsieur désire—a nice little viscounty, or else a dukedom, both guaranteed genuine and at a bargain, too; only ten thousand francs for the viscounty and fifty thousand for the dukedom!" Unfortunately, however, bargaining will be impossible, for M. Moreau has drawn up a price-list; besides those I have just mentioned, a baronetcy will cost five thousand and a countship twenty thousand, while a marquise and a principedom will command the large sums of thirty thousand and two hundred thousand francs. All this is rather ridiculous. It is not all, however. M. Moreau, who it would seem is nothing if not systematic, has decided in his bill the titles that are to be given. Every town, from a commune upwards, will possess at least one title, which it will be able to sell to the highest bidder. Principedoms are to be confined as much as possible to capitals of departments. The climax is reached by this last little arrangement of M. Moreau's. One wonders if he is altogether serious over it all. I can understand and approve, to a certain degree, his idea of suppressing titles of nobility, for, after all, they do not mean much nowadays; but, then, what is the use of doing away with the old distinctions if you mean to set up new ones in their place?—and by such a ridiculous method, too! There is an absurd enough craze, as it is, among the *bourgeoisie* for prefixing the "de" to names it does not suit, without M. Moreau's making it legal to do so, for five hundred francs. However, the Chamber is against the proposal and is not likely to vote it, so we shall not yet awhile have our grocer signing himself Comte de So-and-So when he sends in his little bill. Do away with false dukes and marquesses as much as you like, and even suppress the genuine ones, if you wish very much to do so; but please, M. Moreau, do not go making every other Frenchman a five-hundred-franc "gentilhomme!"

PARIS, November 7, 1890.

PARISINA.

LATE VERSE.

From the Japanese.

"So young he can not know the way,"
Thus I heard a mother say,
At the close of a summer day;
But he knew the road, it seems,
Into the shadow-land of dreams,
And she wept above his clay,
Since, though young, he knew the way!

Gone, where summer moths resort,
Or small boats that leave the port,
Sailing over the stormy brine,
As, with this long sleeve of mine,
Under the gloom of alien skies,
I dry my weeping eyes!

If I could be where the billow whirls,
In a lacquered skiff, with a paddle of pearls,
Young no more, but old and gray,
You may be sure I'd know the way.
—R. H. Stoddard in December Scribner's.

Song.

Strike me a note of sweet degrees—
Of sweet degrees—
Like those in Jewry heard of old;
My love, if thou wouldst wholly please,
Hold in thy hand a harp of gold,
And touch the strings with fingers light
And yet with strength as David might—
As David might.

Linger not long in songs of love—
In songs of love;
No serenades nor wanton airs
The deeper soul of music move;
Only a solemn measure hears
With rapture that shall never cease
My spirit to the gates of peace—
The gates of peace.

So feel I when Francesca sings—
Francesca sings—
My thoughts mount upward; I am dead
To every sense of vulgar things,
And on celestial highways tread
With prophets of the olden time,
Those minstrel kings, the men sublime—
The men sublime.

—Thomas William Parsons in December Atlantic.

The Reed-Player.

By a dim shore where water darkening
Took the last light of spring,
I went beyond the tumult, harkening
For some diviner thing.

Where the bats flew from the black elms like leaves,
Over the ebon pool
Brooded the bittens' cry, as one that grieves
Lands ancient, hountiful.

I saw the fire-flies shine below the wood
Above the shallows dank,
As Uriel from some great altitude,
The planets rank on rank.

And now unseen along the shrouded mead
One went under the hill;
He blew a cadence on his mellow reed,
That trembled and was still.

It seemed as if a line of amber fire
Had shot the gathered dusk,
As if had blown a wind from ancient Tyre
Laden with myrrh and musk.

He gave his luring note amid the fern
Its enigmatic fall,
Haunted the hollow dusk with golden turn
And argent interval.

I could not know the message that he bore,
The springs of life from me
Hidden; his incommunicable lore
As much a mystery.

And as I followed far the magic player
He passed the maple wood,
And when I passed the stars had risen there,
And there was solitude.

—Duncan Campbell Scott in December Scribner's.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

The Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia, widow of the Red Prince and aunt of the German Emperor, has clandestinely married her first lord of the bedchamber, Baron von Sekkendooff.

Miss Mary Abell, of Baltimore, a daughter of the late Arunah S. Abell, owner of the Baltimore *Sun*, is in a convent, and will probably take the veil next spring. She has a fortune of over two million dollars, which, it is expected, she will give to the Roman Catholic Church.

Cincinnati has a new terror in the "woman who drives." Of the thirty persons injured on the streets of that town last month, twenty-five were victims of the "woman who drives." An ordinance is talked of to prevent a woman from trying to drive a horse in that city, and in the meantime pedestrians can only take to the telegraph-poles when she is abroad in her juggernaut.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Custer, whose new book, "Following the Guidon," promises to be her most successful venture, is in appearance a slender little woman, delicate to fragility, who looks as if she could not have endured for a day the life of privation and hardship which she chose to share with her gallant husband for years. Her face is full of expression, and her manners have a Southern warmth and softness. She dresses with much elegance, though always in black.

The Empress of Germany has military tastes as well as her husband. At the late grand review on Templehof field, she was in the saddle for two hours, riding superbly and leading her own regiment of cuirassiers past the emperor. Her uniform as colonel was a habit of white cloth, embroidered on shoulders and collar with the red-and-silver colors of the regiment and a three-cornered white-felt hat, with many ostrich feathers, in which she looked remarkably pretty.

A commissioner of the royal family in Rome appeared unexpectedly at the king's palace in Palermo late at night recently. He found the sister of Cavaliere Vassallo, the man in charge, in the queen's night-dress and the king's bed. The brushes of the royal pair lay on the bureau, where the woman had placed them after making her toilet for the night, and a lace-undershirt of the queen was found among the plain underclothes of the intruder. Vassallo, his three assistants, and his sister were ejected from the palace.

Mrs. Frances Fisher Wood, well known for her successful attempt to prepare sterilized milk on her New Hampshire farm for the use of New York babies, has been sifting statistics to ascertain whether college-bred women are indifferent mothers. She finds that nine-tenths of their children survive infancy, a record never before equaled in any class, age, or country. Mrs. Wood is herself a graduate of Vassar, a trustee of Barnard, a strong writer, a ready and brilliant speaker on social and reformatory topics, a power in society, the scientific secretary of her husband—a well-known physician—and a model mother.

The Empress of Austria recently spent a few days at Florence under the strictest incognito. At the Hotel de la Ville, where she stayed, she was described as "Mrs. Nicholson (from Corfu) and suite." She and a lady of her suite were daily to be seen in the streets looking into the shop-windows, or visiting the churches and galleries. One morning she went to the Uffizi Palace, and was stopped at the door by the custodian, who asked for her umbrella. To this Mrs. Nicholson objected. The man told her she could not enter with it. She said she should, and was going to do so, when the faithful guardian proceeded to take it from her. At this critical moment her lady-in-waiting whispered her name to him. In consequence, with a profusion of bows, she was allowed to pass with the disputed umbrella.

Nobody can hereafter question the gallantry of the voters of Missouri. One of the incidents of the recent election in Jasper County of that State was the selection of Mrs. Annie Baxter to be county clerk, her majority in that county, which is ordinarily strongly Republican, being six hundred. It appears that at the time of her nomination her candidacy was regarded as a joke, and her Republican antagonist (imagining that he had a "walk-over") gave little attention to the canvass. The lady, however, who is a deputy in the office of the county clerk, and is talented and handsome, being still in the twenties, made something of a hustling canvass, and with the enthusiastic support of the miners in the lead districts, who turned out and worked for her all day, she achieved the remarkable victory stated. The returns show that she ran ahead of her ticket in every precinct. It is stated that her defeated antagonist will contest her election.

Some English papers recently announced that Patti was about to erect upon her estate in Wales—Craig-y-Nos—a Jewish synagogue. The *Synagogue* of Tilsitt completely knocks down the synagogue of Craig-y-Nos with the following little story about Patti's Jewish medal: "The singer Diaz de Soria, an orthodox Israelite, always carries a *mesousash* in a locket attached to a little chain around his neck. This *mesousash* is a little piece of parchment, on which are written in Hebrew characters the Ten Commandments. When Diaz de Soria was singing in Patti's castle one evening last summer, the mysterious locket became detached from its chain and fell on the floor. Patti picked it up, asked Diaz what it signified, and expressed an ardent wish to get one for herself before she appeared in 'Juliette' at the Grand Opéra of Paris. Diaz de Soria procured one for her, and had it placed in a locket, with the inscription 'God' in Hebrew; and this locket, containing the *mesousash*, was fixed upon the bracelet of the lady. Shortly after Patti's great success in 'Juliette' at the Paris Opéra, the Baronne de Rothschild, in conversation with her, noticed the locket. 'Are you a Jewess?' she asked. 'No, madame,' replied Patti, smilingly; 'but I am a great admirer of the Jewish religion, especially since the *mesousash* has brought me such good fortune. I am willing to risk being taken for a Jewess, although I am a Catholic.'

CALIFORNIA HEIRESSSES.

"Van Gryse" on the New El Dorado for Penniless New Yorkers.

New Yorkers are beginning to turn their eyes to California for many things. They used to regard the Golden State only from a picturesque point of view. Now they regard it from an extremely practical point of view. It used to be a good background for lawless sons and broken-hearted lovers to go West and pose against. Now it is a good background to throw out Comstock heiresses in the garish light of the star of empire which wends its way westward.

The heiresses here have grown to be so very sharp, and, besides, they know so much about the men. Even a New York fortune-hunter, with only a coat-of-arms and unlimited cheek for his dowry, has a sort of delicacy about presenting himself as a suitor for a girl who he is sure knows all about the things he did at college and the things he has been doing ever since. She also knows the other girls who have refused him—and that is always death without benefit of clergy to his chances. Besides, at midnight suppers and in the convivial hours when the tongue is suddenly unloosed for confidences, he has owned the soft impeachment of his heiress-ambition, and loving friends of his have told it to all the heiresses between Harlem and the Battery.

Heiresses here, too, have jealous, argus-eyed papas, and mammas, with diamonds twinkling on their fat necks, who sit against the hall-room walls and see the gallants circling round their pearl of price. Heiresses are kept as close as the princesses in the hazy towers, who had three dragons at the front gate and two griffins at the back. Detrimentials are kept away as though they had the plague. When they pay a call, mamma sits there and does a long piece of fancy-work, and when you think she is counting the stitches, pricks her maternal ears and makes an apt remark. When the heiress takes her walk, the governess is with her. When she drives, the French maid, who understands English, is with her. When she goes to lunch-parties, her old nurse comes to fetch her home in the landau. When she rides, papa is at her right and grandpapa on her left, and two grooms are in the rear. As well try to take the impregnable fortress of Gibraltar as secure this prize, unless all hands are ready to aid your boly cause. And all the time such accounts of your wild doings are being poured into her ears—such accounts as only the ears of an heiress hear so very early in life.

There has been a feeling growing lately—just sprouting, like the young spring grass—that the Californian heiress is a more possible, a more probable, a more hopeful venture. It began, of course, with the marriages of East and West, where Eastern gall and Western gold, where Eastern manhood and Western maidenhood, joined in loving union and connubial bonds. The daring adventurers into this undiscovered Occident, who have returned laden with such royal spoils, have been the heroes of the day ever since. They have discovered not exactly a new way to pay old debts, for the heiress has always been popular for this purpose, but a new place in which to find the means whereby the debts can be paid.

California is no longer a place to go with how and brand, with gun and pick—on the contrary, it is a place to go with a how and arrows, a lovely smile, a winning eye, "a feather of the blue, a doublet of the Lincoln green—'twas all of me you knew, my love, 'twas all of me you knew." This is exactly the idea, especially the "twas all of me you knew, my love" part of it. That is one of the great charms of the Californian heiress. She knows literally nothing of the heiress-hunter—no fears, on those far distant shores laved by the sapphire Pacific, that his fame will have gone before him, and he will see the knowledge of it chilling the sweetness of the limpid, Californian heiress-eye.

Tourists, who have undertaken the journey to California and have been reconnoitering the country, have come back and circulated stories about the heiress-crop which are exciting impecunious male New York as Ponce de Leon stories of Florida and fountains of youth excited the Spanish chivalry of his day. Every well-looking New York man, who has a dress-suit, an eye-glass, a top coat, and a silk hat, is meditating an onslaught on San Francisco, the pearl of the Pacific. They all have an idea that every other woman there is an heiress, and that "her papa owns mines," as they put it with magnificent vagueness. Some are particular and say they expect, beside wealth, beauty, intellect, charm, good temper. Others, less exacting, come skipping exultingly as the cattle on a thousand hills, and say all they want is an heiress—a divorced heiress, an old heiress, a cross-eyed heiress, a scolding heiress—what matters it, so long as she is heiress at all?

There is no joke about it—but quantities of New York men are really fired with the intention of going to San Francisco after rich wives. The luck of some of their compatriots in that way—men who would have found it next to impossible to make such marriages here, where the competition is so much greater—has opened their eyes to the pecuniary possibilities of the Pacific Slope. While they are dangling round New York and hanging at the apron-string of some girl of passable looks, of moderate fortune, of difficult temper, having been spoiled by the adulation of innumerable men, they might have been investing in a Californian heiress, beautiful—they think all Californians are handsome, just as they think they are all rich—immensely wealthy, delightfully fresh and original, and unspoiled by the flattering of the unflashing adorers who hang on the smiles of rich Eastern women.

So they are coming—"Hark, hark, the dogs do hark, the heggars are coming to town." And the heggars, being well-dressed beggars, neatly shaven and shorn heggars, heggars who have the close sharpness which comes of a tussle with the world in a big, rushing, selfish, hard metropolis, are heggars that will make a hard fight to end their beggary. For such men the game is a poor one here. There are quantities of beireesses in town, but they are as keen and sharp as only women can be who are taught early that they are going to be couped right and left for their money. If they are going to give themselves to a man who wants their money first and

then themselves second, they are going to use their money well, are going to buy a high station, a grand title, a fine name with it. They are besieged by men who love the bank account better than the girl who goes with it, and the experience makes them cynical and hard, and coldly determined not to be beaten in the bargain. The capturing of such women is simply hopeless to the man who has nothing with which to secure a fortune but his own assurance, his own good-looks, his own cool impudence, and his own power to please.

These men, and men of a better and less selfish class desiring to marry money to help them on in difficult careers, have only lately had their eyes turned to California. Eastern visitors have come back from there and told them wonderful golden stories of the wealth to be found on the Pacific Slope. It used to be nuggets that they picked up—now it is heiresses. It is only lately—mainly through the Eastern and Western marriages—that New York men have seen the intimate social life of San Francisco, and they have come back with their eyes goggling and full of El Dorado accounts of the rich unmarried women to be found there. A short time ago, a man who had been visiting all along the Pacific Coast, especially in San Francisco, expressed himself to some New York men on this subject. His ideas were something like this:

"I think a New Yorker, who is a gentleman, attractive, a good fellow, would have little difficulty in marrying a Californian heiress. Why? Not because they are better than other men, but because they can offer the girl a home among new people and surroundings. San Francisco is the least provincial town outside of New York in this country, but it's small, and it's such a devil of a long way off. The rich girls are stuck there—as far away from anything as if they were in Juan Fernandez or Spitzbergen. They know everybody, and everything out there is a chestnut for them. They're ambitious and they want to widen their horizon. They can't do it there—horizon on one side goes into Japan, and on the other into Salt Lake and the Mormons.

"Suppose they go to New York or London, what then? Don't know any one, and have to wait a blue moon before they do. Californians don't carry bowie-knives and derringers round in their hoots now, but there's a sort of aroma of it clinging round them. They don't go much on patience, and they're not accustomed to getting sat upon and being underneath the heap, so they go home. Suppose a fine-looking, stunning fellow came along and said to one of those girls: 'Come along and take me. I know every one everywhere; I'll take you to New York and introduce you to everybody worth knowing, and you'll have the best time that ever was. You never could make it by yourself—as it would take you a dog's age and tire you out of all patience. But if you come as my wife you'll walk right in and sit on the steps of McAllister's throne, and have Jack Astor for a foot-stool. You can ride a hucking bronco in the park, and lasso the huntsman on Long Island, and have a gold-nugget for the door-knob. They'll all say you're a beauty, because you're a Californian, and you'll be the go in two months. We'll pay the hills with your money, and he as jolly as sunflowers at dawn, and kick the old town in front of us like a foot-hall. Do you think she would refuse? *Pas si bête!*"

There are two novelists in Sasseti now—W. W. Astor and Mrs. Cruger. The latter has made a hit with her "Diplomat's Diary." The hook is clever—for a woman of fashion, wonderfully clever—and if the style were not disguised with a cutaneous eruption of foreign words and phrases, would be a hook of much elegance. There is a German diplomat for a hero, and a lovely, languid heroine, with wise eyes and the mouth of a girl of twenty. They have an *affaire* in St. Petersburg—quite a lively *affaire*—culminating in one burning, thrilling kiss, which makes them both see stars. At times the story grows quite wild and French, and at these intense moments the "delicate perfume of her hair floats out upon the ambient atmosphere." This is a blot on the hook, and it is strange that a woman of Mrs. Cruger's elegance would have introduced that mossy old relic of perfumed hair, which even Amélie Rives scorned. Perfumed hair is vulgar, and there is nothing vulgar about Mrs. Cruger's lovely American.

The authoress is supposed to have taken herself as the groundwork of Daphne. She, like the widow of Mr. Acton, was brought up in Paris, and only came to our country when she was a young woman. She, too, has had a brilliant and triumphant winter in St. Petersburg, where she worked up material for her story, and studied German diplomats and the effect upon them of the society of beautiful, alluring Americans. She can depict a life which is new among novelists, as she goes among the swellest people wherever she may be. In this country, of course, she is of the best, her mother baving been the favorite niece of Washington Irving.

In New York, Mrs. Cruger enjoys the distinction of being the best dressed and the most brilliant woman in society. She is not pretty—well-dressed women rarely are—but she has a great air of distinction and wears her clothes with originality. Her "manners grow on her like leaves upon a tree," as some one says somewhere of a pet heroine. In the matter of dress, she is a prophet and a seer, knowing what is going to come long before it makes its appearance. It was Mrs. Cruger who introduced feather-boas to New York, which is almost as great a claim to celebrity as the introducing of red sun-shades and the resurrecting of Louis Quinze heels by the Princesse de Sagan. She rather inclines to the French style herself, and, knowing her fame in these matters, we read the way she attires her heroine with hefting awe. Writing from a masculine point of view, she has to maintain a certain reserve on this delicate subject. If she told too much about Daphne's gowns, it would be a dead give-away.

Her brilliancy is as famous as her taste in clothes. She talks well and epigrammatically. All the Crugers themselves are very clever—clever and gay—and they generally contrive to marry people of the same kind. Accordingly, the family has not died down to soft heads and Lotharios, as old families have a way of doing, but is flourishing in high places all over Europe and the Eastern States.

NEW YORK, November 27, 1890.

VAN GRYSSE.

AN APPEAL TO AMERICAN WOMEN.

An appeal is being made to the women of the country to obtain contributions for the erection of a monument to Mary, the mother of Washington, by the National Mary Washington Memorial Association, which was chartered on February 22d last. The officers of the association include the foremost women of the land, and the work is being pushed in the various States by the following list of vice-presidents:

Mrs. Senator Blair, New Hampshire; Mrs. Governor Dillingham, Vermont; Mrs. Roger Wolcott, Massachusetts; Mrs. Burrows, Rhode Island; Mrs. Nicholas Beach, Connecticut; Mrs. Senator McPherson, New Jersey; Miss Charlotte Pendleton, Philadelphia; Mrs. Senator Gray, Delaware; Mrs. Mary Washington Keyser, Maryland; Mrs. Senator Faulkner, West Virginia; Mrs. Judge Goolrick, Virginia; Mrs. Senator Vance, North Carolina; Mrs. John W. Lewis, South Carolina; Miss Wheeler, Alabama; Mrs. Claudia B. Money, Mississippi; Mrs. J. Washington Story, Louisiana; Mrs. Senator Reagan, Texas; Mrs. Clifton R. Breckenridge, Arkansas; Mrs. Mary B. Washington, Tennessee; Mrs. D. Meade Massie, Ohio; Mrs. Senator Cockrell, Missouri; Mrs. James S. Clarkson, Iowa; Mrs. Lyman Trumbull, Illinois; Mrs. Senator Stewart, Nevada; Mrs. Senator Hearst, California; Mrs. Senator Dolph, Oregon; and Mrs. Senator Squire, Washington.

The vice-president for this State, Mrs. Senator Hearst, is taking active measures to further the plan, and is being ably assisted by Mrs. M. J. McDonald, the treasurer for California, to whom contributions may be sent at 1701 Gough Street, San Francisco. The object of the association is one that appeals to every man and woman in the country, and, as the officers for California are working for small contributions from the many rather than a few large ones, there is no doubt that our State will do her duty in this matter.

A young woman married and went to live at the country-residence of her husband. Her health was not good, and it was decided that she should spend a year in strict retirement. At the end of six months, however, she returned to town, declaring that so quiet a life was more than she could endure. It appears that during that time she had had thirty-seven different servants, one of whom was discharged for an attempt to set the house on fire while intoxicated, and one for an attempt to rob the plate-closet, while half-a-dozen more were sent away for violent quarrels in their part of the establishment. Her mother-in-law had been thrown from a carriage at the foot of the lawn and injured fatally; her sister-in-law had come to make a visit and had improved the opportunity to run away with a man whom she had been forbidden to marry. The time had further been broken in upon by visits from the six bridesmaids of the hostess, who invited them in pairs for two weeks each, and then asked a few men to meet them, lest it should be dull. A gale had blown down an oak so near the house that its branches dashed in the drawing-room windows, and the stables had been struck by lightning and burned to the ground. "And such a quiet life," the young lady said, concluding her account, "was too much for me."

MUSICAL NOTES.

A Steinway Hall Musicales.

The fourth of the series of *soirées musicales* given in Steinway Hall took place on Friday evening. A large number of the subscribers were present and enjoyed the following programme:

Trio, piano and strings, op. 4, allegro, adagio, finale, Goldmark, Miss Belle Walton, Mr. Hermann Brandt, Mr. Louis Heine; aria, cavatina, from "Les Huguenots," Meyerbeer, Fräulein Jacobine Wichmann; sonata, piano and viola, andante, Rubinstein, Mr. Hermann Brandt, Miss Ella Lawrie; aria, "Tannhäuser," Wagner, Miss Ella Lawrie; piano solo, (a) "Begrüssung der Halle," Chopin, op. 48, No. 1, Nozowski, Miss Ella Walton; duets, (a) "Beim Scheiden," Mendelssohn, (b) "Lied der Vögelin," Rubinstein, Miss Lena Spengler, Fräulein Jacobine Wichmann; quartet, E flat major, op. 12, Mendelssohn, allegro non tardando, canzonetta allegretto, andante espressivo, molto allegro vivace, Beethoven Quartet; accompanist, Miss Ella Lawrie.

The next *soirée musicale* will take place on Thursday, January 9th, 1891.

The Aus Der Ohe Recitals.

Miss Adele Aus Der Ohe gave a piano recital last Wednesday afternoon in Irving Hall before an appreciative audience and presented the following programme:

(a) Fantasia and fugue, C minor, Bach-Liszt, (b) rondo, A minor, Mozart; variations, series, Mendelssohn; (a) ballad, A flat (b) valse, C sharp minor, op. 64, No. 2 (c) nocturne, C minor, op. 48, No. 1 (d) polonaise, A flat, op. 53, Chopin; (a) "Gaumenreigen" (b) "Rhapsodie Hongroise," Liszt.

Her farewell recital will be given in Irving Hall this (Saturday) afternoon at three o'clock. The programme will be as follows:

Sonata, E flat, op. 31, No. 3, Beethoven, allegro, scherzo, menuetto, presto con fuoco; (a) presto, Mendelssohn, (b) mazurka, A minor, (c) nocturne, C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 1, Chopin, (d) valse, A flat, from "Le Bal," Rubinstein; fantasia, op. 17, Schumann; (a) "In the Woods," (b) "Tarantelle," Liszt.

In the recent contest between local composers, the first prize has been awarded to Harry Falkenau, for a gavotte, entitled "Roses, Music, and Love." It has been published by one of the local music-houses, and is now on sale.

The San Francisco Grand Conservatory of Music, E. S. Bonelli, director, will give its regular monthly recital next Friday afternoon in Irving Hall. An excellent programme has been prepared.

The entertainment given for the benefit of Mr. Walter M. Leman, last Monday evening, was a success, socially, artistically, and financially. Fully one thousand dollars was cleared above all expenses. To thank his friends and to set at rest certain rumors which are more painful to him than to any one else, Mr. Leman desires us to publish the following card:

The subscriber desires to thank the press, the public, and the artists who so generously assisted him on his birthday anniversary, and to correct the impression that any assistance was rendered to him from any other consideration than personal good feeling and regard.

WALTER M. LEMAN.
SAN FRANCISCO, December 3, 1890.

Mrs. Sarah Cowell le Moyne will give a farewell reading, under the auspices of a number of prominent ladies, at Irving Hall this (Saturday) evening for the benefit of the Home for Friendless Girls. The programme will include two scenes from "In a Balcony."

Mr. William M. Pierson, whose two earlier lectures on astronomy were well received, will talk about "The Moon and the Stars" at the First Presbyterian Church next Thursday evening. The entertainment is given for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society.

CHRISTMAS, 1890

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BLUE BOOK

The San Francisco Blue Book and Pacific Coast Elite Directory for 1890, to be issued about December 1st, contains about 6,000 selected names and addresses of the more prominent people of San Francisco, and the Pacific Coast. The only book of the kind published. Invaluable for reference both in the domestic circle and business office. Published at \$2.50, by

THE BANCROFT COMPANY

721 MARKET STREET, S. F.

VANITY FAIR.

On an Old Fashion Book.

How grim and sadly out of place you look,
Among these scions of a latter age;
How stout, though worn, your binding, too, Old Book;
How richly tint by Time each mellow page!
More than a hundred years you've seen, all told,
Since bound in leather, and picked out with gold.

You fearlessly proclaimed, to Fashion's fair,
The rules which governed fast the toilet's charms—
The clinging skirts; the primly curling hair;
The waist that ended just beneath the arms,
And left these dainty damsels tall and slim,
For shortened waist adds much to length of limb.

"Saracen or crane" shall form my lady's gown,
"A girdle with a clasp" her zone be seen;
Her "sleeves of love and lace striped up and down,
A bonnet Scots, and shoes of colored jean";
All this, and more, upon the yellowed page
We read, past-mistress of another age.

What wondrous tales of lords and ladies high,
Vignettes of dames, severe, and proud, and cold;
Her Grace of Bolton, with an eagle eye
And haughty mien, I've pondered oft of old,
Wherefore was given—'twill never now be known—
Excess of nose and surplus collar-bone.

What woman's fancy shaped your course, Old Book,
From courtly England, far across the sea?
What hand of Fate did take you from your nook
In haken hall or guarded library,
To bring you here, no doubt a welcome guest,
And rare, approved, consulted, and caressed?

How very grand you must have been—not gay—
For leather has a dignity its own:
And how your owner prized you, in her day,
When books were scarce, not so familiar grown
As in these times, with gilt and binding cheap,
And coverings of paper, not of sheep.

Yet here, in goodly company, you are,
With Emerson and Bryant, Keats and Poe—
These children of our century, by far
Your juniors—Whitier and Longfellow.
To-day—how fine, and grand, and gay they look;
And you—how worn and out of place, Old Book.

—S. Elgar Benet in December Century.

The really well-dressed and smart woman is she who looks attractive on a rainy day. When the skies are fair and pavements dry, any one can put on a fresh gown and becoming bonnet and look stylish and smart, but when skies are murky and breezes mischievous, when bangs will straighten and cars never stop on a crossing, but in a puddle just beyond, then it is the women of genius only who look anything but frowzy and sodden. The average woman puts on her oldest gown, tagged out at the bottom, worn in the seams, generally demoralized as to drapery and trimming; her oldest gloves, soiled and buttonless; a hat that slips aside in the wind and gives her a crazy, out-all-night appearance; and a gossamer waterproof that fills with air as she walks, and makes the slimmest and straightest of her species look like an animated bogshead on a bender. The smart woman has a rainy-day gown of some imperishable material, which defies dampness and mud alike, and that dress is rather short and as snug and sleek and smooth as a tin-soldier's jacket. Nothing to flutter or fly in the wind, nothing to trail and dip as she just lifts the whole arrangement with a single touch of her hand at a crossing. A close, little hat, with no fore-and-aft sails of ribbon to catch the wind; no plumes to straighten and droop in the rain; and a veil securely tied to keep the bang in place. The smart girl's gloves are of dark, heavy leather, neatly fitting, carefully fastened; her boots, a shade more natty and trim than they would be on a fair day, when she would not need to pick up her gown at every crossing; and the favorite choice in a coat seems to be some kind of a sraggy, short, little covert coat or reefer that rain does not affect. The English mackintosh, or woolen ulster, and the brilliant tartan-silk waterproof are all less favored by the smart girl than the coat, for any kind of a long garment is apt to sweep up cross-walks and mop off car-steps, to deposit the refuse on one's boots. Another point to be noticed is that the smart girl does not carry a package of any kind, keeps her change in the pocket of her jacket, and thus has one hand free to lift her skirt from the walk, the other to carry the swell umbrella that completes her toilet. And the contrast between her and the tired, dripping woman in the wrong kind of garments, with her budgets and bundles, her muddy gown, disheveled tresses, and her general look of discomfort, like a chicken in the rain, would be amusing if it were not touching.

An English journal has been discussing the question, "Ought a married woman to visit the theatre attended only by a gentleman friend of the family?" The consensus of opinion among the numerous correspondents of the journal who have rushed into print over the question seems to be that she ought not. Undoubtedly this decision is the correct one and one which obtains generally on this side of the water. There are, of course, exceptional cases and exceptional occasions where a married woman may with perfect propriety accept the escort of some gentleman other than her husband or near relative, but not many. Few wives and fewer husbands would care to make the custom habitual.

"A cynical bachelor of thirty-four years, with a Roman nose and a mustache that is bald in the middle," writes the New York Tribune to protest from the depths of a depopulated pocket-book against the iniquitous wedding-present system now in vogue in polite society. "I am not married," he says; "I am that rare creature who is waiting until he is rich enough to marry without sending out wedding circulars which practically invite one's entire circle of relatives and acquaintances to contribute to one's support. I feel rather bitterly on this subject,

because of my experience, which, as far as it refers to this year, I venture to lay before you. In January, I received a note from a classmate, dear to me in years gone by, announcing that his long engagement would end on the twenty-fifth, and suggesting my congratulations. I congratulated him with a fish-service at a cost of \$20 and \$1.40 for packing and express. I had scarcely recovered my financial breath when a square, pink missive informed me that a girl friend of my youth was about to jump into the holy bonds, and out went a piano-lamp to facilitate the leap. About this time spring began to break, and, as Tennyson justly intimates, the wedding business grew brisk. Here is my record:

April 7—Cut-glass bowl.....	\$14.00
April 24—Soup-ladle.....	12.00
May 9—Gongaw for centre-table.....	10.00
May 16—Silver salad-sbowl.....	12.00
May 29—Individual butter-dishes.....	21.00
June 12—After-dinner coffees.....	16.00
June 20—Ice-cream trowel.....	10.00
June 28—Oxydized standard lamp (bargain-counter; one of the legs defective, but not noticed).....	22.43
July 13—Screen.....	13.00
July 13—Packing same.....	2.12
August 4—Japanese screen (azure background, with nine impossible birds crowding on all sail for a three-inch tree).....	6.00
August 27—Silver gravy-boat.....	16.00
September 3—Silver 'What is It?' (good for candy or tobacco).....	11.50
September 24—Etching.....	17.00
October 9—Silver slop-bowl, initials in bottom.....	14.00
Total cost.....	\$197 05

"January 1st, I had in a savings bank the sum of \$400. I presume the difference between that amount and the cost of the presents is there yet, as I certainly have not bad time to spend anything on myself. Last week I received another invitation. I sent this answer by return mail: 'Hearty congratulations. Herewith please find my blessing pinned to a card. There's no express charge on it, and it won't do you any harm to have duplicates.' As yet the usual gushing acknowledgment is lacking. Seems to be always room for the material presents, but the house is too crowded to tack up a plain, dowdy, old-fashioned blessing. I had a friend, not long ago, who 'struck it rich' in the matrimonial speculation. She received 391 presents and \$2,474.40 in money. There were fourteen butter-knives, eleven dozen silver spoons, nine bonbon-dishes, and tweezers, sbovels, trowels, and bric-a-brac ad lib. A good share of these tenderly appreciated tokens were hurried right around to a duplicate-present repository, and two of them were in that window yesterday. Is marriage grown a speculation, Mr. Editor, to beat one's friends out of a few dollars? There seem to be two solutions of this serious and important problem: let the single men and women realize promptly that this giving, giving, is rank injustice; and then let some well-known society man or woman, who is not married and is not going to be, start a 'Present Bee,' sending out a couple of thousand bandsomely engraved invitations. The other solution is simply the extension of the pass system. When the invitation list is made up, let the bride and bridegroom make up a 'free list' also, and inclose to those favored few a handsomely engraved card something like this:

BLINKER-JINKS WEDDING,

November 10, 1890.

This permits the bearer, Mr. —, to attend the wedding and reception without having made the slightest present or acknowledgment, and guarantees every attention and courtesy accorded to the heaviest givers. Good for this day and date only. BEST MAN.

"I know that many sentimental old ladies upon reading this will murmur something about a willingness to help start the dear young things in nests of their own. That is all very well; I have helped to start sixteen, and I am no longer in the nest business."

The small city of Trier has been the scene of a hot dispute recently as to the propriety of lawn-tennis for young German women. The debates that shook the good society of the community were held in the city council concerning a petition of the young women that they be allowed to stretch their nets in the park. The granting of the petition was opposed by the clergy in a body, who, in the final discussion, were represented by Attorney Müller. "It is bad enough," concluded the lawyer, "that the young women of the period wear pointed and high-heeled boots, skate with men, and make a practice of many other equally improper amusements. Lawn-tennis, however, is much more free and shameless than any of them. The playing of it by women should be forbidden, especially the playing of it in places where spectators might gather." The city councilors who believed in lawn-tennis, represented to Herr Müller and the preachers behind him in vain that no young woman of Trier would be compelled by law to play tennis in the park, even if the petition should be granted. He only responded that "tennis might do for the emancipated Americans and strong-minded English women, but was not proper for German girls." The city council eventually passed a resolution to grant the petition by a vote of ten to seven, and now the nets of Trier's maidenhood are stretched daily in the park.

—GO TO L. B. CUMMINGS, 138 MONTGOMERY Street, for Holiday Presents, Watches, Jewelry, etc.

—IF YOUR DRUGGIST DOES NOT KEEP HOLMES'S Fragrant Frostilla, insist on his getting it.

CHRISTMAS

MDCCCXC.

WILLIAM DOXEY'S STOCK OF
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"Ranch and Mission Life in Alta California," by Guadalupe Vallejo.

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"A Conscript's Christmas," by Joel Chandler Harris,
"A Pair of Old Boys," by Maurice Thompson.

Beginning of a Three-part Story of Life in a Kentucky Convent,
"SISTER DOLOROSA," By JAMES LANE ALLEN.

A GROUP OF CHILD-POEMS, By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY,
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AN AMERICAN IN TIBET.

Chapters of the Illustrated Novelette by F. Hopkinson Smith,
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"Some Views on Acting," by Tommaso Salvini;

"Can a Nation have a Religion?" by Lyman Abbott;

"Laurels of the American Tar in 1812" (illustrated);

"The Record of Virtue,"—a novel experiment;

Poems by Austin Dobson, Lathrop and others;

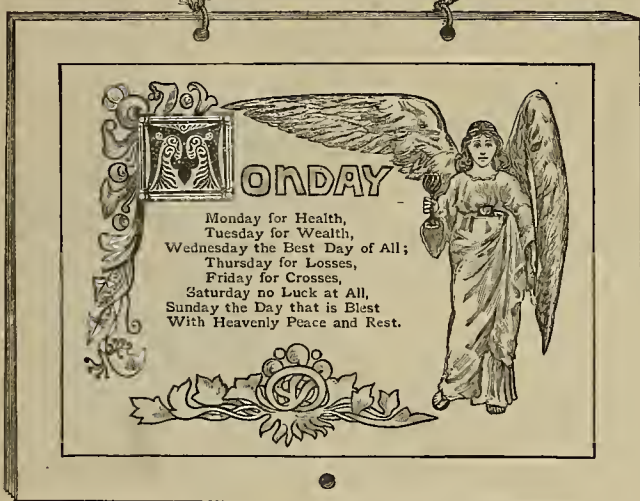
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For 1891.



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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Dr. Greenfell Baker, who was physician to the late Sir Richard Burton, is engaged on a biography of the distinguished traveler.

"Why do American Girls Wish to Marry Abroad?" is the question which Mrs. John Sherwood will discuss in the next number of *Harper's Bazar*.

It is probable that Dr. Henry M. Field's next book of travel will be a description of the north coast of Africa from Tangier, in Morocco, eastward to Tunis.

Mrs. Cruger's new story of New York society, "A Successful Man," will be issued soon in book-form. Six editions of her "Diplomat's Diary" have been printed.

A new serial by Thomas Hardy, entitled "A Group of Noble Dames," will be published in *Harper's Weekly*, beginning with the number issued on November 26th.

Laurence Hutton's "Curiosities of the American Stage," announced by Harper & Brothers, comprises a series of chapters from the annals of the American theatre, enriched by a number of portraits.

The *Nation* says:

"The *Critic* has obtained, by a small post-office ballot, a list of forty favorite American women authors. It is to be noted that some of the names on the list were evidently selected on other than literary grounds, and the result of the balloting has on the whole a rather boarding-school flavor."

Twenty-four portraits will accompany the text of Mr. William Winter's forthcoming volume dealing with the career upon the stage of Miss Ada Rehan. It is said that the book may be called "A Queen of Comedy."

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, which will be ready for publication soon, deals with the aspirations of a working-man after culture. She is said to have derived some of her ideas from a reading of the life of Robert Chambers.

Eugene Field's various volumes of prose and verse are the first publications of the new firm of James R. Osgood, McIlvane & Co., of London. Mr. Field is said to have destroyed the plates of "Culture's Garland," one of his earlier books.

Bismarck is reported to be engaged on a biography of the late Emperor William. The present emperor is said to contemplate its publication with particular interest and to have an intention of supervising it. Bismarck is also at work on his autobiography.

Macmillan & Co. have in press "A Dictionary of Classical Mythology, Religion, Literature, Art, and Antiquities," revised and edited from the German of Dr. Seyffert by H. Nettleship and J. E. Sandys. The work will contain nearly five hundred illustrations.

Miss Susie C. Clark writes to us, objecting to the imputation in our notice of her book, "The Round Trip," that it is an advertisement of a firm of railway excursionists. She states that her book is not an advertisement and that she has never traveled on a pass.

It is promised that the late M. Chatrion's "Literary Diary" will soon be published. It is described as consisting of extracts from his reading, extending over many years, with comments on authors' styles and the character of their genius. M. Chatrion left a large number of letters.

"A Christmas Carol"—words by Margaret E. Sangster, and music by Richard Henry Warren—is among the attractions offered in *Harper's Young People* for November 25th. Edgar A. Poe, captain of the Princeton College Eleven, writes about "Football" for the same number.

The late Sir Richard Burton, during the past year, had been engaged on an unexpurgated edition of the poems of some of the obscure Greek and Roman writers. He had a large collection of these works. A similar edition of the "Golden Ass" of Apuleius, for private circulation, he also had in contemplation.

An illustrated calendar, attractive in design, is issued this year by the *Youth's Companion* as the medium for its annual announcements. Among the writers for the year are Lord Coleridge, Lord Lorne, J. Norman Lockyer, President Seth Low, Admiral Porter, Mme. Albani, Walter Besant, and Max O'Rell.

Among the compliments received by Oliver Wendell Holmes on his recent birthday anniversary was a telegram on which he was required to pay ninety cents. "I am much obliged to him for his good wishes," said the autocrat, as he laid the message on his desk, "but I wish he had paid for them in advance."

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher's "Reminiscences" of her late husband, which she is now writing, has been purchased by the *Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia, and the articles will shortly begin in that periodical. The series will have for its title "Mr. Beecher as I Knew Him," and will cover the entire period of his fifty-seven years of married life.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin is the guest of Sir Charles and Lady Nevill at Bramall Hall in Cheshire,

one of the oldest and most interesting houses in England. She will return to America some time during the present month and spend the spring and summer in San Francisco. Her last book, "Timothy's Quest," is just from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Theodore Roosevelt will retail stories told at a ranch fireside, U. S. C. House will tell of snuggling over the Canadian line, Herbert D. Ward will contribute a yachting story, Palmer F. Jadin will relate adventures on a "prairie catamaran" in the Far North-West, and Charlotte H. Smith will describe wintering in a dug-out, in the *Youth's Companion* next year.

Henry Spencer Lucy, of Charleotte Park, near Stratford-on-Avon, whose death is made known, was the representative of that Lucy family which is known to most students of Shakespeare. It was Sir Thomas Lucy who prosecuted the poet, and whom the poet lampooned as Justice Sallow. The family has been connected with the same parish of Charleotte since the close of the twelfth century.

The fourth volume of "The Century Dictionary" has just been issued, containing the letters *m* to *p* inclusive, and it is expected that the two remaining volumes will be issued by next summer. It has been found necessary to increase the limit of pages from six thousand five hundred to seven thousand, and the number of words will probably exceed the two hundred thousand first projected by twenty-five thousand.

"Strolls by Starlight and Sunshine" is a new volume written and illustrated by William Hamilton Gibson, to be published immediately by Harper & Bros. Under the title of "Curiosities of the American Stage," Laurence Hutton has written a history of our native drama since the revolution. The work, which is handsomely illustrated and contains portraits of many distinguished actors and actresses on the American stage, is published by the same house.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for December contains:

The first of a series of articles on the Development of American Industries since Columbus—"First Steps in Iron-Making," by W. F. Durfee; "What shall we do with the 'Dago'?" by Appleton Morgan; "The Identity of Light and Electricity," by Dr. Hertz; "Defenses of Burrowing Spiders," by Rev. Dr. Henry C. McCook; "The Pororoca, or Bore, of the Amazon," by John C. Branner; "Architecture and the Environment," by Barr Ferree; "What is Individualism?" by M. Handfield-Jones, M. D.; "The Experience of a Diver," by Professor Hermann Fol; and other articles of value and interest.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just published "Over the Tea-Cups," by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "Walford," a new novel of life in a New England manufacturing town, by Ellen Olney Kirk; and a new edition of her book "Queen Money"; "Timothy's Quest," a story for young people, by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "Essays in Philosophy," by Professor William Knight, of St. Andrews, Scotland; and "A Legislative Handbook," relating to the preparation of statutes, by Ashton R. Willard.

The *December Century* contains:

General Bidwell's account of "Life in California Before the Gold Discovery," also "Ranch and Mission Days in Alta California"; Charles Henry Hart's paper on "Franklin in Allegory"; stories by Joel Chandler Harris, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps—"Fourteen to One" (a true story); Richard Harding Davis, and Maurice Thompson—"A Pair of Old Boys"; F. Hopkinson Smith's "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," continued; and "Sister Dolorosa," a three-part story, by James Lane Allen, begun. His views on acting by Tommaso Salvini; Mr. Macmillan's "Laurels of the American Tar in 1812," and the second of Mr. Kockhill's series on Tibet. The poetry of the number is by James Whitcomb Riley, Austin Dobson, Celia Thaxter, and George Parsons Lathrop. Further topics treated are "Trees in America," "The Railway Zone," "Hungary," "Higher Education: A Word to Women," the latter an open letter by Miss Josephine Lazarus.

The French authorities over public instruction have decreed that candidates of both sexes for diplomas shall have the literature of the nineteenth century substituted in their curriculum in place of Montaigne and Chateaubriand. Thiers, Michelet, and Victor Hugo are to be taken up, and even Alfred de Musset, which latter introduction has given rise to considerable discussion. Professors who have to instruct candidates for educational appointments will "exclude from their classes everything in contemporary literature which savors of seeking after effect, sophistry, and feeble and unhealthy pretentiousness. They will banish all books of a tendency toward sarcasm or skepticism."

D. Appleton & Co. announce the following among their holiday list of new books:

"Widow Guthrie," a novel, by Richard Malcolm Johnston, illustrated by E. W. Kemble. "Crowded out of Crofield," by William O. Stoddard, illustrated by C. T. Hill. "King Tom and the Runaways," by Louis Pendleton, illustrated by E. W. Kemble. "The Log School-House on the Columbia," a tale of the pioneers of the great North-West, by Ezekiah Butterworth, author of "Zig-Zag Journeys," illustrated. "Little Jarvis," by Molly Elliot Seawell, illustrated by J. O. Davidson and George Wharton Edwards; the story of the heroic midshipman of the frigate *Constellation*. "The Life of an Artist," a charming autobiography, by Jules Breton, translated by Mrs. Mary J. Serrano. "A Social Departure; How Orthodoxy and I went round the World by Ourselves," by Sara Jeannette Duncan, with one hundred and eleven illustrations. "Outings at Odd Times," by Dr. Charles C. Abbott, author of "Days out of Doors" and "A Naturalist's Rambles about Home." "Through Magic Glasses," by Arabella B. Buckley, author of "The Fairy-Land of Science," etc. "The Household History of the United States and its People: for Young Americans," by Edward Eggleston, richly illustrated with three hundred and fifty drawings, seventy-five maps, etc.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Lessons in the Science of the Infinite Spirit and the Christ Method of Healing," by M. E. Cranier, has been published by the author, San Francisco; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.75.

"Dollikins and the Miser," by Frances Eaton, is a story for children, telling of a little girl's influence on a crabbed nature. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.50.

"The New Method," by W. E. Forest, B. S., M. D., advocates the observance of hygienic rules and flushing the sewers of the human system rather than the use of drugs in a number of disorders of which dyspepsia is a type. Published by M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

Charles A. L. Totten has undertaken to "vindicate the ways of God to man," and has published, under the title "Joshua's Long Day and the Dial of Ahaz," what he considers a scientific vindication of the "two most disputed passages in the Bible." Published by Our Race Publishing Company, New Haven; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, 75 cents.

"The World's Desire," the joint product of that strange pair, Andrew Lang and H. Rider Haggard, has been issued in the Franklin Square Library. There is much more Haggard than Lang in it. The scene is laid in Egypt, and among the personages are Ulysses and Helen of Troy. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 35 cents.

"The World-Energy and its Self-Conservation," by William M. Bryant, is a consideration of "man's place in nature," which the author concludes is his relation as a thinking (and, therefore, indestructible) agent to the ultimate reason, which constitutes all that is of the reality we call "Nature." The book is thoroughly indexed. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, \$1.25.

A revised and enlarged edition has been issued of "A Manual of Nervous Diseases" by A. B. Arnold, M. D., who was president of the section of general medicine at the Ninth International Congress. It is a book for laymen as well as for the medical profession, using as little purely technical language as is compatible with scientific accuracy of statement. Published by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco; for sale by the booksellers.

Dr. Charles C. Abbott has added another to his little list of books on nature and the life of the fields. It is called "Outings at Odd Times," and contains a number of essays, grouped under the four seasons of the year. Dr. Abbott is in closest sympathy with his subject, and is a trained observer and polished writer, and his books seem to exhale the freshness of the fields. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson.

The Brooklyn Ethical Association has already published one volume of the lectures delivered before the society under the title of "Evolution." The present volume contains the lectures on a more popular subject—sociology—and contains lectures from every point of view by such men as Dr. Lewis G. James, Professor Rufus Sheldon, Hugh O. Pentecost, and Professor John Fiske. Published by James H. West, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$2.00.

From George P. Putnam's chronological tables, the principal events have been extracted and made into compact tables under the name of "Tabular Views of Universal History." The tables have been continued to date by Lynde E. Jones. The later tables show imperfect discrimination as to events of historical importance, but the book will be found convenient for reference. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson.

One of the newer methods of studying the literature of a country is to view it in connection with the growth of the nation. An understanding of the work of an author can not be gained without keeping in view the life by which he was surrounded. Students of literature from this point of view will be greatly aided by Alfred H. Welsh's "Digest of English and American Literature." It is really a chronological table of literature arranged side by side with important events, rather than a digest. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, \$1.50.

The twenty-fifth volume of Alden's "Manifold Cyclopædia," which has just been issued, comprises entries ranging from *Montenegro* to *Neutrals*. The work of compilation has been intrusted to competent authorities in all branches of knowledge, and the resulting series of volumes will be a great boon to those who have not a large reference library; it includes the specialties of the various technical encyclopædias as well as the contents of the standard works, and is both cheap and of convenient form. Published and for sale (post-paid) by John B. Alden, New York; price: cloth, 75 cents; half-morocco, \$1.00.

"The Demagogue," by David R. Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby"), is a novel of American politics.

Caleb Mason is the son of ignorance and poverty, his parents being on an intellectual par with the "crackers" of Georgia, but he has great ambition, considerable ability, and an indomitable will. He is as unfettered by moral scruples as was Napoleon; but the American character is not given to hero-worshiping so blindly, and Mason's criminal acts in time bring about his ruin. The story is an interesting one, the central character is strongly drawn, and the methods of "practical politics" are dissected and described by one who knows them well. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, \$1.50.

The fourth part of Volume IV. of the Papers of the American Historical Association contains a number of interesting papers. First on the list is "Materials for the History of the Government of the Southern Confederacy," a study of a branch of constitutional history that is just beginning to attract considerable attention, and is full of interest. "Kentucky's Struggle for Autonomy, 1784-92," and the "Ballot in Connecticut," are on more familiar subjects, but well treated. "Economic and Social History of New England" is by William B. Weedon, whose admirable history in two volumes with the same title has recently been published, and summarizes well the conclusions of that work. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.00.

"The Physiology of Bodily Exercise," by Fernand Legrange, M. D., is the latest volume issued in the International Scientific Series. The subject is considered under six heads, viz: "Muscular Work," in which are described the organs of movement, movement itself, heat, and combustion; "Fatigue," subdivided into local fatigue, breathlessness, stiffness, exhaustion, the theory of fatigue, and repose; "Habituation to Work," discussing training, the power to resist fatigue, and the modification of organs, and of functions of the tissues by work; "The Different Exercises," classifying them and explaining their mechanism; "The Results of Exercise," in general and locally; and "The Office of the Brain in Exercise," the subdivisions of which are overwork in schools, mental and physical exercise, excitomotor work, work of latent stimulation, the work of coördination in exercise, and automatism in exercise. From this brief summary of the book's contents, it will be seen that the volume is at once scientific and yet intended chiefly for the general public—especially, it may be added, for the public which works with its brain and is prone to let the body get as little exercise as it can get along with. It explains what bodily movement is, how it is effected, and what it does locally and for the general physical health and mental activity. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.75.

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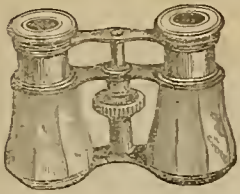
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As the steamer wears to sea
In a parting storm of cheers.
Sing, for faith and hope are high—
None so true as you and I—
Sing the Lovers' Litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"

Eyes of black—a throbbing keel,
Milky foam to left and right;
Whispered converse near the wheel
In the brilliant tropic night.
Cross that rules the Southern sky!
Stars that sweep and wheel and fly,
Hear the Lovers' Litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"

Eyes of brown—a dusty plain
Split and parched with heat of June,
Flying hoof and tightened rein,
Hearts that beat the old, old tune.
Side by side the horses fly,
Frame we now the old reply
Of the Lovers' Litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"

Eyes of blue—the Simla Hills
Silvered with the moonlight hoar;
Pleading of the waltz that thrills,
Dies and echoes round Benmore,
"Mabel," "Officers," "Good-by,"
Glamour, wine, and witchery—
On my soul's sincerity,
"Love like ours can never die!"

Maidens, of your charity,
Pity my most luckless state.
Four times Cupid's debtor I—
Bankrupt in quadruplicate,
Yet, despite this evil case,
An maiden showed me grace,
Four-and-forty times would I
Sing the Lovers' Litany:
"Love like ours can never die!"
—Rudyard Kipling in Cornhill.

To a Friend across the Sea. (w. c.)

But once or twice we met, touched hands.
To-day between us both expands
A waste of tumbling waters wide,
A waste by me as yet undred,
Vague with the doubt of unknown lands.
Time like a desert speeds his sands:
A year he blots, a day he brands;
We walked, we talked by Thames' side
But once or twice.

What makes a friend? What filmy strands
Are these that turn to iron bands?
What knot is this so firmly tied
That naught but fate can now divide?
Ah, these are things one understands
But once or twice!
—Austin Dobson in December Century.

Marthy Virginia's Hand.

"There, on the left!" said the colonel; the battle had shuddered and faded away,
Wraith of a fiery enchantment that left only ashes and blood-sprinkled clay—
"Ride to the left and examine that ridge, where the enemy's sharpshooters stood.
Lord, how they picked off our men, from the treacherous vantage-ground of the wood!
But for their bullets, I'll bet, my batteries sent them something as good.
Go and explore, and report to me then, and tell me how many we killed.
Never a wink shall I sleep till I know our vengeance was fulfilled!"
Fiercely the orderly rode down the slope of the corn-field—
scathed and forlorn,
Rutted by violent wheels, and scathed by the shot that had plowed it in scorn;
Fiercely, and burning with wrath for the sight of his comrades crushed at a blow,
Flung in broken shapes on the ground like ruined memorials of war:
These were the men whom at daybreak he knew, but never again could know,
Thence to the ridge, where roots outthrust, and twisted branches of trees
Clutched the hill like clawing lions, firm their prey to seize.
"What's your report?"—and the grim colonel smiled when the orderly came hack at last.
Strangely the soldier paused: "Well, they were punished."
And strangely his face looked, agast.
"Yes, our fire told on them; knocked over fifty—laid out in line of parade.
Brave fellows, colonel, to stay as they did! But one I most wish hadn't stayed.
Mortally wounded, he'd torn off his knapsack; and then, at the end, he prayed—
Easy to see, by his hands that were clasped; and the dull, dead fingers yet held
This little letter—his wife's—from the knapsack. A pity those woods were shelled!"

Silent the orderly, watching with tears in his eyes as his officer scanned
Four short pages of writing. "What's this, about 'Marthy Virginia's hand'?"
Swift from his honey-moon he, the dead soldier, had gone from his bride to the strife;
Never they met again, but she had written him, telling of that new life,
Born in the daughter, that bound her still closer and closer to him as his wife.
Laying her baby's hand down on the letter, around it she traced a rude line:
"If you would kiss the baby," she wrote, "you must kiss this outline of mine."
There was the shape of the hand on the page, with the small, chubby fingers outspread,
"Marthy Virginia's hand, for her pa"—so the words on the little palm said.
Never a wink slept the colonel that night, for the vengeance so blindly fulfilled,
Never again woke the old battle-glow when the bullets their death-note shrilled.
Long ago ended the struggle, in union of brotherhood happily stilled;
Yet from that field of Antietam, in warning and token of love's command,
See! there is lifted the hand of a baby—Marthy Virginia's hand!
—George Parsons Lathrop in December Century.

—LADIES' PRIVATE GYMNASIUM, 2426 AND 2428 California Street, Professor Smyth, teacher. Military drill, fencing, and all other physical-culture exercises. Morning, afternoon, and evening classes. Terms, ten dollars per quarter (twenty-six lessons). Apply at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, 427 Sutter Street, where costumes of ladies' cloth may be ordered at three dollars and a half.

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SOCIETY.

The Friday Night Club.

The first meeting of the Friday Night Club, which took place Friday evening, November 28th, served as a general opening of the season in society, and brought to prominence a number of pretty debutantes. The decoration of the hall, though not elaborate, was tasteful, comprising hanging draperies and streamers of light-tinted material and the national colors, pendant Japanese balloons and lanterns, and an array of potted plants and chrysanthemums on the stage.

The ball was commenced at nine o'clock with the cotillion, four figures being danced. As most of the members of the new club belonged to the Bacchellers' Cotillion Club of former seasons they were familiar with the figures, consequently there was a noticeable absence of confusion and the german progressed smoothly. Mr. Edward M. Greenway, manager of the club, was the efficient leader. At half-past eleven o'clock all marched to the commodious supper-room down-stairs, where there was ample room to accommodate every one at small tables. The supper was elaborate, and the service excellent. Afterward the ball-room was sought, and an hour was devoted to general dancing.

Those who danced in the first set were:

Mr. E. M. Greenway, Miss Bessie Hooker, Mr. A. H. Small, Miss Jessie Coleman, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mrs. W. E. Collier, Mr. Henry Redington, Miss Jennie Sanderson, Mr. Herbert Carolan, Miss Minnie Houghton, Mr. John O. Blanchard, Miss Claire Ralston, Mr. Frank D. Madison, Miss May Holbrook, Mr. S. H. Boardman, Miss Sallie Maynard, Mr. Harry Holbrook, Miss Alice Hobart, Lieutenant L. H. Strother, U. S. A., Miss Daisy Casserly, Lieutenant S. O. Cloman, U. S. A., Miss Kate Voorhies, Lieutenant Pounstone, U. S. A., and Miss Millie Ashe.

The debutantes of the evening comprised:

Miss Butler, of Philadelphia, Miss Eells, Miss Lulu Fargo, Miss Hattie Belle Goad, Miss Alice Hobart, Miss May Hoffman, Miss May Holbrook, Miss Mamie McMullin, Miss Myra Nickerson, Miss Porteous, Miss Ethel Smith, Miss Helen Smith, and Miss Anita Whitney.

The Castle High Tea.

The high tea which was given by Mrs. F. L. Castle and the Misses Eva, Blanche, and Hilda Castle, was a particularly pleasant affair. It took place on Saturday, November 29th, at their residence, on the corner of Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street, and the bours were from four until nine o'clock. There were several hundred callers, and in receiving them the hostesses had the assistance of Mrs. Walter M. Castle and Miss Wolfe, who is here on a visit from Europe.

Much taste had been displayed in the decoration of the residence, and every apartment was beautified by fragrant blossoms of bright coloring. The piazza, which was canvased in, made a cool retreat where a quiet tête-à-tête could be enjoyed under the dim light of hanging lanterns. A string orchestra was in attendance and gave concert selections up to eight o'clock, and after that dance music was played for those who desired it. Three large apartments were devoted to the service of refreshments. Such excellent entertainment was provided that it was fully midnight before the last guest had left the scene of pleasure and festivity.

Notes and Gossip.

The grand annual charity ball of the Women's Exchange, which takes place next Friday evening in Pioneer Hall, is being looked forward to with much interest by society people, and it is now fully evident that it will be a notable success. The sale of tickets has been most encouraging, and all of the preliminary arrangements have been satisfactorily settled. The reception committee comprises: Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. George Hearst, Mrs. David Bixler, Mrs. M. Castle, Mrs. J. Curry, Mrs. Block, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer, Mrs. W. M. Bunker, Mrs. W. L. Brown, Mrs. Louis Sloss, and Mrs. Sands W. Forman. Miss Mamie Burling, Miss Laura McKinstry, and Miss Wethered have charge of the decorations, and Mrs. I. W. Kersey will superintend the placing of the stage decorations, which the park commissioners will kindly supply. The floor committee includes Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., Mr. George A. Newhall, Lieutenant H. H. Coffin, U. S. A., Lieutenant H. C. Cabell, Jr., U. S. A., Lieutenant J. D. Miley, U. S. A., and Lieutenant H. C. Poundstone, U. S. N. The tickets are only three dollars each, including an excellent supper, and they may be obtained at the Women's Exchange, from any of the lady managers, and at the leading hotels.

The first party of the "Club of '90" will be held at the residence of Mrs. H. Albert Mau, 2215 Broadway, on Tuesday evening, December 9th.

The wedding of Miss Marguerite Bucknall and Mr. William Harvey Jardine will take place next Wednesday noon at the residence of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. George J. Bucknall, 1121 Laguna Street.

The Friday Night Club will hold its second meeting on Friday evening, December 19th.

Miss Frances Cowles, daughter of the late Judge Samuel Cowles and sister of Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, will be married to Mr. A. Shreve Badger, of Chicago, at the residence of the young lady's mother, in this city, on Wednesday, December 17th. The groom is now en route from Chicago, with a number of friends to attend the wedding.

Mrs. Louis F. Montague will give a matinée tea

to-day (Saturday) at her residence on Jackson Street.

The York Club will give its regular monthly party next Wednesday evening.

A high tea will be given to-day (Saturday) by Mrs. A. H. Voorhies and the Misses Marie and Kate Voorhies at their residence on California Street.

The wedding of Miss Aleece Uhlhorn and Mr. William Van Bergen took place at the St. Markus Church on Geary Street, on Saturday afternoon, November 29th. Rev. Dr. Buehler officiated, Mr. George Van Bergen acted as best man, and Mr. John Craig gave the bride away. Mr. and Mrs. Van Bergen left the city after the wedding for a brief southern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. William Macdonald will celebrate their silver wedding this (Saturday) evening at their residence, 2219 Scott Street.

Mrs. Alexander Badlam gave a delightful pink dinner-party on Thanksgiving evening at her residence on Franklin Street. Covers were laid for eighteen.

A musical fête will be given for the benefit of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union at Odd Fellows' Hall next Wednesday and Thursday evenings. On each evening tableaux and characteristic dances of many lands will be presented, with songs by a number of well-known amateurs and professionals, among whom may be mentioned Herr Zimmermann, Miss Gertrude Auld, Mme. Thea Sanderini, Miss Florence Jacquay, Miss May Benedict, and Miss Agnes Burgin, who will sing for the first time at a public entertainment. Some of the tableaux have been arranged by Miss Withrow, and Mr. Henry Heyman will direct the Russian and Hungarian music.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Dr. Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., who went East almost a year ago on the *Monongahela*, returned to the city last Monday and passed a couple of days at the Palace Hotel before going to Mare Island, where he has been assigned to three years of shore duty on the United States steamer *Independence*.

Lieutenant H. H. Tyler, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty on the *Mohican*. Lieutenant W. H. Beehler, U. S. N., has gone to Panama to join the *Ranger*. Paymaster John Gorwin, formerly of the *Nipsitz*, has been ordered to New York.

Mr. F. L. Fernald, U. S. N., who is the United States naval constructor in charge of the government cutter *Beet*, has returned from a trip to the East and is at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Captain and Mrs. A. Healy, U. S. N., returned from the North a week ago on the revenue cutter *Beet*. Lieutenant and Mrs. George M. Stoney, U. S. N., returned from Honolulu on the steamer *Australia*.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent San Franciscans:

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford are occupying their residence in Washington, D. C., for the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker have returned to the city after making an extended tour of Europe. Mr. George Hearst left for Washington, D. C., last Tuesday evening to pass the winter there. She was accompanied by Mrs. Jasper McDonald and Miss Jennie Sanderson, who will be her guests for two or three months.

Mr. and Mrs. David Hewes are enjoying a tour of Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Moulton, who recently sold their California Street residence to Mr. and Mrs. Fife, have secured apartments at the new hotel on Bush Street for the winter. They contemplate a trip to Europe next spring.

Mr. R. H. McDonald and his niece, Miss Blythe McDonald, have returned from an extended and enjoyable trip through Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia.

Mr. Cress Heymond left New York last Wednesday to make a tour of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mr. Francis G. Newlands will leave for New York in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord, Miss Ethel Keeney, and Miss Leontine Blakeman have returned from a visit at Monterey.

Mrs. D. J. Tallant have been enjoying a visit at Monterey.

Mr. William Corbitt and the Misses Minnie and Nellie Corbitt came up from Oak Grove last Monday and are located at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker have returned to their residence here after passing several weeks in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Simpkins, Miss Alice Simpkins, and Mr. Harry Simpkins left New York a week ago for France, and will remain in Paris until the first of the new year.

Hon. and Mrs. George C. Perkins are occupying their new residence on Vernon Heights, Oakland.

Mrs. H. P. Gregory, Miss Elise Gregory, and the Masters Gregory are expected to arrive in Havre, France, to-day on the steamer *La Bourgogne*.

Mrs. Milton S. Latham went East last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raum are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. Robert P. Hastings is at the new hotel on Bush Street, where she will remain during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone are in the city for the winter season, and are located at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. William B. Hardy, of San José, is making a prolonged visit at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Lockwood, of Ottowa, Ill., are here on a visit and are stopping at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Crane have come over from San Rafael for the winter and are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Tevis, of Boalt, are at the new hotel on Bush Street for the winter.

Mrs. Peter Dean and Miss Dean are now residing at 220 San José Avenue, near Twenty-Fifth Street, and will receive on Tuesdays.

Colonel E. A. Belcher went to Shasta last Wednesday on a business trip.

Mr. A. J. Bowie, Mrs. Isaac Friedlander, Miss Bessie Bowie, and the Misses Friedlander will remain in San Rafael a couple of weeks longer before occupying their Clay Street residence.

Miss McDonough, sister of Mr. Joseph McDonough, has returned from her Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad and Miss Ella Goad returned from Calusa last Monday.

Senator and Mrs. John P. Jones will return from Santa Monica on Tuesday.

Dr. Hamilton Bowie is entertaining his sister, Miss Jessie Bowie.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis have decided to pass the winter at the new hotel on Bush Street.

Mrs. Henry L. Tatum will return from the East just previous to Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Alexander have removed from Oakland to this city, and will pass the winter at 2023 Scott

Street. Miss Leila Carroll, of Sacramento, is their guest at present.

Miss Lucia Kittle, who has been visiting friends in Baltimore, is expected home soon.

Miss Evelyn Carolan is expected to return from the East in about two weeks.

Mrs. W. E. Pinney and the Misses Morse will leave San Rafael on December 15th for Santa Barbara, where they will remain until the end of January.

Mrs. E. B. Crocker and Miss Crouch, of Sacramento, are at Coronado Beach.

Dr. and Mrs. C. S. Sargent, who are here on a visit from Stockton, are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. Fred Otis is in the city on a visit from his ranch in Mexico.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke and Miss Lottie Clarke have arrived in New York city.

Senator and Mrs. John Boggs and Miss Alice Boggs are at the new hotel on Bush Street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mrs. H. Matthews and Miss Matthews have returned to their home in Oakland after an absence of two years in Europe, Africa, and the Holy Land.

Dr. Adolf Barkan and family will return from their European trip about the fifteenth of this month. Dr. Barkan has visited in his absence the principal eye and ear infirmaries in Germany, France, and England, and spent several months each in those at Halle and Vienna.

DLXXXXVI.—Bill of Fare for six persons Sunday December 7, 1890.

Okra and Tomato Soup.
Fried Clams. Cucumbers.
Lamb Chops. Tomato Sauce. Potatoes.
Flageolet. Oyster Plant.
Roast Ducks. Currant Jelly and Lemon Sauce.
Cauliflower Salad.
Soufflé à la Vanille.

Grapes, Apples, Pears, and Bananas.
Soufflé à la Vanille.—Put in a three-quart saucepan one quart of milk, leaving a little of it out to mix with six ounces of flour; when smooth stir the flour into the milk; keep on stirring until it boils, then take it off the fire at once, put in six ounces of sugar, two tea-spoonsful of vanilla, and a pinch of salt; break six eggs and add the yolks to the paste, one at a time, beating it well; beat the whites very stiff and add them very gently to the rest. If quickly done the whites will become liquid and the paste become too wet. Bake for twenty minutes in a buttered pan.

Of the four thousand and more graduates of the Girls' Normal College of the City of New York, nearly one-half have been teachers in the city schools and one is a commissioner of education.

—AMONG THE ATTRACTIONS OF THE BAZAAR for the benefit of the Maria Kip Orphanage, to be held at Miss Lake's school, 1534 Sutter Street, will be recitations by Emil Von der Osten, and a scene from the "School for Scandal," by Mrs. Frances Edgerton and Walter Leman.

—COSTIKYAN FRERES' COLLECTION OF ORIENTAL art goods is to be exhibited at the rooms of the Art Association next week, commencing December 10th, and will be sold at auction by A. W. Louderbach & Co.

—DO NOT FAIL TO SEE DAHLGREN'S GREAT picture, the "Battle of Chapultepec," on exhibition at Steinway Hall, 206 Post Street, commencing Thursday next. See notice in another column.

—A COLLECTION OF TURKISH RUGS and OTHER Oriental goods is to be exhibited at Bovee, Toy & Co.'s art-rooms on Tuesday and Wednesday, December 9th and 10th, and will be sold at auction on Thursday and Friday.

—ASK YOUR BARBER TO USE HOLMES'S Fragrant Frostilla on your face after shaving. It will make it as soft and smooth as velvet. Only 25 cents a bottle.

—DELICIOUS FRUIT GUM-DROPS. THE PUREST confections at Greenbaum's, 128 Post Street.

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Mrs. W. L. Brown,	Mrs. George Howard,
Mrs. W. M. Bunker,	Mrs. N. G. Kittle,
Mrs. E. M. Block,	Mrs. S. D. Mayer,
Mrs. Michael Case,	Miss McKinstry,
Miss Fannie Crocker,	Miss Palache,
Mrs. J. K. Davidson,	Mrs. H. Schmiedell,
Mrs. J. R. Garion,	Mrs. Louis Sloss,
Mrs. H. E. Highton,	Mrs. Sampson Tams,
Misses Wethered,	Mrs. Henry Wetherbee,
Mrs. S. W. Forman,	Mrs. C. M. Keeney,
Mrs. A. T. Spotts,	Miss McCormick,
Mrs. W. C. Morgan,	Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle,
Miss Burling,	Mrs. Sidney M. Smith,
Mrs. Louis Gerstle,	Mrs. Webster Jones,
Mrs. M. S. Gribbaum,	Mrs. G. H. Dean,
Miss Hughes,	Miss Florence Reed,
	Miss McPherson.

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PAINTINGS.

A collection of fifty Oil Paintings, by Marius Dahlgren, will be sold on Saturday, December 13th, at 2 P. M., at Steinway Hall, 206 Post Street. The Pictures will be on exhibition at the hall from 10 A. M. until 9 P. M., daily, commencing Thursday next.

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Mar 8-112
Mar 10-114
Mar 12-116

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IN THE CONSERVATORY.

As Idyl.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: Miss Mary, only daughter of millionaire country banker, aged twenty-seven; Captain Frank, indifferent line regiment, very much in debt, sufficiently good-looking, aged thirty-four.

SCENE: Conservatory of country-house in Blank Checkshire. Chairs in corner; hot water-pipes; palms, flowers, gardenias.

TIME, 12 30 A. M.: Dance music, polka, faintly.

* * * * *

Captain (stretches his legs)—These are quite our chairs now, ain't they? George! I'm winded!

Mary (breathlessly, fans herself)—What a beautiful turn we had?

Captain (gallantly, takes fan)—Let me! (Fans her.)

* * * * *

(A couple pass to other seats.)

Man (aside to partner)—Our beauty man's going it to-night with the heiress, isn't he?

Girl (with intense feeling)—But does he mean anything?

Man—How on earth should I know? Probably! as she's coiny.

Girl—Oh, you men! you men! (They sit higher up the conservatory behind palms, within ear-shot.)

Man—Let's try and hear.

Girl—It's a shame!

Man—Serve him right, he's such a sweep. (Girl, whose dance Captain Frank has cut, giggles.) 'Shh!

(Dance music stops.)

* * * * *

Captain (aside, fans)—She doesn't look so bad, in this half-light.

Mary (aside)—Will he speak? (Pause.)

Captain (tenderly)—You're tired.

Mary (opens eyes)—Oh, no! Are you?

Captain (gloomily)—Not more tired than usual. (Sighs and stops fan.)

Mary (leans forward, eagerly)—Do you tire easily? You look so strong.

Captain—Oh, not that! I mean—tired of my life.

Mary—Tired of your life? You, who have everything to make it interesting?

Captain—As how? (Corrects himself.) In what way do you mean?

Mary (nervously)—Oh, I mean the profession you belong to—the army, you know; and, then, being so much liked and being able to do everything.

* * * * *

Man (aside to partner)—Our Frank's been gassing as usual. (Girl giggles.)

* * * * *

Captain (somber)—It's just that that tires me.

Mary (laughs nervously)—Like Alexander sighing for new worlds to conquer.

Captain—Oh, I expect Alexander was really tired of his military society, not of his career.

Mary—You—you find the society in your regiment uncongenial?

Captain—They're all right, so long as you talk horses and "Ouida" to them.

Mary (with feeling)—And you wish for something better?

Captain (solemnly wags his head)—Yes.

* * * * *

Man (aside to partner)—Oh, lor! (A pause.)

* * * * *

Mary—But are none of your companions, your fellow-officers—have they none of them higher ideals—

Captain—You mean, are there any of them worth making friends of?

Mary—Yes.

Captain—Not one. They are all either boys, or premature old men—or both.

* * * * *

Man (softly)—Hullo!

* * * * *

Captain—Just think; what can there be in common between me and a youth fresh from Clifton; or between me and the major, whose only idea of London is the Burlington Arcade, and, in the country, the club and tubbing? Ah, they think me morose, Miss Mary, because I don't care to sit with them after mess, but prefer my own quarters and a quiet evening's reading over a good hook.

* * * * *

Man (aside)—Oh, lor! ob, lor! Heaven forgive him!

* * * * *

Captain—If I weren't so miserably placed, if I hadn't others to consider, I would cut it and become a Gentleman Adventurer.

Mary (startled)—How do you mean?

Captain (gloomily)—African explorer, or prospect for gold, or— (Breaks off with manly pathos.) But what is the use of talking? There are the old people to consider.

Mary—Your father is a clergyman, is he not?

Captain (simply)—Yes; old and poor. (Laughs bitterly.) And I am young and poor.

Mary (aside)—Poor fellow, how he feels things! I wish I could help him. How handsome he looks!

* * * * *

Girl (aside to partner)—This is growing too affecting! Can't we get out?

Man (aside)—'Shh! She's going to offer to pay his mess-bill presently, you see.

* * * * *

(Pause. Captain Frank looks gloomily down the holes of the hot-water pipes grating.)

Mary—Then, with these views and aspirations, shall you always remain in the army?

Captain—What else am I good for now, except soldiering? My old father couldn't tell when he sent me into the service that I was going to develop a mind.

Mary (softly)—It must be very sad to be in a profession which gives no scope for the higher feelings—in which everything is uncongenial.

Captain (lightly)—But sadder still for me to hore you like this! (Faces her boldly; she drops her eyes.) Do you know, Miss Mary, you are the first woman who ever heard me complain. By what witchery have you managed to make me tell you what I have never breathed to any living soul?

* * * * *

Man (aside)—Witchery is good!

* * * * *

Mary (tenderly)—It is very, very good of you to confide in me. Won't you tell me more? About your sisters? Have you many?

Captain (simply)—Two.

Mary—Are they pretty?

Captain—Oh, yes; but, like many parson's daughters, utterly worldly. They think of nothing but marrying rich men. They are always at me to marry a rich woman.

Mary—And you?

Captain—Have you ever noticed, Miss Mary, how in many things women are so much more material than men? My sisters have often told me they would marry any one with a couple of thousand a year.

Mary (breathlessly)—And you?

Captain (simply)—I could not marry any one unless I loved her—unless I found in her a heart to sympathize with me in my hopes and wishes.

Mary (very low)—That should not be difficult.

Captain—It is I who am difficult! I desire a woman who will trust me wholly, who—who will help me in my life's ambitions. I want to cut the army and go into Parliament.

Mary—And then?

Captain—Then I would repay such a woman with a life's devotion! . . . But this is all madness. Where could I find such a woman? The world is a market; and what have I to offer in exchange for such a treasure?

* * * * *

Man (aside)—It's coming. Sit tight!

* * * * *

Mary (very nervously)—Women do not ask so much as you imagine; a good heart can not be bought at too high a price.

Captain—Think so?

Mary (gathers courage)—I am sure that any woman who—who was in the position to help you in your laudable ambition would be only too proud.

Captain (aside)—That's good enough!

(Dance music begins.)

* * * * *

Man (aside, rises)—All over, har shouting! Come along; there's the music.

(Exeunt arm-in-arm, looking away and talking elaborately.)

* * * * *

Mary (anxiously)—Oh, do you think they have overheard us?

Captain—It matters little if they have. That man is the only one in the regiment who is at all fit to be my friend. I hope that one day you will come to know him well. That man has a soul.

Mary—Then I'm sure I shall like him.

Captain (suppressed passion)—For my sake?

Mary (trembles)—If you wish it. (Rises.)

Captain (does not rise, takes her hand—white kid, four buttons, 7/8)—You are engaged—for this?

Mary (inaudible)—Yes—for this.

Captain—But not for always.

Mary (turns away)—No. (He presses her hand.)

Captain (rises)—And you will be engaged to me—for always?

Mary (piteously)—Do you really care for me?

(Turns to him.)

Captain—Should I speak to you like this, if I didn't?

Mary—I hope not! No, no! here's my partner. (One of her father's clerks comes toward her with a weak smile.)

Captain—You will not speak of this to any one till we've had another talk?

Mary (radiant)—I will do anything you tell me. (Exit on partner's arm, talking, very animated.)

* * * * *

Captain (aside)—All right up till now. (Leaving conservatory.) The old boy's a Puritan, and some of these debts must be settled before we go any further. The married woman's law is in such a confounded state!

(As he surveys dancers with cheap and haughty indifference, to him the Man, who was behind the palms, enters.)

Man—I say, old chap, I'm dying to know—am I a boy, or a premature old man, or both?

Captain (starts, recovers himself)—You're a—d fool, Blake. Come and have a drink. (Exeunt.)

(Dance music to end.)

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In a sleeping-car on a West-bound train not long ago, was a woman, young and evidently unused to traveling alone. It was growing dark and the porter was lighting the lamps. A peculiar odor filled the air. It was evident that a wayfaring pole-cat was somewhere near. The young woman suffered awhile in silence, then as the porter passed her she caught his sleeve and said, in tones loud enough to be heard all over the car: "Porter, if these lamps are going to smell this way all night, you may put me off at the next station."

Luigi Cherubini, the creator of "The Water-Carrier," was rather eccentric. One winter afternoon, a caller on Cherubini was surprised to find him in an unheated room in company with three full-bearded men, who had their feet in tubs of ice-water. "In the name of heaven, what are you doing?" asked his friend. "To-morrow we shall give a new mass," answered Cherubini, "and I need a couple of very heavy basses. None of the men here has a voice heavy enough, and so I am trying to deepen their notes a little."

Dean Liddell was once taking stock of the intellectual attainments of an undergraduate who "vaunted himself to be somebody." "What Sophocles do you know?" inquired the Dean. "Oh, I know all Sophocles," was the ready answer. "Really?" was the Dean's reply; "how I wish I could say the same." The youth then proceeded to translate, and gave an extraordinary rendering to one of the phrases. "Where did you get that from?" asked the Dean. "Oh, Liddell and Scott," was the answer. "Then," said the Dean, with much gravity, "I am sure it must have been Dr. Scott, and not I."

In 1819 (says a writer in the *Century*), the whaler-ship *Syren*, while on a visit to the Pacific Ocean, met with an adventure which would have proved fatal to all hands but for a quick stratagem of the mate. One fine day, off one of the Pelew Islands, all the boats being after whales, and but a few men left aboard the vessel, a large band of armed natives suddenly swarmed over the bulwarks. The crew fled to the rigging, leaving the naked, howling savages in full command of the ship. The mate, on coming alongside, took in the situation at a glance, and quickly ordered the men to open the arm-chests and scatter on deck all the tacks they could find. In a moment it fairly rained tacks upon the naked savages. The deck was soon covered with these little nails. They pierced the feet of the islanders, who danced about with pain, which increased with every step they took, until, with yells of rage and agony, they tumbled headlong into the sea and swam ashore.

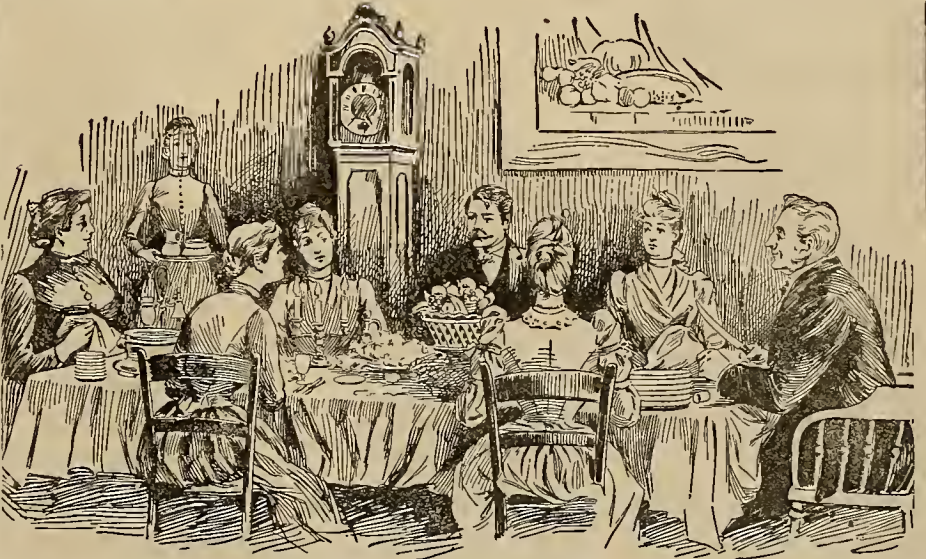
An Englishman once presented a party of savages with some cakes of soap. They ate part of them, and strung the rest round their necks. A Southern correspondent of a New York paper describes another queer example of a good thing in the wrong place: "I had been looking over the battle-fields around Marietta, Ga., and was five miles from the town, when a cracker came along with an ox and cart and offered me a lift. After riding some distance I realized that both wheels were sadly in need of grease, and asked him why he did not lubricate. 'What tur?' he asked. 'To make the cart draw more easily.' 'Sho! This yere ox doan' mind. He-un doan' know.' 'But it would stop the squeaking.' 'Yes, I reckon, but the squakin' doan' hurt.' 'It would save your wheels,' I finally said. 'Sho! this old cawt ain't wuth saving.' 'Didn't you ever grease it?' I persisted. 'Once, A Yankee rode to town with me and bought me a box of stuff.' 'How did it work?' 'Mighty slick, but we dun spread it on hoe-cake and ate it all up in a week.'"

In Mrs. King's book on India, she tells a good story of masculine taste: At a flower-show the ladies were judges in one hall, while in another hall the gentlemen awarded the prizes. A comparison of results brought into strong light the contrast of opinions; or, rather, the difference of standards. "We had no great difficulty," says Mrs. King, "in awarding the prize for the best arranged cut-flowers to a basket filled with a most graceful and artistic combination of scarlet, yellow, white, and blue. It was in amusing contrast to another bouquet to which the masculine judges awarded their first prize. We begged them to let us guess which was the prize-winner, and going round the table we unanimously fixed on one; but the men shook their heads. So we tried again, and, after fixing unsuccessfully on three more, we bumbly confessed ourselves beaten. The judges' faces fell, and with some shyness they pointed out the arrangement that had seemed to them the most commendable. It was like a cauliflower in shape, and contained a great quantity of flowers all so tight and neat that they might have been clipped! Our presence of mind was not equal to saying more than 'Oh, really!' and one of the judges remarked, almost apologetically, 'You see, we like something solid!'"

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"Rigoletto," if you have never seen it before, or never read "Le Roi s'Amuse," or never heard "The Fool's Revenge," is the most incomprehensible opera that ever came from the human brain.

The first act of an opera is always rather slow—it is like the first act of a play where the participants sit down and tell each other long-winded stories about wills and murders and kidnappings of the past; where the hero tells the heroine all about her past life, and she receives the information with a polite air of interest; where the crimes of grandparents are recapitulated, and astonished children are told of the dark deeds committed by their parents. Lord Steyne must have been rehearsing for the first act of a society play when he said to his daughter-in-law: "Shall I tell you some little anecdotes about my Lady Bareacres, your mamma?" This is just the sort of remark with which to open a good, blood-curdling melodrama.

In the first act of "Rigoletto" not a ray of light illuminates the mental darkness of a spectator who is a stranger to the libretto. The duke—little Guille—comes in in his green velvet and white satin, and sings like a cherub—there is something quite cherubic in this gentleman's appearance, in his round face and his smile of infantile sweetness—addressing himself to a band of courtiers, who all smile and sing back. There was a pretty lady who entered in this scene, but never appeared again—a pretty lady, with crimped yellow hair and a bunch of feathers stuck in it at one side. She sang in English, and you could hear what she said, which was: "Beware, my husband approaches." A sense of peace and ease stole over the listener at this remark, which seemed to give the key to the subsequent story. Here was the love-episode round which the plot would concentrate.

But, alas! that lady was never seen again. Other ladies were, however. The lovely Gilda and a brown gypsy girl—the one in a walled-in garden, with a very inefficient chaperon, who is such a stanch, old stand-by in the world of opera; the other in a little upstairs room, playing Patience all by herself, and dressed most gorgeously, with her chin effectively confined in a sort of golden hridge that appeared to hold it on to her cap. In "Rigoletto" "Le Donna e Mobile," without a doubt. And so is the duke, too—he was a gentleman of catholic tastes.

But to return to the opera. In the second act there is Gilda in her walled garden. The Fool appears to her, wrapped like a brigand in a long cloak, and, in fact, looking so unlike Mr. Mertens that it was a long time before one realized that this was Rigoletto in his *heures perdues*. He appeared to be taking a rest from his jesting, and was most melancholy. About Mr. Mertens's English there is a thick and impenetrable veil which it is almost impossible to pierce. In the earlier part of this scene, he was heard to enunciate loudly that one of his chiefest sorrows lay in the fact that he "had to guest." This is enough to make any one sad. Later on, when he enters the garden and clasps Gilda to his heart, there were wild, foolish people in the audience who thought she was his sweetheart, and it was only when Miss Guthrie addressed him loudly in her sweet, clear voice as, "Father, father," that these doubts were cleared away. This piece of information was thankfully received. It was a great relief to be positively sure of anything about any one in the general dearth of facts.

The worst of it was that the English of the libretto was of no assistance at all. Signor Guille sings in French and Italian as the fancy takes him. Mr. Mertens sings in English, but then his English has an esoteric quality which makes it unintelligible to outsiders. What are you to think when Rigoletto says, gloomily, "Yet, I must guest"? Mr. Mertens, when wrestling with the English tongue, is like Justice Parker, who "made that darker which was dark enough before."

The one member of the company who sings English to be heard and understood by the ears of men is Mr. Hamilton. And then—such is the irony of fate—the remarks he has to make are of no moment whatever in the story—they relate to extraneous, outside facts that have no bearing on the main points at issue. For instance, Mr. Hamilton, who is a brigand or a bravo, wrapped in a blanket, comes in and announces loudly, "You see before you a man who wears a sword." A most unnecessary statement when any one can see the sword sticking out from under his cloak. Later on he is heard to state that "some I kill on the street, and some in my own lodgings" from which one infers that he wore a sword to some purpose. This sanguinary person and Rigoletto have a long confab, and form a pact, but for

what, remains a mystery until the last act, when the brigand, like Koko, bares his big right arm and draws his snickersnee, and kills Gilda, who happens to be loitering about at this most inopportune moment.

Gilda, as Miss Guthrie acts her, is very nice. There is something extremely attractive about Miss Guthrie's personality and her way of singing. She has a sweet voice, some of the upper notes clear as a flute—not, by the way, that hoarse flute they have in the orchestra, which seems to be suffering from an attack of asthma that bids fair to carry it off some day; they ought to cure that flute, or get a new one, for in its present state it flutes melliflously as a frog at eve, and makes one dream dreams of marshes and malaria.

In this scene, Miss Guthrie is particularly charming. She sang delightfully and she acted intelligently. One might complain of a lack of variety in her gestures—she has only one or two. But she has such pretty hands that this is forgotten. They had set the scene quite well—with Swiss chalets on one side, where the brigand lived, and on the other, Gilda's garden, the whole overlaid with a light film of calcium moonlight which was becoming. Gilda, in a long, trailing, blue-and-white dress, with her blonde hair tied up in fillets of blue ribbon, made an effective picture as she climbed the narrow flight of stairs leading to her hower, singing to the stars. Unfortunately, Miss Guthrie being a lady of rather massive proportions, it was impossible for the two courtiers, who spirit her away, to carry her, so she had to run between them, a courtier assisting her on either side, and this did look as though the kidnapped fair one were not averse to being kidnapped; in fact, in the rapidity of her flight, she almost left the two courtiers behind.

But these are mere spots on the sun—the whole performance was capital. Little Guille is such a sweet singer, and he has such a good stage manner! When he is pleased with the applause, he looks as if he would like to purr like a cat when it is stroked. The Madeline of the last act was not quite up to the standard. Her voice was not poor, but when the duke made love to her, she had an expression of wretchedness on her face that was not flattering to her admirer. She looked as if, had she followed her own inclinations, she would have enjoyed hurrying her brother's snickersnee in the ducal heart. And Madeline was not so *farouche* as all that.

The great charm of the company is the freshness and vivacity which they bring to their work. Their hearts seem in it—"and the heart giveth grace to every art." They work as if their labors were pleasant to them, and not, as so many singers and actors do, as if they were toiling laboriously for a salary payable on the first of every month. Their main fault is that they are too generous in granting encores. If an audience is so greedy, so selfish, or so senseless, that they can not see when a singer has given them of his best and he satisfied with that without insisting on a repetition, the singer himself ought to teach them to be reasonable. Signor Guille, in the exuberance of his pleasure at the applause, grants encores right and left in a way that will play havoc with his voice if he does not take care. He should teach the Orpheum audiences a little sense and humanity. His voice is his fortune; he lets them hear it at a very low price, and not content with that, in their grasping desire to get all they can for their money, they flatter the little singer's vanity and good-nature until he gives for nothing what they should pay double price to hear. If one wants to see how a willing horse may be worked to death, all they have to do is to go to the Orpheum. In the demanding of encores, San Francisco audiences are singularly unreasonable and thoughtless. Their attitude toward the Hess opera-singers is selfish in the extreme. They forced Miss Guthrie into re-singing some of the arias, when any one looking at her through the glass could see that she was completely exhausted by her conscientious rendering of that heavy and arduous rôle.

G. B.

At the theatres, next week, the Abbott Company and the Hess Company sing "Ernani" and other operas, and the Tivoli Company sings "The Grenadiers"; James T. Powers appears in "A Straight Tip"; "Pique" will be continued; and the minstrels will change their programme.

—NOTWITHSTANDING THE WARM WEATHER, it is always advisable to wear something over the shoulders, especially in the evening, as a lady is apt to take cold from the night air after leaving a warm house. Consequently, fur-capes have become the fashion this season, and Fratering & Co., anticipating the fact, obtained the finest, largest, and most complete assortment on the coast. Among the varieties shown are included Astrachan, beaver, bear, mink, martin, nutria, krimmer, Persian, and seal, besides various combinations of furs. Fratering's, the leading cloak and suit house, 205 Kearny Street, San Francisco.

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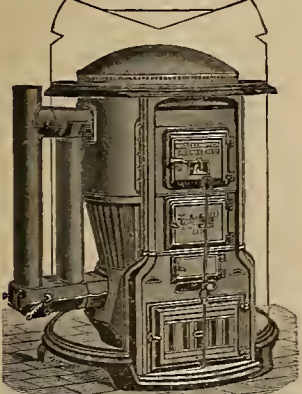
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Attendant (in railroad waiting-room)—"Say, mister, no going to sleep here. This ain't no church."—*Life*.

The spectacle of Santa Claus studying the McKinley Bill is one of the most painful in history.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Stranger—"Beg pardon, sir; but can you tell me the exact time?" J. B. Haggin (absent-mindedly)—"One thirty-five and a half."—*Puck*.

When you see a boy with beautiful, long yellow curls there is very little doubt as to who is the head of the family.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"I see the dethroned Emperor of Brazil has become a great student." "Yes; now that he can not reign, he pores."—*Boston Traveller*.

Sadie—"Do you think that the Kendals are good actors?" Phyllis—"Oh, very good! I understand they are church members."—*Munsey's*.

Mr. Bookly—"Reading maketh a full man," says Bacon." Mrs. Bookly—"That may be; but reading never gives a man a red nose."—*Life*.

Daub—"I was paid for my last painting to-day." Madame—"Ah, indeed! What is going to be your next subject?" Daub—"The town."—*Life*.

Noah—"Well, this is exasperating!" Ham—"What is?" Noah—"We have the greatest show on earth here and no one to see it."—*Bazar*.

The dear girls: Ethel—"How do I look in this dress?" Maud—"Charming. Isn't it wonderful how much a dress can do for one?"—*Munsey's*.

"I'm feeling very ill again, doctor. Do you think I'm going to die?" "My dear madam, compose yourself. That is the last thing in the world that is going to happen to you."—*Life*.

"Mr. Hayes," said Senator Everts, "did you ever set a hen on a scrambled egg?" "Yes," returned Mr. Hayes; "one." "And what did she hatch?" "A fine fricassee chicken."—*Life*.

Shade of Henry Clay—"I see you're getting out another dictionary, Daniel?" Shade of Daniel Webster—"Yes; and I see you're still manufacturing cigars." (Both together shake.)—*Yale Record*.

On the rail: Conductor—"Say, what are you hiding under that umbrella for? Trying to dodge me?" Passenger—"That's no umbrella." Conductor—"What is it?" Passenger—"A cinderella."—*Judge*.

Bingo—"If I were rich for just one little hour!" Kinglet—"I should like to know what good that would do you." Bingo—"Well, I'd spend just about fifty-five minutes in making my property over to my wife."—*Bazar*.

Sanso—"What was the population of the earth at the time of the flood?" Rodd—"It is hard to say. You see, it was impossible to have an accurate census taken owing to the extent of the floating population."—*Bazar*.

Hoolahan (out late, to passing stranger)—"And phwat's the toime, sir?" Stranger (suspicious, knocks Hoolahan down)—"It just struck one." Hoolahan (hewildered)—"Begorra, Oime glad Oi didn't ax yez an hour ago."—*Life*.

Mrs. Grubbs—"Here's an article in the paper headed 'Daring Robbery of a Woman.' I can't see anything daring in it. There were two robbers and only one woman." Mr. Grubbs (gloomily)—"Perhaps she was a married woman."—*Life*.

Wife—"I wish you would hush me one of those patent inkstands that hold the ink in tightly when accidentally upset." Husband—"Those inkstands are expensive. I think it would be cheaper to spank the baby."—*New York Weekly*.

Legal luminary—"You say you took five thousand dollars. How much more cash is left in the safe?" Defaulter—"About five thousand more." Legal luminary—"Go hack and get it. In a case of this magnitude my retainer is always ten thousand dollars."—*Judge*.

"Henry, you know if we go to the theatre, mamma has to go, too, as a chaperon." "That's all right, my dear; I have bought three tickets, but unfortunately I could only get two seats together. The odd one, however, is the best seat in the house, so we'll give that to your mother."—*Bazar*.

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THE VINE IN CALIFORNIA.

II.

Life is, indeed, hurdensome to the individual who attempts to correct the faults or even point them out to people who have been carried away by enthusiasm. A convert is notoriously intolerant, and as nearly all of the wine-makers are converts, a man simply takes his life in his hand when he allows his pen to shape words of criticism or comparison. A notable case in point are the woes which have accumulated upon the head of the *Argonaut's* editor. In a moment of weakness he yielded to the tempter's voice and went afield in Napa Valley. When he came home he wrote about what he saw, and he has been in hot water ever since. The Philistines have risen en masse and have swept his opinion off the face of the earth. Why? Because he had the temerity to make an *odorous* comparison.

He was only unfortunate in his selection for a comparison. The Tokalon wines are excellent when compared with other productions, and the management of the vintage is far superior to that of other wine-growers, but if it were conceded that Tokalon wines are the best in the State, that is not saying much. There is not a gallon of properly matured high-grade wine in California, according to the European standard. If the editor of the *Argonaut* was well grounded in his knowledge of the industry, he would not let any set of men make a door-mat of his opinions, which were neither overdrawn nor incorrect.

At the risk of being accused of the wildest heresy, I will venture the assertion that the underlying problem of the whole difficulty is *poor wine*. In the first place, no one has had sufficient experience to enable him to make good wine under the new and changed conditions which confront cellar-masters in California. With poor wine to sell, it naturally follows that prices would be ruinous when there is but a thin fringe of Americans who are domiciled on the Atlantic Coast who are educated up to wine-drinking. And these people have acquired their taste from the best products of the world's vintages. The average American is not a wine-drinker—he wants whisky straight—so our market is necessarily limited, and our product is compelled to compete with a very high standard of merit.

The bulk of our red wines are made of the Zinfandel grape, blended, perhaps, with Mataro or Malvesie, and possibly the Mission grape. It is impossible to produce a fine of even good claret from such a mixture. Lack of knowledge is the only reason to be given for the planting of such grapes, but it must be remembered that these vineyards were among the first to come into bearing, and a vast amount of mischief was done before the error was discovered. To men who have risked their all in such a vineyard, the necessary replanting means more years of hardship and privation, and he can ill afford to lose the diminished yield of the nobler wine grapes. The Zinfandel, Mataro, and Mission produce largely, and the wine is fully matured in three years, qualities which strongly tempt the man who makes wine *to sell* to still keep a majority of these vines in his vineyard.

Be it said to the honor of many viticulturists that they strive for quality and not quantity since they have learned where the trouble lies, and there is urgent need for more discrimination among Eastern connoisseurs, who condemn California wines in a heap. The bulk wines generally deserve criticism, but there are choice lots which are nearly, if not quite, above it. This last assertion sounds very like a contradiction of my declaration that there is not a wine in the State which would come up to a high-grade European standard. There are few men who are above an arbitrary standard of excellence in anything, but the few who appreciate fine quality of wine, irrespective of label, can not fail to be pleased with some of our latest blends. Like their names, these wines have an individuality of their own. They are not like, and never will be like, European wines made from the same grape. In this strange, far-off home they have materially changed. In some instances, the grapes have acquired new characteristics; in others, they have lost some delicate quality; but in either case, the material is good, and blood will tell unerringly in wine-making.

Then, too, experience begins to indicate locality. All parts of a vineyard will not produce the same quality of wine, but we have not gotten farther in the selection of location than to know where best to plant Sauterne grapes, where sherry is best produced, and under what conditions the Cabernet Sauvignon reaches its highest excellence. We have learned better than to plant dry-wine grapes in the southern part of the State, but we have not learned where to plant Burgundy grapes. Somewhere in our diversified soil there must be a place for Cbabilis and Burgundy, but we have not found them yet.

As a general thing, the white wines are superior to the red ones. Riesling is our queen of white wines. It is best grown in high altitudes, and when properly aged is delightfully delicate and fruity. Vignerons have had much trouble in eradicating the sherry flavor from the Riesling wines, but experience has shown that rich soil, low land, and too much warmth had much to do with this condition.

I well remember making a pilgrimage to Schramsherger, which, as its name indicates, is the vineyard home of a thrifty German. My thoughts were distracted from the contemplation of the low, rambling porch, almost hidden by passion-flowers, by the heavy, iron-bound door which apparently led into the mountain-side. I had made the long, eight-mile mountain climb, and was secretly hoping that some one would ask me to take a drink. I was too thirsty to notice the beautiful landscape—a succession of rolling hills hidden by healthy-looking vines. It was Sunday, and there were many merry faces assembled under the hospitable roof of this noted vigneron. At last patience had its reward, and I was invited to accompany my host upon a voyage of discovery. How deliciously cool and how clean was this earthen vault, almost dripping with moisture! I always get excited over a tramp through a dark cellar. I like to follow close be-

hind the cellar-master, with his candle, and I like to imagine that we are robbers, and then speculate idly upon life in a cave. But it is only a matter of time when the practiced eye of the leader spies a row of cobwebby bottles lying on the ground. He picks one up as tenderly as if it were a new-horn bahe, brings it slowly toward the tiny light which flickers at the opening, and gives us some idea how far into the bowels of the earth we have penetrated. Arrived at the entrance, anticipation is fully realized. We first treat the olfactory nerves to a whiff of the delicate aroma, and then we smack our lips and smile—who would not?

But as grateful as this drink of good wine is to the senses, it would be folly to suppose that it is like the Rhine wines. It is made from the same grape, but there the resemblance ceases. Our Riesling is simply like itself, and has only to be known to be welcomed as a valuable addition to any gentleman's sideboard. It is smooth and clean to the palate, delicate in savor and flavor, is not too high in alcohol, has a good body and color, and, in short, has the unmistakable qualities of a noble wine. Before rushing off to buy samples, let me warn you not to even look at Riesling which has been grown in the valleys. Get it from a well-known and reliable dealer, or, better still, from the vineyard of a German in Napa, Sonoma, or the Livermore district, and I shall expect nothing but blessings for having told a pleasant truth.

The quick, nervous, active man should drink a red wine, and to him who has wasted his substance and temper upon Zinfandel, I am doubtful about creating an appetite for the rich in promise Cabernet wines just coming into market. It takes time to replant a vineyard, and the grand wines require age and much care and manipulation before the best results can be achieved, but there are good clarets in California—clarets that are pure, free from objectionable qualities, and within the reach of modest purses. To be able to find these, a man must have a knowledge of good wines to begin with, and then he must have the courage of his convictions. He might as well know, in the beginning, that nearly all of the French claret be drinks grew here in California, and it is not by any means the best product of the State. Another thing that he should remember is that a raspberry aroma and flavor are not necessarily characteristics of California claret. Nor is it essential for his palate and lips to feel as if he had been eating alum, and if his throat leads him to imagine that he has swallowed a file, he will know that he is partaking of Zinfandel. These are unmistakable signs, and there is nothing else in California like it, unless it is more Zinfandel with the acidity of vinegar added to its other horrors. Buy a blended claret, as old as you can get. Follow your own nose and palate in selection, and there will be small opportunity for mistakes or regrets.

FRONA EUNICE WAIT.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1890.

THE INNER MAN.

A Dinner in Soho.

Blanchon's is not what you would call a palatial establishment. For the matter of that, the street itself is not of the order magnificent. From No. 1 to No. 52, there are some thirteen establishments devoted to the restoration of the body, and the smells from the kitchens of these are but seldom pleasing or unanimous. Moreover, there is here and there, by the side of the pavement, a little mound of garbage clamoring aloud to be taken away and shot somewhere.

You forget all this when you stand in front of Blanchon's. The little hotel is brightly painted, and on the windows a profusion of gilt lettering informs you in set terms that the languages that are not spoken at Blanchon's are not worth knowing. Also, the lettering tells (what for the present is more to the purpose) that *déjeuner, dinner, souper* are at all hours. On each side of the door is a menu, printed in bold, fat type, of the dinner at fixed price. In the windows are two empty fern pots, seemingly a trifle bored by the unmeaningness of their existence, and a glorified dessert-plate, which is chipped. But what impresses most at Blanchon's is the legend over the door. Blanchon's is called the "Hotel of True Friends." Could anything be more gratifying? As I push open the green latticed door, the feeling is home on me that I have *ipso facto* become a True Friend. It really gives one quite a glow. A single step takes me plump into the dining-room, a low-pitched room, with much gas burning, the ceiling painted white and varnished exceedingly; a kind of grained paper on the walls, hidden for the most part by many mirrors; the floor scrubbed like the deck of a man-of-war. On the left, immediately inside the door, a small, high counter, whereat, framed by countless tumblers and bottles of cherry brandy and syrups and bitters, sits Mme. Blanchon. Mme. Blanchon has not become portly; but there is yet time, for Mme. Blanchon is young. Above her is a fierce portrait of Victor Hugo. There are wooden tables ranged along each side of the room, and a sound of many voices arises from the True Friends seated thereat. The voices are all French. On each table a water-bottle, with a giraffe-like neck, an impossible cruet-stand, in a regrettable state of preservation, and a salt-cellar. Blanchon's caters for the general and not for the particular; put but thirty-five sous in your purse and present yourself at certain hours at its gates, and Blanchon's will, in exchange for that sum, give you such a dinner as shall make your eye brighten and your face flush. Here is what you shall have:

Un potage.
Entrée ou poisson.
Un rôti et salad.

Dessert de saison ou fromage.
Une demi-bouteille de vin.
Une tasse de café.

The *ou's* are a little deceptive, perhaps, to the unwary, and it seems hard that because your heart's desire is *Dessert de Saison*, the digestive effects of *fromage* should therefore be denied you. But after all, for the price, what a sumptuous entertainment it is! Why it is worth all the money to be allowed to stand outside on the grating and read about it.

To-night the dinner at fixed price is not for me. I bid the

gentle waiter approach and confide to him a summary, a brief abstract, of my wants. He is a most amiable young man is Pierre, and he brings a bottle of Chablis (a trifle sweet it proves, but still Chablis) and pulls the cork and upbraids the weather, all as though he were an old college chum who had invited me to dinner at his rooms. He warns me off the soup and recommends a vermouth as an appetizer. I hate vermouth, but I can not resist Pierre. Then he says "Voilà, M'sieu," and places before me an excellent filleted sole, done to the right shade of brown and altogether reasonable. A ruddy, stout, clean-shaven, quiet-looking Frenchman at the next table leans over and craves pardon, but will I tell him the value of a coin. It is a four-shilling Jubilee piece, and after a mathematical calculation I gave him the answer. He is infinitely obliged to me, and, being a straightforward man, says so. The lady who is sitting at the same table is truly an odd and a boisterous person. She, to the waiter, claims the ruddy man repeatedly as *mon mari*, possesses the odd and striking combination of very black eyebrows and very fair straw-colored hair, hums snatches of song, has a preposterous number of teeth, and laughs much more than the humor of the conversation can be held to warrant; drinks her claret with a gulp, eats hastily, and uses her fork as a tooth-pick. At her request *mon mari*, who is here on holiday, gives me his card. It is a large card, and reads:

CHARBONS ET COKES.
M. DAVID,
7 Rue des Rennes, Creil.

Mutton cutlet and haricot beans, a small salad. Same salad leads to difficulties with the cruet-stand, which is rickety to a degree and requires a scaffolding around it, and does not allow itself to be touched without becoming promptly and incontinentally a perfect wreck. Plums in rum. Gruyère. Black coffee in a tumbler. And my friend Pierre brings a box of cigars and opens it with such a flourish of cordiality that I (who hate a strange brand of cigars as I hate a new opera) take one without a moment's consideration. My note, Pierre? Two and ninepence. Thank you.

Enters from the sitting-room at the back M. Blanchon himself. A sharp-looking young fellow is M. Blanchon, clad in tweed-jacket and loose trousers, and still apparently in love with his wife. Speaks English very fairly, and tells me that he has been here since two years only. His mother, Mme. Veuve Blanchon, made ten thousand francs out of the business, then sent for him to take charge, and herself retired to enjoy ease with dignity at Angouleme. Will M. Blanchon take a cup of coffee with me? No; he will not take a cup of coffee with me, he replies, with Ollendorffian precision; but he will take a *cerise*. We toast each other, I with coffee and M. Blanchon with a preserved cherry, and we are the best of friends. He apologizes in a confidential whisper for the eccentricities of Mme. David, who, having finished dinner, has crossed her legs and is enjoying a cigarette. He is shocked at her manner of behavior. It is, he says, terrible. Such a disagreeablement arrives but seldom in his hotel. And, as he speaks, an evil spirit prompts the erratic fair-haired customer, to everybody's sincere consternation, to break forth into audible song. It is Paulus's latest:

"Un jour un garde municipal, beau cavalier à mine fière,
S'tendant campé sur son cheval au Ministère de la guerre.
A quelques pas de son coursier—"

Mme. Blanchon, sitting at the receipt of custom knitting a small garment, shrugs her pretty shoulders, raises her eyes to heaven, and then looks hard at her husband. He in his turn fixes the coal-merchant with a look of piteous supplication. The ruddy man gets a shade or two ruddier, whispers to the lady, and in a minute or two the odd couple go out. The incident is closed. This host of mine has yet another grievance. A Paris journal has been denouncing Blanchon's as a meeting-place for Imperialist spies. His faith, it is false. Name of a pipe! but if he had the editor here—and M. Blanchon gets so hot and excited over the matter that he has to go to the doorway to get cool. On the other side of the room are four young Frenchmen. They are sipping some milky-looking syrup and smoking long thin cigars. Rare young bloods they seem to be, and the syrup might be fiery spirits from the way in which it seems to encourage conversation. They wear straw hats, with narrow curled brims, collars cut very low in the neck, and the bows of their ties are really beyond all reason. Their talk is of woman. There is a fat, asthmatic gentleman over the way, with at least three chins, who, between the courses, looks across at me with the fixed, glassy stare of repletion, and there is a jaunty young Frenchman of perhaps seventy summers, waxed as to mustaches, dyed as to hair, and somewhat tottery as to feet, who blows a kiss airily to young Mme. Blanchon, has a plate of soup, and then lights a strong, black cigar of the most death-dealing type.

Enters from the street, with a rush, a long-limbed newspaper-boy. A perfect incarnation of precocity, this hoy, speaking Parisian *argot* and Cockney slang with equal ease and facility. Powers of repartee perfectly astonishing. When the more facetious of the True Friends hail him as "Big head," he shies opprobrium at them much as Master Deputy Winks in "Edwin Drood" used to throw stones at unoffending strangers. I decline in French and with some frigidity, his offer of this evening's *Gil Blas*, and he straightway opines, in a scornful undertone, that the *Star* is more in my line. It is clearly time to go; "Bon soir, messieurs." A little chorus from the True Friends: "Bon soir, m'sieu." And so good-night to Blanchon's.—*Budget*.

Thackeray's habit of composition was methodical. A friend who witnessed much of his work on "Philip on his Way through the World," remembers his telling, with a serio-comic earnestness, of the necessity he was under of spinning out more chapters, because it was necessary to put another story on his house at Kensington Gardens, and Philip must do the job. On that occasion he said: "Do you know that both Dickens and myself are imposing on the public, for we have worked out our veins very much, and dig out more dross than ore."

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Beginning with the new year (1891) we will publish as a Supplement, with the first issue of the Argonaut for each month, a complete new novel by one of the most popular writers of the day. These novel supplements will be presented to every subscriber to our paper without additional charge. Each supplement will contain one of the latest, best, and most popular novels, unchanged and unabridged. One of them will accompany the first issue of our paper for each month in the year, so that during the year we shall present to our subscribers twelve complete modern novels. They will be *verbatim* reprints of the popular novels sold in the bookstores and news-stands at 25 cents each, hence

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Every novel that appears in our supplements will be by an author of prominence, and our readers will receive the latest new novels, as they appear.

The first of the novel supplements, which will accompany the first issue of our paper for January, 1891, will contain

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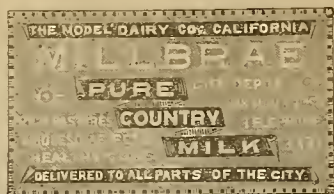
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THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1891

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the Argonaut for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail.....	\$7.00
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	5.90
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
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Capital.....\$3,000,000 00
Surplus.....1,000,000 00
Undivided Profits.....2,091,568 76
JULY 1, 1890.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

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Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

26th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1890

Home Mutual Insurance Co. No. 216 Sansome Street.

Capital (Paid up in Gold).....\$300,000 00
Net Surplus (over everything).....244,854.41

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. L. N. SHEPARD
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY
GENERAL AGENT.....ROBERT H. MAGILL

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SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN

via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Monday, September 1, 1890, and

until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN

RAFAEL (week days)—7:30 A. M.; 11:00 A. M.; 1:30 P. M.; 3:25 P. M.; 6:20 P. M.

(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:05, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week

days)—9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 3:25, 4:55 P. M.

(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:05 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—

6:10, 7:45, 9:30, 11:15 A. M.; 1:30, 3:20, 4:55 P. M.

(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M.; 12:00 P. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturday at 6:30 P. M.

Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week

days)—7:55, 11:05 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M.

(Sundays)—8:12, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:15, 5:15 P. M.

Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—

6:45, 8:15, 10:05, A. M.; 12:05, 2:15, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

(Sundays)—8:45, 10:40 A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturday at 7:10 P. M.

Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11:00 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted)

from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.

Returning leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at

6:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12:35 P. M.

1:30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero

and intermediate stations.

8:00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point

Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning, arrives in San

Francisco at 6:15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all

stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff

rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on

Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday:

Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$2.00;

Tomas, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.00; Cazadero, \$4.00.

Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold

only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Tocaloma and Point Reyes,

\$1.75.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's

Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro,

Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

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General Offices, 331 Pine Street.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Nov. 29, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	* 1:15 P.
7:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.....	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally.....	6:45 A.
8:00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.....	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.....	10:15 A.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.....	* 7:45 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 6:00 A.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	8:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Lathrop and Stockton.....	10:15 A.
4:30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis.....	10:15 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.....	* 8:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and San José.....	* 6:15 P.
* 6:00 P.	Haywards and Niles.....	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	12:15 P.
9:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	5:50 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	* 11:20 A.
4:15 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos.....	9:50 A.
† 11:45 P.	Hunters and Theatre Train to Newark, San José, & Los Gatos.....	† 8:05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

8:30 A.	San José, Almaden, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, Soledad, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.....	6:30 P.
10:30 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	3:00 P.
12:30 P.	Centerville, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.....	5:05 P.
* 3:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.....	* 10:05 A.
* 4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.....	* 7:25 A.
* 5:20 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 9:05 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.....	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.....	† 7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. ** Mondays excepted.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 16, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 4:40 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 2, 5, 6:15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:20,

7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.; Saturdays only—An

extra trip at 6:30 P. M.; Sundays—8:10, 9:40 A. M.; 12:15,

3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50,

8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:30 P. M.; Sundays—8:35, 10:05

A. M.; 12:40, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. DESTINATION. Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS. SUNDAYS. SUNDAYS. WEEK DAYS.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Petaluma and 10:40 A. M. 8:50 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 9:30 A. M. Santa Rosa. 6:05 P. M. 10:30 A. M.

5:00 P. M. 5:00 P. M. 7:25 P. M. 6:05 P. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. 7:25 P. M. 6:05 P. M.

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The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 22, 1890.

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TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.

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ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, EDITOR.

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The conflict going on in Ireland is the one absorbing topic that must of necessity engage the world's attention; we mean the English-speaking world, and no portion of civilization has any more direct and immediate relation to the contest now waging in the British Empire than we of America, of California, and of San Francisco. The Argonaut has the right to consider the question between Parnell, Home-Rule, the Irish, and the Gladstone English Liberals as a controversy embracing all the elements of dissension that now disturb our own politics, and which now threaten to break out upon this continent with a violence that, if it comes, will bring to the land disastrous civil war. It is the muttering of a storm that is drifting our way. It is what Lafayette prophesied—what Grant foreshadowed—the beginning of a conflict that is to be feared as a menace to the American Republic,

and which, if it comes, will not be an Irish "shindy" with shillalahs, not a "Donnybrook Fair," not a contest of "Kilkenny cats" to decide whether Parnell shall lead an Irish party and Gladstone retain the chance to become the premier of England, but whether this greater England shall have its institutions imperiled by a conflict of arms that will emhroil the world in war. The present disturbance that is agitating London and Dublin, and has its centre in Kilkenny, is a scrimmage on the skirmish line that may lead to resolute and determined war. There can be no war in Ireland; that country will always be disturbed, as it has always been since the time of Stronghow, as it has been for a period of seven centuries, as it will continue to be for seven centuries to come; men will be killed, and the country, laid waste by invasion, made desolate. It will be kept poor by the Roman Church, and by famine, and by conflicts internecine and desperate as since the period of Brian Boru. The English are naturally a sporting people, and Ireland is their hunting-ground, and whether it is in the time of Cromwell, or James the First, or William of Orange, or any time from the period of Elizabeth to that of Victoria, the island is now ambitious for HOME-rule and for an INDEPENDENT parliament, in which its members may fling inkstands and epithets, and reenact the scenes that a side-room at Westminster has witnessed, in the contest for party leadership that has amused newspaper-reading folk for the last month, and has now, by the consent of the Tory party in England, been transferred to Ireland for settlement, *i. e.*, for a decision as to the number and kind of men who shall come back to London and engage in the scrimmage there for the amusement of the world; whether Dr. Tanner, or Mr. O'Shea, or some more expert Parliamentary acrobats shall engage the attention of on-lookers by their remarkable performances on the legislative tight-rope. As an apology for our very frequent allusion to Irish politics and Irish politicians, we may remind our readers that here, in San Francisco, we have ten thousand alien Catholic citizens, who are all looking for the opportunity of living upon office, who all contemplate the prospect of putting their arms into the treasury of the city or the State for means of subsistence, and who are all doing, or aiding to do, just what the Irish are doing in Ireland—that is, trying to get in position where they will be relieved of the necessity of manual labor. The same proportion of Irish in San Francisco as in Ireland are devoted members of the Roman Church; there is here, as there, the same propensity to riot, to drink whisky, and about the same relative number who are willing to be led by the nose by Italian priests and Jesuits, and who are as much mixed up as mass and ward-meetings, as much confused at the leadership of parties and politicians, as are the people of Ireland. There are two kinds of Irish, as there are two kinds of everything else. From Ireland we receive the best specimens of men and women, equal to any of the race; they mind their own business, attend to their own affairs; some of them are believers in the Roman Catholic religion, some are Protestants, and some are free-thinking infidels; but some are so ignorant, bigoted, and priest-ridden that they permit themselves to be directed by their clergy and to be governed by them in the exercise of the elective privilege. This is offensive to us and is the point from which we see danger. These bigots and priest-ridden cattle are in the majority, and not all of them can plead ignorance, for many are educated, intriguing, subtle, and calculating politicians. They are ambitious to reach high honors, and make money in the political control of the country; they become political bosses and aspire to reach the senate and the judiciary by intrigue and the organization of the church; they aspire to the legislature, where they can make laws, to judicial positions that they may interpret them, and to administrative places where they can execute them. They are minions and tools of the church, and are willing to be elected by priests, and, in turn, will serve the church by aiding it to manage the schools in their parishes, place monks and nuns of brotherhoods and sisterhoods in positions as teachers; will pretend to believe and act as though they did believe that the Pope of Rome is infallible and is clothed with the right of civil supremacy over all the govern-

ments of all the earth; will pretend to believe that he is the vicegerent of God and clothed with divine authority, and that his priests—those common, unintellectual-looking men—have power to receive confessions of sin and pardon its commission; have the right of consultation, although uneducated, alien by birth, and with no acquaintance with our system of government and no experience in the administration of its affairs; have the right to advise and direct concerning them. Just what the Church of Rome is doing in Ireland it is doing in California; just what the Romish priests are doing in Galway they are doing in San Francisco. "During the celebration of mass at Kildysart, Father Gillian, the officiating priest, took occasion to denounce Parnell in severe terms; while he was speaking the whole congregation arose and left the church. A meeting was organized outside by the parishioners and a vote of confidence in Parnell was unanimously adopted." Political instruction is delivered from the pulpit in San Francisco as from Kildysart in Ireland. We have no city charter, because the Irish and other Catholics were advised from the altar, after the celebration of mass, by the priests officiating, that it would affect a cemetery property owned by the church, and earning an income for Archbishop Alemany. A city charter can never be voted in San Francisco so long as the Roman Catholic clergy control the voting element of the Democratic party, and we may say, also, the Republican party, both of which occupy the position of fear for the church vote. The nomination of Roman Catholics, as Roman Catholics, with a view to obtain their votes, is an accepted programme common to both Republican and Democratic conventions. At the election just passed there were twenty-one Romanists upon the Democratic ticket, and in State and county, and but three elected—they were Protestants—that is, they were not Roman Catholics; and every Roman Catholic upon the Republican ticket, who was successful, favored the free public schools and non-sectarian education, in direct revolt against the orders issued from the Vatican at Rome to the ecumenical council at Baltimore. The liberal Irishman, who loves his native land better than he does the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and who would prefer to see Ireland governed by an independent parliament rather than by a gang of gownsmen under the control of a Pontiff in Rome, will follow Parnell and not Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone has submitted his ultimatum to Parnell. He proposes to give home-rule to Ireland, under the restriction of a constabulary and a judiciary controlled by an English Parliament; and the clergy of the Church of Rome in Ireland are endeavoring to accomplish this result by denouncing Parnell for the detection of an indiscretion of the kind of which they are not altogether innocent. Parnell has been the most effective leader that Irishmen have had during the nineteenth century. Home-rule, under his direction, had almost reached success. He and his party saw the light of a coming day hurrying forth from the clouded sky of a dark and troubled night. The Church of Rome saw that, with a Protestant leader, the victory it would gain for Ireland would not be the complete ecclesiastical triumph it had anticipated, and which the Vatican did not want until it should restore to Ireland a complete and perfect accession to civil power. The Papal policy has been unalterably opposed to the perfect restoration of the Irish people to independent national supremacy. Its policy has been to keep Ireland in subjection to an English Parliament, and there is nothing in the whole scope of politics more inexplicable than the attitude of Ireland toward Rome. The Irish are the best Catholics in the world; they are more sincerely devoted to the Papacy than the people of Spain, France, or Italy; but whenever the Irish have endeavored to relieve themselves from Saxon slavery, they have met with the secret opposition of the Italian branch that perpetuates the ascendancy of an Italian Pontiff over the Roman Catholic Church. Jesuitry is Italian politics in disguise. It is a branch of the conspiracy that is plotting to perpetuate the control of the Pontifical rule. It has one of its fortresses in San Francisco. It is endeavoring to support a system of control by its schools, its colleges, its teachings, that shall keep the education of the better minds under Jesuit-

ical influence. Christian Brothers may do well enough for the instruction of the toiling multitude, but the sons and daughters of the wealthy and the better class must be turned over to the Jesuit Fathers, that they may be directed in the path of loyalty to the Church of Rome. What will be the outcome of this most wonderful Irish political quarrel we may not be able to forecast, but it will be a marvelous—indeed, a miraculous—result if Parnell can triumph over all his enemies—Gladstone, the “old Parliamentary hand,” and his trained and disciplined band of politicians; the Pope of Rome and his vast and powerful organization throughout the civilized Christian world; money that will flow as water from the rock when touched by the wand of Moses, money from Roman Catholics in America and Europe at the request of Papal authority, money from the inexhaustible wealth of England, when Gladstone shall pronounce the open sesame that shall unlock its hoarded treasures. It is not within the probabilities that triumph can ultimately crown the efforts of Parnell and his “rough” associates, for now, for the first time, we learn that the division of Irish parties assigns all the rough and criminal element to the side of Parnell, while all the good and refined and gentle are ranged with Gladstone and the English mercenaries, the Irish Roman priests, and their sanctimonious and unctuous and virtuous following. Our sympathies are with Parnell and the men who are fighting for home-rule. They may be “rough and criminal,” but they are apparently in earnest; they are the apparent patriots; they are, in our judgment, the men who love Ireland and its independent government better than they love the Church of Rome and its treacherous policy; they apparently love Ireland and Irishmen better than they love Jesuitry and Rome. We do not love all Irishmen; we do not love all Englishmen. We favor Parnell more than Gladstone, because we remember Gladstone when America was in difficulty. England recognized the belligerency of our rebellious States on the eighth day of May, when the first call of our troops had only been made by President Lincoln on the sixteenth day of April. Within the month that a blockade was proclaimed for Southern ports, Lord John Russell announced in the House of Commons that the Southern Confederacy must be recognized as a belligerent power. It was in unseemly and indecent haste for our mother country to leap into this gulf to help our rebellious States. Palmerston, Russell, and Gladstone exhibited an overstrained anxiety to aid our rebels to destroy and divide our Union. England and France alone were our enemies. The news of the Bull Run disaster was received in London with exultation, the Northern Yankees were hooted as “cowards” and “low fellows.” The influential class in England was heart and soul with the South. The Emperor Napoleon conspired against us to plant a king on the throne of Mexico, and when Maximilian was shot, there was but one regret in Mexico or the United States, and that was, that it was not Napoleon the Third instead of the Austrian archduke. When the Trent affair occurred, and Mason and Slidell were taken captive, Secretary Seward was compelled to apologize. Lord Palmerston was anxious to appeal to arms before the mistake could be explained, and troops were ordered to Canada. It was an offensive display of force. In her majesty the queen and the royal consort, and some of the better classes in the government and House of Lords, and among the operatives of Lancashire, did the Northern States find some little sympathy and sense. We have occasion to remember the *Alabama*; her building, armament, equipment; constructed by a member of Parliament for the avowed purpose and use as a Confederate war steamer; sent to sea manned by English sailors; how she captured seventy American ships, which she burned, until met by the first American man-of-war, the *Kearsage*, she was sent to the bottom of the sea, within the sight of French guns that would have been glad to open fire upon her victorious and successful antagonist. Her drowning crew was rescued in an English yacht, whose owner was the three-day hero of an admiring mob of sympathetic Englishmen. The *Alabama* drove American commerce from the seas, and the United States made the mistake of receiving pay for the condonation of the crime of launching her. The *Alabama* was nothing more or less than a piratical craft that lured American ships to destruction under an English flag. The English nation should have been held responsible for her destructions and criminal conduct. When Mr. Laird defended the building of the *Alabama* in Parliament, and attacked John Bright for the crime of “setting class against class,” he was applauded; it was an almost undivided expression of opinion, as expressed in the London *Times*, and nearly every other leading English journal that favored the South in its rebellion against the Government of the United States. We may thank the queen, Prince Albert, Bright, John Stuart Mill, Lord Stanley, the English Tories, and some few members of the Conservative benches in Parliament, and statesmen of the Manchester school, and the mechanics of England, for kind words and fair conduct in our peril; but toward Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Mr. Roebuck, and Mr. Gladstone, the wealthy shop-keepers, the Parliament of England, and the

Liberal party now under the leadership of Gladstone, we may retain such opinion as their conduct entitles them to deserve. It was Mr. Gladstone who said in Parliament that “the President of the Southern Confederation—Mr. Jefferson Davis—had made an army and made a navy, and more than that, had made a nation.” It was from the benches of the Liberal party, and not from the Tories, that there came the expression that “the Republican bubble had burst.” Our quotations are from the history of Mr. Justin McCarthy, who is now the ally of Gladstone and the Liberal party in opposition to Parnell and his band of home-rule patriots, and no one must be surprised if the *Argonaut* should be willing that Mr. Gladstone should join his friend Jefferson Davis in the realm for which his age and many virtues so eminently qualify him, and that Mr. McCarthy’s party should not have a triumph over Parnell, which if he wins at all, it will be by the aid of the Roman Catholic Church, which after it shall have used him will deny him burial in consecrated ground.

The Pope of Rome is invited by English subjects to interfere in politics and withdraw Parnell from the leadership of the Home-Rule party in Parliament. The most prominent of the lay Catholics of Ireland say that the crime of which Parnell is accused is not a political offense. It is an offense against the canons of the church, and it is not permissible for the sovereign of the universe to intermeddle with a political question, because Parnell, who is not a member of the Holy Roman Church, commits a crime punishable only by law. If the Pope of Rome does interfere in this quarrel between party leaders, all of whom—Gladstone, McCarthy, and Parnell—are Protestants, it will show that, as ever, he is in the interest of England, and desires not to serve Ireland, but Englishmen. If the Pope does this thing, it will demonstrate that he takes the side of England against Ireland. If it is true—and it probably is—that the Irish hierarchy and the Irish priests of the Church of Rome have taken sides against Parnell, a Protestant, and in favor of Justin McCarthy, a Protestant, upon a purely political issue, involving a purely party question, then the ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IS INTERFERING IN POLITICS. If the Church of Rome and its priesthood will do that in Ireland, it will do the same thing in America. What Father O’Halloran will do in Ballinakill, any Irish priest will do in San Francisco if directed by his bishop. What Father Ryan will do in Kilkenny, any crazy priest will do in this city. If Michael Davitt, attended by priests, will fight his way with a thick hazel stick, giving and receiving blows, going on foot, bare-headed, through a fighting mob, surrounded by curates, yelling furiously and exchanging blows with blackthorns, to attack a carriage in which Parnell was seated, what may we expect in our city, with its priests inciting an Irish mob, with the police force in sympathy with the mob? If Hennessey could say of Father Downey, engaged in throwing lime into the eyes of Parnell, that he was “a coward and a disgrace to his church,” may not the same scenes be enacted at our political meetings? If people can be aroused to such a pitch of ferocity in Ireland that they throw lime or vitriol into the faces of their political opponents, who shall say that America will escape from the exhibition of like religious enthusiasm? The *Argonaut* has blamed the Church of Rome that it interfered with political parties in America, and that priests of that organization were active partisans. It is of this the *Argonaut* has complained, of this, and nothing more. If the Church of Rome, Pope, Vatican, college of cardinals, hierarchy of Ireland, priests of the parish churches, can swing shillalahs, blackthorns, white-ash sticks, and fling lime, under the inspiration of spiritual teachings from the altar where mass is celebrated, can any one say that similar scenes will not be enacted in America? When they appear, a religious war will have been inaugurated, to be fought, not with sticks, but with guns and knives. It is of this kind of political warfare we would warn our countrymen. This is the beginning of a conflict which the Church of Rome in Ireland or America ought not to encourage. The Pope holds his authority by a tenure that is too weak to risk itself in a religious conflict. The last Pope now holds possession of the Vatican. The appointment of his successor will be in the interest of the Italian Government. The Palace of the Vatican will not be quietly surrendered. A Catholic Church may survive; but if in Ireland, it will be an Irish Church; if in America, it will be an American Church. But, whatever it may be called, it will not be political, nor play second fiddle to the Democratic party.

Perhaps we are expected to admit that we are devoting a space in our columns to the Irish question that is too great for the subject we are discussing; but, as we do not think so, we will not make the admission. On the contrary, we wish we had more room in the columns of the *Argonaut* to devote to the Irish question, more time to consider it, and a greater ability to discuss it. In our judgment, no more important controversy has obtained within the era of the formation of constitutional governments. It comes in the right

age, at the fitting time, and in a country that will accord to the Church of Rome all that it can in reason claim. It will determine the contest between church and state, and the determination will be as final as its discussion may be long, bitter, and bloody. The Church of Rome is on trial, not for its doctrines, but to determine whether the Pope and his church and his priests shall rule the world in civil affairs; whether constitutional government, liberty, and freedom shall be decided as a failure and man incapable of self-government; whether the ecclesiastics of Rome, with the Pope at their head and ignorance and superstition completing the procession, shall triumph and the civilization that Christ inaugurated be remanded to an age of darkness; whether the barbaric and feudal ages shall be rolled back, or the age of science, education, and reason dawn as the bright morning of an unending day. The contest is coming to America, and the reveille of the battle has sounded. Shall the Church of Rome or the American people rule America? The question, if it ever reaches the point it has attained in Kilkenny and Dublin, and throughout Ireland, will sweep all that is political from the Church of Rome, will contribute to the dethronement of the Papal hierarchy, and leave the Vatican to the occupation of King Humbert and the Italian Government, a relic of ecclesiastical tyranny as interesting as the ruins that now survive the heathen age. If the independence of Ireland is postponed for any indefinite period, Saxon tyranny and English hate will be the instrument that has invited the blow for the enslavement of the Irish people from the only power that is organized for their destruction. The Pope of Rome, at the head of a phalanx of Italian Jesuits and English politicians, is the only earthly power that can bring Ireland under another seven hundred years of English government.

In the December number of the *Forum* there appears an interesting and elaborate article by Andrew D. White, entitled “The Government of American Cities”; and he asserts of them that they are the most expensive, most inefficient, and most corrupt of any in Christendom. Of New York and Philadelphia he asserts that in each of them—standing on rising ground, with water on every side, happy in position, climate, and all other advantages necessary for the location of a great metropolis—that, while the work done by private enterprise is splendidly done, all that accomplished by the corporate authority is wretchedly performed or left utterly undone, indicating some evil principle, as it were. Everywhere are wretched wharves, foul docks, inadequate streets, and inefficient systems of sewerage, paving, and lighting. Pavements are torn up, carelessly replaced, and thus prematurely worn out or ruined. Private streets, reeking with mud in wet weather, are covered with dust in dry weather, from which germs of every disease are carried to the houses and nostrils of citizens. The officials who administer these governments expend the money in profligacy, carelessness, and dishonesty. Few have acquired position by fitness in public service; but many have gained by scoundrelism and crime. Officials managing the public health of the city of New York are accredited as the lowest kind of schemers, without special knowledge in the discharge of their duties. The government of American cities is charged with being under the control and management of a class of citizens who are charged with corruption and servility—typical representatives of everything that is mean and contemptible. After claiming an intimate knowledge of the government of American cities, Mr. White compares them unfavorably with the management of Constantinople, which has a haphazard, careless, dirty, and corrupt system, resulting from Turkish rule and Turkish despotism. The author says of American cities, that, in every respect, they are inferior in administration to those of Europe. Paris is represented as the model of municipal government. Its streets are well paved and kept clean; every house in repair; all lines of communication carefully studied; important streets thoroughly lighted; all streets named at their corners; no electric-wires in sight; no steam-boilers where they should not be; sewerage as perfect as science can render it; and everything in the most perfect order and cleanliness and the population kept in perfect decorum. The College of the Sorbonne, represented as the finest academic structure in existence, was opened by the President of the French Republic, his ministers and members of the French Academy and Institute, and representatives of the leading universities of the world, at a cost of twenty-two millions of francs, costing less in francs than the State Capitol in Albany cost in dollars. “Imagine,” says the author of the article, from which we are quoting, “any board of aldermen in America being intrusted with the erection of such buildings and the ordering of masterpieces to adorn them, and the choice of architects, sculptors, and painters, whose work should be the sources of patriotic pride for centuries.” Where such things are attempted in an American city, they are intrusted, as in San Francisco, to incompetent, corrupt, and ignorant

politicians, who get their nomination at primary elections, and are under the management of corrupt, alien bosses, as the new municipal government will be when entering upon its duties on the first day of January next. California is rejoicing in the fact of a change of parties in control of the State and of the city government of San Francisco. We have been congratulating ourselves that the management of our City Hall and all the departments of our city government has been released from boss rule. We are mistaken if it shall not transpire that we have been greatly deceived. To us it appears as though we had simply changed political rulers, and not for the better. Mr. Christopher Buckley has been overthrown, and has left the city, but in his place, if we are not mistaken, there remain other bosses to manage our political affairs. We shall be surprised if it does not turn out that the city government and the board of supervisors and most of the other heads of departments do not feel that they are indebted for their offices to men as unprincipled as Mr. Buckley has been represented to be—as unscrupulous, as daring, and as mercenary as Mr. Buckley is charged to have been. This is not the time to mention names, even of the bosses or of the heads of the departments, supervisors, and others who will acknowledge their fealty to them. Perhaps it will be possible that, in the entire change of city government and State rule, there will be developed many independent minds and men who will distribute their own patronage and perform the duties intrusted to them with resolute and independent earliness. If it shall transpire that there is a ring in the new board of supervisors, or any head of department who has to consult with a gin-mill boss for permission to appoint his subordinates and deputies, it will all transpire in time, and it will then afford opportunity for us to publish the names of the men who are guilty of the perpetration of so cowardly and contemptible a crime.

We are not often required to economize our space by reason of having too many advertisements, but Christmas holidays make it necessary for us to omit a very kindly and eulogistic communication, in reference to Colonel Charles L. Wilson, who died at Lincoln, in Placer County, and whose funeral obsequies were celebrated on the eighteenth of this month at the church of Dr. McKenzie, on Van Ness Avenue, preparatory to his burial in Mountain View Cemetery, in Alameda County, where his wives and one child are buried. Colonel Wilson, better known as "Railroad Wilson," was a prominent character among our early argonauts, distinguished for his enterprise in the work of railroad-building in our early times, and entitled to much of the credit for inaugurating the idea of the first transcontinental road that gave California connection with the Atlantic States. Colonel Wilson was interested in the building of the Sacramento Valley road, and built the road from Folsom north as far as Bear River, toward Oregon. He brought to this country Mr. Theodore P. Judah, and would have taken the place now occupied by Governor Stanford and his associates, and should have received the credit due to them, if he had been fortunate enough to have obtained the government aid and credit which subsequently enabled the accomplishment of this great national achievement. He was a marvelous and wonderful man, and is fully entitled to be kindly considered as a deserving, honorable, and enterprising man, who has accomplished much in the direction of securing for California all that it has achieved. We shall refer to him and his enterprises when we have opportunity for a more extended review.

The pickaxe can hardly be stuck anywhere into the soil of modern Rome without bringing to light some relic of the old empire or the later republic. While laying some water-pipes, the other day, the workmen unearthed a fine bust in Carrara marble of the Empress Faustina. The bust is quite uninjured. In a vineyard belonging to the Capuchins, a statue has been resurrected which is recognized as a statue of the Goddess of Fortune. Ten feet below the surface, in the Via Polia, has been found an ancient Roman road, which is undoubtedly the road that in early Roman times led from the city to the Flaminian Gate. Thirty feet below the surface, in another part of the city, have just been found the remains of an old Roman house, parts of which are in a tolerable state of preservation.

Vice-President Morton's country-home at Rhinecliff, N. Y., is provided with two hundred and fifty incandescent lamps. An interesting feature is the wiring of the house in such a manner that should any window or door be tampered with by burglars, a special automatic switching device will throw into circuit a number of lights, thus giving the nocturnal intruder a bright and warm welcome.

Dr. Rose Wright Bryan has established, in New York, a eupeptic lunch-room, where the dyspeptic may go and be happy. This refuge is called "The Aryan," and is furnished with such foods only as nature, interpreted by Dr. Bryan, intended mankind to eat.

The German ship-builders and owners have resolved to imitate the Englishmen in forming a Masters' League to combat the workmen's unions.

THE VINE IN CALIFORNIA.

III.

Planting, cultivating, picking, and pruning of the California grape has a great many advantages over the same processes in France and other European grape-growing sections. However, these advantages are all balanced by the low price of labor in those countries. Our vineyards are free from stones and no fertilizers are necessary or are used. There is no snow at all, and seldom any rain or hail from pruning time to vintage. There are as yet no bugs or other pests of much concern, and the ravages of the phylloxera in Napa and Sonoma Counties have been much subdued. Our other advantages are double the foreign crop per acre, and the general warmth and equability of climate, where fermentation is carried on without artificial heat, while in other countries fires have to be kept up in the cellars during winter. Land is cheaper in California than in France, and interest on money only a trifle higher.

Our vineyards are either planted with cuttings or with small and slender-rooted vines. These are taken from prunings, and should be thirty inches long and from wood less than a year old, from vines not more than four years old. As a safeguard against phylloxera, it is safest and best to plant resistant stock (preferably the Riparia), and then graft some one of the noble vines upon it. Cuttings are set out from January to March, which is also the pruning time, in ground which has been plowed at least once. The vines in the southern part of the State are planted six and a half feet each way, which gives room for one thousand to the acre. In the northern and central portions of the State, the vines are set eight feet apart each way, giving six hundred and eighty to the acre. They are planted from twenty to thirty inches deep, leaving from three to four inches, with two buds above the surface. The holes are generally made with a crowbar, but it is better to spade for them, as that gives them looser dirt in which to make root. Irrigation is not necessary anywhere, but the ground must be plowed once or twice a year and kept free from weeds the first and second year.

Very little wood is made the first year. All suckers coming up from the ground are broken off, and all twigs are cut off, leaving a bare stalk. These stalks are allowed at last to remain from two to four feet high, and are then staked or trellised according to the St. Macaire, the Guyot, or Chaintre systems used in Bordeaux, as the variety of grape may require. The average height is from twelve to eighteen inches, as the nearer the ground the larger the grape, the larger the bunch, and the better it ripens. So far it has not been deemed expedient to strip the vines of their leaves while the fruit is ripening, as is the common practice in Europe, and this may account for the abnormal acids which have given our cellar-masters such trouble.

The third is the critical year with the grape-vine. Particular attention must be paid to this year's pruning, and all the twigs must be taken off except two or three which sprout from the top of the stalk. These are pruned so as to leave but two buds on each, which are allowed to produce all the wood and the few bunches of grapes permitted to mature for the first time. The fourth and fifth years, four or five twigs are allowed to bear fruit, and the sixth year finds the vineyard perfect, each vine bearing eight or ten twigs of two buds each, which should continue to bear a full crop until the decay of the vine, which has an existence of a century or more.

Wine-making in California is commenced along from the middle of September to the first week in October, according to the season. The grape must be fully ripe, which is only when the berry is perfectly sweet and can be taken from the stem without leaving juice upon it, and when, on holding it up to the sun, the fibres running from the stem into the berry are wholly invisible, and when the heart has taken a tint resembling that of the skin. There must be no dew or fog or other dampness on the berry when it is taken from the vine. There is a great diversity of opinion as to what constitutes the proper ripeness of a grape for wine-making; but there are few cellar-masters who test for acidity as well as saccharine qualities.

There is no more picturesque spot in the world than one of our hillside vineyards during vintage-time. It is a scene of intense activity, and here the Asiatic laborer meets the vine which hails from his own land, but is unknown and an unappreciated wild vine there. Indian summer has succeeded dog-days, and there is a delicious crispness in the morning air and a perceptible fall of dew on the perfumed and luscious-fruited vines. Just as the glorious autumn sun smiles "good-morning" in the east, a small army of Chinamen, garbed in their quaint, many-shirted costume, begin picking the grapes. For this purpose they carry a pair of sharp shears, clipping the bunch close to the cane and placing it in a redwood box, with hand-holes in each end for convenient carrying. These boxes are distributed along the rows between the vines by the driver who hauls the grapes to the winery, and when filled the box is set back in the row, where it will be picked up by the wagon on the return trip. At night these empty boxes are thoroughly hosed and left to drain until needed for the next day's work, unless the grapes are left in them for purposes of cooling before fermentation is started.

As soon as the grapes are hauled to the winery they are emptied from the boxes into the elevator-shaft, after being carefully weighed, and run through the steamer and crusher. The stems fall out of the machine on one side and the crushed grapes on the other. This liquid is thrown into the fermenting tanks, where a most mysterious change takes place, but so powerful are the emanations of carbonic acid gas that no one can venture farther than the doorway. There the listener may hear strange babbings, solemnly echoing in the cool and dark hall, where these vats of mawkish sweet juices are being converted into a noble and generous wine. After fermentation has been in progress three or four days, fresh juice is poured into the casks each day until they are full, the bung-holes being left open meanwhile, so that the scum which rises may be thrown out and over the sides of the casks. In a few days this scum has all been thrown out, the juice has

become quiet, the bungs put into the barrels, and are not disturbed for a period of not less than three weeks nor more than three months.

The next process is termed "racking off," and now comes a scene of great activity in the cellar, as all the liquid—which can not yet be called wine—is drawn off through a siphon or faucet, placed above the level of the sediment. That which contains the precipitated sediments is put through a filtering process and is used in brandy-making. After the first racking, the casks are filled and laid away, bung-side up, and are not disturbed again until March, when the wine is said to sympathize with the vine. This is a pretty superstition. By placing the ear to the bung-hole of a cask of new wine about the period of sprouting in March, or blossoming in June, and during the ripening in September, noises resembling the movement and bursting of bubbles may be distinctly heard, which shows that when the vine is conspicuously developing, the wine betrays an impulse of sympathy. During these months, the cellar-men loosen the bungs and use great care in preserving the quiet of the barrels, after which they are racked into fresh casks. One of the most important points in wine-making is to avoid disturbances during the different processes of fermentation.

Experience has proved that the American idea of doing everything on a grand scale does not work well in regard to wine-making. High-grade wines are made in small quantities the world over. Huge three-thousand-gallon casks look prosperous and ample, but do not age wine so well as the smaller packages. The tun is a German invention, but the knowing Frenchman matures his wine in a puncheon. He racks industriously—that is, he pumps the wines from one cask to the other, first emptying into a shallow tub, so that it all comes in contact with the air. After a racking, the wine deposits sediment, and then it is fined (artificially cleared), if white wine, and racked again, a period of six or eight weeks elapsing between the rackings. This is continued until the wine is bottle-ripe, a condition which varies in different grapes or blends.

Then follows a most interesting process—that of bottling, corking, labeling, and wrapping. The bottles most in use come from France, because of their superior make; the corks are imported from Spain, while the fancy caps are made in Germany. The first thing done is washing the bottles. This is done systematically by a fine hair-swab and a force stream of warm water, which is easily utilized. The swab revolves rapidly by steam-power, and the washing is done with great rapidity. As soon as thoroughly cleaned, the bottles are placed neck down on racks and drained dry. Great care is exercised in putting wine into the bottle. It is drawn with a siphon to prevent contact with the air, which, up to this point, has been so necessary to its proper maturity, and is not allowed to bubble. It is also necessary to bottle wine only in clear, calm weather, when there is plenty of sunshine. Then the cork, which has been previously soaked, is jammed in by a little machine, the top deftly trimmed with a sharp knife, and the fancy cap put on by the next operator, who uses a neat little vise to compress the cap tightly around the neck. The filled bottle is then handed to the labelers, generally swift-fingered girls, who paste on the label and brand, and the girl next to her wraps the bottle in fine tissue-paper, and it is then ready for its *tule* wrapper, after which it is placed in the case, nailed up, and is ready for shipment, though not ready to drink, despite its three or four years of age.

FRONA EUNICE WAIT.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 15, 1890.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Blaming the McKinley Bill.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The overwhelming defeat of the Republican party in the East has been explained in more different ways than there were different colors in Joseph's coat; will you allow a commercial traveler, whose opportunities for noting effects are large, to add his opinion and to suggest what is probably the true reason?

With, perhaps, not an exception, every retail business man in the United States, from the wealthy importer to the peanut butcher of the trains, saw, in the Democratic howl over the McKinley Act, a grand chance for increased profits on his stock on hand. Prices were advanced indiscriminately from fifty to one hundred per cent., and justly or unjustly, poor McKinley was the scapegoat. Now, in the Republican ranks are many thousands of voters who are ignorant or thoughtless, or both; such men, meeting on all sides a demand for a higher price on almost every article required, and on asking the reason thereof, being told, apologetically: "Well! the McKinley Bill, you know," naturally "kicked," and, without investigating the matter at all (either through laziness, inability, or credulity), voted against the bill and consequently for the Democratic ticket.

Had this bill been a Democratic measure, the Republican gains would have been stupendous, for it goes without saying that ignorance is the mainstay of the Democratic party; without it, the party would cease to exist, and had McKinley only been a Democrat, the Pope's Irish of the North and the "poor white trash" of the South, reinforced by the unthinking blockheads of the whole country and of all nationalities, would have flocked by countless thousands to Republican ranks. Democracy, in that case, being without visible means of support and liable to arrest for vagrancy, would have "jumped the country." Speculations and levity aside, the selfishness of Republican tradesmen and the double interests of the Democratic ditto, have given Democracy the best show it ever had. Yours truly,

SAN FRANCISCO, December 17, 1890.

THOMAS O. JAMES.

Mr. Parnell's Case.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your correspondent, X., in your paper of the fifteenth, seems to regard Parnell as a man of such transcendent parts that he is not to be held amenable to the ordinary rules of life, citing the distinguished men of former times as men of like weaknesses.

Does he range Parnell among those men of brilliant deeds and almost superhuman abilities? Parnell is evidently a man of insincere character. He is an undutiful son, has wrecked the home of his friend, accuses all his colleagues of falseness and intrigue, and rampages around his old stamping-ground, instead of yielding to the storm as a true patriot would do, preferring his own interests to those of his beloved Ireland, just like any ordinary man.

Before Mr. Parnell can be excused for his failings, he will have to prove himself the peer of those great men whose transcendent deeds have obscured their vices.

Undoubtedly Mr. Parnell's opponents, of whatever sort, have seized this opportunity to depose him. But the world no longer looks on women as the natural prey of men; strange as it may seem, there is a lurking expectation that a man shall be honorable in his intercourse with women, as he is *obliged* to be in his intercourse with men. This is the new departure, and the sooner men recognize that their conduct may work to their own undoing, the sooner we will be supplied with men in places of trust, who are true throughout, without any rotten planks in their character which may at an unexpected moment dash mighty interests in chaotic confusion to the earth.

SAN GABRIEL, December 15th, 1890.

SMITH.

CHOOSING A CAREER.

"Cockaigne" on the Outlook for Impecunious Youths in Britain.

The condition of poor young English gentlemen was never more deplorable than at the present moment. They positively have nothing to do. And there is practically nothing for them to do. Everywhere you turn you hear the same complaints from fathers and mothers of large families of sons and inadequate means to give them each enough to live on in idleness—in other words, like gentlemen. There are virtually but three professions open to young gentlemen in England, viz., the army, the navy, and the church.

Of the three, the army is the most popular. The life of an English army officer in time of peace (and these are peaceful days for England, thanks to Lord Salisbury's excellently carried out foreign policy) is an attractive one. It is eminently gentleman-like, for it means little work and much play, and it is, no matter how stiff the entering examinations may be in the estimation of dull-pated boys and over-fond mothers, a comparatively easy matter to get in. That is, so far as the cramming of sufficient knowledge to answer the questions set down on the examination papers is concerned. A little drill every morning and evening is virtually all the young subaltern has to do in the shape of work. All the rest of the time he is playing cricket or tennis, clad in white flannels and india-rubber-soled shoes, if he is not loafing up and down the High Street of the garrison-towns, flirting with and "mashing" the resident young ladies, who rejoice in the well-earned designation of "garrison hacks," a term in many essential particulars synonymous with "college widows," as they are known in America. The only drawback is that the time of service under the new army regulations is so short that officers are, through enforced retirement on a small pension, relegated to private life when they are virtually in their prime. The army is, therefore, I contend, for young gentlemen without means, an injurious calling, and I am much puzzled that fathers have not the foresight and the common sense to see it. Yet there is no lack of candidates at every exam. for admission to Sandhurst, the great English military school, and to pass in is thought to be one of the grandest achievements of the age.

The navy is not a popular profession with "gentlemen." It is true that many officers are of the best families in the kingdom, and that the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince George of Wales are serving in it, but in the majority of instances naval officers, socially speaking, are not "first chop." The majority of officers are drawn from the ranks of upper-middle classes. Knowing this, I was much amused, some months ago, at reading in an American paper an account of the fuss that was made by the swells of Newport over a promiscuous set of English naval officers, who, naturally enough, but greatly to the surprise of their entertainers, requited the hospitality they were receiving by behavior which would have disgraced the lowest grade of London shopmen. Because an Englishman can put Royal Navy after his name is no sign that he is a gentleman or fit to enter the best American society. His name should be considered before and quite apart from his uniform. I hope the Newport episode will be a warning to American ladies and gentlemen, and teach them a lesson they will not forget when the next British iron-clad comes cruising along their shores. It is a pity that more real gentlemen do not go into the navy, for it is a profession quite equal to the army, whose line and cavalry regiments also abound in cads of the first water. The fact that they must go in so young—at thirteen, I believe—doubtless has a good deal to do with it. Young gentlemen of thirteen are generally at school—some one of the great public schools, most likely—and about the last thing they are thinking of is a profession when they grow up. When they leave school it is too late; and so the navy is left (in great part) to the cads.

The church has always been a favorite resort of impecunious young English gentlemen with the promise of a family living as soon as they are ready to accept it. But there are only about fourteen thousand livings in England, and considering that nine-tenths of them are occupied and likely enough to remain so, there is not much inducement (of a worldly kind) for young men to adopt the profession. Yet there is no more gentleman-like profession for young swells, who have more blood than money, than the church, and it is filled with them. To their credit be it spoken there are no harder workers in it than many of them.

I have omitted the bar as a profession for gentlemen. It is not because it does not stand high enough, for there is no higher calling than that of a barrister. As a rule, young English gentlemen do not possess the right sort of ability to make them shining ornaments as barristers, and the studying of dry law-books is not to their taste. There are, notwithstanding, many gentlemen, both young and old, who have been called to the bar and who are successfully practicing their profession. Some have achieved the distinction of queen's counsel, while others are on the bench. But it is an expensive business to go in for the bar. To begin with, a man, to get on at the English bar, must have taken his degree at Oxford or Cambridge, and it is the same in the church. This is a costly operation for parents. Then, if the parents be country people, there is the long and profitless residence in London during studentship, together with fees and other expenses, ending with the license to practice, which costs the modest sum of fifty pounds. I am afraid this last is an investment which is apt to be productive of no return for a long time, if ever, for a young barrister to get on must have patrons. He can not push himself as in America young lawyers are able to do. He is tied up and down by routine and etiquette, and must depend on the favor and good-will of the solicitors for his briefs. This, unless a young man has exceptional ability and can make it known to the solicitors by some means that is not *infra dig.*, he may be gray-headed before his voice is heard in court. Young men of small means can not afford to wait like this, and so the bar will not do.

But what is to do? Gentleman farming has been tried but has turned out an egregious failure. Gentleman-like in-

stincts and ways and tastes stand in the way of success. There is too much amusement-seeking, too much fox-hunting, too much cricket, too much tennis. Work is neglected, everything requiring business judgment and tact becomes irksome and a bore, and so the farm goes by the board. Nothing seems to do for young "gentlemen."

A few days ago, a friend of mine, a widow of moderate means and five sons, asked me what I thought of one of them going out to California to try fruit-farming.

"I don't in the least know what to do with Cecil," she said, with a troubled face; "Frank is in the army, as you know, and Freddy has just passed for Sandhurst. I can't put three sons in the army—I really couldn't afford it. No; Cecil must do something else. I can't give him more than three hundred pounds, and I thought he might try his fortune in California with that."

"How old is he?" I asked.

"Nearly seventeen."

"Rather young," I said; "has he had any experience at any sort of work?"

"No. How could he? But he can learn all about that in California, can't he?"

"Certainly he can. But will he?"

"Why, that's what I want him to go there for. He's most anxious to learn."

"That's an admirable trait," I told her; "what has he ever set his mind to?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," and she screwed up her eyes and looked down as if seeking inspiration from the pattern of the carpet; "let me see. What was it he told me the other day? Oh, yes," and her face brightened with a happy smile; "I knew there was something. He told me that he'd got into the first eleven at school. He's awfully keen on cricket. He said the choice lay between one other boy and himself, and it depended on which was the better bowler. So he used to practice bowling every minute he could get all last half, and by the time the eleven was to be finally made up, he bowled so much better than the other boy that he was chosen. He didn't take any prizes, though," she added, with a sigh.

"What, at cricket? For bowling?"

She looked at me as if I were asking her if the moon were not square.

"Oh, dear no. I mean his studies. Whoever heard of prizes for cricket?" and she laughed with such an amused face that I was glad the poor thing had a stray gleam of sunshine on her features, which quickly regained their fixed look of worry and anxiety.

"It's a pity they don't give prizes for cricket," I said; "there would be no lack of competitors."

"Well, but about Cecil. I must do something with him."

"Does he show any special taste or bent for any sort of work?"

"He's very keen about cricket. He's never tired—"

"So I suppose; but I don't mean that. His knowledge of and taste for cricket will not be of the slightest use to him in America—least of all in California."

"Really? And what do young men do out there?"

"Work."

"Oh!" She looked perplexed for a minute. "I think I see what you mean," she said, presently; "of course I know Cecil must work when he goes there, poor boy," and she sighed as if he were on the eve of a six months' residence in Siberia. "But he would miss his cricket sadly."

It was the old story. I had heard the same sort of thing many times.

"He's economical, I hope," and I thought of the three hundred pounds capital which was to include the cost of the journey out.

"Yes, he is; every time he plays in a cricket match (cricket again!), he says he hates to ask me for the half-crown to pay for his luncheon. He would do without his luncheon, only I couldn't allow that."

"No, of course you couldn't."

"Well, what do you think of his going out to California at once?"

"Where is he now? I should like to talk to him," I said; "I would soon tell you if he'd for the Far West."

"I'm so sorry, I'm afraid he's not in."

"Did he know I was coming to talk with you about him and his business?"

"Ye-yes; I'm so sorry. You see, he had to go to Plowfield by early train."

"Plowfield, eh? Some important business, I daresay."

"Well, yes; he's playing for Handleigh Park—Colonel Villiers's eleven, you know—against Plowfield. It was a great compliment asking him, and—"

"Yes, no doubt. I suppose you haven't heard of anything else for him?"

"What, then cricket?"

I had to laugh, her question so thoroughly fitted into my thoughts.

"No, I mean any other occupation, better suited to him than fruit-farming in California?"

She looked abashed. "Then you don't think it will do?" she sighed; "I was afraid not."

"Have you heard of nothing else?" I persisted.

"Nothing but a clerkship in the Sun and Moon Fire Office. Mr. Stanhope, one of the directors, is an old friend of my husband's, and he's promised to nominate Cecil. He'll only have eighty pounds a year to start with."

"You've thought of nothing else?"

"Well, yes; I can get him a clerkship in Walkoff & Co.'s—a Russian mercantile house. But that would require him to live in Russia," and she sighed again; "but he'd get a hundred and fifty pounds a year."

"Shall I give you my advice candidly?" I said.

"Yes, pray do; of course you think fruit-farming better than either of those?"

"My advice is this: write the Sun and Moon Fire Office's name on one slip of paper and Walkoff & Co.'s on another, and let your son draw one out of a hat."

LONDON, December 2, 1890.

LATE VERSE.

In a Suburban Garden.

The Lily murmured to the Rose,
"Love, every night when clamors cease,
I strive my passion to declare—
If we could get a moment's peace!
But who's this kicking to get in?
And who's that trying to get out?
Is this an Uncrowned King I see
Come gliding down the waterspout?"
The Shamrock sighed unto the Rose,
"I fear we're in a tight position:
Dissent will hardly tolerate
So amorous a politician.
The man who rules our destinies,
Who's free a nation's ends to shape,
Should not be seen from lady's bower
Descending by a fire-escape!"
—St. James's Gazette.

"When Phyllis Plays."

When Phyllis plays at close of day,
And hills and woods are clothed in gray,
While in the West a golden zone
Tells that the sun's short course is done,
And night comes on with short delay,
As shadows in the fire-light play,
Then steals my thought in dreams away,
And sweet Peace reigns and Care is gone—
When Phyllis plays.

The feathered choir in budding May,
The poet's song that wins the bay,
The song of camp, the organ's tone,
Holds not that spell which falls alone
At eve, as fades the sun's last ray—
When Phyllis plays.
—Flavel Scott Mines in Harper's Weekly.

Her Beautiful Eyes.

Oh, her beautiful eyes! they are blue as the dew
On the violet's bloom when the morning is new,
And the light of their love is the gleam of the sun
O'er the meadows of spring where the quick shadows run.
As the morn shifts the mists and the clouds from the skies—
So I stand in the dawn of her beautiful eyes.

And her beautiful eyes are as mid-day to me,
When the lily-bell bends with the weight of the bee,
And the throat of the thrush is a pulse in the heat,
And the senses are drugged with the subtle and sweet,
And delicious breaths of the air's lullabies—
So I swoon in the noon of her beautiful eyes.

Oh, her beautiful eyes! they have smitten mine own
As a glory glanced down from the glare of the throne;
And I reel, and I falter and fall, as afar
Fell the shepherds that looked on the mythical star.
And yet dazed in the tidings that bade them arise—
So I grope through the night of her beautiful eyes.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

My Brook.

It was far up the valley we first plighted troth,
When the hours were so many, the duties so few;
Earth's burthen weighs wearily now on us both—
But I've not forgotten those dear days; have you?

Each was first-born of Eden, a morn without mate,
And the bees and the birds and the butterflies thought
'Twas the one perfect day ever fashioned by fate,
Nor dreamed the sweet wonder for us two was wrought.

I loitered beside you the whole summer long,
I gave you a life from the waste-flow of mine;
And whether you babbled or crooned me a song,
I listened and looked till my pulses ran wine.

'Twas but shutting my eyes; I could see, I could hear,
How you danced there, my naught-girl, 'mid flag-root and fern,
While the flashing tomanus tinkled joyous and clear
On the slim wrists and ankles that flashed in their turn.

Ah, that was so long ago! Ages it seems,
And, now I return sad with life and its lore,
Will they flee my gray presence, the light-footed dreams,
And Will-o'-wisp light me his lantern no more?

Where the bee's hum seemed noisy once, all was so still,
And the hermit-thrush nested secure of her lease,
Now whirr the world's millstones and clacks the world's mill—
No fairy-gold passes, the oracles cease!

The life that I dreamed of was never to be,
For I with my tribe into bondage was sold,
And the sunbeams and moonbeams, your elf-gifts to me,
The miller transmutes into workaday gold.

What you mint for the miller will soon melt away;
It is earthy, and earthy good only it buys,
But the shekels you toss me are safe from decay;
They were coined of the sun and the moment that flies.

Break loose from your thralldom! 'Tis only a leap;
Your eyes 'tis but shutting, just holding your breath;
Escape to the old days, the days that will keep,
If there's peace in the mill-pond, so is there in death.

Leap down to me, down to me! Be, as you were,
My naught-girl, my singer; again let them glance,
Your tomanus, the sun's largess, that wink and are there,
And gone again, still keeping time as you dance.

Make haste, or it may be I wander again;
It is I, dear, that call you; Youth beckons with me;
Come back to us both, for, in breaking your chain,
You set the old summers and fantasies free.

You are mine and no other's; with life of my life
I made you a Najad, that were but a stream;
In the moon are brave dreams yet, and chances are rife
For the passion that ventures its all on a dream.

Leapt bravely! Now down through the meadows we'll go
To the Land of Lost Days, whither all the birds wing,
Where the dials move backward and asphodels blow;
Come flash your tomanus again, dance again, sing!

Yes, flash them and clash them on ankle and wrist,
For we're pilgrims to Dreamland, O Daughter of Dream!
There we find again all that we wasted or mist,
And Fancy—poor fool!—with her bauble's supreme.

As the Moors in their exile the keys treasured still
Of their castles in Spain, so have I; and no fear
But the doors will fly open, whenever we will,
To the prime of the Past and the sweet of the year.

—James Russell Lowell in New York Ledger.

Mme. Adam, the noted woman editor of Paris, dresses very simply. For real simplicity of dress, however, Mme. Adam can not compare with Mme. Eve.

WITH THE REGIMENT.

"Parisina" discusses the Conscript's Life in the French Army.

That has happened which, by all good Catholics, is looked upon as little short of impious. The young seminarists are enrolled in the army and have had to exchange the *soutane* for the uniform, to lay aside the rosary for the rifle.

It has taken a long time to bring this about. The opposition has been immense, but the Radicals triumphed at last, as they did about the sisters in the hospitals. These regulations with respect to the apprentice clergy are the natural outcome of the new military law, which does not admit the old cases of exemption from conscription. Formerly a certain proportion of the young men, besides the halt, the blind, and the maimed, and those who were born with six toes on their feet or six fingers to their hands, need not serve in the ranks, some because they had a brother who was a soldier, others because they were the eldest sons of widows, all those who had graduated as teachers for the government schools, the pupils of the Beaux Arts who had gained a certain number of prizes, those who were extremely short-sighted, and those who had lost their front teeth, and, finally, the young men destined to become priests and administer mass. All this has been changed. Even the widow's son must give twelve months of his life to his country. Future professors and university dons are obliged to serve, only very severe cases of short-sightedness are reckoned, and, as teeth are no longer needed to bite the cartridges, it is no use for a young fellow, who does not care for soldiering, to knock out his incisors. A sixth toe will still serve at a pinch, and an infinitesimal difference in the length of a leg will sometimes be accepted as an excuse for remaining at home, if the patient happens to have an arm long enough to stir up the sympathy of the authorities; but the fact of being an embryo Titian or Mozart weighs no more nowadays than the sacredness of the novitiate. True, the term of obligatory service has been considerably shortened, so that the majority gain under the new order of things. Young soldiers are liberated at the end of three years instead of five.

Many stories have been written about the bitterness and misery of the conscription; in reality, however, the young fellows do not mind it so very much. It is worse for those who remain at home. Father and mother have to slave harder to make up for the loss of an able pair of hands, and the coins that would have been put away to swell the sister's dowry are sent to Louis or Jean that he may buy himself a bit of tobacco or treat a comrade to a drink of beer. Anyhow, it is hard on the young maidens. The sweethearts as well as the brothers have to go, of course, though nine-tenths of them come back, and many marry their early loves—the girls they left behind them. After all, it is not half so bad as emigration, for then the chances are that they do not come back at all; and unless some one else turns up, the girl grows into a sour old maid. All Frenchmen, and especially the French peasants, are attached to the old home—the place where they were born—and a few years' soldiering serves only to deepen this attachment. Military service is looked upon as a necessary evil that has to be endured and prepared for, and, save in rare cases, the young man goes off cheerfully enough when the time comes. There is no surprise; he has always known he should have to go. It is extraordinary how very seldom it is necessary to have recourse to the arm of the law to look up recalcitrant conscripts; regularly as the season comes round the youths who have reached their twentieth year hie them to the recruiting-office on the appointed day to take their chance at the urns.

All must draw a number, whether they are available or not for the service; the cases of exemption are examined afterward. If it is out of their power to attend, through illness or mental incapacity, the mayor acts as proxy. A very curious case happened a short time since: it was discovered that the registrar had made a mistake in taking down the sex of a young girl when her parents declared her birth (her name was Camille, which is given to the two sexes alike), and she was entered as a male child, and, therefore, mademoiselle was summoned to draw at the conscription when she reached the right age. The mistake was self-evident, but she had to go all the same, though, of course, she was not required to join the regiment, and finally received her discharge in full. The youths from the seminaries went to the recruiting-office with the rest, even when their cloth exempted them from the service.

I daresay the reader wonders why, since all young Frenchmen must serve a certain time in the army, the urns are not abolished. When only a certain number were chosen they had their *raison d'être*. Well, you see it is not easy to upset old routine, and, besides, there are a few—though a very few—prizes to be drawn. The recruits are taken in the order of the numbers they draw, and a few of those who have the biggest number are let off with a year if it should happen that more men are forthcoming than are needed; while on the other hand it is the very low numbers who are always sent on foreign service or go to swell the ranks of the marching regiments. Lots of young fellows—especially those belonging to the upper classes—volunteer before the time comes for them to go up for the conscription, by which means they can choose their regiment—a very important matter, as there are some cavalry corps where the great majority of the privates are of gentle birth. And for the educated man the worst thing in barrack-life is the enforced promiscuity, the daily companionship of rough, uncouth spirits, which it inevitably entails.

Barrack-life has a bad name; it has been described as a sort of pandemonium. I am very sure it is not so bad—like many other things—as it is painted. But it is the fear of contamination which has excited the Catholics to move heaven and earth to keep the sucking priesthood clear of it. They began with the idea that all temptation—the devil in every shape—should be evaded, locked out. Once a youth was admitted into the fold he was treated like a girl and grew up guileless, to ignore even the knowledge of evil. Only in this

way was it believed that he could be preserved pure and immaculate. Therefore to send them out among the dissolute and licentious was reckoned monstrous iniquity. There are many sides to the question; the church saw only one. It believed that prevention was the best cure. This is putting but little faith in the virtue of the neophytes, perhaps you will say; and the man who was unable to withstand the poor temptations afforded by a guard-room or a soldier's dormitory would make but a poor priest. Certainly it was confessing that the life of celibacy to which the Catholic clergy are predestined is as much beyond the standard of ordinary virtue as it is unnatural.

Whether they have begun to see the question in a new light, or whether it is making a virtue of necessity, the tone assumed by the churchmen at this crisis is very different to what it has been hitherto. After having exhausted themselves in futile efforts to prevent the passage of this supposed sacrilegious law, they have taken much higher ground. In all the great centres of ecclesiastical education, meetings have been held, sermons preached, and the pupils of the seminaries exhorted to enter on their new duties with a due spirit of submission. All fears as to possible consequences have been set aside, and the clerical recruits treated, not as brands ready for burning, but as saints clad in the invulnerable armor of faith, who will pass through the fire unscathed. A great deal of downright good sense has been talked by the bishops and priors, on whom the duty of preaching these homilies has devolved, and were it not for a touch of Jesuitism, we might applaud them without restriction. The young men are told to be obedient to their superiors in everything, and treat their comrades in all good fellowship; also, neither to make parade of their religion nor to rebuke freedom of speech in words, so as to create ill-will, but to try to influence others by the force of example. There would be something grand and courageous in a young man telling his beads before throwing himself on his pallet-bed, while others around were singing ribald songs or swearing; still, it might lead to trouble, and so they are urged to resort to silent prayer, and to pronounce *sotto voce* the grace before meat. They are not to act as missionaries, that is plain—merely to make matters as comfortable as they can for all. On the other hand, they must never miss mass on Sundays, and already arrangements have been made in all the great military centres so that the clerical recruits shall be provided with meeting-rooms, or clubs, where they may pass their spare time, and find improving books and congenial society.

Under these circumstances, the advent of the seminarists is not likely to lead to any disturbance in the barracks. I have spoken to military men about the matter, and the general opinion seems to be that they will be treated respectfully, as—save in isolated cases—the better sort of recruits are treated. I was told that it is curious what a difference men bred to the plow, mechanics, and others, make in their treatment of their more educated comrades. While despising them somewhat for want of strength or handiness, and for their finikin ways, they stand, nevertheless, slightly in awe of them. A little extra money in the pocket is a superiority that appeals to them. Men who can command only a cent a day are easily impressed by a few silver coins, and besides the coins buy *batcy* and wine—things to be shared with an obliging companion. No, it appears in this particular, the gentlemanly recruits have not much to complain of. They meet with a certain amount of friendliness in the ranks, and the more snobbish among their comrades will pay them some court, and once they have surmounted the feeling of disgust—which the proximity of the unwashed excite in them physically—would not be so very badly off were it not for the non-commissioned officers, under whose immediate supervision they are placed. Corporals and sergeants are often very hard task-masters, and as the French army is organized, their power over the men is great. No officers live in barracks, and save for the evening visit of one of the lieutenants on guard, the men are left to their tender mercies. Of course the sergeants are answerable to their superiors, and if anything goes wrong, it is their fault, and they work hard—harder than the privates. At drill, the recruits from the towns and the middle and upper ranks of society show decided superiority over the peasantry—most of them have learned something about arms at school, and they seldom get relegated to the awkward squad; their muscles are more limber and they carry themselves better. The clerical authorities were determined that their pupils should not appear at a greater disadvantage, and the court-yards of seminaries of late have echoed to the word of command, the click of the rifle, and the rhythmical tramping of feet on the flags. But the novices went off some days ago, as it was arranged they should spend a short time with their families before joining the regiment. And they were to leave their cassocks at home and present themselves at the depots in plain clothes. This was another sop to Cerberus—another piece of Jesuitical submission on the part of the casuists.

In all probability the director of the Ambigu knew what he was about when he announced the *première* of "Le Regiment" for the last week in November. This new play is full of the military; all the *dramatis personæ* wear uniforms—the men, I mean, of course—and perhaps for this very reason it is an immense success, albeit there is nothing very novel about the plot or situations. One of the scenes represents the interior of the *chambre*—the room in which the men sleep and eat at the barracks—and there is a good deal of parading, of military music, and some patriotic spouting; no fighting, however. It shows us the soldier in times of peace, and "the regiment" only moves from its quarters at Nancy to attend the autumn maneuvers. It is eminently a spectacle piece, and the *clou*, or sensational scene, is the reproduction of Detaille's picture "Le Rêve," in a *tableau vivant*, which the artist himself helped to group and arrange. The recumbent figures in the foreground are *figurants* in uniform, while the phantasmagoria in the clouds—the men's dream—is managed very cleverly, by means of transparencies, and the whole effect is weird and startling to a degree. You may be sure we all applauded it to the echo.

PARISINA.

PARIS, November 24, 1890.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sarah Bernhardt is said to be indignant because her audiences give more attention to her snake than to herself.

Mr. Paul Dana, of the New York *Sun*, has been appointed one of the New York City Park Commissioners. The honor was conferred by Mayor Grant.

Fanny Kemble (now Mrs. Butler) is living with her daughter, Mrs. Leigh, in Surrey, England. She is in her eighty-second year and in feeble health.

Victorien Sardou, the French playwright, is entering his sixtieth year in robust and vigorous health. He has never been ill, and attributes his immunity from disease to the fact that he takes eight hours' sleep every night and is never bothered by his digestion.

Michael Davitt, in a speech that he made at a meeting in Manchester, said: "I am of humble and obscure origin, the son of an Irish peasant who was refused the shelter of an Irish work-house, the son of an Irish mother who had to beg through the streets of England for bread for me."

M. Saint-Saëns urges that the projected monument to Bizet, the author of "Carmen," shall consist only of a bust upon a pedestal. He alleges as his reason for this wish that the modern male costume is too ugly to bear being reproduced in sculpture. The sum already raised for the monument is twenty thousand francs.

Mlle. Bonheur's love and loving study of animals have given her strange control over them. It is now several years since she gave to the Jardin des Plantes a beautiful lion and lioness, which to this day recognize her if she approaches their cage, and thrust their heads against the bars for the touch of her sympathetic little fingers.

Mr. Blaine is a great student of Napoleon Bonaparte. He has in his house, in Washington, a number of excellent engravings and etchings of the Corsican in the various stages of his meteoric career. His picture of Napoleon as the youthful, alert, tigerish commander of the army of Italy is an interesting study, and it is one that Mr. Blaine delights in showing his visitors.

The most strenuous efforts have been made at Vienna to hush up the fact that the Empress of Austria has recently paid a private visit to Rome; for it was a most embarrassing proceeding on the part of her majesty, considering the very strained relations which exist between the Vatican and the Quirinal, and the peculiarly delicate position of the Austrian Government.

"The New York *Tribune* has added to its Washington staff the well-known newspaper correspondent, Mr. T. C. Crawford." The statement was current in the newspaper press some months ago that Mr. Crawford had made two hundred thousand dollars through his connection with one of the Wild West shows in Europe. It is evident, however, that Mr. Crawford has spent it.

Jay Gould has aged perceptibly within the past two years. Addison Cammack's hair has whitened. S. V. White looks ten years older than he did in 1889, and Russell Sage, who always looked old, has, of late, become patriarchal. Cyrus W. Field, who was, two years ago, the personification of a sharp, decisive, and alert business man, is now slow and deliberate in his movements, and quite out of the world of active finance.

Captain von Pluskow, of the First Regiment of the Guards, in Potsdam, has long enjoyed the reputation of being the tallest soldier in the German army. This distinction, however, is no longer his. A few weeks ago, a so-called "volunteer" was enrolled in one of the regiments of the Garde-du-Corps, who is six feet ten inches tall, while the captain is "only" six feet six inches in height. The volunteer is taller than any man who has served in the German army since 1850.

Carl Streitmann, the Viennese tenor, has been telling a Chicago reporter that he considers it a bad thing for an operatic singer, especially a tenor, to get married. "Too many ladies seem to be interested in the tenor's welfare," he says, "and if he has a wife she is sure to be unhappy without the slightest cause on the part of her spouse. He is the recipient of dozens of gushing letters from maids and matrons of all conditions and ages. Some will besiege him at his hotel for his picture and others for his autograph."

It is a singular fact that all the ruling sovereigns are German or have German blood in their veins. The Czar is the son of a Princess of Hesse Darmstadt, his sister is Queen of Wurtemberg; a daughter of his uncle Constantine is Queen of Greece; the Queen of England and all the royal family of Great Britain are Germans; the reigning House of Italy has a semi-German origin—King Umberto's mother was an Austrian archduchess, his sister Clotilde married Prince Napoleon, son of a Princess of Wurtemberg, and his wife, the fair Queen Margherita, is granddaughter to the King of Saxony. The house of Hapsburg is German, as well as the Austrian branches of Tuscany and Modena, and has been allied for centuries to South German families. Francis Joseph and William the Second are blood relations; the King of Roumania is a Hohenzollern, his queen a Princess of Wied; the King of Portugal is likewise Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; the King of the Belgians is the son of a duke of the same house, the queen an Austrian grand duchess; so is also the Queen Regent of Spain. The French royal and imperial families have both German blood; the mother of the Comte de Paris was a Mecklenburg Princess, and all the living Bonaparte princes and princesses, with the exception of the Empress Eugénie, descend from the King of Westphalia, who married a daughter of the King of Wurtemberg; the Queen of Sweden is a Nassau, the royal family of Denmark is purely German. The minor ramifications, all starting from the parent Teutonic stem, are incalculable and descend from the throne to mediatized and even private houses.

AN ARIZONA WATCH-MEETING.

No more anxious watchers awaited the incoming of the year 1884 than our little party of three, huddled together in the lee of a jutting mass of rocks in southern Arizona.

The situation was cold and depressing. A bleak, cutting wind poured down the valley and spread itself over the sandy plains with mysterious rustlings and querulous moanings, like a troop of restless spirits seeking some lost talisman.

A decrepit moon climbed slowly over the hill-tops, wanly silvers their jagged summits and heaping up at their feet great black masses of shadow that here and there extended far across the narrow valley.

Our presence at that place, at that particular time, can be readily explained by stating that it was our intention to relocate a bonanza or two upon which the proscribed amount of work not having been performed during the twelve months just ending, they were, with the advent of the new year, according to mining law, liable to be "jumped."

Fearing other parties might be in the vicinity upon the same errand, and not wishing to be drawn into any controversy about the matter, we had deemed it best not to kindle a fire. The cold was becoming very uncomfortable, and when our guide was reminded of a story, we felt that the sum of our misery was about complete.

This guide was of the regulation type—veteran frontiersman, perfect specimen of physical manhood, etc. He was a competent authority on all questions relating to mineralogy and whisky, had a singularly vague conception of veracity, and in all respects save dialect was an entire success. In the vernacular of the wild and woolly West, however, he was painfully deficient; yet even this shortcoming was in a measure atoned for by the unusual ability he displayed in preparing the toothsome *frijole*.

But to return to his story, he began in the stereotyped way as follows: "This here expedition reminds me of the time I went out with old Pete Pritchett to relocate the 'Mineral Colossus'—you've probably heard of that mine, it was bonded for fifty thousand dollars by Jake Eaton, who was going to take it to New York and rope in some Eastern capitalists. He'd most likely have made it stick if he hadn't got hauled up at Wilcox on account of the specimens he was taking with him; seems they belonged to another mine, and the owners was jealous of Jake. So he got disgusted and skipped out for Sonora, where he took the yellow fever and died. That was another black-eye for this territory, for he hadn't an equal in his line. He could show an Eastern man a six-inch copper stain, and prove to him that, according to the general formation of the country, the strata, and the trend of the vein, at the two-hundred level there was bound to be a four-foot ledge of horn-silver. There wasn't anything about dips and spurs and fissures that he wasn't on to. You must have heard how he sold that Boston syndicate a cactus-ranch for forty-five thousand dollars? They 'sposed they was getting a copper mine, and Jake had planted a few sacks of good ore there, but the soil wasn't adapted to copper culture.

"But, as I was saying, me and old Pritchett went out to jump the 'Colossus.' It was originally located by a man named Frost—a quiet, peaceable sort of chap when he was sober, but he was always drinking, more or less, and when he was drunk, he hankered after human blood.

"He was the fellow that killed Mother Bustamente, the old Mexican woman at Butte. They came near hanging him before 'twas discovered that it was an accident. Frosty shot at Gus Shump, who keeps the boarding-house, because he refused to give him a fresh cup of coffee, when a centipede dropped in his'n—well, he missed Gus, but caught the old lady, who was washing dishes in the kitchen. Frosty felt mighty cheap over that affair. He did the square thing, though, apologized to the relatives, and paid the padre's fees without a kick; but it weighed on his mind. He got to be sullen and unsocial-like; he'd set and brood over that thing till he'd get so worked up he'd have to go and shoot somebody—that always seemed to relieve him for the time being. I never saw a fellow that could turn off the evidence at a coroner's inquest as clear and concise as Frosty could, but then I 'spose that was largely owing to the practice he'd had.

"Well, after we had put up our notices on the 'Colossus,' and was returning to town, who should we meet but Frosty himself. Old Pritchett looked kind of blue round the gills, but Frosty happened to be pretty near sober, and passed us without saying a word. But you ought to have seen the crowd scatter when he come charging into town that afternoon. When Frosty was out for killing, he always used to cuss his 'brave North American heart' for all that was out, and as soon as the people heard him that day, they knew what was coming. The constable crawled under the railroad platform, and the Odd Fellows notified the newspaper-man to insert resolutions in regard to the loss of brother Pritchett in the next issue.

"The old man was dead when they carried him into the back part of the saloon. He never spoke a word, and didn't have time to reach for his gun. Frosty was a dandy shot when he was at himself.

"After the shooting, Frosty went to call the coroner, and while he was gone, quite a crowd collected, and Smith, that keeps the store, says: 'Gentlemen, this thing has gone far enough; you all know how much in debt this county is and what the tax-rate is. As a law-abiding citizen and a taxpayer, I protest against the county being put to the expense of burying a man every time this fellow Frost takes a notion to have a little diversion. I do not wish to coral the rights of any American citizen, but this indiscriminate shooting of men who can't pay for their funerals has got to be stopped. I think an example should be made of this man that will deter all evil-minded persons from following in his footsteps hereafter.'

"Smith was a mighty slick talker when he wanted to be, and as every one knew the facts to be just as he stated, there was nothing to say against his plan. When Frosty came tripping up with the coroner, they were all fixed for him, and had him nicely roped and ready for the word in less than no time.

"He was the most surprised man you ever saw.

"When asked if he had any remarks to make, he could only say: 'Well, I'll be damned!' So they swung him off.

"There was a traveling photographer in town at the time, and the boys stood in and had him take a picture of the corpse as it hung, to send back East to Frosty's mother-in-law.

"The machine would only take five or six people at a time, and all the boys wanted to have a hold of the rope, but they finally got it arranged without further bloodshed, and it was as natural a looking picture as you ever saw. There's a copy of it behind the bar of the Gilt Edge. The boys had a nice cactus-frame made for the other one and expressed it to the old lady back in Indiana. It must have been a great comfort to her."

At this point, the narrator was interrupted by a perfect pandemonium of yells, howls, and demonic laughter.

We were considerably startled, to say the least, but our heroic guide opened fire on a solitary coyote, sitting in the moonlight some eighty yards off, thereby putting a sudden end to the infernal concert.

"The dump of the 'Colossus,'" he said, pointing down the valley, "is right there in the edge of the shadow of Picacho Peak. You can stick up your notices now, while I rustle round and dig up some fire-wood." OSMUND WARDE.

NOVEMBER 19, 1890.

A GREAT FIRST NIGHT.

"Van Gryse" talks of the Opera in Gotham and the People There.

The opening night of the opera was the finest they have had for years. People were in the right vein for making the occasion brilliant—the opera and the composer were new, the attendance was large, the costumes things to dream of and not to pay for, and beauty was everywhere, from the gods to the orchestra-chairs.

It is becoming a great thing, this first night. It is the first grand occasion for showing the new clothes and jewels picked up last summer abroad. It is the first "serious function" at which the Debbies appear in all their meagre charms and white frocks. It is the only time the other half get a good square look at the female Four Hundred, in their diamonds and their bare necks. The people in the parquet have a very nice time. When the curtain is up they sit straight and look at the stage. When the curtain is down they sit round and look at the boxes. All the gayest, and the prettiest, and the richest are there in gala rig, chattering to a phalanx of men in the background, and seeming to be elated by the fact that several hundred lorgnons are leveled at them.

The opera, for the box-holders, is merely becoming a great evening reception. Between the acts you meet tall, good-looking, well-groomed men lounging in the foyer, or paying calls from box to box. They do not care a cent for the music, but they do care—some for the social duties in the way of visits they want to try and work off this evening; some for the girl they have made an appointment to meet in Mrs. Montgomery Smith's box on the second tier.

The Debbies and the older belles are all, like the best peaches in a fruit-stall, set out in the front of the boxes and make a good showing. The Debbies, who are all being discussed, condemned, and approved of to-night, are rather nervous, but try to look unconcerned. They appear, for the most part, extraordinarily young, and very fresh and sweet and modest. They are dressed simply, as befits young ladies of from seventeen to nineteen, and are as neat and fair as little English daisies. Most of them wear no ornaments but a string of small pearls round the throat, and almost all of them have their hair pulled up high to the top of their heads, and there fastened in a sort of little pointed bunch with an aigrette or a piece of feather stuff. There are no bangs among these clear-eyed, slim, simple-looking girls, just a few rough curls on their temples, looking like a boy's hair rumpled by his cap.

The older women blazed with jewels. Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Stevens always shine like Christmas-trees on this festive occasion. The former sat in state, surrounded by her daughters, in a majestic, Roman-matron style. The latter, who has not the looks that charm and do inebriate, is always careful to have her box full of the prettiest girls in town. When she wants to be particularly impressive, she puts on her crown—with eight big points, each one capped with a diamond as large as a walnut—and sits up straight in a red-velvet chair, looking as magnificent as the queen in "Hamlet." On this particular occasion, she wore yellow satin and black stripes, which is not a prudent pattern for a person whose mold is heroic.

One of the most noticeable women in the house was Mrs. Cruger—the "Diplomat's Diary" lady. Every one looked at her, and she appeared full of vivacity and charm. She is not a pretty woman at all, but has great *chic*. It was remarked that she was very simply dressed, as is her custom, wearing a plain white gown, with no ornament but a bunch of flowers, fastened on her corsage. It is in fancy dress that she shows how *bizarre* her taste can be. She once went to a fancy ball as Daude's Sappho, in the costume in which Sappho is introduced, that of a fellah woman of Egypt. It is said to have been a most brilliant and beautiful affair. A good many other celebrated beauties were covered up in tremendous boas of white feathers—evidently objecting to exhibiting themselves to the vulgar throng in the décolleté dresses of the present fashion.

It is the thing now for handsome women to have their portraits painted by Benjamin Constant, who has fixed up a studio for himself on a top-floor on Fifth Avenue. This is the great Benjamin Constant—the painter of the East, the painter of white, blistering sunlight and hard-edged shadows, of Oriental, star-studded nights, of the dim and scented interior of the harem, where the wearied odalisques drowse through the long, dull days, of the straight terraces under a flood of silver moonlight, with the huddled figures sitting,

singing to the stars. It is the great Benjamin Constant, who, like most of his countrymen, is not above raking in *rouleaux* of American dollars, and so changed Algeria for New York. After all, though it does sound rather mercenary and prosaic, it is not as bad as Meissonnier painting on a top and a side to his "1807," in order to make it better worth sixty thousand dollars. These French artists, while they affect to regard us as barbarians—from an art point of view—are not averse to making profit out of our barbarism. They groaned aloud when they heard of the price paid for Vibert's "Missionary's Story," saying it was only Americans who would pay such an immense sum for a picture which was "nothing but a colored photograph." Yet they would have been extremely bappy if some of their "impressionist studies" could have met with the same fate.

The first portrait Constant made was in the spring, when he was here for a short visit. It was a success, and, it is said, was the means of bringing him back to follow it up with other successes of a similar kind. The subject was a lady of the sort you read of in society novels. She was young and a widow without ties. She was beautiful, and had a fortune of sixty thousand a year. Men prostrated themselves at her feet, and she had proposals for every day of the year. Naturally she was *blasée*. This kind of woman—in books, at least—always is. On a hunt for a new sensation, she conceived the idea of having her portrait painted by Constant, the artist of harem interiors and red-locked Desdemonas in moonlight satins and crumpled brocades. He painted her in black—entire black—which made her skin look like the thick white petal of a calla—standing against a curtain of dull green. It was a noble portrait.

Now all the beauties—fickle creatures that they are, two winters ago they were all flocking to Porter's studio—are crowding up into that atelier on a Fifth Avenue top-floor and begging M. Constant to immortalize them. If they are dark, they get the Orientalist to paint them in costumes like Cleopatra or Judith. They want to look swarthy and mysterious and sombre. They lol on divans, robed in Eastern tissues, their back hair down and full of coins, their figure sunk among plump, rich-hued cushions. M. Constant is a Frenchman, and is here after money, not art. He lets them have their way with all a Frenchman's superb suavity, which knows not weariness nor anger. When a girl, with a face like a little fat cherub and a pudgy neck and eyes as big and round as two half-dollars, wants to be painted as Cleopatra selecting the asp, he acquiesces with tender readiness, and paints the portrait without a qualm. Clever M. Constant—he is one of the people who, at the same time, can be *fin-de-siècle* and a real genius.

The studio-tea is high in popular favor these days. Where the artist is a favorite, and knows many of the lovely ladies whose faces have not only been their own fortunes but his, too, there are always lots of people who are longing to see him, to see his studio, to see his last study, still wet on the easel, and to feel as if they were encouraging genius while they poke about among the rough studies with their lorgnettes up and their muffs under their arms. So, to accommodate these patrons of the arts and to see his own friends, the artist has "his day." The studio is cleaned a little—some of the new pictures are set about on easels and chairs, all the tapestries and draperies are arranged in more classic folds, there are quantities of cut flowers and a few potted, long-fingered green plants from the florist's, and on a table in one corner the samovar steams away from a semi-circle of odd-shaped cups.

About four the crowd begins to drop in—all sorts of people. Brother artists and their women-kind in strange, flowing skirts and huge hats, with bunches of feathers nodding on them like the plumes of hearse; shy, quiet women, in dark plain skirts, who come and go softly among the pictures and evidently know what they are talking about; braces of stunning young men, who come herding in and stand round staring, and do not know whether to sit or stand; then, with a blast of cold air from without and a perfume of lilies of the valley, some of the portrait subjects, lovely, smiling, peach-faced creatures in long cloaks, lined with fur and fastened up the fronts with clasps of wrought silver, little tiny bonnets on their curled up hair, immense collars of fur standing up round their ears, their fingers in muffs, their feet, as they stand by the fire and raise their skirts the least little bit, shod in long, pointed, patent-leather shoes, with flat heels. The atmosphere is warm and scented with some aromatic burning wood. The samovar steams away merrily and any one makes the tea who happens to be there. Talk grows loud and merry and acquaintances spy each other, and pick their way toward convenient nooks between the standing throng, who are all chattering and all eating those little curved cakes made of crushed almonds.

Some of the artists have the samovar going every afternoon. A few people, *intimes*, always drop in, and there is a little talk round the fire as the day declines toward early twilight. It is very Bohemian and charming. Mr. Harry Cannon has this sort of studio. He is one of the landmarks of New York, this young man. He has the misfortune to be talented and wealthy—misfortune, because if he were merely wealthy without talent he would be contented, or if he were talented without being wealthy, he would be a success in his own line. As it is, the one kills the other, and Mr. Cannon is only a *dilettante* who dabbles a little in society, a little in sculpture, a little in art, and a little in literature.

Jack of all trades, master of none, is just his case. Some years ago he went mad on society, led Germans, drove coaches, said women who were hideous were beautiful, and made people think so—in fact, a great social future opened before him. Then he got tired of gayety and went in for art, and painted a little, and spent a long time furnishing a studio and getting up tableaux. There was a time after this when he reclined upon the bosom of literature, and now he is trying sculpture. He has a new studio and a new samovar, and when all his pretty and handsome and clever friends come knocking at the door, he lets them in, and shows them the last figure or head, still in the clay, modern in style, pretty and chic, French in conception, and showing decided freshness and talent.

NEW YORK, December 11, 1890.

VAN GRYSSE.

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THE INNER MAN.

A London medical journal, in a long article, recently exploited the causes of dyspepsia in women, citing as the main ones the lack of exercise and the eating of indigestible food at unholy hours. But a woman physician shook her head. "Not so," she said; "that helittes the sex. Laziness and self-indulgence are not the greatest causes of dyspepsia in women. Laziness and self-indulgence are men's attributes rather than women's. I have found that women are usually victims of the atonic variety of dyspepsia—that variety which comes from a lack of tone in the stomach, rather than from any disarrangement of its functions. It is sometimes caused by a generally enfeebled condition of the system, but is oftener the result of their getting over-tired and then attempting to rest themselves by eating a hearty meal. Women are so reckless in the expenditure of their strength—they go shopping for a whole afternoon, or they call or entertain, or are entertained, without a thought of their bodies, until suddenly they find themselves utterly wearied out. When this exhaustion occurs, instead of lying down for an hour's complete rest before eating anything at all, they will sit down to a hearty meal, in order to rest themselves, as they think. And the tired-out stomach is too weak to care for the load of food that is thrust upon it. By-and-hye a dyspeptic condition is induced, and the poor souls wonder what they have eaten that has brought on dyspepsia."

Four hundred and sixty-seven girls lunched in a large New York restaurant the other day. Thirteen orders contained meat—two of steaks, three lamb chops, five ham, and three mutton stew. Twenty-seven bowls of soup, chowder, and broth were served; six damsels called for fish, one hundred and forty had an oyster stew, and sixty-seven took lobster or chicken-salad. An even two hundred made a meal on ice-cream and cake, with a glass of ice-water. Forty-five had hot apple-dumpling; three hundred cuts of pie were consumed, with one hundred and two charlotte russe, seventy chocolate eclairs, thirty-nine cream-puffs, and one square yard of Washington pie cut into sections of three inches each. One hundred and seventeen drank tea, twenty called for coffee; twenty-three for pop, ale, and beer; two had claret, seventeen soda-water, and the rest, one hundred and sixty-seven in all, filled themselves with ice-water.

At Delmonico's, last week, a line of rotund New Yorkers, with rosy faces and vast shirt-fronts, filed upstairs to gather at the great "tasters' dinner" of the year. The "tasters' dinner" is that which Delmonico always gives to the twelve committee-men of the St. Nicholas Society as a sample of the repast he means to serve to the society on the night of its grand banquet. The sample or taste is always pronounced fine, and then the great dinner follows. After the dinner is over the same committee-men meet, at the end of a month, and eat a precisely similar feast, called "the settling dinner." Thus they recall the grand good time they had at the great dinner. It is a vast and joyous thing to be a Knickerbocker, but to be on the St. Nicholas dinner committee is fine beyond all else that falls to a New Yorker's lot.

Our grandfathers and great-grandfathers were frequently "three-bottle men." A common bet was a "rump and dozen"—not a dozen of oysters, but a dozen bottles of claret or port. This rump of beef, cooked as steaks, and the dozen of wine, provided entertainment for the better, the better, and, say, two friends.

H. R. H. King Kalakaua is determined to acquaint himself thoroughly with San Francisco, socially, politically, and commercially. He has attended many receptions and has seen all places of importance. Tuesday last, at the invitation of the secretary and manager, W. B. Bancroft, he visited the building of the establishment of The Bancroft Company, and expressed himself as highly delighted with the beautiful decorations and the magnificent display of books. After the king and party, which consisted of Colonel Macfarlane, Colonel Baker, and Minister Carter, had examined the books and works of art, they were invited by Mr. Bancroft to see the famous paintings of Makofsky—"The Russian Wedding Feast" and the "Judgment of Paris." The king spent much time looking at these pictures, and warmly thanked Mr. Bancroft for the pleasure which he had been so unexpectedly given.

— YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT TO GIVE THE ladies for Christmas? Well, I'll tell you. The most suitable present to give a lady is a stylish fur-trimmed jacket, and Fratering & Co. have the largest assortment in the city. Jackets trimmed with Astrachan, heaver, bear, fox, krummer, mink, martin, Persian, and seal, as well as other furs in great variety. Fratering's, the leading cloak and suit-house, 105 Kearny Street, San Francisco.

— A BOTTLE OF PERFUME IS ALWAYS AN acceptable gift. Greenbaum's White Heliotrope, Lupinia, and May Blossom please every one. 128 Post Street.

— IF YOU WISH A NOBBY STYLE SILK OR DERBY stiff hat, call at Dixon's new store, No. 429 Kearny Street, near California.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Sugar.
Half a pound of glucose,
Half a pound of sand,
Make the angry housewife
And the grocer bland.
—Boston Traveller.

That's Different.
That is a touching poem,
Now several cycles old,
About the hairs of silver
That mingled with the gold.
But vet for royal splendor,
For wild barbaric strength,
For richness and for fullness,
For height and depth and length,
It can't with Mrs. Gray's remark
An instant brief compare,
When on her husband's silver head
She found a golden hair.
—Boston Courier.

Mabel's Hose.
Though a diamond bracelet goes
Into Mabel's silken hose:
Papa, who puts up the rocks,
Ruhs along in cotton socks.
—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

In the Soup.
The oyster is a noble fish,
But can not swim a mile;
He has no fins, he has no tail,
He has no teeth to bite,
But still he swims with perfect ease,
And yet, 'tis strange to say,
He never glides about the sea,
But in the consommé.
—Brooklyn Life.

Vanished Joys.
Champagne, cigars, the play, and such—
With these he'll no more carry on—
A thousand dollars isn't much,
He finds, to go and marry on.
—Life.

The Widower's Lament.
I'm sorry my daughter's a girl;
Her sex only adds to my woes;
For though she's as fair as a pearl,
She can't wear her daddy's old clothes.
—Harper's Bazar.

Circumstances Alter Cases.
There was a girl named Mary Carty,
A huxum lassie, hale and hearty.
She used to wear a gingham gown
Whenever she came into town.
But now she's making quite a stir
With half a million left to her,
And seems to think it quite au fait
To spell her name Marie Carté.
—Munsey's Weekly.

Jeweled Consistency.
"My way's the best by far," said Smith;
"No; mine's the best," said Jones;
And then they argued long and loud
In high, persistent tones.
Smith said he could not be convinced
If Jones should talk all night;
And Jones insisted Smith was wrong,
And only he was right.

And when they parted, each proclaimed
The other was a fool;
And Jones adopted Smith's device,
And Smith tried Jones's rule.
—Puck.

"It's Never too Late to Laugh."

—English Proverb.
Once on a time it so befell,
Or so it is averred,
That in the utmost depths of hell
A merry laugh was heard.
Thereat for once the ghostly crew
Forgot their teeth to gnash,
And trembling asked each other who
In hell could he so rash.

Up rose the Prince with darkening brow
And pointing with his staff,
Bade one stand forth and tell him how
In hell he came to laugh.

Then from the silent, ghosly throng
A voice was heard to break,
It had a British accent strong
And there was no mistake.

"Oh, come! I say! upon my word
I had to laugh," he cried,
"I've caught the point of a joke I heard
Ten years before I died!"
—Life.

A New Version.
"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to sneeze, kind sir," she said.
"And at whom will you sneeze, my pretty maid?"
"Atchoo, atchoo! kind sir," she said.
—Binghamton Leader.

A Big Promise.
"I love you, darling, more than tongue can tell—
A sentiment, my heart, that oft suffices—
But I will add that this I'll do, as well:
For you I'll give up everything, dear Nell,
Save nine or ten of my most cherished vices."
—New York Sun.

The Lace House
Has just received a consignment of Smoking-Jackets and House Coats from Gerson & Co., Berlin. A perfect jam. No Christmas present more useful or more appreciated. Prices low.
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— THE COLLECTION OF ORIENTAL RUGS, CARPETS, and other art goods at the rooms of the Art Association on Pine Street has been augmented by the addition of several car-loads that were delayed on the railroad and have just arrived. The goods are being sold at auction by A. W. Louderback & Co., the sale continuing until the day before Christmas.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"The Story of a Society Girl," told by a New York woman; "Between School-Room and Altar," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox; "Heart-burns of Modern Society," by Felicia Holt; and "Social Life in Centres," by women of New York, Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, and Chicago, are among the leading features in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for December.

In his dainty new book, "The Story of My House," the author of "The Garden's Story," Mr. George H. Ellwanger, speaking from the easy-chair before his study-fire, presents the ideal home in many novel aspects. There is a frontispiece by Mr. Sidney L. Smith, and the head and tail-pieces, initial letters, title-page, paper, and typography are admirable illustrations of the book-maker's art. "The Story of my House" is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co.

"The Wonderful Adventures of Phra the Phoenician," by Edwin Lester Arnold, son of Sir Edwin Arnold, will be published in a few days by Harper & Brothers.

"A Washington Bible-Class," the new book by Gail Hamilton, to be published shortly by D. Appleton & Co., is a novelty, inasmuch as it tells us how a considerable number of Washington women spend their leisure time.

"Seven Dreamers" is the title of a collection of short stories and dialect sketches by Annie Trumbull Slosson, which Harper & Brothers have just published.

Two copies of every article that is accepted by the editors are kept by the great magazine publishers. When a manuscript is accepted it is at once copied out in type-writing, and after that one copy can be sent to the artist who is to illustrate it, or to the printer who is to set it up, without the risk of such a loss as will compel the author to rewrite it and the publisher to pay twice for it.

The *Century* magazine is running a fast press day and night in order to print the first installment of the delayed "Talleyrand Memoirs" in the January number. It will contain a sketch of the author's strange and lonely childhood, an account of his entry into Parisian society, his estimate of Lafayette, some account of the beginnings of the French Revolution, a striking passage concerning the Duke of Orleans, an account of Talleyrand's residence in England and America, and of a most interesting conversation between Talleyrand and Hamilton on the subject of free trade and protection.

Two notable books of travel by Frank Vincent, "Around and About South America" and "In and Out of Central America," are announced for the holidays by D. Appleton & Co.

General Butler has nearly completed the autobiography on which he has been for some time engaged. The publication may be looked for before the end of the next year.

Colonel John Hay's sole occupation this winter will be the editing and preparing for the press of the Complete Works of Lincoln. He has received many proposals to write personal articles about Lincoln, but intends never to write anything more on that subject. Mr. Nicolay will write a few more articles for the *Century*, but the article in the November number is the last that Colonel Hay will write.

General Lew Wallace is writing with elaborate care a story of the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks in 1454. He intends it to be as good in its way as "Ben Hur"—and doubtless hopes it will be as successful, though it would be hard for any book to rival that tale in popularity.

Harper & Brothers have just published the seventh number of the "Franklin Square Song Collection," compiled by Professor J. P. McCaskey. The collection now includes fourteen hundred popular songs, hymns, and melodies, besides a large amount of reading matter on musical subjects.

The first installment of a new serial by Thomas Hardy, entitled "A Group of Noble Dames," appears in the current *Harper's Weekly*.

Touree's new novel, "Murvale Eastman, Christian Socialist," will be issued January 7th.

The latest addition to the popular and very handsome Odd Number Series of translations from foreign authors, published by Harper & Brothers, is a collection of "Ten Tales by François Coppée," translated by Walter Learned. Brander Matthews writes the introduction to the "Tales," and the volume is enriched by fifty illustrations from pen-and-ink drawings by Albert E. Sterner.

George Parsons Lathrop is occupied with a romance of the future, written in collaboration with Thomas A. Edison. This will not aim to reform society and depict the human race in a state of perfect development, but will describe and utilize as elements in the story a number of probable inventions of the future. Mr. Edison will supply the scientific portion, and make some drawings to ac-

company the text. The romance will be published early in 1891.

The American edition of Sir Walter Scott's "Journal," has just been published by Harper & Brothers.

It is expected that the first and second volumes of the Talleyrand memoirs will appear together about January 1st. The first volume is already in type.

The *Chicago Tribune* says: "Ward McAllister's book is a drug on the market already. The cheap book-stores are advertising it at cut rates."

Mark Twain, it is reported, will for some time pay more attention to the development of a type-setting machine, in which he is financially interested, than to literary work.

A new edition of Sarah Jeannette Duncan's amusing account of her travels, "A Social Departure," has been appropriately issued for the holidays by D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Charles Barnard is collaborating with Mr. Charles Jefferson, the theatrical manager and son of the distinguished actor, upon a play whose interest centres in a country circus. In their joint labors, the two Charleses have the invaluable supervision of Mr. Joseph Jefferson, whose recent autobiography has shown that he is no less a writer and an artist than he is a comedian.

Bram Stoker, the well-known theatrical manager, has written an Irish story entitled "The Snake's Pass," which Harper & Brothers have just brought out as the last addition to their Franklin Square Library.

Books for Boys and Girls.

The bound volume of *Chatterbox* for 1890, containing the usual fund of stories, verses, and pictures suited for children's tastes, has been issued by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Silver Caves," by Ernest Ingersoll, is a story of life in the mines, with plenty of adventurous incident to fire the imagination of young lads. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Ecboes from Elf-Land" is the title of a book of nursery tales in verse, including "Little Boy Blue" and other Mother Goose melodies, written and illustrated by Mrs. Eliza A. Otis. Published by the Times-Mirror Company, Los Angeles; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.50.

New editions of Grace Greenwood's "Stories of My Childhood and Other Tales" and "History of My Pets," revised by the author and illustrated by Max F. Klepper, has been issued by the United States Book Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"Ziggags in the Great North-West," by Hezekiah Butterworth, is the twelfth volume of the Zigzag Series, its route of travel being over the Canadian Pacific to the Western ocean. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, \$1.75.

In "Battle-Fields and Camp-Fires," Willis J. Abbott turns his attention from the achievements of the American "blue-jackets" to the military operations of the Civil War, from the removal of McClellan to the accession of Grant. The scheme followed is to describe the great operations at length, leaving out the skirmishes, maneuvers, and strategic moves that generally confuse the young student of history. The book is illustrated by many spirited pictures. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., Boston; for sale by William Dorey; price, \$3.00.

"Freedom Triumphant" is the title of the last volume of Charles Carleton Coffin's history of the Civil War. It covers the period from September, 1864—when the armies of the Shenandoah, the Potomac, and the West were in the field and Lincoln was a candidate for re-nomination—and concludes with the re-establishment of the authority of the Federal Government throughout the Union. Like the preceding volumes, it is copiously illustrated and is provided with an index. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The bound volume of *Harper's Young People* for 1890 is a book that any child between the nursery and college ages would be glad to have. It contains nearly nine hundred pages of text and pictures, and provides stories to amuse, articles on arts, sciences, and like subjects to instruct, and essays and special articles on timely topics to keep the young readers as well posted regarding events throughout the world which interest and affect them as the great magazines do for their elders. This timely element does not interfere, however, with the value of the bound volume, for the stories do not lose their interest, and boys like as well now as they did a year ago to learn how to build a birch-bark canoe and girls still enjoy reading the articles that tell of other girls in this and other lands. William Dean Howells's "A Boy's Town" is contained in this volume, and there are stories and articles by William O. Stoddard, Thomas Nelson Page, Nora Perry, Mrs. Burton Harrison, and other famous writers, and the illustrations are by such artists as Kemble, W. A. Rogers, Howard

Pyle, Hamilton Gibson, and W. T. Smedley. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Crowded Out o' Crofield: or, The Boy who Made his Way," by William O. Stoddard, is the kind of story boys like to read and the kind that does them good. The hero is a country lad who can turn his hand to any work; he goes to New York, makes friends right and left, and, though he receives one or two set-backs, his career is brilliantly successful so far as the story follows it. "Crowded Out o' Crofield" is a typical story of New York and the commercial North; another hook for boys, issued by the same publishers in uniform binding, presents the life of boys in the South with equal vivacity and characteristic color. It is called "King Tom and the Runaways," and tells what befell two boys in a Georgia swamp. Its author is Louis Pendleton, and those who have read his other productions need not be told that he has made his little heroes very real and has put them through a variety of exciting experiences. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, \$1.50 each.

New Publications.

"Sheridan's Ride," Thomas Buchanan Read's poem, illustrated with engravings on wood from designs prepared especially for this edition by Copeland and others, has been issued as a holiday volume by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers.

A new edition of Charles Reade's popular novels, "Peg Woffington" and "Christie Johnston," has just been issued. They are printed on heavy, uncut paper, with broad margins and gilt tops, each volume has a frontispiece, one etched and the other reproduced from a water-color, and the binding is tasteful and striking. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Professor Gustav Eisen has written a book of two hundred and twenty-four pages on "The Raisin Industry, a Practical Treatise on the Raisin Grapes, their History, Culture, and Curing." Its chief value is its practical character, for it is a complete guide for the raisin-grower, written with clearness and force. Published and for sale—by subscription only—by H. S. Crocker & Co., San Francisco; price, \$3.00.

"Timothy's Quest," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, is a story of a little boy who escapes from a baby-farm, at the death of the woman who keeps it, and runs away into the country with a girl-baby, whose nurse he has been. His adventures in search of a home where his little charge will be adopted, and the change they bring into the life of the two old spinners who give them shelter, make a very pretty little tale. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by William Doxey; price, \$1.00.

"All Around the Year" is a calendar for 1891, consisting of a dozen leaves of heavy card-board, on which are printed the calendars of the months, each accompanied by a picture of child-life by J. Pauline Sunter. "An Old Love-Letter" is the title of a booklet, arranged in antique style and consisting of several sentiments from old love-letters, printed in old text and illuminated by Irene E. Jerome. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents and \$1.00 respectively.

"Strolls by Starlight and Sunshine" is the title of the latest book made up of W. Hamilton Gibson's contributions to *Harper's Magazine*. It is a royal octavo volume of nearly two hundred pages, and is printed on heavy cream-laid paper, with gilt edges. The essays it contains are six in number, the first two treating of the fields and flowers at night, the third and fourth of birds and their nests, the fifth of butterflies, and the last of "the wild garden." Mr. Gibson is a lover of nature, and writes charmingly of the pretty things he sees. But the great charm of the book is his pictures. It is unnecessary to commend them here; Mr. Gibson's delicate traceries of flowers, ferns, and grasses have long been unsurpassed, and he has outdone himself in the exquisite pictures he has strewn so lavishly through this book. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, \$3.50.

Oliver Wendell Holmes's series of papers in the *Atlantic* during the past year have been republished in a single volume, bound uniformly with the familiar green-cloth edition of his other works, with the original title, "Over the Tea-Cups." Dr. Holmes is a much older man now than when he wrote "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," but there is little ground for his modest fears that the new book will not bear comparison with the old. Ripe wisdom, perhaps, gained the preponderance over young buoyancy; but the "autocrat" is as genial and indy, as witty, and as delightful as he ever was. Old age is one of the many topics discussed, and seldom has it been more entertainingly treated; in his chapter, Dr. Holmes quotes a citizen who "said, in hearing that a friend had dropped off from apoplexy, that it made his mouth water to hear of such a case." Each paper concludes with a poem, many of which have been widely copied and are already

favorites with the people. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by William Doxey; price, \$1.50.

A very handsome and very readable book on the American drama is "Curiosities of the American Stage," by Laurence Hutton. It is intended to appeal especially to dramatic collectors and old playgoers. Three chapters have appeared in *Harper's Magazine* and others in part in other periodicals. An idea of its contents may be gathered from what Mr. Hutton calls "the bill of the play": "The Native American Drama—the Indian Drama, the Revolutionary and War Drama, the Frontier Drama, the Stage American in the Character Play, the Local New York Drama, the Society Drama"; "The American Stage Negro"; "The American Burlesque"; "Infant Phenomena of America"; and "A Century of Hamlets." Mr. Hutton has devoted a deal of research to the compilation of this volume, and has authenticated all his statements; and the portraits and old prints scattered through the pages are, many of them, rare and valuable. At the end of the volume are indexes by names of persons and by names of theatres. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"London Letters and Some Others" is the title of two octavo volumes in which are gathered the best of George W. Smalley's letters from Europe to the *New York Tribune*. Mr. Smalley's letters are so widely known that it is not necessary here to explain who their author is and his position in London society; it is enough to indicate the kind of letters which have been chosen for preservation in these volumes. The subdivisions of the first volume are "Personalities" and "Two Mid-Lothian Campaigns." The latter are Gladstone's campaigns in 1879 and 1884, and among the notabilities discussed in the former are the Bismarcks, father and son, Gambetta, Beaconsfield, Delane of the *Times*, Lord Iddesleigh, Balfour, Ministers Lowell and Phelps, Carlyle, Lord Houghton, Lord Lytton, Gustave Doré, Mr. Watts, and others of the political, literary, and artistic world. In the second volume, under the caption "Notes on Social Life," he discusses London society, English talk and talkers, and the American girl in English society, and the other subdivisions are "Notes on Parliament," "Pageants," and "Miscellaneous"—the latter including notes on current events and phases of English life. The books are well printed and bound, and are thoroughly indexed. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Bret Harte's latest story is called "A Ward of the Golden Gate." In the prologue we are introduced to the private office of the mayor of San Francisco in the early '50's, where that official and Colonel Harry Pendleton, a Kentuckian, president of the El Dorado Bank, are besought to become the guardians of the child of a notorious woman, Kate Howard. They accept the trust in their official capacities, so that the mayor of San Francisco and the president of the El Dorado Bank, whoever those incumbents may be, are the little girl's guardians. A third guardian is secured in the person of Paul Hathaway, a lad of seventeen, who serves the mayor as private secretary. The story begins with the meeting of Paul with his ward—his boyish suggestion that she be called Yerba Buena had been accepted and she had been so called since the appointment of her guardians—follows their love-story, which is confined to three or four meetings, spread over several years. The girl's sense of the mystery surrounding her origin, the efforts of a crafty Mexican suitor to make much of this and turn it to his own advantage, and Hathaway's anxiety lest she learn the truth—these, with the love-affair, make the story. There is more story in it than Bret Harte usually constructs, and it is necessary; for, while Bret Harte could not be tedious, the free, strong drawing of unconventional character that is his forte is utterly lacking here, except in the treatment of the old Kentuckian, Colonel Pendleton, who is the only person of flesh and blood in the book. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by William Doxey; price, \$1.25.

Paper-Covered Novels.

The following are the latest issues of novels in paper covers:

"The Romance of a Spahi" from the French of Pierre Loti, by M. L. Watkins, and "The Gladiators," by G. J. Whyte-Melville. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers.
"Wormwood," by Marie Corelli, and "The Honorable Miss," by L. T. Meade. Published by the United States Book Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents each.
"The Decline and Fall of the British Empire," by "an English premier." Published by the Minerva Publishing Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.
"The Colonel's Christmas" (short stories), by Captain Charles King, U. S. A. Published by L. R. Hamersly & Co., Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.
"The Swamp of Death; or, The Benwell Mystery," by "Hawksbaw." Published by the Eagle Publishing Company, Chicago; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.
"A Homberg Beauty," by Mrs. Edward Kennard. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.
"The Rich Man's Fool," by Robert C. Givins. Published by Laird & Lee, Chicago; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.
"Life: A Novel," by William W. Wheeler. Published by the author in New York; for sale by the newsdealers; price, 50 cents.

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December contains complete stories by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Richard Harding Davis, Joel Chandler Harris, and Maurice Thompson, with the beginning of James Lane Allen's novelette of convent life in Kentucky, "Sister Dolorosa."

January will contain the first installment of important extracts from the famous TALLEYRAND MEMOIRS—to be published in THE CENTURY in advance of the appearance of the book in any country.

February will contain the first chapters of Edward Eggleston's great novel of New York life "The Faith Doctor," Talleyrand's narrative of his personal relations with Napoleon Bonaparte, etc., etc.

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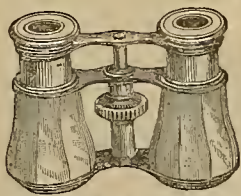
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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams have issued cards for a dancing-party which will take place on Christmas eve at their residence, 1925 Octavia Street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Buckingham were pleasantly surprised on Friday evening, December 12th, at their new residence, 1231 Twenty-First Street, by a number of their friends. The hours were made delightful with vocal and instrumental music, and a delicious supper was served at midnight.

Miss Maggie Kittle gave a charming *déjeuner* recently at the home of her mother, Mrs. N. G. Kittle. Covers were laid for twelve, the decorations were in excellent taste, and the menu was delicious.

The engagement is announced of Miss Nannie May Lewis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Lewis, of Petaluma, to Mr. Walter R. Dimmore, formerly of Philadelphia, but now of this city.

Mrs. Evan J. Coleman gave an enjoyable reception at her residence, 1450 Sacramento Street, recently, to which quite a number of her friends were invited. Miss Guthrie was the particularly honored guest of the evening, and she contributed greatly to its pleasures by singing several selections most charmingly. A delicious supper was served about midnight.

Mrs. W. P. Buckingham will be at home on the last Thursday of each month at her new residence, 1232 Twenty-First Street.

A reception was given in Memorial Hall, Odd Fellows' building, on Friday afternoon, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Swett and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Anderson. It was attended by almost all of the principals and teachers of the public schools, and resulted most pleasantly.

Invitations have been issued for the inaugural ball to be given in honor of Governor H. H. Markham, the legislature and State officers at the State capitol on Friday evening, January 9th.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Commander J. B. Coghlin, U. S. N., and Captain Philip, U. S. N., of Mare Island, left for Washington, D. C., a week ago.

Dr. M. M. Walker, U. S. A., of Fort Canby, will pass the winter at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Burtis, U. S. N., are located at the California Hotel for the season.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The De Pachmann Concerts.

Vladimir de Pachmann, the pianist, who is credited with being the best exponent of the musical compositions of Chopin, is in the city giving a series of concerts at Odd Fellows' Hall. He has played before large audiences, and has received unstinted praise. His first concert took place last Monday evening, when the following programme was given, all of the selections being those of Chopin:

Sonata, op. 58; ballade, op. 23; scherzo, op. 31; three etudes, op. 25, No. 3, op. 10, No. 4, and No. 5; fantasia, op. 49; three preludes, op. 28, Nos. 8, 16, and 19; mazourka, op. 59; polonaise, op. 53.

At his second concert on Tuesday evening, the selections were as follows:

Sonata, op. 35; two nocturnes, op. 48, No. 1, and op. 37, No. 2; two etudes, op. 25, Nos. 6 and 12; ballade, op. 47; fantasia impromptu, op. 66; two mazourkas, op. 24, No. 4, and op. 30, No. 3; two walses, op. 34, No. 3, and op. 64, No. 1; scherzo, op. 20.

He will give two more concerts, one this (Saturday) afternoon and another on Monday evening. The programmes will be entirely different from those heretofore presented, though still chosen from Chopin's compositions.

The Last Aus der Ohe Recital.

Miss Adèle aus der Ohe's last recital took place at Steinway Hall on Friday evening, December 19th. She was assisted by Mr. Hermann Brandt, Mr. Louis Schmidt, and Mr. Louis Heine in the presentation of the following programme:

Quartet for piano and strings, E flat, op. 47, sostenuto assai, allegro, ma non troppo; scherzo (molto vivace), andante cantabile, finale (vivace), Schumann; fantasia stickle, (a) warum? (why?), (b) grillen (whims), (c) des abens (in the evening), Schumann; fasschings-schwank aus Wien (carnival pranks from Vienna), op. 26, allegro, romanza, scherzino, intermezzo, finale, Schumann; andante spianato et grande polonaise, Chopin.

Mr. J. H. Rosewald is now wielding the conductor's baton over the Hess Opera Troupe. The managerial selection is a most excellent one.

Yearling prices have risen in England to the point that a Mr. Marshall coolly advertised a yearling filly by Ormonde, from Serene, by Hermit, for four thousand guineas.

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SOCIETY.

The Reis Dinner-Party.

One of the prettiest affairs of the week was the dinner-party given by Mr. and Mrs. John O'Neil Reis last Thursday evening at their residence, 699 Polk Street, in honor of the Misses Brooks, sisters of Mrs. Reis. Covers were laid for thirty, and the dining-room was a scene of great beauty. Five tables were arranged in it, each table accommodating six people and being lighted by a handsome candelabrum covered with a colored shade, the wax tapers corresponding in color. Around this central piece fragrant flowers were tastefully arranged, and their tints harmonized with the shades above. Roses, chrysanthemums, violets, and maiden-hair fern were used in carrying out the pretty effect. Seven o'clock was the hour set for the dinner, and several hours were devoted to the enjoyment of the sumptuous menu. During the service of the dinner Ballenberg's band played concert selections and afterward played for the dancing in the parlors. The affair terminated at a late hour, and was extremely pleasant throughout. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Neil Reis, Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon, Mrs. E. B. Coleman, the Misses Brooks, Miss Gwin, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Flora Low, Miss Jennie Sanderson, Miss Bessie Bowie, Miss Jessie Bowie, Miss Scott, Miss Marguerite Wallace, Miss Virginia Thornton, Mr. S. H. Brooks, Mr. T. Cary Friedlander, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. Carter Tevis, Colonel C. Fred Crocker, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Henry Redington, Mr. Philip Thornton, Mr. W. S. McMurtry, Lieutenant Cabell, U. S. A., Lieutenant Lossier, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Pounstone, U. S. N.

The Martin Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Henry McLean Martin was the hostess at a charming lunch-party which she gave last Thursday at her home on the corner of California and Taylor Streets. Twenty ladies were her guests, and they were assembled at her residence at half-past one o'clock. The beautiful art-gallery was the scene of the luncheon, and it was decorated in tones of pink, lavender, and yellow. The large table was set diagonally in the room, and it was decorated prettily with fragrant violets in beds and clusters, among which orange-bued ribbons were gracefully mingled. Illumination was afforded by means of elegant lamps which bore shades that imitated immense clusters of pink roses. At each cover was a favor of long satin ribbon, upon which figures and violets were deftly painted, and the name appeared in gilded letters. There were also exquisitely made bon-bon receptacles of colored satin. An arrangement of palms around the room completed the artistic ensemble. The menu was a delicious one, excellently served, and the time passed at the table was made exceedingly pleasant. Those present comprised:

Mrs. Henry McLean Martin, Mrs. D. D. Colton, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Armstrong Lyon, Mrs. H. M. Newhall, Mrs. Frank L. Wino, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mrs. John O'Neil Reis, Mrs. Crittenden Thornton, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. M. Hall McAllister, Mrs. Leonard Wood, Mrs. Fred W. Sharon, Mrs. Walter McGavin, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Hugh Tevis, Mrs. Charles Keeney, Mrs. Louis E. Parrott, Mrs. Charles B. Brigham, and Mrs. George M. Stoney.

The Badger-Cowles Wedding.

An interesting wedding took place last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mrs. Samuel Cowles, 35 Twelfth Street, when her daughter, Miss Frances Cowles, was united in marriage to Mr. A. Shreve Badger, a prominent merchant of Chicago. The young lady, who is a tall and handsome blonde, is the daughter of the late Judge Samuel Cowles, and is a sister of Mrs. Joseph D. Redding. She has passed the last two years in Chicago, where she met the groom.

The parlors were ornate with beautiful blossoms in combination with the bright scarlet berries of Christmas-tide and the deeper tones of winter foliage, making an attractive setting for the wedding. About fifty relatives and intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed at nine o'clock by Rev. E. B. Spalding. Mr. Samuel W. Cowles, brother of the bride, gave her into the keeping of the groom, who was attended by Mr. Richard A. Hotaling as best man. The bride was attended by two pretty little maids, Miss Myra Redding, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, and Miss Gertrude Josselyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn.

After the ceremony congratulations were extended to the happy couple, and the remainder of the evening was pleasantly devoted to the enjoyment of a delicious supper and general merry-making. The wedding gifts were numerous, elegant, and appropriate. Mr. and Mrs. Badger left on Thursday for Monterey, and later on will visit Florida and the Eastern States before going to Chicago to reside permanently.

The Charity Ball.

The grand annual charity ball, given under the auspices of the Women's Exchange, took place Friday, December 12th. Pioneer Hall was the scene of the festivity and it was decked in gay colors in honor of the affair. The walls and gallery were prettily draped with colored bunting and the stage represented a garden scene with its masses of tropical plants and potted chrysanthemums in artistic array. Society was well represented in the large assemblage that filled the ball-room, and royalty gave an additional charm to it in the presence of King Kalkau, who was present with his suite. Ballenberg's

orchestra discoursed the latest musical selections for dancing, and Ernst Ludwig provided the excellent supper that was served during the intermission. Great credit is due to Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., Mr. George A. Newhall, Lieutenant Pounstone, U. S. N., Lieutenant Miley, U. S. A., Lieutenant Cabell, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Coffin, U. S. A., for their efficient management as the floor committee. Miss Mamie Burling, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Wethered, and Mrs. I. W. Kersey distinguished themselves in the arrangement of the decorations, and the lady managers of the exchange, as a whole, are to be congratulated upon the very successful outcome of their arduous work of several weeks.

The Reis Lunch-Party.

A delightful lunch-party was given by Mrs. John O'Neil Reis on Saturday afternoon, December 13th, at her home, 699 Polk Street. The decorations were of yellow, from the band of watered silk stretched diagonally across the table to the chrysanthemums that adorned it and the candelabra-shades and tapers that illuminated the room. Fourteen ladies were seated at the table. They were:

Mrs. John O'Neil Reis, Mrs. Fred W. Sharon, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. F. F. Low, Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mrs. George M. Pinckard, Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. Frank L. Winn, Mrs. William S. Tevis, the Misses Brooks, Miss Gwin, and Miss Friedlander.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city, and of the whereabouts of absent San Franciscans:

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll, *nee* Hanchett, have returned from their wedding trip and are located at their home in Sacramento. Mrs. Carroll will receive her friends here on Thursdays in January at the residence of her sister, Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, 1205 Bush Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mr. Walter L. Dean, and little Miss Helen Dean have apartments at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city, where they are passing the winter season.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair have returned home after an absence of two months at Coronado Beach, Los Angeles, and Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker will entertain Miss Beth Sperry, of Stockton, this winter at their residence on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins returned from their Eastern trip last Sunday.

Miss Mattie Gibbs is visiting her sister at Fort Niobrara, Neb.

Colonel and Mrs. W. L. Dickenson will pass the winter months at the Palace Hotel.

Hon. Romualdo Pacheco is expected to arrive from Washington, D. C., on Monday, and will soon proceed to Central America to commence his duties as United States Minister there.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Jerome Smith, of Stockton, are at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Ralston have returned from Seattle, and will pass the winter in Oakland.

Mrs. W. C. Burnett and Miss Gertrude Burnett have returned from their trip abroad, and will receive on Fridays at their residence, 1916 Broadway.

Mrs. E. W. Leonard has returned from Lake County, and is stopping at 582 Twelfth Street, East Oakland.

Mr. A. T. Eadman is enjoying a tour of the Eastern States.

Mrs. John McMullin will pass the winter here as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin.

Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue is visiting her parents, Judge and Mrs. William T. Wallace.

Mrs. S. W. Holladay has gone to London to join her daughter, Mrs. Blackwell, who recently met with a sad bereavement in the death of her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Briggs, who recently returned from an Eastern visit, are now located at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. George S. Ladd is passing the winter at the Hotel Brunswick in New York city.

Miss Grace Maynard arrived in New York city on Friday and will remain there throughout the winter.

Misses Lillie and Thillie Eggers are residing at 41 West Twenty-second Street, in New York city, and are devoting the winter months to the study of music and art.

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Sharon, of Virginia, Nev., will soon move to Oakland to reside, as they have purchased a residence there.

Colonel and Mrs. William H. Chamberlain and Miss Celestine Preston are visiting Denver.

Mrs. R. M. McLaren and Miss McLaren, of St. Paul, Minn., are visiting General and Mrs. Gibbon at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg have returned from a visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beylard and Miss Howard, of San Mateo, have been passing the week at the California Hotel.

Mrs. J. B. Wright has returned to her home in Sacramento after a European visit to Europe.

Mr. Louis T. Haggin has returned from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. B. K. Woodworth, of Fresno, are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Joseph MacDonough, of Menlo Park, is at the California Hotel.

Mrs. John Hays Hammond, Miss Lucia Kittle, Miss Alice Griffin, and Mr. Donald Y. Campbell have returned from the East.

Mrs. W. E. Pinney and the Misses Morse, of San Rafael, have gone to Santa Barbara, where they will remain until the end of January.

Mrs. E. B. Crocker and Miss Crouch have returned to Sacramento after a month's visit at Los Angeles.

General William M. Lent and family are in Denver, Col.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Van Winkle, of this city, and Miss Carrie H. Kellogg, of Utica, N. Y., are visiting Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Dunne, of San Felipe, have taken apartments at the California Hotel for the winter.

Miss Madeline Hawley, of Washington, D. C., is stopping at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Miss Rose Rich has returned from an enjoyable visit to the East and Europe.

Mrs. John Chamberlain and the Misses Chamberlain, of Washington, D. C., are expected here in January, via Panama.

As "Society,"

Within the true and real meaning of the phrase, grows and develops in the United States, there grows and develops with it a cultured and refined taste in all things. This indisputable fact accounts for the great popularity which the Pommery and Greno Sec Champagne is lately acquiring to the most select circles of American society. For a long time past this wine has been almost exclusively used among the royalty and nobility of Europe, more particularly in England and Russia. Its intrinsic merits commend it to the critical and discerning judgment of those who have the means to indulge in the best of everything that is to be had. Persons who intend giving select entertainments should be particular to have this wine on the table, and bear in mind the Prince of Wales's opinion: "There is no headache in Pommery Sec."

—London Journal.



Most Reliable
For all affections requiring a purgative,
Ayer's Pills

are the general favorite as a family medicine. Sick Headache, Indigestion, a Sluggish Liver, and Constipation are among the complaints for which these pills are peculiarly effective.

"I regard Ayer's Pills as one of the most reliable general remedies of the times. They have been in use in my family for various affections requiring a purgative medicine, and have given unvarying satisfaction. We have found them an excellent remedy for colds and light fevers."—W. R. Woodson, Fort Worth, Texas.

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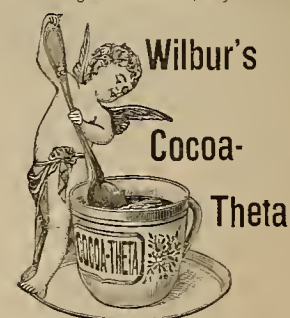


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The One-Minute Chocolate.
Put up in tins, 1/4-lb., 1-lb., and 5-lb. sizes.

For dyspeptics, children, and the convalescent. A substitute for tea and coffee. Not a medicine. Not a "tonic."

The only preparation of the kind ever awarded a gold medal.

Marion Harland calls it "etheralized cocoa."

Recommended by the best physicians in the country. Ready for instant use. Refreshing and invigorating.


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Children
Growing
Too Fast

become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. But you can fortify them and build them up, by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES
Of Lime and Soda.

They will take it readily, for it is almost as palatable as milk. And it should be remembered that AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. Avoid substitutions offered.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Dr. Johnson was once seated in the midst of a large dinner-party. He inadvertently placed in his mouth a hot potato, but, suddenly ejecting it, he turned to the hostess with this remark: "Madam, a fool would have burned himself!"

Fontenelle preferred his asparagus dressed with oil; but his friend, the Abbé Terrasson, liked it with butter. The latter coming to dine with him one day, Fontenelle unselfishly ordered that half the asparagus should be dressed his way and the other half Terrasson's. Just before sitting down to table, the abbé was struck down by apoplexy, whereupon Fontenelle rushed out of the room and shouted to his cook: "All the asparagus with oil! All of it with oil!"

An absent-minded Maine man, along in the fall, when he saw his neighbors digging their potatoes, took his horse, put some baskets into the cart, and, with his boy, drove the team across the pasture to a back field. Opening the bars, the boy drove the cart into the field, when the farmer stepped out a few rods from the fence, looked about him, gazed across the field up and down, and seeing no signs of potatoes, said to himself: "Well, I declare, I thought I had some potatoes here, but I guess I forgot to plant 'em."

A South Carolina physician (says the *Medical Record*), when asked why he located at Monelova, said: "It is a first-rate place for a doctor. If a man is sick, all you have to do is to tell his friends (no matter whether the affair is serious or not) to go to a priest and have him confessed and prepare for death. If he dies, they will say: 'What a good doctor he is. He knew he must die, and so had his spiritual interests attended to.' If he recovers, they will say: 'What a capable physician he must be. The man was in the last extremity and prepared for death, and he cured him.' So, in either event, it is a first-rate place in which to achieve a medical reputation."

A story is told (says the *Washington Post*) of a Rhode Island lady who was being shown over the White House under the gallant escort of Speaker Reed. The Speaker was particularly attentive and took pains to show off the fine points of the mansion to the best of his ability. In the corridor President Harrison was encountered, and he, too, was gracious in helping the visitor view the different apartments. The lady did not know the President, but his attentions seemed to merit some recognition, so she said: "I think I remember you as about under the Arthur administration. Were you not?" The Speaker chuckled till his fat sides shook, but the President barely smiled.

One of the items of expenditure which became fashionable in Scotland, after the restoration, was the payment of rhymesters to write funeral elegies. Quite a host of poetasters traded on this fashion. Neither in veracity nor in literary quality do these Scottish elegaic writers seem to have been better than he who wrote the famous epitaph of the lady who was "bland, passionate, and deeply religious; she painted in water-colors, and sent several pictures to the Dublin Exhibition; she was first cousin to Lady Jones, and of such is the kingdom of heaven." This epitaph is even exceeded by an obituary notice of a Miss Wallace. Of this lady it was recorded that "her conduct was beyond all praise. She engaged in ornamental working on glass, confided greatly in others, and died in squalid penury!"

A recent wedding in England was so interrupted that the friend of the wedded pair found special reason to congratulate them when the ceremony was at last over. All went merrily until the bridegroom was called upon to produce the wedding-ring. In vain he felt in his trousers' pocket for the indispensable trifle. Nothing could be found, except a hole through which the ring had evidently fallen into the high boot, which is affected by young men of that district. What was he to do? "Take your boot off," said the parson. The suspense and silence were painful. The organist, at the priest's bidding, struck up a "voluntary." The young man removed his boot, the ring was found, also a hole in his stocking, and the worthy minister remarked, evidently with more than the delay of the ceremony in mind: "Young man, it is time you were married."

Once in awhile one sees, in some New England village, people who have scarcely set foot outside the narrow limits of their own township in the course of their lives. These people, even in their most wide-awake and vigorous years, have a way of measuring the outside world by their own simple standards, which is quite refreshing. "What should you do if you had money, William?" inquired one of the group gathered around the big fireplace, in the little inn or tavern at Hilltown, of the tavern-keeper, who was counted a man of wide experience and wisdom by his friends. "The first thing I should do," said William, judiciously, "is what I would advise any one to do; fix up my home a bit; make a few improvements in the old place; and then" (impressively),

"then I should travel. Yes," he added, with an air as of one already started on his journeyings, "I should certainly travel. I should go to Keene, which, as some of you know, is upwards of thirty miles from here!" Here a silence, born of the mere suggestion of such a mighty undertaking, fell on the group around the fire.

I recently visited a certain part of this world where it seemed as though every other man and about half of the women whom I met were the authors of books, and not a few of them entertained the notion that I must have read or heard of their volumes of poetry, or theology, or romance, or criticism, or legistics, or piety, or science (says John Swinton). I was often embarrassed by the question of new acquaintances, "Have you read my book?" and I always felt indisposed to give offense by repeating Carlyle's reply to the inquiry, ("No; is it a big book?" On one occasion, however, when a professor in the university asked me the familiar question, I hethought me of a way of relieving myself from embarrassment by abruptly, yet I hope courteously, asking, "Have you read my book?" The professor, who had not heard of my brochure, though it appeared in print ten years ago, was put in as bad a plight as he had previously put me in, and his mortification over his ignorance was even more grievous than mine. The quiddity served me ever afterward when I met an inquiring author.

The author of "Stirring Incidents in the Life of a British Soldier" tells the following incident of his earlier career. The instruction he enjoyed was about as good as that given by the teacher who taught that "The earth is flat or round, just as the parent pleases": When the inspector was about to visit the school on his professional tour, the master frequently instructed the pupils individually on such questions as he thought most likely to be put by the examining officer. "Tommy, my boy," said he to me one day, "should the inspector ask you what shape is the earth, I will hold this snuff-box in my hand, which will remind you that the earth is round." At the examination several questions were asked by the inspector. The boy next me was asked, "What shape is the earth?" "Long, sir," was the answer. "How do you know that it is long?" said the officer. "Because I was an hour coming to school this morning, sir, so I know it must be long." "You might be two hours walking to school," said he, "but that does not prove that the earth is long. Next boy!" said the inspector. "What shape is the earth?" The master, through mistake, took his square snuff-box, which he always used on Sunday, from his pocket, instead of the round one which he used on week-days, whereupon I made answer: "Square on Sunday, and round on week-days, sir." "Oh!" said the official; "that's a curious freak of nature. Why do you think so?" said he, "Because master's snuff-box is square on Sunday and round on other days," said I, with a conscious pride at having answered the question.

I was driving along a highway in Woods County, Ohio (says a writer in the *New York Sun*), with a man who was selling farming-machines to farmers, and about two o'clock in the afternoon we came along to a district school-house. The school-ma'am and about twenty scholars stood under an elm-tree, about forty feet high, near the house, and in the topmost branches of the tree was a boy about fourteen years old. "Anything wrong here?" asked my friend, as we halted before the door. "Budd Hawkins says he won't, and the teacher says he must!" called a little girl. The teacher herself then came forward. She was a plain-looking girl of about twenty, with a mouth showing great firmness, and with some embarrassment she explained: "It's the terror of the school. He refused to mind, and I started to whip him. He broke away and ran out and climbed the tree. I've been up about twenty feet, but had to give it up and come down." "Yer can't conquer me!" shouted the boy. "Budd, I order you to come down!" "I won't!" "I have sent for an axe, and here it comes," she said, as she turned to us; "he'll come down with the tree if not before." We offered to use the axe, but she de-

clined the offer with thanks, and, stepping to the tree, she swung the implement around and buried the blade in the wood. "You dasn't!" shouted Budd from the top. "I'll do it or resign!" she answered, as she struck several blows. At the end of three minutes the tree began to totter and Budd to yell in alarm, and in a few seconds later it fell with a crash. I thought the boy was badly hurt, if not killed, and was relieved as the school-ma'am sprang forward, yanked him out of the branches, and, while applying a gad with one hand, she pulled him into the school-house with the other, saying: "Now, Budd Hawkins, you've got to do some of the awfulest begging ever heard of in the State of Ohio, or I won't leave enough hide on you for a flea to bite!" He was hard at it when we drove on.

Cure of Spinal Weakness.

E. F. Woolston, Yates, Orleans Co., N. Y., writes: "My wife, five years ago, was confined to her bed with inflammatory rheumatism of the muscles of the back. The doctors thought her case hopeless, and doomed her to be a bed-ridden invalid. The violent pain kept her awake almost every night. She lost over thirty pounds in weight. To ease her pain I thought I would put on ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. I covered her back with them. To my great delight she began to sleep well. The pain very much abated in one week. I then took the plasters off, washed her back, and put on fresh ones. At the end of the second week, she insisted on getting up, and by the third week, was entirely well and able to attend to her household duties."

GREENBAUM'S VIOLET WATER IS UNEQUALED.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY, BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders,
"Worth a Guinea a Box" but sold
for 25 Cents,
BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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FOR STRENGTH,
NOURISHMENT AND
REFRESHMENT.

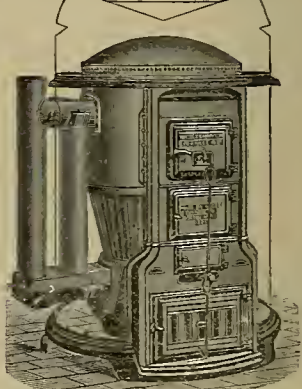
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Healthful, Durable, and Economical.



Estimates furnished on old as well as new houses, public buildings, halls, schools, churches, offices, stores, etc. Send for list of references.

TAYLOR GOODRICH, Pacific Coast Agent
27 New Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Good morning

Have you used

PEARS' SOAP?

VANITY FAIR.

The Chaperon.

I take my chaperon to the play—
She thinks she's taking me,
And the gilded youth who owns the box,
A proud young man is he—
But how would his young heart be hurt
If he could only know
That not for his sweet sake I go
Nor yet to see the trifling show;
But to see my chaperon flirt.

Her eyes beneath her snowy hair
They sparkle young as mine;
There's scarce a wrinkle in her hand
So delicate and fine.
And when my chaperon is seen,
They come from everywhere—
The dear old boys with silvery hair,
With old-time grace and old-time air,
To greet their old-time queen.

They bow as my young Midas here
Will never learn to bow,
(The dancing-master do not teach
That gracious reverence now);
With voices quavering just a bit,
They play their old parts through,
They talk of folks who used to woo,
Of hearts that broke in 'fifty-two—
Now none the worse for it.

And as those aged crickets chirp
I watch my chaperon's face,
And see the dear old features take
A new and tender grace and grace,
And in her happy eyes I see
Her youth awakening bright,
With all its hope, desire, delight—
Ah, me! I wish that I were quite
As young—as young as she!

—H. C. Bunner in Puck.

New York fashion put on its best bonnet and crowded the little theatre of the Berkeley Lyceum one afternoon last week to hear Boston culture, done up in doublet and hose, disentangle the labyrinthine and murky obscurities of Browning's "In a Balcony" (says the *Sun*). Horrid man was barred out of this esoteric high carnival of the emotion, for three Boston society women were to appear in the play, and were to wear tights, and not even for charity's sweet sake, neither in memory of the great High Priest Browning, nor in consideration of the shapeliness and general attractiveness of their revered extremities, would they appear in tights before man—not even a coming man in long clothes. The ladies, who are members of the famous Saturday Morning Club that immortalized itself by playing "Antigone," are Mrs. Robertson, who portrayed the unhappy Queen; Mrs. Tilden, who played the perfectly incomprehensible rôle of Constance; and Mrs. Burden, who appeared in the character of Norbert and in the sacred tights. They were blue—softly, faintly, beautifully blue. They were slender and shapely, with fascinating curves at the knee and a gracious fullness of thigh. They were not professional, but had a delicate, shrinking beauty unknown to the hardened coryphée or operabouffe singer. There was a faint, imperceptible consciousness in them that their brave stride could not disguise. They were dignified, yet retiring; elegant, though frightened; beautifully modest and awfully pretty. They propelled a very gallant young lover out upon the stage, with as manly a step as their tender, sensitive slenderness could assume, and everybody breathed easier. The lover was tall, with a splendid breadth of shoulder and a fine carriage. His costume was "perfectly lovely," as all the ladies said, and made of palest blue-and-white and silver in fifteenth-century picturesqueness. Trunks of blue-and-silver beneath a doublet of blue, and a gracefully hanging cape of white-and-silver, lined with blue, completed the courtier's dress, which was so arranged and worn, with no corsets, to disguise completely the womanly outlines of the figure and lend it an effect of masculine development and vigor. The wig was brown, as was the mustache, and if criticism could be made of so attractive an *ensemble*, it would be in the Dresden-like pink-and-white fairness of the facial makeup, which could be avoided, and the feminine slenderness and delicacy of the hands, which could not be avoided, as well as their little womanly trick of curling themselves up when in repose, instead of being sprawled out full length upon the silk-clad knees, after the manner of man.

Her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough (says the *Illustrated American*) has commented quite extensively upon the striking difference that exists between the décolleté worn by English and American women. Being unusually clever and a keen observer of men and manners, it is always well worth listening to the new peeress. She says that her countrywomen cut their corsage according to patterns furnished by Parisians, who are as chary of showing their shoulders as they are liberal in exposing other charms. The V-neck, running high toward the throat, with extremely low points back and front, is eminently French, and has never found great favor across the channel. English women, she observes, have earned a reputation for favoring an undress attire that is not borne out by facts. This misapprehension is attributable to the old fashion of low Bertha-waists, to which they cling in spite of Worth and the fluctuations of style. No women on earth have such shoulders to display as the daughters of Britain, who, since Sir Joshua Reynolds's time, have loved to contemplate the long, smooth, seductive lines that undulate from the nape of their white necks to where the round arms melt into a faultless upward curve. And so one remarks Her Grace of Leinster, with the Princess of Wales and Lady Londonderry, all wearing waists that make a

great show of fair shoulders while they run lace and tucker to allow the merest glimpse of bust and back. The duchess says it is in no spirit of anglomania that she would advise an adoption of the English mode among Americans, but that the all-round décolleté certainly modifies the suggestiveness of the present sharp lines and does much to make women look to the shapeliness and beauty of their shoulders.

"The Wandering Jew was a stay-at-home compared with a naval woman," groaned a New York mother, the other day. "Four years ago my daughter became one by marrying a lieutenant in the navy, and since that time I never know where in the habitable globe to expect she will be next. Last year, while her husband went to Africa with the eclipse expedition, she and her dear little three-year-old, who calls her father 'that man,' because she sees him so seldom, stayed with me; to-day they are in California, looking toward Japan, with a chance, however, of coming back to New York next month to sail for the Mediterranean squadron. Two years ago last Thanksgiving, Lieutenant M— having been home from South America just one week to a day, we had arranged for a gay dinner for my daughter's husband and his friends. Everything went beautifully till about six o'clock. Dinner was set for eight, when the lieutenant, who had been out since luncheon, returned with a long face. His ship, which was at Fortress Monroe, had been ordered to Samoa, his leave was recalled, and before dinner was served he was miles on the road to report for duty, and my daughter spent that winter in California, to be in more direct communication with him. Now, isn't that sort of thing enough to shatter a woman's nerves? But she doesn't seem to mind it in the least. I try to commiserate with her occasionally, and she says she knew what to expect when she married, and to her there is something invigorating to be on the verge of starting for anywhere at any moment. She may like it, but I do not. If I had her to chaperon over again, I shouldn't let her speak to a man in the navy. Her husband is one of the best men I ever knew and a charming companion, but that makes it the harder to have him three thousand miles away. I think," she finished, emphatically, "naval officers should marry in naval circles."

Ellen Terry is one of the readiest of women in an emergency as well as one of the wittiest in telling of her difficulty afterward. All of this was seen the last night of her engagement in America. It was during an intermission of her part, when she slipped into the back of a friend's box, chatting and waiting her cue. While talking she dropped gracefully on her knees, and calling every one's attention to a knot of crimson resting on her blonde locks, began relating a funny experience of that very evening. She said her costume that night demanded a red snood in her hair, and to the consternation of herself and her maid it was discovered on reaching the theatre that the ribbon had been forgotten. They rushed about in a great state, looking for any bit of vivid color, but to no avail, and were in despair when Miss Terry thought of a substitute. Quick as a flash her scarlet silk stocking was drawn off, a black one substituted, and when the curtain rose her toilet was complete. She showed how heel and toe had been deftly treated, but observed that in an impassioned scene she was very nearly overcome with laughter thinking of the bit of hosiery figuring on her tragic head.

The Countess of Jersey (says the *Illustrated American*), has been lying desperately ill with typhoid pneumonia, and if English women dared they would ask themselves just how far Victoria was responsible for the lady's critical condition. The countess is the great lady of Oxford, and while the earl is a clever man, he lacks the ambition and intense mental and physical energy that distinguish his wife. She made him accept the governorship of New South Wales, hoping from its preferment for him possibly a marquise. Now comes the queen's connection with the story. It appears that she has very recently made it obligatory to go to Balmoral and "kiss hands" on appointment to Australia, having begun the practice with Sir William Robinson when he took the western side of the continent. Of course, the Jerseys girded up their loins and journeyed away to Scotland to do homage to their sovereign, and equally, of course, that nice, old person subjected them to her usual small tyrannies. She, as all the world knows, is a full-habited German, and dining in a thick, high-necked black silk, gets very warm after eating. No sooner is the meal finished than she orders every one out on the terrace, where she may cool off. Now, picture the condition of her female guests! They are forced to appear in full décolleté, are prohibited from wearing wraps, and must stand about in that sharp night-air until the Guelph blood of India's empress is thoroughly tempered. Incidentally, two peeresses have died, and more have had their health wrecked by this considerate proceeding. Lady Jersey went, did her duty, returned, and was at once taken violently ill. London papers said she caught a chill at Balmoral. She did, but the whole truth is that she stood with bare neck and shoulders in the bitter mountain air to gratify an old woman, and in consequence was ill unto death.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla braces up the system; purifies and invigorates. Invalids need it.

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E. H. THARP, Notary Public, 238 Montgomery St.
J. WINTERBURN & CO., Printers, 417 Clay St.
JAMES B. McELROY, Drugs, cor. 24th and Alabama Sts.
VAN CLEVE & CO., Drugs, cor. McAllister and Baker Streets.
COFFIN & MAYHEW, Drugs, cor. Valencia and 16th Streets.
COFFIN & MAYHEW, Drugs, cor. Mission and 20th Sts.
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Point Arena, L. G. MORSE, Drugs.
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Bank Commissioners Gerberding and Knight examined the People's Home Savings Bank on the twenty-eighth day of October and found the assets and liabilities as follows:

ASSETS.

Money on hand and due from banks and bankers	\$ 498,168 82
U. S. City, and Corporation Bonds	553,238 30
Loans on real-estate	731,342 70
Loans on stocks and bonds	226,830 00
Furniture and fixtures	5,667 15
Expenses and taxes	6,654 66
Safe-deposit vaults	12,762 70
	\$2,028,754 53

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock, paid in coin	\$333,333 33
Reserve fund	5,000 00
Interest collected from July 1st to October 28th	24,034 60
Rents and exchange	86 15
Dividends unpaid	515 00
Undivided profits	13,122 51
Reserved for taxes and insurance	3,937 97
Due depositors	1,649,624 27
	\$2,028,754 53

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HOLIDAY GOODS THAT WE ARE
CLOSING OUT AT COST-WE INVITE
INSPECTION OF SAME-
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A well-selected Stock of Holiday Goods. OPEN EVENINGS.

225 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO.



Two opera companies, both giving Donizetti, is a decided *embarras de richesse*. At the Baldwin, they give him sumptuously—well-set, well-cast, beautifully costumed, fairly well sung. At the Orpheum, they give him capitally, from a vocal point of view, and abominably, from a scenic.

If you like to see some of the finest kind of clothes and hear some faint, sweet, plaintive, monotonous music, the Baldwin is the place. If you want to hear some of the same sort of music—only more melodious and less thin—extremely well sung, the Orpheum is the place. They do not, at the Orpheum, make a point of fine scenery, fine clothes, or fresh air. The singing is charming, but the ventilation is bad. At the Baldwin, the singing is not so good—at least, not so fresh—but the air is a good deal better. The atmosphere of this theatre was delightfully tempered on Monday—and what a difference in one's appreciation of a play that does make!

Donizetti represents Anne Boleyn as the injured angel that we like to believe her to have been. Some iconoclast has, of late, announced that this is all a mistake—Henry was right and wise to chop off Anne's head, the only mistake he made was not chopping it off sooner. Perhaps if the librettist of Donizetti's score had followed out this new view of history, the opera would have been shorter—and when one thinks of this, one regrets that he should have chosen the older view. For "Anne Boleyn" has one fault—it is long. Indeed, one might say that "linked sweetness long drawn out" but feebly describes its melodious lengthiness. It ought to be "continued in our next," like a Chinese play, go on for several evenings, and people could drop in and take a little of it. But to have it all condensed into three hours, makes it rather too strong a dose. It is like eating beef extract without any water to dilute it.

Whatever defects Miss Abbott's voice may have, it is tireless. She sings through a long and difficult score without a symptom of fatigue. Such a power of endurance—especially in these days when a singer constantly exhibits vocal weariness, which is painful to the audience—is a great point in her favor. Listening to her on Monday evening and knowing that she is to sing for the five following evenings, one realizes that hers must be a voice of cast-iron strength to stand such a strain. Yet, in some of the brilliant passages she sang with lightness, charm, and delicacy. If she would give up those nasal tones which vibrate so strangely through the combined voices of the chorus, tenor, and basso, it would be a decided improvement. Sometimes they cut so sharply through the sonorous swell of the other voices that they sound like the note of an instrument. Her art has improved, and her voice has gained greatly in flexibility, but it is still hard as the ringing of glass against glass.

If Miss Abbott's clothes were superb in "Ernani," what words will describe them in "Anne Boleyn"? She wore no less than five costumes—all "creations." In the first act she is depicted in the depths of misery, Henry having already begun to show the cloven hoof. She tells her maidens all about her sad plight and sings about the "regal state which hides my misery." The maidens receive this communication with a stolidity which suggests unbelief. They were evidently maidens of common sense and doubted that any woman could be miserable when robed in such a sumptuous way.

This was a crimson creation, with gold arabesques twining all over it, and fur trimmings, and glimpses of embroideries and gold and silver filigrees edging it round. But it was nothing—a mere costume, as opposed to a creation—to the gown that Miss Abbott wore in the next act. They kept getting handsomer and handsomer, till toward the close they passed out of the realm of "creations" even into that of "inspirations." In this dress Miss Abbott looked very pretty—it was the most becoming of all her gowns—and it had a veritable air of the rich antique, with its huge puffed pink sleeves and embroidered girdle and petticoat worked over in a stiff pattern. Jewels went with it—ear-rings like calcium lights, and bracelets that reminded one of parts of "Monte Cristo." Anne was in gala array, and she looked more picturesque than she ever looked before, standing up against a severely paneled, pale-tinted wall, with two tall candelabra filled with bunches of lights casting a glow over her gorgeous figure.

Her two lovers were evidently overpowered by her brilliant appearance, for they both fell at her feet, declaring their adoration. One of them was Miss Annandale, all in pale gray, as a page; the other, Mr. Michelen, who did not sing as well as usual and flattered persistently all through the first act. Mr. Michelen can not get over his Italian look, while Mr. Abbott and Mr. Broderick had a fine,

healthy English air, which suited the opera perfectly.

There were no "creations" in the Orpheum wardrobe, but there was a new singer, who is charming in herself, and has a charming voice. Miss L'Allemmand is a delightful artist. She has changed since the days of the National Opera Company, when, as Lakme, she used to fall backward down a flight of steps, with her long, dark hair shaken down about her face. She has grown stouter, and her voice has lost much of its girlish freshness and gained in power. There is a slightly muffled tone in the middle register which she seems to shake off as she ascends the scale.

There is an originality about this singer that is extremely taking. She is not exactly like any one else. Her stage manner, her style, her way of moving and gesticulating are her own. All her attitudes and gestures are touched with a strong and attractive originality, from her peculiarly unsmiling bow in reply to applause, to her sharp, quick, decisive movements, which, in their nervous alertness, remind one of the movements of some small, startled animal. She sings and she acts, and she seems to do both with all her heart.

But why does such a pretty woman disfigure herself with such an atrocious wig? Overtopping that attractive face, with charming large brown eyes and a delightful mouth, there was a huge yellow mass like the golden fleece that Jason stole. It was the most impossible, unnatural-looking hair that ever came out of a hair-dresser's. When Miss L'Allemmand turned her back on the audience, it hung down to her waist in one magnificent sweep of ripples, and resembled, more than anything else, a bunch of yellow pampas-grass in its most feathery condition. It is an unfortunate weakness of prima donnas, this wearing of wigs. They would be a thousand times better looking if they would only wear their own hair. Miss Guthrie has a wonderful yellow wig, too. She wears it in "Martha," and it is formed of small puffs fitted into each other like the pieces of a mosaic.

The Edgardo of the evening was Mr. Albert Wilkie, who sang well, but whose acting was not what could be called impassioned.

The Orpheum company improves upon a second or third hearing. We are so used to plays and operas gorgeously staged and set that when we see a performance in which the management has either the Spartan courage or the Scotch economy to dispense with the aids of appropriate scenery and handsome costumes, we are inclined to appraise it, in shoddy fashion, by its outward show. These clever people have relied for success on their merits of voice alone, and it is pleasant to see that they have gained it. For they deserve it. They are industrious, hard-working, and most genuine. They none of them slight their parts, and all of them have more voice and better than the place where they sing or the price at which they sing would lead one to expect. And they one and all go to their work with pleasure and enthusiasm. It is this which gives the performances at the Orpheum their swing and color.

G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Baggesen's High-Class Vaudevilles will introduce some new specialties in their programme for next week.

"Turned Up" and "The Rough Diamond" will constitute the double holiday bill presented by one of the local companies next week.

"The Volunteer," a war drama written by George T. Ulmer, one of the youngest veterans, will have its first production on any stage next week.

Gillette's comedy, "The Private Secretary," is to be played here next week with practically the same cast that appeared in the recent successful revival in New York.

The Howard Athenaeum Company, without the Irwin Sisters but with a number of new specialists to take their place, begin an engagement in town next week.

"The Wonderful Lamp," a holiday spectacle, was produced at the Tivoli on Wednesday night, and was well received. It will be continued this week and next.

Gus Williams and John T. Kelly will appear in their new farce-comedy, "U and I," next week. They are announced on the dead-walls as "the Booth and Barrett of farce-comedy."

San Francisco is again contracting the roller-skating mania. The rink on Sutter Street, a few years ago, was fairly well patronized; but the Mechanics' Pavilion is crowded now every night.

The Battle of Gettysburg panorama, at Market and Tenth Streets, shows no signs of losing popularity and will doubtless enjoy a boom during the holidays, for the regular theatres are presenting the worst lot of attractions that San Francisco has known at Christmas-time in many a long year.

HAVE YOU TASTED THOSE DELICIOUS, PURE fruit gum-drops that Greenbaum imports?

The Invigorating Lavender Salts of the Crown Perfumery Co. of London. A new revelation of health, comfort, and delight. No home should be without it.

LXXXXVII.—Bill of Fare, Christmas, 1890.

Clear Soup.
Fillet of Sole, Tartar Sauce.
Boiled Turkey, Oyster Sauce.
Fillet of Beef, Mushroom and Truffle Sauce.
Parisian Potatoes.
Flageolet. Celery.
Roman Punch.
Roast Goose, Apple Sauce.
Lettuce.
Cheese Straws.
English Plum-Pudding.
Ice-Cream. Fancy Cakes.
Salted Almonds. Candies.
Fruits. Wine and Coffee.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
FOR ABUSE OF ALCOHOL.
It relieves the depression therefrom.

A Christmas entertainment will be given for the benefit of the Pioneer Kindergarten Society at Irving Hall, on Monday afternoon, December 22d, at two o'clock.

—WE OFFER SOME LARGE INTERCHANGEABLE Music-Boxes at very low prices. Zander Brothers, 209 Sansome Street.

—FULL-DRESS SUITS FOR HIRE, SUITABLE FOR balls, parties, weddings, or receptions, on reasonable terms, at Original Misfit Clothing Parlors, north-west corner Post and Dupont Streets.

—WOMEN'S EXCHANGE, 116 SUTTER STREET, Christmas presents, fancy leather calendars, shaving-cases, etc.

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ALL GENUINE

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Are branded with name in full in the left-hand glove.

They are sold in San Francisco

At 110 POST STREET, ONLY

First quality fitted if desired.

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ODD FELLOWS' HALL

LAST TWO CONCERTS,

Saturday Matinee, Dec. 20th,

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Vladimir de Pachmann

The Greatest Chopin player of this century.

Positively last two appearances in this city.

Box sheet open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. at the piano warehouses of F. W. Spencer & Co., 723 Market Street, second floor, and at the hall at 1 o'clock for matinee and 7 o'clock for the evening, December 22d.

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UNPARALLELED SUCCESS

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The Wonderful Lamp!

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ROLLER SKATING RINK

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Now open as a first-class place of popular amusement where good order and decorum are rigidly enforced.

5,000 Pairs of the latest Skates.
60,000 Square Feet of Maple Surface

Saturday night, Great Two-Mile Race, open to all. Valuable Trophies to the winners.

Second grand fete night, Tuesday, December 23d.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.—First Grand Calico and Necktie Party.

ADMISSION:

Afternoon, 10 cts.; Evening, 25 cts.

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LOUIS BRAVERMAN & CO.

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119 MONTGOMERY STREET.

We wish to impress on our patrons and the public that our Auction Sale was not inaugurated for the holidays, but is an Absolute Closing-Out Sale to quit the business, and our intention is to close our present place of business the latter part of January next, taking an office to wind up the business of the firm.

If you will visit our store when the Auction is in progress, you will be convinced that the goods are being sold absolutely without limit, and we fully believe that you can get three times the worth of your money at our sale.

There is still remaining in our stock a good line of Solid Silverware, Fine Watches, Diamonds, and a full line of Jewelry, which will be offered immediately at request, thus avoiding any unnecessary delay.

We have inaugurated a BARGAIN COUNTER, where small articles will be sold at private sale at the lowest auction quotations.

SALES DAILY at 10:30 A. M. and 2:30 P. M.

EVENING SALES will be held December 20th, 22d, 23d, and 24th.

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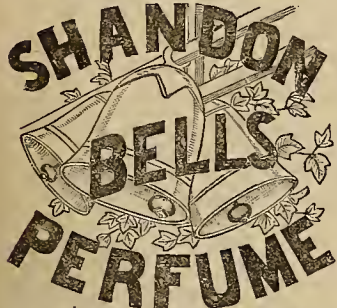
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DELICATE, DELIGHTFUL, LASTING AND ECONOMICAL.
Its fragrance is that of the opening buds of Spring. Once used you will have no other.

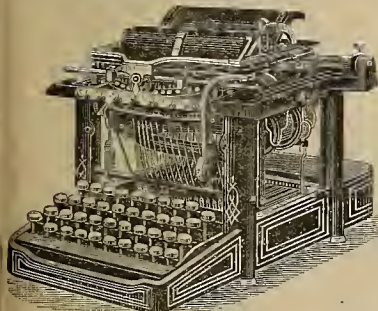
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JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago



CURES Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Asthma, and every affection of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, including Consumption. Speedy and permanent. Genuine signed "I. Batta."

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WITCH HAZEL JELLY FOR CHAPPED HANDS AND FACE
Tones, smooths, softens, whitens, and strengthens the skin. After shaving. WELL!!! try it. Price, 25c. All druggists, or THE MAYHELL-HOPPE CO., Cleveland.

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GOVERNMENT LANDS LOCATED WITHOUT SETTLEMENT OR RESIDENCE.—Any part of FIVE THOUSAND (5,000) ACRES OF SCRIP for sale, which can be located upon any unoccupied Government land, SURVEYED OR UNSURVEYED, in California, in tracts of forty acres and upwards. TITLES TO SUSPENDED ENTRIES can also be obtained. Address
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

It has been proposed to dramatize the McKinley Bill.—Life.

"What is the chief characteristic of the chump?" "He doesn't know that he is a chump."—Life.

In hades: First shade—"What was the cause of your being sent here?" Second shade—"Telephone."—Life.

"What experience have you had as a man-servant?" "I was six years a private in the United States army."—Life.

At the abattoir: Primus—"Doesn't the sight of all this blood make you ill?" Secundus—"No; I shave myself."—Life.

He—"Is he very charitable?" She—"Yes, very." He—"What's he done?" She—"Well, I heard him speak well of you just now."—Life.

"Do you belong to the church?" inquired the clergyman of the janitor. "No," replied the janitor, "the church belongs to me."—New York Sun.

Editor great daily—"I want a good, strong editorial on the tariff for to-morrow. I think you can write it." New man (promptly)—"Yes, sir. Which side?"—Life.

"What noise is that?" asked Eve, as the gates of Eden clicked behind them. "That, my dear," said Adam, sadly, "is the long-predicted cold snap."—New York Sun.

She—"Mr. Studley must be an immensely popular man. He is well known at all the prominent clubs, isn't he?" He—"Oh, yes—blackballed by nine of them, I think."—Life.

Hendricks (strolling homeward with his friend after office hours)—"There's no place like home—eh, Thompson?" Thompson (a club man)—"Yes—there's purgatory."—Life.

Cupid—"I say, Psyche, can't you do your hair up some other way?" Psyche—"Why, don't you think this is becoming?" Cupid—"Yes; but every time you turn your head around, the jolly thing gets into my ear!"—Puck.

"Did you know that Miss Bjones was going to marry young Smith?" "I know it; but I can not understand how a girl as intelligent as she is can consent to marry a man stupid enough to want to marry her."—Life.

Dashaway—"The other night I went to an amateur theatrical performance, and then I went home and had a terrible dream." Cleverton—"What did you dream?" Dashaway—"I dreamed I went to it again."—New York Sun.

Editor of the Bazo: Does it pay to advertise in my paper? Well, I should say it does. Look at Smith, the grocer, for instance. He advertised for a boy last week, and the very next day Mrs. Smith had twins—both of them boys!—Life.

Stormer—"Hello, Coleday, shake hands, old boy; this is a surprise. I heard that your company was stranded in some town out West. How did you get back?" Coleday—"Easy enough. I joined another company that was going East; and now I am stranded in New York."—Puck.

Inexperienced young wife (whose husband has returned home for the first time under the influence)—"Darling, you are sick; let me send for the doctor." Husband (one of the boys)—"No; don't send for any doctor, but if my symptoms don't improve soon, send for a snake-charmer."—Life.

"Tom has been awfully good to me. Since we have been engaged he has given me a watch, several rings, and lots of other beautiful things." "And have you reciprocated?" "Oh, yes; I gave him a box of cigars months ago. He says he smoked one and kept all the rest ever since."—Life.

Miss May Ture—"Oh, Edith, dear, do you know that Fred actually proposed last evening?" Edith—"Just as I expected." Miss May Ture—"Why did you expect it?" Edith—"Why, when I refused him last night, he said he would go and do something desperate."—London Fun.

Mr. Wildwest—"I suppose it's all right, but I can't help feeling that this continual presence of a chaparron is a reflection on my character." Miss Two Seasons—"Oh, nonsense! It's lots more fun this way. Out West you are on your honor, while here you shift the entire responsibility for your conduct upon the chaparron; she'll be asleep in a moment."—Life.

In cases of severe and sudden colds, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, if used according to directions, is a sure cure. Ask for Ayer's Almanac.

HOLMES'S FRAGRANT FROSTILLA IS THE BEST friend of those who can not use glycerine for chapped hands. Sold by druggists everywhere, at 25 cents per bottle.

LADIES DESIRING TO BUY A GENTLEMAN A pleasing gift should look at the military hair-brushes at Greenbaum's, 128 Post Street.

Made with Boiling Water.
EPH'S COCOA.
Made with Boiling Milk.

One of the best calendars for the coming year is the Channing Auxiliary Calendar, published for the benefit of the Channing Auxiliary of the First Unitarian Church, of San Francisco. It consists of fifty-two leaflets, on which are printed the days of the week, with an appropriate quotation in prose or poetry set opposite each day. The quotations are well selected, expressing worldly wisdom as well as religious sentiment. The leaflets are mounted upon a tastefully decorated card-board base, and both are colored in rich, warm tints. Copies may be obtained at the bookstores.

A REAL TORTOISE-SHELL DRESSING-COMB IS a useful gift. Greenbaum, 128 Post Street, carries a full line.

THE BEST IS CHEAPEST IN THE LONG RUN. Be sure to use Holmes's Fragrant Frostilla for chapped hands. Sold by all druggists.

GO TO L. B. CUMMINGS, 138 MONTGOMERY Street, for Holiday Presents, Watches, Jewelry, etc.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

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In addition to their Unequaled stock of
Carpetings, Furniture,
and Upholstery Goods

Have now on exhibition a great variety of
Choice New Goods suitable for

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The following are suggested as particularly appropriate:

Oriental Rugs, Fur Rugs, English and American Rugs, Book-Cases, Secretaries, Ladies' Writing-Desks, Music-Cabinets, Easy and Fancy Chairs, Screens, Fancy Tables, Pedestals and Easels, Silk and Lace Curtains, Portieres, Table Covers and Scarfs, and Lace Bed-Sets.

PRICES MODERATE!

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7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José...	* 1.15 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis...	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally...	6.45 A.
8.00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, and Calistoga...	6.15 P.
* 8.00 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa...	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lone, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff...	4.45 P.
9.00 A.	Los Angeles Express, San Diego, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.	10.15 A.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore...	7.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers...	** 6.00 A.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles and San José...	9.45 A.
	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express	
4.00 P.	Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans and East...	8.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, Vallejo, and Calistoga...	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	El Verano and Santa Rosa...	* 9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Lathrop and Stockton...	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis...	10.15 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore...	* 8.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	Niles and San José...	* 7.45 P.
...	Niles and San José...	6.15 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José...	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East...	12.15 P.
† 7.00 P.	Vallejo...	† 8.45 P.
9.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East...	10.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz...	5 50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz...	* 11.20 A.
4.15 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos...	9.50 A.
† 11.45 P.	Hunters and Theatre Train to Newark, San José, & Los Gatos	† 8.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

8.30 A.	San José, Almaden, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, Soledad, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations...	6.30 P.
10.30 A.	San José and Way Stations...	3.00 P.
11.20 A.	Cemetery and San Mateo...	1.35 P.
12.30 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations...	5.05 P.
* 3.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations...	* 10.05 A.
* 4.20 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations...	* 7.56 A.
5.20 P.	San José and Way Stations...	9.03 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations...	6.35 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations...	† 7.30 P.

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VAN BIBBER'S KLEPTOMANIA.

He Secretes Spoons and Becomes a Terror of Teas.

Mr. Van Bibber and the other men of his particular set were grouped around the club window after luncheon, or breakfast as it happened to be, when Van Bibber said he thought seriously of entering upon a career of crime. Van Bibber was given to making disturbing statements of this sort, which required one to think, even if one did not reply to them, and the other men rather wished he would not.

"For instance," said young Van Bibber, "I went to a dance last night, and the room where you were to put your hat was filled with old silver, little bits of it—snuff-boxes and spectacle-cases, and bonbon-boxes and buckles and girdles. The chap had made a collection of them, and had them all lying around loose. I had a good mind to fill my overcoat with half of 'em, and then I thought it would be much more fun to fill every other man's pockets, and wait and see the row. But some one came in and I couldn't do it. Now, there are these teas and receptions and days and all that sort of thing that women go to. Why shouldn't I start out some afternoon and sweep the places bare, and melt the silver down and get rich? I might become a sort of 'Jack the Ripper' or 'Louis the Lifter.' I'll bet," exclaimed Van Bibber, becoming more interested in his idea, "that I can go out this afternoon and bring back more than five hundred dollars' worth of silver and hric-a-brac. And I'll do it, too, if any of you have any sporting blood." There was no question as to the men having sporting blood. They jumped at the chance. Van Bibber found not the least difficulty in dividing up his wager among them all.

"Bat wait," said Travers; "how do we know that Van Bibber won't fix it with the people in the house? Even if his friends do see him handling the hric-a-brac, or even if he put a fork down his coat-sleeve, they'd not say anything. They'd think he was joking. Or he may let them into it beforehand."

"Well, I must say I appreciate your confidence," growled Van Bibber; "I'll play fair, of course, and I'll tell you what I'll do: to make sure, I'll only go to houses where they don't know me, and I'll bring back spoons marked with the people's initials."

This recklessness delighted his friends. "You're a sport, Van Bibber," they cried, with admiration, "and you'll be in jail before five o'clock."

The servant brought them a society paper that made a feature of printing the announcements of coming social events, and Van Bibber carefully selected the names of five estimable ladies who were making receptions that afternoon, and who were making a desperate fight to get into society, as the proper people to rob. At four he ordered a hansom, put his list inside his hat, placed a fresh chrysanthemum in his coat, and started smilingly forth on his career of crime. His friends watched him from the window with keen delight and with much excitement. "Now, then," said Travers, promptly and decidedly, "the thing for us to do is to send a detective after him and have him arrested."

"Exactly," said the rest. Mr. Van Bibber alighted first at a very handsome brown-stone house, just a few doors off the avenue on Forty-Third Street. There was an awning over the door, and a line of carriages on either side of the street. The name of the lady who was paying for this he discovered, by referring to his slip, to be Nobles. The man saw him through the door and opened it for him, saying, "Third floor, front." Mr. Van Bibber pushed his way through the crowd of women and girls and old men and pots of chrysanthemums, and threw his overcoat in a corner. There was no one in the room, and Van Bibber, while adjusting his cravat, cast a wandering eye over the dressing-table. It was littered with bright silver toilet articles. He picked some of these up and bit them, in a most

professional manner. "Plated," he remarked, with some disgust; "lady probably gets her silver from a caterer. Hardly worth while to try down-stairs. Guess I'll move on to next place."

He picked up his overcoat and hat again and went out without having gazed upon Mrs. Nobles. The next place was on the avenue itself, and was very crowded. Van Bibber pushed his way slowly upstairs to the second floor, and, without a moment's hesitation, gathered up four silver photograph-frames, a complete manicure set of silver, a gold watch, which hung in a slipper at the side of a bed, and a pair of silver-backed hair-brushes. He placed these carefully in his overcoat, and went down-stairs in a stately and dignified manner. He avoided the first door, where he guessed the hostess was stationed, and made his way toward the rear. There was a terrible crush, and yet he saw no one he knew. In the rear room there was a long table overloaded with things to eat. He gathered up three or four spoons, one at a time, after examining them carefully, and stored them away back of a bit of china on a sideboard, then he went back after more spoons. Nobody paid any attention to him, and he paid no attention to any one else. He carried a plate with some salad on it in his hand, and picked at this daintily with the spoons as he transferred them from the table to the sideboard. When he had a dozen, he covered them with his handkerchief and slipped them into his coat-tail pocket. Then he put on his great-coat, and went out as calmly as he had come in. He found the stolen articles somewhat heavy, so, as soon as he was in the hansom, he took them out and put them under the seat.

Mrs. Charles T. Van Dyke was the name of the hostess at the next place. Van Bibber shot quickly upstairs, and opened two or three bureau-drawers, a writing-desk, and a secretary, but found nothing of value. There was an immense silver water-pitcher in one corner with two goblets, which he thought of taking, but he could think of no way of getting it out unobserved unless he lowered it down the elevator-shaft with a rope. In the dining-room, however, the spoons were undisturbed as yet, and lay in cosy little rows on the white cloth. Van Bibber placed a dozen of these in each of his trousers pockets and told the servants, as he turned from the tea-urn, over which he had been bending, that he would take two lumps and lemon.

A large, heavily-mustached stranger, with a cup in his hand, nodded pleasantly to Van Bibber and asked him, with a glance at the tea, if he had got what he wanted.

"Yes, thank you," said Van Bibber, cheerfully, "I think I have."

At the next place he was somewhat surprised to see the same stranger drinking more tea, and apparently watching him. But Van Bibber put this down to the fact that he was unduly suspicious and that his imagination was excited. He was just going out without having made any seizures, when a fat, pompous gentleman, who he was sure must be the host, took pity on his apparently neglected condition, and said: "I see you are looking over my hric-a-brac, sir; it is not much of a collection, and I have not had time lately to give it the attention it needs." Then he proceeded, at great length and with evident satisfaction to himself, to describe each separate piece of crockery on the wall. Van Bibber was greatly bored, but he was too polite to say so, and was rewarded when the gentleman said: "This piece of satsuma cost me five hundred dollars." Van Bibber kept his eye on the plate, and, when his host turned to greet a new arrival, slipped it into his coat-tail pocket and bowed himself out.

He placed it under the seat of the hansom very carefully and drove on to the next place, quite assured that he had won his bet, but anxious to settle it without a question or doubt. He did not see the stranger with the heavy mustache pass him

in a close cab, and dart into the house to which he was going, just a minute before him. Van Bibber elbowed his way, with many apologies, to the third floor. There was a dressing-table covered with silver trifles, and Van Bibber smiled complacently.

There was a bed in the room and he could see this as he looked in the mirror. But he could not see under the bed. His overcoat was on a chair and he made several trips to it and filled the pockets with silver-backed brushes and combs. But on the third of these trips his heart stood still, for out from under the bed came the big stranger with the heavy mustache. He came very leisurely and determinedly. "Don't make a row," he said; "you're under arrest."

At that moment two young men came into the room, pulling off their overcoats.

"Help!" screamed Van Bibber; "look!" he shouted, pointing at the detective. "There's a sneak-thief under the bed." Then he fell on the officer's head just as relentlessly as he would have dropped on a foot-hall, and banged his nose into the carpet and sat on his shoulders. The two young men got out of their coats much more quickly than they had intended doing and fell with their knees on each of the detective's arms, and while they thus pinned him to the floor they punched him vigorously in the ribs and yelled.

"Look at this!" said Travers, catching up his overcoat by the tail and spilling all the silver over the floor. "Look at what he had stored away! Hold him, will you, while I get a policeman?"

Every one was running up the front-stairs so he could not go down that way, and so ran to the back and went down the kitchen-stairs and on into the dining-room, whence all the waiters had fled. He was quite unobserved in the confusion, and accordingly took time to fill his pockets with spoons and forks of heavy silver. Then he walked out through the excited women and stepped into his hansom and told the driver to go to the club.

"That detective of yours," he said, calmly, as he produced his treasures from the bottom of the hansom, "will probably be around here when he gets his nose patched up. In the meanwhile I will ask you to value these articles roughly and ring for some messenger-boys."

An authority said the lot was worth seven hundred dollars, and the separate exhibits were promptly returned to where they belonged by messenger-boys, who were instructed to leave them at the door and run. The detective was pacified by some of the club's best brandy and a twenty-five-dollar bill. But whenever Van Bibber enters the club now the men feel nervously for their watches and the waiters count the forks.—New York Sun.

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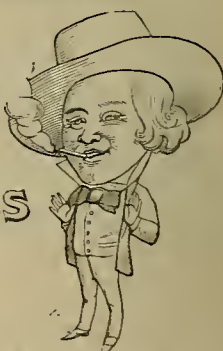
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AN UNJUST JUDGE.

Abridged from the Memoirs of Dr. Martin Hesselius by J. S. Le Fanu.

Mr. Justice Harbottle, one of the judges in the court of common pleas, was, at the time of his death, in 1748, a man of some sixty-seven years. He had a great mulberry-colored face, a big, carbuncled nose, fierce eyes, and a grim and brutal mouth. It was a most formidable face, for there were evidences of intellectual power in the formation and lines of the forehead. His voice was loud and harsh, and gave effect to the sarcasm which was his habitual weapon on the bench. This old gentleman had the reputation of being about the wickedest man in England. He had carried cases his own way, it was said, in spite of counsel, authorities, and even of juries, by a sort of cajolery, violence, and bamboozling that somehow confused and overpowered resistance. He had never actually committed himself; he was too cunning to do that. He had the character of being, however, a dangerous and unscrupulous judge.

One night, during the session of 1746, this old judge, returning from the House of Lords to his house close by, sent his chair home empty, and with two footmen, each with a flambeau, set out on foot in preference. In one of those narrow streets of tall houses, perfectly silent at that hour, he overtook a very singular-looking old gentleman. He had a bottle-green coat on, with a cape to it, and large stone buttons, a broad-leaved, low-crowned hat, from under which a big powdered wig escaped; he stooped very much, and supported his bending knees with the aid of a crutch-handled cane, and so shuffled and tottered along painfully.

"I ask your pardon, sir," said this old man, in a very quavering voice, as the burly judge came up with him.

The judge stopped short, and said, in his harsh, peremptory tones, "Well, sir, how can I serve you?"

"Can you direct me to Judge Harbottle's house? I have some intelligence of the very last importance to communicate to him."

"If that be so, sir, you have only to accompany me a few steps farther to reach my house and obtain a private audience, for I am Judge Harbottle."

With this invitation the infirm gentleman in the white wig complied very readily, and in another minute the stranger stood in what was then termed the front parlor of the judge's house. With closed doors they remained together for some time.

The footman who showed the aged gentleman out observed that the judge's mulberry-colored face, pimples and all, was bleached to a dingy yellow, and there was the abstraction of agitated thought in his manner, as he bade the stranger good-night.

The hall-door had hardly closed, when the judge commanded the footman to overtake the old gentleman in the white wig, to offer him his protection on his way home, and in no case to show his face again without having ascertained where he lodged, and who he was, and all about him.

"By God, sirrah! if you fail me in this, you doff my livery to-night!"

The old man had just told the judge a very strange story. He might be himself a conspirator; he might possibly be crazed, or possibly his whole story was straight and true.

"There is, perhaps you are not aware, my lord," he had begun, "a prisoner in Shrewsbury Jail, charged with having forged a bill of exchange for a hundred and twenty pounds, and his name is Lewis Pyneweck, a grocer of that town. It has come to my knowledge, my lord, that a secret tribunal is in process of formation, the object of which is to take cognizance of the conduct of the judges in his case; and first, of your conduct, my lord. It is a wicked conspiracy."

"Who are of it?" demands the judge.

"I know not a single name as yet; I know but the fact, my lord. It is most certainly true."

"I'll have you before the privy council, sir," says the judge.

"That is what I most desire; but not for a day or two, my lord."

"And why so?"

"I have not as yet a single name, as I told your lordship; but I expect to have a list of the most forward men in it, and some other papers connected with the plot, in two or three days."

"Is this a Jacobite plot?"

"In the main I think it is, my lord."

"Why, then, it is political. I have tried no state prisoners, nor am like to try any such. How, then, doth it concern me?"

"From what I can gather, my lord, there are those in it who desire private revenges upon certain judges."

"What do they call their cabal?"

"The high court of appeal, my lord."

"Who are you, sir? What is your name?"

"Hugh Peters, my lord."

"That should be a Whig name?"

"It is, my lord."

"Where do you lodge, Mr. Peters?"

"In Tbamess Street, my lord, over against the sign of the 'Three Kings.'"

"Three Kings? Take care one be not too many for you, Mr. Peters! How come you, an honest Whig, as you say, to be privy to a Jacobite plot? Answer me that."

"My lord, a person in whom I take an interest has been seduced to take a part in it; and being frightened at the unexpected wickedness of their plans, he is resolved to become an informer for the crown."

"He resolves like a wise man, sir. What does he say of the persons? Who are in the plot? Doth he know them?"

"Only two, my lord; but he will be introduced to the club in a few days, and he will then have a list and more exact information of their plans, and above all of their oaths, and their hours and places of meetings, with which he wishes to be acquainted before they can have any suspicions of his intentions. And being so informed, to whom, think you, my lord, had he best go then?"

"To the king's attorney-general straight. But you say this concerns me, sir, in particular? How about this prisoner, Lewis Pyneweck? Is he one of them?"

"I can't tell, my lord; but for some reason it is thought your lordship will be well advised if you try him not. For if you do, it is feared 'twill shorten your days."

"So far as I can learn, Mr. Peters, this business smells pretty strong of blood and treason. The king's attorney-general will know how to deal with it. When shall I see you again, sir?"

"If you give me leave, my lord, either before your lordship's court sits, or after it rises, to-morrow. I should like to come and tell your lordship what has passed."

"Do so, Mr. Peters, at nine o'clock to-morrow morning. And see you play me no trick, sir, in this matter; if you do, by God, sir, I'll lay you by the heels!"

"You need fear no trick from me, my lord; had I not wished to serve you and acquit my own conscience, I never would have come all this way to talk with your lordship."

"I'm willing to believe you, Mr. Peters; I'm willing to believe you, sir."

And upon this they parted.

"He has either painted his face, or he is consumedly sick," thought the judge.

The light had shone more effectually upon the stranger's features as he turned to leave the room with a low bow, and they looked, the judge fancied, unnaturally chalky.

The footman dispatched in pursuit of Mr. Peters, speedily overtook that feeble gentleman. The old man gratefully accepted the proffered assistance, and placed his tremulous arm within the servant's for support. They had not gone far however, when the old man stopped suddenly, saying:

"Dear me! as I live, I have dropped it. You beard it fall. My eyes, I fear, won't serve me, and I am unable to stoop low enough; but if you will look, you shall have half the find. It is a guinea; I carried it in my glove."

The street was silent and deserted. The footman had hardly descended to what he termed his "hunkers" and begun to search the pavement, when Mr. Peters struck him a violent blow over the back of the head with a heavy instrument, and leaving him bleeding and senseless in the gutter, ran like a lamp-lighter down a lane to the right and was gone. When, an hour later, the watchman brought the man in livery home, still stupid and covered with blood, Judge Harbottle cursed his servant roundly.

Notwithstanding this demonstration, however, the judge was pleased. It was a disguised "affidavit man," or footpad, no doubt, who had been employed to frighten him. The trick had fallen through. A "court of appeals," such as the false Hugh Peters had indicated, with assassination for its sanction, would be an uncomfortable institution for a "hanging judge" like the Honorable Justice Harbottle. That sarcastic and ferocious administrator of the criminal code of England had reasons of his own for choosing to try that very Lewis Pyneweck, on whose behalf this audacious trick was devised. Of Lewis Pyneweck, of course, so far as the outer world could see, he knew nothing. But did he not remember a certain thin man, dressed in mourning, in whose house, in Shrewsbury, the judge's lodgings used to be? A grocer, with a demure look, a soft step, and a lean face as dark as mahogany, with a nose sharp and long, standing ever so little awry, and a pair of dark, steady brown eyes under thinly traced black brows—a man whose thin lips wore always a faint, unpleasant smile. Had not that scoundrel an account to settle with the judge? Had he not been troublesome lately? and was not his name Lewis Pyneweck, sometime grocer in Shrewsbury, and now prisoner in the jail of that town?

Judge Harbottle had done this grocer, forger, what you will, some five or six years before, a grievous wrong; but it was not that, but a possible scandal and possible complications, that troubled the learned judge now. Did he not, as a lawyer, know that to bring a man from his shop to the dock—the chances must be at least ninety-nine out of a hundred that he is guilty. In hanging that fellow, he could not be wrong. The eye of a man accustomed to look upon the dock could not fail to read "villain" written sharp and clear in his plotting face. Of course he would try him, and no one else should.

A saucy-looking woman, still bandsome, in a mob-cap gay with blue ribbons, in a saque of flowered silk, with lace and rings on, much too fine for the judge's bousekeeper, which nevertheless she was, peeped into his study next morning, and, seeing the judge alone, stepped in.

"Here's another letter from him, come by the post this morning. Can't you do nothing for him?" she said, wheedlingly.

"I'll try," said Judge Harbottle, not raising his eyes from the paper he was reading.

"I knew you'd do what I asked you," she said.

The judge clapped his gouty claw over his heart and made her an ironical bow.

"What," she asked, "will you do?"

"Hang him," said the judge, with a chuckle.

"You don't mean to; no, you don't, my little man," said she, surveying herself in a mirror on the wall.

"I'm damned but I think you're falling in love with your husband at last!" said Judge Harbottle.

"I'm blest but I think you're growing jealous of him," replied the lady, with a laugh; "but no; he was always a bad one to me; I've done with him long ago."

"And he with you, by George! When he took your fortune, and your spoons, and your ear-rings, he had all he wanted of you. He drove you from his house, and when he discovered you had made yourself comfortable and found a good situation, he'd have taken your guineas and your silver and your ear-rings over again, and then allowed you half-a-dozen years more to make a new harvest for his mill. You don't wish him good; if you say you do, you lie."

"He wants me to send him money to fee a counselor," she said, while her eyes wandered over the pictures on the wall and hack again to the looking-glass, and certainly she did not look as if his jeopardy troubled her very much.

"Confound his impudence, the scoundrel!" thundered the judge; "if you answer his letter from my house to please yourself, you'll write your next from somebody else's to please me. You understand, my pretty witch, I'll not be pestered. Come, no pouting; whimpering won't do. You don't care a brass farthing for the villain, body or soul. You came here but to make a row. You are one of Mother Carey's chickens, and where you come, the storm is up. Get you gone, baggage! get you gone!" he repeated, with a stamp, for a knock at the hall-door made her instantaneous disappearance indispensable.

The venerable Hugh Peters did not appear again. The judge never mentioned him. But oddly enough, considering how he laughed to scorn the weak invention which he had blown into dust at the very first puff, his white-wigged visitor and the conference in the dark front-parlor were often in his memory. His shrewd eye told him that allowing for change of tints and disguises, the features of this false old man, who had turned out too hard for his tall footman, were identical with those of Lewis Pyneweck. Judge Harbottle made inquiry through the post forthwith whether any one was personating Pyneweck in prison, and whether he had thus or otherwise made his escape. The prisoner was safe, however, and no question as to his identity.

In due time, Judge Harbottle went circuit, and, in due time, the judges were in Shrewsbury. Mrs. Pyneweck, in the judge's house, kept house rather solitarily at home. Now that Pyneweck stood in near danger of death, something like remorse came suddenly upon her. She had some vague trust in the judge's good-nature, and much in the resources of chance and accident. She had contrived to send the money he wanted. He would not be without legal advice and energetic and skilled support. At last the intelligence of the Shrewsbury assizes came in the *Morning Advertiser*. Like an impatient reader of a novel, who reads the last page first, she read, with dizzy eyes, the list of the executions.

Two were respited, seven were hanged, and in that capital catalogue was this line:

"Lewis Pyneweck—forgery."

And when she read this, she read it over and over, feeling very cold and sick.

This buxom housekeeper was known in the house as Mrs. Carwell—Carwell being her maiden name, which she had resumed. No one in the house, except its master, knew her history. Flora Carwell ran up the stairs now and snatched her little girl, hardly seven years of age, hurriedly up in her arms, and carried her into her bedroom, without well knowing what she was doing, and sat down, placing the child before her. She held the child before her, and looked in the little girl's wondering face, and burst into tears of horror. She felt afraid of that little child. But Mrs. Carwell consoled herself with punch; she did not trouble herself long even with resentments.

Judge Harbottle was soon in London again. Except the gout, this savage old epicurean never knew a day's sickness. It was the lot of the judge to try criminal cases at the Old Bailey shortly after his return. He had commenced his charge to the jury in a case of forgery, and was, after his wont, thundering dead against the prisoner, when suddenly all died away in silence, and, instead of looking at the jury, the eloquent judge was gaping at some person in the body of the court.

Among the persons of small importance who stand and listen at the sides was one tall enough to show with a little prominence—a slight, mean figure, dressed in seedy black, lean and dark of visage. He had just handed a letter to the crier before he caught the judge's eye. That judge desisted, to his amazement, the features of Lewis Pyneweck. He had the usual faint, thin-lipped smile; and with his blue chin raised in air, and as it seemed quite unconscious of the distinguished notice he had attracted, he was stretching his low cravat with his crooked fingers while he slowly turned his head from side to side—a process which enabled the judge to see distinctly a strip of swollen blue round his neck, which indicated, he thought, the grip of the rope. This man, with a few others, had got a footing on a step, from which he could better see the court. He now stepped down, and the judge lost sight of him.

His lordship signed energetically with his hand in the direction in which this man had vanished. He turned to the tipstaff. His first effort to speak ended in a gasp. He cleared his throat, and told the astounded official to arrest that man who had interrupted the court. "He's but this moment gone down there. Bring him in custody before me, within ten minutes' time, or I'll strip your gown from your shoulders and fine the sheriff!" he thundered, while his eyes flashed round the court in search of that functionary.

Attorneys, counselors, idle spectators, gazed in the direction in which Mr. Justice Harbottle had shaken his gnarled hand. They compared notes. Not one had seen any one making a disturbance. They asked one another if the judge was losing his head. Nothing came of the search.

The judge had received the letter which Lewis Pyneweck had left; had he known from whom it came, he would no doubt have read it instantaneously. As it was, he simply read the direction:

To the Honorable,
The Lord Justice
Elijah Harbottle,
One of his Majesty's Justices of
the Honorable Court of Common Pleas.

It remained forgotten in his pocket till he reached home. When he pulled out that and others from the capacious pocket of his coat, it had its turn, as he sat in his library in his thick silk dressing-gown; and then he found its contents to be a closely written letter, in a clerk's hand, and an inclosure in "secretary hand," as the angular scribnerly of law-writings in those days was termed, engrossed on a bit of parchment. The letter said:

"MR. JUSTICE HARBOTTLE: My lord—I am ordered by the high court of appeal to acquaint your lordship, in order to your better preparing yourself for your trial, that a true bill hath been sent down, and the indictment lieth against your lordship for the murder of one Lewis Pyneweck, of Shrewsbury, citizen, wrongfully executed for the forgery

of a bill of exchange, on the seventh day of March last, by reason of the willful perversion of the evidence, and the undue pressure put upon the jury, together with the illegal admission of evidence by your lordship, well knowing the same to be illegal, by all which the promoter of the prosecution of the said indictment, before the high court of appeal, hath lost his life.

"And the trial of the said indictment, I am farther ordered to acquaint your lordship, is fixed for the tenth day of June next ensuing, by the right honorable the Lord Chief-Justice Twofold, of the court aforesaid, to wit, the high court of appeal, on which day it will most certainly take place. And I am farther to acquaint your lordship, to prevent any surprise or miscarriage, that your case stands first for the said day, and that the said high court of appeal sits day and night, and never rises; and herewith, by order of the said court, I furnish your lordship with a copy (extract) of the record in this case, except of the indictment, whereof, notwithstanding, the substance and effect is supplied to your lordship in this notice. And farther I am to inform you, that in case the jury then to try your lordship should find you guilty, the right honorable the lord chief-justice will, in passing sentence of death upon you, fix the day of execution for the tenth day of July, being one calendar month from the day of your trial."

"CALEB SEARCHER,
"Officer of the Crown Solicitor in the
"Kingdom of Life and Death."

The judge glanced through the parchment.

"'Sblood! Do they think a man like me is to be bamboozled by their buffoonery?"

The judge's coarse features were wrung into one of his sneers; but he was pale. Possibly, after all, there was a conspiracy on foot. It was queer. Did they mean to pistol him in his carriage? or did they only aim at frightening him? Judge Harbottle had more than enough of animal courage. But with respect to this particular case of Pyneweck, he lived in a house of glass. Was there not his pretty, dark-eyed, overdressed housekeeper, Mrs. Flora Carwell! Very easy for people who knew Shrewsbury to identify Mrs. Pyneweck, if once put upon the scent; and had he not stormed and worked hard in that case? Had he not made it hard sailing for the prisoner, did he not know very well what the bar thought of it? It would be the worst scandal that ever blasted judge.

So much there was intimidating in the matter, but nothing more. The judge was a little bit gloomy for a day or two after, and more testy with every one than usual. Time went on. The judge was growing a little morose, and less enjoying. The subject struck nearer to his thoughts than he fancied it could have done.

It was now the ninth, and Mr. Justice Harbottle was glad. The tenth was the date set in the mysterious document. He knew nothing would come of it. Still it bothered him, and to-morrow would see it well over. Judge Harbottle had appointed with two cronies of Lincoln's Inn to come home this night in his coach with him to sup after the play.

They were to meet him near the entrance of Drury Lane, and get into his carriage there, and Mr. Justice Harbottle, who hated waiting, was looking a little impatiently from the window. The judge yawned. He told the footman to watch for Counselor Thavies and Counselor Beller, who were coming, and, with another yawn, he laid his cocked hat on his knees, closed his eyes, leaned back in his corner, wrapped his mantle closer about him, and was thinking of taking a nap.

Those fellows had no business to keep a judge waiting. He heard their voices now. Those rake-hell counselors were laughing and bantering and sparring after their wont. The carriage swayed and jerked, as one got in, and then again as the other followed. The door clapped, and the coach was now jogging and rumbling over the pavement. The judge was a little bit sulky. He did not care to sit up and open his eyes. Let them suppose he was asleep. He heard them laugh with more malice than good-humor, he thought, as they observed it.

The clocks were chiming twelve. Beller and Thavies were silent as tombstones. They were generally loquacious and merry rascals. The judge suddenly felt himself roughly seized and thrust from his corner into the middle of the seat, and, opening his eyes, instantly he found himself between his two companions. Before he could blurt out the oath that was at his lips, he saw that they were two strangers—evil-looking fellows, each with a pistol in his hand, and dressed like Bow Street officers.

The judge clutched at the check-string. The coach pulled up. He stared about him. They were not among houses; but through the windows, under a broad moonlight, he saw a black moor stretching lifelessly from right to left, with rotting trees, pointing fantastic branches in the air, standing here and there in groups, as if they held up their arms and twigs like fingers, in horrible glee at the judge's coming. A footman came to the window. He knew it was Dingly Chuff, fifteen years ago a footman in his service, whom he had turned off at a moment's notice, in a burst of jealousy, and indicted for a missing spoon. The man had died in prison of the jail-fever. The judge drew back in utter amazement. His armed companions signed mutely, and they were again gliding over this unknown moor. The bloated and gouty old man, in his horror, considered the question of resistance. But his athletic days were long over. This moor was a desert. There was no help to be had. He was in the hands of strange servants, even if his recognition turned out to be a delusion, and they were under the command of his captors.

Suddenly the coach was brought nearly to a standstill, so that the prisoner saw an ominous sight from the window. It was a gigantic gallows beside the road; it stood three-sided, and from each of its three broad beams at top depended in chains some eight or ten bodies, from several of which the cere-clothes had dropped away, leaving the skeletons swinging lightly by their chains. A tall ladder reached to the summit of the structure, and on the peat beneath lay bones. On top of the dark transverse beam facing the road, from which, as from the other two completing the triangle of death, dangled a row of these unfortunates in chains, a hangman, with a pipe in his mouth, was reclining at his ease and listlessly shying bones, from a little heap at his elbow, at the skeletons that hung round, bringing down now a rib or two, now a hand, now half a leg. A long-sighted man could have discerned that he was a dark fellow—lean, and from continually looking down on the earth from the elevation over which, in another sense, he always hung, his nose, his lips, his chin

were pendulous and loose, and drawn down into a monstrous grotesque.

This fellow took his pipe from his mouth on seeing the coach, stood up, and cut some solemn capers high on his beam, and shook a new rope in the air, crying with a voice, high and distant as the caw of a raven hovering over a gibbet: "A rope for Judge Harbottle!"

The coach was now driving on at its old swift pace. Suddenly they drove round a corner of a vast white building and under a *porte-cochère*. The judge found himself in a corridor lighted with dingy oil-lamps, the walls of bare stone; it looked like a passage in a prison. His guards placed him in the hands of other people. Here and there he saw bony and gigantic soldiers passing to and fro, with muskets over their shoulders. They looked straight before them, grinding their teeth, in bleak fury, with no noise but the clank of their shoes. He saw these by glimpses, round corners, and at the ends of passages, but he did not actually pass them by.

And now, passing under a narrow doorway, he found himself in the dock, confronting a judge in his scarlet robes, in a large court-house. A case had just closed, and the last juror's back was seen escaping through the door in the wall of the jury-box. There were some dozen barristers, some fiddling with pen and ink, others buried in briefs, some beckoning, with the plumes of their pens, to their attorneys, of whom there were no lack; there were clerks to-ing and fro-ing, and the officers of the court, and the registrar, who was handing up a paper to the judge; and the tipstaff, who was presenting a note at the end of his wand to a king's counsel over the heads of the crowd between. If this was the high court of appeal, which never rose day or night, it might account for the pale and jaded aspect of everybody in it.

"The king against Elijah Harbottle!" shouted the officer.

"Is the appellant Lewis Pyneweck in court?" asked Chief-Justice Twofold, in a voice of thunder.

Up stood Pyneweck from his place at the table.

"Arraign the prisoner!" roared the chief.

The prisoner, *in limine*, objected to this pretended court, as being a sham, and non-existent in point of law; and then, that, even if it were a court constituted by law (the judge was growing dazed), it had not and could not have any jurisdiction to try him for his conduct on the bench. Whereupon the chief-justice laughed suddenly, and every one in court, turning round upon the prisoner, laughed also, till the laugh grew and roared all round like a deafening acclamation; but though all the voices laughed, not a single face of all those that concentrated their gaze upon him looked like a laughing face. The mirth subsided as suddenly as it began.

The indictment was read. Judge Harbottle actually pleaded! He pleaded "Not guilty." A jury was sworn. The trial proceeded. Judge Harbottle was bewildered. This could not be real. He must be either mad, or *going* mad, he thought.

One thing could not fail to strike even him. This Chief-Justice Twofold, who was knocking him about at every turn with sneer and gibe, and roaring him down with his tremendous voice, was a dilated effigy of himself—an image of Mr. Justice Harbottle, at least double his size, and with all his fierce coloring, and his ferocity of eye and visage enhanced awfully. Nothing the prisoner could argue, cite, or state, was permitted to retard for a moment the march of the case toward its catastrophe. The chief-justice seemed to feel his power over the jury, and to exult and riot in the display of it.

And now the charge was over, the huge chief-justice leaned back panting and gloating on the prisoner. Every one in the court turned about, and gazed with steadfast hatred on the man in the dock. And then, in answer to the challenge of the officer, "How say you, gentlemen of the jury, guilty or not guilty?" came in a melancholy voice the finding, "Guilty." The prisoner doubtless thought that he had quite enough to say, and conclusive, why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him; but the lord chief-justice puffed it contemptuously away, like so much smoke, and proceeded to pass sentence of death upon the prisoner, having named the tenth of the ensuing month for his execution.

Before he had recovered the stun of this ominous farce, in obedience to the mandate, "Remove the prisoner," he was led from the dock. The lamps seemed all to have gone out, and there were stoves and charcoal-fires here and there, that threw a faint crimson light on the walls of the corridors through which he passed. The stones that composed them looked now enormous, cracked, and unhealed. He came into a vaulted smithy, where two men, naked to the waist, with heads like bulls, round shoulders, and the arms of giants, were welding red-hot chains together with hammers that pelted like thunderbolts.

They looked on the prisoner with fierce, red eyes, and rested on their hammers for a minute, and said the elder to his companion: "Take out Elijah Harbottle's gyves," and with a pincers he plucked the end which lay dazzling in the fire from the furnace. "One end locks," said he, taking the cool end of the iron in one hand, while with the grip of a vise he seized the leg of the judge and locked the ring round his ankle. "The other," he said, with a grin, "is welded." The iron band that was to form the ring for the other leg lay still red hot upon the stone floor, with brilliant sparks sporting up and down its surface. His companion, in his gigantic hands, seized the judge's other leg and pressed his foot immovably to the stone floor; while his senior, in a twinkling, with a masterly application of pincers and hammer, sped the glowing bar round his ankle so tight that the skin and sinews smoked and bubbled again, and Judge Harbottle uttered a yell that seemed to chill the very stones and make the iron chains quiver on the wall.

Chains, vaults, smiths, and smithy all vanished in a moment, but the pain continued. Mr. Justice Harbottle was suffering torture all round the ankle on which the infernal smiths had just been operating. His friends, Thavies and Beller, were startled by the judge's roar in the midst of their elegant trifling about a marriage *à-la-mode* case which was going on. The judge was in panic as well as pain. The street-lamps and the light of his own hall-door restored him. "I'm very bad," growled he, between his set teeth; "my

foot's blaz'ng. Who was he that hurt my foot? 'Tis the gout—'tis the gout!" he said, awakening completely; "how many hours have we been coming from the play-house? 'Sblood! what has happened on the way? I've slept half the night!" There had been no hitch or delay, and they had driven home at a good pace.

The judge, however, was in gout; he was feverish, too; and the attack, though very short, was sharp, and when, in about a fortnight, it subsided, his ferocious joviality did not return. He could not get this dream, as he chose to call it, out of his head. The copy of the parchment and letter, which had announced his trial, he would read over and over again, and the scenery and people of his dream would rise about him in places the most unlikely, and steal him in a moment from all that surrounded him into a world of shadows. The judge had lost his iron energy and banter. He was growing taciturn and morose. The bar remarked the change, as well they might. His friends thought him ill. The doctor said he was troubled with hypochondria, and that his gout was still lurking in his system, and ordered him to that ancient haunt of crutches and chalk-stones, Buxton. The judge sent most of his servants down to Buxton to make his lodgings and all things comfortable for him. He was to follow in a day or two. It was now the ninth, and the next day well over, he might laugh at his visions and auguries.

On the evening of the ninth, Dr. Hedstone's footman knocked at the judge's door. The doctor ran up the dusky stairs to the drawing-room. Judge Harbottle had fallen again among his blue-devils, and was thinking of retiring from the bench, and of fifty other gloomy things. But the doctor would listen to no croaking, told the judge he was full of gout, and in his present condition no judge even of his own case, but promised him leave to pronounce on all those melancholy questions a fortnight later. The doctor did not think him, perhaps, quite so well as he pretended, for he told him he wanted rest, and would be better if he went forthwith to his bed. His valet assisted him, and gave him his drops; and the judge told him to wait in his bedroom till he should go to sleep.

Three persons that night had specially odd stories to tell.

The housekeeper had given her little girl leave to run about the sitting-rooms and look at the pictures and china, on the usual condition of touching nothing. It was not until the last gleam of sunset had for some time faded, and the twilight had so deepened that she could no longer discern the colors on the china figures on the chimney-piece or in the cabinets, that the child returned to the housekeeper's room to find her mother. To her she related, after some prattle, an adventure of an extraordinary kind. In the hall was placed the sedan-chair which the master of the house occasionally used. The doors of this old-fashioned conveyance were locked, the windows up, and the blinds down, but not so closely that the curious child could not peep underneath one of them, and see into the interior. A parting beam from the setting sun, lighting on the chair, shone with a dull transparency through the crimson blind. To her surprise, the child saw in the shadow a thin man, dressed in black, seated in it; he had sharp, dark features; his nose, she fancied, a little awry, and his brown eyes were looking straight before him; his hand was on his thigh, and he stirred no more than the waxen figure she had seen at Southwark fair. It was not until she asked her mother who this man was, and observed her scared face as she questioned her more minutely upon the appearance of the stranger, that the child began to understand that she had seen something unaccountable.

Mrs. Carwell took the key of the chair from its nail over the footman's shelf, and led the child up to the hall, having a lighted candle in her hand. She stopped at a distance from the chair, and placed the candlestick in the child's hand. "Peep in, Margery, again, and try if there's anything there," she whispered; "hold the candle near the blind so as to throw its light through the curtain."

The child peeped, this time with a very solemn face, and intimated at once that he was gone.

"Look again, and be sure," urged her mother.

The little girl was quite certain; and Mrs. Carwell, with her mob-cap of lace and cherry-colored ribbons, and her dark-brown hair, not yet powdered, over a very pale face, unlocked the door, looked in, and beheld emptiness.

"All a mistake, child, you see."

"There! ma'am! see there! He's gone around the corner," said the child.

"Where?" said Mrs. Carwell, stepping backward.

"Into that room."

"Tut, child! 'twas the shadow," cried Mrs. Carwell, angrily, because she was frightened; "I moved the candle." But she clutched one of the poles of the chair, which leaned against the wall in the corner, and pounded the floor furiously with one end of it, being afraid to pass the open door the child had pointed to.

The cook and two kitchen-maids came running upstairs, not knowing what to make of this unwonted alarm. They all searched the room; but it was still and empty, and no sign of any one's having been there.

About two hours later Mrs. Flora Carwell was going up the great staircase with a posset for the judge in a china-bowl, on a little silver tray. Across the top of the well-staircase there runs a massive oak rail, and, raising her eyes accidentally, she saw an extremely odd-looking stranger, slim and long, leaning carelessly over with a pipe between his finger and thumb. Nose, lips, and chin seemed all to drop downward into extraordinary length, as he leaned his odd, peering face over the banister. In his other hand he held a coil of rope, one end of which escaped from under his elbow and hung over the rail. Mrs. Carwell, who had no suspicion at the moment that he was not a real person, and fancied that he was some one employed in cording the judge's luggage, called to know what he was doing there. Instead of answering, he turned about and walked across the lobby, at about the same leisurely pace at which she was ascending, and entered a room, into which she followed him. It was an uncarpeted and unfurnished chamber. An open trunk lay upon

the floor empty, and beside it the coil of rope; but except herself there was no one in the room.

Mrs. Carwell was very much frightened, and now concluded that the child must have seen the same ghost that had just appeared to her. Perhaps it was a relief to believe so; for the face, figure, and dress described by the child were awfully like Pyneweck, and this certainly was not he. Very much scared and very hysterical, Mrs. Carwell ran down to her room and got some companions about her, and wept and talked and drank more than one cordial, and talked and wept again, and so on, until, in those early days, it was ten o'clock, and time to go to bed.

A scullery-maid remained up, finishing some of her scouring and "scalding," for some time after the other servants that night had got to their beds. This was a low-browed, broad-faced, intrepid wench, with black hair, who did not "valley a ghost not a button," and treated the housekeeper's hysterics with measureless scorn. She hummed tunes to herself for a time, and then stopped and listened, and then resumed her work again. At last, she was destined to be more terrified than even was the housekeeper.

There was a back kitchen in this house, and from this she heard, as if coming from below its foundations, a sound like heavy strokes, that seemed to shake the earth beneath her feet. Sometimes a dozen in sequence, at regular intervals; sometimes fewer. She walked out softly into the passage, and was surprised to see a dusky glow issuing from this room, as if from a charcoal fire. The room seemed thick with smoke. Looking in she very dimly beheld a monstrous figure, over a furnace, beating with a mighty hammer the rings and rivets of a chain. The strokes, swift and heavy as they looked, sounded hollow and distant. The man stopped, and pointed to something on the floor, that, through the smoky haze, looked, she thought, like a dead body. She remarked no more; but the servants in the room close by, startled from their sleep by a terrible scream, found her in a swoon on the flags, close to the door, where she had just witnessed this ghastly vision.

Startled by the girl's incoherent asseverations that she had seen the judge's corpse on the floor, two servants, having first searched the lower part of the house, went rather frightened upstairs to inquire whether their master was well. They found him, not in his bed, but in his room. He had a table with candles burning at his bedside, and was getting on his clothes again; and he swore and cursed at them roundly in his old style, telling them that he had business, and that he would discharge on the spot any scoundrel who should dare to disturb him again. So the invalid was left to his quietude.

In the morning it was rumored here and there in the street that the judge was dead. A servant was sent from the house, three doors away, by Counselor Traverse, to inquire at Judge Harbottle's hall-door. The servant who opened it was pale and reserved, and would only say that the judge was ill. He had had a dangerous accident; Doctor Hedstone had been with him at seven o'clock in the morning. There were averted looks, short answers, pale and frowning faces, and all the usual signs that there was a secret that sat heavily upon their minds, and the time for disclosing which had not yet come. That time would come when the coroner had arrived, and the mortal scandal that had befallen the house could be no longer bidden. For that morning Mr. Justice Harbottle had been found banging by the neck from the oak rail at the top of the great staircase, and quite dead.

There was not the smallest sign of any struggle or resistance. There had not been heard a cry or any other noise in the slightest degree indicative of violence. There was medical evidence to show that, in his atrabilious state, it was quite on the cards that he might have made away with himself. The jury found accordingly that it was a case of suicide. But to those who were acquainted with the strange story which Judge Harbottle had related to at least two persons, the fact that the catastrophe occurred on the tenth of the month seemed a startling coincidence.

A few days after, the pomp of a great funeral attended him to the grave; and so, in the language of Scripture, "the rich man died and was buried."

Edwin de Leon, for many years Consul-General of the United States in Egypt, thus writes of the late Sir Richard Burton:

"Richard Burton was self-reliant, self-sustained, seeking no support from heaven or earth, substituting self-will for faith and strenuous effort for Divine assistance; endowed by nature with a frame of iron and muscles of steel, he was an athlete who might have figured in the arena in Greek or Roman times. Audacious in speech and act, and fond of shocking the prejudices of those with whom he talked, he was the expounder of the most outrageous paradoxes possible to conceive. He was eminently a social animal; loved the pleasures of the table, and would talk with a friend all night in preference to going to bed, and in the Chaucerian style. Yet, with women, I never knew him even to hint an indelicacy; for the charm of his conversation was to them very great, he had so much to tell. In his earlier days, he was a strikingly handsome man, and even since his face had been scarred and furrowed by wounds and trials, there yet lingered on that expressive countenance the 'faded splendor' which had survived his youth. Among his personal habits was that of carrying in his hand an iron walking-stick, as heavy as a gun, to keep his muscles properly exercised, and a blow from his fist was like a kick from a horse. Mind and muscle with him were equally strong propellers, and the animal nature as vigorous as the intellectual. He had the faculty of making staunch friends and bitter enemies, and many of each. Burton had a curious characteristic, which he shared with Lord Byron—that of loving to paint himself much blacker than he really was, and to affect vices, much as most men affect virtues, and with the same insincerity. In one of his shipwreck stories, after describing how they all suffered from the pangs of hunger, and he wolfish glances they began to cast on each other from time to time, as the days wore on and no relief came; dropping his voice to a mysterious whisper, almost under his breath, he added: 'The cabin-boy was young and fat, and looked very tender, and on him, more than on any other, such looks were cast, until—' Here he paused, looked round at the strained and startled faces of his auditors, in which horror was depicted, and then abruptly concluded, as though dismissing a disagreeable memory—'But these are not stories to be told at a cheerful dinner-party, in a Christian country, and I had best say no more. Let us turn to some more cheerful subject.' Of course he was pressed to continue and complete his story, but stubbornly refused; leaving his hearers in a most unsatisfactory state of mind as to the dénouement of the unfinished narrative."

OLD FAVORITES.

In a Gondola.

HE SINGS.

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
In this my singing!
For the stars help me, and the sea bears part;
The very night is clinging
Close to Venice' streets to leave one space
Above me, whence thy face
May light my joyous heart to thee its dwelling-place.

SHE SPEAKS.

Say after me, and try to say
My very words, as if each word
Came from you of your own accord,
In your own voice, in your own way:
"This woman's heart, and soul, and brain
Are mine as much as this gold chain
She hides me wear; which," say again
"I choose to make by cherishing."
A precious thing, or choose to fling
Over the boat-side, ring by ring."
And yet once more say . . . no word more!
Since words are only words. Give o'er!
Unless you call me, all the same,
Familiarly by my pet-name
Which, if the Three should hear you call,
And me reply to, would proclaim
At once our secret to them all:
Ask of me, too, command me, blame—
Do break down the partition-wall
'Twixt us, the daylight world beholds
Curtained in dusk and splendid folds.
What's left but—all of me to take?
I am the Three's; prevent them, slake
Your thirst! 'Tis said, the Arah sage
In practicing with gems can loose
Their subtle spirit in its cruce
And leave but ashes: so, sweet mage,
Leave them my ashes when thy use
Sucks out my soul, thy heritage!

HE SINGS.

Past we glide, and past, and past!
What's that poor Agnese doing
Where they make the shutters fast?
Gray Zanobi's just a-wooing
To his couch the purchased bride:
Past we glide!
Past we glide, and past, and past!
Why's the Pucci Palace flaring
Like a beacon to the blast?
Guests by hundreds—not one caring
If the dear host's neck were wried:
Past we glide!

SHE SINGS.

The moth's kiss, first!
Kiss me as if you made believe
You were not sure, this eve,
How my face, your flower, had pursed
Its petals up; so, here and there
You brush it, till I grow aware
Who wants me, and wide open burst.

The Bee's kiss, now!
Kiss me as if you entered gay
My heart at some noonday,
A bud that dares not disallow
The claim, so all is rendered up,
And passively its shattered cup
Over your head to sleep I how.

HE SINGS.

What are we two?
I am a Jew,
And carry thee, farther than friends can pursue,
To a feast of our tribe,
Where they need thee to hribe
The devil that blasts them unless he imbibe
Thy . . . Shatter the vision forever! And now,
As of old, I am I, Thou art Thou!

Say again, what we are?
The sprite of a star,
I lure thee above where the destinies bar
My plumes their full play
Till a ruddier ray
Than my pale one announce there is withering away
Some . . . Shatter the vision forever! And now,
As of old, I am I, Thou art Thou!

HE MUSES.

Oh, which were best, to roam or rest?
The land's lap or the water's breast?
To sleep on yellow millet-sheaves,
Or swim in lucid shallows just,
Eluding water-lily leaves,
An inch from Death's black fingers, thrust
To lock you, whom release he must;
Which life were best on summer eves?

HE SPEAKS, Musing.

Lie back; could thought of mine improve you?
From this shoulder let there spring
A wing; from this, another wing;
Wings, not legs and feet, shall move you!
Snow-white must they spring, to blend
With your flesh, but I intend
They shall deepen to the end,
Broader, into burning gold,
Till both wings crescent-wise enfold
Your perfect self, from 'neath your feet
To o'er your head, where, lo, they meet
As if a million sword-blades hurled
Defiance from you to the world!

Rescue me thou, the only real!
And scare away this mad Ideal
That came, nor motions to depart!
Thanks! Now, stay ever as thou art!

STILL HE MUSES.

What if the Three should catch at last
Thy serenader? While there's cast
Paul's cloak about my head, and fast
Gian pinions me, Himself has past
His stylet thro' my back; I reel;
And . . . is it Thou I feel?

They trail me, these three godless knaves,
Past every church that sains and saves,
Nor stop till, where the cold sea raves
By Lido's wet accursed graves,
They scoop mine, roll me to its brink,
And . . . on Thy breast I sink!

SHE REPLIES, Musing.

Dip your arm o'er the boat-side, elbow-deep,
As I do: thus: were Death so unlike Sleep,

Caught this way? Death's to fear from flame, or steel.
Or poison, doubtless; but from water—feel!

Go find the bottom! Would you stay me? There!
Now pluck a great blade of that ribbon-grass
To plait in where the foolish jewel was,
I flung away: since you have praised my hair,
'Tis proper to be choice in what I wear.

HE SPEAKS.

Row home? must we row home? Too surely
Know I where its front's demurely
Over the Giudecca piled;
Window just with window mating,
Door on door exactly waiting,
All's the set face of a child:
But behind it, where's a trace
Of the staidness and reserve,
And formal lines without a curve,
In the same child's playing-face?
No two windows look one way
O'er the small sea-water thread
Below them. Ah, the autumn day
I, passing, saw you overhead!
First, out a cloud of curtain blew
Then, a sweet cry, and last, came you—
To catch your loory that must needs
Escape just then, of all times then,
To peck a tall plant's fleecy seeds,
And make me happiest of men.
I scarce could breathe to see you reach
So far back o'er the balcony,
(To catch him ere he climbed too high
Above you in the Smyrna peach)
That quick the round smooth cord of gold,
This coiled hair on your head, unrolled,
Fell down you like a gorgeous snake
The Roman girls were wont, of old,
When Rome there was, for coolness' sake
To let lie curling o'er their bosoms.
Dear loory, may his beak retain
Ever its delicate rose stain
As if the wounded lotus-blossoms
Had marked their thief to know again!

Stay longer yet, for others' sake
Than mine! what should your chamber do?
—With all its rarities that ache
In silence while day lasts, but wake
At night-time and their life renew,
Suspended just to pleasure you
—That brought against their will together
These objects, and, while day lasts, weave
Around them such a magic tether
That they look dumb: your harp, believe,
With all the sensitive tight strings
That dare not speak, now to itself
Breathes slumberously as if some elf
Went in and out the chords, his wings
Make murmur whereso'er they graze,
As an angel may, between the maze
Of midnight palace-pillars, on
And on, to sow God's plagues have gone
Through guilty, glorious Babylon.
And while such murmurs flow, the nymph
Bends o'er the harp-top from her shell,
As the dry limpet for the lymph
Come with a tune he knows so well.
And how your statues' hearts must swell!
And how your pictures must descend
To see each other, friend with friend!
Oh, could you take them by surprise,
You'd find Schidone's eager Duke
Doing the quaintest courtesies
To that prim Saint by Haste-the-Luke:
And, deeper into her rock den,
Bold Castelfranco's Magdalen
You'd find retreated from the ken
Of that robed counsel-keeping Ser—
As if the Tizian thinks of her,
And is not, rather, gravely bent
On seeing for himself what toys
Are these, his progeny invent,
What litter now the board employs
Whereon he signed a document
That got him murdered! Each enjoys
Its night so well, you can not break
The sport up, so, indeed must make
More stay with me, for others' sake.

SHE SPEAKS.

To-morrow, if a harp-string, say,
Is used to tie the jasmine hack
That overflows my room with sweets,
Contrive your Zorzi somehow meets
My Zanze! If the ribbon's black,
The Three are watching: keep away!

Your gondola—let Zorzi wreathe
A mesh of water-weeds about
Its prow, as if he unaware
Had struck some quay or bridge-foot stair!
That I may throw a paper out
As you and he go underneath.

There's Zanze's vigilant taper; safe are we!
Only one minute more to-night with me?
Resume your past self of a month ago!
Be you the bashful gallant, I will be
The lady with the colder breast than snow.
Now bow you, as becomes, nor touch my hand
More than I touch yours when I step to land,
And say, "All thanks, Siora!"

Heart to heart,
And lips to lips! Yet once more, ere we part,
Clasp me, and make me thine, as mine thou art!

HE IS SURPRISED AND STABBED.

It was ordained to be so, Sweet—and best
Comes now, beneath thine eyes, and on thy breast.
Still kiss me! Care not for the cowards! Care
Only to put aside thy beauteous hair
My blood will hurt! The Three, I do not scorn
To death, because they never lived: hut I
Have lived indeed, and so—(yet one more kiss)—can die!
—Robert Browning.

The only coin which is current in Abyssinia is the Maria Theresa dollar of 1780, still coined annually by the thousands. As in other parts of Northern Africa, the natives are careful only to take those bearing certain marks, as "the letters S. F. under the head," and "eight dots or mustard seeds on the coronet."

The heat produced from the light of a fire-fly is only one per cent. of an equal amount of candle-light. The bug's light is produced by a chemical action, as it is increased by putting the fly in oxygen and diminished in an atmosphere of nitrogen.

TWO BLIGHTED BEINGS.

Mortimer was twenty-four years old, and the greatest fool on earth. This was a proud distinction, and it was the only one Mortimer had. He had proved his right to bear it a dozen different times in glorious action on the tented field in close rivalry with others of his age and sex, all vying for the unique honor. But no one could wrest it from Mortimer. In considering him it was so apparent that it swamped every other attribute. No one ever said: "How handsome Mortimer is!" or "How well he dances!" or "How nice his people are!" or "How many times he's been rejected!"—all of which could have been said with perfect truth. But every one—the girl he led the German with last night, the fellow he walked down-town with yesterday morning, the man he played tennis with on Tuesday afternoon, the lawyer over whose office Mortimer's presence cast a resplendent glamour—all expressed their views in the same way, with merely a difference of adjective: "What a fool Mortimer is! What a consummate fool Mortimer is! What a damned fool Mortimer is!"

The most conclusive proof of Mortimer's aggressive, persistent, obstinate foolishness was that he could get no one to marry him. All the girls knew that Mortimer was a fool and would have nothing to say to him. He had proposed to any number of them and was always rejected. To propose came to be a sort of *façon de parler* with him, so that he had some difficulty in restraining himself from making an offer of marriage immediately after he had been presented to a lady. He had offered his heart and hand to New Yorkers, Bostonians, Baltimoreans, Philadelphians, and San Franciscans. Some of them fled away with piercing cries, while others swooned at the thought. It seemed that nobody wanted Mortimer. Short men, tall men, blonde men, dark men, rich men, poor men, beggar men, thieves, all got married and Mortimer was still a bachelor at the advanced and moldy age of twenty-four.

But one day he met Maud and loved her with a love that was not exactly his doom—but still, do not let us anticipate events. Maud had never been thought a fool until she reciprocated Mortimer's young affections. After that, there were dark rumors about the meagreness of her mental equipment, and when the welkin rang with her silvery laughter, there were those who spoke of the crackling of thorns under a pot.

Maud was a penniless beauty—just the heroine for a tragedy. She lived on the fourth flat of an apartment-house with her brother Jack. When you went there to call, you rang the bell about six times, listening casually the while to the stampede of flying feet and to Maud's excited queries to Jack, who appeared to be reconnoitering the enemy through the key-hole. Then the door was thrown open by Maud, in a dark skirt, and draped about the shoulders in a white-cashmere shawl. When you came to know her better, you discovered—presupposing, of course, that you were of the female persuasion—that this shawl hid all sorts of deficiencies, the most remarkable being a deficiency of corset-lacings, their place having been temporarily taken by pieces of knotted pink twine off the candy-boxes with which Maud was always well supplied. When you knew her still better, to the point of paying informal morning calls, your knock was generally answered by a loud shriek of "Don't come in!" a pause, then an inquiring "Who is it?" to be followed by a gay and reassured "Oh, it's you! *Entrez!*" and you entered upon the inspiring spectacle of the front parlor, littered with millinery in all stages of evolution, and Maud, in her night-gown on the sofa, eating candy and reading "Ouida." "Breakfast? No; we didn't have any this morning. I forgot to get anything yesterday, and, anyway, there isn't any more coal in the bin. Just take a chair. Oh, never mind that dress, throw it in the corner. Jack took his breakfast somewhere, I suppose, and I've been eating this candy. I forget who sent it. I've eaten half the box already"—thus the placid, the imperturbable, the always handsome Maud, sitting sideways on her feet, rosy, smiling, indolent, her hair banging in lank locks over her shoulders.

She could do everything but keep the flat in order. On winter afternoons she skated, on summer afternoons she swam. No one could dive as gracefully as Maud from the boat-house float. No one could dance as well as Maud, or keep it up for such a length of time, and her manner of conducting a conversation on the stairs was something masterly. When she laughed, you could hear her two blocks off, and when she "served" at tennis, the boldest held his breath for a time. Add to these charms that she was the finest-looking girl in the world, nearly six feet high, with a waist of eighteen inches, a splendid carriage, and a dark, spirited head, and small wonder that Mortimer the susceptible, Mortimer the bachelor, the longing to be wed, melted before her like snow before thaw.

The flirtation advanced with giant strides—it had on seventeen-league boots. By the second time he had seen her, Mortimer said, like Prince Geraint, "Now, by God's rood, this is the one maid for me!" He was so elated by the thought that he was once more in love, that he could not forbear confessing the soft secret to some one, and he was indiscreet enough—but, of course, being Mortimer no one was surprised—to confess it to a distant female relative.

"I love her distractedly," said Mortimer, sitting on the stone wall and swinging his legs—they were loitering in the garden after dinner, watching the sunset from the red-brick wall—"I love her distractedly, and I mean to marry her," he added, with bridling pride.

The female relative did what all female relatives would have done under the circumstances. She hid her away, panting, wild-eyed, pallid, to tell another female relative. A family pow-wow was immediately convened, and several of the male relatives were let in on oaths of secrecy. The presence of the male relatives was not a brilliant inspiration. They would not see the enormity of Mortimer's crime. They said they had not supposed he had so much sense. They said they did

not see why he should not marry her if he wanted. "She is as handsome as a picture," said one; "I, for one, think the family should welcome her with open arms." There was a murmur of assent from the male relatives, but the female relatives sat as silent and unresponsive as the avenue of sphinxes at Karnak. After all, the male relatives could not be expected to realize the full horror of the situation. They had never seen Maud bereft of the white-cashmere shawl, or entered the kitchen of the flat where the soiled dishes were piled as high as Pelion on Ossa. They somewhat reluctantly acquiesced with their wives, but for some time afterward there was noticeable in their manner toward Mortimer an unusual respect, almost amounting to deference.

During the pow-wow, one female relative came to the conclusion that the proper thing to do was to tell Aunt Mary, a power high in the family. For some days Aunt Mary reflected on the impending social suicide of Mortimer, undecided whether to rush to the rescue of her nephew, or to await further developments. But one day, in the garish light of noon, she saw Maud with her mortal eyes, and flinging caution to the winds, Aunt Mary took the field. At one fell swoop she banished all Maud's claims to beauty. In truth, the day was an unbecoming one—very warm—and Maud was flushed. Then she wore no gloves, and the amazing tenuity of her waist, the haughty pose of her head, the challenging glance of her narrow eyes, and the impudent manner in which her sailor-hat was tilted to one side, displeased Aunt Mary, who described these peculiarities with a wealth of diction of which the family had never before suspected her capable.

Mortimer's papa heard her story, and he waxed exceedingly wroth. If there was a person on earth to be feared, it was Mortimer's papa. He was a fierce-looking old gentleman, with beetling brows and a taste for collecting old coins and gems. He was as determined as he was rich, and Mortimer, who would have patronized the great Khan of Tartary and patted the grand Llama of Tibet on the shoulder, trembled before his father's Olympian nod. The ladies of Mortimer's family were also decided in their ideas on feminine perfection—a love for society was deplorable, and unusual prettiness too conspicuous to be entirely delicate and refined. Mortimer's mamma, when she heard the direful news, wept and said she could not tolerate a tall woman in the house. If Mortimer had been a considerate and dutiful son, he would have set his affections on a pigmy. Mrs. Tom Thumb was already disposed of, but there were others—you were always reading about them in the papers. But when they came to hear of the flat, and the white shawl, and the pink twine, and the night-gown at eleven in the morning, and the diving off the boat-house float, those quiet, gentle ladies sat horror-stricken. They went about the house like mourners, and gave organ-grinders silver dollars not to play in the street. But the crisis was at hand. Papa was acquainted with the style of the lady with whom his son desired to ally himself, and that night, wrapping the draperies of his couch around him, he retired to anything but pleasant dreams.

Meanwhile, Mortimer and Maud were having a lovely time—regardless of their doom, the little victims played. They danced and drove and walked together. Mortimer gave Maud candies and flowers; Maud gave Mortimer smiles and amiable looks. He was admitted into the flat. He never saw the white shawl and he never saw the kitchen, but he saw Maud in a becoming summer silk, and he thought her the prettiest girl in the world. It was difficult to say whether Maud reciprocated his adoration. She elicited from the female relative that Mortimer had a wealthy father, and forty dollars a month salary—"income," Mortimer always called it. But she did not know that his employer had once remarked that he would give Mortimer double that sum to keep out of the office. No one knew exactly whether they were engaged or not. It was generally supposed that that form of friendship existed between them known as "an understanding," so called because nobody understands it, least of all the parties most interested. This is conclusively proved by the fact that after an understanding has been broken, the one who broke it says there was nothing to break, while the other flatly denies, proving plainly that they did not understand each other, whatever outsiders may have done.

It was the evening after the day that Aunt Mary saw Maud that Mortimer was called to account. His father, sitting enthroned like Rhadamanthus under a priceless Monticelli, called "Nymphs Dancing"—which was a great obscenity, with a few arms and legs breaking through the darkness here and there in an aggravating manner—arraigned Mortimer, and then denounced him. Mortimer, at first startled, soon regained his calm, and standing in an easy pose, one leg slightly in advance of the other, his right hand caressing his mustache, listened tranquilly.

"Do you wish to marry this female athlete?" asked the parent.

"I do," answered the son.

"You love her?"

"Madly."

"Madly—on forty dollars a month?"

"Oh, no—I only like her on forty dollars a month. I love her madly on what you choose to give us."

"And suppose I don't choose to give you anything?"

"Well—under those circumstances, I cease to love her."

"My son!" cried the father, and they fell on each other's necks.

Then Mortimer's brothers came in and they assisted him out of the room, laid him on his little bed, and put cold compresses on his brain.

When he revived he rose and went out to pay two visits. The first was to Aunt Mary, who received him with proper melancholy. He upbraided her gently with having torn asunder two loving hearts. She defended herself, adding, in support of her conduct, that Maud's late father had kept a corner grocery, his habit as he lived having been to sell molasses and sugar across the counter. At this, Mortimer's spirit rose like a phoenix from its ashes.

"If a man said that to me I would knock him down!" and he clenched his fist threateningly.

"Well, Mortimer, you don't want to knock down your aunt, do you?" said Aunt Mary, in some alarm.

The magnanimous Mortimer forbore. No—he would spare her this time. But in future—beware! And he strode out, jamming his hat down over his ears.

He went to see Maud and to tell her that from henceforward they were two blighted beings—two souls with but a single thought, that thought being the impossibility of a matrimonial alliance on Mortimer's "income." He had not heard of his employer's offer to double his income if he stayed away, or he might have availed himself of it. Maud, like Jezebel, was "tiring her head at an upper window" when she saw the crown of her Mortimer's hat making its way toward her door. Hastily throwing a green tidy over her shoulders, and holding it together at the neck with one lily hand, she opened her lattice and, leaning out, she cried with piercing shrillness:

"Hullo, Morty!"

Mortimer paused on the kerb-stone and glared up at the vision with the flowing hair and the green tidy, leaning out of the fourth-story window.

"Hullo, Maud!" said he, gloomily; "the governor's caught on."

Maud, leaning far out on her folded arms, called down:

"I can't ask you to come up just now, so you'll have to tell me from there. What does he say?"

"He says he won't let me."

"Is that so?" said Maud, absently—biting an end of her loosened hair—"that's too bad, isn't it? What time is it? I'm going to the matinee, and my clock's stopped. Won't he relent?"

"No."

"Awfully sorry, Morty! What time did you say it was?"

"Ten minutes to two—what matinee are you going to?"

"Ten minutes to two? Good heavens! 'Railroad of Love'—is it good?"

"Splendid. Well, I thought you'd like to know. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye! Awful pity we couldn't arrange it. I'll be half-an-hour late."

And Maud withdrew from the window, while Mortimer sauntered down the street. GERALDINE BONNER.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1890.

A census-taker recently stumbled over the name of a man living near New York city which turned out to be Schmeckenheckerstein. He had just enjoyed a smile at its foreign aspect and queer sound when he learned, to his surprise, that its bearer was a native American, and that his father before him was also born under the star-spangled banner. The census-taker chuckled over his discovery, and told of it again and again. In time an interested individual determined to make further research in the line of inquiry thus suggested. He took a directory, set to work on it, and got up a list of a score of those Germanic, Scandinavian, and Hungarian names that are most difficult of pronunciation by New Yorkers or Yankees unfamiliar with them. He was amazed to find, after much inquiry, that the bearers of more than half of them were native Americans, proud of their birth in the land of the free. He found, moreover, that the fathers of several of them, and the grandsires of two of them, were children of our soil, who had fought under the Stars and Stripes in the war for the Union.

Chauncey Depew, speaking of the difference between American and English appreciation of humor, says: "I have often, after having made a speech at a dinner in England, had a guest come to me three or four days later and remark that he was just beginning to comprehend the point of the joke to which he had listened on the night it was uttered. I said to a guest at a dinner, who told me about two weeks afterward that he had been laughing that night at the story I had told two weeks before, having just seen the point—I said: 'Did it come to you on a freight-train?' 'Oh, no,' said he, 'I have not seen any freight-train.'"

The survivors of Pithole, the famous oil town in Venango County, Pa., have been holding a reunion in Titusville. Mr. Porter's count of the present Pithole will show possibly a population of five persons, whereas in its palmy days it had a population of fifteen thousand, and in point of postal business transacted, it was the third city in the State, Philadelphia and Pittsburg only exceeding it. The Holmden Farm at Pithole, which once was sold to Chicago people for one million five hundred thousand dollars, has since been sold at tax-sale for one hundred dollars.

Sir Richard Burton had one strange peculiarity—he would never permit the blinds to be drawn at night in the room in which he was seated at study. When he lived in Dorset Street, in London, the boys and girls used to repair every night to witness the spectacle of the great African traveler seated at his study-window on the ground floor, attired in a fantastic red dressing-gown.

Congressman Culberson, of Texas, has a phenomenal record as a criminal lawyer. He has defended one hundred and fourteen men charged with murder. He has never had a client hanged. Only three of the one hundred and fourteen were convicted. They were tried by a military court and sent to the penitentiary. Judge Culberson subsequently secured their release.

A New Orleans letter says that a charming feminine school-teacher at Bayou Teche is, with Cupid's help, playing havoc with hearts on Bayou Teche. One young man tried to drown himself, another took laudanum, and a third will hang himself, all on account of getting the grand bounce.

Dr. Hall, a New England lecturer, states that the average expense of a Spanish grandee is about three dollars per week, board and washing included. Who will sigh for a castle in Spain after this?

POOR LITTLE GIRL!

SCENE.—The Oxbridge Flats : sitting-room of suite occupied by Mrs. Madge Craver; furnishings luxurious, but in good taste. In front are large bay-windows; to the right, entrance to hall; to the left, entrance to library and music-room. In the latter doorway hangs a large, heavy portière. Mrs. Craver, a handsome woman of thirty, becomingly dressed in a tea-gown of soft shades, is leaning back in a cushioned rocker. Miss Alice Romaine, a young girl in walking-dress, wrap, and hat, is seated upon a lounge near the window.

Miss Romaine—And I had no suspicion, until you told me the other night, that you and he were—well, even acquainted. It is strange that he never mentioned your name to me.

Mrs. Craver—I imagine that when you and Mr. Ryland are together you have enough to talk about without naming over all your friends. Engaged people are rarely out of subject-matter for conversation.

Miss Romaine (laughing and blushing)—Oh, yes, we have plenty. Evan is so bright, you know, and so jolly.

Mrs. Craver—You are very fond of him, aren't you? (She looks at her tenderly for a moment, and then murmurs:) Poor little girl!

Miss Romaine (starting forward in her chair)—Why, what makes you say that?

Mrs. Craver—My dear . . . I am ten years older than you. . . I have seen a great deal of life. . . I can not tell you why it is—but when I see a woman—young as you are—very much in love with a man—any man—I feel a great pity for her.

Miss Romaine—When you said those words it startled me, because—

Mrs. Craver—He gives so little—and she so much—ah! so much!

Miss Romaine—Because Mr. Ryland once—I don't know whether I ought to tell you this—but he used those same words—as though he meant them, too.

Mrs. Craver—Did he? Well, I ought not to talk this way to you, dear. As far as he is concerned— (Maid enters with card. Mrs. Craver glances at it, and Miss Romaine begins to draw her wrap to her shoulders.) Ask him to wait, Mary, if he will.

Miss Romaine (rising)—Oh, I must go. I shall be late at the musicale, as it is.

Mrs. Craver (rising)—Won't you come and make me a long visit some time?

Miss Romaine—Oh, may I? I should love to do it. You won't be bored by my talking so much about Evan, will you?

Mrs. Craver—Not at all, believe me.

Miss Romaine—And perhaps you can tell me some things about him. I am trying to learn all I can. (She moves toward the entrance to the library.) When people are going to get married they ought to know each other—dear me, I was going out the wrong door-way!

Mrs. Craver—No; that leads out. Let Mary show you. (The maid crosses the room.)

Miss Romaine (pushing aside the portière)—Oh, what charming rooms you have!

Mrs. Craver (to the maid, in a rapid, low tone of voice)—Detain her there a moment—until you hear him speak. Then leave her alone.

The maid—I understand. This way, Miss. (Exeunt behind portière. Mrs. Craver opens the hall-door.)

Mrs. Craver—Come in Evan. I am alone.

(Enter Mr. Evan Ryland, a well-built, carefully dressed man of thirty-five.)

Mr. Ryland—Hello, Madge. (He glances about the room and at the portière, which is still swaying back and forth.) Didn't I hear voices?

Mrs. Craver—Yes; it was a caller—just gone.

Mr. Ryland (approaching her)—How charming you look, dear! Isn't this a new gown? (Reaches out his arms.)

Mrs. Craver—Don't, please, Evan. It was to be platonic hereafter, you remember.

Mr. Ryland (sinking into an easy-chair)—Yes, of course; but what a bore!

Mrs. Craver (resuming her former seat)—Well, you made this appointment. What is it?

Mr. Ryland—How very business-like you are! To see you now, one would never suspect that you could be guilty of any degree of sentiment.

Mrs. Craver—Possibly not. Indeed, are you sure that I ever was—very guilty?

Mr. Ryland—Upon my word, of late I have doubted—

Mrs. Craver—Witness, now, the philosophical indifference with which I accepted my *congé*.

Mr. Ryland—Oh, well, you know I must marry some time. You always predicted it.

Mrs. Craver—Nevertheless, if I had cared for you very much, and had been like other women, would I not have torn my hair a little and talked about revenge?

Mr. Ryland (frowning uneasily)—Revenge is hardly in your style, Madge. Heroics don't become you.

Mrs. Craver—I suppose not—and then, there is my pride. It would not do for me to throw away quite the last remnant, as I must, in seeking revenge.

Mr. Ryland—Really, Madge, I don't like to hear you—

Mrs. Craver—Talk so? Of course not. You like to bave me reasonable, I know. Well, I will be. Now, tell me Evan, what did you come to talk about?

Mr. Ryland—Why, it seems that you and Miss Romaine have suddenly become great friends. She told me about it a few days ago.

Mrs. Craver (coldly)—I have known Alice Romaine ever since she came out.

Mr. Ryland—I understand all that. You move in the same circles, so you could hardly be knowing her. But of late, since our engagement, your acquaintance with her has changed to an intimacy. Is it not so?

Mrs. Craver—Well, what of it?

Mr. Ryland—I think, under the circumstances, that I am entitled to an explanation. What is your motive in making friends with her?

Mrs. Craver—I was curious to know what she was like—natural, wasn't it?—and then I took something of a fancy to her—that was natural, too, for she is a lovable creature.

Mr. Ryland—Poor little girl!

Mrs. Craver—Yes; let us pity her by all means. It does you great credit. But now that I have answered your question, answer mine.

Mr. Ryland—Yes. What is it?

Mrs. Craver—Do you object to this intimacy—as you call it?—we are not intimate yet, but are about to be.

Mr. Ryland—Why, yes, to be perfectly frank, Madge, I do object. Now—now, don't for heaven's sake misunderstand me! I can see by the way you look at me—

Mrs. Craver—Well, why then?

Mr. Ryland—It's on her account. Poor little girl! She is so frightfully unsophisticated! Her ideas of the world and of me are so absurdly wrong!

Mrs. Craver—I have discovered that. But are you afraid that I—

Mr. Ryland—You might drop some kind of a hint—accidentally, I mean, of course—you might, without thinking, perhaps, say something about me that would make trouble—

Mrs. Craver—Do you think I could be so stupid? Why don't you come out and say what you mean, Evan?

Mr. Ryland—I mean—d—n it, I mean you would do it purposely. Yes, and you have established the friendship with that intent.

Mrs. Craver—Ah! this begins to sound more like you.

Mr. Ryland—I was certain you would not give up, without some kind of a row.

Mrs. Craver—Surely I would not be a woman if I did.

Mr. Ryland—Well, I can't ask for quarter on my own account. I have done enough mean things in my life to merit any amount of punishment, and perhaps you suffered from the worst of them all. But there is Alice, poor little girl, she never harmed a living mortal, nor ever would. Why should you make trouble for her?

Mrs. Craver—What! would you actually appeal to one woman to spare another?

Mr. Ryland—Yes, I would—sooner than to a man.

Mrs. Craver—Well, there is no occasion for your solicitude. I have told and shall tell Miss Romaine no more of your past life than you tell her yourself.

Mr. Ryland—Really—is it so?—do you promise?

Mrs. Craver (with a careless laugh)—Oh, yes. And I always keep my promises, don't I?

Mr. Ryland—Always. You are square, Madge, and I love you for it. But you speak of my telling her—

Mrs. Craver—Yes. Don't you intend that she shall know anything?

Mr. Ryland—Not if I can help it. Why should she? What good would it do? Of course people will tell her that I have been a "wild."

Mrs. Craver—But that means nothing to her—that you smoke a good deal, perhaps, or drink too much wine, or send occasional bouquets to some member of the *corps de ballet*. Nothing except a blunt statement of facts, a list of the confiding women whom you have deceived and then tired of, an account of your "affairs" and their consequences—nothing less than this would make her understand into what sort of hands she is on the point of placing her life's happiness.

Mr. Ryland—Well, you must admit, Madge, that it is certainly best the poor little girl should not know all that stuff. She shows no disposition to inquire into it now—and I don't think she will after we are married. Why should a woman know the past of a man she is to wed? Ignorance is best; the more complete, the better conducive to happiness.

Mrs. Craver—Possibly a knowledge of the past might assist her to judge of the future—in which she may be supposed to have a right to be interested. If Alice Romaine knew how many women you had loved—that is, in your way of loving—and then forgotten, would she not be fearful of her own happiness? Surely, you do not yourself indulge in any illusion to the effect that after having been faithless to so many, you will now be true to this one?

Mr. Ryland—I? I indulge in no illusions, although I may prefer that she should. No. I understand that I am not to be trusted—not, at least, where women are concerned. What is the use of sacrificing all one's pleasures in life for a bit of barren sentimentality? I never was able to take hold of these cold theories and principles. I understand only the warm, live facts of existence. I marry this girl, because it is, on the whole, the best thing for me to do. I promise to be faithful to her—well, there you have one of these infernal conventionalities that I can't comprehend and I hate. I can't comprehend it because I know well enough that I shall soon find some other woman that I care more for than I do for her—though she is my wife—and then I begin to hate it—and the next thing is that the whole business goes by the board.

Mrs. Craver—Yes; I see. It is clear that you have—as you say—no illusions.

Mr. Ryland—Not a one.

Mrs. Craver—And I am not surprised that you should prefer to have her remain unsophisticated.

Mr. Ryland—Of course—poor little girl! (A strange, choked cry, and the sound of a body falling just behind the portière.) Why, what was that noise?

Mrs. Craver (drawing aside the curtain)—Heaven! it's Alice Romaine. She has fainted.

Mr. Ryland—Could she have heard? Of course she did! Curse it, Madge, it was a trick! I understand it.

Mrs. Craver—Bring that wine, quick. She was calling, when you came, and I had supposed her gone. She must have heard your voice and hidden in the library.

Mr. Ryland—I wish I knew whether you are lying or not. However, the mischief is done.

Mrs. Craver—Hush! She is coming to.

Mr. Ryland—Then let me go, for heaven's sake. I will write what I have to say to her.

(He goes out.)

Mrs. Craver—There—there; don't cry so! Poor little girl! Poor little girl!

OWEN CAPELLE.

LOS ANGELES, December, 1890.

MOTHERHOOD.

An Unpublished Paper by Thomas de Quincey.

[Some unpublished MSS. by Thomas de Quincey have recently come to light. They have been secured by the *Independent*, and are now in course of publication by that journal. The following sketch is one of the most striking.]

The loveliest sight that a woman's eye opens upon in this world is her first-born child; and the holiest sight upon which the eyes of God settle in almighty sanction and perfect blessing is the love which soon kindles between the mother and her infant; mute and speechless on the one side, with no language hut tears and kisses and looks. Beautiful is the philosophy which arises out of that reflection or passion connected with the transition that has produced it. First comes the whole mighty drama of love purified ever more and more, how often from grosser feelings, yet of necessity through its very elements oscillating between the finite and the infinite; the haughtiness of womanly pride, so dignified, yet not always free from the near contagion of error; the romance so ennobling, yet not always entirely reasonable; the tender dawn of opening sentiments pointing to an idea in all this which it neither can reach nor could long sustain. Think of the great storm of agitation, and fear, and hope, through which in her earliest days of womanhood every woman must naturally pass—fulfilling a law of her Creator, yet a law which rests upon her mixed constitution; animal, though indefinitely ascending to what is non-animal—as a daughter of man, frail and imperfect, yet also as a daughter of God, standing erect, with eyes to the heavens. Next, when the great vernal passover of sexual tenderness and romance has fulfilled its purpose, we see, rising as a phoenix from this great mystery of ennobled instincts, another mystery much more profound, more affecting, more divine—not so much a rapture as a blissful repose of a Sabbath, which swallows up the more perishing story of the first; forcing the vast heart of female nature through stages of ascent; forcing it to pursue the transmigrations of the Psyche from the aurelic condition so glowing in its color, into the winged creature which mixes with the mystery of the dawn and ascends to the altar of the infinite heavens; rising by a ladder of light from that sympathy which God surveys with approbation; and even more so as he beholds it self-purifying under his Christianity, to that sympathy which needs no purification, but is the holiest of things on this earth, and that in which God most reveals himself through the nature of humanity.

How purified? And if it should be answered, through and under Christianity, the fool in his heart would scoff and say: What woman thinks of religion in her youthful courtship? No; but it is not what she thinks of, but what thinks of her; not what she contemplates in consciousness, but what contemplates her, and reaches her by a necessity of social action. Romance is the product of Christianity, but so is sentiment.

Well is it for the glorification of human nature that through these holy things the vast majority of women must forever pass; well, also, that, by placing its sublime germs near to female youth, God thus turns away by anticipation the divinest of disciplines from the rapacious absorption of the grave. Time is found, how often, for those who are early summoned into rendering back their glorious privilege, who yet have tasted in its first fruits the paradise of maternal love.

And, pertaining also to this part of the subject, I will tell you a result of my own observations of no light importance to women.

It is this: Nineteen times out of twenty I have remarked that the true paradise of a female life in all ranks not too elevated for constant intercourse with the children, is by no means the years of courtship, nor the earliest period of marriage, but that sequestered chamber of her experience in which a mother is left alone through the day, with servants, perhaps, in a distant part of the house, and (God be thanked!) chiefly where there are no servants at all; in which she is attended by one sole companion, her little first-born angel, as yet clinging to her robe, imperfectly able to walk, still more imperfect in its prattling and innocent thoughts, clinging to her, haunting her wherever she goes as her shadow, catching from her eye the total inspiration of its little palpitating heart, and sending to hers a thrill of secret pleasure so often as its little fingers fasten on her own. Left alone from morning to night with this one companion, or even with three, still wearing the graces of infancy—buds of various stages upon the self-same tree—a woman, if she has the great blessing of approaching such a luxury of paradise, is moving, too often not aware that she is moving, through the divinest section of her life. As evening sets in, the husband, through all walks of life, from the highest professional down to that of common labor, returns home to vary her modes of conversation by such thoughts and interests as are more consonant with his more extensive capacities of intellect. But by that time her child (or her children) will be reposing on the little couch, and in the morning, duly as the sun ascends in power, she sees before her a long, long day of perfect pleasure in this society which evening will bring to her, but which is interwoven with every fibre of her sensibilities. This condition of noiseless, quiet love is that, above all, which God blesses and smiles upon.

James Anthony Froude's "Beaconsfield," recently published, contains a clever and caustic saying of the Tory leader. It was after the death of the Prince Imperial in Africa, and Lord Beaconsfield remarked: "A remarkable people, the Zulus: they defeat our generals; they convert our bishops; they have settled the fate of a great European dynasty."

Mr. F. Heap, keeper of the Glendale National Cemetery, near Richmond, has a desk, made in 1610, which has been in possession of the Heap family of England. It is said to have been used by Oliver Cromwell in 1647-48, when fighting Charles the First. It is of antique oak, beautifully carved, and highly polished.

ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Queen Margherita of Italy has grown to be quite stout, and her hair is entirely gray.

A Canadian lady, who died not long ago at the age of ninety-two, leaves the record of 17 children, 145 grandchildren, and 286 great-grandchildren. She was married at thirteen, and 303 of her descendants still survive her and maintain the tie of kinship.

Ristori speaks in the most contemptuous terms of Mme. Bernhardt's work. She calls her Shakespearian characters "grisettes." The distinguished critic divides her time between two palaces in Rome, appearing on the stage occasionally for charity. She has a beautiful young lady daughter of rare accomplishments and much social popularity.

Mrs. John Strange Winter, who wrote "Bootes' Baby," is very stout, very popular, and very fond of society. She has a strong face, wears her hair short, and is without doubt the best authority on garrison life in literature. She was born in a little military town of England, where she gained her incomparable knowledge. In the last few years she has made considerable money from her writing.

Mrs. Vicken, a member of an English woman's bicycle club, has won a road race against a team of men riders in a race of nineteen miles, which she accomplished in one hour and forty minutes. Another wonderful English rider, Miss Fordham, has ridden a safety nineteen hundred miles, at a rate of seventy-six miles a day, during the season, and hopes to accomplish two thousand miles before the season closes.

A very practical and much needed enterprise has been recently started in Washington by two ladies. It is a nursery where mothers of every nation and rank are taught how to feed and bathe their babies scientifically as well as sensibly, and how to put their troublesome charges to sleep. Samples of food are shown, and the best method of preparing them

taught, and, after the lecture, the prepared food is given to the baby most in need of it.

Lady Dorothy Nevil, one of the Conservative leaders of English society, prides herself on her ability to keep her books and to insure their return if she chooses to loan them. She has a most original book-plate, designed by the late Lord Bacon's field, which reads: "Stolen from Lady Dorothy Nevil." Even though borrowed from her library, it is by no means pleasant for a friend to have a book lying on her table with the above inscription on the cover.

The lady whom the Emperor Napoleon the Third hated most on earth has just died. During the brilliant days that followed the *coup d'état*, Napoleon made countless efforts to live on good terms with the old nobility. The Marquise de Castellane, whose death is just announced, not only refused to go to court herself, but she cut any of her acquaintances whom she knew to meet with favor there, and, as her salon was the most charming in Paris, the chance of being excluded from it was not to be lightly encountered. The marquise was a grandniece of Talleyrand. For some years she lived in retirement.

The Crown Princess of Denmark is famous for being the tallest and wealthiest princess in Europe. Her stature is absolutely gigantic, being over six feet two, and, so far as her fortune is concerned, she inherited fifteen million dollars from her maternal grandfather, Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, besides the entire wealth of her father, the late King Charles of Sweden. Her grandmother, who died in 1860, as Queen of Sweden and Norway, was Mlle. Desirée Clary, the daughter of a Marseilles stock-broker, who jilted Napoleon Bonaparte, afterward first emperor of the French, in order to marry his comrade and classmate, Bernadotte.

Princess Victoria of Prussia, the second of the Empress Frederick's daughters, who has just married Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe, is a clever

and accomplished young lady, boasting proficiency in many branches of sport and art not commonly associated with royal blood, least of all when it flows in feminine veins. She is not only a capital horse-woman, but a clever whip as well, and handles a four-in-hand with consummate skill. To proficiency as a pianist she adds a mastery of the banjo which would not disgrace a music-hall performer. The princess was formerly engaged to Prince Alexander of Battenberg, the ex-ruler of Bulgaria, who, however, broke off the match on the eve of the marriage in order to contract a union with Mlle. Loisinger, of the Berlin Opera.

Lady Rosebery was famous for the charming manner in which she brought up her children. They were four, all of rather pronounced Israelitish features, and with beautiful golden hair, of which their mother was very proud. The children used to take tea in their school-room off the most beautiful Sévres china, ornamented with primroses. It is said that the personal fortune of Lady Rosebery, whose maiden name was Hannah Rothschild, was fifteen million dollars. There was a curious proviso in her father's will. It seems that Hannah Rothschild's money was left to her on condition that she remained forever a Jewess. Her sister, with an equal fortune to command, became a Catholic, and lost her wealth. The Earl of Rosebery was afraid of a like catastrophe; and insisted upon her regular attendance at the synagogue.

The last time that Queen Victoria visited the city of Bath was in 1830. She was then a young miss—was called the Princess Victoria. In that year she visited Bath with her mother, the Duchess of Kent. The two were lodged in a house in Sydney Place, and presently a large crowd congregated and cheered lustily and clamored for a view of the little princess. With her mother, the princess stepped out upon a balcony to bow to the noisy multitude; she wore a flounced frock, long, white stockings, black slippers (with elastics crossing her ankles), and a liberal show of white frilling appeared below the hem of her frock.

Hardly had the little princess appeared, attired in this fashion of the period, when a coarse voice sung out from the crowd: "Oh, what ugly feet!" Victoria blushed scarlet, retired at once from the balcony, burst into tears, and declared that she would leave the city at once and would never return to it. The mother sought to soothe her, but the girl's wrath would not be assuaged. Next day, the party left the town. In all the sixty years that have elapsed since this unfortunate incident, the queen has not revisited Bath, and she still speaks unpleasantly of the city whenever it is mentioned in conversation.

Many actresses and singers have married titles, but few titled women have gone on the stage. Two such débuts may be expected at no distant day, and both of them belong to the noble army of American girls married to foreign noblemen. One is the Marquise d'Allegri and the other the Countess di Montecole. Blanche Roosevelt, who was a remarkably odd sort of girl, married the Marquis d'Allegri and a fortune, but has never quit tinkering at her musical and literary work, and has succeeded, it is said, in getting Sardou into collaboration with her on a drama to be made from her book called the "Copper Queen." The drama is now said to be done, and the heroine's part is to be essayed by no other than the fair and titled authoress, who is at present seriously ill in London. Apropos of this, the London *Era* relates with great gravity, how, on a recent departure from St. Petersburg to London, the Russian Ambassador to the Court of St. James was asked by the Czarina to bring her portraits on his return of the six most beautiful women in London, and how he returned with the head of the Princess of Wales surrounded by six little heads of the Marquise d'Allegri, each differing from the others. A marquise who can get that sort of thing printed is bound to succeed.

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So writes

Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren
in an article under the above caption,
in the November

Ladies' Home Journal

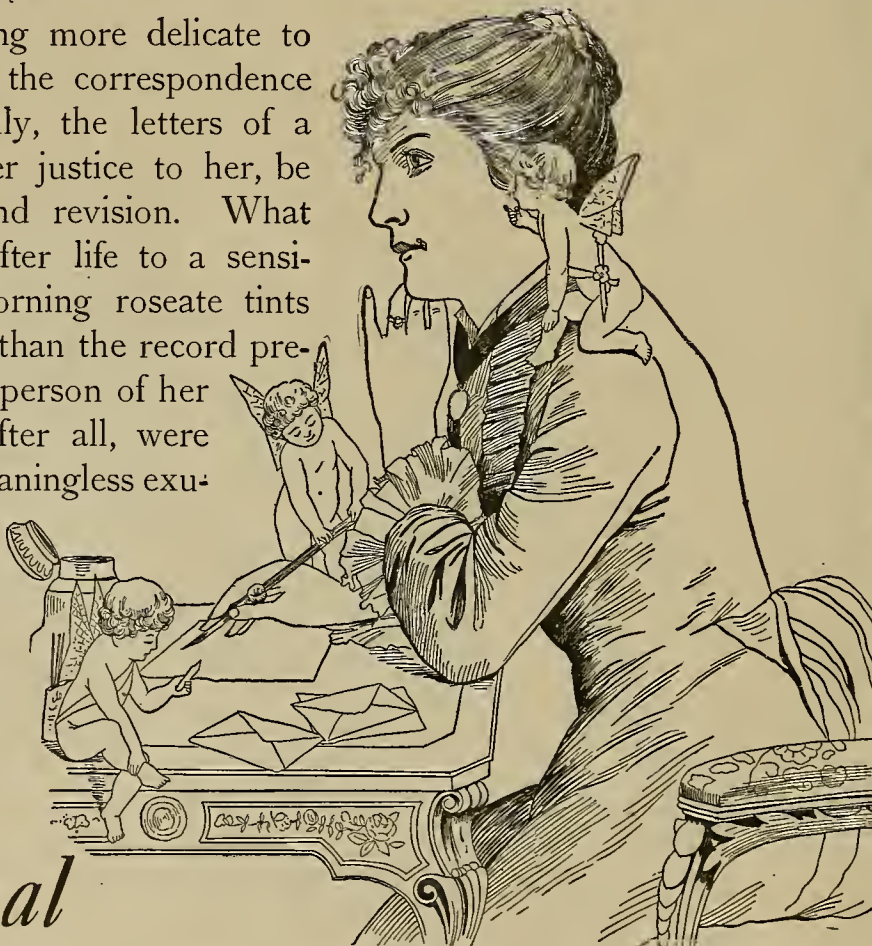
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From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.05, A. M.; 12.05, 2.15, 4.05, 5.35 P. M.

(Sundays)—8.45, 10.40 A. M.; 12.45, 2.15, 4.15, 5.45 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturday at 7.10 P. M.

Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11.00 A. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.35 P. M.

1.30 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations.

8.00 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Point Reyes and intermediate stations. Returning, arrives in San Francisco at 6.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, \$1.75; Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$2.00; Tomales, \$2.25; Howard's, \$3.50; Cazadero, \$4.00.

Sunday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, \$1.50; Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$1.75.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuddy's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 331 Pine Street.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From Dec. 8, 1890.	ARRIVE.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	1.15 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.....	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally.....	6.45 A.
8.00 A.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.....	4.45 P.
9.00 A.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Mojave, and East, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.....	10.15 A.
12.00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.....	7.45 P.
3.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	6.00 A.
3.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	8.45 P.
4.00 P.	Lathrop and Stockton.....	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	Sacramento and Knight's Landing via Davis.....	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore.....	8.45 A.
4.30 P.	Niles and San José.....	7.45 P.
6.00 P.	Haywards and Niles.....	6.15 P.
7.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	12.15 P.
9.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	* 11.20 A.
4.15 P.	Gatos.....	9.50 A.
† 11.45 P.	Hunters' and Theatre Train to Newark, San José, and Los Gatos.....	8.05 P.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

8.30 A.	San José, Almaden, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove & Salinas, Soledad, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.....	6.30 P.
10.30 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	3.00 P.
11.20 A.	Cemetery and San Mateo.....	1.29 P.
12.30 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.....	5.05 P.
* 3.30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.....	* 10.05 A.
* 4.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.....	* 7.56 A.
6.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	9.03 A.
† 11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.....	† 7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. ** Mondays excepted.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 16, 1890, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon and San Rafael Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.20 A. M.; 3.30, 5.00, 6.20 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1.40 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 2, 5, 6.15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6.20, 7.55, 9.30 A. M.; 12.45, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.; Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.30 P. M.; Sundays—8.10, 9.40 A. M.; 12.15, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 1.10, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.; Sundays—8.35, 10.05 A. M.; 12.40, 4.05, 5.30, 6.50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.	
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7.40 A. M.	8.00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M.	8 50 A. M.
3.30 P. M.	9.30 A. M.		6.05 P. M.	10 30 A. M.
5.00 P. M.	6.00 P. M.		7 25 P. M.	6 05 P. M.

Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.

7.40 A. M. 8.00 A. M. Hopland and Ukiah.....

7.40 A. M. 8.00 A. M. Guerneville.....

3.30 P. M. 5.00 P. M. Sonoma and Glen Ellen.....

7.40 A. M. 8.00 A. M. Sebastopol.....

3.30 P. M. 5.00 P. M. Sebastopol.....

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Hopland for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahito, Capella, Potter Valley, Sherwood Valley, and Mendocino City, Hydesville, Eureka, Booneville, and Greenwood.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Litton Springs, \$3.60; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Guerneville, \$7.75; to Sonoma, \$8.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Litton Springs, \$2.40; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

PETER J. MCGILVER, General Manager, Ticket Offices at Ferry, 36 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Nov. 1, 16, Dec. 1, 16, Jan. 1, 16, Feb. 1, 16.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., every five days. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesday, 9 A. M. For Menlochino, Fort Bragg, etc., Mondays and Thursdays, 4 P. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, and San Luis Obispo, every fourth day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 25th of each month. Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street. GOODALL PERKINS & CO., General Agents.

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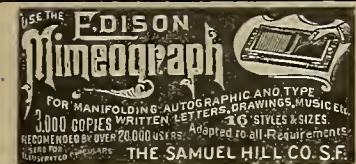
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